

Elizabeth Glines

Worldwide pillow fight

The rumor was that there was going to be a vast pillow fight taking place in different cities around the world, including Union Square in Manhattan. At the last minute, some friends and I decided to meet up and participate. The morning before fight time, I wandered around, blocks away from the destination, looking for cheap pillows to buy. Mirages of fuzz in the air gave evidence of sold out pillows and left a flutter of anticipation in my lungs. I arrived with a flawlessly white and perky pillow and discovered a mob of colorful hungry people with feathers, fuzz and stuffing flying everywhere in between. My friends brought their humble little decorative pink couch pillows with sequins. We reconsidered joining in as we watched exhausted kids walking away with retired pillows and a halo of feathers hovering around them like Pig-pen from the peanuts gang. But the excitement was contagious. We were already involved by being there, ready to fight, pillows in hand.

I was first into the melee. I went up to one kid, who seemed like fair game and threw a playful gentle blow on his arm. I stepped back waiting for a reaction and was quickly surrounded by his ten friends, gang-banged to the ground by a barrage of pillows and boney arms when they missed my head. I crouched down, throwing my pillow, or punches, it didn't matter.

Suddenly I heard, "I got your back, keep moving." I turned around and saw that a gang of pillow punchers looking for a fight were by my side. I wasn't frightened anymore, because I was on a makeshift team of feather-gagging gangsters. The rule-breaking rebels, who may have once considered filling their pillows with nuts and bolts, were being defeated. They eventually disappeared into a billowing cloud of pillow guts, and we declared victory. I looked at my team, my heroic team, and I noticed one of them was wearing a white cape, made from a bed sheet. I was thrilled to be a part of this make-believe pillow war but physically exhausted from the trauma of its reality. The bumps on my head and my blurred vision reminded me that I was too old for this. That realization prompted us to reconsider pillow combat and leave the brawl behind. We walked down the street randomly bumping each other with our now

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ratty pillows with a train of feathers following us. If I had to hit anyone with a pillow, I would rather hit my friends. I know what they're willing to throw back.