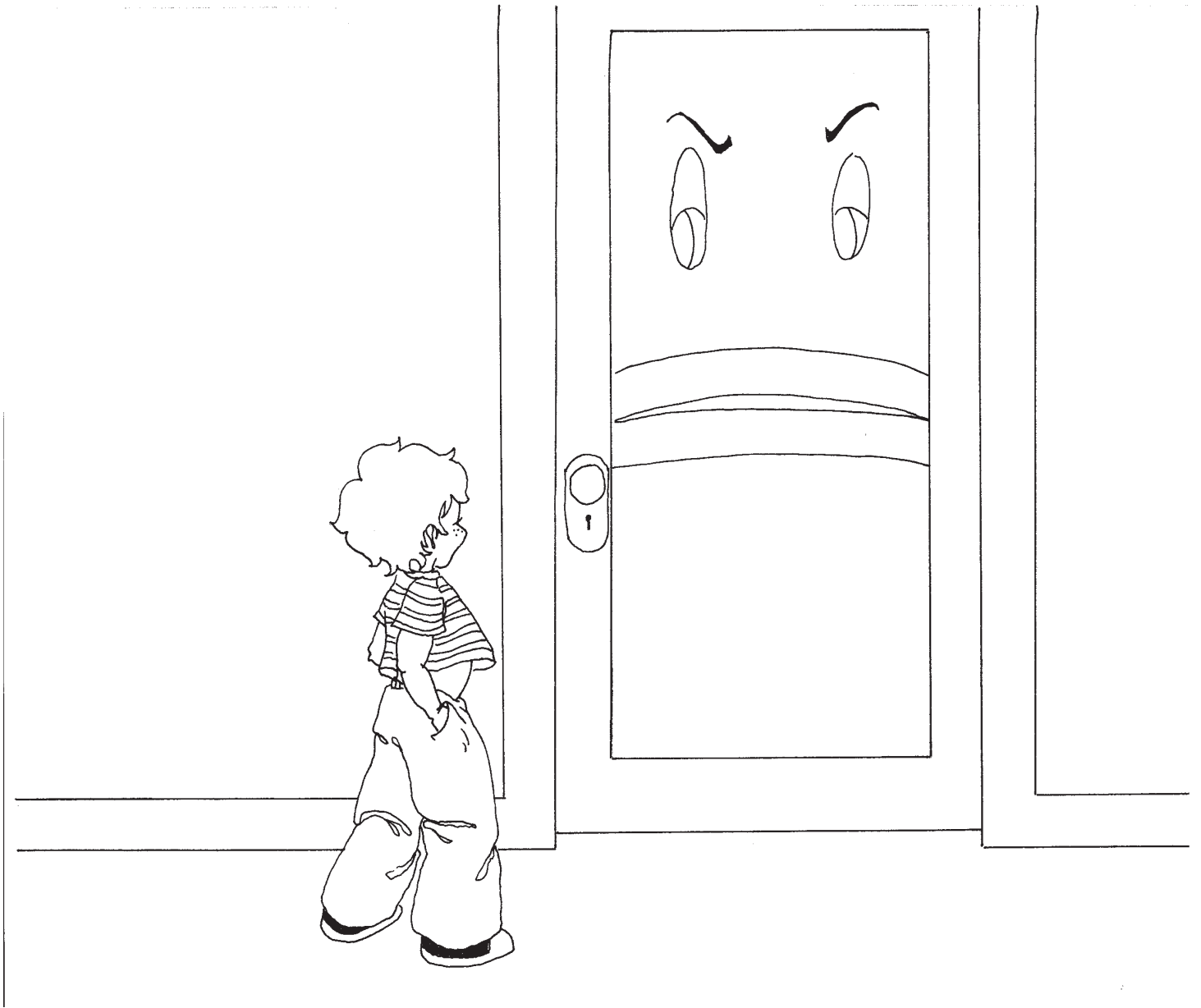


Hello Closet

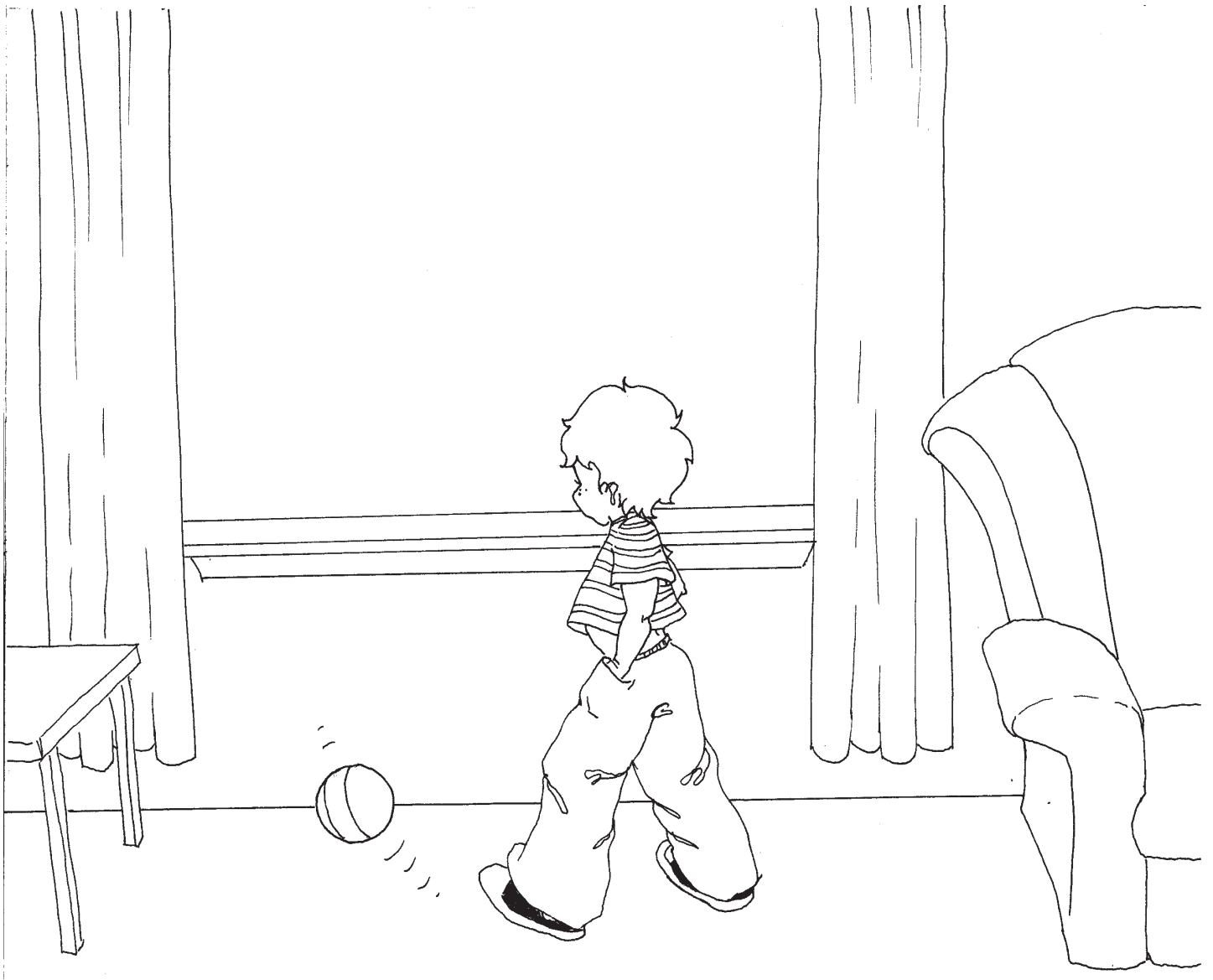


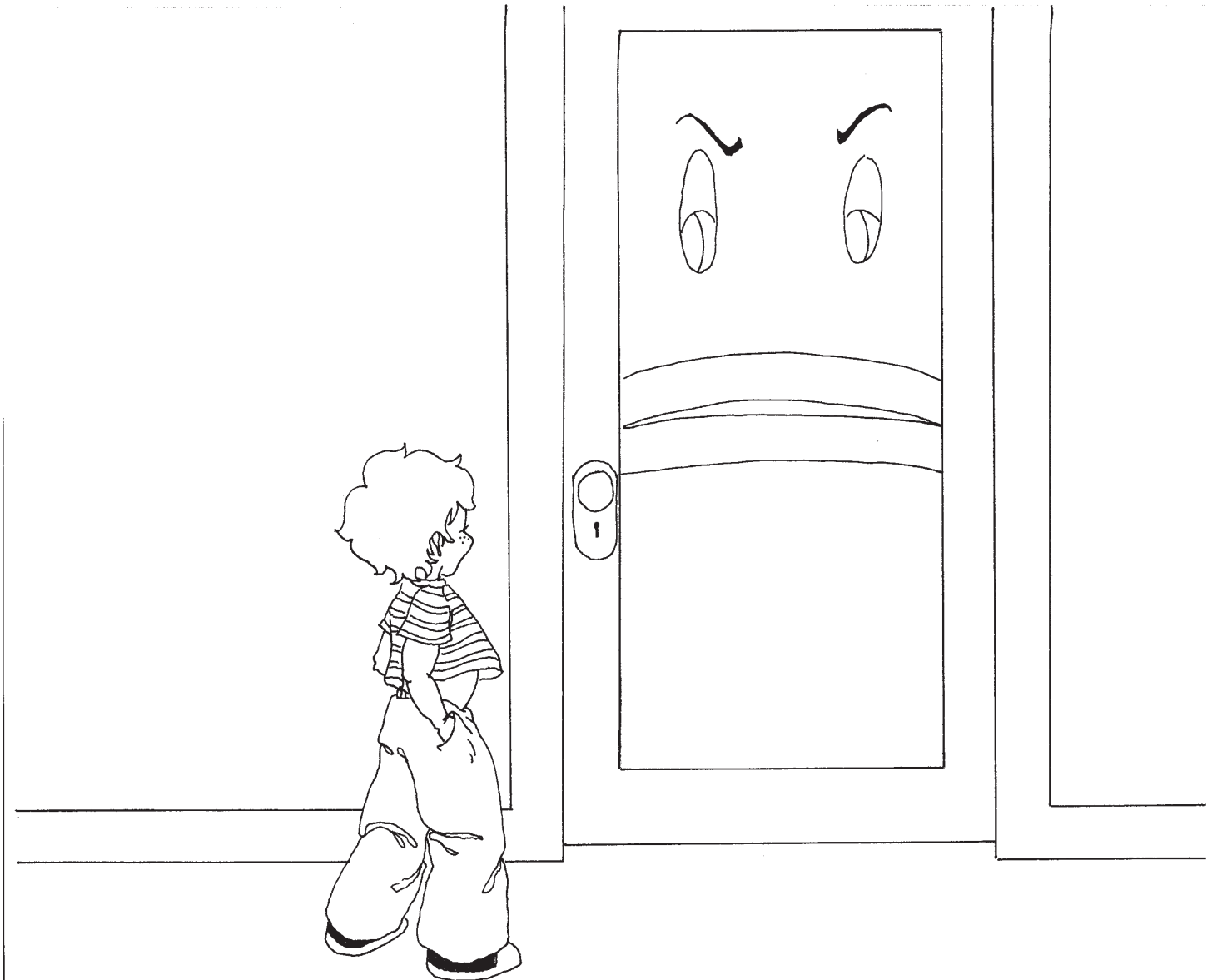
by Melanie Graham

For Miles and Robbie

September 2016

It was one of those rainy days where it didn't feel like there was anything you wanted to do. The little boy was wandering aimlessly around the house looking for something, anything to do.





As he made his way through the front hall, he stopped in front of the closet door. He wondered if there was anything in there that he could play with.

All of a sudden the door opened his eyes.

“It’s rude to stare little boy.”

“Oh!” the little boy exclaimed, “I’m sorry.
Hello closet door!”





