

-Chapter Two-

Teacups and Doilies

‘How can you say that to the face of a girl as young as she is?’ Paul hopped into his car, pulled out of what had been Lular’s small field of perfectly cultivated and mowed grass, and sped off to their own home, further down the street. Lissy shivered below the older boy, and felt him slowly shift his attention to her, as she pulled away from his legs to wipe away her tears. ‘Are you alright?’ he asked her. The Humperdinck’s daughter sniffed, and then slowly nodded. From a distance, she had heard Mrs. Dyer’s light footsteps begin to hurry across the street over to them.

‘Are you two alright?’ Lissy heard the relict ask concerned, and she opened her eyes to face the kind woman. Lissy nodded. ‘You’d best come over for a cup of tea, until your parents return from work, Lissy. Run along, now, I’ll catch up with you later.’ With that, Lissy crossed the street over to Mrs. Dyer’s round front door, pushed it open, and hurriedly welcomed herself in. Warmth suddenly filled her face, as she closed the door behind her, leaving the rest of the autumn breeze to bask in the outdoors. She gently hung her coat on the coat rack beside the door, and ran over to the round kitchen to defrost her hands under the warm water that escaped from the sink’s tap. She had been so worried; *when will mom and dad get home*, she thought. She quickly peered out the window and caught a glimpse of Mrs. Dyer holding onto Lular’s thick hands on the street opposite. She wondered what had been taking the old woman so long to give her the tea she had promised.

She slowly traveled back into the kitchen, where she decided she'd ready the teacups for when Mrs. Dyer would arrive. It had always been her job to do so in the past, when she'd been invited over for tea. She knew where Mrs. Dyer kept her finest china; the cupboard above the sink. Mrs. Dyer, being taller than she was, would often give her a helping hand—but Lissy decided it would have been a nicer surprise to have everything prepared for her when she walked through the door.

Pulling up a chair, she climbed up onto the Kitchen counter and then over to the cupboard above the sink, where the china teacups were stashed. She needed only a few inches, more, of elevation and she'd be able to reach the topmost teacup, and take out the one stacked beneath it as well. She carelessly stepped on the sink's curved faucet, and took out the two teacups she'd need for the setting. She, then, safely climbed down and set the two teacups, then waited a few minutes for the sound of an open door.

A car started in the distance and it hadn't been two minutes before a new idea popped into her head. *Doilies*, she thought happily, *Mrs. Dyer's would like that!* So she pulled up the chair, and slowly made her way up onto the kitchen counter when a loud thump and a screech were sounded from the outdoors. There was a short moment's silence, but soon after, the voice of a woman's shriek echoed outside the house. *What*, Lissy thought, and she heard the front door open.

'Mrs. Dyer?' she asked, her left knee perched on the faucet. '*Mrs. Dyer?*' she called again, now getting worried. She turned on the spot, tripped, and fell at a rapid speed to the ground, eyes closed, waiting for the pain to arise from her muscles to her bones. But nothing happened.