

Winter 2017

## Planning To Be Amazed

Daryl Scroggins

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

---

### Recommended Citation

Scroggins, Daryl (2017) "Planning To Be Amazed," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 86 , Article 10.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss86/10>

This Prose is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact [scholarworks@mso.umt.edu](mailto:scholarworks@mso.umt.edu).

DARYL SCROGGINS

---

## PLANNING TO BE AMAZED

- *Runner-Up: Big Sky, Small Prose Flash Contest* -

Daddy drives a muscle car and has no hair but what's long on the bottom. He always looks at me sideways like a drummer. I can tell he is checking to see if I have boobs yet when I'm getting Bobby into the back seat. Then he's gunning it down the street. Mama sliding away, back on the porch.

Mama doesn't even try to warn me anymore about what to watch out for. It's like everything started happening in fast blocks of time, and she got caught somewhere in the spaces that only almost seem to hold them together. Like how she makes salad and then forgets that we are about to eat it.

• • •

WE GET TO Six Flags and Daddy asks if Mama gave me any money. I hand it over. Who wants all the stuff just made to tell everybody else you had a great time? Bobby is all face, ready for sick drops through space and dripping ice cream.

So we head in, riding to the park entry on a long electric cart that holds about thirty people. At the ticket window Daddy tries to say I

am half my age, and when it doesn't work he gets a mean look I know he'll hold onto all day.

It seems to me that people forget they even have a body as soon as they go through the gates. I watch crowds of people waiting for rides until I start to wonder how I'm going to stand it for another minute. And I realize then that people who promise endless wonders want something else and probably hate just about everybody.

• • •

DADDY'S APARTMENT IS in another state but it's cheaper than a motel. It has two rooms—a bedroom, and a room that is the living room, dining room, kitchen, and a little patch of carpet by the door where you can stand to take it all in. Daddy looks at us, points at the TV and the refrigerator, and then he points up at some advice he's going to give. "Don't cook bacon on naked day," he says. And he's off to his bedroom, shutting the door.

• • •

BACK HOME, THE rumble of Daddy's car fading, Bobby heads straight for his room and I go stand with Mama. She's raising and lowering a tea bag in a cup, and I see that she has been doing it for so long that most of the dark leaves have come out and are swirling around in cold water. We look

out the kitchen window at the back yard. I don't know how a clothesline can look like it has never had clothes on it, but ours does.

Soon we hear a noise coming from behind Bobby's closed door. It's a popping sound. He's in his closet again with his b-b gun, shooting into a cardboard box.