

This Is Not How I Planned the Day

By Madeline (lildreamer)

Madeline sighed as she stared at the red-light glaring at her from above. Her head laid on her left palm as she counted the blinking ticks, signaling to those behind her that she was going to turn left. Her right index finger tapped to the beat of the ticks as she scowled at the light. She had about seven minutes to get to her destination and even though she was only a mile away, it seemed like the light had forgotten how to turn green. A scowl grew on her face as she now glared at the damned contraption.

“Come on! How am I gonna be fifteen minutes early at this rate!” she ranted, not wanting to be late for her job interview. The light did not care, it stayed red. Rolling her eyes, she looked around the area to find at least something to stare at until the light said go. To her right was the local burger joint. Madeline was meaning to go to it at some point – maybe after the interview.

To her left was the road divider and one of those homeless people that decided that it is a safe place to stand and ask for money. Maybe it was, all she was doing was turning and if the light had been green, she would have had to slow down anyways. She looked at the person, examining the dusty, hole-filled dress; the scratched-up, muddy sweater; and the dirty, caked scowl.

Madeline had to shake her head real quick before glancing back. Yes, the woman’s eyes were glaring at the girl. Yes, her wagging finger was pointed towards the young girl’s car. Yes, that was definitely a scowl.

Shrinking back into the seat, she looked up at the light, still red but the crossing street was now receiving a yellow light. Madeline turned quickly to the woman and mouthed, “Interview... sorry,” as if that would explain why she couldn’t give money. What she was given back though was a shake of the woman’s head and a quiet mumble. With that, she gulped and crept forward before screeching off as soon as that damned light finally turned green.

It only took her a couple of minutes to get to her destination and since she was a bit early, she took the time to calm her nerves. Thinking back to the woman, she had this slight feeling that she knew who the person was – especially when she visualized the eyes.

Wait a minute...

No!

It couldn’t be!

If Madeline didn’t know any better, that woman was the co-worker she got fired half a year back – the one who kept stealing cash from the till and blaming it on her. Ooh the nerve of that woman, making her feel guilty. Well, no use letting it affect her now – she was moving on with her own life and actually going places – like this interview she should REALLY head off to if she was to have any chance of being hired. With a quick look into the rearview mirror, she grabbed her keys and her resumes before swinging the car door open.

After slipping out of the car, the young girl shut the door and locked it with a smile. “I can do this!” she told herself, fixing her dress. She must have been in the car a bit too long since it felt like it wanted to slide off of her. Thankfully, the feeling was not too bad and it stuck to her as she strolled through the building’s doorway and headed over to the designated suite. After pushing her way through the wooden doors, she went through the usual motions of an

interviewee. Say hello to the receptionist, sit down on a chair, joke with the receptionist, and, after all of that, be called in for the interview. Madeline loathed how mundane it was to do the same thing day in and day out but it was needed.

As she fixed her dress again, she held her hand out to greet the hiring manager. “Hello Ms. Winters. I am Mr. Brumsfield. How has your day been so far?” He asked with a smile and directed her towards a seat.

“It has been great, sir. How about your day?” she replied, fixing her dress again as she sat down. The dress has never been THIS loose... has it?

“Great, great! Well, I know we are excited to have you here with us today. Your resume is quite impressive. So that we don’t waste time, let us begin! Tell me a bit about yourself, Ms. Winters?” he inquired, holding a pen to a notebook.

Readjusting her sleeves, she wondered why she was so nervous. Everything felt wrong to her. Her clothes kept feeling loose, things looked like they were growing, and her underwear felt like it was getting thicker.

“Well... um... I was editor-in-chief for both my high school newspaper and my university newspaper while also holding management positions within a few clubs,” she answered, thankful that the hiring manager was looking over her resume and application. She could have sworn she had lost about a foot in height. Actually, she knew she lost some height and it was happening faster. With a gulp, she waited for the next question.

“Mhm – and are you looking for part-time or an internship while still in school?”

Madeline blinked a few times. She graduated from the university a year ago...

“Huh... wh-what?” she questioned, hearing a higher pitched voice than normal when she spoke.

“Well, even though we do have a few spots open to high schoolers, we do not want to get in the way of their studies.”

Her knees were now shaking. She could barely say a word as she felt herself shrink more and more. “Um... um... I was hoping for full time,” she mumbled, letting her fingers play with one another.

Mr. Brumsfield chuckled as he looked at her. “You have to be more definite with your answers. You’ll never get a job by being unsure. Now, do you know when your mom will be around to pick you up? I think the mentoring is almost over for today.”

“My mom..? Mentoring..?” Madeline was now really confused, not to mention small.

It was then that the door opened. The now little girl turned around, scared to who could’ve come through the doorway. Her eyes opened wide as she saw her own mother standing there. What was mother doing there? And why did she look young?

“She was a sweet pea,” Mr. Brumsfield began, seeing Mrs. Winters walk in, “We pretended to have a job interview and she would have been hired for the position.” The man chuckled, as he stood up, picking the little girl up on the way. The shrinking feeling had stopped.

“Mamma...” Madeline said as she looked at the woman, wondering what happened, how it happened, and why it happened.

Taking the young girl into her arms, Madeline’s mother smiled down at her for a bit before looking back to the hiring manager. “Well, thank you again, Bob. I know you’ve been real

busy lately but this meant a lot to me for you to watch her while I ran to pick up more diapers.”

Wait... diapers? Why did her mom need to pick up... oh. Madeline’s face reddened as she looked over herself. Why did she shrink? Why did her undies change? Why was she now wearing a diaper?!

“Not a problem! The day was dragging anyways. No prospects yet for the position,” Mr. Brumsfield responded, smiling at the pair. Reaching out, he tickled the young girl as he finished, “though, this one would probably get the job if she were older.” Madeline giggled on instinct, confusing her all the more. Seeing that her mother was going to only nod and smile, she tried to ask questions. However, her mouth just felt like it was all over the place.

Chuckling her mother spoke. “Looks like she wants to continue the interview – although it is getting close to her usual naptime so I should probably take her back home now. Thanks again for watching her.”

“Anytime. Here, I’ll help you out to your car,” Mr. Brumsfield replied as he opened the door for her and led her to the car, the same car that Madeline had been in earlier. Once there, Madeline’s mother started the vehicle as the man buckled the confused little girl into the carseat and closed the door. He waved goodbye as he made his way back to his office. All Madeline could do was watch the building as her mother drove away. Raising a hand, she waved goodbye to the building, letting a pout form on her face. Goodbye to all her hard work, goodbye to her chances, goodbye to that – wait... no... it couldn’t be. Was that the homeless lady she saw earlier? The one wearing a business dress and smirk?