The City of Glass

By: Violetta F. Young

“Shoot,” my mother exclaimed as she picked up a piece of bright blue sea glass that had washed up upon the shore and cast the glass away. “Not the right color.” I ran after it and picked it up anyway. We walked towards our house at the edge of the beach and my father was standing on the porch to greet us at the front door. I raced up the stairs to my sisterś bedroom to show the sea glass to my sister. Blue is her favorite color.

She was sick and the doctor said she was not going to get better.

“I brought you something, Sissy. It's sea glass,” I told her. She thanked me and asked me to lie next to her. I did. She asked me to close my eyes and think back to my earliest memory. I did. In a blink, I was back on the beach again, but it was the evening and I was watching the sun disappear below the horizon. My sister was gone. I was standing next to a little girl.

“Who are you?” I asked.

“You’ll find out soon enough,” she said. Her voice was sorrowful, but it had a sweetness and a beauty to it. “Did you know there is a place that is on the horizon called the City of Glass?” A look of confusion spread across my face, but she did not seem to notice so entranced by her fantasy. She pressed on, “A city so beautiful, yet so delicate a small touch and it all will shatter.” She stood up and began to walk into the water.

“Where are you going”? I questioned.

“Not far.”

“How long are you going to be gone?”

“Not long.”

“Will I ever see you again?”

She simply smiled and replied, “I will love you always and forever.” She was gone.

I snapped back to reality and everything froze. My sister looked like she was sleeping, but I knew she had left us. My mother ran into the room pushing me to the ground. She wailed as if she was in pain. My father followed her and consoled her. At that moment, I could not breathe, but I remembered my dream of the little girl. I realized the girl on the beach was Claire, my sister’s childhood doll. I raced to the old toy trunk. I tore through the bin until I found her. She was just as I remembered her with beautiful, long, brown hair and twinkling sapphire glass eyes. She looked like my sister before she got sick.

I ran out of our house down to the end of our driveway. I could not live without my sister, in a world without her laugh, without her smile. I remembered I was still holding the sea glass in my hand. The glass was bright blue and transparent just like the sapphire eyes of my sisterś childhood doll. I squeezed the glass in my hand until it hurt. I

threw it as hard as I could on the driveway and it shattered into pieces. Each piece was beautiful and bright just like each memory I have of my sister - playing ¨family¨ with our dolls in her bedroom, walking on the beach, swimming in the ocean, and collecting sea glass. I crawled on the ground and picked up each little piece of glass and whispered, “I will love you always and forever. I know I will see you again, in our City of Glass. Together.” I could swear I could hear her whisper back, “I will see you there.”