

Her Next Bed

By Sarah Gibbard Cook

Copyright 2013

Her next bed would be a California King. All her own, not to share with anyone. She would sprawl alone across it, safe from groping and poking and warnings never to tell. Never again would she cringe on a flimsy cot or the back seat of the Buick, now a charred wreck down below the treacherous canyon road.

She would not share her next bed with anyone. Not a soul. Not the boys in her auto mechanics class, where she was the only girl. Not Daddy; most of all not Daddy. She had seen to that.