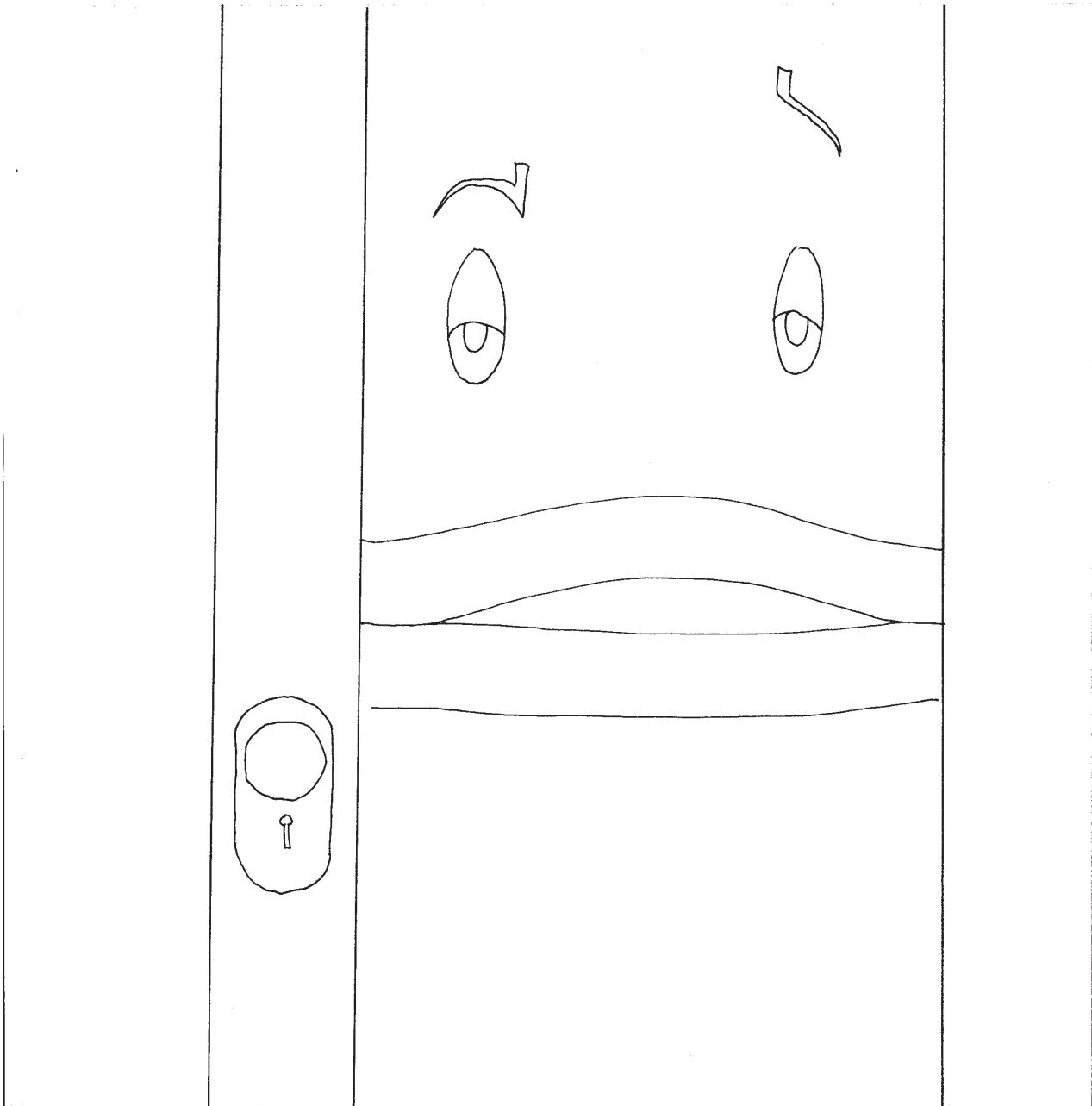
“Hey, don’t be angry, I just didn’t know you could talk.” the boy smiled. “I’m glad you can though ‘cause now I have someone to talk to. Did you know it’s raining outside?”

“I know many things.” the closet replied.

“I’ve been here watching the world go by for many years. It must be raining because the umbrella and the boots say they are wet. It must be Saturday because your father’s briefcase is complaining again.”

“You mean everything can talk?” the boy asked.

