

SCENE 28

GINGY. After I finished making all these drawings and writing all the bits and pieces that went with them — which took about a year — I made some copies and put them in big red binders and gave them to my children and to my two best friends. I was so happy, you have no idea. It was the story of my life. My mother was in it, and my grandmother, and my Aunt Babbie. It was as if they were still alive. They were acknowledged. Because when my sister dies, no one but me will know who they were. I was done. I'd managed to say all the things to my children you don't have time to say. I wanted them to know I wasn't always their mother. I was a girl, I had best friends, we did stupid things together. I rode on a bus once with Dora eating dog biscuits so people would look at us. I wanted them to know. Then someone showed the book to a publisher. I thought, who would buy this? It's too personal. But they published it, and it turned out it was personal to other people too ... *(Now the other women speak, overlapping, alternating, reminiscing about their clothes and their lives.)*