

days of golden glory

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stuff kidi dont care

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Chapter 1 - bubbles

2

1 - bubbles

Her earliest memory of her father was of the last time she would ever see him. She remembered his big tan-brown hands reaching out and touching her head, and then tucking themselves in to the bag he had over his shoulder and coming out with a bottle of bubbles. She remembered him walking out the front door in his big boots, saying his goodbyes to her mother and her, then going down the steps to the lawn. She remembered her tiny bare feet going tip-spat on the concrete of the first step. As she had watched him walk away, she uncapped the bubbles and blew in to the bubble wand. The bubbles swirled out in front of her, changing colors in the sun's rays of light, and in the background her dad loading up into a big truck with a few other men and women. Just as they pulled away and headed down the road every single bubble began to disappear. Fading into the air. And right before the truck was out of sight the wind blew and every single bubble popped. And then she blew a new set of bubbles to take to other bubbles place. This was how it was with the father in her memory. He changed his color, he faded, he disappeared. And in real life he was replaced like he had never existed, because in the world now it's hard to exist. Now she stood in the doorway to the kitchen, hand placed gently on the old doorframe. Her eyes were locked on the weeping body of her mother, the letter lying open on the table. The letter. The letter no family would ever want to get, but almost always do. Her heart started to fill with sadness, like a boat fills with water when its hull has been ripped wide open.

'If only I had a sauntering gun, maybe I could fix this gaping hole in our hearts.' She thought.

It was about this time she noticed the sad feelings she was feeling, but no matter how hard she tried to direct that sadness and grief towards herself and her father, it kept going straight toward her mother. She only felt sad for her mother's loss for she had lost nothing, nothing but a chance she never really knew she had.

She quickly turned around and waked swiftly to her room. It was like she was never there, Not even the creaking floor boards acknowledged her existence. Apparently she was a ghost and could not make a sound heard by human ears. In her room she shut the door quickly and quietly. She crossed her room and sat heavily on her bed. She hated seeing her stomach, like she was protecting it, keeping it warm. Slowly, she turned, keeping the box tucked tightly into her, a slid down the wall to the floor. She sat there with the box in her lap and her knees tucked into her chest so that she was cradling the box. She looked around the room as if somebody was going to come in and ask her what she was hiding, then take it away from her because they were cruel like that.

She straightened up, knowing what she was doing was unruly and stupid. It wasn't like her mother was going to take it away from her. No one could because no one really knew it existed. Surely, it had been pushed to the furthest reaches of her mother's mind.

Her fingertips traced the top of the polished wooden box. The tiny pink and yellow painted flowers were colorful beneath the glistening varnish, the lock a shining silver edge that just stuck out of the box's side. She lifted her hand and fingered the heart shaped locket around her neck, thinking how wonderful it would be to be like the locket. Closed, something wonderful hidden inside until someone opened it. She slowly brought her fingers around her neck to the locket's clasp. Slowly, she separated it, and, bringing the locket in front of her, open it.

Inside the locket was a picture of a man. It was a black and white photo of a dark skinned young man, with long lashes and thick slightly wavy hair that was just about an inch long. His right cheek was resting gently on one of his hands, and his head was turned to the camera. The smile the young man wore was brilliant and beautiful. He had perfect white teeth and the corners of his mouth were pecked

perfectly into the smile just so slightly that he really looked happy. His eyes were big in the happy way, his lashes framed them just so that it gave him a slight feminine look. Over all, the man in the photo was pretty good-looking. One of the things that caught her eye though was the watch the man wore around his wrist. It wasn't a digital watch that gave you the numbers; it didn't have any numbers. It had twelve dots. The watch was on the inside of his wrist and the clasp on the outside. If you looked close enough at the watch you could see that the time the photo had been taken was 12:00. It was almost like he wanted you to know what time it was.

After looking at the photo she lifted it out and brought out a small key, unlocked the box, and then put the key and the photo back in their original place.

her like this. I seemed she was always like this, full of such despair and sadness. But today was different. It was on a whole other scale! It was grief. Grief and everything that comes with it. Pain, sadness, despair, loss, and a big bag of other bitter-sweet memories of other things that have been lost, all thrown into a big pot and her mother shoved into it by malicious people.

A moment or two later she got up and crossed the short distance between her bed and her dresser. Slowly she knelt down in front of her dresser and pulled open the bottom left drawer. She gently lifted out a music box her father made for her when she was born. She stood and took the six tiny steps to the other side of the small confinement she called hers. She rested her head on the place where the two walls met and turned her whole body into the corner, as if it would expect her. She breathed in deeply, relaxing, letting everything go. She rested the wooden box on her

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