

Thia by Joey M.

Once not long ago, there lived a beautiful girl. Her hair is as brown as the wood on an oak tree. Her eyes are big and green. Her skin is white and fair, and her name is Cynthia.

“Elise! Come on! We are going to be late for the tea party!” Cynthia said excitedly.

“okay, okay, I’m coming!” Eliza said as she ran across the green grass. She always envied her friends wealth and beauty. “You are so lucky you have a mansion Thia! I’m so jealous!” Eliza said. “You are pretty too...”

“Oh I’m not that lucky Eliza. My mother died a long time ago. I still miss her. She meant a lot to my father and I,” I said.

“I’m so sorry Thia! I didn’t mean to make you sad!” Eliza said as her blue eyes glistened in sorrow.

“It’s okay Eliza. Oh we are going to be late!” Cynthia said. We tried to run, but our dresses and shoes weren’t meant for that.

We slowly walked to the patio, chatting happily. As we got there, we saw many people eating and chatting. We looked around for an empty seat. Suddenly, we saw my father coming towards us.

“Why were you late!” He exclaimed. I looked down at my shoe and said sorry. Then I noticed someone next to him. She looked kind and caring. I noticed she had dirty brown hair like my father, and she also had brown eyes too. I preferred yellow hair like Eliza’s.

“Cynthia, meet Gerta. Your new stepmother,” He said. Gerta waved and had a friendly smile on her face. As he said that, I froze. A new stepmother? Why wasn’t I told this sooner? Questions flooded in as quick as a panther’s leap. A few seconds later, I wasn’t in shock anymore. “Nice to meet you,” I said, as I curtsied. I then noticed she was in the plainest clothing I have ever seen. It was a brown skirt, with a blue top.

“Nice to meet you too Cynthia,” she said. I flinched as she said my name. I was only used to my parents calling me that. My best friend would only call me Thia, since she knew that bothered me. I knew my life would change forever from this point on.

As days passed, not many things changed. Life was normal, except when Gerta would call me Cynthia. Today, I was determined to stop that.

“Stepmother! Can you come for a second?” I asked.

“Of course! I’m coming darling!” She said sweetly. She came and sat on the red velvet couch next to me.” Why, when I come closer the prettier you become,” she said complementing me.

“Stop,” I said. “Stop calling me Cynthia,” I said as I glared at her for some time.

“Why? Cynthia is such a beautiful name,” she said.

“Just don’t,” I said coldly, as I left the room.

As I left, I started to feel ashamed of myself. Was I too harsh on her? As I was lost in thought, I realized I was standing in front of my mother’s grave. I was underneath the willow tree, with the sun rays shining at my face. A cool breeze went past me, blowing my hair across my face. Memories of my mother filled my head. Then, I smiled.

I sat there for a pretty long time. Before I knew it, I fell asleep. The grass was soft, with gentle breezes coming by every few seconds.

When I woke up, I found myself in a darkroom. I could hear a rocking chair gently moving. I then, sat up straight. “Hello darling,” I heard a voice say. “I’ve been waiting for you to wake up for quite a long time. Here, eat up,” she said as she handed me a tray of sweet tea, biscuits, and strawberries. I silently ate my food as my stepmother looked at me uncomfortably. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to snap at you...” I said.

“It’s okay,” She replied.

“You can call me Thia. That’s what I go by,” I told her.

“Alright Thia. You can call me mother,” Gerta said. She placed her hand on top of mine.

“Yes, mother,” I replied. I am happy that I have a new mother, but I will never forget my old one.