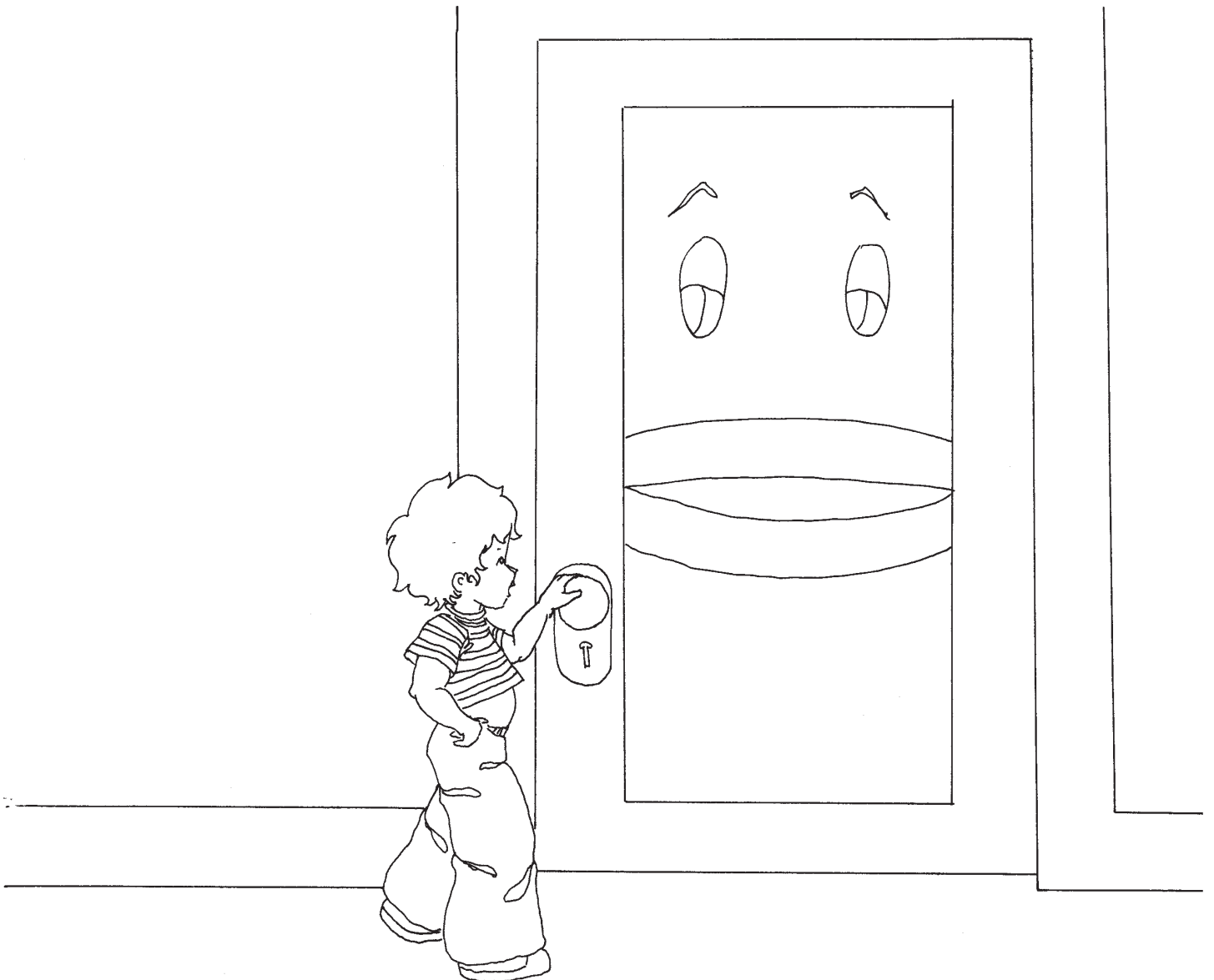




“Maybe,” the closet door said. “ I couldn’t say for sure. You see I really don’t get out very much any more. Haven’t since the tree I came from was cut into lumber. I can barely remember the forest I grew in.”

“You sound confused closet door.” The boy remarked.

“Yes.” the closet door sighed. “I’m getting old and sometimes forget things. Never mind though. Come inside and meet my closet family.”

