

5-1-2003

My Seemingly Perfect World

Missy Tiggs

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces>

Recommended Citation

Tiggs, Missy (2003) "My Seemingly Perfect World," *Forces*: Vol. 2003 , Article 22.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2003/iss1/22>

This Short Story is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@Collin. It has been accepted for inclusion in Forces by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@Collin. For more information, please contact mtomlin@collin.edu.

My Seemingly Perfect World

Missy Tigges

Keisha's jaded view of my seemingly perfect world was shattered the morning after I stole my mother's mascara. I never saw any harm in borrowing such an insignificant item- I fully intended to return it- but to my mother, it was a careless and selfish act on my part.

Keisha peacefully lay sleeping among my sheets and the scattered contents of her large suitcase. She had been with my family for ten days now; she did not know she was another project of my humanitarian mother. Her mother was physically and mentally ill, the sole root of Keisha's rebellious nature and promiscuity. Keisha had once again been kicked out of her broken home, and left to fend for herself. My mom said she could stay with us, "as long as she gets a job and goes back to school." Keisha was ever so grateful... she wanted to live in a stable, loving home for a while. Oh how she admired the relationship my mom and I had...

That morning the house was silent: nothing but the sound of the warm water running over my bare skin and slapping the tile floor of the shower. My mother burst into the room and jarred me from my lethargic state. No questions asked, no accusations thrown, she immediately began to strike at me; the pain only amplified by my slippery skin. The shower curtain ripped from its rings. I wanted to scream, but my thoughts were on Keisha, sleeping in my bed. My facade would be ruined if she could hear the goings on in the next room. I didn't need to ask why I was being beaten... this was not the first time this had happened. It was just the worst. I attempted to turn my face away from the woman who was hitting me, but she would not allow it. My neck whipped to the right when she slapped me across the face. The woman marched out of the bathroom in a rage. I could feel my heart beating from embarrassment in my stinging, rosy cheek. I never wanted to leave that shower.

Before I opened my bedroom door, I prayed that my sleeping friend had not heard the loud smacks echoing off the tile walls. I couldn't handle it if I could no longer stand on her pedestal. She wanted to be just like me, and I wanted her to want to be just like me. I slowly opened the bedroom door and found my friend sitting on my bed, waiting with a box of makeup. She crossed over to me and grabbed my hand, giving it a warm squeeze. She said not a word, but dragged me back to my bed, and began to apply the concealing foundation to my puffy, swollen cheek.