

THE PARTING WHOLE

Oryiman Akaayar

Edna he cried

As the driver started the engine

His tiny eyes became red with tears

Edna again he cried

In a tearful tune

The station wagon rolling on down the hills

He appeared sorrowful on the faded rear windscreen

Edna raised her tiny left palm to wave him goodbye

She stood motionless

She broke into a loud cry as the wagon went out of site

Her arms crossed her face

To hide her tears

She takes them off slowly

Her red eye covers showing her wordless pain

All of a sudden she runs into the house



Climbing furiously the stairs

Heading for his room

She met his empty wardrobe

And turned over back

Reality dawns on her she looks over the walls

Reminiscing their games around house

She paused to cry

As she mimicked the chase and the catch

She grinned robbing her palm over the vivid image of him

Hanging framed to the wall

Back on his bed

She picked the shirt he wore before leaving

And held it close to her chest

Trying to feel his presence.

Edna, Mrs Jones called

Stamping the staircase with her heels as she went up to find

She would probably be in his room



She thought

She stepped briskly into the room and closed the door behind her

She went to Edna and pulled her close

Her fingers ran tenderly over her brown colored hair

“I miss him too” said Mrs. Jones trying to start a conversation

Edna pulled out of her arms and looked her in the face

“Is he going to come back” she asked, fretting to her what her mom would say

“Yes he will” Mrs. Jones replied resting her arms on her shoulders

“We can visit sometimes” she added, standing up to leave

Edna brightened up with joy

“We would take some chocolate for”

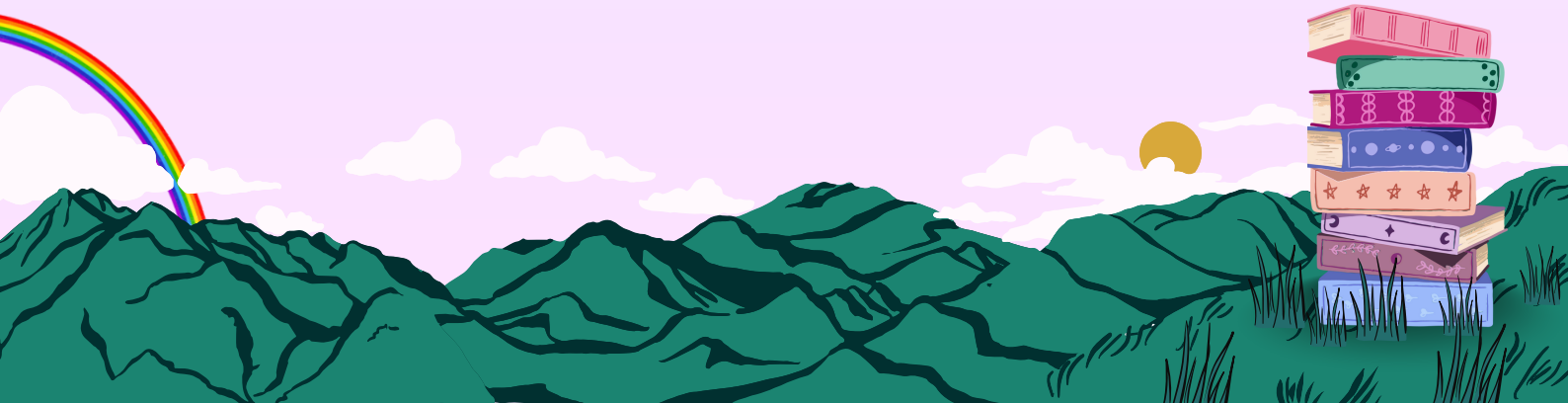
“Of course we can” said Mrs. Jones turning to Edna

She Squated before her trying to communicate with her emotions

Pleading with her heart not break

“You know, I’m thinking. Why don’t you write down a shopping list

Everything you want to get Tim” said Mrs Jones. She roused and stepped out of the room



And held back the door for Edna

She perkily walked out

Mrs Jones locked the room

And signalled her to come along

They went down stairs into the kitchen

Where Ms. Clark was cooking the stew

“Where were at” Mrs Jones asked angrily

Ms. Clark only moved her lips as Mrs. Jones opened the pot to taste the stew

“Don’t ever leave my baby alone. You here” said Mrs. Jones trying not to raise her voice

“Yes Ma” Ms. Clark responded and returned to her dishes.

