

*From a Drew Barrymore short story:*

I can remember a Christmas in ----, with this family who claimed me as their own, amongst many other families. I spent a grilled Velveeta and fresh strawberry jam Christmas with them. Pork chops were a favorite, but I always preferred the macaroni and cheese, and I did question how many boxes they would have to make to achieve the bulk that would not only feed the family but my own greedy white trash and youthfully deprived appetite.

They were traditional in the way of having a son and a daughter, living in an old haunted historical land turned golf course. They went to church on Sunday, and inevitably I would have to have the father's handkerchief to snot my laughter away because in my own nontradition I can't help but laugh at the seriously unlaughable.

We would retire home where I shared the only room with the daughter upstairs. It was the only second level of the house, where we would get into our pajamas and dream of boys to come-at the time it was any member of Duran Duran, with the rude exception and exclusion of Roger-and pretend to play games that seemed appropriate for girls our age. But really we were focused on other things. Our minds were like dancing mushrooms in a frying pan, or eggplants any old soul could sink their teeth in, with the juice in their mouths and the seeds traveling through their gums.

If you want to know my secret desire, it was to have her nightgown. It was something that Sue Lyon or Carroll Baker could have sunk their teeth into, let alone their prepubescent bodies. It had a faded sun-shine-yellow baize with a red gingham trim lollygagging around the arms and the bottom. It was just short enough to be politely suggestive. Oh, how I wanted that nightgown, and its sex in that random piece of cloth. I wanted to privately roll around on the green grass bed that surrounded their Norman Rockwell home, and jump on the trampoline, to climax with potato chips and chocolate-chip ice cream running down my face, and for that dream to come and to clean me off and make me pure again so I could return to that little sacred room upstairs meant for little girls, and I could be a woman with a secret of just even knowing the depths of pedophilia orgasm.

But she wore the garment that I believed was freedom, and I bore the threads that continually tied me down.