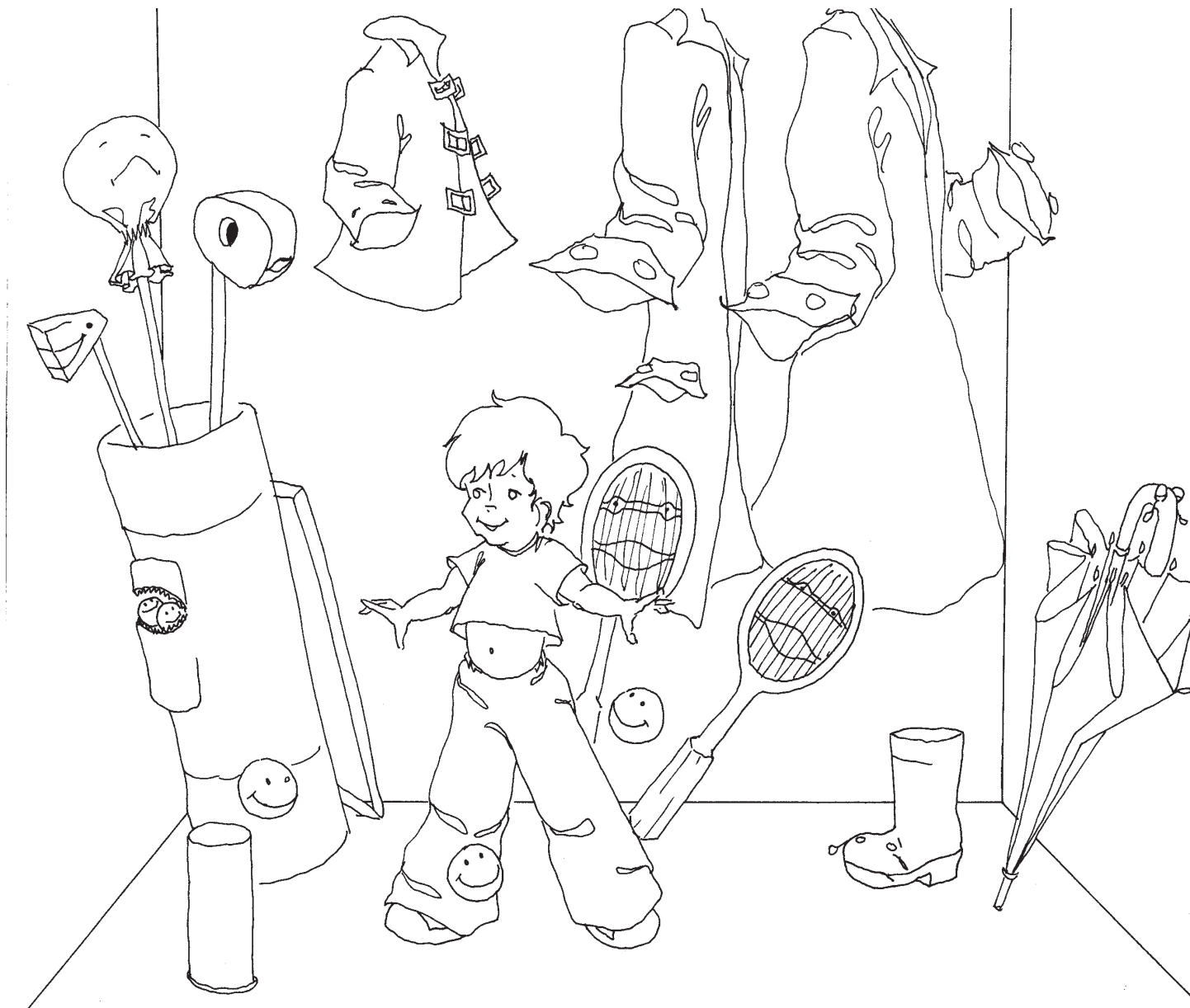


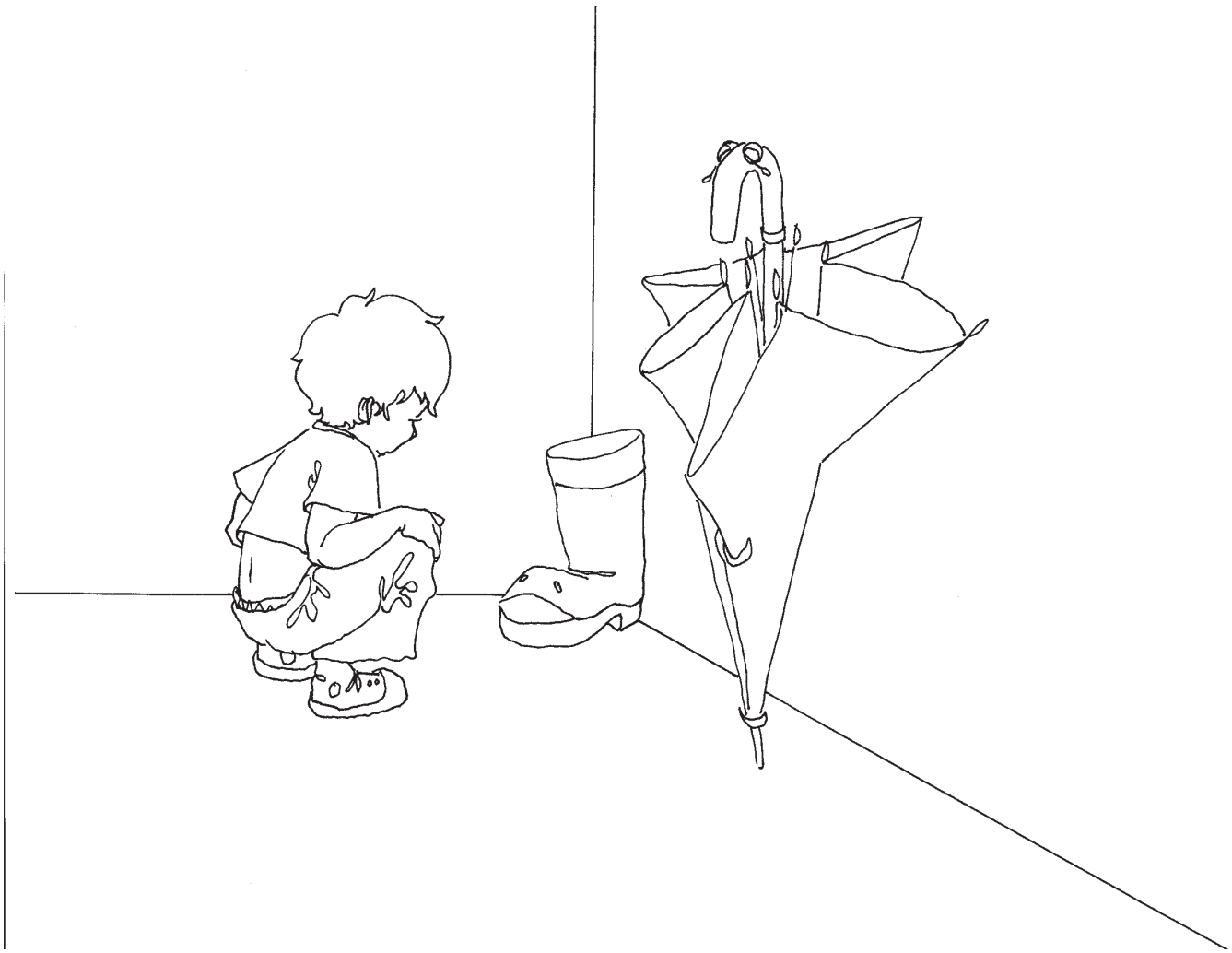


The little boy stepped back as the closet door slowly opened. An umbrella leaned around the edge of the door and smiled.

“Don’t be afraid, come on inside and meet the gang!”

As the little boy entered, the closet door gently closed behind him, and the closet light came on. He found himself surrounded by a happy chattering group of tennis balls, raquettes, golf clubs, flapping coat sleeves, umbrellas and rubber boots, each with a story to tell.





The little boy heard someone crying, though, and followed the sound. In the corner he found a lone rubber boot and a pretty green umbrella.

“What’s the matter?” he asked.

“Everybody else is happy. Why are you crying?”

The rubber boot wiped the tears from his eyes and began.

“Last Saturday I lost my mate Lefty and Miss Umbrella broke an arm. It was a windy rainy day. When the wind snapped an arm on Miss Umbrella you turned to run in to the house. Lefty got stuck in the mud though and pulled off your foot as you ran.”

