

Blue Floral Panties

I slumped my baggy vomit colored tank top onto my flat chest while the older girls filled out their beautiful black and gold dresses from Bangkok. “Mrs. Beasley. This is awful. I can’t even wear a real bra yet,” I cried.

“Oh, don’t worry about that sweetie. You can get really cheap push-up bras from target.”

I am an athletic sports-bra wearing twelve year old. I don’t even have boobs, I thought. The older girls scurried out of the dressing room for their dance number, while I was left alone with Mrs. Beasley and the cockroaches in the dusty corner. She shrieked at the sight of the insects, ran over, and squished one of the beasts.

“Oh, by the way EF, here’s the skirt you’re going to wear.” I sighed. As the cockroach squirmed in it’s last moments of life, I glared at it, green with envy. Mrs. Beasley’s face gleamed with pride as she pulled out from the rack a beautiful satin material sliced into some kind of skirt.

“You want me to wear that?” I yelled. “I am a Bangkok princess. Not a foreign hooker.” I slipped into the skirt as Mrs. Beasley shoved me up the staircase and onto the stage.

When I stumbled out onto the stage, I felt the hot lights against my face. The first time I spun, I felt the flesh on my thigh exposed to everyone. As the princesses danced onto the stage, I felt a slight breeze. The orchestra pit allowed just enough light for me to see the expressions in the first row. I could feel every eye in the audience watching me, judging me. I felt my pony tail whipping around on my crown as I spun to center stage. I gasped for air as I collapsed to the floor. *Yes, I did it!*

I squinted into the burning lights of the Englert. The music stopped. There was no applause. There was no cheering. Only silence. I still smiled up to the balcony when my mind

started to wander. *Why aren't they clapping? What did I do wrong? I've taken five years of dance for this?* I slowly lowered my gaze to the faces. They all were pale and ghostly. Some shielded their eyes. The room started to blur as I lowered my gaze to my worst fear.

I sat in the pool of beautiful blue satin, and my white and blue floral panties were exhibited to the world. Slowly, the gaping mouths turned to snickering grins. The snickering grins turned into piercing laughter. The piercing laughter turned into roaring applause. The ice cold stage sent shivers up my spine. I was frozen, my legs extended as far as possible. I refused to let them win though. Once the curtain lowered, I crumpled into a ball. The tears stung my eyes as I rose from my place.

Twelve years old in my vomit colored tank top and blue floral panties, I marched down to Mrs. Beasley and cried, "Well, NOW can I have a longer skirt?" She stared at me in horror. "Well, I mean, I could just go out butt naked. It would be quite interesting to see a pre-teen hool-a-hoop in her UNDERWEAR," I shouted. She looked at me in shock and pulled out a dress of black and gold with embroidered flowers. I slipped into the gown, stared at her, and as I walked up the stairs, I whispered, "I mean, it was cute underwear anyway."