

Senior Division, Short Fiction

Ryan Clowe, Torbay

Goodbye, Edna (an excerpt)

Tabby looked visibly distraught. “I’m sorry about—”

“Don’t be. This isn’t about that, it’s about your father. This place is for him and, when it’s my turn—”

“Don’t say that.”

“—and, when it’s my turn to go, I hope this place will be for me, too,” I finished. I knew she was uncomfortable, but it was necessary for her to understand that I wasn’t going to be around forever. It gets easy for them, the children, to think their parents will always be there to comfort them. In reality, the older we get, the more we break. Harold used to say we’re all like a rundown Chevy: we’re born on the lot, crisp, shiny, clean; then we journey through our years, picking up miles and going on adventures; then all the rust that gathers up starts to take its toll and we break down every now and again, begin to fall apart; and then we finally break down for good.