Summary

A sort of drabblefic from the perspective of a nerdy little Asian-American girl getting her first BSC babysitting.

Notes

Thanks to "Written? Kitten!" and the #yuletide IRC channel for a wordwars round to get this going!

I opened the door and saw two white girls there. "Mom, they're here," I turned back and shouted.

One of them looked uncertainly at the pile of shoes just inside the door as the other one said, "Should we take our shoes off?"

"Are you gonna stay here or just talk here and then go away?" I asked. They looked at each other.

"Please, please, come in, you can leave your shoes here," my mom said over my shoulder. The girls came in and started wobbling around with their feet. "You can sit on the stairs if you want," I said. One of them did.

"Can I offer you something? Tea, Pepsi, cold water?" my mom said.

"No, no thank you," one said, the one who was still standing.

"I'll take some water, thanks," said the one who had sat down and had divested herself of her sandals. She placed them near the pile as neatly as she probably could. It really was a big mess. I
liked to put them in order but my mom always said it made me dirty and made me go wash with really hot water after I did it.

"Jana, please go get the nice lady some water," Mom said.

I went into the kitchen and got out a cup and a saucer, and pressed the cup against the ice dispenser in the fridge for a few seconds before switching the button to "water" and then pressing again. I hated having to guess at these things. How was I supposed to know whether the person wanted lots of ice or no ice or one cube of ice? But if I asked all the questions I wanted to ask then people said I should use common sense.

I came back into the front hall and saw the still-standing girl uncertainly holding her shoes. "You can just put those down next to the pile," I said, handing the cup and saucer to the girl on the stairs.

"Ah, thanks," she said.

"Jana, these are your babysitters for today, Gaila and Karen," Mom said, pointing. Karen was the one who'd asked for the water. Mom said her name a little like "Karan".

"Hi," I said. Now I noticed that the tote bag next to Karen said "Babysitter's Club" with lots of colors and hearts and stars and swirls and things. The tote bag had a zipper, which meant things couldn't fall out of it very easily, which I liked, but that meant I couldn't see inside it, which made me suspicious.

Mom started giving Gaila and Karen instructions and they weren't talking to me, just about me, so I went to the living room and picked up my book. Susan Calvin was fixing a robot who didn't know how to follow directions. I forgot about everything else until a shadow fell across my page and I realized it was Gaila's.

"You like science fiction?" she said.

"Yeah. What do you read?" I asked.

"I'm more into fantasy. I like Anne McCaffrey, Piers Anthony, and I just started some Robert Jordan series someone recommended to me."

"Did someone say science fiction?" Karen came in, rummaging through her tote bag.

"Do you read scifi too?" I asked. I shut my book, keeping my place with my finger.

Karen brought out a paperback with sort of an alien planet face on the cover and flourished it at me. "I absolutely love it. Have you ever tried this one?"

"The Hitchhiker's Guide To The Galaxy." I was pretty sure I hadn't; it was hard enough to get to the Asimovs at the library because they were up so high, and Adams would be even harder. "I'll have to add it to my to-read list."

Karen frowned, but she actually sounded super happy: "No, you gotta read this right away."

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