



# THE INVITATION

---

*Jodi Teti*

ALTHOUGH I DIDN'T TRULY UNDERSTAND the horror of 13 until well into my adult years, I got a glimmer of it in seventh grade. Fourteen days before the end of the school year, to be precise. The day I failed to receive The Invitation.

Ten months prior to that, the summer before my 13th year, my best friend was Maggie Graham. We met at a slumber party midway through the sixth grade over *Light as a Feather, Stiff as a Board*. In this game, everyone crowded around a chosen girl who would lie on the floor, eyes closed. We all slid two fingers under the prone body, chanting "light as a feather, stiff as a board," until we could "feel" the body begin to levitate. Maggie and I, abnormal cells in the organelle of teendom, were both disdainful of the fear it invoked in the other girls.