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## Internal Overload

Jeriann Watkins  
*Concordia University - Portland*

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# Internal Overload

Jeriann Watkins

After seventeen years of idyllic childhood, the core of Kara's Stepfordian world was trembling. As the family sat down for their weekly Sunday picnic, lightning flashed in her mind. Thunderclouds of thoughts and confusion clogged up her contemplating cerebrum. In the terror of this tornado, Kara did not know what to do. All the structure that had been established throughout her life was crumbling. It had begun with a pizza and ended with Kara walking in on her mom and the delivery man. There was no doubting what she had seen.

The question was, what was she to do? Obviously, her mom was willing to keep up the wholesome family charade, so who knew how long this façade had been in place? Was this the first time she had leapt off her pedestal of integrity and into the arms of someone who was not Kara's father? Tears welled up in Kara's eyes and threatened to turn the tornado into a hurricane.

Quickly excusing herself, Kara rushed to the restroom. As she reached the ill-managed personal waste disposal area, the tears finally released themselves, adding to the questionable puddles on the ground. The gears in her head whirred furiously, and the complex pulley system that was her nervous system overloaded from conflicting messages. Kara's body hit the ground.

The cold, grimy concrete did not help soothe the hormonally imbalanced teenager. The longer she sat there, the more she could feel the public restroom bacteria creeping into her body. Choosing misery with family over a lonely death by bad hygiene, she rose, composed herself, and walked back to the picnic site. She would join her mom in this deception for now. But eventually, she would have to figure out what to do about it.