

**thrice great hermes**

#3

by stanley lieber

tires crunched on pale gravel as vidya's mom pulled up in the family's new ford expenditure.

he hated the ridiculous, pretentious, oversized truck.

mom cracked her window and glared down at vidya. "why aren't you in school?"

it was all he could do to sustain his blank expression. the deal he now made with himself was that if she blinked before he answered, that would be it: he was going to hell.

mom blinked.