Mrs Jones held Edna by the hand and both walked out of the kitchen

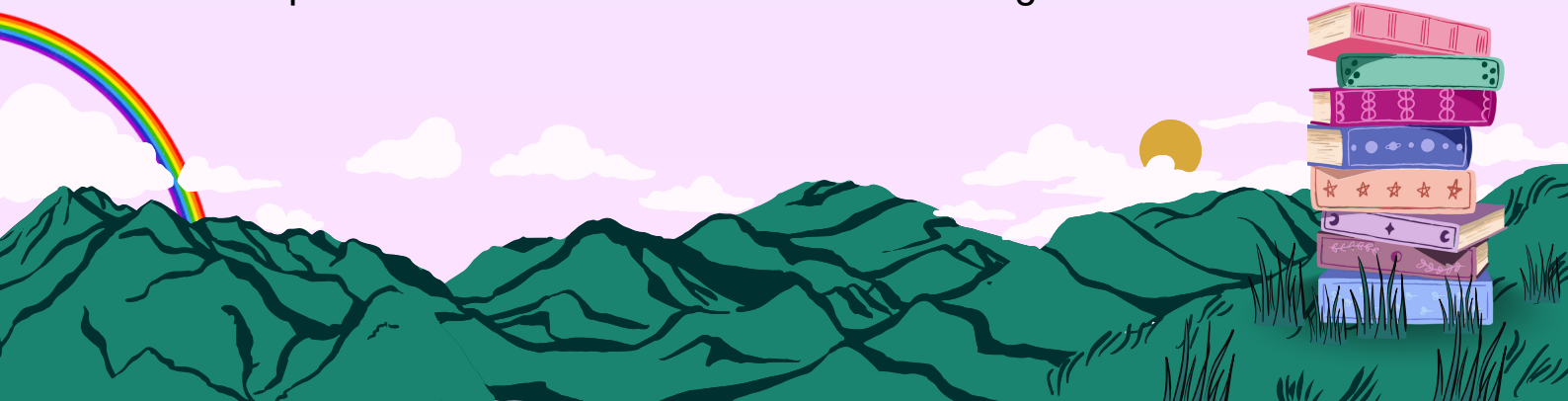
Edna stopped by the large window which would pass for a door, if it was downstairs

She pushed away the long fluffy white curtains to look at the planes.

Mrs. Jones went into her room

She had just come back from work

While she pushed her her back to remove her ear rings



Her face cut pictures of Tim hanging over the wall

“I couldn’t kiss him” before he left

She began to wonder if she was doing it alright

“Mr. Jones won’t be proud” she melted at the thought of her husband

And hoped he would understand

“Tim would forgive her too” She thought rising to undress for dinner.

She worked at First One, a kilometer away from Their home

She worked as Accountant

It was Nine months after Mr. Jones death that she decided to work

She tried to convince herself that Tim would do better at her mothers

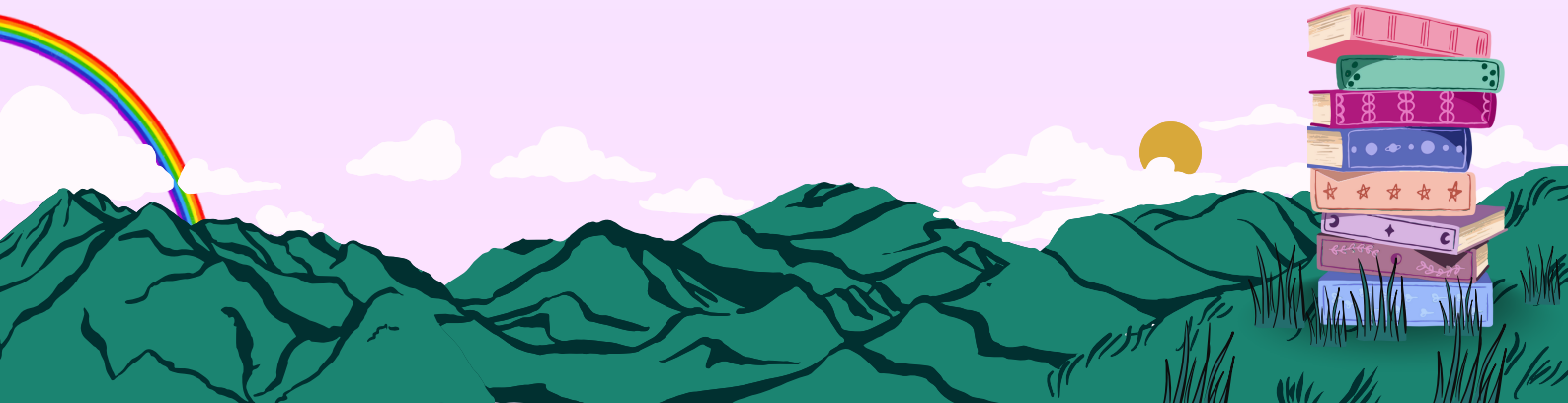
While she waits for Edna to finish basic school before joining Tim at her mothers.

