

Nimbostratus

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The plant had tumbled down when the door was slammed, and shattered upon contact with the ground. The soil around the plant had scattered everywhere, covering the wooden floor in dirt. Silence hung over the room, heavy and oppressive, but none dared disturb it. The only sounds were the heavy breathing of the woman, staring at the now-closed door, the sigh of resignation of the man behind her, and the pad-pad-pad-pad of the cat's paws as it scurried from the room to hide elsewhere.

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Laughter sang through the air. But not a happy laughter that one would be pleased to hear; a dark, mocking laughter of a brat after their victim had fled. The door slowly swung closed from the recoil when it had hit the wall, denting it; now it squeaked and stopped, its momentum insufficient to close it fully.