

Peach

by Ginnetta Correlli

1984 A SOFT FRESH SMELL

"What's that smell?" Osama glares at me from the front seat of the Trans Am.

"What smell?" I say.

"You smell like a diaper. Are you wearing a diaper?" Osama and Peach both laugh at me.

"No... maybe, its my Baby Soft perfume. Is it too strong?" I ask.

"No, its just sort of overpowering. Don't worry. Its a fresh odor" Osama says.

Music plays loud on the car radio: "If ya think I'm sexy/come on, sugar/let me know." I wiggle my neck and whisper the words to the song. The bright lemon colored house I grew up in is behind me. I left the lemon yellow house today and my father. Goodbye to you. My new life awaits. I'm going to be famous. I am living in a movie and you, my father are not included in my fantasy. Where am I going at the moment? With friends or let me say: "My new family," I am a passenger sitting in the back seat of a Trans Am holding a trash bag of my belongings. The car moves on the grey asphalt road to the beat of sex on the car stereo and the smell of virgin perfume on my skin.

WHO IS PEACH?

Peach is this girl with orange, blonde hair. We hit it off together one day in tenth grade art class. Here is how it happens:

"Okay I need everyone in the class to draw a prism shape and shade it black." The art teacher says.

I don't want to draw my prism. I look at Peach in the class. She doesn't want to draw a prism shape either.

"I need to go to the bathroom. Can I go to the bathroom?" I raise my hand and wave at the teacher.

"Take a hall pass" The teacher says.

I leave the class and walk out to the school parking lot. I sit on a curb. I stare at the sky and let the breeze of warm air hit my face.

"Wanna get stoned?" She asks.

Her fat, pale face smirks at me. Peach's body fine-tuned and well-proportioned. Peach wears a short bright sea green, trash miniskirt. She towers above me in sharp, high pumps.

"Okay" I say.

WHO IS OSAMA?

Osama is eighteen years old and Peach's boyfriend. Osama's parents hate Peach. They hate most American girls. Osama loves Peach. Osama is dark skinned with coarse hair. A tall thin Arabic of a guy. Osama's parents have disowned him. He lives with Peach, her alcoholic mother and Peach's little sister, Apple.

WHO AM I?

I'm Beatie Scareli. I am fifteen years old and I am a pretty girl with streaked blonde hair. Only, I do not know I am pretty. At this time in my life I just think I'm going to be famous someday. For what? I'm not sure yet. A plan has been made for me. Petey, my stuffed fluff bunny told me so. Petey talks to me when he and I are alone.

WHO ARE YOU?

You are a me. A middle aged woman who watches the episodes of my past on your television. We are inside your room. I rest on your waterbed. My body in the fetal position.

THE DOG HOUSE

The house is dark and quiet except for a dusty, lighted fan that swirls from above.

"Want some pizza?" Peach opens the pizza carton and points with an index finger. I do want some pizza.

"Na, that's okay" I say. My mouth waters.

"Go ahead. You can have some. We will be in my room. My mom and little sister, Apple, are asleep in their bedroom. You can sleep on the couch."

Peach and Osama leave the room. Together they walk thru a short hallway nearby. I watch them from behind. Osama's hand moves around Peach's thin waist. The bedroom door shuts.

I make myself comfortable. My hand grabs some pizza out of the cardboard box as I drop my trash bag of clothes on the ground with my other hand. My eyes notice the kitchen floor with dirt and moist

dog food crusted on paper plates. I open my mouth and push in some pizza. I hear Osama and Peach moan.

"God, you feel good Peach." The bed coils squeak. Peach makes a muffle baby cry. The coils squeak fast. I hear more muffle moans with soft cries.

"Ughh...Gaa...Ughh"

"Your gonna make me come, Peach. Oh God... you feel so good inside."

I hear smacking sounds.

"Your gonna make me pregnant." Peach moans.

"Oh Peach, I'm cumming inside you."

Coils creak. Fast, faster the bed coils scream. The room becomes silent. I eat another slice of pizza.

A dog who has the exact same hair color as Peach lays on the frayed couch near the dinning room table. The dog licks her private area. I shove more pizza in my mouth. My head now rests on the couch next to the now panting dog. I pet the dog on her belly. My hand stops. I grab the dog's ID tag by the collar. My eyes focus on the tag. The dog breathes hard. Letters on her ID tag read: "*Nectarine*"

