Camille opens chapter seven by saying, “My sense of weightlessness, I think, comes from the fact that I know so little about my past—or at lease that’s what the shrinks at the clinic came up with. I’ve long since given up trying to discover anything about my dad; (a semicolon can be used here, however, a comma will also suffice)when I picture him, it’s as a generic “father” image.” She then thinks about how the only things she knows about Alan and Adora, how they met, etc., comes from other people and not from her mother. She admits that her mother has never told her that she loved her, and thinks Adora hates children. Camile says “There’s a jealousy, a resentfulness that I can feel even now, in my memory” (96). Camille recounts a memory of her mother that “catches in me like a nasty clump of blood” (97). Once, when Adora was watching a baby and she thought no one was looking, she bit the babys cheek, making it cry.