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COVER SHEET
FICTION ASSIGNMENT #2

Introductory note: The following story continues the short play titled, “His or Hers,” submitted on week #4, from the P.O.V. of Shari, the female twin of Terry, set on the fanciful golf course with divorcing parents (attached).

RECONCILING: HIS OR HERS

The siblings emerged from the chilled ground like eager gophers, timorous, alert. A bright motif of speckled reddish clouds slow danced across the dark backdrop of the young evening.

Shari was utterly depleted – physically and emotionally – upon arrival at their grandmother’s house. Estella, or Maw-maw, was the maternal, grand matriarch of the twins.

“The door’s unlocked!” announced Terry. “Let’s go in and surprise her,” added her excited brother.

Shari followed sheepishly, her face cast downward.

“Hi maw-maw!” Terry shouted.

Estella acted surprised, after hanging the phone just moments before with Frederick, a neighbor, warning of “Two kids going up the roadway toward your house.”

Estella’s light beer-colored eyes and porcelain smile gleamed as their excited triune crashed into a whole for a warm, loving embrace. Estella cupped each young face as she gazed into their visage sequentially, “I’m so glad to see you,” *Smack* was the unmistakable sound of her lips after her red-painted, fleshy kisser met with their delicate cheeks.

“Shari, you look tired, honey, you okay?”

Shari nods.

Estella ushers Shari into the den where there is a set of twin beds. Poor Shari was zoned out from fatigue, barely here, barely there. Estella decided to put her on the other side of slumber with a lullaby:

“Shari my baby / close your eyes/ goodnite

Wake tomorrow / refreshed / and ripe

Sleep baby sleep / go to dreamland

“Fly baby fly / float to candyland.”

Vivid nocturnal images played in succession against Shari’s air-tight eyelids. The first sequence showed Shari’s parents walking hand-in-hand along the pacific shore of Santa Monica. Shari happily led the way in a tiny, light blue bikini with white polka dots.

“I love you so much, Tina.”

“I love you, too, Charlie.”

“This is forever,” declared Charlie

Shari’s smile is hidden from her parents as she leads the way with her pint-sized footprints.

A sequential scene weaved itself seamlessly into an anachronistic event where she is witness to her parents’ wedding. In Shari’s dream-reality, she is performing the marriage.

“Do you promise to be our parents forever, and ever?”

“We do,” promise the happy couple, in unison.

“Do you promise to love each other forever, and ever?”

“We do,” promise the happy couple in sequence.

“Do you promise to take care of me and Terry forever, and ever?”

“We do,” promise the smiling couple, again, in unison.

Shari smiles large, hugging her parents ever so proudly. No one is at all surprised that Shari is as tall as her parents at nine-years-old.

The following morning Shari is awakened by Terry shaking her, demanding, “Get up! Mom and Dad are here to pick us up.”

The reality is shocking to Shari. “No, we’re supposed to hide out here until they understand that they can’t get divorced.”

“I know, but Maw-maw called them. She didn’t want them to worry.”

Shari was resolute. “I won’t go out, not until they promise to stay married.”

“We have to go, Shari,” demanded Terry.

“Don’t sell us out! We don’t have to go. I won’t go!”

Charlie and Tina could hear their broken children arguing through the closed door. It was only then that they came to realize the impact of their pending separation. Charlie, wearing blue jeans and a yellow Pollo shirt, walked in the room abruptly.

Terry was in mid-sentence, “But ...”

“Hey kids. Your Mommy and I have decided to think things over. Can we all go home and discuss this as a family?”

Shari nods and smiles.

