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California

I used to be someone.

Someone named Jenna Fox.

That's what they tell me. But I am more than a name. More than they tell me. More than the facts and statistics they fill me with. More than the video clips they make me watch.

More. But I'm not sure what.

'Jenna, come sit over here. You don't want to miss this.' The woman I am supposed to call Mother pats the cushion next to her. 'Come,' she says again.

I do.

'This is an historic moment,' she says. She puts her arm around me and squeezes. I lift the corner of my mouth. Then the other: a smile. Because I know I am supposed to. It is what she wants.

'It's a first,' she says. 'We've never had a woman president of Nigerian descent before.'

'A first,' I say. I watch the monitor. I watch Mother's face. I've only just learned how to smile. I don't know how to match her other expressions. I should.

'Mom, come sit with us,' she calls out toward the kitchen. 'It's about to start.'

I know she won't come. She doesn't like me. I don't know how I know. Her face is as plain and expressionless to me as everyone else's. It is not her face. It is something else.

'I'm doing a few dishes. I'll watch from the monitor in here,' she calls back.

I stand. 'I can leave, Lily,' I offer.

She comes and stands in the arched doorway. She looks at Mother. They exchange an expression I try to understand. Mother's face drops into her hands. 'She's your nana, Jenna. You've always called her Nana.'

'That's all right. She can call me Lily,' she says and sits down on the other side of Mother.