A Solemn Requiem for Nathaniel Bradbury

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The young girl sat alone in the dark room of the abandoned house. Windows allowed a cool breeze to pass through their broken shards still clinging to a lost purpose. The deep red curtains fluttered against what little pieces of the window still remained as the wind passed through. The girl took no notice of the drop in temperature. She sat cross-legged on the bare wooden floor staring downward, focusing intently on her small hands.

"Darby, you have been a very dear friend," she whispered, "but this betrayal is the last straw."

"Darling, I have done you no treason. I remain faithful still."

"You are lying, Darby Rosengard. I detest liars! You know this," she spat.

"Darling, I have done you no treason. I remain faithful still."

"You, Mr. Rosengard are a despicable cad. You have told that woman the same sweet words that you promised were dedicated to me alone. What kind of man do you consider yourself?"

"Darling, I have done you no treason. I remain faithful still."

The young girl began playing with the hem of her light-yellow dress. She raised her hands, releasing the once brightly-colored fabric. Her hands glistened red. "You disgraceful excuse of a man. You have forced me to act in an unwomanly manner against you. That woman you loved has ruined everything we worked for."

"Darling, I have done you no treason. I remain faithful still."

"No!" she screamed, "You lie like the devil himself!"

"Darling, I have done you no treason. I remain faithful still."

"Do not tempt me, Mr. Rosengard, you cad!"

"Darling,..."
The little girl curled up on the bare wooden floor, whimpering. She rocked back and forth, sustaining a quiet, pitiful whine. The red from her dress soaked through and stained the polished wood as she rolled in each direction. Tears fell from her eyes, causing them to sting and turn to match her hands in color.

"Mr. Rosengard, look what you have done to me! To this family!

No answer.

"You miserable excuse for human life! Answer me!"

No answer.

"You have been a plague upon my existence, lately, Mr. Rosengard. You continue to try my patience. Did you once ever think of anyone other than yourself? Your daughter, perhaps?" she cried, almost bellowing.

No answer.

"Get your lazy ass off of the floor and stop bleeding on my carpet!"

Silence. Utter silence.

The little girl’s eyes widened, tears still draining her energy. She stared at the nothingness on the wooden wall across from her, silently lamenting. “Oh God!” she said. “Oh God, what have I done? Mommy?”

"Tabitha, darling, go to your room."

A pause. “Mommy, what happened to Daddy?”

"Tabitha, your room!"

The little girl shrieked while feverishly rocking in the fetal position on the floor. She stopped after a few minutes, suddenly sitting up as if she’d been pulled up straight by an invisible, unknown force. She’d stopped crying and was once again staring at the floor, then intently at her hands still stained red.

"Nathaniel Bradbury," she said, “won’t you grace me with your presence this fine morning?"

No answer.

"Is this a gift for me?" the little girl asked, closing her hands into fists, clutching at nothing but air.

No answer.

"Why thank you, Nathaniel. I shall put in a good word for you with my family."

“I picked them just for you. To show my faithfulness.”