

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/3

Mandy Mikulencak
Independence Day

Stuffing the folds of billowy white around the blistering hot steering wheel, Christine tore the pearl headpiece and veil from her \$150 up-do as she mashed the accelerator, sending pea gravel flying toward the horrified wedding guests who had swarmed out of the chapel after witnessing her one true act of courage, her declaration of independence from a mean, petty little man who just last week suggested she fast a few days so that her gown would fit more attractively across her lard ass and spare tire, and not the one that rested snugly in the trunk of her car under the matching Louis Vuitton luggage packed full of filmy resort wear in flamingo pink and Caribbean blue and the plus-size Givenchy lingerie she would no longer need to arouse a man who, during sex, would talk to his penis more than her, a nondescript accountant, the victim left at the altar by an ungrateful fiancé, a 40-year-old who should feel lucky that any man would want such a fat, homely spouse, an obedient daughter who had been invisible until she withdrew her arm from her father's and refused to take the neatly manicured hand of a man who lusted only for her family's fortune and whose face, even on his wedding day, registered disgust that could be seen from the last pew.

Mandy Mikulencak, a former journalist, editor and PR writer, lives in Durango, Colorado, where she is working on two novels and various short fiction projects. She has held writing positions with several nonprofits including Goodwill Industries International and the World Health Organization.