



WHERE TO STAY

"Where are you from?"

April Lacinak stopped looking at the road passing by them in running asphalt streaks and looked at Mrs. Miller who was angling herself around from the front passenger seat. April was getting sore from sitting on the hump in the back seat, but it seemed the polite thing to do, insist on sitting there and letting the Miller children sit on either side of her.

"I'm from Syracuse and around there. I was in Rochester for the last year."

"And you graduated from high school just this spring?"

"Yeah, in June."

Mrs. Miller nodded. "Did you see the au pair ad in the newspaper?"

"No, I saw a flyer in the laundromat with an employment agency's number on it. I called them and asked about baby-sitting jobs."

Mrs. Miller tightened the line between her lips, and April remembered that she preferred the term "au pair." In fact, April suspected that Mrs. Miller had used this French term to convince her husband they should take hired help with them to Massachusetts for their annual week's vacation. Mr. Miller fancied himself worldly although the only evidence of this April had seen was that he held his fork in his left hand. When they stopped for lunch near Albany, Mr. Miller instructed Lindsay and Lenore, his twin daughters, how to stab their French fries left-handed. "That's how they do it in Europe," he explained.

Lindsay and Lenore, Lynn timer and Lenny for short, were almost seven. Although April had known the Millers for only four hours, she understood that Lynn timer was the favorite child because she insisted on it. She demanded the candy she knew was in her mother's purse and told her father to change the station on the radio every few minutes. Mr. and Mrs. Miller appeared