It wasn’t easy for Tim either

He wasn’t just going to miss Edna

He thought of the neighborhood

The school and Ben his friend.



When they arrived Tim wasn't excited to get the car

Madam Charlotte was already waiting by the entrance of house to welcome him

Madam Charlotte had only seen Tim while he was a baby in the cradle

She walked up to the wagon to welcome her grandson

Tim was scared

Shadows were forming in his eyes.

"Bye Tim" said the driver getting into the car to leave

Madam Charlotte handed him some notes and some chocolates

"They're from Edna" she said bending to pick up his bags

His mood changed even though he had not opened it yet.

"It's quite close" he began to imagine

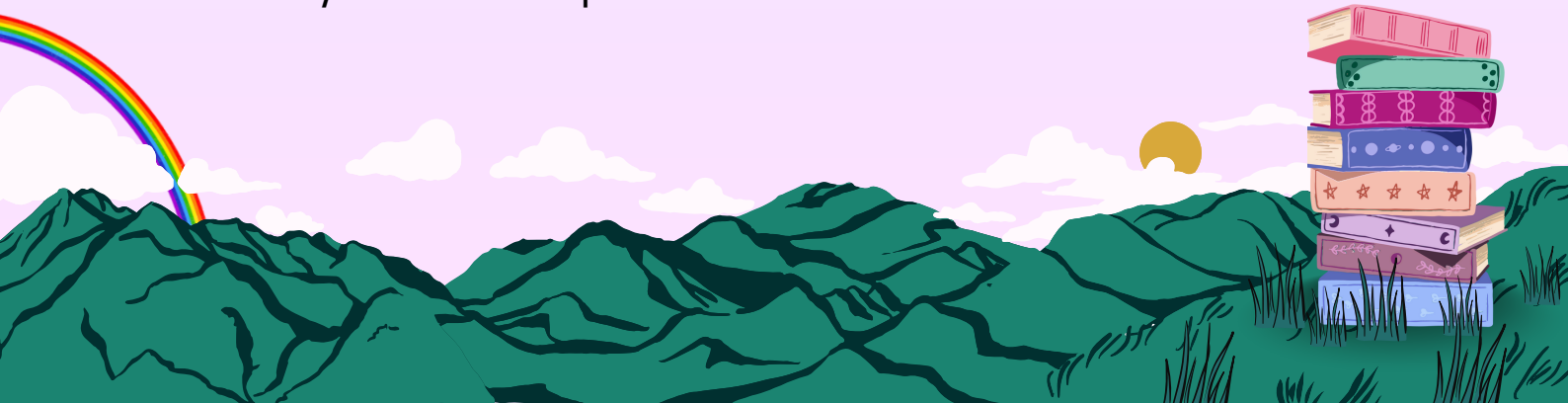
Entering his new home

He was fascinated by the several pictures hanging orderly on the wall close to the door that led to the looby

He saw some of his

Tim began to feel at home.

He ran his eyes around the place



It was an old house, the interiors were painted in yellow

At the living room

Two sofas sat facing each other

A wooden table sat in between them with some flowers on it.

A phone was vibrating on a small table behind the other sofa

“Get the phone Tim, must be your mother” must be your mother

Charlotte shouted from inside

He picked the phone

“Hello” he said

It was Mrs. Jones calling to know whether he had arrived

But Edna little voice came out loud from the Speak

“Edna” Tim called with a cheer in his voice

He was happy to hear from her

The thought of loss left him

He leaned on the wall while he talked

Asking Edna if she counted the planes that day

It was a joyful moment punctuated with a few sobbs.

