

## Saturdays and Thursday Nights

Picture a teenage girl, and there was Madison. The image... she adopted *temperately*. The styled bangs (curled every other day), the starchy lashes swooping immaculately (crimped, not painted). She'd bounce, laughing, into view — large eyes unwillingly in ugly “chic” glasses, spinning epic love stories from friendly texts and the promise of a Mustang. But on Saturdays and Thursday nights, she'd slouch in, hair she wished was longer covering her acne, devouring the comedy she'd seen a thousand times with spaghetti bowl in hand. Afterward, darkness would shield her visage and taunt her with whispers of bad men in the closet.