Split

A Vignette

By Maryanne Peters

I used to like her, maybe even love her. Now she wants to ruin me and destroy my life. That is typical of women.

As children we were pretty much the same. We even liked to wear the same clothes – practical but colorful – clothes that were fun to have fun in.

But she was always the loud one – the confident one. She could approach strangers and pose questions that I would never dream of asking. And she annoyed me by jumping up when I was concentrating on something that I was enjoying and say something like – “I’m bored. Let’s do something else.” It was distracting, but that was its purpose, of course.

But generally, I enjoyed having her in my life, back then. Because of her I did things I never would have done, and I met people that I never would have met. I did not want to lose her, but perhaps I would have preferred to have had her in smaller doses than I did.

She started to get hysterical towards the end of junior high school. She could not accept the changes in her body. I understand that these things can be difficult. She needed to cope in her way, but I could not let it involve me. I was having my own issues, as boys do, when they become young men.

I distanced myself from her, but she was always there. Through high school I buried myself in my studies and I achieved, in my own way. Men are meant to achieve in other ways, and I did my best so as to fit in. I was not a person who liked to stand out – unlike her.

But she was forced to hide herself away. She managed to do that but it meant that she became a massive sulk, for all of those years. I wondered if she would ever break out of that funk, but I did not have to

Everything changed when we got to college. There she was free to come out of her shell. She said that we should rebel – we should embrace different ideas, grow our hair, fight the establishment. She said that gender was part of the rigid conservative patriarchy designed to suppress free-thinking women like her. I had no opinion, but it was her nature to say that her beliefs were our beliefs.

She dragged us through a genderless phase. Actually, I had no real problem with this. It seemed as if no gender meant asexual, and I wondered whether that was my inclination.

But then she met Jason.

Jason made it clear that he was not concerned about – “things hanging on from the past” – that would be me. He only wanted her to be the woman that she needed to be. He did not like plain or uninteresting woman, and in his view she was not meant to be that.

I cannot disagree. That was not her, and if I had any role to play in her not achieving her full potential then I owe her an apology. She just waved away such things. She set about trying to impress Jason.

Was it love? I doubt it. To me it was lust, or maybe better to call it the desire to experience an intimacy that she felt we lacked. Whatever you call it, she took to it. She started to wer very feminine clothes and wear perfume and things in her hair, and use way too much makeup.

Jason encouraged her to do something about her “hormone imbalance”. As a rule I avoid drugs of any kind, but for her it seemed so important that my concerns were totally disregarded.

Jason thoroughly enjoyed the woman he had helped create, perhaps because he had. He also seemed to tease her by withholding his physical attentions. He would say – “You’re not quite ready, but when you are you will need chains to hold me back”.

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| It was all very annoying.And then one day, completely out of the blue, when we were walking together in the park, came that kiss. It was a total surprise. I have to say, I didn’t know what to do about it. I did not protest. I just sort of let it happen.It changed everything. Within hours it was sex back at his place. It was only the kind of sex that I could offer him, but he thoroughly enjoyed it, and I enjoyed it a whole lot more.Was he there? No, of course not. I left him out there by the fountain.Honestly, I am glad to have him out of my life. He has no role to play. Not any more.The End© Maryanne Peters 2023 |  |