



MAKEOVER

Mrs. Turell has new magazines on her coffee table. The covers say things like: "Get Back Into the Dating Swing," "Life After Divorce," and "How to Know if You're Ready To Commit Again."

I've been baby-sitting Gretchen and Andy Turell for almost two years, since before Mrs. asked Mr. to move out. The magazines on the coffee table used to read, "Keeping the Romance Alive in Your Marriage," "Rediscovering Intimacy After Childbirth," and "Holiday Makeover for Your House!"

Now Mrs. Turell is considering using her maiden name, Canfield, after the divorce is final. "But the children," she says to me, "it might confuse them. They've gone through so much already, I don't want to burden them with one more change." She asks me to call her Janet, and lately I've even been calling her Jan.

She looks young for her age, early thirties, I guess. Her blonde hair is almost down to her shoulders and she wears dangle earrings. She's thin, although she always complains about her "saggy tush." I think she's beautiful, like the pictures of women in *Vogue*, and I wonder what she looked like at my age, fifteen.

The last time he drove me home, Mr. Turell asked me what I thought of his wife. I looked at him and watched as his head rocked slowly from side to side. Maybe he had been drinking. Probably. When I didn't answer, he asked me again: "So, Barbie Baby-sitter, what. . . do you think. . . of my wife?"

I looked out the windshield, watching the road slip beneath the car. "She's nice," I said quietly. He laughed, but it was more like coughing. "Nice," he said, and I couldn't tell if he was serious. He shook his head like he was