

CINDY STEWART-RINIER

SUPER 8 VOICEOVER

The churning blades of our arms cut each other out of the picture as, in repeated succession, each of the three youngest siblings pushes to the center of the frame. Behind our antic jockeying, the eldest two play it cool.

Bell-bottomed and cosmically bemused, my brother looks on from the porch where he leans against the iron rail, his eyes obscured by the overhang of his auburn Beatles bangs while my sister, angled slightly away,

feigns indifference. Her arms cross tight over her chest where Dad's camera tends to linger too long and her darkly lined eyes burn against her frosted hair and lips—a cross between sexual pout and shout.

It's always someone's birthday, and inside, Grandma holds the lit cake while across town Mom irons rich people's clothes or picks apples from the orchard in Opportunity to make enough to feed the five of us when we return from our starring

roles in Dad's weekend spectacles, in which we remain forever voiceless, actual words mere implications drawn from the shapes of our mouths chewing their cud of air, the inaudible soundtrack—"All You Need is Love"—endangering us, saving us.