5-1-2010

Mind Games

Cassondra Shaw
Concordia University - Portland

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

Recommended Citation
Shaw, Cassondra (2010) "Mind Games," The Promethean: Vol. 18 : Iss. 1 , Article 15. Available at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol18/iss1/15

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.
no use for me and I wondered why He even created me. I was nothing to Him but a hindrance and a failure. In my mind, I was made to suffer through events no children should ever go through. I was made to believe horrible things about myself.

But now, looking back, I see God's loving hands through it all. I spot where His many tears fell when my soul was ripped from my body and trampled on. I see when His heart tore at every bruise my stepmom gave me. I see how He walked through my life with me, carrying me when I could go no further on my own strength. He carried me ever so gently, whispering words to me that I had always longed to hear. He never left me nor forsook me, just like He promises.

So here I am now, a Junior in college. My fantasy has changed from one of princesses and princes to one of myself as a bride and Jesus as my bridegroom. I'm learning to recognize the truth; that there is a hope and a future in store for me. I am continually growing and learning to tear down the walls that keep me from experiencing the true love from those around me. My heart was hardened by fear and confusion, but God's tenderness has begun to soften it. I fondly look upon my life in Idaho, but I understand now that God is with me wherever I am. I am here for a reason, and it is to make a difference. God is using my hurt, pain, and rejection to reach out to those around me. I was allowed to suffer for years so I would become the woman of God He desires me to be. I am here as a light to bring people out of darkness, just like Christ did for me.

God is so faithful.
The walls and backsplash painted a cheery and morning sunflower yellow brought out the urge to move forward. As he turned the corner to his right he noticed an interesting pattern on the far wall in the kitchen, behind the dining table.

He crept closer, still not alarmed, just curious. His Hanes dress socks, night black Mezlan Orbison loafers and the floorboards cooperated; they did not betray his presence in the house. As he walked across the kitchen in silence he noticed the color of the pattern, red.

The scene past the kitchen consisted of more red with every step he took. As the now lifeless form took shape before him the bile rose in his throat, his airway constricted in panic and his legs rooted to the floor on the spot. The shock was almost too much for Mark, his shoulders shook with surprise, then slowly the shaking changed to slower heaving stifled laughter.

Mark admired the beauty of her handi-work. The exact cuts and precise science that was executed was done with an obviously steady hand. After the initial wave of disgust and nausea Mark’s only urge was to examine the form closer, to get a feel for her trademark in its most recent victim.

“Almost ready!”

The light voice echoed from a far corner of the second floor. What? What do I do? As his feet started to respond to the electrical frenzy from his brain that said to run he heard her heels click-clacking evenly down the stairs.

He got as far as the living room.

Between him and the front door was the beautiful cinnamon-haired girl in a black almost knee-length chiffon dress. Her bare legs and knee high stiletto boots drew the eyes first. Then the top cut in a tight corset and a small, short, skirt attached at the bottom, her dress completed the outfit.

I can outrun her in those heels if I have to...

***

Well, he’s still here. When Mark was left on the doorstep to await her return Vivian left the door ajar, a test of sorts.

I knew he’d come in. Those eyes. She watched as he shifted uncomfortably in front of her, probably not realizing that she could see him trying to inch his way toward the door, looking at it longingly and yet unable to tear his eyes from her bare flesh.

Vivian turned and reached for the door handle, it fit coolly into the palm of her well-manicured hands. He can have the full tour of the house, he might even get to see the kitchen.

Vivian suddenly slammed the door shut. The deadbolt fell into place with the sound of finality.

Well, he’s still here. When Mark was left on the doorstep to await her return Vivian left the door ajar, a test of sorts.