

DEDICATION

The body of Mad Issues is dedicated to my Mother, Sister, Daughters, Nieces, Aunts, Friends and all other women and girls who were taught or told they could not do something or were forbidden from doing so because you are a female. Because *they* say you are too fat, too short, too tall, too ugly, too skinny, too white, too black. I know that, in your weakest moment, you must be strong and overcome the many challenges that you face, most times alone, but you must force those challenges far away from you, rest the secrets that are kept from you and stride very gracefully through thought of those times you were walked on, walked over and pushed aside. Move aside your Mad Issues, stand up, step up and know yourself. Then turn those Mad Issues into Glad Issues. No more regrets.

Love and Hope...K... Nesbitt!!!

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Forbidden

Callie stepped from behind the makeshift dressing room curtain in the barn then spread her arms out to her sides and asked, "Well, what do you think?" with a big smile on her face.

There was utter silence, aside from the wind howling and whistling through the cracks of the rotten wood that held the barn together. At least that is what the small group of girls who sat on the ground thought it was that evening. Callie knew better. She knew it was that nasty little freaky boy, Jacob, spying on them again. He always spied on the girls, even though he was not supposed to.

All of the girls sat around, some twirling their fingers, wringing their hands together while others played with the fabric of their dress. All of them looked nervous when Callie brazenly stood before them in her short-shorts, sleeveless shirt, lipstick, makeup and nothing covering her legs, which was all forbidden. She was completely bare as far as the other girls were concerned.

"We do not have the right, as you may think, to be bare. It is forbidden," one of the girls said without looking directly at Callie.

"Ah, come on Dammit. What the hells wrong with you girls? Have some balls. It's not like you're committing murder."

"Well, to you, it may not seem so but to dress, or practically have nothing on will cause problems for us and you should get dressed immediately," another girl said without looking up.

Callie walked over to the girl who was seated in the middle of the group then said, "Come on Carrie-Ann, you told me yourself that you always wanted to show some skin and that if it wasn't for your parents you would practically be naked all the time. This is your chance. All you have to do is to take it."

Carrie-Ann pulled her hands up to her mouth and turned beat red as she lowered her head in shame. She never wanted the others to know she actually wanted to get wild and explore things outside of her Amish community. Carrie-Ann was sure one of the others would tell on her.

The other girls gasped after hearing the news. One girl jumped to her feet like a ghost had spooked her then shook her head vigorously.

Callie reached down and took hold of the girl then shouted, "Stop it, just stop it damn you. You know damn well this is what you want, all of you." She spun around pointing at each girl.

"You, you, you and you. All of you want this, all of you. There is no need to feel ashamed of whom you are, what you look like underneath all those stupid dresses. You're in denial. The way all of you have been living your lives has been a farce. It is a comical big fat lie but you know what? the hell with it. It's your sorry ass lives and you have to live it not me. I just thought your scary assess wanted to laugh a little and see how it is to have some joy in your life."

Callie noticed each time she swore, one of the girls would get a small sense of satisfaction and smile a little but she hid it from the others. Callie thought she should make one last ditch effort to get through to the girls but then she said, "fuck it. I'm not

the one running around her wearing all those clothes and looking like a clown. She went back behind the curtain. She had a good mind to just walk out of the barn the way she was dressed but she pulled her dingy dress back on then mumbled, "damn Amish broads."

Callie continued mumbling her displeasure at not being able to get through to the special group of girls she selected to show off her goods to. The ones who she thought would be receptive to the idea. The same group who she thought wanted to party and see what the outside world looked like through her.

She snatched the curtain from its hook when she stepped out again. She was about to storm out of the barn when she caught Carrie-Ann out of the corner of her eyes easing up her dress. Slow at first, as one of the other girls tried talking her out of it. Carrie-Ann looked over at the girl sheepishly then eased her dress back down.

"Come on Carrie-Ann. You can do what you want to do. You don't have to be ashamed of anything. This is what you have been waiting for your whole life. Isn't that what you told me? You want to feel like a girl, not grow old like some old hag and nobody notices you, right?" Callie asked.

Suddenly, there was a huge shift in their attitudes. The girl who had tried talking Carrie-Ann out of committing such a foul act of baring her all, leaned down then slid her dress, first up to her ankle boots then looked at the others then continued to pull her dress up then over her knees.

