

Come as Your Mum: A case study in abnormal psychology...

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I know it sounds weird, but that's what the invite said: Come as your Mum. It's for a party at Delta Nu Omicron, the sorority with all the brainy girls. Not sure why I got asked though. I'm a grad student, not to mention male, so go figure!

Anyway, my Mum really liked the idea. My face is enough like hers, she thought she could turn me into a pretty close likeness of her, back when she was my age.

I figured, what the hell. I'd never had much luck with the ladies, so maybe this is what it'd take to get 'em to sit up and notice me for a change.

Mum really went to town. I've been figure-training for weeks with a corset, and dieting like crazy. I dropped 20 pounds.

As soon as we decided to do this, Mum made me shave all over. I've been moisturizing twice a day ever since. More than once I've been told I'm in the wrong washroom. My arms and legs are so soft I had to stop wearing shorts.

She hired a tutor as well: Miss Eloise of "Etiquette for Young Ladies". Six weeks of elocution lessons and I sound exactly like my mother. People on the phone have been calling me Marilyn.

The way I walk has changed too. Same with my body language, even the way I sit. Hypnosis can do that to a guy, I hear.

As for my hair, it was long enough for extensions so we chose V-tip human hair with hot fusion bonds, to make sure it'll last long enough. Mum gave the stylist some pics of her from her college days, so now I've got the same style she did.

By the time the party rolled around I'd had four total makeovers, so I was used to looking like this. You need more practice being a woman, Mum said with over a week to go, and from then on, 24/7, I was the daughter she never had: the second coming of Marilyn von Heselstine.

On the day, she surprised me with a present from her closet: the sleeveless yellow dress she wore on her third date with her late husband... my father. These are the same earrings she wore that day too. The shoes are new, but they're pretty much identical.

It was beyond eerie. I was her, right down to the little curls at the tips of our shared hairstyle. Mum took a pic and it was hard to tell us apart. I had her mouth, her jawline, her angular brows, her elegant cheekbones. I was ready.

And what did I find, when at last I arrived at the party? A bunch of girls dressed like middle-aged women. No one even knew who I was. I pretended to be a girl from another branch of Delta Nu Omicron who was in town checking out grad schools. It wasn't hard to blend in. The girls never twigged.

It wasn't all bad. I ran into my prof from Abnormal Psych, and he hit on me before figuring out who I was, so it was either let him score or he'd blow my cover. So I let him do me, twice, and now we're co-authoring a paper on the experience. Hell, I'd do anything for a byline. It's publish or die nowadays.