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Writ 2000: Theories of Writing

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Creative Non-Fiction First Draft

Purple Shards

"Dude, I'm so sorry. I really didn't mean to. It just slipped..."

"No. It's totally fine. I got it from a thrift store anyway."

"Are you sure it's fine? I can try and find another one or glue it back together?"

Ten pieces of gold and purple shards of pottery laid in the middle of the floor. The small fragments of sparkled under the harsh lighting in the kitchen. Small white flowers were mixed in with the shards of glass, and a pool of water was underneath all of it.

Just weeks earlier, the flower vase was purchased in a small antique store on Broadway Street. I had been antique hunting all day trying to find something unique to break up the Ikea showroom feeling my apartment had. I found the vase sitting on the top of a shelf next to three other flower vases. The sunset across the street put the vase in the perfect light, and I knew it would add a little personality to my new place. I walked over and pulled it off the shelf to get a better look at the details engraved along the outside. There were huge white flowers with golden outlines surrounded by green leaves. As I examined the details, I thought about how perfect it would look on the window sill in my kitchen. I could already picture it full of baby's breath flowers and light green leaves.

I carried the vase to the counter and set it down for the older man to scan. He complimented my taste on the vase and asked what I planned to do with it. I thought it was a weird question but shrugged it off and told him my vision. The man said it sounded nice and wrapped the vase up securely in some old newspaper. I was finally on my way back to my car with my new treasure in hand.

As I walked back, all I could think about was accidentally dropping it and shattering. The thought consumed me as I was walking down the sidewalk. I had a tight grip around the vase, and both arms wrapped around it as soon as I made it back to my car. I buckled it into the front seat and started my car.

Of course, as I pulled out, I didn't look. A little white car was headed right towards me. I only saw the car when it honked and switched lanes. I almost had a heart attack. I was this close to wrecking my car and breaking my new vase were my first two thoughts. I finished pulling out right after calming down and began a very slow and very cautious drive home.

I walked into my apartment building the same way I had walked out of the store, arms tightly wrapped around my new vase. As I walked in, my roommate and our friends were circled around the TV watching some random movie. I said hi and presented my new vase. I was ecstatic to show them, but they were not as interested in my latest purchase as they were in their show. It didn't bother me, though; I too consumed in the thought of setting the scene just as I had pictured in my head at the antique store.

I started placing it in different spots around the window sill, first on the right side, then the left. I was trying to find the exact place where the sun would hit the sides of it, and the gold would shine. Finally, I had it and was ready to get flowers.

I said my goodbyes and headed back to my car to go pick up flowers. I rolled into a nearby grocery store and headed in to see if they had the floral arrangement I was looking for. They had precisely that. I grabbed two bouquets of baby's breath and one bouquet of some light green leaves. I walked over to self-checkout and scanned my flowers. I was all ready to go home. I was so excited to get there, I sped all the way and ran through the halls of my apartment, bouquet in-hand, leaving a white flower trail behind me.

I got back to find my friends still gathered around the TV. I ignored them and got to work cutting and arranging the flowers exactly how I saw them in my head. It only took about ten minutes, and I was done. The arrangement looked perfect, the vase looked perfect on the window sill, and the flowers looked perfect in the vase. I was satisfied. I finally had something in my new home that hadn't been cut and pasted from a show-room.

Over the month of having this vase, I switched out the flowers once a week, cleaned the window sill off, and that one tiny part of my apartment always looked perfect and unique no matter what was happening elsewhere. When my roommate and I would cook, I kept everything away from the window and my beautiful vase. It was safe just where it was.

That was the case until today. I was sitting in my room doing homework when I heard a loud crash. I assumed my roommate had dropped a mug or a cup. I casually walked out of my room to see what it was. I took my time because I wasn't in the mood to have to clean anything up or accidentally step on glass. I got to the kitchen, and I saw my roommate staring at me with a very apologetic look on her face.

That's when I saw the purple shards and flowers on the ground. It couldn't be my vase on the window sill. It's too secure and too perfect to fall or break. I looked to the window sill, and sure enough, my vase was missing, and the purple shards on the ground had replaced it. I was

devastated. It was the one thing I actually liked in our cookie-cutter apartment, and it was gone. I didn't want to make her more upset because I knew it was an accident, so I tried to forget about it, let her clean it up, and move on with my day. I found myself thinking about as I drifted into a daydream. I imagined what I could have done to stop it, but there was nothing to do. I wasn't in the room. The more I started to think about it, the more ok I felt about it. I could always find a new vase. Maybe I could even find one I liked better.