

## *Summer Amusement*

*Lyri Ahnam*

They don't have parking lot attendants at the amusement park anymore, pointing the cars into neat rows.  
When the supervisors weren't around, we rolled tight our orange uniform sleeves and blue shorts to get a better tan. My friend roasted deep brown to my honey gold. Men whistled and shouted as they drove by, barbs in our bare flesh.

Locusts swarmed through, crunching thick under the tram tires. I kept up my cheerful spiel describing the six flags, ending with Saint Louis: the wavy lines on red tracing the confluence of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers. The guests disembarked, flicking insects from their hair.  
*Enjoy your stay!*

One week it was so hot on the pavement, the treads on my white Keds melted. I bragged to Mom, proud of the extremes I endured for \$3.10 an hour.

The cute guy at the toll plaza enticed me to his side. I pretended I wasn't a virgin—until I wasn't. He dumped me for another girl whose ripe breasts stretched her orange uniform taut. A lifetime later, I wonder what happened, if she lived my dream of moving into a single-wide with him and keeping the baby.