

The Angle

Volume 2005 | Issue 1

Article 2

2004

Never Good Enough

Erin Dorney
St. John Fisher College

Follow this and additional works at: <https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

[How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?](#)

Recommended Citation

Dorney, Erin (2004) "Never Good Enough," *The Angle*: Vol. 2005 : Iss. 1 , Article 2.
Available at: <https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2005/iss1/2>

This document is posted at <https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2005/iss1/2> and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact fisherpub@sjfc.edu.

Never Good Enough

Abstract

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

"I'd seen him eyeing me. The boy with the pimples halfway to manhood. He had picked me up a few times, hefting my weight from hand to hand. Aiming me at imaginary robbers intent on breaking into the house."

Cover Page Footnote

"First Prize Winner" Appeared in the issue: Volume 5, Issue 1, 2004.

ERIN DORNEY

NEVER GOOD ENOUGH

I'd seen him eyeing me. The boy with the pimples halfway to manhood. He had picked me up a few times, hefting my weight from hand to hand. Aiming me at imaginary robbers intent on breaking into the house.

I thought of the first time he saw me. After a thorough cleaning, his father had laid me on the counter, where I teetered and spun. Three beeps, short-short-long, and he was gone, rushing off to save someone's life, momentarily forgetting the lives of his own. A young girl stumbled into the kitchen, tears raining from her eyes. Her brother followed soon after, slipping in the salty puddle. He reached above her head to the counter beyond, picking me up in awe. His eyes widened like two bright flashes of light as he turned to face her. Stunned, she twisted away and ran from the room. He placed me back onto the counter as if laying me in a bed of feathers, but I could see the newfound longing in his eyes. I thought of his parents. Every game he pitched in Little League could have been better. Every grade he brought home should have been higher. I could hear them at night, from the comfort of a shoebox set on the top shelf of their closet.

Once, he took me into the front hall, to the etched mirror, and held me up to his reflection. He started talking. Why can't they ever accept that my best is all that I can offer? he said. Why do they always insist upon more than what I can give? I can't take it anymore, I can't do this.

A deafening blast rang through the house as I exploded into his forehead and fell to the ground still clutched in his sweaty palm.