

ABSOLUTE CONTROL

A birthday, huh! I don't believe I was invited. Probably his mother forced him to invite me.

"Bob! I got you some shoes for Trevor's party! Come down and see them!" my mother called.

Trevor was one of the most popular boys in school, with a lot of friends who followed him around. He was one of those cool guys, who wore sunglasses in class.

I groaned. My mother's idea of shoes for a fourteen-year-old like me was 'Cinderella and Barbie.' Now, you may think I'm exaggerating, but no, I'm not.

I came down the stairs, wiping the dust off the railing as I trudged down. I looked at the red, Spiderman Shoes that my mother was holding and groaned. She treated me like a seven-year-old, while I was actually fourteen.

"Go outside and try them on, and tell me what you think of them!" she said. I would have told her that no fourteen-year-old wears Spiderman Shoes, but her answer would have been "Each fourteen-year-old has different needs, Bob."

I grunted, a sign of vague approval. I went outside to try them on, and Trevor and his 'gang', as he likes to call it, saw me wearing the shoes.

"Ha-ha!" they sang, "Bobby duck's got some Spiderman shoes!"

I smiled too, but inside my head, my foot was on their nasty, good-for-nothing heads.

I ran, keeping my smile until I was out of sight. I was so angry at my mum and 'friends', I ran to the beach. I walked towards a puppet show and sat down a few yards behind the children watching. Many eyes turned to me as I was considerably the oldest. Soon, the show was over and someone came to collect money. Soon, he came to me.

"I don't have any money," I said. "I didn't come to watch."

"Oh, okay. But you look sad, is there something bothering you?" he asked, politely.

“It’s my mother,” I replied, “she embarrasses me in the public. Though I’m fourteen, she bought me spiderman shoes to wear to one of my nemesis’ birthday parties! I didn’t have any other good shoes, so I had to try them outside. And my enemy walks with his gang and sees what I’m wearing.” “Well, I’m your age, and the same thing happened to me 2 months back. I have the solution. Come with me.”

The collector walked towards the small put-up stage. I got up and followed him.

“Mr. Fox! Come out!” he screamed in.

Suddenly, a puppet came out. His eyes were dark blue. He had a black face, with white spots. He wore a blue sweater with black jeans. He had an evil grin on his face.

“Hi, kid. Wassup?” he asked.

“Whoa!” I thought, “A talking puppet?!”

“It’s his parents,” the money collector said, “the same thing that happened to me.”

“Ohhhh.... It’s your parents acting very silly...”, the puppet said, “I know what you have to do....What was it? Yeah! Tap your head three times, and say **Absolute Control**. This way, you’ll be able to control your parents, and they’ll never embarrass you again!”

He laughed. It sounded like he was cackling.

I didn’t think and tapped my head three times.

“Absolute Control.”

“Just remember, this action can’t be undone,” the puppet said, with his grin widening, “hahaha!”

He cackled again.

I took a stroll down the shore, thinking about what I could do with Mom. I could control her! This would be so exciting!

It was getting dark and I decided to go home. I wasn’t hungry, so I opened the door and went up to my room. I didn’t hear any noises. My mother usually greeted me when I opened the door, but surprisingly, she didn’t today.

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It was soon the next morning.

“Trevor’s Birthday! Whooo! I’m so excited!” I thought, sarcastically.
There were just two disadvantages: I had to wear spiderman shoes, and my mother had to come with me.

“Mom! Breakfast!” I shouted.

No response.

“Mom?”

I walked down to Mom’s room and saw her lying down with her eyes open, looking at the front wall. At first, it looked creepy.

“Is this the stage where I can instruct her?” I muttered.

“Mom, I’m hungry. Can you make me a sandwich?” I was testing to see whether she’ll follow my commands.

Suddenly, she got up, looked towards me, and said “Sure” in a rather creepy tone. And this was shocking as she would hardly even make a sandwich for me!

I came and sat at the table. She served the sandwich, and it tasted delicious! The best sandwich I ever had! I really like controlling her as it was fun, and she wouldn’t act silly.

It was one hour from the birthday, and I was talking to Mom.

“If everyone is laughing, you join in too. But stop, when they stop. If you ever see Trevor, greet and wish him for his birthday. Crack some jokes if you like.”

She nodded her head. I told her to wear one of the best dresses she had, and I came upstairs to change. I ended up wearing a t-shirt that says ‘Game Time!’, and black trousers. I was satisfied with the combination. My mom followed my instruction and wore the dress I told her to.

When we arrived at the party(the driver suspected nothing), we had a great time(I was not wearing my Spiderman shoes), but the only downside was that my ‘friends’ called me SpiderDuck. I tried to ignore them.

When I got home I watched T.V. for many hours, 'This truly was amazing,' I thought. I ordered pizza and ice cream. But there was some part in my heart that ached with all its might. That night, I had bad dreams, and I went to my mother's bed to stop me from feeling scared. But that attempt was in vain, as my mothers presence did not comfort me, nor did it give me the false feeling of being safe.

Within a couple of days, my mother had got the sack from her job. My attempts to find her a new job were futile, and now a thought occurred to me. What if I wanted her back? The puppet had said I couldn't. The dawn of realisation hit me like a two-ton bus would. After a withdrawal from school, I was a free boy. I did whatever I liked.

But now the part of my heart that was aching had more than doubled in size, and was now throbbing, I could not leave the pain. It was unbearable. And only now did I admit that I wanted her back.

THE END