

One of Three
By Angela Johnson

Since I can remember I've been one of three. Eva, Nikki, and me. One of three sisters that walk to school together. Down the street together. One of the three in the sun and the rain. I'm one of the three that lives in apartment number 2, has long hair and brown eyes, and can sometimes play hopscotch by the trash cans if I ask for a long time. On Saturdays I'm one of the three that sits outside the bakery and looks and smells and smells... I'm one of the three that squeezes into the taxi on snowy days with Mama, Aunt Sara, and Grandma, and it's warm there. I'm one of the three that looks just like our mama, smiles just like our daddy, and holds hands with my sisters in the store, looking like triplets...almost. I'm one of the three that likes the subway, the people on it, and the way our feet hang over the seats. I'm one of three who lives over the flower shop. Mr. Lowen still gets all of our names wrong, but he gives us each a daisy every time. We walk down the street like stairs, and I'm in front. Sometimes Eva and Nikki say I'm not invited to go with them. Not to the park, the store, or sometimes Even for a walk. I'm left behind. Not one of three, just one. Then Mama calls me Sister and says I'm too little to go there or do that, so maybe I just want to help her paint or read to her. Daddy says that I have to be the baby sometimes, and keep Mama and him company. Just sometimes. I miss Eva and Nikki and me... But when it's just Mama, Daddy, and me, it's a different kind of three, and that's fine too...