

## **Big Strong American Girl**

I dust off my daughter's beautiful trophies myself. Of course Maria would take care of it if I tell her but I told her not to clean up this trophy herself. All American mothers should take their daughter's name with dignity and pride. And why wouldn't I? In this age of teenager harlots and the despicable things they do, my virtuous good little daughter has never been in trouble. She isn't even interested in guys, so much that she wanted to go to Saint Mary's School, the most prestigious women's high school in town. Such a virtuous little girl, never shown interest in any guys before. Except for maybe that kid Daniel, but she doesn't hang out with him anymore so it should be fine. God, I hated that kid Daniel.

It was her 14th birthday or so she suddenly asked to invited a guy to celebrate her birthday with her, a guy I've never even heard her talking about. Well, she is a very well behaved American girl. Does not talk too much. That's what ladies are supposed to be, but every one of her female friends comes and visit all the time, why didn't Daniel?

"How come I never heard of this kid, Daniel? How do you even know him?"

She said that she met Daniel from Saint John's school, brother school of Saint Mary. That's the only problem with Saint Mary's. They are a girls-only school but Saint John's shares many activities together and is a 5 min walk away. So males aren't really segregated from females. They even share the library, cafeteria and do club activities. Of all the places they could share, they share the library. My, my. Good thing that my daughter is not distracted by them, hormone-filled little dicks.

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“I don’t think your mom likes me much. Weird. Most moms love me.”

“Well most moms don’t forbid their daughter to ride a bicycle because the idea of putting something between your leg is obscene.”

“Holy crap. You’re kidding.”

“I wish.”

“Is that why you are a dyke?”

“I don’t think... Well, I wouldn’t rule it out.”

“FYI, if you are starting to wear a shirt like that, it means we got to go shopping real soon.”

“Shut up and eat your French fries, faggot.”

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My daughter is a new type of American Girl. A confident American Girl who hasn’t lost her identity. She does TaeKwonDo, a beautiful martial art that strengthens not only the body but also purifies the mind. Ah, such a good girl!

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“Ah, that’s really good. Hey, wouldn't your mom think it’s weird that I’m having sleep overs like this so often?”

“Trust me. Even to say she sees me going at you with my strap on, she would think it’s holy.”

“What?”

“She doesn’t know I’m gay.” Taking off her shirt.

“Not knowing you’re gay and complete denial sounds like two different things.”

“She is both of them.”

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I don’t know *what* I’m going to do with Maria. Every healthy beautiful American Household should have a helper in the house who is part of that family, but unfortunately in this house’s perfect combination, one thing isn’t complete yet and it is the perfect helper. See? She didn’t clean up the back of the toilet! God! I almost throw up when I accidentally look in back. What if I throw up right before my church meeting? And she always pretends like she doesn’t

understand what I'm talking about when I scold her. She'll understand when I say INS.

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I have five kids. Three, mine. Two, my husband's ex wife's. All of them I take care. I house-keep my house, and Ms' house and bowling alley. Ms' has one child. Her child very nice. I ask for things, she listen. She try learn Spanish and my Spanish name, not Maria. She good girl. Her daughter good girl. Today my kid very sick. Two year old one. Ask if I can go home to Ms'. She say not if you're going to not clean up the back of toilet. She don't know how to clean up things. Where the things are. Ms' fat. I skinny. She so fat, moving is hard. Poor American. She use to be Korean, now she American. Poor American. When she was Korean, I bet she didn't need me. Ms' need me. Poor American. Her daughter hears me. Her daughter calls me in to her room. Her daughter say, I'll tell mom that I needed you to get me something, go home. Her daughter nice, but lies to Ms' all the time. Poor American.

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At the Tea club people ask me about Korea, where in Korea I lived and how it was. Apparently one of our church group members went for evangelism. So American! Such a good heart! Being proud of what we have and having a heart to spread the goods! Let us pray.

“So who did you help in Korea?”

“I was mostly in Women’s shelter. Their situation is like *really* bad. In Korea, you’re almost like sinner if your husband hits you or got raped. Yeah, like I know, right? People feel like ashamed or something.”

Such a horrible country Korea. I’m so glad now I’m American woman. With Good American household. Tonight I will have sex with my husband, and as God blesses us, we will have the holy fuck. Each time when my husband’s holy penis comes in I’d be washing away the sin of my vagina. Oh, Jesus I love you. You shall take away my sin, and I shall reborn! Let us pray. Let us Pray that, that doesn’t happen with my little girl.

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“Ahhhhhh, Oh my goodness. Your mom is right down there you can’t make me this loud. Oh wow, that feels really good. Yeah, just little to the left. Perfect.”

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“I don’t think I can tell my parents. And I don’t know why I have to.”

The daughter reaches to a picture of Jamie by night stand. Jamie is bi. Jamie is the only

girl whom the daughter has dated long term. *At least your parents aren't conservative to the point that is just creepy.* The daughter is lying on the bed and opened up the frame to take out the picture. The framed opens up and cover falls on her face. *Ouch.* The daughter feels a brisk sting on her cheek. The edge of the frame cover is quite sharp. The daughter's fingertip is stumbling around the skin trying to find the sore spot. She feels a small sting when she detects the cut region, a bit below her left eye. Sweat-layered finger's salt stings the cut. She gets up from the bed. She walks in to bathroom. She sees the cuts. *I better sue this fucking frame company and Target with it....* The daughter imagines how she could be a millionaire in the court for it. *Only in America, do we get rewarded for our stupidity.* She lets out a quick laugh, the kind that you do only with your nose. She comes back to bed. She accidentally sits on the frame and something from the frame pokes her. She gets annoyed. She throws away the whole frame. She comes down to kitchen to get some water.

“How was sleep over in Jamie's house?” asks her mom.

The daughter says, *Fine.* She goes back to her room. In the middle of the stairs she stops. She holds the railing tight. She bites her lips. She turns around. She goes back to kitchen where her mother is. She sits down on the table.

The daughter says, *Mom, we need to talk.*