

I wrote this for a 300-words-or-fewer contest @ www.writing.com. I had to use the words: silver, leaves and lipstick.

The Trip

WC 186

My sister, Joni, and I watch our mother get ready for her trip.

“Why is she putting on lipstick?” Joni runs her fingers through her hair in frustration.

“Why not?” I look at my watch. “She’s got a few minutes before she leaves.”

“She’s primping. It’s like she’s going out on the town!”

“Joni, Mom is a proud woman. Can’t you just give her this?”

“She deserves the world! It just seems odd to me.”

I have always been closer to our mother than Joni has—probably because I’m the oldest. I understand my aging mother’s need to look her best at this turning point in her life.

Mom undoes the clip from her thinning silver hair and brushes it out in all its remaining glory. She dabs Chanel No. 5 behind each ear, takes one last look around her home of forty years. “Okay, girls, I’m ready.”

I make the call.

The nurse arrives...

Joni and I are at Mom’s bedside (in the bed she lovingly shared with our father before his passing) as she peacefully slips away to her next adventure by her dashing husband’s side.