

Marie - the Waif

by Michael D. Brown

Everyday I asked Victor to leave off. Stop hitting me, I begged, but the brute just kept pounding me. I guess because he knew I'd keep coming back to him no matter what he did. I guess because he knew I never told anyone else what went on between us. I guess because he knew my pleas were empty.

Victor is a big dark terrible man and he likes to beat me because he can. Because I am smaller in stature than he is. Because I take a punch well. Because I sound sincere when I ask for mercy. He elicits from me two sides of my nature, the supplicant and the obstinate love-struck fool.

Just let anyone else lay a finger on me or say the wrong thing when Victor is around though and he goes ballistic. He is very protective. I am only to be beaten by him.

And I will be. Again. When he gets out.

The last time, I had him taken away by the police. I overreacted. I guess because I lost the sight in my left eye and I'm a painter, you see. I need my eyes. See how my hand trembles thinking about how fierce Victor is? For painting I really need steady hands. I have a smoke and it calms me down.

It's all right for you to be here. I swear Victor won't come round tonight. He's away.

What was it attracted you to me? Was it my waiflike appearance. I'm not so helpless as you might think. I can take care of myself. If I have to. It's just, the thing is, when I have Victor around I don't have to. I can't help looking this way. Victor says I will probably look like a child when he is old and gray. You know, if I don't color my hair, some of it is gray. I shouldn't tell you that. It spoils the effect.

So what is it you like to do? Are you into a little rough stuff? We can do whatever you like, just so you are careful of my good eye and don't leave any marks.

