

Chapter Five – Part 1

“I don’t think . . . “Then you shouldn’t talk!”



* * * * *

“OH Bonkers!” Sumre swung around to Sundae, her eyes showing her disappointment. “If it keeps snowing so hard, we won’t be able to play Crockett in the back yard, like last year,” she whined. “I hate being cooped up like this.”

“Well, it’s not so bad . . . as long as we keep THEM busy.” Sundae smiled, thinking how cute they had all looked lined up on the sofa, hands out receiving their coloring pages. “They aren’t talking, are they? I hate what happened the last time they all TALKED.”

“Me too. But, they aren’t as sassy since breakfast. Must be the food. Where did they get such an appetite this year? I don’t remember that.” One finger to her mouth, Sumre stared mindlessly out the window, drifting off to her storage chest of memories.

Pushing her to one side, Sundae flung up the blind peering curiously into the still blinding snowstorm to check for herself. Seeing what she came over to find, she wrapped one appreciative arm about Sumre lovingly.

“So, you already took care of what I asked you to. You’re the best sister. Granny would be so proud! And . . . did it fit?” she asked appreciatively.



“Snug as a bug in a rug.” Sumre announced, grinning back at her. *There were times when she was grateful for her company. Other times, not so much. This was one of those grateful times.*

“Nooonnnaaa . . .”

The loud low wail from the kitchen doorway, echoed through the expansive house, startling both girls. Dropping the cord to the blind Sundae threw one hand to her mouth in surprise.

“OH MY! The chosen one! I forgot all about him.” Pushing off the chair behind her, she skidded away from the window, headed for the kitchen muttering . . . “I’m too harsh . . . too harsh . . . too harsh. He probably hates me. What should I do? COMINGGGG . . .”

Sumre, shook her head as she strolled back into the living room nearing the large sofa, and seeing the backs of the boy’s heads bent together, the low whispers wafting up into the air around her.

Were they talking? Oooooohhhh . . . that wasn’t good. They had just discussed this irritating phenomenon. Sundae would be extremely angry. They should have been finished by now. The pictures . . . they were important. It was all part of the order of things.

“HUSH,” she squealed (trying to warn them), “Sundae’s rules are NO TALKING.”

Jimin figuring he had nothing to lose (but, possibly the risk of sitting between the wall like Kookie had), flung around waving his un-colored picture in the air above his face.

“I don’t think we should have to do this. It’s stupid. And, I DON’T color,” he responded insolently.

“Welll . . .” Taking a stance behind V, Sumre stroked the top of his newly dyed hair, peeking down at his neatly finished picture of the ‘Mad Hatter’, bright with color and appropriately signed at the bottom.

“If you don’t THINK . . . then you SHOULDN’T TALK,” she barked over at Jimin. “I believe I said HUSH.”

“Who shouldn’t talk?” Bouncing happily back into the living room, JungKook on her arm, (a weak smile across his lips) Sundae disregarded her sister toying with V’s hair. Motioning for Kookie to sit next to him at the end of the large overstuffed sofa she reached for her ruler and a fresh, clean, coloring page of ‘The King of Hearts’.



Pulling a pink headband off the fireplace ledge behind her, she set it affectionately atop Jung Kook's head, her eyes ablaze with passion.

"I'm so sorry. Sumre lost the crown last time. This will have to do." Then standing back she adjusted her glasses, glaring down her nose at the remaining boys now sitting guardedly in line across the sofa.

"Was it you?" she harped sharply, pointing the ruler in Jimin's peaked face. "Your picture isn't colored. Why

not?"

"I told youuuuu . . ." V whispered, leaning into Sumre's caress, smirking over at Jimin.



"Shut up Tae Tae," he sneered back. Narrowing his eyes apologetically he turned to the severe, commanding Sundae pointing an accusing finger at V. "Hear that? Ms. Sundae. He's talking."

Seeing the end of the ruler coming straight at his face, Jimin cringed, preparing himself for the direct hit. *Holy shit! This was worse than private school. This girl had to have unresolved teacher issues . . .*

"Sweetie," she crooned quietly, catching him off-guard as she tapped the top of his tousled hair tenderly. "The pictures are a memento of your visit. They MUST be finished. And, let's not make the poor 'Rabbit' black this year! He's white you know. Here's the white crayon. Why are you complaining? You stay in the lines so well."

Reaching for the crayon box in front of him she tucked the ruler under one arm and pulled out the appropriate crayon.

"Here. Now let's be done. You're holding up the next activity. You and the 'King' are the last."

Clapping her hands to spurn them on, she stepped back observing the other pictures across the trays in front of her. *Such good artists they all were. This was one of her favorite activities.*

Jimin took the crayon from her gingerly, turning his head from one side to the other, eyeing V on his left and Jin on his right. *Did they hear that? Just like this morning, she was acting like he had been here before. How was that possible?*

As Sundae's thoughts darted from the boys, to the pictures of 'Alice' on the staircase, and back to the boys, she remembered the 'box'.



“SUMRE. I almost forgot, we need the box. They're nearly finished. Hurry,” she urged her scattered sister excitedly, motioning for her to go and retrieve the box they kept the 'pictures' in.

Pacing up and down in front of the four young men in nervous anticipation, still cradling the long menacing ruler under one arm, she cracked her knuckles mindlessly, trying not to seem 'too' harsh. *Yes, that was the answer to cooperation . . . not to be too harsh.*

* * * * *

THE large grandfather's clock on the wall, methodically ticked away the seconds, as Sumre obediently complied, taking the winding staircase hastily two steps at a time, her blonde hair flying behind her.

“The box, the box . . . damn, where did I put it?” Plunking down on the top step, her eye twitched in frustration for the second time. “If I can't find it, I'm dead. Bonkers, bonkers, bonkers!” Scolding herself, she thumped the side of her head despondently.

Pushing off from the railing, she leaned over the balcony pointing to V who (off in his own little world) sat drumming his fingers on the tray in front of him, rocking his head to and fro.

“YOU . . . CUTIE PIE, COME UP HERE,” she shouted, “I NEED YOU.”

Hearing her desperate call for help, V glanced up, at her flustered face, and long painted fingernail flung out in his direction.

“Me?” he asked, starting to rise away from the line of members, smiling bravely as he moved out. *She was so sexy when she looked at him like that. What was a little coloring in a nice, clean, white freshly starched outfit, compared to THAT? What was Jimin’s problem anyway?*



“Yes, you. Step on it.” Flinging back around, she assumed he would follow.

He could help her. The box . . . she couldn’t look everywhere in the short time needed to find it. He was the fun one. He understood her. If he stayed with Sundae he couldn’t talk.

* * * * *