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Madlibs

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Triskaidekaphobia—Fear or a phobia concerning the number 13.
As a rule, teachers never liked Alicia Kachmar. She didn't blame them—she acted too nervous. She was too unpredictable for any authority figure to feel comfortable with her wandering around with her own free will. But her behavior wasn't exactly her own fault either. There were too many things in the world that were out of her control for her to be comfortable acting normal. She knew what she should be afraid of, and she avoided it at all costs. It was human nature to experience the fight or flight instinct when faced with danger. And with her small, bony 5'2" frame, she knew she had been made for flight.

So when she saw signs for danger, she did not hesitate to run. She ran after she walked into class and realized that there would be thirteen people in one room every week for an entire semester. She ran from the grocery store when the only check stand open was number thirteen. And when her favorite hair stylist carelessly dyed her hair a Honey Blonde 013, she ran to buy new hair dye. She had always heard that pink was a soothing color, so she chose a very safe Cherry Blossom 267.

In the slew of random events that defined her life, Alicia found herself lost in a sea of drunken college students one average Wednesday night. She couldn't find any friends but she managed to find plenty of alcohol. Though she didn't fit the picture of an average student, she knew their practices well. Taking a shot of any liquor earned one black Sharpie “X”. Even though she was a stranger to everyone at this party, anyone who witnessed her taking another shot was perfectly willing to mark her arm for her in a show of comradery.

The night was going pretty well. Most people stared at her hair, some were even brave enough to ask who she was, but no one questioned her right to be with them, to participate in the night’s festivities. She didn't know anyone, she might not have even been invited to the party, but somehow, at that moment, she was at a place where she completely belonged.

This feeling of contentment was foreign to her, however, so she began to feel uneasy as the night went on. The simplest solution that she could find was to follow the example of her peers and continue to drink what was handed to her. She had seven X's on her arm when she firmly made her decision, and it wasn't long before two more appeared on her arm. Her wariness of her situation slowly began to fade. Before long, Alicia realized that she had made a terrible mistake. There were now thirteen dark marks on her right arm, contrasting horribly with her pale skin. She didn't want to consider what this omen could possibly lead to, so without a moment of hesitation or consideration, she grabbed the nearest glass and drained it. With another clean mark swiftly placed near her elbow, the curse has been broken and Alicia was safe again.

And it was that last drink that she had taken, her perceived deliverer of salvation, that would be the catalyst that would push her completely over the edge.

Pulchritude—
The quality of appearance which pleases the eye; beauty; comeliness; loveliness.

Gabriella had always been considered beautiful. She was not the kind of person that would admit it out loud to the general public, but whenever she was complimented, the same sorts of words were always repeated. Her mother in particular would remark on her glossy blonde hair and cobalt blue eyes, usually while she was justifying her decision to enter Gabriella in every beauty pageant in the state. It was a crushing blow to her mother when she finally realized that with her barely-average height of 5 “4” she was not exactly a desirable candidate for pageants or modeling.

Gabriella had added a stinging insult to already grave injury when she had announced that she did not share the same interests as her mother and would be pursuing a degree in Biology.
Despite her desire to escape her mother's preconceived plans for her life, Gabriella found that she had already been type-casted into an irritated role. Upon first seeing her, she was often considered to be the “dumb blonde bitch” or some variation of that stereotype.

In her attempts to persuade the affections of her classmates, she strove to become someone to admire. And though not everyone could recognize the value of intelligence, Gabriella found that few could find fault in characteristic of kindness. So despite what she or her mother really wished to be known for, Gabriella soon became remembered at her school for being remarkably kind.

Sometimes, like in moments such as these, Gabriella would idly wonder if her acts of compassion really amounted to any sort of worth in reality. She couldn't help but wonder if they resembled hypocrisy rather than humility, since she initiated these actions for the sake of recognition, and she only continued them out of habit.

Even now, as she watched a girl with a mess of shockingly pink hair stumble across the crowded room, she only moved out of habit. Though she felt pity for the sorry state of the girl, she inwardly scoffed at her naivety to be completely drunk at a party with no friends nearby to help.

If she assisted this girl, but mentally criticized everything about her, would it count as a true act of benevolence? Her conscience seemed to insist that her counterfeit kindness would never be fully accepted by herself, and it would only be a matter of time before the general public realized her lack of authenticity.

Even while she mulled over the reasons behind her actions, her body seemed to move from memory. Without really noticing, Gabriella had already moved to slide one arm behind the drunken girl’s back and latched an arm over her own shoulders so that the stranger leaned against her. The girl gazed at her with glassy viridian eyes, not fully understanding Gabriella’s actions or words as she gave a half-hearted attempt at introducing herself.