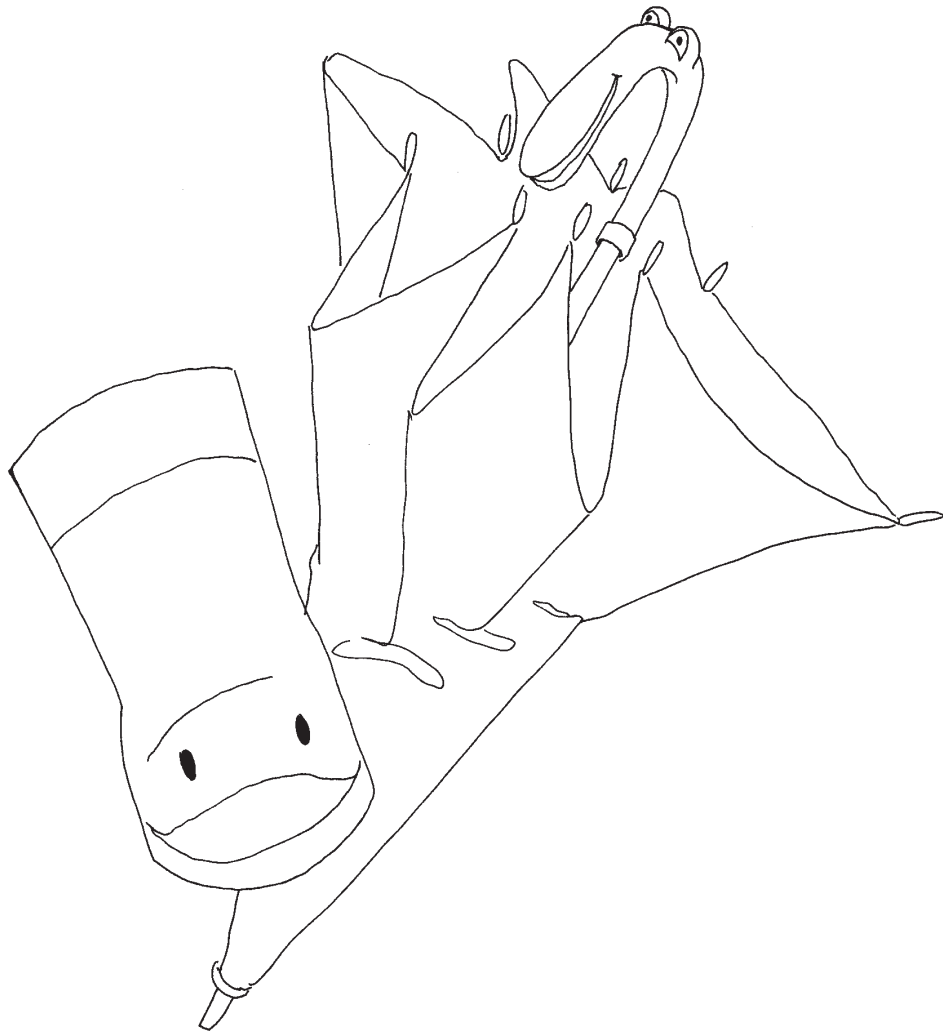


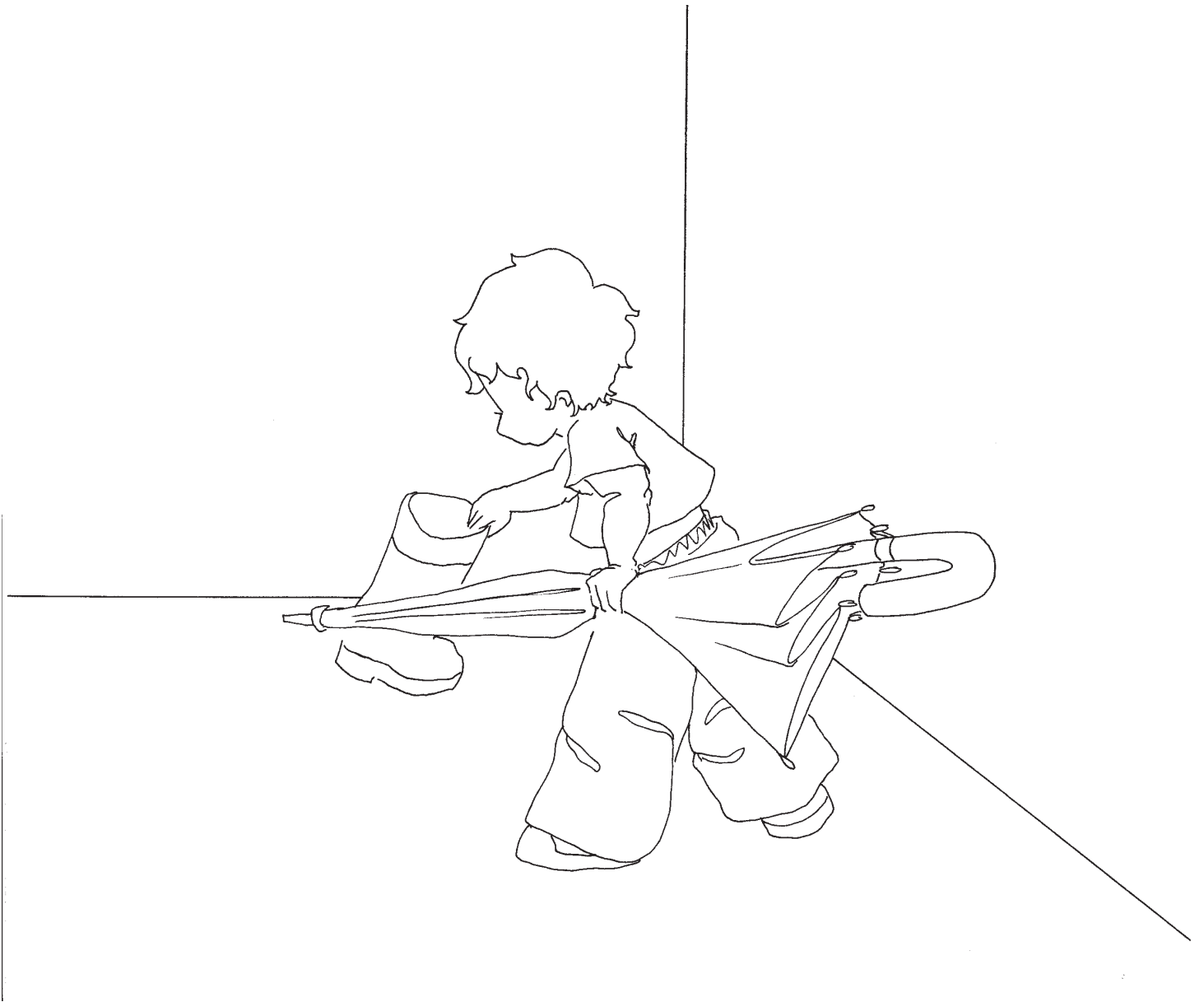


“Oh!” the little boy exclaimed. “That’s terrible! How can I help?”

Miss Umbrella flapped her arms excitedly. “Can you please get my broken arm fixed? I do miss dancing with raindrops.”

The rubber boot stamped happily on the floor. “and I’m sure Lefty is still behind the tool shed where you left him.”



