



1984

Four Vignettes

Brian Bragg

Follow this and additional works at: <http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope>

 Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Bragg, Brian (1984) "Four Vignettes," *Calliope*: Vol. 1984 : Iss. 1 , Article 17.
Available at: <http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol1984/iss1/17>

This Fiction is brought to you for free and open access by the English at ScholarWorks at WMU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Calliope by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at WMU. For more information, please contact maira.bundza@wmich.edu.



FOUR VIGNETTES

Up across the state highway there was this little grocery store. The owner was a white-haired artifact from a lost civilization named Jim. Jim always wore the same clothes and was sitting on the front porch every time I saw him. I think he hated me. My grandfather said he hated everyone.

An old lady, Louise, worked the cash register. I didn't like her. She was always asking nosy questions. One time she hugged me and started to cry. I don't know why she did it. She smelled awful. I squirmed free and ran home as fast as I could. Three weeks later she died.

If you walk through the woods behind Jim's store you'll find a little hill. The only way up it is a narrow path overgrown with weeds. Kenneth and I found the cemetery quite by accident. It was very old and hadn't been cared for in a long time. There were only four headstones standing, and one lying face down in the leaves. Kenneth lived a quarter mile away from it and never knew it existed. One day we decided to dig up one of the bodies. It was my idea. I don't know why I thought to do it. Anyway, two days before Christmas we snuck up the hill with Kenneth's shovel.

They caught us taking the first shovelful off 1865-1924.

Last Christmas I saw Kenneth for the first time in five years. He said I had changed a lot since we were little kids. I told him he had changed in a lot of ways himself. We talked for a while. Finally I asked him about the cemetery.

"They fenced it in about three years ago," he told me.

I didn't care. I was no longer fascinated with digging up the dead. Kenneth told me he's studying to be an archeologist.

Brian Bragg