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## Lady Bugs

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# Lady Bugs

## **Abstract**

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"As I so reverently twisted the cold brass doorknob I stared at the letters W-I-N-N-Y painted delicately on the smooth wood door. My heart leapt and then sank."

## **Cover Page Footnote**

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MINDAE KADOUS

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# Lady Bugs

As I so reverently twisted the cold brass doorknob I stared at the letters W-I-N-N-Y painted delicately on the smooth wood door. My heart leapt and then sank.

I walked in with only the momentum that the soft cream carpet gave me as I heard it speak, "Plush, Plush, Plush" under my feet.

I stepped over a khaki skirt and moved slowly over to the wooden framed bed, "Plush, Plush, Plush." The neon striped comforter hung half off in a lazy position and the white sheet with bright red lady bugs was pushed aside in a hasty, yet soft manner. The fitted sheet still held the imprint of the body that awoke in it earlier that day. I bent town to pick up a lost red pillow and stopped. I could not. It lay too perfect.

I walked across the room to the closet, "Plush, Plush, Plush." I stared at the tall mirror door and saw the wrong reflection. I slid the mirror door aside until I disappeared. I looked at the colors of the clothes in front of me. I felt calmed by the flooded scent of mountain spring fresh fabric softener. Bright red Capri pants, a baby blue skirt, a hot pink tank top, and a black and purple shirt looked all too familiar. To my right, far down the rack, separate from everything else was a white blouse that held onto the hanger by one shoulder. It was the partner to the khaki skirt, an outfit that failed to please its owner earlier that day. I backed up and caught myself on a black-heeled Steve Madden sandal, an accomplice to the blouse and khaki skirt. I bent down to move it and stopped. I could not. It was placed too perfect.

I went over to the cluttered cherry oak dresser, "Plush, Plush, Plush." Two bracelets and a chain laid tangled on its surface. One that I had brought from Mexico and the other, a silver bracelet with an Ariki Paua shell cut into a heart. A unique shell brought back from New Zealand, a daddy's gift. There was one item missing, one that left this dresser every morning. The silver Tiffany's bracelet with a heart charm engraved, "Winnie Love," a boyfriend's gift. Underneath the two was an oval locket on a gold chain. It laid half open. I went to close it and stopped. I could not. It looked too perfect.

I turned to my right and sat down at the vanity. The cushioned seat was still warm from earlier that day. I did not want to move. I looked at the girly objects in front of me. There was a light layer of sparkling powder over the surface. I touched it with the tip of my index finger and watched it sparkle in the light. I felt the soft hair on the end of a makeup brush. It was so smooth to my fingertips. It tickled. I smelled "Cool Water" from the open bottle of fragrance in front of me. I leaned in to pick up the top and stopped. I could not. It smelled too perfect. As I leaned back my elbow nudged a blue brush. I stared at the bristles all entangle in soft, chocolate strands of hair. I wanted to keep it. I wanted to keep everything in this room. The beauty that surrounded me was so indulging.

Sitting there, I realized that ladybugs were not all that lucky. I started to feel myself get hot and the water filtering into my eyes. I stood up and relentlessly moved to the door, "Hush, Hush, Hush" I heard her say. I started to cry and stopped. I could not. It sounded too perfect.

I turned the warm brass doorknob and watched the smooth wooden door brush the tips of the cream carpet. I avoided the closet mirror door with my eyes; I could not bear to tell the mirror its reflection was gone. I turned to look one last time and stopped. I could not. It felt too perfect.