



“[sic]”

Thirteen years ago I’m twelve and I’m sitting on my bed with my mom and she’s telling me all about my father, who I already know. I don’t let my bruised lip tremble because it doesn’t need to. She says it’s hard being a single mother, which it is. I tell her I don’t miss my dad, I say, “I hate him [sic],” and she hugs me and tells me she knows.

It’s last year and a friend-of-a-friend is, for the fourth time that night, asking me to go home with him. “Yes [sic],” I say, and again say, “Yes [sic],” when he asks if I want to be under him. He knows I’m drunk and don’t mean it, but, like everything, we recognize that it doesn’t matter too much.

Three years ago it’s the day my Aunt becomes dead. My roommate’s on my bed telling me about the quirks of her boyfriend and I’m laughing, saying, “This is just what I needed [sic].”

On the phone with my crying mom last night, I’m telling her she never hit me [sic]. It’s how I tell her not to worry. After an hour she says thank you and hangs up, which she hopes I know is a foreshadowing, and I do.

I'm not so much a liar, how I see it, but someone who knows there's not much consequence in anything, really. People will do what they do. The rest—things like yes and no—is just semantics.

by C. St-Laurent