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## What does unconditional mean?

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# What does unconditional mean?

// Cheyenne Varner

So it's like, this one time my aunt told me to water the plants. I was housesitting for about three weeks and I had the whole loft to myself and I could throw parties if I wanted to as long as they were low-key and nothing got broken or stolen and she didn't want me like, making out with anyone either that would be weird—Just make sure the plants get watered, she said. And so I watered the plants on day one according to the schedule, in the morning at about 7 a.m. and in the evening around 8. On day two I melted some of her chocolate on the stove and made chocolate covered strawberries and I finished off her peanut-butter and I took all of her blankets out of the closet and made a fort in the living room and I prank-called her neighbor while I was lying underneath it. I texted her and got permission to buy some movies on the Apple TV and I filled her bathtub up with water and I got into my new bathing suit so I could see how the darker waterlogged color of it looked against my skin. On day five I threw a private party just me and three friends and we spilled wine but I cleaned it up mostly except for the little stain that I didn't catch on the corner of the carpet until day ten (and then I just moved the side table so it mostly hid it). On day six my friend from day five showed up again after he'd texted me to say he happened to be in the neighborhood and was I free? and I said yes so he came up and we lay under my blanket fort (version 2.0) and kissed a lot but kept it pretty casual. On day seven I woke up with this feeling I was forgetting something and on day nine I started panicking because I remembered and I tried to pour a lot of water on them, they were looking brown those plants and on day ten I watched and hoped that on day eleven they would look better, but they didn't. So on day twelve I took my kissing friend with me to buy all new plants and we put them in the place of the old plants and then we kissed a lot again and left the loft because I told him this was weird so he said I should just go out for the night with him. I got back on day thirteen and when I keyed in I was so hungry I just started making myself something to eat and then I had to finish a movie I had started and I had a school assignment that would be due when I got back from break and my father called, I had to talk to him. Day sixteen through twenty I was out of the place so much I only came in after dark to crash. So it was that on day twenty-two when she

opened the door the replacement plants were dead. She said, I let you be at home in here and you didn't even do the one thing I asked. I told her that I understood why she was mad. She told me I was selfish, undeserving and a brat. I said I could accept that. Then she asked me where I was supposed to be staying until classes started. I said I hadn't made those plans. She said, then here of course, help me unpack.