

## Dysfunction

The yellow police tape is really starting to annoy me. My mom says that it's an eyesore. She keeps asking me what the neighbors will think. What the hell do I care what the neighbors think? If I were her, I would be more concerned with hiring a lawyer to protect my murdering ass than with what the neighbors will think. The police still think daddy committed suicide. She told them that he heard her on the phone with her boyfriend. Yes, she said a boyfriend, like she's in the eighth grade again or something. Anyway, she said that daddy heard her on the phone talking with him and that he just couldn't stand the thought of living without her. Well, if anyone had taken the time to examine the kind of woman my mother is, they would have seen that anyone would THRIVE if they were blessed enough to live without her.

So, yeah, I did know that she was having an affair. It didn't bother me. Not really. See, this was not the first time she ever cheated on daddy. She always brought her little indiscretions to me, like I was supposed to care. The first time, I'll admit, I was surprised. I even cried and screamed things like, "Does daddy know?" and "How could you do this to our family." Gosh, that was brilliant. Straight from a made for TV movie. I'll admit, I've always had a bit of a passion for acting. It's a gift. You know, thinking back on it, I may have even threatened to tell my dad. Daddy he's always been a great bargaining tool. Now he's gone.

She can't really effect my life anymore. I just tell her that whoever she decides to dabble in this week isn't a huge concern to me. This current "boyfriend" has only been with her for a few weeks. We've never had a typical mother-daughter relationship. Actually, that's not true. She did tell me once that she loved me so much when I was a baby because everyone would always crowd around us and tell her how cute I was. She would dress me up just like her. She'd always say, "Oh, Lucy, someday you'll be just like me." Great mom, can't wait! Of course, it was always about her and the attention I brought her because I was cute. So, I guess while I was small enough to fit in a car seat, we had a great relationship. She told me that I just wasn't as much fun when I got older. Anyway, it's kinda funny, the only thing she ever did talk to me about was her personal life. She told me things that no little girl should ever have to hear come out of her mother's mouth. I swear, she described her sexual life like a drunken sailor. Is it me, or is that just sick? And daddy never knew. Shit, they could have screwed right in front of his face and he would've said, "You make a better door than a window I can't see the TV." Poor, innocent daddy! He was always a little naive. Mom and I would use him when we fought. Usually it gave us both a good source of entertainment to see the total bafflement on his face, last night wasn't so funny. Last night she won.

See, my mom's last boyfriend was our next door neighbor. She told me all about him, like I was supposed to be happy for her. What was I supposed to say? "Great mom, that way you'll still be right next door if we ever need you!" What the hell? Anyway, this guy turns out to be really cute well, mom always says that mothers and daughters should share everything maybe she didn't really mean EVERYTHING. She told my dad. She ruined the perfect beauty of the picture I had chosen to show daddy of who I was. Do you know how long it took me to build that up in his mind? Things like that can never be gotten back, you know? Just like when your house catches on fire and all your little baby pictures and stuff get ruined. Funny, that's what everyone keeps saying, "It's just a terrible tragedy." It sure is.

The only thing that is just ruining this right now is all the attention mom's getting. It's driving me nuts. She has other men to run to, what am I supposed to do? She knew that daddy would get all the sympathy if everyone found out that she is a big whore. Now, she's getting tons of cards and flowers, everyone is paying her so much attention. She loves that shit. I can just hear all the ladies from the country club now, "Ohhh poor Kathy, her husband killed himself and left her all alone." Too bad it won't last long.

I'm calling the police. I'm telling them that she killed him. I'll confess everything about her telling me of her little trysts with the man next door and how she made up some lie about me and that daddy told her she could never talk that way about his precious little angel. I'll say that he told her that he was changing his will to leave me all his money because I have always been the only person in the whole wide world that has ever given a damn about him. She can not get that money! She doesn't deserve it! I'll say that I saw her go into his room with a gun and shoot him. BAM!! Right through the heart! I'll say that she walked right up to him and shot him point blank! That way it seems more cold and calculated! Police love that kind of stuff! Makes their job so much easier. And I like to do what I can to preserve the decency of this fine country of ours. I'll say that she put the gun in his hand and that she had gloves on to protect the gun from fingerprints. Then, she carefully closed his eyes that had been wide with terror and disbelief. God, daddy always did over-react to everything! I can understand some fear, but disbelief? Come on, dad, for once in your life be a man! Of course, none of that is true, but right now I'm starting to feel some pain,



so I can probably muster up a good, heart-wrenching cry and make it pretty dramatic for the cops. My dad always said I should be an actress. I will miss him. He was always so supportive.

My mom, she deserves so much more than just life in prison, so please don't feel sorry for her! She has taken away the love that I deserve one too many times. She will hate having to wear those prison uniforms, though, and that really brings me comfort right now. She always did say that orange was not her color. See, people with light skin tones and red hair just do NOT look good in oranges and pinks. Just picturing her scrubbing away at the dishes of three hundred other women and making license plates for all of us free, law-abiding citizens makes me feel so much better. And I deserve to feel better. I've had a tough day! Don't think that I'm giving her more than she deserves, either, and don't throw me any of that bullshit about her being "wrongfully accused" because you don't know what it's been like living with her. She has been a constant struggle! She's nothing but selfish and now I am just going to give her a little punishment. Daddy got his for not believing in me and now she gets hers. And you know what, it might be a TOTAL lie! I mean, I don't know for a fact that she didn't play some part in it. It hurts me to think that she did it. That way nothing makes me feel guilty and I don't have to pretend he committed suicide. You know suicide gets you straight into hell! No purgatory, no nothing just straight down there! So, we won't even entertain suicide as a thought. He would never do that! He loved me. He would never leave me here all alone with her. I can't be with her all alone! So, she must have killed him! With his own gun in cold blood!! It is really sickening that this is the place our world has come to. So much evil in the world! And my mother is pure evil, I am just sick at the thought of her. See, she's getting what she. . . God. . . there is blood underneath my fingernails. . . guess that makes biting them out of the question. How should I get it out? I bite them so they're too short to really clean with that little hook thing on the end of fingernail clippers. Knowing me, I'd probably get in there too deep and make myself bleed. Can you imagine? How sick that would be. . . our blood would be mixed.

-Karalee Stockman