Keep Lucretia Out of the Kitchen

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Lucretia has that special "Borgia" touch in the kitchen.

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KEEP LUCRECIA OUT OF THE KITCHEN

My name is Lucrecia Borgia but I tell everyone to call me â Lucyâ because of all the bad publicity my infamous forebears made with their devious ways. In fact, I donâ t even think of myself as being Italian because my mama is 100% Puerto Rican and she speaks Spanish much better than English.

I donâ t feel too bad about having a disastrous name because when I get married I will have a regular last name like other normal people and I will just say my first name is â Lucyâ .

I was the butt of a lot of â poisonâ jokes in school and it really rankled me having to defend my familyâ s honor all the time.

I think because of my long black hair and the fact that I tended to adapt a sort of Goth style persona that others were put off from getting very close to me. Despite my brittle exterior, I was really a very sensitive female with some very challenging esteem issues.

In my senior year, we moved to another city because my mom lost her job at the manufacturing plant downtown. She worked as a â secretaryâ but I think she was more of an office organizer making sure everyone was paying attention to the right things. The fact that she was fluent in Spanish made her important to the management because she could relate to all of the workers out on the work floor.

My dad was still in a prison in another state for being involved in a gambling operation that spanned several states including the District of Columbia. He could have gotten a reduced sentence if he â ratted outâ on other participants but he kept his mouth shut. Mom was sort of pissed off but she got the job at the plant and things stayed pretty normal. She visited him once a month but it seemed like she was always a little bit sadder after the visit.

I really liked the new city and the new school.

I removed a facial piercing and cut my earrings down to just one in each ear and started wearing a bit more colorful clothing. I felt that I was â fitting inâ a lot better now and was able to converse and laugh with other boys and girls my own age. Everyone called me â Lucyâ and they pretty much didnâ t have any idea about the old time â Borgiaâ s.â

One boy in my new school was called Tomas with the emphasis on the second syllable because he was mostly Mexican with a little Indian blood on his Mamaâ s side of the family. Tomas was real cute and he was

always polite with me even when we were alone. I had this urge to get to know him a lot better but he told me that he was thinking of entering the priesthood and wasnâ t supposed to be getting physically close to girls and besides â It was a sin!â

I thought it was a real shame because he had nice looking narrow hips and his shoulders were wide and very muscular.

When he finished his field and track workouts, I talked him into letting me give him some nice neck and shoulder massages. I am ashamed to admit that when I was running my fingers all over his dark brown skin, I could feel my insides quiver and I had this sensation of being very wet down below. Usually, when I was alone in my room, I would lie on my bed and fantasize about us â doing itâ nice and slow in tall grass where no one could see what we were doing. I loved the way my heart beat so fast and my breathing got all short and heavy until I got that nice feeling inside and I felt all relaxed and calm.

My mom was working in a restaurant now and she was making real good money on tips. I found a job in a funeral parlor doing a lot of odd jobs like arranging the flowers and setting up the chairs and ushering in the family and friends of the â recently departed.â Mr. Sullivan told me it was always necessary to refer to the dead people as recently departed. Usually the stiffs were older people and it seemed all normal and just the way of things. Sometimes, the recently departed were young people and it seemed so strange to see them laying there all peaceful and reposed. I felt real sad for the young ones and I wondered what they would miss out on with their lives cut short like that.

Because of my Goth background, which nobody suspected, I was real comfortable around the funeral parlor and felt an attachment to the bodies that were processed through our rooms. We even had a neat crematorium that got rid of the remains and the coffin at the same time. One of my jobs was to see the next of kin got the ashes in one of our low-priced cardboard boxes or one of the up-grade urns for keeping in memorial inside the home. I kind of felt well-suited to this chore because I liked to comfort the bereaved next-of-kin even though I was a complete stranger.

The money I made from the job was split 50/50 with my mom so I was able to kick in something to the home expenses. The rest I kept for clothes and other stuff. We were making out pretty good but my mom wasnâ t able to visit my dad in prison anymore because it was too far away to travel.

Tomas and I went to a movie and sat in the last row. I was holding his hand and â accidentlyâ let it rest in his lap. We didnâ t say anything at all but by the time the show was over, I had his guy equipment pretty well mapped out and sure figured it was a waste for him to be all shut up with a bunch of guys and not get a chance to have fun with girls for the rest of his life. I could tell he was a little embarrassed but his reaction was pure and simple total attention.

It was close to my graduation time that my mom met up with a guy she liked at the restaurant and she brought him home to watch some videos and eat dinner. His name was Tony and he was several years younger than her. I caught him ogling my butt when he didnâ t think I was looking and it made me feel a little bit leery about being alone with him anywhere.

After dinner, I went to my room to finish my homework and got all caught up in some difficult math problems. Suddenly, I noticed it had gotten quiet in the living room. I went out to check out the situation and they were both gone. For a moment, I thought they had gone out to the store, but then, I heard noise coming from my momâ s bedroom.

My mom was kind of groaning and I could hear the bed springs squeaking with a rhythm that put some real crazy images in my brain. I just was not able to believe my mom would do something so gross with a guy she

hardly knew. I ran back to my own room and put a pillow over my ears so I wouldnâ t have to hear the noise from the other room.

When I heard them much later in the kitchen, I went out to get some milk and saw them sitting at the table talking real low and secretive like. My mom was all flushed in the face and I could tell she was really excited about something.

â Hi, baby, Tony just gave me a great back and foot massage. You know how those hours standing for a whole shift make me feel so tired.â

I looked at the guilty look on her face and I was a little angry at her and the smug looking Tony just sitting there like guy who just had a great time.

She fooled around with the Tony guy for a few weeks until she found out from the cook that he was married and had two small kids at home.

Right after I graduated from school, my mom lined up a job for me doing short order stuff at the restaurant. It paid a lot more than the funeral parlor and I would be learning all about cooking and preparing full meals.

Tomas left for the seminary before we could do the dirty deed and in a way I am glad we didnâ t go all the way. I wouldnâ t want to be responsible for changing his path in life.

When I started to handle the spices and the sauces in the kitchen, something seemed to click inside my brain and I felt like it was a place where I belonged. Soon, I was putting together concoctions of my own and everyone told me how tasty they were. My mushrooms were rumored to be the most delicious in the downtown area and I used them to garnish a lot of my dishes.

It was so funny because I knew the fine line between the safe mushrooms and the dangerous ones. It was sort of like I had a lot of power in my hands when I was roaming around a kitchen.

Next year I planned to go to Pharmacy school, but I think I needed to change my last name first. If I couldnâ t do it by marriage, then a simple legal change would suffice.

Borgia would be far too incriminating if I ever made an unfortunate mistake.

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