

Modernist Short Story

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Just a story I had to write for english.

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English 11 Honors

My sister stands with her hand resting uneasily on the doorknob. Late afternoon wind whistles around the house, and birds sing merrily. I had told her to wait there for me because I had an important picture to give her before she left.

Serena sits on the edge of my bed and pats the space next to her.

Noah, can I tell you something? she asks me.

I sit next to her, the bed creaking as I do.

Yes.

Ok. But you have to promise me you re not going to tell anything to Mom and Dad, Serena says.

I promise! We shake our pinkies.

I think I m going to run away.

Why would you want to do that? I ask.

I just do. Besides, it s none of your business, Serena says. Her eyes are glued to the window, and she watches raindrops trickle down the glass. The cool gray sky behind her face makes her a paragon of beauty.

Serena, are you really gonna leave?

She gives me a look like she can t believe what I m asking her. Why do you think I m standing at the door, Noah?

I look down at my feet. I m wearing Halloween socks, but it s April. I don t know.

You know I can t stay here any more&I have to& Serena s eyes roll as she pauses. That s a common occurrence now. You wouldn t understand.

Shifting her backpack higher on her shoulder, Serena starts to open the front door.

Don t you want to play with me? She screams happily, skipping out the door into cool fall air. The neighbor boy, Ryan hears her and runs to our front yard. His black hair is too long and hangs in his eyes, but I can see him smiling.

Ryan! Where s your skateboard? I ask him. He and I usually ride together.

My dad&he ran over it, Ryan says. He s out of breath.

Serena looks at Ryan and frowns. Do you think I m pretty, Ryan?

Like a movie star, he says.

Serena sighs. I know it.

I close the door and it makes a light sound. By crossing my arms, I try to make myself look more imposing. I don t think you should go.

I m ashamed of the quiver I can hear in my voice.

Well, I don t care what you think! Why is she mad at me? Doesn t she know I m worried? You re just a stupid little boy anyways!

What s that supposed to mean? I scream back. I m just as smart as you are!

Now I ve infuriated Serena. What?! You are not! I m supposed to be famous! I was made for things more important than any of you people!

I think about my sister in five years. I think about her new life. She won t be happy. She won t be a movie star.

Her life will not have everything or maybe even anything of what she believes it will now. In my gloomy reverie, she is a lonely, beautiful woman in a city I don't know the name of. The broken streetlights will brightly sparkle on the sidewalk outside my sister's window, where she sits and wonders what never stopped her from leaving.

I mean, look at you now! screams Serena even louder. You're not even listening to me! I've got no idea what's kept me at home this long.

Please, Serena&

She shoves me by the shoulder and I stumble backward.

I love you&

She shoves me again. Shut up.

Again, she opens the door, and I quickly shut it.

Just wait a minute, I say to Serena. I had something to give to you&I just have to remember what it is&

Well, if you can't even remember what it is, it must not be that important, she snaps. Besides, I need to leave before Mom gets back home.

No, you don't. You don't have to leave at all. I try to smile at her.

Stop being an idiot.

I'm not! I pick up the spoon I dropped and toss it into the sink.

If you weren't an idiot, that spoon wouldn't have been on the floor, barks Serena.

Please, will you two stop fighting, Mom calls out with exasperation. Her tired eyes look at the mess we've made in the kitchen. I've had enough of it for today.

Don't worry. You won't have to deal with it much longer, whispers Serena under her breath. Only I hear her.

Reaching her ear by going on my tip-toes, I whisper, She's going to find out.

Oh yeah? And how is that? Serena responds very loudly. Light from the window shines on her face, making her cheeks glow and her eyes sparkle.

I'm going to tell her.

Well, I don't really care if you do anymore, Serena says as she moves towards the door once again.

Soon enough I'll be gone, and you'll have no idea where I am or where I'm going. There'll be nothing you can do.

I can see now that she really is not listening to me. To elongate the time I have for her to acquiesce, I yank the bag in her hand away from her.

Let's see you run away without this! I yell nastily.

Noah!

I run up the stairs, heart pounding in my ears, and hide in my room.

I'm certain she'll never be able to find me in here. Not underneath this desk, backed into the corner.

Even though Serena says she's the best at hide-and-seek, I know she's not. I am.

Noah, I hear Serena say tauntingly. I know where you are. This is too easy.

Squeezing myself completely into the corner of my desk, I hold my breath. She never finds me when I hold my breath.

Serena enters my room without a sound. She looks in my closet. She peeks under my bed. She lifts up the small blue trash can, but I don't know why. I couldn't fit behind it.

As she walks toward my hiding place, she says, I know where you are!

My foot is suddenly grabbed and I'm being pulled from my hide-out. You make it so easy when your feet stick out.

Angrily she tries to wrestle her bag from me. Let go, you butthead!

No!

Let go! With this, Serena yanks the bag from my hands and stomps back down the stairs. Hurriedly I run after her.

Serena!

I m leaving! I m not going to let you waste any more of my time!

I run down to the front door just in time to see her walking quickly from our front lawn. I decide I m too tired to run after her. I hope Dad and I will drive after her later anyways.

Sis! Serena! Come back! Desperately I say, I know you re not really leaving!

But I know she is. And as I see the speck of her in the distance vanish, I realize I never gave her my picture.