

Privilege

Adrienne Davis
Dominican University of California

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There was a little girl that loved to ice skate at her favorite frozen-over pond. She went out to the pond every day to practice her skills. After months, she finally had perfected her ice skating. The girl hit her fifth triple-axle on the ice. She shot past the snow-coated trees surrounding the frozen pond. Every day of winter, she went out to the isolated pond. She donned her sky blue ice skates and a pink winter coat. Around the same time every day, the snow would begin to fall around her like pixie dust. The girl loved when the snow would fall because she'd stick her tongue out count the amount of snowflakes that fell against the tip of her tongue and melted away. This is the child's daily routine. For her, winter never ended.

That's what Annabelle loved about her mother's favorite snow globe. The girl inside was a perfect ice skater. The little girl in the pink coat with her blue ice skates fascinated her. She existed in a state of a perpetual winter wonderland which Annabelle thought was a privilege. The girl in the snow globe never missed a trick. However, Annabelle felt sorry for the girl living inside the snow globe. She would never know what it felt like to miss a turn and fall. She would never have to miss winter because it was always winter. She'd never see the sun's warmth melt away the Earth's white surface and replace it with the earthy undertones of spring. Annabelle sat in awe looking at the girl in the snow globe living in a never-ending bliss. She really envied the miniature girl in the snow globe. She was perfect; she was too perfect to be real. That's why the girl was trapped in her brilliant sphere. She'd never survive in the real world.

Annabelle never realized she could hold such mixed feelings for such a thing. The globe was beauty, perfection, and isolation. The little girl in the globe loved her wintery bliss but was confined to it. Then, Annabelle thought about her own existence. She, herself, was trapped on a globe, Earth. Her globe had violence, disease, and all the horrors of Pandora's Box. Annabelle thought about her globe in comparison to the little girl's globe. She thought hard and realized that she couldn't tell who was more privileged than the other.

They were both slaves to their globe.