

Beauty in the past

Brittany was the perfect girl— sort of. With luscious blonde locks and eyes the color of honey, she had everyone wrapped around her finger. She lived effortlessly, barking demands that were shortly followed by anyone within earshot. Raised with a silver spoon in her mouth, she had never experienced a stressful day, much less one with eight or more hours spent working outside.

Her parents were successful and rich. Her mother the inheritor of a multimillion dollar agricultural technology company, her father a renowned lawyer.

But one particular night an almighty, divine being— perhaps a god— had decided to flip the tables. To teach the spoiled Brittany a lesson.

When the sun shone down on Brittany through the windows she awoke with a yawn, her hands instinctively reaching for her phone only to grab nothing but air. The girl sat up with a gasp, her head turning in all directions. This isn't her room! She looked down at herself in horror. This wasn't what she fell asleep in, neither the bed or the clothes!

The spoiled girl wanted to shriek, she almost did. Instead of that she carefully slipped down to explore the house she found herself in. It looked old and worn down, made of wood and smelling of dirt. The floorboards creaked under her footsteps as she entered the kitchen, seeing a man sitting by the table, eating breakfast. He looked somewhat familiar with kind eyes and soft smile.

"Good morning Barbara."

'Barbara'?! Brittany thought in confusion before blinking it away. "Yeah.. good morning.."

Her voice was filled with suspicion. Was she kidnapped in her sleep? Was her kidnapper trying to gaslight her into forgetting her own beautiful name?!

Thankfully the girl was smart enough not to voice those concerns aloud, but the furrow of her brow didn't cease, the frown on her lips didn't lighten.

Brittany paused for a moment.. Barbara sounded familiar.. Her parents mentioned a Barbara multiple times when talking about mother's company.. oh right! It's her great grandma, the one who founded the company her mother inherited!

"Couldn't sleep well? Come, eat up. I have to go tend to the cows. Water the crops in the greenhouse." The man said as he got up from the table, picking up a hat hanging from the chair and placing it atop his head. "Also, pick up a few carrots and potatoes on your way back for lunch."

With that the man walked out, leaving a stunned and offended Brittany behind. He **dared** to command her?! She's the one who commands others, she doesn't listen!! ..is what she would've.. **should've** said, but something about that man made her pause, made her listen.

After eating breakfast that she wanted to throw up she walked outside the wooden house and was met with.. nothing but dirt, green and the disgusting smell of animals. Further away she spotted a humble greenhouse, on the right stood a farmhouse.

She shuddered as she walked with a watering can in hand, repeating the orders over and over. In the greenhouse she started sweating within a minute, clumsily finding the water hose, spraying water all over herself in the process. The day just started, she had a feeling this won't be the worst thing to happening!

After an embarrassing amount of time spent inside the greenhouse sweating and watering she had almost forgot to pick up vegetables for lunch.... how did carrots and potatoes look like again? Wait, how is she supposed to get them out?

The girl crouched down on the wet soil, her hands digging out the vegetables by hand. She wanted to gag at the mushy and slimy dirt as she pulled out a few potatoes, repeating the process for three smaller than average carrots.

When she returned to the wooden house, the old man was already there preparing lunch. "Could you peel those for me?" He asked with a smile. Brittany nodded and grabbed a knife. With clumsy fingers she began to peel, cutting herself more than a dozen times. She washed the vegetables and per instruction put them in the big pot of water to make a chicken soup.

While the two waited for the soup to finish simmering they talked. It felt good, Brittany admitted to herself. Sitting down at a table, bonding over a meal and conversing. They talked for what seemed like hours— even if the topics usually wouldn't have interested the spoiled girl! Crops, animals, financial struggles.. anything. It was a surprisingly nice change to the usual quiet meals she had with her parents— save for the sound of her nails clicking on her phone.

Two weeks had passed. Her body adapted to the early work routine, her hands became calloused with work, dirt getting comfortable under her nails. It felt weird.. but oddly nice. Falling asleep actually tired, doing something that wasn't shopping or scrolling on her phone.

While she clumsily hoed the soil she wondered what was happening in the real world— in her time, her body. Was she in a coma? Did she disappear? Was everything continuing as normal? After a full day of hoeing, watering and helping with the farm animals, she jumped into bed with an exhausted sigh..

Brittany woke up, blinking the sleep away before realizing she's back in her body, in her time. Instead of immediately grabbing her phone.. She sat up, got ready in her expensive clothes— feeling almost weird on her body now— and walked downstairs to greet her parents.

The look in her eyes was kind this time as she sat down at the table, surprising her parents.

"Hey sweetie.." Her father tested, "How come you're.. well.." he couldn't finish his thought.

"How did you sleep?" Her mother asked, trying to enjoy the moment of closeness with her distant daughter.

"Good, had a weird dream though.." Brittany muttered. It wasn't a dream, it felt too real to be one. It was a punishment— a lesson. One she quickly learned.

With that... Brittany became the perfect girl. With golden locks, eyes of honey.. with determination and kindness in her heart.. she learned not to rule or command the world, but to be human.