

Hidden Disasters

Daphne stood at the counter of the pharmacy, peering at the labels of boxes as she prepared to stock the shelves. She was the sole employee in the small pharmacy. She thought she could busy herself with some work that didn't require heavy thinking. She spent most of her days trying to avoid any heavy thinking or self reflection. She couldn't face her inconsistent, scattered thoughts. Instead, she opted to add price labels to items and place them on shelves. Daphne, lost in her own little world, failed to hear the sound of the door opening.

"Hello, is anyone here?" called out the young girl who stood near the doorway. Startled, Daphne dropped a box of cold medicine on the floor.

"Yes, I'll be there in a moment," Daphne called back out while she picked up the box and sat it on the shelf. As she walked to the front of the store, she tried to place the familiar voice, but she couldn't place it with a face. When she reached the counter, she saw the same girl who had been in the pharmacy nearly a month earlier. The brunette and Daphne had had a long talk. Well, mostly Daphne talked while the girl listened and cried. She hoped that she wasn't back for the same horrid reason. After doing a quick once over, she had all the confirmation she needed. The girl was wearing sunglasses, a scarf and a long sleeve shirt on a smothering August evening.