

Ginette

*Ginette feels like the proverbial “fifth wheel”. She is responding to the question “How are things at your place, Ginette?”*

Oh, same as usual, they fight all day long...Nothing new. My mother still drinks...And my father gets mad...And they go on fighting...And Suzanne? Oh, she’s still the brainy one. She can’t do anything wrong, you know? “Now there’s a girl who uses her head. You should be more like her, Ginette. She’s making something of her life” ...Nobody else even counts, especially me. But they always did like her best. And, of course, now she’s a teacher, you’d think she was a saint or something. I’m serious. My mother’s never cared about me. It’s always “Suzanne’s the prettiest. Suzanne’s the nicest” ...Day in, day out til I’m sick of it! Even Lise doesn’t like me anymore. She’s happy to have me around when there’s nobody else, eh? But when someone more interesting comes along....