

Invis-a-girl

By Camille Yameen Simpson

Mom's been ignoring me lately. It's so weird, it's like she doesn't even see me. I can do basically anything and she won't do a thing. At first I thought I was just being dramatic too, so I knew I had to put it to the ultimate test. So the other day, I stood right in front of her and when it was quiet in the room I said "Boobies." She didn't do anything. So I said "Penis." Nothing. Then I said "Asshole face man butt crack." And still—nothing. So this can only mean one thing: I clearly have super powers.

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As you may know, being a superhero has lots of responsibilities. Like, not everyone can know you are a superhero, so you have to act pretty regular, and then when the time is right, you can pop out and save the day! And of course I needed an awesome outfit—which is why I am wearing pink tights, my ballet shoes, my tutu, this shirt, and a cape. THIS is my magic cape and this is what holds all my powers in it so I can never ever ever take it off and it can never ever ever be washed because it will get all washed out and then I won't be a superhero anymore! My power is being invisible. I figured out that when I wear this, no one can see me! All superheroes have capes so I had to have one. It's actually my bed sheet so it is super long and I trip on it a lot, but man do I look good. Like a real life superhero. Watch out world! Plus, being invisible is pretty awesome, and I can eat cookies whenever I want, jump on my bed, things like that. Maybe my favorite part though is that I have a baby sister, her name is Amanda. So I like, poke her, make her cry, and mom won't ever know it was me! I'll never get in trouble again! Don't worry, I don't actually hurt her. Trust me, I'm not an EVIL superhero.

I guess I discovered I was invisible when mom brought my baby sister home. It was like all the sudden I just didn't exist anymore—everything was about the new baby. If she was up crying in the middle of the night, we are all up. But if I started crying in the middle of the night, no one would even come to check on me. Dad used to come check on me...but he's um, he's on vacation. In heaven. It was when they brought the baby home, another car crashed into them. But whatever—I'm a big girl. And only big girls get superpowers. So, whatever.

I remember my mom telling my baby sister how it happened too. She said that Daddy was stuck in the car and that it was super hard to get everyone out, but that he loves us very, very, very, very, very much and misses us everyday. He's always watching and looking out for us. Plus, the way I see it, I'll see him again. Someday. Then we'll all be together. I mean we're still sort of together now, if only I could get mom to listen to me.

I've been putting my powers to good use—I don't do all bad things with them, like crack all the eggs on the floor in the kitchen....I only did that once...and it was an accident....kind of...but I figured out that even when I do those things, mom still isn't talking to me or looking at me. Now I thought this was because I was being sort of mean to my sister and making lots of messes, so I decided to change my ways. I left a flower on her pillow instead. A pansy, from the garden because they are her favorite and

my favorite, so we both win. (We planted them together). I thought I can be invisible for right now, and then after she sees the flower and calls for me, I'll take my cape off and I won't be invisible any more.

When she saw it she picked it up, looked around a whole bunch, and then threw it away. So I kept putting a flower on her pillow everyday thinking, "okay this time she'll say thank you," "okay, this time she'll talk to me." But every day she did the same thing. Picked it up, looked around, and threw it away.

I went right back to the garden today then and I pulled up all the flowers I could fit in my arms and dirt was just going everywhere and all over me and my cape which means now I'm going to have to wash it and I walked into the kitchen were mom was and I threw them all at her feet. She turned around and screamed and started walking away, so I followed her saying "Mom. Mooooom. Mooooom why can't you say thank you?" And she's not saying anything to me and then she was walking into MY bedroom?! "Mom! Get out of there! That's my PRIVATE room!" And then she's sitting. On. My. Bed. So I throw my cape off because I just want her to see me now. "MOTHER!!" And then she starts crying. And she's holding my pillow and she's rocking back and forth and she's saying "I miss you so much baby," as she grabs a piece of paper and hugs it to her and I say, "but...I'm right here mommy. Mommy?" Then she says, "I'm so sorry baby, I'm so sorry, I tried to pull you out but I could only save your sister" and I say, "Mom what are you sorry for?" I look at the paper and on it is written, *Rest in peace my angels, Gary and Lucy.*" Gary's my dad and I'm Lucy...and I was, I was in the car too.

We sit on my bed together for a while. Mom and me. She doesn't say anything, but I think she knows I'm there.