

# Give it a title and i give you a cookie

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*ok heres the run down : lit story, based on lots of stories, had to do for school, plz comment, give title ^^*

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**Chapter 1 - Give me a title!**

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## 1 - Give me a title!

The eyes are a window to the soul. Willy Fourcorners told me that. Cannon Morrow also told me that only papists believed those sinful lies. It s hard to decide who I should believe but I think I m going to back Willy up in this fight. I just wish he was here right now to back me up in my fight. I m sitting at my desk at the moment looking at some lovely bills who want to steal all my money. Evil little creatures. You can t burn them or destroy them or they just send in reinforcements. They never stop coming until they have your money. Best to just give in and surrender to their demands but I do like to hold it out sometimes and see if I can win. So far no luck with that choice. If that doesn t work I tend do ignore them, choosing to find something else to occupy my thoughts. That is what I m trying desperately to do now. Nothing is catching my eye though until I look down and see my shoe. Black with creamy coloured specks. Interesting. I remember the day those creamy specks found their way onto my formerly clean black shoes. Remembering that day, I remembered her smile, but mostly I remember her eyes. Eyes that showed only parts of the soul, where the shutters that had been hiding it were starting to acquire holes. Yes victory! Something else to do rather than obey the demands of my bills. I m winning this fight for the moment but anyway&.

Let me draw you a map.

A new arrival in town. Nobody came out to greet her. She walked down the main road, quiet and alone. There was nobody outside, everyone remained indoors that day as the sun scorched the town. People snuck quick peeks at her as she passed by. Finding nothing of interest they returned to their fans and more interesting entertainment. I however had just found mine. I watched her walk through the empty street, dust biting her heels. I think I was waiting for the tumbleweed to blow by. From my view at the hotel I could see she was slightly young, maybe late twenties, early thirties. There was no real beauty about her. Very plain. Green eyes, dark brown windswept hair that fell wildly down her back. She appeared to be full of life yet somehow she also looked bare.

She setup shop down the road, just on the edge of town. Fruit and flowers were her game. Like her, the flowers were plain, no real beauties in the lot, nothing too colourful. Then there was her fruit. Apples, bananas, oranges, pineapples if you could think of a fruit, I swear she sold it. Most of the fruit was local or bought from farms further up the way. Her pineapples came from Mr. Pasmore. Do you remember him? Of course you do. Georgy and Tom would roll into town; pineapples piled high on the Ute. But wait I m getting too far ahead of myself. Let s go back a few sketches.

The shack she claimed was&pleasant in kind enough words. Rotted walls. No garden. Half a ceiling. Yup this was definitely a place of beauty. Nonetheless she came into town and bought what she needed and began work on repairs. Folks from town passed by casually, as if they went that way all the time. Curiosity definitely gets the better of people. Nobody offered to help. She never asked. Three days passed before I worked up the nerve to go down and offer what assistance I could. When I offered I

waited for the usual, Oh really that's not necessary, I'm quite fine. Instead I got a smile and a nod. I stood for a moment trying to work out that smile. It made her look faintly pretty and her face seemed to come to life. Except her eyes. They remained empty. Void of happiness, but full of what? It looked familiar but I couldn't identify the feeling I was searching for. We worked in silence. I decided I would paint. It was easy enough and my leg didn't have to do anything that might embarrass me. Except stand of course. She hammered nails into the walls trying to put them back together. I tried to remain quiet. I honestly did. Unfortunately the part of me that was a people freak wouldn't let my curiosity remain silent.

So where do you come from? I asked casually, the rusted brush on its way to the bucket of paint. Again, that smile. She pointed south. So do you like it here so far? Any reason why you chose to come here? Yet again, that smile. This time though she paused mid smile and I thought I saw uncertainty in those blank eyes. Seeing any such emotion in her eyes other than the usual emptiness caused me also to pause, my brush now topped with paint, halfway to the wall, the creamy substance dripping onto my shoes.

Her hands burst into a flurry of movements. Up. Down. Right. Left. I could see her watching me. Watching my reaction. She stopped when she saw my confusion. Again, that smile. She walked into the shack and bought out a piece of paper and pencil. She wrote, I'm sorry. I thought you might know sign language. I was trying to say that I came here for the warmer climate. I read it slowly as my sun dried brain tried to catch up with what it had already comprehended. Paint still dripped onto my shoes. So you can't talk? You have no voice? She nodded and quickly scribbled, I lost it a long time ago.

I sometimes wonder how I find these kinds of people. The ones with all the troubles that is. Somehow I know someone who knows someone else's story that I draw to add to my collection. Soon I will be able to open a shop full of maps. Oh please if you look just down there you might find some interesting ones about racism or down the back there are some very nice collections of religion. My problem is that I need these maps. Without them I'm just a lonely middle aged man with punctured shiny bubbles.

