Keith had had to move quickly as he saw the vase flying through the air and towards his head. He managed to get himself out of the way before the container whizzed passed him and shattered approximately 2-inches above his head, sending a shower of broken glass shards and yellow roses down towards him as the once exquisite bouquet fell to the ground. Keith got up, shook the glass out of his hair and stared at where the thing had been thrown from. There he found a young woman stood in the doorway, clad in her pajama pants and an old t-shirt that read ‘My kaiju poops rainbows’. She was in the process of ripping apart what Keith could only assume to be the associated greeting card.

“What the Hell, Francesca!?”

Keith could see the girl practically trembling as she tore the damned thing into smaller and smaller pieces. Her nostrils flared and her face scrunched. One thing for sure: Keith did not want to be the person who sent her those flowers.

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There’s nothing to wake you up like the sight of a vase flying straight at your head. As much as I’d like to say that my Spidey sense kicked in immediately and I made evading it look easy, it actually took me a second to realize that I had to move at all. Still, I managed to get myself of out dodge just quickly enough that the vase whizzed passed me and shattered against the wall about 2-inches above my head, sending a shower of yellow roses and glass shards careening into my back, neck and hair. I looked up to where the vase came from and found the culprit. She stood in the kitchen, already wearing her pajama pants and an old t-shirt that read ‘My kaiju poops rainbows’. Now she was in the process of ripping apart what I can only guess to be the greeting card that came with the flowers.

I could practically see the girl trembling with passion as the she tore the damned thing into progressively smaller and smaller pieces, her nostrils flared and her brows crunched. Good lord. I really don’t want to be whoever it was that sent those flowers.

“Seriously, Fran!?”

At that she stopped what she was doing and looked up. Her brown eyes glared a whole straight through me, daring me to utter another sound. If she’d had anything else on her at that moment I’m afraid to think what she might have done with it. Regardless, if looks could kill then I wouldn’t be alive to tell this story.

Francesca returned her eyes to the now destroyed card. She stood up straight and slowed her breathing before walking over to the bin and throwing the remaining pieces away.

“Francesca?”

“I’m sorry. You walked by just as I threw.” She said, keeping her voice flat.

The story of my life. I was just hoping that a vase would be the only thing that Francesca destroyed today. That girl could leave a real trail of devastation in her wake if you managed get her worked up enough. But don’t take my word for it. Just ask her ex-boyfriend.

“David? / well you missed anyway (lucky your aim sucks)/ who were they from?” I replied, glancing down at the once-beautiful bouquet of yellow roses, now tempered by its marriage to the broken glass.

“Jessamine”

“Since when are you into chicks?”

“It’s my sister you idiot.”

* Whose story? Not sure
* What’s happening? Francesca through a vase across the room
* What’s at stake? Nothing.
* Big picture? Not clear.

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