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# Sherbet

Lindsey Monroe

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## Sherbet *Lindsey Monroe*

The most offensive thing my mom has ever said to me followed her gifting me with a collection of Thoreau and a bowl of orange-lime sherbet. It all spawned from the actuality of me, my sister's love of pissing off my parents, and the avoidance of an honest answer.

Here are two definitions you should probably know before getting yourself into this mess:

**an ac-tu-al lind-sey** (an ak-choo-uh l lind-zee), n, **1.** a total dork who enjoys reading/writing words, karaokeing Linkin Park, and drinking gin and tonics. **2.** a non-religious, non-political, tree-hugging, cat loving ENTP. **3.** a gender fluid lesbian who is totally cool with she/her pronouns but not so much with dresses. [all-nature, no-nurture origin] – **Syn. 1.** real lindsey. **2.** human being. –**Ant. 1.** a pretend lindsey.

**a pre-tend lind-sey** (a pre-tin-d lind-zee), n, **1.** not lindsey. **2.** exists solely as an apology to her very conservative and very Christian parents who already have one kid not fitting the ideal mold. **3.** endangered species, nearly extinct. [of imagination origin] –**Syn. 1.** a lie. –**Ant. 1.** real lindsey

It was a random day. It wasn't supposed to be memorable. I got to see my awesome mom who is one of the silliest and most beautiful people I know. She'll read any book I lend her but reads them 80x slower than me, she exclaims "eeerrk skiiirrk" when she makes a sharp turn while driving, and she always texts this smiley face =). My dad was in Scumter either watching Fox News, listening to Fox News, or reading Fox News while wearing Crocs and a Life Is Good t-shirt like he does every day.

My 19 year old sister, Coraline who has green hair, worships *Bleach*, and sits around watching Netflix or playing video games waiting to turn 21, was also at home, but she had already set the day in motion long before I had even considered its existence. She and I are very different, so sometimes we completely misunderstand things that the other says. For instance, I might say "there's a girl I really like" and she might hear "there's a girl I think is sexy so maybe we'll get together and our parents will be pissed so let's make a statement."

So as that day coated itself with its horrible yellow Spring dust, my mom decided to come to visit me, and I was immediately more excited to actually crawl my way out of bed. We shared a tasty lunch, claimed some treasure at the bookstore, and we were on our way to get ice cream, when my mom suddenly mentioned that Coraline has been dropping "what seems like hints" about something I'm not telling her and my dad, and they need to know because my dad was "fuming" last night after Coraline dropped another hint.

I know exactly what she's talking about. They're afraid that I might be \*gasps dramatically\* a lesbian. "Lindsey. I have to ask, and *please* be honest with me. Are you... *gay*?" Thinking of my mom's happiness and emotional well being, my dad's "fumes," and my role of pretend Lindsey, I respond with a panicked "no? [but then again I'm not

straight either, so I guess it's a good think you're so good at black and white thinking]" while I made my best pretend Lindsey smile. She looked physically relieved, and I'm sure I did too. That was so easy, maybe next time I can actually tell the truth! Except—

"I considered not coming up today, because I don't think I could have spent the day with you if you were."

"If I were what?"

"You know...*gay*."

There was a too-long silence before words actually showed up. "Ohh. Hah, really?" I tried to laugh it off and resist the urge to vomit into my lap as she moved on to "are you still up for dessert?" Despite the emotional damage to my stomach, yes, I was up for dessert. Did she really need to ask? Apparently not, because we are already in the parking lot of a Baskin Robbins. I didn't know how or when that happened, but I went with it because, well, ice cream. I chose sherbet containing my two most favorite flavors of all time while I held onto my bookstore prize. I let the awkward moment from earlier slowly fade out. The sherbet tasted amazing, Thoreau's writings belonged in my hand, and nature's yellow dandruff seemed less. My mom smiled at me; today was actually awesome. I smiled back at my mom, happy she was there.

"Thanks for the sherbet!"

"Thanks for not being gay!"

The sherbet in my mouth melted down my throat, the taste was stolen by guilt as I slowly let go of the spoon and slid my hands into my lap. Thoreau suddenly felt heavier and less significant as though every page was highlighted in its entirety.

"I think I'll just save the rest for later. My stomach kinda hurts."

My mom was concerned. "I hope it gets better!"

"Yeah. Me too." My mom decided to start the return trip early so I could rest.

Back at home, I kept Thoreau behind my back so he wouldn't have to witness the wasting of sherbet, and the way it transformed into puke-colored ooze dripping down the drain.