

MARILYN L. TAYLOR

## Family Picnic

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Life hasn't been easy for Betsy since she turned thirteen—just look at her, the sniffy way she sits all by herself, wincing with scorn at her noisy cousins lining up to play a pick-up softball game before the day runs out. Childish, she mutters from the chair in which she lounges, tossing back her hair.

But now, two uncles and a favorite aunt are filling in at right field and third base; Betsy's breathing quickens, but she can't stop buffing her nails, sucking in her face, keeping her careful distance—just in case we take her for that splendid child Betsy, who left us only very recently.