A small victory smile began to creep across Callie's face but before it could fully materialize, the barn door swung open. All of the girls screamed and hustled to their feet. Carrie-Ann did so as her dress fell off her shoulders. Jacob stood next to Sam smiling. He had snatched them out.

"What is this?" Sam shouted.

Callie slid the bag of clothing behind her with her foot as she stared at Jacob.

Carrie-Ann pulled up her dress then ran over to her father and tried explaining a new cleaning schedule that he was not at all interested in. He struck her across the face with a leather horsewhip then told her she was forbidden to hold any meetings without his knowledge and approval. Callie tightened her mouth as she watched Carrie-Ann run off crying.

Jacob had eased behind Callie when she bent down and snuck the bag in her hand holding it out of sight. He was pointing at the bag behind her but Sam was too busy chasing the other screaming girls from his barn.

Callie spun on Jacob and punched him in the stomach. He fell to his knees. Just as she stepped out of the barn, Sam stepped right in front of her. They stared at one another without saying a word at first.

"What you got for me, little girl?" Sam finally asked.

Callie held the bag out in front of her, taking a step back but he slapped the bag out of her hand.

"I don't want those garments girl. I want what you really have for me, what's between them legs."

Sam reached out and grabbed Callie's right breast. She continued to stare at him expressionless. He leaned in and kissed her on the lips then stepped back but when she did not resist his advance the first time, he leaned in and kissed her again then glanced back at the house before forcing her back inside of the barn.

Once the barn door closed, Charlotte left the window and went back to do her house chores. She had been watching her husband the moment Jacob came in the house and told him the girls were in the barn doing something awfully wrong. She watched as her husband raced to the barn and spied on the girls through the side of the barn before going inside.

Sam had a big smile on his face as he stared down at Callie in her underwear. He reached out with his right index finger then slid it in her panties and pulled them open.

"Let big Sam take a gander at what you have to offer. You stay still now, you hear. Looks to me like you're pretty grown up down there"

His smile broadened more when he saw Callie's pubic hairs. He licked his lips then said, "Come on now girl. You hold still and let old Sammie procreate with you now. You were so willing to show off your goods and tarnish my girls thoughts."

Sam dropped the horsewhip then tugged on the belt of his own pants with one hand while he held onto Callie with the other. The huge barn held one of the carriages the family owned and two horses, which were looking on from the stables.

Once Sam loosened his belt then let his pants drop to his ankles, he pulled at Callie's bra. He got frustrated that he could not loosen it then yanked it completely off. Even though she is his niece and had come to live with him and his wife, she was a nobody to him, he ran his household and everyone in it and he did what he wanted, it was his right and he was backed by the people in his Amish community.

Callie's full size breast excited him as soon as he saw them. He ripped off her panties with one hand then slid his other hand between her legs. Just as he went to penetrate her with his thick middle finger, Callie pushed him back, came up with a pair of sheep shears then drug the tip across his neck.

Callie leaped on top of him, taking in the fresh smell of blood. When Sam fell to the floor holding his neck and blood started pouring out, Jacob, who was hiding behind one of the stall doors, screamed then took up running out of the barn. Callie laughed as she pulled her dress back on then hustled and snagged him by the back of his shirt in one swift movement.

She pinned Jacob on his back then straddled him, putting the sheers to his neck. She clucked the tip of the sheers off her teeth as she looked down on the scary boy. She pulled the top of her dress open exposing her breast.

"Do you like what you see, this is what you have been sneaking around for, isn't it?"

Jacob stared at Callie's breast the Sam way his father had stared at them before he attacked her. She suddenly tucked her breast back behind the dress, buttoned it then pulled twelve year old Jacob to his feet, pushed him over to his father then said, "see to the bastard and remember, you didn't see anything or you'll be my next victim."

Callie walked out of the barn as if nothing at all happened, this time with her pride invigorated.

Charlotte watched as Callie left the barn. Some how she knew Callie had escaped her husbands advances. She stepped out on the porch to greet her. She threw her arms around Callie and hugged her as her own eyes misted over.

"Are you alright, dear?" Charlotte whispered low as she looked around.

"Why wouldn't I be? So far I am having a great day and believe me, its just getting started."