



HUMBUG

Volume 2018
Issue 1 2018W

Article 10


March 2018

The Flowers were Weeping (excerpt)

Katherine M. Carithers

Dartmouth College, Katherine.M.Carithers.20@dartmouth.edu

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.dartmouth.edu/humbug>

 Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Carithers, Katherine M. (2018) "The Flowers were Weeping (excerpt)," *HUMBUG*: Vol. 2018 : Iss. 1 , Article 10.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.dartmouth.edu/humbug/vol2018/iss1/10>

This Short Story is brought to you for free and open access by the Student-led Journals and Magazines at Dartmouth Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in HUMBUG by an authorized editor of Dartmouth Digital Commons. For more information, please contact dartmouthdigitalcommons@groups.dartmouth.edu.

The Flowers were Weeping (excerpt)

Cover Page Footnote

This piece was written and workshopped in 17F. This piece was brought into workshop in progress. Because we operate under a workshop model, we see value in an unfinished piece.

The Flowers Were Weeping (excerpt)

The flowers were weeping. Their heads, heavily laden with dew, bent towards the ground with sorrow that made hearts ache to behold them. Such that you'd half expect the passerby to remark, "how sad the flowers look today," or perhaps, in forgetting that flowers do not take well to consolation, say "I do hope you feel better," and stop to wipe a tear drop from a petal.

But the little girl was not weeping. She hardly took notice of the crying flowers after a morning spent behind windows, staring at the thunder which shook the house to make teapots rattle, and listening to the lightning which sent the cat scrambling for the attic. The library was her preferred spot to watch the rain, though she didn't dare sit near the window seat when the storm came. The little girl had been curious about why she could not be outside when the thunder and the lightning came. Her mother told her the crashes and the flashes were not the greetings of friends, and that something must be kept between herself and them at all times. Choosing cushions for protection, the curious girl pulled her knees to her chest on the old sofa. From a distance, she had watched the sky darken and the red leaves of the trees burn like pieces of wet fire in the downpour.

When she grew bored of this, as curious girls often need something new to explore, she walked through the empty halls and empty rooms. Loneliness was an emotion the little girl did not understand. She had been quite happy for most her short life, and only recently been introduced to sadness. She did not like sadness' company nearly as much and at her young age decided to let happiness lodge in the one extra-bed unless she absolutely could not avoid sadness. Therefore, for all intents and purposes, the little girl was decidedly not sad at being left alone in the house. Her friends were scattered amongst its many nooks and crannies. There was the grandfather-clock whose hands always distracted from his stories of soldiers and wars. There was the armchair, which spoke just like her mother would, and those cushions were the comfiest of all. If the little girl went exploring at night, she was often found sound asleep the next morning.

Now, the girl had finished her rounds about the rooms because the storm had stopped. She felt quite certain the thunder had left because, upon questioning the kettle, it told her that "some time had passed since it feared falling over." However, the lightning was another matter. A much more difficult matter because the cat, who was most affected by this mercurial house guest, was nowhere to be found. It often happened the cat was hard to find after a run-in with the lightning. While she could have asked the television or the lamp if the lightning had left, it seemed rude not to ask the cat how he was doing, if the kettle had been asked. The cat always seemed much more upset than the kettle in times like these.

The little girl was experienced in the occupation of looking for the cat. Being orange, in a house of mahogany and porcelain, he was usually easy for her to find. The cat never really intended to hide from the little girl. At least she assumed this because he was always so good-natured without a storm; always letting her carry him through the halls, clasped to her chest, his long orange belly slinking down to the floor. But on this day the little girl had a lot of trouble finding the cat. After a thorough look through of his regular hidey-holes, she turned to the suggestion of the kettle. But the cat was not already back to sunning himself on the keyboard in the library, looking as though he belonged in the fireplace as he smoldered like an ember on top of

the plastic keys. Refusing to abandon her companion, the little girl decided it best to search for the cat outside. She really did need to ask him if the lighting had left, and venturing outdoors seemed the only way to do it.