“Who are you?” It was one of the girls sitting on the wall beside Aimee. The one who wanted the sunscreen.

“Me?” Aimee pointed to herself.
“Oh, I’m sorry. Your parents are getting divorced?”

“I’m so sorry,” Bridget piped up.

“No I didn’t say that,” Aimee blurted.
And Will’s mother asked the strangest question. “What happened to the man in the car?”

“The one that hit them, ma’am?”
“No,” she said. “The man my husband was trying to help?”

“Coffee?” His mom handed him a mug.

“Thanks,” Will said. He turned to Rooney and Callie. “What’s so
important about the Fruity Pebbles?”

“Dad would have loved this,” Rooney said, scraping the last of the rich, creamy pudding from the bowl with her finger.
“Daddy loved cinnamon,” their mother added. And they all got quiet again. “Excuse me,” the mother was saying. “Yes?” Aimee’s father answered.
“I’m sorry, but do you have the time?”

“Of course.”

“Why don’t you get yourself a magazine?” Naheed’s father
offered. “One I would improve of,” he quickly added.

“I didn’t know you were Arab.”

“Can you belly dance?”
“Do you believe in God?”
“Do you really not eat for a month?”