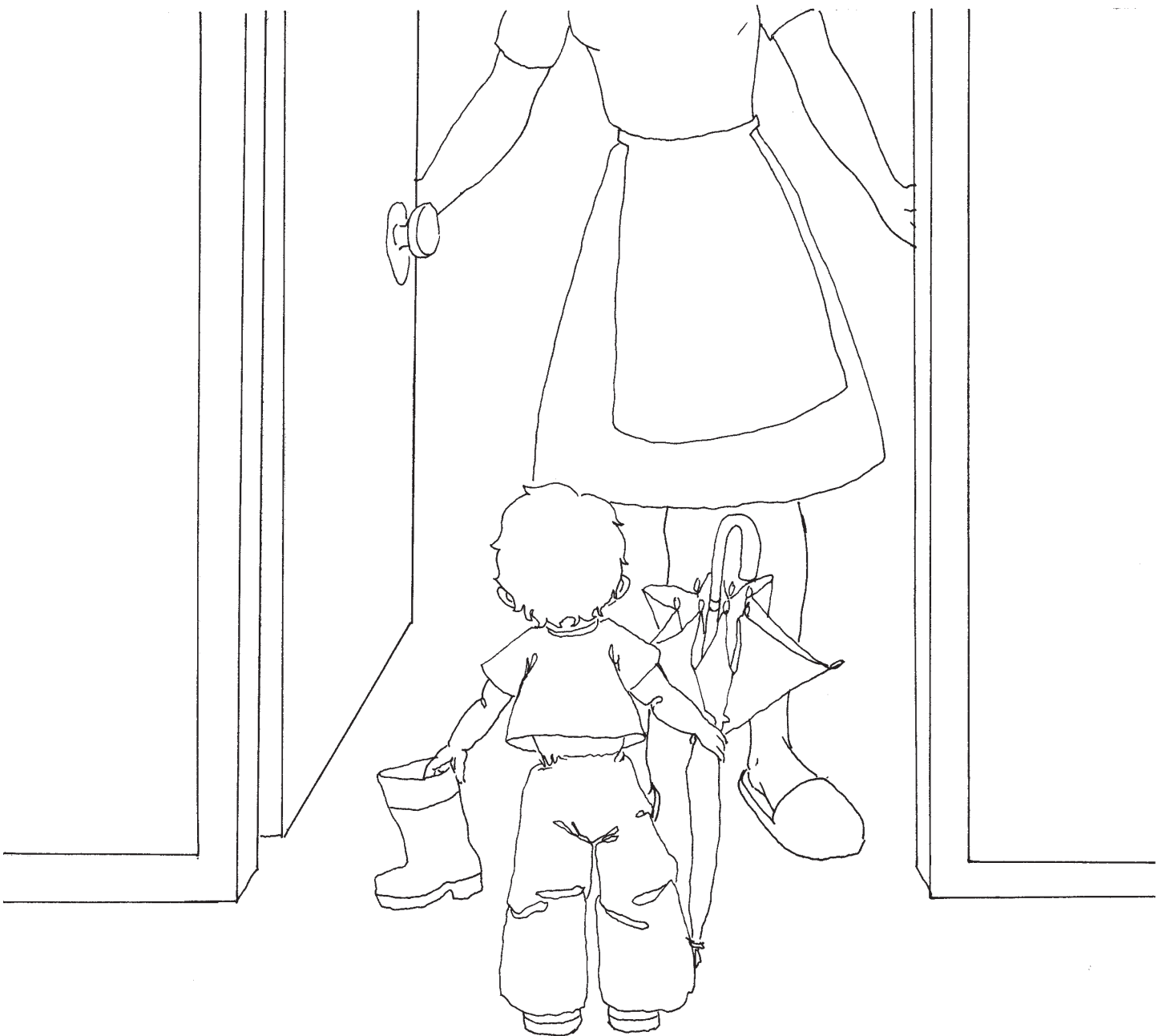


The little boy gently picked up Miss Umbrella and bent down to pat the rubber boot.

“Don’t worry, he said, “I’ll be back soon.”

He opened the closet door and came face to face with his Mother.

“What are you doing in here?” she asked.

