

Dramatic Female Youth #3

When my mother was sick in bed, my friend...Mia... came to my house with a pie that she had made with her mom. She meant well. She really did. She was my best friend. But, when she showed up at my door with that pie, I wanted to scream. I wanted to throw it against the wall. The last thing I wanted to do was eat it. And I didn't say thank you or anything. I just looked at her and said, "It's burned." Because it was. It was a little burned around the edges. And she left and ran off back to her perfect mother. The mother who could hold her and comfort her. My mother died the next day. So, in my mind...what I thought was...there are two kinds of mothers. The good ones, the ones who bake apple pies. The ones who stay...and then there are the bad ones...the ones who can't even stick around and finish what they start.