

Black and White Woman

William Albrecht

In this black and white city, it seems that the rainy days are those that attract the most pedestrians. Last Monday was the rainiest of the season, and so flocked to the streets a countless horde of businessmen with black umbrellas. Every one of them had a story to tell me. As if I needed to hear them all over again.

Not at all interested in hearing any them, I weaved my way through and between the busy shadows that hurried down the sidewalk. I realized, with mild annoyance, that they were all going in the wrong direction, pushing me back from where I wanted to go. The bigger annoyance though, was that I couldn't find the one person who I wanted to see.

Moreover, I didn't even know who she was.

Somewhere off in my youth lived an angel of a girl, but that was all I could remember of her, which, of course, was why I wanted to listen to her story in particular. I needed to find out who she was.

Memory lane was just up ahead.

After enduring the uphill battle against the mundane chatter of those that I knew too much or too little to care about, I finally glimpsed her, and I recognized her at once. She stood there with her black suit and purse, and her black hat, which covered her hair.

Everything about her seemed to have a dark quality to it, yet she stood out from the others in the crowd as a shining beacon, fashionably still. She looked past me in to the distance, before quickly turning away and moving down the lane to her left.

I followed her, and as I moved down the lane, my surroundings seemed to fade into obscurity. If it was still raining, I could not tell. I followed her for a long time...

I can't remember what happened after that, or of just how long I followed that girl of my dreams.

I'd rather not remember.

In this black and white city, it seems that the clear and sunny days are those that attract the most pedestrians. I walked down the road that I knew so well, and exchanged hellos and smiles with all of the passing strangers. A couple lingered long enough for me to get a good listen at their story, and at those, I smiled in remembrance. I made my leisurely way past a dark alleyway, and I almost paused to look at the homeless girl sitting in the dank.

It is impossible to forget, but it is possible to move on, and so I keep walking away from my memories, and in to the world of color.

Author's Comments

A random short piece that I did for my creative writing class at school. It was done in half an hour, on the morning of the day that it was due.

Uploaded to qualitynomad.deviantart.com on Feb 20, 2007