

You shut off your engine and quickly get out of the car to grab a shopping cart.

*Are they okay?*

Making your way back to the passenger seat you help your aunt out of the car in a slow but thoughtful manner. Each movement a precise balancing act for her thin body. You brush her light brown hair out of her face and meet her green eyes.

*Is she okay?*

You think about how the new medication might be affecting her today and try to remember to take mental notes about what you observe.

*Is he okay?*

You make sure she is steady holding onto the shopping cart then you briskly walk to the back passenger door. Your two-year-old son smiles back at you, his lighter, almost blonde hair catching the light is a stark contrast to your long black curls.

You pick him up, realizing he is definitely growing out of his “butterball” stage because he’s a little lighter and he looks skinny but you know you have been feeding him well because of how much he loves to snack and how much your aunt loves to feed him.

You place him in the front of the shopping cart.

*Is she okay?*

Your aunt is getting looks from people as they pass but neither of you have the energy to explain to them the dizzying story as to why she looks and walks and talks the way she does.

*She is okay.*

*Just keep walking.*

*I got it.*

“Okay, let’s go!” You say in your typical chipper tone and begin to make your way into the store. You calculate the most efficient way to get to all of your items.

Your aunt keeps your son entertained while slowly trailing behind you. Allowing you to move quicker

Not walking too far

*They are okay*

Grabbing an item

*Quickly*

Back to the cart

*They are okay.*

Some things are just out of your reach. Your aunt laughs. You have always been of shorter stature and people have pointed it out your whole life. You laugh along with her.

Compared to other trips to the store, this one is going relatively quick, which is good.

You make your way to the cash register, triple-checking your list.

You start loading your things onto the conveyer belt

Item by item

An old woman is standing behind your aunt her eyes shifting to each member of your group of misfits

*She is okay.*

*He is okay.*

*Just keep walking.*

She speaks, her eyes locked on your aunt, but clearly the bullets were meant for you.

“You need to have your Mexican take better care of you because it doesn’t look like you are getting any better.”

She pauses and reloads:

“And have her feed your son because he looks like he needs to eat.”

*Is she okay?*

*Is he okay?*

*Are they*

*Okay?*