

Moines, the parade in the streets of Shelby, perched in a red convertible from Shottenkirk Motors. Knowing for maybe this one time in your life that the state of Iowa — and everyone you know — understands you're the best at something important.

She'd never say this, but marriage, her babies: those things are great. Her babies will get married and have their own babies. Great, great, great. But everyone's that. What other moms on Brookside Drive won state? Who else showed they're as good as boys, or better — because the Hawks got knocked out in the first round their only time at the tournament in 1952.

Just a silly thought trapped in her head that Donna might play basketball, might be a guard, might do something great. This isn't what the police need or want.

The boys play basketball, or Danny does, and John tried out. Basketball's what boys do, because boys get to do lots of things (if they're not blown up in Vietnam, *please God, no*). When does a girl feel special in this world filled with boys always doing everything?

Donna's mother won't go to the police station to confess her thoughts. They already know she's guilty.

It's startling, but of course that's why they spoke separately, why they penned her in the kitchen. What did her husband say to those men? "See what a bad mother she is? Lock her up."



*Ring around the collar, Wisk around the collar. All, Bold, Tide, Gain, Ivory Snow. Ajax. Pretreat, presoak, air-dry, fluff and fold, starch and iron. 20 Mule Team Borax. Axion. Oxydol. Fab. Dreft. Surf. Niagara. Downy fresh. Faultless starch.*



Eventually, Donna's mother hears Mary-Margaret's station wagon with the bad muffler wheezing up the hill, so she pulls up her driveway and into the garage, where she turns off the car. In the rearview mirror she watches Mary-Margaret jostle brown grocery bags from the back seat, carry them