

Emmalisa Horlacher

Lonely Lonely Faye

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In a small town there was a devoted church. The church was old; the wood was rotting. The bell was big; its tune was haunting. Beside the church was a little field where there lay the bodies of ones beloved who passed on: generations, grandparents, parents, and even children. In the center of that cemetery was buried Lonely Lonely Faye, a murderer.

On the first day of a church gathering, a little girl skipped past the cemetery on her way home. She was blonde, plump and adorable. She had a secret deep desire that she would never tell anyone so long as she lived.

Before she had left home for the gathering, her mother had warned her, "Do not stop on your way home or go off the path."

Tip-tap, tip-tap, tip-tap, went her feet as she passed the cemetery. She stopped just outside the gate and looked into the field of tombstones. There was a whistle through the trees. Carried on the wind the little girl heard an unfamiliar voice calling to her.

"Dearest girl, dearest child,

Oh Lonely, so Lonely am I,

Please stay, come play,

It is I, your grandma calling."

The little girl fiddled with her fingers. She said, "Do you have flowers?"

"The most beautiful of all," said the voice.

She took a step into the cemetery.

Tip... tap... then nothing.

The little girl did not take another step forward. She said to the voice, "I cannot. My mother told me it is forbidden."

The voice continued to plead and beckon to her but she did not heed its call. She went home.

The following day, the little girl found herself on the same path, having finished the second day of the gathering.

She was skipping her way home, tip-tap, tip-tap, tip-tap. As the little girl came to the creaky gate of the old cemetery, she heard the voice again,

"Dearest girl, dearest child,

Oh Lonely, so Lonely am I,

Please stay, come play,

It is I, your grandma calling."

The little girl took a deep breath of the crispy, stale air. She said, "Do you have flowers?"

"The most beautiful of all," came the reply.

She took a step into the cemetery.

Tip... tap... tip... tap... then nothing.

The little girl had stopped. She turned towards the exit and said, "I cannot. My mother told me it is forbidden."

The voice went on pleading and begging so desperately that the little girl felt a deep yearning of empathy. Even still, she heeded her mother and continued on home.

On the third day, there was a tip-tap, tip-tap, tip-tap coming from the street in front of the old cemetery. The little girl was coming home from the gathering for the last time. She heard the voice as she skipped past the cemetery. This time the pleadings of the voices touched the little girl's innocent heart.

"Do you have flowers?" She asked the voice.

"The most beautiful of all."

She took a step into the cemetery.

Tip... tap... tip... tap... tip... tap... tip... tap...

The howl of the wind swelled, the cold consumed, the darkness enveloped.

Then nothing.

The voice was carried on the leaves of the wind for the last time;

"Dearest girl, dearest child,

Oh Lonely, so Lonely am I,

Come to stay, come to take you away,

It is I, Lonely Lonely Faye."

The little girl followed the voice, leaving her body behind, leaving to a place where she was never to return.

As the day became late, the mother became worried. Her daughter had not come home. She feared that perhaps her blonde, plump little girl had not heeded her words. She hurried to the cemetery.

Beside the grave of Lonely Lonely Faye rested the cold body of the little girl. The mother wept for her child.

*“Oh Lonely, so Lonely will I now be,
Without my little girl to see.
Mother Faye, Mother Faye,
Why did you take my little girl away?”*

The little girl was buried in that cemetery, a few feet from her grandparents. From her grave sprung the most beautiful flowers. Her mother came and went daily. She furnished the flowers and protected their precious petals. Only the little girl knew, those flowers that grew, refreshed from morning's dew, fulfilled a desire. A secret, deep desire so small: to bring her mother the most beautiful flowers of all.

The end.