

Sun Room

# Sun Room

By : **Bear Sandwich**

TW: Suicide Karla is at her mom's funeral. I wrote this in like, twenty minutes. -Clare the Bearsandwich

Published on  
**Booksie**

[booksie.com/Bear Sandwich](https://booksie.com/Bear%20Sandwich)

Copyright © Bear Sandwich, 2015  
**Publish your writing on Booksie.com.**

## Sun Room

“ You disappoint me, Karla”

This was the last thing my mother said. I ran up to my room to go cry into a pillow. Immediately after I heard a bang. I ran downstairs to find her in a bloody heap. Everything fell apart. I was the last person she ever talked to. And they were words of anger, remorse, guilt, sorrow. Since then I had been blessed with rainy days. Today was the funeral.

“

I couldn’t find it in me anywhere to cry. I just kept on remembering what happened before my dad left. The good things, like chocolate cake on her birthdays. Or when she helped me with my math homework, because she was a scientist, and she knew this stuff. Before she had to work all day just to support the two of us. How she would walk me to school sometimes, and even though I acted embarrassed, we both knew I was happy to have her with me. How when I scraped my knee, or when the other kids at school would bully me, she would bring me into the sun room. The sun room was filled to the brim with plants, but she always left one window free. This window she covered with crystals, which she grew at work sometimes, because she knew that stuff.

I always thought the crystals were the coolest things in the world. The sunlight would filter through them, bending the light into beautiful rainbows. It reflected on her perfect chocolate hair, accented her beautiful green eyes. My mother would look me in the eyes and say

“ Karla,

“ I’d nod through my tears, knowing what to expect. She would proceed to sing,

*“ You are my sunshine*

*“ my only sunshine*

*“ you make me happy*

*“ when skies are gray,*

“ I’d smile through my crooked teeth, which would one day be studded with braces. Her voice was perfect, silky. It occurred to me that she should've been a professional singer.”

*“ You’ll never know dear*

*“ how much I love you*

*“ please don’t take my sunshine away,*

“ At this point I usually joined in. We finished the song, while she would braid my hair.

“

## Sun Room

^ ^ ^ When he left,^ I cut my hair. That way, I couldn't be reminded of the happy family we wouldn't ever be again. No more braiding to *You are my Sunshine*. No more chocolate cakes. No more time with my mother. She was working full time now. Our relationship started going downhill as I got farther into high school. My grades dropped. We fought. My grades dropped some more. We fought some more. We got to the point where I started avoiding her. I called her a bad mother. She called me a disappointment. It got to the point where she killed^ where she took her own life.

^

^ ^ ^ I stood at her grave today. The world didn't care about irony today, it just wanted me to be miserable. I stood there with my dirt brown hair which accented my trash green eyes, tears dripping from my cheeks. Bending down, I placed a bouquet of yellow flowers on my mother's grave. Then I heard it,

^ ^ ^ ^ *You are my sunshine*

^ ^ ^ *my only-*

^ ^ ^ It stopped. I looked around to see who it was. My mother couldn't have done it. She was not with me anymore. The tears running down my face turned into sobs. My mouth moved along with the lyrics.

^ ^ ^ ^ *my only sunshine*

^ ^ ^ *you make me happy*

^ ^ ^ *when skies are gray*

^ ^ ^ *you'll never know dear*

^ ^ ^ *how much I love you*

^ ^ ^ *please don't-*

^ ^ ^ I looked at the grave. It said, *Felicia Guttuso Born April 14 1965, Died September 30 2003*. The lyrics started as I moved my mouth.

^ ^ ^ ^ *Please don't...please don't leave me*^ mommy. Please. I love you,^ I heard myself say. Of course it wasn't her. I was the one singing. My mother would never sing again.

^ ^ ^ A ray of sunshine shone down on her grave. Her grave, drenched with the tears of the sky, which mourned alongside her only family. I looked up. The clouds quickly moved back into place.

## Sun Room

## Sun Room

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-01-25 22:39:03