2000

Ego

Anne Genduso
St. John Fisher College

How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?
Follow this and additional works at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle
Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2000/iss3/17

This document is posted at http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2000/iss3/17 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.
Ego

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

"I sat on my bed in the house on Linden Street, angry with my parents for sending me to my room. My mother had just found out what my sister and I had really been doing all those times we were quietly playing under the kitchen table. The underside of the table displayed crudely drawn characters, which spelled out every swear word that my 7-year-old mind knew. My "innocent" 5-year-old sister had even told me one of them. It didn't even matter that the magenta and teal crayon writing would come off - I was busted."

Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: March 2000.

This prose is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2000/iss3/17
I sat on my bed in the house on Linden Street, angry with my parents for sending me to my room. My mother had just found out what my sister and I had really been doing all those times we were quietly playing under the kitchen table. The underside of the table displayed crudely drawn characters, which spelled out every swear word that my 7-year-old mind knew. My “innocent” 5-year-old sister had even told me one of them. It didn’t even matter that the magenta and teal crayon writing would come off - I was busted.

Just to spite my mom, I jumped on my bed once - if I jumped any more I would be stuck in my room longer. I pushed back the pink frilly comforter, revealing my sacred Rainbow Brite sheets. I gave in and sat down, crossing my legs into the Indian Position and thought about ANYTHING other than why I was sent there.

I finally surmised after 7 whole years that my parents didn’t know what they were doing. They had just sent a genius to her room. In the end they’d be sorry for ever doing that. They weren’t my real parents anyway - I was an alien genius.

I wasn’t stupid, and I knew that there were things that my parents were keeping from me so that I wouldn’t find out the truth. Maybe my parents weren’t smart enough to see it, but I did and I knew that there was too much proof that I was an alien.

Once my mother had told me that I wasn’t born like most other people; she had to have a caesarean. I had no clue what that word meant, but my imagination had already snatched it up and started to tug at it. Caesarean. The word rolled off of my tongue and onto the body of proof that I was an alien; it had to mean that I wasn’t born as a human.

Later my mother told me that the layers in my placenta were in a different order than what was usual. That intrigued the birthing doctors so much that they sent it to Albany to be examined. Placenta. That also must be an important alien word, and further proof that I was one of them.

I uncrossed my legs, flopped onto my back, and stared at the green traces of slime that my sister and I had once hurled onto the ceiling. I was an alien - maybe that is why I liked slime so much. I also hated asparagus, so aliens probably hated asparagus, too. It was all coming together now!

Of course, being an alien, I was also a genius. I was smart enough to figure out that I was an alien. I was also smart enough to know what those bad words were that I crayoned on the table. That wasn’t worth getting punished for. My human parents really didn’t think of the possible consequences of punishing me. My real alien parents would be very upset.
I rolled onto my side and clutched Bruce, a brown bear that my earthling parents had given me for Christmas. They just didn't understand what sort of genius I was. My teachers at school had always told me that I should be moved up one grade. My ignorant parents had told them that it would be best if I stayed where I was. Didn't they understand that my whole alien race could be at risk if I didn't advance fast enough? I was probably sent to Earth to discover some grand cure for an alien disease. My home planet was in danger and I was the only one who could invent the life-saving medicine. Or maybe my mission was to come to Earth and study the mistakes that all of these humans make. My parents were prime examples. After all, I was being punished.

A whole alien year had passed by the time my mother finally cracked my door open. She asked me if I had used my time productively thinking about why I was punished. I said yes and smiled sweetly, satisfied that I had finally figured it all out. I promised her I wouldn't write bad words again.

The alien genius was released to complete her mission! I leaped off of my bed and ran into the living room so I wouldn't miss my favorite show - "My Favorite Martian."

--Anne Genduso