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Creative Writing
2-3 page scene, Revision

It was about half past nine in the morning, a Thursday in July. A particularly bright day too – the sun had showered down on Kurt a few hours earlier, rudely awakening him.

He was now sitting in the kitchen of his aunt and uncle’s ranch-style house in a small town just outside of Edmonton, Alberta. He had his eyes out the window. A patch of clouds began covering up the sun’s rays, one by one. He watched intently. Soon the beams were hidden entirely.

Kurt had a lot going through his mind. *I’m glad that sun is gone* was one of his thoughts. *What am I doing here?* was another. He started slouching in his chair, next to the old wooden table.

He clutched the cup of orange juice his Aunt Lola had poured him and took a hearty sip. He was not thirsty; it was something to do. The liquid nearly came back out of him when he tasted the strong presence of pulp, a taste he despised.

He immediately looked up at Aunt Lola, who was hard at work at the stove, preparing pancakes and Canadian bacon. He wanted to voice his displeasure with the drink, but he couldn’t find himself to do it.

It was only his third day there. One thing was for certain: his Aunt Lola and Uncle Willy were so gracious to have taken him in. He desperately needed to get out of Vancouver, away from his parents.

They had no time for him. His mother, a lawyer, was immersed in her clients; his father, a doctor, was carried away with his patients. And when either of them would say “just a second,” a common phrase in the household, it was code for “not now.” Sometimes he wondered why they just couldn’t say that. It’s even a word less.

His house there was mansion-like. Not his home, his *house*. He never called it home, or considered it that. It was more like a glorified dollhouse, something his little cousin would play with, filled with empty rooms, materialistic fluff (all accessories included), and the figurines being tossed around. He was just a figurine.

It was not easy being born into a rich and successful family. They expected so much, yet were terrible in terms of moral or emotional support. The arguments, the stress, the pressure – all of it was no good, not worth a split second of Kurt’s time.

Hence, his runaway plan, his journey via overnight train, across lower Western Canada. He went through the cities, through the rural outskirts, through the tiny villages, and even through areas of nothing at all.

This is *where* he ended up. Uncle Willy and Aunt Lola knew that of course. They just didn't know *why* he had come. They had no idea.

They weren't the type that needed details though. They were the kind willing to lend a helping hand to a relative, or close friend, no matter what the scenario. It was a perfect situation for Kurt, an ideal get away. Maybe it was *too* easy.

"Kurty, would you like three pancakes or four?" asked Aunt Lola.

"Um, doesn't matter," Kurt said in response, somewhat startled by the question. "Whatever is easiest."

"Four then," Aunt Lola said.

She always aimed to please. She liked to cook too: preparing food, serving it, and doing so always with a smile, followed with an inquiry for feedback of course. In fact, she used to be a waitress, at least that's what Kurt's mother had told him. She had been a waitress for twenty-something years. *Come to think, they're sisters?* Hard to believe. Aunt Lola, an able hostess, was almost a polar opposite of Kurt's mother.

Kurt felt a sudden surge of guilt throughout his body. He was being deceitful, hiding the true meaning behind his stay. It was dangerously unethical. It's one thing to fool a fool, but to pull the chain of his lovely aunt, who had been nothing but the best to him, as long as he could remember – it was downright wrong, and he knew it.

How would he tell her?

"Aunt Lola," he began, cringing his fingers together under the table. "There's something...uh, there's something I need to tell you."

It was hard for him to speak, and after finally getting that out, he realized in his aunt's dazed eyes that she had not even heard him.

"There's something I need to tell you," he said again, this time louder, and a little faster, but nowhere near confident.

"What's that, Kurty? Would you prefer three cakes?" she asked him.

A typical response, true to her nature: always thinking of others before herself.

“No, no,” he said. “But thanks. Actually...actually, it has nothing to do with breakfast.”

It seemed that Aunt Lola had caught on – that she realized this was something big, something serious. She took to her seat, folded her hands, and gave Kurt her attention.

“I’m all ears,” she said.

Kurt shivered at the words, as they traveled up and down his spine. She was “all ears.” Every part of her being was now focused on him and him alone.

This was his chance, but this was also a lot to take in. Suddenly, the setting had become so formal, too. It was no longer breakfast with his Aunt Lola. It was a showdown between who he wanted to be and who he was. A defining moment in where his life would take him next.

Would he finally stop running away from his problems, and tell Aunt Lola that’s the real reason he was there – a runaway attempt from home? Or would he cloud up the situation even further?

In the midst of thought, something else bothered him. She was almost a stranger in a way. Yes, his mother’s sister, and a really nice lady, one that could be trusted and relied on, but he hadn’t seen her before this in years.

What to do? What to do? He considered his options, and ultimately resorted to the easy way out.

“Well, actually, it’s not like that,” he said, although unable to make eye contact. “I mean, it’s really not that important. It can wait.”

He had blown it.

Like a turtle, he had quickly buried away his right mind, into that protective shell, free from any sort of harm – *again*.

He watched intently as Aunt Lola took another good look at him. She likely knew better, but she probably didn’t want to pressure the boy who had been, from what she knew, asked by his parents to leave for a week to give them some privacy, something they never got.

“Very well,” she said.

Kurt was surprised he got out of it, but just then he felt worse. He felt more guilty than ever, having passed by the opportunity. Not to mention that in the process, he had lied yet *again* to his aunt. *I’ll tell her tonight*, he told himself, relieving some of the shame.

Just then, Kurt took another glance out the window. It was raining.