Dinette

Jeannette Allée

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That was the year she learned to do tricks with her bra unhooking it with one hand up behind her back then pulling it out through her sleeve with the other. Her bra straps grew grubby with practice. Just practicing.

That summer everyone was couples and he was what was leftover so why not?

“You freckles every place?” he asked, touching her gingered arm. Bold then, but he excused himself and hid in the bathroom. She sat at the red-topped table in his mother’s kitchen alternately unsticking her bare legs from the vinyl chair.

On the Magnavox, The Flintstones ended and The Jetsons began. She dipped her gum in the sugar bowl one last time walked over and banged on the door.

He opened it—stunned, as a rabbit caught.

When she knelt down in front of him he blushed to see she even had freckles in her part. And when she took him, so new to her this thing—dry as a chairleg into her mouth—who could say they weren’t a perfectly matched set? Dinette.