























































## THE BOOK OF THE BLACK

THE BURNED-IN THOUGHTS OF WILLIAM HAND:

## CHAPTER 1, VERSE 5

SHE WOULDN'T STOP CRYING.

I COULD HEAR HER FROM MY ROOM. SHE WAS MY AGE. SHE WAS TEN. AND HER FATHER HAD DIED. WHILE EVERYONE ELSE WAS IN THE VIEWING ROOM, SHE HAD DUCKED AWAY AND HID BY THE STAIRS IN THE SEWING ROOM WHERE MY MOTHER STITCHED ALL THE SUITS AND DRESSES TOGETHER.

MY MOTHER TOOK PRIDE IN EVERY SHIRT AND SOCK SHE MADE. SHE TOLD ME THEY HAD TO LOOK GOOD FOR GOD WHEN THEY REACHED HEAVEN. "WHAT DOES EVERYONE DO IN HEAVEN?" I ASKED HER. "DO THEY JUST WALK DOWN STREETS OF GOLD AND WAVE TO ONE ANOTHER? DO THEY PLAY CHESS OR TAG? DO THEY PAINT OR PLAY FOOTBALL? WHAT DO THEY DO?"

BY THE LOOK ON MY MOTHER'S FACE, I COULD TELL SHE HADN'T THOUGHT OF IT MUCH. "YOU SPEND ETERNITY WITH FRIENDS AND FAMILY," SHE NODDED AND SHOVED ME OUT OF THE ROOM. "NOW I HAVE THREE SUITS AND A BLOUSE TO STITCH UP SO YOU GO AND PLAY WITH YOUR BROTHERS. AND IF THEY DON'T LET YOU THIS TIME, YOU COME AND PLAY WITH YOUR BROTHERS. AND IF THEY DON'T LET YOU THIS TIME, YOU COME AND TELL ME, BILLY, OKAY?" BEFORE I ANSWERED, SHE SHUT THE DOOR AND THE WHIRRING OF THE SEWING MACHINE CLICKED BACK ON.

I CREPT DOWN THE STAIRS, CLUTCHING THE OLD WOODEN RAILING AS I PEERED DOWN AT THE SOBBING GIRL. THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR I COULD SEE HER BLONDE HAIR CURLED TIGHT AND PINNED BACK. SHE WORE A BLUE DRESS WITH A WHITE BOW. I PURPOSELY STEPPED ONTO THE SECOND TO LAST STAIR, LETTING IT CREAK AS IT ALWAYS DID. THE GIRL TURNED AROUND, WIPING HER EYES. "WHO ARE YOU?" SHE ASKED. "I'M BILLY. I LIVE HERE. WHO ARE YOU?" "MY NAME IS SUZIE. MY FATHER DIED," SHE WHISPERED, HOLDING IN TEARS.

I ASKED HER WHY SHE DIDN'T GO IN TO SEE HIM. SHE SAID IT WASN'T HIM ANYMORE. IT DIDN'T LOOK LIKE HIM. HE HAD DROWNED THREE DAYS EARLIER, AND HIS BODY WAS LEFT IN THE WATER TOO LONG. EVEN MY FATHER COULDN'T DO MUCH TO HELP.

I WASN'T ALLOWED TO TALK TO THE PEOPLE WHO CAME INTO OUR HOME, BUT I WAS CURIOUS ABOUT THIS GIRL. SHE STARED INTO MY EYES, WAITING FOR ME TO SPEAK. I TRIED TO REMEMBER WHAT MY FATHER ALWAYS SAID WHEN HE MET THE PEOPLE WHO CAME INTO OUR HOME.

"I'M SORRY," I STATED.

SUZIE HUGGED ME CLOSE, THE BLUE SATIN OF HER OUTFIT AGAINST MY WHITE SHIRT. SHE PULLED AWAY AND HER SMILE DEFIED HER TEARS. "IT'S OKAY, BILLY. ONE DAY, DADDY AND I WILL BE IN HEAVEN TOGETHER."

I ASKED HER WHAT SHE AND HER FATHER WOULD DO IN HEAVEN. SUZIE SMILED AND TOLD ME THEY WOULD PLAY WITH THEIR DOG, CHEWIE. THEY WOULD COOK DINNER TOGETHER LIKE THEY ALWAYS HAD. AND RIDE THEIR BIKES AROUND THE BLOCK. I RAN MY FINGERTIPS ACROSS THE FABRIC COVERING HER SHOULDER. I LOOKED INTO HER EYES.

"YOU SHOULD BE BURIED IN THIS DRESS."

SUZIE RAN BACK INTO THE VIEWING ROOM. I WENT BACK UPSTAIRS. AN HOUR LATER, I WATCHED HER LEAVE FROM MY BEDROOM WINDOW.

SHE WAS STILL CRYING.

I LOVED HER DRESS.

