

Barbie Car

Cousin Morgan stands in front of my weapon of choice for the afternoon. She is doe eyed and innocent in the Atlanta heat; the perfect target. I glance at my sister who is unaware that she's garage door look-out. Clueless to the act of temptation I'm soon to crumble under.

I lounge in the kid machinery, smug malice etched into my fat cheeks. Tiny Tic-Tac teeth shining for the entire street to see, smiling so hard my face begins to ache.

I let my small foot rev the toy engine with the spirit guides of every drag racer to ever exist. I stomp the pedal with the same force I used to shove dear Morgan by her face out the bed this morning.

My spine turns from curved candy cane to upright lollipop stick. The wind hugs my face as the car shoots forward. The soft hum under pink and white plastic is a symphony of sadistic giggles that matches my own.

In that moment she is speed bump and I am reckless roadway navigator. I am all things preserved preschool impulse and rapid thought reasoning. I indulge in a speed I have never known. The car knocks her over flat as if she is mailbox and I forward bound student driver.

My sister stands with wide eyes and shakes her head as I reach down to grip the key repeating the troubled action in reverse.

Morgan cries out for her angels as I escape to the haven driveway of my Uncle's house. When her guardians appear, they search for their wailing bundle of innocence, find her a sidewalk drawing 12 feet up the street. They peel her from the asphalt. Return with her cradled and scratched. They ask us what happened, my sister feigns unawareness.

I look up at them doe eyed. And shrug.