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Freak Show

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Fletcher: Freak Show





GRETCHEN FLETCHER

The calf stared with one glass eye in each of its two heads from the box on the farmhouse floor where Herb proudly displayed it. My parents and their friends gathered around to stare at Herb's stuffed freak, the men forming a flank up front, the women hanging back but curious, sneaking peeks over the men's shoulders. I, although a child, was allowed to stay. Herb's wife came out of the kitchen with plates of heavy, larded apple pie. "Put that away, Herb," she said. "The child" But it was too late. I already knew the truth.

the air conditioning on and listen to talk radio. They tells so fast on the radio, and I can't listen to everything they are all saving at once. When they start to talk about politics, I switch it off. Politics are the worst thing in the world, I think. Whoever

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