

The Messenger

Volume 2013
Issue 1 *The Messenger*, 2013

Article 42

2013

Hidden

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Recommended Citation

March, Kelley (2013) "Hidden," *The Messenger*: Vol. 2013: Iss. 1, Article 42.
Available at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2013/iss1/42>

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Hidden // Kelley March

I like to watch the rain in my childhood room. It's now an office with a couch that no one uses, but it will always be my space. Its got big French doors, when I was a kid I was scared. I used to think of escape plans. A way to hide really. If someone broke in, I would be like Matilda and hold myself up under my bed. They wouldn't see me, and then I would get my dad and he would get his gun, and all would be alright.

But it's really nice for the rain. These two big doors, a big green pull out couch, hardwood floors. Real wood, my dad hates fake hardwood. Soft green walls. An old desktop computer. A rocking chair, and one of those really formal chairs that were popular a long time ago. Its off white with a stiff back. I really like, though, the plaid curtains. So homey. So very homey. And the rain is outside. Really coming down, and its absolutely lovely. I am trapped inside. Inside this very nice room, that is all mine. And the rain and the world keeps me here. And it thunders, and there is lightening. And it makes me feel safe in a weird way. I am safe with all that keeping everything else away.

And when we had completed the basement and were starting on this room, as I had already moved into my sister's room, I used to come in here and sit and feel all alone and I really liked it. It was happening when I was a freshman in high school. I was so confused. And I used to just come in here and sit by myself, especially when it was raining. And I would watch as the rain made big puddles in our front yard. And there were two saw horses holding up long pieces of wood that I would sit under, and they were right next to the windows, and I felt so alone, because no one would ever come looking for me there. I liked it. I liked feeling that alone. That I had a place that no one was going to enter, that was completely mine. A bedroom is too easily that. Its too easy for people to know that is your room, so in a way it becomes theirs too. But when this room was in-between my room and the office, it was totally mine. No one else had claimed it yet, and so no one would know that I sat there. The same thing happens with outside spaces. It's easy to claim them and feel that they are yours. But they don't make you feel so protected. Not like in a home. And so I felt alone and protected. That's hard to come by. It really is. But this room has always felt right to me.

When I was very little, this room was all sunflowers. Blue carpeting, a yellow stencil of sunflowers around the wall. And a big yellow comforter that was all things beautiful. It was only sunflowers.

Right in front of the big French doors. A book shelf, of kids books. My own closet that was perfect. It was bigger than me, a lot. I rarely got in trouble as a kid. One time I did, and I felt so guilty that I shut myself in my closet and cried for hours. My mom forgot and came by hours later. She felt so bad. She didn't even know I had been crying in there for all that time. And I remember that, I remember that guilt, because sometimes I still feel it. And that closet held me in. And it kept me, just like this room did. It kept me. And I had a sunflower dress, and I had a sunflower that sang you are my sunshine, and I used to hide it under my bed because I loved it so much. And I had collections of things. I collected things like mad. It started with beanie babies, and I had a lot. And I liked snow globes too, a lot. You never know why you like something until you do, and then (unless something ruptures you) you will like them forever, even if you forget, when you remember you will think I like them. And so I like snow globes. A world captured in a glass sphere. I really liked this one that was the first one I had. It was nothing special. Just a town. But I liked it because it looked mature. And so beanie babies and snow globes littered my sunflower filled childhood room that I sit in today with plaid. And a desktop and a filing cabinet.

These things make me sad, this change, this change from my blue carpet to real hard wood. From no one's place because of inbetweenness to no one's place because no one has use for it. And this room has always been a little forgotten, a little like me. A little unnoticed. No one uses these big beautiful doors because they are inconvenient. And no one notices this room because it is extra. And secluded. And my mom fills it with love, and it is still unseen. The animals use it though, I guess that's something. Another thing is that the door doesn't really let you see anyone in the room because the closet is right next to it, and so it blocks your vision. To see in you really have to enter the room. As opposed to my sister's room, you can see right in if the door is open. This room is also farther from my parents' room, which is really something especially when you are young. I remember I used to wake up and tell my mom I can't sleep. A few times she would sleep with me, but very few, which was right, but hard. She would say go back to bed and think about good things. And so I would return and think of my hiding plan, and I never told her that, and I don't know why.