

Whispers

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[One Shot] Shh. . .

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Whispers

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Summary: Shh. . .

OoOoO

Shh. . . he's coming.

Are the all too familiar sounds that I hear throughout my home.

Hurry Haley, put them away, I hear your father.

Are the sounds of my wife as she whispers to our daughter.

Why can't we tell him, mom?

I hear our son ask her.

He's not ready, Jake. And frankly, neither am I.

What is this they are hiding from me? What is it that I don't know? I think I came close to knowing once.

Honey?

My wife called to me one night in our bed.

Yes?

I responded, but there was a moment before she spoke again.

There's something you should know.

She began.

Something I should have told you when we first got married.

What is it?

I asked her as she turned around to look at me.

It- it's about the children.

Her voice was shaking heavily, along with her body. Instinctively, I put my arm around her and drew her closer. She then wrapped herself around me tightly as she shook her head back and front against my neck.

Please. Please don't leave me.

She spoke through falling tears.

Leave you? Why would I leave you?

I asked, growing nervous.

I'm afraid you won't understand what they are. . . what I am.

I pulled away slightly and looked upon her sadden face.

You're my wife.

I told her simply.

And they are my children. Is that or is that not true?

She nodded her head to indicated that it was.

Then no matter what it is, I swear, I'll do my best to understand. I won't leave you, I'd never leave you.

Her face lightens up at me words, but I can still see the doubt behind her brown eyes. Yet, it seemed as if she had concluded to tell me anyway, but before she was able to say another word, our bedroom door came charging open.

Mommy, mommy!

Came the crys of our youngest child.

What is it, Haley?

My wife asked her as she sat up.

Did you have a bad dream?

I suggested with a smile and she shook her head no.

No? Then is it the ugly old bogeyman under your bed or in your closet?

She shook her head as she spoke

Oh no, the bogeyman doesn't scare me, he's actually kind of--

Haley!

My wife snapped at her and then rose out of bed to put on her housecoat.

Shh. . . now come on.

She took our daughter's hand.

I'll take you back to your room and you can tell me what it is.

I looked at my wife and my daughter's retreating forms as they passed through the night down the hall. A few minutes later, my wife returned and climbed back into bed.

Goodnight.

Is all she says.

Wait a second.

I sit up to look at her fully.

You were going to tell me something. What was it?

Oh, it was nothing.

Honey--

Please.

She cut me off.

It was nothing important. So just go back to sleep.

I looked at her strangely for a moment, but then just nodded my head. And as I laid back down and tried to go back to sleep, I couldn't help but wonder, once again, what is this they are hiding from me? What is it that I am not being told?

OoOoO

There are secrets in my house, secrets I may never know.

There is a thick wall between me and the rest of my family that grows with every hour.

It is not made of wood or brick or anything else tangible in this world, for it is made with the one thing I can not penetrate, it is made with the one thing I can not cross and can not break.

It is made of years and years of the loneliest sound that will forever break my heart. It is the word I despise, loathe, and hate right now to the very core of my existence. And all it is, is one word, one little word, the word of concealed truths, for there or no lies, just omissions.

Ha! There I go again. Trying to make up an excuse for their actions. Trying to make it all right when it's not.

Aren't we family? There aren't suppose to be secrets, lies, or omissions of any kind.

But I can't help but feel I will forever be left, stumbling in the dark, with outstretched hands grasping at the one thing I will never be able to hold, as I am led by the single sound of. . .

Shh. . .

But it's okay. It's has to be. For sanity's sake, just let it be okay.

The End