



Paper Mill Press

He Loves Me

Michaela Chloe Toth

“He loves me.”

One petal falls to the ground.

“He loves me not.”

“He loves me.”

Another petal falls.

I admire the purity of each white petal, soft between my little fingers, before I turn over my hand, loosening my grip.

I look up to the clear blue sky.

“It must be me, I mean, he let me kiss him at recess, but, but, he’s always Samantha’s partner when we buddy-walk to the Tom Thumb for class ice-cream on Friday’s.”

The moment of truth is here; I ask my question one more time, just in case the flower forgot.

“Does he love me or Samantha Rose?”

I pull off the final petal.

“He loves me not.”

This can’t be right. I look around for another flower; maybe the game isn’t over yet. Second time’s a charm.

I spot the loveliest black-eyed Susan up ahead and run for it.

I don’t make it more than a few paces when I feel a thorn jab its way through my ankle.

“Oww!” I shriek.

Just as I begin to cry, the buzzing starts, it grows louder and louder. Suddenly I am surrounded, being stung on every inch of bare skin.

I jump around a few times, I try to run but I can’t move.

“Stop it! Stop it!” I fall into the wasp’s nest below me.

“Dad!!! Daddy!! Oww! Oww!” I shriek and cry and moan.

I can’t see much past my tear filled eyes, but I look up again shouting past the yellow jackets at the clear blue sky.

“WHY?!” I yell at the top of my lungs; I want God to hear me.



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“Why doesn’t anybody love me?”

Just then, arms scoop me up, carrying my swelling body away from the swarm.

“I love you, kid.” My dad winks at me, holding me gingerly as he walks me to the car.

“Time to go home.”

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