

The Flower Field
A Short Story by Abigail Dominguez

Lavender, Sunflower, Cosmos, Dahlia. The stereotypical flowers you would find in any flower field. Admittedly, I have always been fascinated by flowers. They have a sort of kindness to them. A sense of wonder.

Therefore, here I am. Sitting in a rather large field full of these beautiful blossoms. And so, I sit, and sit. I sit and as the calming breeze brushes the plants against my ankles. I slowly progress to lie down and stare upwards.

The sky is bright blue with few clouds shaped as though they were flowers as well. I could not believe the beauty of nature. It truly is unbelievable.

The wind brings a sense of adventure. A fascinating idea that wherever you are wanting to go today, you will surely get there tomorrow. However, the place I wish to travel, seems almost beyond tomorrow.

Many wish to become ordinary people. They wish to become doctors, chefs, businessmen, or even political figures. They try their hardest to become that which they dream. They achieve the most bizarre things that are undesirable, but what they feel are necessary to reach their goal.

My dream is beyond words. It is what many wish for. Many who come from much humbler beginnings. Many who have the same dreams as those of whom I spoke of before. The only conflict being that they do not possess the resources to achieve their dream. And so, they sit at a distance; watching those who have resources use them for things that they could not imagine. They are ignored, sent away, disregarded. While their dreams sink deeper and deeper until they are no longer even thought of.

And so that is what I am brought to today. The day that my life was changed. By a girl with much potential. This is her story.

There it is. The sunset. For hours have I lied here, deep in thought. How much longer must I wait? I have long sought out opportunities to serve. I hope to help someone. To even change someone's life, perhaps.

Keep it in mind, I am not selfish. I do not seek out these opportunities for self gain. I am rather at peace with the person that I am, and the person that I may yet become. As an outcome, I wish to share my peace with others. So that they may see the happiness that can come from achieving the impossible and share it with the world. I must-

My thoughts are interrupted by a soft humming coming from a little farther from where I now lie in the flower field. I tilt my head up, just enough to see over the beautiful flowers.

A adolescent looking young woman sits down in a small patch of Dahlia just a few feet from me. She seems to be so invested in her thoughts that she does not intend to notice me.

"Oh, Rosso! Wouldn't it be great to achieve it someday? I mean think of it- I would be happy beyond dreaming!"

I softly let out a giggle.

"Who's there?" The girl calls out, faintly scared.

I carefully get up from where I lie, "Do not be afraid. My name is Celeste. I couldn't help but overhear your quaint conversation."

"Oh! You just scared me, that's all. I am Genevieve."

"Tell me, Genevieve, did you perhaps name that flower that you were talking to?"

Genevieve looked at the flower with embarrassment. She looked as though she were ashamed to have named such a magnificent bloom.

"His name is Rosso. He is my most admired of the bunch. He has these beautiful dark petals in the center, which then extends to gorgeous bright red petals around the contour."

"Brilliant! And, do you speak Italian?"

"How did you perceive that it was Italian?"

"I speak 5 different languages."

"Incredible! I hope to learn Italian."

"It is a very expressive language."

As we sat in the field full of blossoms, I could feel as though Genevieve had something that she was unsettled about. Something that she was intensely putting her mind to. And then it came to me-

Genevieve had a *dream*.

"Genevieve?" I seemed to have interrupted her thoughts once more.

"Yes?"

"Do you ever dream?"

She took a moment to compose herself as though she were trying to find the words that could describe her wondrous hope.

"I do." She said quickly. I simply nodded my head and awaited her exposition.

I must have waited no longer than five minutes until she began. As I sat and listened, I was astonished by the beauty of her dream. I was starting to comprehend why one should be prolonged when finding the words to describe a dream such as hers.

When she concluded her description, she looked at me with a sense of longing. As if she were waiting for my consent.

"It is a wonderful dream, Genevieve. Never have I heard of such a tale as yours."

"Perhaps so."

Genevieve turned her gaze back to the small Dahlia that she had named. I could not help but observe her emotions.

"You know, I was once in a similar circumstance such as yours."

She then turned to focus back on our conversation.

"What do you mean?"

"Genevieve, there are many things in this world that we cannot control. One's circumstances, and other people for example." I placed my hand gently on hers, "But there are also things that we can control. And, although you may feel as though there is no hope, you must remember that no matter the circumstances- you can achieve whatever you put your mind to and do not let anyone tell you otherwise."

Genevieve looked at me for a moment then gave me the biggest hug in the world.

"Thank you." She said.

And, so we sat until the sun departed and the stars returned to cast their gaze upon the beauty of the flower field.