

Casey Freeman

Ella May

She dresses herself up just to bring herself down. She struts into her bedroom, skin bared for all to see through the open window. Beige towel slung over her shoulder, waiting to soak up the glistening droplets on her body. She sways to her dresser, blowing kisses at the mirror as she hauls out a bag—no, a chest—of makeup. She tilts her head toward the window and smirks. She caught the frantic closing of blinds from the neighbor boy’s room. It fills her with a certain smugness as she goes back to the mirror. She pulls out one, two, three bottles of foundation until she finds the perfect shade of ivory. Two, four tubes of lipstick until she finds the perfect burgundy red. Eight compacts of eyeshadow for the perfect blend of gold and brown. Not to mention five different brands of mascara, eyeliner, and gloss. Her blonde curls must stand out. Her blue eyes must be accented perfectly. She applies it all with the slow precision of the most delicate of artists. The beige towel lies forgotten on the floor as she adjusts her breasts once, twice, and slides her hands along her curves. She opens the drawer and selects a lacy cloth that barely qualifies as a thong. She slips it on with a certain elegance and, deciding to forgo a bra, waltzes over to her closet. She peruses her wardrobe; the dress she chooses must be perfect. A certain shade of red is on her mind, the perfect shade of red. And then her fingers find it; a silky, sensual cocktail dress that’s the epitome of her desires. Excited now, she slips it on, forgetting to check for the neighbor boy. She looks to the mirror and beams. Perfection, she thinks. Pure perfection.

She walks to her bed, slowly and deliberately. She lies on her satin sheets, satisfied and smiling. She turns to grab her porcelain cup, sitting daintily on the nightstand, and sips her perfect blend of tea. Chamomile, milk, and a heaping spoonful of arsenic. She smiles and closes her eyes. She dresses herself up just to bring herself down.