2000

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The grandmother saying the daughter liked her eggs gooey, and the boy turning and smiling, not remembering this about his mother. Asking if she ever heaped on hot sauce the way he does. Me watching rain out a window and crying, the other two laughing, recalling how she could go throw up from one too many blue pills, then come back to the table and finish a meal. The boy calling, Aunt Nance, want cheese on yours? And when I nod, he flips both fried eggs in the air at once and pronounces Perfectamente upon the landing, the breakfast, and the whole day since finally he’ll be wrapping burgers for another fifteen cents an hour.