

## Wilderness House Literary Review 15/3

*Rachel Faust*  
**Daffodils**

I DIDN'T REMEMBER HOW OR WHY OR WHEN THE RAIN STARTED, but it did, and it made the daffodils proud. They bobbed under the heavy, wet droplets, shining green and gold.

I heard the screen door slam as Granny came out on the porch and I ducked under the catalpa tree so she wouldn't see me, skinny wet knees pulled into my chest. The snail shells in my pocket rubbed against each other as I crouched, making a slippery sound like the buttons in the jar on the piano did, if you dumped them out and ran your fingers through them so they rained down on the carpet.

Granny called me, and I stifled a giggle, watching the rain drip off the points of the catalpa leaves onto the snail shells and whitewashed gravel. Granny thought I would catch a cold. I wasn't worried. The daffodils never did.

I looked up through the dripping leaves and watched with glee as Granny tried to scan the yard for me from the covered porch. She called me again. I knew she wasn't really scared. If she was, she'd just come marching out here barefoot in her bathrobe and Grandpa's old coat and drag me back into the house and scold and fret and make soup.

She finally called out a ten-minute warning, the "if I don't see you inside eating chicken soup at the table in ten minutes you're gonna regret it" kind of warning. She went back inside and I heard the old porch creak and the screen door slam shut behind her. Giggling with the thrill of being undiscovered, I scooped the snail shells out of my pocket and arranged them on the gravel in a semicircle around the base of the catalpa tree, a little shrine to my loyal protector. The raindrops dripped through the leaves and splashed on the gravel.

Just ten more minutes, I told the daffodils, and they nodded their approval.