

## A is for Apple: An Easy Reader

Bobby wears the dress  
He did  
Bobby did wears the dress  
He is a pretty girl

They bite me and it hurts  
when they bite me  
and it hurts  
and it hurts

Jesus says Bobby  
Jesus aych christ  
The brown bottle comes out and it hurts  
Where did you get the fork says Bobby  
Leave the forks alone

The sun is out and Bobby goes  
It is not the dress  
Not the dress Bobby says be good  
I am the good good good

Bobby wears the dress  
You are my sunshine my only sunshine says Bobby and he goes

They bite me and it hurts  
It hurts but I let them  
I let them

Things are breaking  
in the bathroom  
Things are breaking  
when Bobby comes out with the brown bottle

I got a purple bandaid.  
I got a purple bandaid  
and a blue bandaid too.

Bobby wears the suit and goes to work.  
I am good all days.  
I watch the tv all days.

It is Friday, and Bobby wears the dress.  
He says, you are my sunshine, my only sunshine.  
He says, I hate to leave you alone at night.  
He says, be good.

I am good.  
I am smart.  
I took off the purple bandaid.  
When they come I see them now.  
I see their shiny green moon skin.  
They shine when they bite me.  
It hurts.

Today  
Bobby is happy,  
and we eat cake with spoons.  
Today is my birthday.  
I am twenty three years old.  
I have a purple bandaid.  
Bobby doesn't know they bite me.

Bobby goes to work in his suit and tie.  
I don't watch tv.  
I look at the book.  
A is for Apple.  
I did not know that before.

It is Friday. Bobby looks pretty and happy in his dress.  
He takes off the bandaids.  
Those healed slow, he says.  
Bobby sings, You are my sunshine,  
and he goes.

When they come they sound like dripping water.

I tell them to bite me where Bobby won't see.  
They shine. It hurts.

I put on a purple Band-Aid. I like purple.

All this week I read, while Bobby is at work.  
Monday I read *Pat the Bunny*.  
Tuesday I read *Goodnight Moon*.  
Wednesday I read *The Very Hungry Caterpillar*.  
Caterpillar is a big word, but I know what it means.  
Thursday I read *One Fish, Two Fish, Red Fish, Blue Fish*.  
Friday I read *Where the Wild Things Are*.  
My legs hurt all week.

Bobby laughs at me after dinner, in his dress.  
You look involved, he says, let me see, I'll read it to you.  
I hold the book to my chest.  
Bobby looks surprised, then ruffles my hair.  
Goodnight, he says.  
I wish I could talk to Bobby.

Dr. Seuss is wrong, and Max the Wolf Boy is wrong too. They are not fun. It feels like fire in my legs.

They are beautiful when they shine.

Monday I started to read *The Phantom Toll-Booth*, and I finished it on Wednesday.  
Wednesday I started to read *A Wrinkle in Time*.

I think I'm getting closer but I have to rest a lot. Reading is hard work, and my legs burn.

They slide over my legs and stomach, and there are more of them now. When they hold still they look like iridescent sea green geckos, but they only hold still when they feed. It takes so long now that my heart stutters, but I need them.

Bobby has been reading Stephen King. I picked up *IT*, but had to set it down again. My eyes hurt too much to read. Bobby gave me some aspirin, but it doesn't help. He doesn't know what's wrong with me.

It's Friday, and Bobby's dress is hanging in the closet. I can't even walk anymore. I can hear him in the bathroom, crying. He hasn't been to work in three days.

He says he won't leave me.

But it doesn't matter now.