

The Seeds of Fate

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Hundreds of dandelions spotted the wide open field that characterized the peaceful community. This field was conveniently placed between two houses in which a young girl, Maryanne, and a young boy, Timothy, resided. The two children would often play together, enjoying one another's company and finding comfort in their similarities. They both felt at home outdoors and had an equal taste for adventure—probably more adventure than was possible for the typical eight-year-old. Every day they would meet in their special spot where the grass seemed to be taller and easy to hide behind. Their imaginations controlled the day and sometimes even the night. Summer hours were spent chasing and catching lightning bugs until pure exhaustion took its toll. When bedtime called, they parted ways but were not separated for long, for when morning came, they would meet again.

One particular morning, Timothy arose a little earlier than normal. He had a plan in mind. He ventured out into the field on his own allowing himself time before Maryanne would arrive. He meticulously scoured the field in search of the perfect yellow dandelion. He caught a glimpse of one about 50 feet away and immediately began running toward it. When Timothy had his mind set on something, he got it. So Timothy carefully picked the dandelion and headed to the special spot.

“Good morning Maryanne; I picked this for you,” he said, handing her his premier choice dandelion.

“Wow,” Maryanne replied. “It's so pretty. Thank you. I'll have to tell Mom to put it in a vase for me,” she said with a smile. The two continued on with their usual routine. They skipped over to the tree house where they had a spectacular view of the blue sky scattered with birds. Even when a sudden downpour forced the children to run back to their homes, they giggled and played a game of tag along the way. Saying their goodbyes, they again parted ways. Maryanne had protected the dandelion from the rain and instantly

presented it to her mother with pride as she entered her home. She proudly displayed the lone dandelion on top of her dresser in a sparkling glass vase that she borrowed from her grandmother. She placed it in the sunlight in hopes that the dandelion would survive.

In a lot of ways, their young relationship was similar to the dandelion Timothy had picked for Maryanne. It was fresh and ripe, not too serious, but still beautiful in its own way. As they got older, their relationship continued to grow. Their bond was unbreakable, and they shared even more unforgettable memories. Every Fourth of July they would sit in their special spot and watch the neighborhood fireworks flashing in the sky. They were each other's first kiss, and even better, they were best friends.

When fall came, the once vivid yellow dandelions began to wither and turn to seed. This transformation of the dandelion seemed to directly coincide with a transformation taking place between Maryanne and Timothy. Suddenly, outside influences began to play a role in their relationship. School, friends, family, and tricks of the mind all seemed to affect them. Their bond had once been so unique and strong. Nothing else ever mattered, just as long as they could confide in one another then everything was good. Everything was right. But things aren't always that simple. Complexities love to work their way in where they just don't belong. And as much as a person can try, sometimes it's just too difficult to give these complexities the cold shoulder.

Time crawled by as the weeds in their relationship grew. They went their own ways, and started new lives filled with responsibility and maturity. Timothy began painting houses to fill his pockets. In the yard of his next home project was a seeded dandelion. He picked it up, slowly twirling it between his paint covered fingers. Memories of Maryanne came rushing back, as tears and a smile simultaneously came over his face. Taking a deep breath and closing his eyes, Timothy made a wish and released his breath—scattering the seeds and memories into the fall air.

The next summer, Timothy was traveling back home to visit his friends and family. Parts of the once open field had been taken over by new homes and landscaping. Still, the special spot remained. In an attempt to relive his warmest memories, the new, older version of Timothy revisited the patch of tall grass. He sat there for a few hours and began to doze off as dozens of thoughts ran wildly through his mind.

“Come here often?” asked a familiar voice.

Timothy jumped up from his comfortable spot in the grass and turned to see the familiar face that matched the voice. His eyes lit up with delight.

“Hey, Mom! I’ve missed you so much, so what did you fix for dinner tonight?” he asked jokingly.

“How about you stroll back over to the house with me, and we’ll see what I can do,” she replied.

Timothy opened the door ready to get to work on supper, but that would easily be delayed.

“Hi Timothy; I picked this for you,” Maryanne said, rising from the couch to hand him a yellow dandelion.

“Maryanne! How are you? How have you been? Are you doing alright? What are you doing back here?” The questions kept rolling, and Maryanne giggled.

Timothy and Maryanne spent the following hours discussing their lives and fond memories. Eventually, they inadvertently reached a sudden destination—their special spot. The years of walking that path had become so comfortable that their minds and legs easily guided them there. The weeds that had once grown in their relationship appeared to have only made them that much stronger. It was the Fourth of July. Maryanne and Timothy sat together fully content as the fireworks dazzled before them.