

The Conversation

The slabs of maple wood enclosed the tenderness and tepidity. The cabin lodge was a biodome bursting with Summer tingles even though the plains around us were sheathed in snow and the pine trees wore stocky and fleecy tintless robes. My fingers pawed through the book as my mother whisked her glass chalice around. A frigid bite surged up starting from my toes up to my neck which made the hair stand.

“Do you want me to get you some tea dear? You look funny.” inquired mother. I was fazed for a second before asking.

“What makes you think I look... odd?”

“Your skin is pale and your toes are avoiding the blanket and are now gnarled up, are you sure you don’t want some tea?” My baffled eyes were what bathed in the gaze of my mother.

“Yes, I would like some tea.” She then got up and left to dismantle the pantry for the tea tin. Then you strolled leisurely and amply sat on the other side of the couch. You fixed your eyes on the plush, velvet curtains but glanced back at me.

“Cloudberry Tea?” You say. Of course my sister who’s isolated away from us for what seemed like a millennia still remembers my favourite tea.

“My favourite.” I stop to look at you, you still have one shoal dimple and another one but it’s caving into your right cheek. Your temples are stark with only a few chalky strands surviving, just barely. I notice your silhouette is slimmer, your skeleton figure is more prominent, it’s gruelling to look at.

“How have you been doing these years?” I’m engrossed to find out how you prevail the agony of being dispersed from your family.

“It’s... lonesome but inhabitable. The room may be taciturn but I never seem to notice. The room may be dark like the night but there’s always a star to comfort me. You don’t need anything, all the greed for things there is taken and replaced by love and safety.” You say this while smiling but you’re clenching your throat. Your eyes are oceans of compassion but it’s ringed with prostate bags. You’re saying this in front of my face, right now, in front of my face but you seem so distant.

The flames spat out ashen pieces of wood onto the hearth. I fed so much wood to the fire and all in return were gags of crumbs. The fire chorused chanties and frolicked around just like flowers.

Mother comes in with a tray. A teacup embroidered with roses is brimmed with vermilion and amber. Wisps abandon the cup and soon it'll turn acrid and bitter... like you. The fire will too, the flames will wear out and the heart will halt so suddenly that you can feel how arctic the remains are. I inhaled the tendrils that smelt wild berries, plucked from Norway. They were sweet looking, suited for my sweet tooth but bitter on the inside... like you.

When I look back... you're gone. Just like that time I reached the hospital and you were gone, just like that. Before we could say goodbye and eat your favourite meal together. But you're still here, you've made a mark for the family tree just like a dab of ink drizzled on white parchment.

After taking a sip of the tea, my eyelids started to withdraw, I pulled up the silk blanket and listened to the hisses and crackles of the fire. Beyond the wood of the cabin was the lapis lazuli with winking stars, you were right about something, there would always be a star.

Note:

This is a great scene, Elvial. I liked that you were very precise in using descriptive language in describing this moment. I also commend that you did well in establishing a sad atmosphere, and painting the setting very clear to my mind. Furthermore, there are no errors in this paper. So good work!

Mark: 50/50