R.I.P. R.F.B.

Emery Thanathiti*
“I’d like to thank you all for taking the time out of your busy lives to come here today in respect of my mother, Vivien Lee.

Eh em. Uhm… for those of you who don’t know me, my name is Kira Bliss Johnson. Unfortunately, I’ve been working overseas for the last few years so I’ve rarely had the chance to be around… To be honest, I did not find out about Viv-I mean my mother’s death until yesterday.

But this speech isn’t about me. I might be bad at speeches and I might not have had the time to prepare an eloquent goodbye, but I am still her daughter. I know her best.

Vivien Lee... was a lot of things. She was intelligent. She was kindhearted. She was a reliable wife to my father and loving mother to me and my sister.

Her one goal in life was to set up a tutoring school for children of all ages. Middle school is tough, high school is tough, and hell, even college is tough. She wanted to help your kids to get through our school years with ease. She wanted to help us get the top grades, get into the top colleges in the world, and eventually find the best paying job before going on to become

Hello, Vivien, it’s been four years since I’ve last seen you. Did you know I’ve changed my name from Kira Lee to Kira Bliss Johnson?

Yeah, mother, you remember the Johnsons? They took me in after you left me in a foreign country with only twenty dollars in my pocket. I had no family, no friends, and no place to stay. How could you? You told me there is no such thing as true friends. You said I’d never have anyone except for you. And yet, you left me to rot. And the Johnsons fed me, raised me. Loved me.

But I’m not here to talk about me. I’m here to talk about you, to remind you of all your sins. Yes, I will always remember everything you did to me. I can assure you, you’ll never rest in peace. Karma isn’t forgiving.

Vivien Lee. You were so stuck-up. You were so self-centered. You only married my father so that you could be that “rich man’s wife.” But you weren’t that at all, and to relieve your stress from your house-wife job, you’d hit me until I was sprawled on the ground then continue to kick me until I threw up a little. My salvation came when you disowned me except you’d take it out on my five-year-old sister and seventy-year-old grandma instead.
successful adults.

I remember when I was around nine years old, my mother and I took a trip to Italy. There she decided to pursue the study of religion while teaching English to the Fathers and Sisters of the church. They were so grateful for her help that they asked her to stay longer and so she did. She stayed in Italy for six months, not to travel or to shop, but to teach and learn.

We, her family, couldn’t be any prouder of her.

However, as much as she will be missed, I know she would not want this. I know she would not want anyone crying over her. She’d rather see you all smile and laugh as you reminisce the great memories of her.

So let’s grant her this last wish, shall we? Let’s give her a big smile as we send her off. That way… that way she will be buried with the image of our happy smiles… forever.”

There was this façade you enjoyed putting up in front of people. You’d act like you were kind and intelligent. You’d offer to tutor their children for close to no money. Then six months later you’d double their tuition, and then you did that again the four months after that, and then the two months after that. Eventually, when it became too much for them, you’d encourage the children to blame their parents for being poor.

I remember when we went to Italy. You stole my aunt’s college tuition to travel there. You kept your “I’m a good person” image, you told people you were there to help them, and so you started teaching the Fathers and Sisters. But it’s obvious, you know, that you were giving the priests handjobs behind those closed doors. Daddy was never the same when he found out about what you did. The sisters must have known too and that’s why they started treating us like we were the Devils.

You abused and hurt us all. We’re all so much better off without you around.

I told Grandma a long time ago that you were better off dead. Thank God, Death finally came for you. Thank God, we can finally smile in relief.

Can you see us? We’re sending you off with big smiles. We’re all wearing
big fat lies as we as send you off with tears. Truth is we’re so fucking relieved. Truth is they’re tears of joy. We have never been happier.

Rest Forever, Bitch.

**Emery Thanathiti** is a junior in English and performing arts. She enjoys writing and acting and plans to one day work in the entertainment industry while also following her father’s footsteps in business and politics. She hopes one day to retire to England so that she could lounge around Baker Street and the Globe as much as she wants to.