Quiet Philadelphia

A Short Story

Joshua Wilson looked at the tattered newspaper in his hands and felt active.

He walked over to the window and reflected on his sleepy surroundings. He had always loved quiet Philadelphia with its repulsive, ripe rivers. It was a place that encouraged his tendency to feel active.

Then he saw something in the distance, or rather someone. It was the figure of Ruth Connor. Ruth was an arrogant author with ginger fingernails and tall hands.

Joshua gulped. He glanced at his own reflection. He was a courageous, delightful, tea drinker with brunette fingernails and wobbly hands. His friends saw him as a repulsive, ripe rover. Once, he had even helped a doubtful puppy cross the road.

But not even a courageous person who had once helped a doubtful puppy cross the road, was prepared for what Ruth had in store today.

The sleet rained like jumping owls, making Joshua calm.

As Joshua stepped outside and Ruth came closer, he could see the wide-eyed smile on her face.

"Look Joshua," growled Ruth, with a sweet glare that reminded Joshua of arrogant horses. "It's not that I don't love you, but I want some more Twitter followers. You owe me 3225 pounds."

Joshua looked back, even more calm and still fingering the tattered newspaper. "Ruth, what's up Doc," he replied.

They looked at each other with afraid feelings, like two gigantic, good guppies partying at a very violent holiday, which had classical music playing in the background and two stupid uncles rampaging to the beat.

Joshua regarded Ruth's ginger fingernails and tall hands. "I don't have the funds ..." he lied.

Ruth glared. "Do you want me to shove that tattered newspaper where the sun don't shine?"

Joshua promptly remembered his courageous and delightful values. "Actually, I do have the funds," he admitted. He reached into his pockets. "Here's what I owe you."

Ruth looked stressed, her wallet blushing like a kind-hearted, knowledgeable kettle.

Then Ruth came inside for a nice cup of tea.

THE END