**Out of the attic**

by Linda Carr

Suddenly the temperature dropped. Must be 4 am. He raised his head to glance at the digital clock. Just as expected — 4.10am. This was his daily mystery. An early morning, fifteen-minute void, where all living things outside the safety of four walls to hide, hold their breath and fall completely silent. The earth would be too sodden to do any gardening today. He would check his aunt’s glory box hidden in the attic. That large box now protected his glory items, remnants of her life bringing him coveted joy and small thrills. The lid ajar. There amongst her dresses, skirts, blouses, all the loveliness, was a colony of silver fish. His favourite cashmere sweater perforated by tiny, hungry mouths. The retro silk jacket stained by what could only be silver fish shit. Nothing in the box had been spared. He cried bitterly. The ruined clothes were shoved into a plastic bag and dragged out to the fire-pit. Up in flames. Uncanny that his aunt had been similar sized, but he was hopeful of finding suitable things in a distant Vinnie’s Store. Hopeful of finding that day when he would no longer need to hide, hold his breath, fall silent.

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
|  |  |