



2021

## Pieces of Me

Claire Arneson

[How does access to this work benefit you? Let us know!](#)

Follow this and additional works at: <https://commons.und.edu/floodwall-magazine>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Arneson, Claire (2021) "Pieces of Me," *Floodwall Magazine*: Vol. 2: Iss. 6, Article 12.

Available at: <https://commons.und.edu/floodwall-magazine/vol2/iss6/12>

This Fiction is brought to you for free and open access by UND Scholarly Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Floodwall Magazine by an authorized editor of UND Scholarly Commons. For more information, please contact [und.common@library.und.edu](mailto:und.common@library.und.edu).

## Two Flash Fictions

Claire Arneson

### Pieces of Me

Our eyes met first.  
Right outside your family's café.  
I remember the yellow flecks that graced the vast ocean of your right eye and the dirt brown of your left.  
Mine tentatively touched your dimple as you smirked my way.  
I blushed, my grass eyes turning back to the menu in front of me.  
"Go talk to him!"  
I glanced at Cassie, the homework we brought untouched.  
"Just go, Kelly."  
I stand up.  
I walk towards you.  
My breath is static.  
Our eyes greet each other for the second time, and I veer toward the bathroom.  
I close the door and look in the mirror.  
My rose hair is clenched between my fingers, and my cheeks are tomato red.  
"Breathe Kells, breathe."  
"Good idea," you say.  
And I turn to look up into your eyes.  
"I'm Barrett."

\*

The first time you held my hand was at the football game.

We had just scored or made a goal, or... I don't know, I just went to spend time with you.

You stood up and cheered, I stood up too, and clapped my cold dry hands.

You gave me your jacket, the cold nipping at my skin, but you noticed. My hands felt empty, until you stopped my clapping, and grasped my left.

Your thumb rubbed circles, heating up the frigid outer layer. And then our eyes met again.

\*

Do you remember when you first kissed me?

I do.

We were at Cassie's Halloween party; you took me outside.

We went as Casey Becker and Ghostface from *Scream*.

I was unbothered by the noise, by the indecent PDA that was being displayed, I just wanted you alone.

And then you kissed me.

You parted my lips with yours, you held my neck, and you pulled me by my waist.

And I kissed you.

\*

When I sprained my ankle, you carried me throughout the house.

You transported me upstairs, downstairs, and back again.

You put me to bed, kissing my eyes, my hands, my lips, and my ankle.

"Feel better, I'll see you tomorrow."

\*

Do you remember our last kiss?

I do.

We were in my bed, watching *Scream*.

My ankle was propped on the two pillows you insisted I needed.

Your hand around my neck, my head on your arm.

And your other hand... trailing up my leg.

"Barrett..."

"Come on, Kelly."

It went higher and higher.  
And you leaned in to kiss me.  
No, you leaned in to own me  
You started forcing me.  
"Not now, Barrett."  
"Please Kelly, I have been so patient."  
And then you got on top of me.  
"No! Get off!"  
My parents rushed into the room.  
I bet you forgot they were here.  
Sometimes I do, too.  
They kicked you out, told you to leave.  
I texted you that night.  
But you didn't.

\*

"Barrett?"  
Your face is disguised by your Halloween costume.  
The once-fake knife you had, is replaced by a real one.  
"What are you doing?"  
I only knew it was you, by your eyes.  
Your eyes, that hold pieces of me.  
"It'll be over soon."

\*

Do you remember when you killed me?  
I do.  
You killed me in my very own bed, while my parents were sleeping in the  
other room.  
You killed me and cut me up, wrapping me in my own bed sheets.  
You threw my eyes in the trash behind your parent's restaurant.  
You buried my hands under the bleachers of our school's stadium.  
You buried my head in Cassie's backyard.  
And you threw the rest of me into the river.  
But you kept my heart.  
You have my heart.