The girl was much worse off than what she had first assumed, Gabriella noted with distain. She couldn't even stand by herself. No doubt it was only a matter of time before she began puking every drop of alcohol that she'd consumed that night.

Gabriella even found herself promising that she'd drive her home, even though the idea of the pink-haired girl vomiting all over the leather seats appalled her. But the mantle of the Nice Girl demanded that she ensure that the girl wobbling next to her found herself safely at home.

Her annoyance at the girl grew exponentially as she tried to coax her out of the house and into her small blue car. The girl couldn't really function in any productive way; she could barely move one foot in front of the other.

Gabriella did feel a pang of sympathy for the girl as she buckled her seatbelt. They had passed many inquiring faces as they stumbled through the house, but there was not even a flash of recognition upon seeing the mass of pink hair. The house had been overwhelmingly crowded, yet the girl did not have a single companion. Not even a familiar classmate, Gabriella mused wryly as slid into the driver's seat. Because surely if any of them had seen this strange girl at any point in time before this night, would have remembered her.

Her thoughts were interrupted when she turned the key in the ignition and the only sound that could be heard was a foreboding click, click, click. She tried two more times before she was forced to accept that her car would not start.

"It looks like there is something wrong with your battery."

The voice was friendly, soft, and melodic, but Gabriella shrieked out of surprise. The owner of the voice stood several feet away from her car, leaning slightly towards her open window. She recognized the girl who stood before her, though she couldn't recall her name. She had seen her curly red hair and deep hazel eyes earlier that night and at previous parties at well. She was tall-- enough that Gabriella's head would only barely reach the girl's shoulders if they were standing next to each other.
The girl seemed unperturbed that Gabriella did not make a sound to acknowledge her suggestion, or that she was still staring at her in shock. She smiled again at Gabriella and nodded.

"I'm sure that's what the problem is. If you want, I can help you. I have jumper cables in my car."

"You know how to do it?" Gabriella asked hesitantly, finally able to speak.

"Yeah, I've seen it done lots of times!"

And suddenly she was gone, skipping away in the opposite direction. It only took her a few minutes to reach her car and to drive it to them. She seemed so sure of herself, so confident in her movements, that Gabriella willingly opened the hood of her car and allowed her to put the appropriate cables where they belonged.

Before she knew it, the girl was standing in front of her again, with an unusually large grin adorning her face.

"Okay, everything is ready! Try again!"

The girl's confidence reassured her that everything would be fine. Her car would start without a problem, she could deliver the nearly-unconscious girl to wherever she belonged, and then she could finally return to her own home and crawl into her own bed. She was already imagining the comfort of her fluffy pillows when she turned the key once again.

Gold and white sparks shot out from under her car hood, in a dazzling display of fireworks that blinded her from where she sat. She could hear a very distinct sizzling noise, despite the surprised cries of the few people who were standing outside. The most horrifying aspect of those five short seconds though, was the repugnant odor of plastic burning. The smell was so strong that it made bile rise in her throat, even before the realization of what that smell meant. Gabriella didn't know exactly what the burning rubber meant in relation to her car, but she did know it meant that any hopes of making it to her bed anytime soon had fizzled out in that blinding, disastrous light show.

"What did you do?!" Her voice had risen to painful octaves, even to her own ears, as she jumped out of the car.

"I think I might have put the cables on wrong." The girl was thoughtful, but unrepentant. She looked like she was trying to figure out a complex math problem and hadn't even been bothered by the current catastrophe.

"You said you knew what you were doing?!" She knew that she was yelling, but she knew that she couldn't stop herself. She was ruining her reputation, destroying her masquerade of abundant kindness.

"I thought I did. It seemed so easy." The girl shrugged, still not looking the least bit apologetic.

"Easy?" She repeated the word, trying not to reign in her anger. The girl nodded once, and it destroyed any shred of self control over her emotions. She felt her anger flare up like the powerful electricity that had just maimed her only way home.

"You ruined everything! You destroyed my car! You are a dumb-"

But whatever verbal assault was about to come from Gabriella's mouth was interrupted by the sound of vomit forcing its way out of the pink-haired girl's mouth, who was still sitting in the murdered car. Gabriella whipped her head around just in time to see the final act of mutilation that these strangers forced upon her car.

"Well, I didn't do it on purpose." The redhead said, in the same harmonious voice,

"I didn't think it would explode."