

# Unremembered Loss

*For all the news and information from the world of Kathrae, and for the story Unremembered Loss*

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## Another Story

This month I'm giving you another story inspired by someone I follow on Instagram. This beautiful picture is by @lauracatrinella who I've been following a long time.

She draws lots of people, often with a cute pet. Every once in a while she draws a scene. These scenes often make me wonder at the story behind them.

Laura wrote about this specific one, "I love this scene." I had to agree with her.

There is something very special about how they are holding hands and how their eyes are fixed on each other. How he is leaning in and how she complements nature - or how nature complements her.

Laura inspired me and here is the result. With her permission, I'd love happy to share her picture and my story with you in the one hundred and Eleventh monthly Newsletter.

Thanks for your support, and please go check out @lauracatrinella on Instagram and leave her a note letting her know how you found her.



This newsletter comes out monthly. It often contains news about the two novels I'm writing, the occasional short story, discussion about writing, and very off topic things like my card game. Go to [DouglasGClarke.com](http://DouglasGClarke.com) to see back issues. Make sure to sign-up at <http://www.douglasclarke.com/lists/?p=subscribe> so you won't miss the next issue.

# Stunning

Story By Douglas G. Clarke  
Illustrations by Laura Catrinella

That's the only word that comes to mind. And mind you, I don't use that word easily - or for that matter naturally.

I was sitting there between classes. I shouldn't have been - I should have been in the computer lab debugging my Comp-Sci 302 programming homework, but something about the day just grabbed me and sat me down at this concrete table. I was sitting there, thinking about pulling out a book but instead just staring off into the distance.

There were these trees all around, with bright pink and red leaves. Some of the leaves were falling in the slight breeze that was blowing against my face. It was like looking through one of those snow globes, but filled with pink snow. I could see the library off in the distance, but between me and it was all this pink.

Don't get me wrong, I like pink as much as the next guy, but it's not a color that I usually sit around and stare at. Then, as I was just watching the leaves fall, there was suddenly more pink. I didn't really understand what I was seeing, when someone asked, "Do you mind if I sit here," I don't know if I even answered. Whether I said, "sure" or she took my silence as a yes I don't know. In either case, she sat down across from me.

I don't know if I should be embarrassed because I was staring at her or because I was looking right past her. She sat there for a couple minutes, at least I think it was only that long, then I noticed her. A pink sweater over a black top. A pink hair-band in her jet black hair. Deep brown eyes. A button nose and a smile, that when I finally noticed it, brought me out of wherever I was.

Sitting across from me was an angel. Not that she had wings or anything, but the smile, and those eyes that were looking right at me - looking into my soul. Her perfectly a-little-to-big ears, the dimples on her cheeks. I felt blessed that she had chosen to sit across from me.

Then she held up her hand and said, "Hi, I'm Emily." Her voice was lower than I expected. Not that I expected her to even speak to me, but she didn't have one of those high squeaky voices that my way-to-stupid brain would think that a girl in pink would have. It was deep and rich and touched me.

And again, I probably should be embarrassed for however long it took me to reply, but something finally kicked me and I reached forward and took her hand. Not in a shake, but the way a gentleman takes a woman's hand - which somewhere along the way my mother must have taught me.

"I'm Roger," I said, "I'm glad to meet you, Emily." How I knew her name I can't say - I hadn't been listening when she had said it, but then I guess part of me must have been.

I probably held her hand for a little too long, but the smile never left her face. I released it but still felt its presences touching me. A lingering that kept me from saying anything else as I pulled my hand back and looked at it like I was trying to see where her hand had been.

Her voice, that full, intriguing, heart twisting voice, pulled me back when she said, "We're in English together. I was wondering if you understood the homework."

I must have said, "yes," Because books were removed from packs, notes reviewed and memories of the class discussed. We worked through our assignment for an hour or more. I think I learned something during that time, and Emily must have too. She asked me if we could get together to study the next day and somehow I had the presence to say, "That would be good, but how about we grab dinner afterward."

She said, "That's a great idea. I was hoping you'd ask."

I don't know if she's an angel or a witch that cast a spell on me or just a girl in pink that walked into my pink world. All I know is I'm glad I wasn't sitting in the computer lab.