

Merlyne E. Desire
17 September 2018
Composition
Penny Kittle

It was a mid October morning in my small, quiet town of Yorksfield. My alarm blasted through my dreams waking me up aggressively. All I want to do is to go back to sleep right away, but I start to feel the coldness in the air and realize my window is wide open.

As I go to shut my window, I freeze and catch a glimpse of the beautiful fall day. The crisp brown leaves on the ground crunch as people walk through them. The leaves that remain on the trees range from a bright orange, to a sunlight yellow. The cool wind brushes past my face and gives me goosebumps.

In this moment of tranquility I think about Yorksfield. The most peaceful town anyone could ever live in. The friendliest of faces with the warmest of welcomes - the Yorksfield community is a magnificent host to guests who visit. This is a town where everybody knows everybody and where news travels fast. But regardless, no one judges you. No one's perfect, and no one pretends to be. We are the realest, kindest town anyone could ever step in.

In the middle of my thoughts on Yorksfield I hear the beeping of a truck reversing. I look down and see a moving truck backing into the driveway across the street. Someone's moving into Ms. Roberts old condominium. Unfortunately, she passed away about a year ago, and this loss has put a slight damper on the community. But, having a new person fill in the gap of an empty will help us all continue on. While I continue looking, I see a female about my age walking inside her new home with a box half opened. She looks like she's moving everything in all by herself. So I decide to get dressed and help her out.

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As I walk out my condo and walk across the street, I look down at my plate of fresh chocolate chip cookies I decided to greet my new neighbor with. I hope she appreciates the gesture. When I enter the driveway and walk past the truck I see her digging deep through her items searching for which box to carry next.

“Hey, I’m Lana,” I started. She doesn’t seem to hear me. Or she doesn’t really seem to care about my presence. Either way, I continue.

“I’m your neighbor from the condo across the street and -”

I stop.

She turned around and looked me dead in the eyes. Her eyes are a blunt green. They seem so mysterious and secretive. Yet attractive. Her dark brunette hair and olive colored skin adds to the silent mystery that is her existence. She is exactly my height and she is just staring at me. Waiting for me to continue. But, because of her undeniable beauty, I can’t.

“And?” she says aggressively. I’m taken back at the hostility in her voice. I barely know her and she barely knows me. She’s new here, and I greet her with patience and kindness, while she greets me with quickness and anger. Something I’m not use to.

“And... I just wanted to say hi and I brought you fresh baked cookies,” I say with a hesitant smile.

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“I see that,” she says and goes back to searching through the truck. I almost wanted to say *okay, well fuck you too, bitch* and turn around with my cookies. But I decided one last time to be nice.

“Did you want help moving in?” I ask. She stops and stares at me once again. This time I feel like I got through to her in a way that made her hesitate and think carefully about her answer. It almost seemed like she was examining me as well. But then, something inside of her pulled her back. She wanted my help. Not in the way I thought.

But instead ends up saying, “No thanks, I don’t need your help,” and she picks up a box and walks inside her condo. I’m pissed because I’ve never encountered someone so rude. I leave the plate of cookies in the back of the truck and I’m on my way back to my home. How can someone so attractive be *so* rude? All I wanted to do was welcome her to Yorksfield, help out, and show her how nice the people of Yorksfield can be. I’ve never met someone so guarded. As I reach my door I realized I didn’t even get her name. It’s fine, I don’t even want to know her name.

The whole day passes and it’s now night time. As I prepare for bed I hear a knock at the door. *Who the hell is awake at the time??* I head down the stairs and open the door. There stood the new girl across the street with tear filled eyes. She ran past me inside my house without my permission.

“I need your help,” she sobbed.

“With what? Are you okay,” I asked.

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“You’re the only one I can trust,” she looked right into my eyes as she said this. Exactly as she did before she pulled herself away from my offer to help her earlier.

“Okay, start from the beginning,” I said. I decided to give her another chance to redeem herself. After she tells me what is making her distraught, I would come to find out that giving her another chance would be the smartest decision I will ever have made.