

Old Friend

William Albrecht (2007)

Mother had left the music on again to help her sleep. The pale little girl inhabiting the room with the music pulled down the covers on her bed and shrugged off her slippers. Happily humming to herself in verse with the nursery rhyme, she climbed up on to the bed and got comfortable underneath the heavy layers of warm blankets.

She lay with her thin little arms resting on the outside of her sheets on top of her stomach, one hand clasping the other. Noticing a stark chill to her exposed skin, the girl glanced up at the high set window on the wall above her to find that it had been left open. The beautiful silky shades flapped gracefully with the wind as it passed through them. They looked like some wonderful white dress and the little girl dreamed of wearing it some day. Although the sight was pretty, she knew she would never be able to get to sleep with the cold air from outside entering the room. She would wait for mother to come by to turn off the lights and ask her to reach up and shut the window for her. Being only a child, the little girl was too small to reach it.

After not too long, mother entered her room from the hallway carrying something in one hand. She did not stop at the light switch but continued to travel to the side of the bed. She knelt down to reach eye level with her daughter and hid her hand behind her back. "Guess who this is!" she said. The little girl didn't know who it was, so mother took her hand out from hiding and presented what she was holding. When the little girl recognized what it was, she giggled in glee, and mother smiled.

"Simon! You're all clean again!" She practically jumped away from her bed to get to the doll. Clinging on to it, she settled back in to her covers and gave him a great big hug. "I gave him a special hand washing so that he wouldn't get hurt in the washing machine." "Thank you mom," replied the little girl almost casually, already engrossed. Simon was a rag doll with long noodly arms and legs, and an elongated body. Vertically cutting through the white cloth of his torso were uneven black stitches and on his head were a couple of black buttons sewn in for eyes. The little girl thought they looked really funny because they were different sizes. Smiling down at her best friend and humming again, she felt a motherly kiss on her forehead and soon after that, the lights were off and the door closed.

Cuddling Simon close, the little girl quickly drifted to sleep beneath the open window.

Author's Comments

This was done for a writing prompt, where I had to write a piece titled: "Old Friend".

I may continue this as a horror story.

Details

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