The rest of the day passed with no more surprises. The clouds began to form. Rain would soon be on its way. Hopefully, before we were fried. By lunchtime it was too hot to do anything outside so we sat down with pen and paper and she told me her story. As said before she came from down south. She was a city girl. She worked in a hospital as a nurse. She had never had friends. She wrote, I have always been alone. My parents died young when I was only a child. I don't mind being alone though, I prefer it that way. Sitting in my room that night watching the old box I pondered on our little conversation if you could call it that. I could finally distinguish that certain emotion that was in her eyes. The one I couldn't find. Loneliness. Blank, immeasurable forlornness. She had said she preferred it that way. Her eyes however drew another map. The same, but with different characters.

Slowly her shop became acknowledged and I began to spend more time visiting her and helping her with her customers. I would've stayed at the hotel but it was too predictable. Too similar to every other day of life around here. I would sit and chat idly, talking about the weather or telling her a little about my own life. To fill in time I would draw maps for her. I told her about Willy Fourcorners and his misfortune with the lovely, conservative Clarice. I also told her about my encounter with Mr. Pasmore. I felt that it was my obligation to tell her about this eccentric individual. After all she was getting Pineapples from him.

Every so often she would write something down to make a comment or ask a question about a story. Not once did she speak. I don't know why I expected her to talk. It was a gut feeling I had that perhaps she could. Sometimes I say it's a leg feeling. The leg never lies. For most of my questions all I ever got was her smile. It was like a constant. I would talk and she would smile. There were times I just wanted to shout in frustration, Say something! Please! Anything but that smile!

One thing I did learn from about her from sitting in silence was her love of children. Something of a rarity in these parts. The only children you saw were the glass blowers little rats. They would run past her shop full of laughter and innocence. There were times when I wondered if there wasn't anything that they were full of... It was during these times though that I saw some form of life in her eyes. She would smile her smile and give them free fruit or flowers which, I noted with annoyance reserved only for their kind, the hippies took full advantage of. But the miracle of seeing life in her eyes! They would fill with warmth, yearning and a hint of unmistakable grief. The perfect ingredients for a life of loneliness. Everyone has experienced these emotions. I myself have on a number of occasions. Warmth, in drawing a new map, yearning for my old leg and grief when I saw my taxes were due. Experiencing these kinds of emotions at different periods is alright I suppose. It meant that the batch of loneliness you were cooking wouldn't work. Her batch though was cooked to perfection. Loneliness at its best. But she said she preferred it that way. I'd prefer it to be undercooked.

One night the rain finally came. A release from the sun's torment on our small community. Shower upon shower it washed away the hot weather. The wind blew hard against the window shutters as it helped the rain clean everything away. The storm had been brewing for days and now that it had finally burst out and relented, the sky looked calm and peaceful. Ready for another day.

That afternoon I walked down the road to the fruit shop. Mud squelched under my shoes. Branches and leaves showered the road. The town looked wild. The shop came into view and it didn't look too healthy. Fruit was scattered everywhere. Flower petals decorated the ground in dull morbid colours. The shack looked similar to how it was when she first arrived. One wall was only hanging by a couple of nails. Tables where fruit had once been were blown over and papers with her parts of our conversations were thrown around everywhere. In middle of this disarray she sat quietly on the ground holding a pineapple. Her clothes were muddy and wet. She looked like she hadn't slept; her hair was pulled back untidily, bits of hair falling out everywhere. I noted how she was holding the pineapple. Almost like holding a baby. She looked up as I approached. Her eyes were full of pain and grief. Complete loneliness. I picked up a piece of paper. Are you okay? No smile. Nothing but what her eyes were trying to hide.

I had a child once, she said. Her voice sounded rusty, not used to being used for so long. I almost fell over from the shock. Her voice was beautiful. Take away the rustiness and it was amazing. I couldn't believe that for so long she had hidden her most lovely feature. I waited in small hope, praying she would say something else, anything else. To my pleasure and slight pain, she did say something. She drew me her true map. The map her eyes had been so desperately trying to hide, but failing.

She had been a rebellious youth. Ignoring her foster parent s wishes and doing as she pleased thinking she would be alright. Then she met him. She called him First Love. She didn t remember his name, said it didn t matter. Her foster parents weren t accepting of her new found love which made her like him more. First Time. She thought they would be together forever. Then she felt the first signs. Morning sickness, aversion to smells. She told him the news; I could imagine the joy in her eyes. He ran away, moving back inland where his folks were. First heartbreak. After seven and a half months of pain and desolation, she came. First child. She was tiny, easily fitting into the doctors hands. Velma, a loving memory, held onto her mother s finger for an eternity. Then, First death. Everyone she loved had left her. Left her in her pain, her loneliness. Unable to cope with her grief she ceased talking. The one joy she had given birth to had been silenced and she with her.

I sat down and did the only thing I could think of. I held her hand. Not much of a sympathetic gesture but I think she got the drift. She began to cry silently, tears rolled down her face as she sobbed into my shoulder. Love. What a dangerous game. One of the reasons I rarely played. With my little handicap I knew I didn t stand a chance against the competition. I looked down and saw her eyes. No emptiness this time. Just pain, grief, loneliness and maybe a small amount of relief?

I looked down at the piece of the paper I was holding. Seven simple words were written there: I lost it a long time ago.



## **Statement of Intention**

