

Brian Fridkin - XXXI

## My View From Under The Living Room Table

“I hate you!” she screamed.

“You’re hysterical,” my father retorted. He stank of cigarettes and whisky, his favorite combination.

“You think *this* is hysterical?” my mother screamed back, hysterically.

They had been fighting like this for months, ever since my father lost his job. Sometimes, I thought my father was going to kill her. Sometimes, I hoped he would.

A plate flew across the room, aimed for my father’s head. It missed and smashed into the wall, leaving a dent in the wall and pieces of the shattered fiesta wear plate covering the dining room floor.

“You’re crazy, woman!” He lunged at her, grabbing her wrists and pinning her against the burgundy wall.

“Get off of me you psychopath!” She screamed. He was too drunk and too angry to stop.

She kicked his shin and in his moment of reaction, she threw him back. He drunkenly stumbled back and tripped over his feet, sending his limp body hurling toward the ground. His head was the first thing to make contact and it landed with a sharp thud. Vibrant red liquid began to slowly leak from his head onto the lightly stained wood floor. I thought he was dead.

“He’s just unconscious.” My mother must have seen the look of terror on my face. When I studied his seemingly lifeless body closer, I saw the rise and fall of his chest.

“Too bad,” my mother said, her hand on her hip. “I could have claimed self defense.”

My mother vanished into the bathroom and quickly ran out with her arms filled with make-up. She spilled it on to the floor and crouched down next to his unconscious body, organizing the make up in to rows. What is she doing? She methodically ran her fingers over the eye shadows deciding which one would match his skin tone.

“Topaz green!” she exclaimed with a smile. She smeared the bright green eye shadow on his eyelids. This is when I knew my mother had gone crazy. A sinister laugh escaped her lips. She moved on to lipstick, and chose a shiny pink one. She held the tube like a knife and slashed the lipstick across his lips and cheek. After covering his face in a thick layer of make-up, that made him look like a drag queen, she looked up at me.

“Let’s go, we’re running away!”

I didn’t know what to do. I didn’t want to go anywhere with my crazy mother but I didn’t want to stay here, with my drunk, unconscious father. I bit my lip and followed my mother out of the front door.