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A Wish Come True

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A Wish Come True

Abstract

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

"March 21, 1998. This was the day my whole life changed. Years have passed since this day, but I still hold a vivid picture of my last moment as a normal man. It was a Wednesday, garbage night, and I had endured another awful day of routine. My morning dragged on as I sat through three boring classes. I was unfortunately enough to have to follow this morning with an eight-hour shift at the deli where I had been working for the last year. I had just wanted to go home and relax, but couldn't keep my mind off the several papers that would fill my small amount of free time for the next week. After searching for a parking space on my street, I sat in my car for a moment and watched the rain pour down like a floodgate had just opened in the sky. I flung my bag over my shoulder and hurried for my house a block down the street. Soaked to the bone, I flopped down on the plump cushions of the green couch that filled our living room. It was my night to take the garbage out, but I figured I'd take a short nap and wait for the rain to let up. As I lay there, I couldn't shake the picture of the smiley face on the bumper of the car I had followed home. My irritation drew greater with the idea of this everlasting smile. I dismissed my wish for a constant smile because of its mere impossibility. So I closed my eyes and snuggled into the cushions, hoping to rid myself of troubles for a brief moment."

Cover Page Footnote

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A Wish Come True

March 21, 1998. This was the day my whole life changed. Years have passed since this day, but I still hold a vivid picture of my last moments as a normal man. It was a Wednesday, garbage night, and I had endured another awful day of routine. My morning dragged on as I sat through three boring classes. I was unfortunately enough to have to follow this morning with an eight-hour shift at the deli where I had been working for the last year. I had just wanted to go home and relax, but couldn't keep my mind off the several papers that would fill my small amount of free time for the next week. After searching for a parking space on my street, I sat in my car for a moment and watched the rain pour down like a floodgate had just opened in the sky. I flung my bag over my shoulder and hurried for my house a block down the street. Soaked to the bone, I flopped down on the plump cushions of the green couch that filled our living room. It was my night to take the garbage out, but I figured I'd take a short nap and wait for the rain to let up. As I lay there, I couldn't shake the picture of the smiley face on the bumper of the car I had followed home. My irritation drew greater with the idea of this everlasting smile. I dismissed my wish for a constant smile because of its mere impossibility. So I closed my eyes and snuggled into the cushions, hoping to rid myself of troubles for a brief moment.

A splash of water in my face brought me back to reality. My eyes opened to an unfamiliar room being doused with the rain a shaggy yellow dog was shaking off. "Petie! You're making a mess in here. Go lay down." A woman of about twenty entered the room. I didn't know what to do. I tried to hide but I could not move. A powerful force seemed to hold my arms and legs in an X against the wall. My heart beat uncontrollably. I watched the stranger discard her wet clothing and smooth her long blond hair over her shoulder. As her eyes met mine, I tried to say hello, but the words just sputtered over my lips. She wasn't even phased by my presence, walking into the other room to carry on with her business.

I wasn't sure what had happened, but I knew that something wasn't right. I was stretched upon a cold wall to face the blankness of the empty white wall adjacent to me. My head was throbbing and the shaggy dog wouldn't stop sniffing at my feet. The stunning blond returned moments later and placed a full-length mirror against the opposite wall. I peeked in the corners around her to make sure that I wasn't the invisible man. The glimpses I caught were of a green tie-dye tapestry with a huge florescent smile plastered across the front.

It took hours of staring into this mirror for me to realize that my wish had come true. I was the everlasting smile people stared at and bitched to about life. I've since lost track of the years that have passed. Keeping up with seasons, I've watched the wardrobe of Katie, the blond, and her friends change over time. I now spent my days listening to conversations about boys and other juicy gossip that spilled out of the mouths of women. Overlooking my comments, the girls revealed their secrets, shedding tears and sharing laughs. Katie and shaggy Pete had become my best friends. We'd all sit together day after day watching soap operas and designing strategies to help Katie cope with the obstacles of life.

A summer morning came when Katie questioned our friendship and broke my spirit. She diminished the happiness that I had come to cherish by yelling at the smile that constantly flowed across my face. The smile was just a front that I thought Katie had looked past enjoying the real me. I had troubles too, but no one wanted to listen to my problems. When Katie wasn't around, I just stared into the space that occupied the plain white wall in front of me. No one saw the frown that filled my face, created by the boredom and loneliness of my days. I had wished again and again that I could be a man again. I could make Katie happy. But my wishes, like my thoughts, were ignored and I remained immobile and without sympathy from my newfound friend.

I thought that change was coming when Katie started packing her belongings into boxes. We were getting out of here. No more white wall staring back at me. We were moving. My spirits began to rise as I dreamt about the new scenery and the new friends Katie would invite over to be mesmerized by my appearance. I was ready for the trip. A sigh of relief flowed out of my body. Katie removed the metal that had held me for so long, and carefully lay me across the floor to stretch and relax for the big day. I watched her carry everything out; offering my help, only to be dismissed useless. Finally my moment had come. Katie picked me up and stared me in the face, looking deep into my eyes. She gave me a soft kiss upon my smiling lips, and then everything went dark. My eyes were open, but the light had seeped out of my world. My arms were crunched over my knees, my head pushed against my feet. My eagerness was replaced with fear and confusion. Pain overcame my body as some large object was placed on top of me. I couldn't breathe. The air seemed to be drawing out of my lungs like a pool draining water. I gasped in a deep breath, closed my eyes and wish that I was someone else.

"Hey. Can I help you with that?"

Katie looked over her shoulder to find a tall dark man standing behind her. Their eyes met. She felt a chill of familiarity and choked a moment on her response. She handed him the box with a quiet 'thanks' and a smile spread over her face.