

Everything is Fine

by karelia

A journey of letting go and healing.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Everything will be fine

She was scrawny as a small child. Completely undernourished, even though her mother fed her well. Not pretty, either. Very straight, very lank, straw coloured hair, and her mother keeping it as short as possible did not help. Long hair would have been more becoming most likely, but her mother had the final word. And keeping the peace was worth having the short hair. Just like being a good girl at the dentist was worth it. Her mother was nice to her then.

I'm ugly.

She was ten years old, and she was overweight. Not obese by any means, but she could have been slimmer. The sweets were so tasty. And playing the piano did not help her figure. Maybe she should have chosen something sporty instead. But alas, playing the piano felt even better than eating sweets, so she stuck to it. Not that she had much of a choice. She had fought hard enough for that one, and it was only because Grandma paid for the lessons that she was able to continue with the piano. She had been allowed to buy the old piano from the money she had received as gifts from her Holy Communion ritual. Not that she liked religion. Or rituals. But being able to play the piano was worth it. Just like agreeing to see the dentist was worth it. Her mother was nice to her then.

I'm worthless.

She was eleven years old when she found out the truth about her father. The one she had unknowingly been missing. All other children had a father, even though not all children lived with a father, they at least knew him. She didn't. Never had. Not that she should have missed her unknown father. For he was worthless. Just like all other men. He left her mother, and then he denied any knowledge of her. And it was her fault. Her fault alone. Men were worthless, men were evil and it was her fault. Just like waking up in pain after a visit to the dentist was her fault.

I'm guilty.

She was sixteen when she failed the grades at high school. She failed the grades, she failed her boyfriend who was the Doctor's son, and she failed her mother. Her boyfriend simply dropped her, no big deal. She was not worth his attention, in any case. After all, it was her fault that men were worthless, that men were evil. It was not his fault. She rebelled against her mother's decision to send her to the local factory to work. She craved knowledge. And got it after agreeing to go for the dental appointment, just so that at least her teeth would be okay. It was her fault that her insides screamed with fire when she woke up after the appointment.

I'm guilty.

She was eighteen when she left Commercial School, with all A grades. She had enjoyed those two years when teachers saw her as a talented ambitious girl. Her mother simply sighed - it was high time that her daughter would show to be not completely useless in every aspect. Her mother got her a job at her own office. But instead, she left home.

I'm a rebel.

She was nineteen when she met a man. He was nice. He was caring. He didn't quite believe her that it was her first time, for there was no pain, no blood, only indifference. But they enjoyed being together. For a while. It just wasn't the right kind of relationship. She was not good enough for him, for he was studied and she was not. He was whole and she was not.

I'm hopeless.

When she was twenty she met someone, a few days after she vowed to never like men again. A few days after she had admitted to herself that her mother had been right. And she knew, if it is not him then it is no one. But it was him. From him, she learned happiness. Her mother tried her best to discourage her, but she knew better. It was him. Or no one. And she was not ready for no one.

Her mother said, but he is coloured.

Yes, she replied. He has a beautiful colour. Perfect.

I am loved.

At twenty-five, she birthed a child. A beautiful girl. The most beautiful colour. A strand of curly black hair that fell out and stayed away for two years. But no matter how little hair she had, she was beautiful. Like no other child. She started playing with scarves.

Her mother said, what a pity. So young, and the genetics impose on her to cover herself.

She wanted to curse her mother.

I love my child. I love my mate.

At thirty-two, she moved continents. And expected their second child. A beautiful boy. Lighter than the girl. And equally perfect. Her mother visited. And hated the new child. For he was male. Males are useless. Males are always useless. Males are cruel.

He doesn't like me. He is useless. He is cruel.

I love my children.

At thirty-six, her mother visited again.

He is a horrible child, she said. He does not like me. You need to see a dentist. Your teeth are horrible.

Yes, Mother. I will not see a dentist. I will not ever see a dentist again.

You are irresponsible. You are ugly.

Yes, Mother. I am ugly.

You are disrespectful.

Yes, Mother.

Take me to the airport I will leave Now.

Yes, Mother, go to the airport.

You're no longer my daughter.

Good-bye.

I'm free.

Four years later, she remembered the dental appointments. The ones she attended in order to get a tooth filling and then woke up a day or two later with incredible pain. Only not tooth pain.

But it was all right. Her mate was there to cushion the free-fall into the abyss.

I love you. I'm here for you. You are beautiful.

I have learned Love.