2012

Poor Ariel

Lauryn Helmers
Concordia University-Portland

Follow this and additional works at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean
Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Helmers, Lauryn (2012) "Poor Ariel," The Promethean: Vol. 20 : Iss. 1 , Article 22.
Available at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol20/iss1/22

This Story is brought to you for free and open access by CU Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Promethean by an authorized administrator of CU Commons. For more information, please contact libraryadmin@cu-portland.edu.
The School Lunch

Casey Kerns

The lunch box contains
The same items it always does.

The sandwich lies in the white container
Made with creamy peanut butter and blackberry jelly
Meticulously cut exactly in half down the middle

The white and black thermos is filled halfway with grape juice
And a Tupperware container holds two strawberries,
Cut in half and lightly sprinkled with sugar.

The lunch box is placed in the red backpack
Which is placed on the boy with the sandy blonde hair
And he lumbers down the driveway in his red raincoat to catch the bus.

Poor Ariel

Laurny Helmers

It was just an average summer afternoon and I was playing
with all my Barbies in my room. I had just recently gotten a new
one: the Ariel version. My brothers would never understand what she
meant to me, since they were always preoccupied with their action
figures and Legos. Boys just weren't made to play with Barbies. But
Ariel, she was my new favorite. Her long luscious fire toned hair com­
plimented her soft green eyes that smiled on their own. She was the
perfect little mermaid. I never wanted her to leave my sight because
I was worried my brothers would find a way to ruin her. They have a
history of breaking off the legs first, then the arms of my Barbies so
they were no longer feminine. The last thing I wanted was for them
to break Ariel: my beloved friend.

I turned my back to find a new sequin dress for her to wear
when I heard Andrew yell, “Hey, Brennan watch this.” After a pause,
Brennan said, “It's a bird. It's a plane. No wait, it's a mermaid.”
Mermaid: did he really just say mermaid? I jerked myself around and
saw my brothers staring at the window, but there wasn't a Barbie in
either of their hands. Where is she? Their eyes were fixed on the win­
dow. As I fearfully pivoted my gaze on the window I saw the white
blinds that used to be nice and neat, now in a tangled mess. The
blinds now bended into a knot with a bright red target in the center
of the mess. It only took a second for me to realize... THAT'S MY
BARBIE'S HEAD! Ariel's luscious mane was no longer attached to
her body. Instead, her head went face first into the blinds, leaving the
rest of her body flat on the ground, decapitated. There went the rest
of life for Ariel the mermaid.

I can honestly say I was speechless. All I wanted to do was to
yell and scream at my brothers who were laughing hysterically as they
rolled around on the ground unable to control their emotions. What
was I to do?

To this day, there is a part of me that still gets bitter think­
ing about the image of my favorite doll being decapitated through
the window. At least my mom was on my side; she must have known somehow that something like this was going to happen. The day before this event, she brought home a brand new gymnastics edition Barbie. This one was made specifically so that it could not be broken apart. Perfect.

I gently grasped the cold knob and rotated it softly left. Any sound would give away my position. The moon crept through the north window, dimly lighting the small kitchen. I scanned the area quickly for danger. The red dot gave away my aim. The kitchen was clear. Pots and pans were in disarray, scattered like corpses on a battlefield. A half eaten pizza sat mournfully on the oven top, watching, waiting. Empty wrappers of chicken flavored Top Ramen littered the counter, while cups and shot glasses scattered the outskirts of the sink in which used bowls and plates were piled high, witnesses to the raging battle.

My body was on full alert. As my heart rate increased, my hands turned clammy and the handle of my gun felt like it had been dipped in olive oil. In training they told me this would happen. However, all the training in the world couldn't prepare anyone for the real thing; you don't re-spawn in this life.

As I shut the door gently behind me, I fixed my aim on the open door leading from the kitchen. I listened intently; the house was silent. Only my pulsating heart and my soft, carefully placed breaths could be heard. I hesitated before sticking my head around the corner of the open door leading into the hallway. I anticipated a figure lurking in the deadly shadows and pictured myself squeezing the trigger hard enough to let the potential energy of the gun release. The hallway was clear.

Clinching my gun I moved rapidly but silently toward the top of the ‘T’ shaped hallway, which split off into two rooms. Both doors were shut.

As I prepared to enter the first room a quick sound caught my attention from the kitchen. I turned and began to move slowly back toward the kitchen to investigate. I firmly aimed my gun directly down the hallway toward the opening I had just passed through, hoping for movement.

Without warning he unexpectedly walked out of the kitchen,