

thrice great hermes

#4

by stanley lieber

vidya just didn't care. now that his fate had been sealed, what would be the point of worrying over additional infractions?

he smiled to himself.

the clock on the truck stereo could not tell the truth. it stubbornly displayed the wrong time, almost as if his mom wanted to be late. which, in any case, she always was. vidya was sympathetic—wrangling children was probably difficult at her age. and here he was, not at all where he was supposed to be.

he unzipped the top of his bag, pulled out his clipboard, and quickly jotted down some notes.

she just doesn't care, he wrote.

and then he enumerated:

1. TEMPER
2. COMES BACK FROM MOTHER MEAN
3. YELLING
4. SCHOOL - PROBLEMS
5. COUNSELING
- 6.

he had veered off into complaining about himself, just as his mother veered off the road.