

Senior Division Short Fiction
Allison Graves, St. John's
Shallow Water (an excerpt)

Marilyn was staring out the window and thinking about their wedding. Gerald had bought her a corsage like a high school prom and it flew around on her wrist, orange petals flying into the high North East winds as they climbed Signal Hill. Gerald thought it would be romantic to get to the top, but Marilyn said halfway up, "Gerald, I need my puffer."

So there she was, thirty-six and already grey by the ears, sucking on a puffer in her wedding dress from the Avalon Mall Sears. Gerald took a photo of her with a disposable camera that they got developed two Septembers later. Marilyn's hair was all over the place, her veil almost horizontal in the wind. "Well, that's a sight for sore eyes. Did we even make it to the top? I don't remember," Marilyn said when they got the photos back.

"No, we never made it to the top, Marilyn."