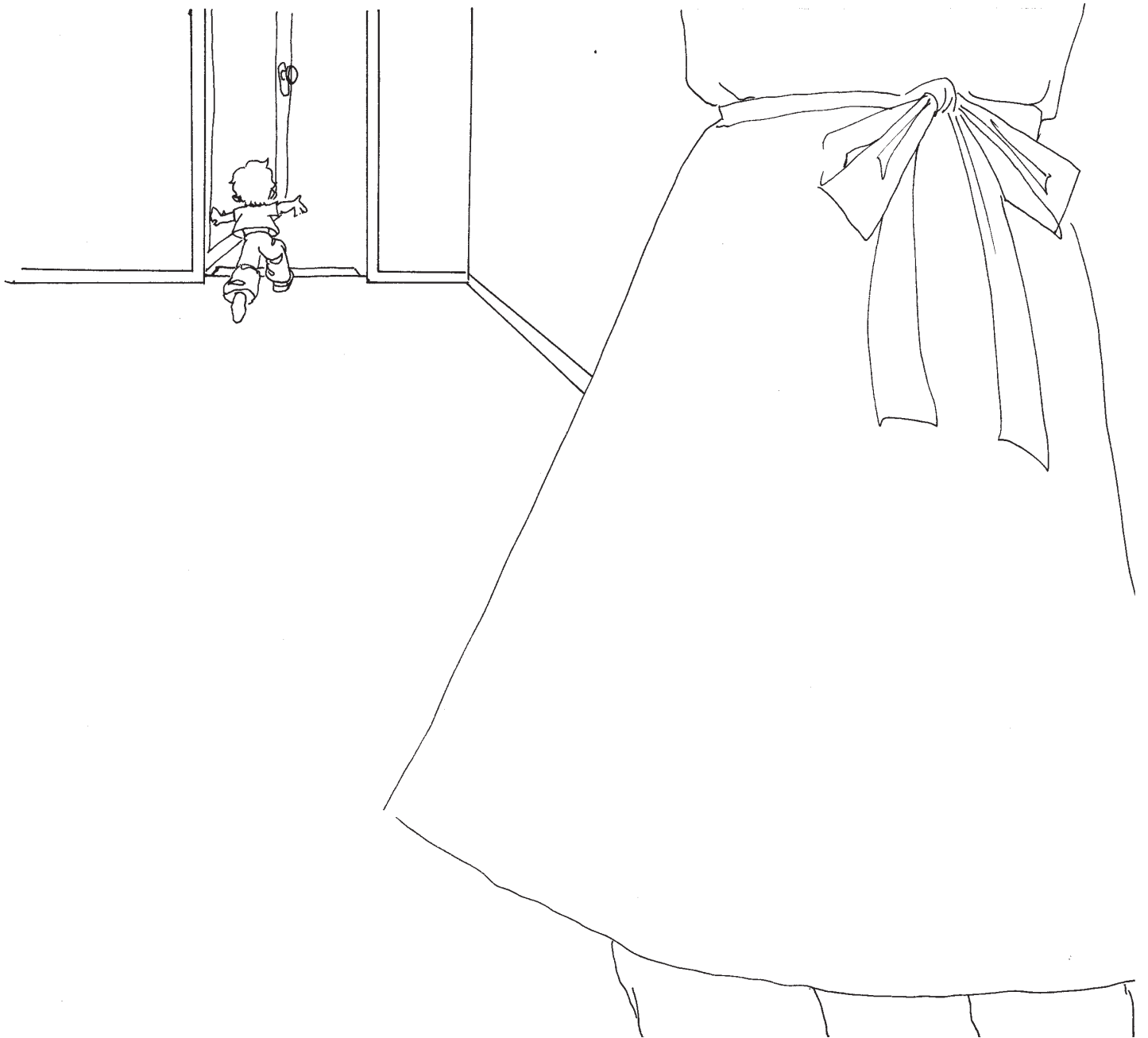


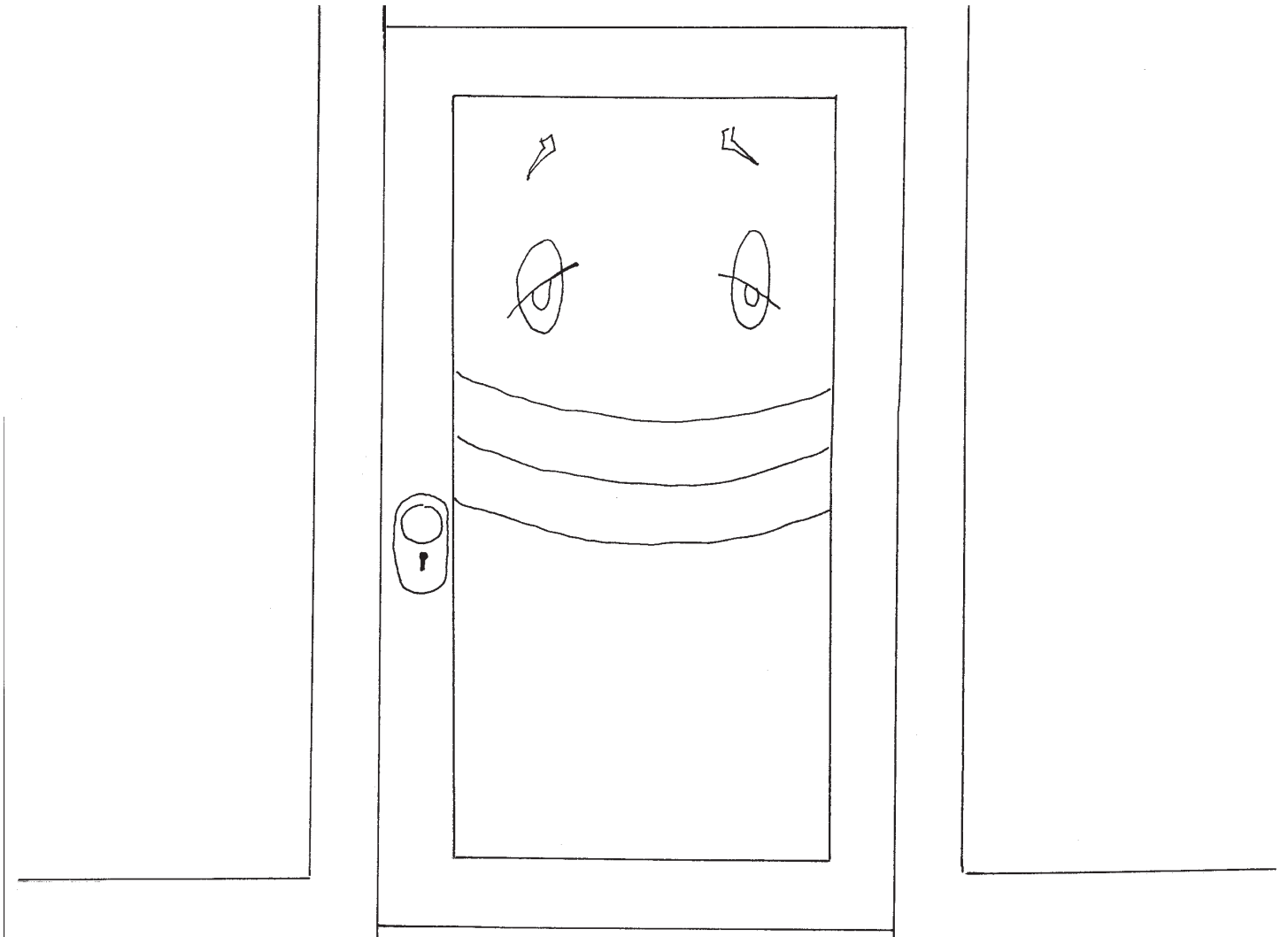


“I was looking for my rubber boots.” the little boy replied. “I think I left one in the back yard last Saturday. And do you think you could get my umbrella fixed? Please?” he grinned at his Mother as he handed her the umbrella.

The little boys' Mother smiled as she took the umbrella.

Her son picked up the lone rubber boot and ran out the back door, into the rain, to find Lefty."





The closet door slowly closed and smiled gently to himself. All was well in his world.