

Writer: Carol Brunk

Date: Sept 6, 2014

Draft

Title: The Meadows Filled-Dandelion Field

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"The meadows filled." "Can I put the sign out for the dandelions that float in, Mom?"

"Huh, that's nice son." She rocked gently as she drifted to the sound of sleep. The markers and card board sat near the garage door. The window light shined upon the Mom as she gently rocked. A slight snore could be heard. He looked again the card board was leaning flat to the ground- wind must have done that.

Shake or no shake he grabbed the door flung it back open and out the door he went. She heard the back door bang. "What did you say son?" a mumble came from the chair.

Twenty feet to the garage drive he walked to stand to look around. The card board was grabbed. He walked to the end of the drive and dropped his load onto the ground. "Kthunk!"

"Ah!" "Ha!" the exhaled arms free. He shook his hands out, wrung his hands together, cracked his knuckles and flexed his hands. Then stretched his body by reaching toward the sky. He did a short jog in place, a couple of jumping jacks, then he exhaled. He looked at the pile he dropped.

The marker squeaked! "Eek!" "Eek!" "Eek!"

"There that'll do!" he said. "Wait." There was a pause of silence upon the wind.

"Squeak!" "Squeak!" "Eek!" "Eek!"

"Pew!" "That smells!" "Wish Mom would get the licorice flavor smelling ones back," "These stink!"

"Squeak!" Squeak!" "Eek!" "Eek!" the marker bounced upon the card board.

Pew, um hungry... candy licorice flavor.. the sweet ones...grandma use to buy.

"Squeak!" "Squeak!" "Eek!" "Eek!"

"BAM!" back door was heard.

"Hey, who's out there?"

Not an answer the stench of something hit the air. "Pew!" "Pew!" "No!" "Wait!" "Mom's coming." "That smells like wait... No...stink stink... its hamburger!" "Why's it always stink at first?" pause "Mom?"

There was no answer, again.

"THUNK!" He grabbed the sign and looked at the marker he dropped. He walked two steps grabbed the hammer and nails. "The marker!" he looked back, "Aw, I don't feel like picking it up." He turned the other way hands filled. Then an incredible, uncomfortable urge... he turned back.. he picked up the marker... gave it a toss...landed on the bench... rolled off... under the car it went. A pause.. a short exasperated breath exhaled. A look upward ...a roll of his eyes.. the look of what... he had his hands filled again...the open door, the look back at the car...*should I shake my head too?*

The nailing of the nails was an easy task, but it was time to put the sign on the make shift cross. He laid the cross on the ground put the sign on top. The hammer came down on the nail...missed putting a small hole in the sign on accident. He looked upward, he looked at the sign, the face scrunched up in frustration. The determination excelled itself with an exasperated exhale. After hitting the nail on the second attempt. No hole that time. The relief...the thank you... directed toward the sky and a smile that calmed himself and pleased the watcher from behind. The hammer raised again another successful transaction the nail went into to secure the sign.

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"Son, what you got there?" was heard from behind sound that boomed through the air. The jolt, the jerk, the stammer came out "What?"

The turn of the head and a smiling of hello that he hoped was there. But... "Hey, mom!" the words trailed softly off. A look at the sky above her head gave her the clue. "What's the sign, son?"

He pushed it behind him and tried to stand and yet grabbed at it at the same time. "Oops!" The sign slide right out from his hands. He gasped and grabbed at it and pulled it to secure it from behind.

"Just wait...no... can you help me, put in the sign?" he asked her. A nod of the head as she grabbed the hammer. She motioned for them both to go forth. They walked. Mom did glance at the sign.

"Where to?" she asked her son.

"The end of the meadow to the road," he said. He grabbed her gently by the hand. They walked the ace and a half towards the dusted gravel road that swung and wrapped by the house. "Backyard's really big this year," he commented to his mother.

"Yep!" "It's really, really big!" her smile directed toward his face then back toward the sky!

"You talking to God, again" she asked.

Then she smiled... glanced again at him then glanced upward. "Nice day," he said. His smile warmed them passing through them both.

"God's funny," he said. "We're about to the road's edge."

"Show me where the sign goes," she asked for his direction.

He let her hand go and ran a few feet off where the road curved. "Right here." "The wind turns right here," he said pointing toward the ground. She smiled, "The road turns as well". "God's everywhere," she commented. She put the board up on the ground. "That'll work!" he said.

She smiled and pounded the sign in the ground. Sign view was directed toward the traffic.

"How's that?" she asked him.

"Good real...good mom!" "Hit the board one more time, Mom! ...so it'll stay."

"Thunk!" The board went down in the ground again.

"Secure!" she commented.

"Should I wink?" he commented.

"Only if you choose too?"

He winked smiled looking at the sky. "God's there, Mom." "Right there," and he pointed upward.

"Yep, he is!"

A car drove by honked, a trail of dust hit both of them and the air tossed it way. Coughing and standing back the car stopped a few feet up and turned around back toward them. Mister parked on the side... the

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door opened he looked up.. "God's there you know," he smiled and winked at the boy and then winked up looking toward the sky.

Walking toward the sign he smiled at the boy. "Ya..coming and get'n ice cream with your mom and me?" "Dust yourselves off and hop in." They coughed a bit looked at the sign from the car window.

"Yep, the fields full son...I agree too." he smiled as he looked in his rearview mirror.

The family pulled away with the sign reading toward the road.

"Dandelions-

Field fully booked.

Reserve for next year see the sky.

God's listening.

He's got more rooms to fill."