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Epilogue: The Smell of Flowers

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Epilogue: The Smell of Flowers

The smell of flowers. Did you wonder reader? I wondered. Joe probably didn't wonder.

He was inside, and presumably not getting outside anytime soon, when he blacked out after falling down.

He ended up outside, and although he didn't know how or why, his shoes, which had formerly been untied, were now tied and smelled of flowers. I know why, reader.

Why didn't I tell you the full story?

Well, I did tell you, if you had been paying attention:

"He had been put in a box and shipped out of the complex," I said.

So you knew that. So what's the point of all this then? And who put Joe in a box?

Well, if you'd stop asking so many questions of me, maybe I could get there. I know you've finished the story (or not – I really wouldn't blame you) but that doesn't give you the right to continue your merciless assault of unwarranted, poorly timed questions. Further, I don't really know who 'put Joe in a box,' but let's hazard a guess that the being/thing responsible (hereafter referred to simply as 'Flowers') had some connection with the flower smell. While it's frankly quite possible that 'Flowers' had nothing to do with the flowery smell, I find it more likely that 'Flowers' – whatever that is – had something to do with it.

Ahem.

We're in the twilight zone now, reader. The one where my day comes to a close. The story of Joe is ending – the sun setting. The light that is my knowledge of events is fading from the sky (as is, undoubtedly, your interest in them) and though I seek to keep the sun up by racing toward the horizon, I cannot. I can gain only seconds.

All this is to say that if you came here looking for a long backstory, I'll have to be so bold as to disappoint you. That I cannot give you, though I wish I could. I cannot even tell you much about the smell – in fact, I don't think I can tell you much more than the smell itself.

Why, you ask.

Well normally I'd be annoyed at this question. I'd answer 'why not?' I'd tell you to go take a hike. I'd say it's ruining the flow. But as I have little else to offer: The answer is that it's not my story.

Why isn't it my story?

I'll present some facts:

1. I know only what I know
2. Joe knows only what he knows
3. The delivery man knows only what he knows
4. 'Flowers' knows what 'Flowers' knows
5. I saw what I saw
6. Joe saw what he saw
7. The delivery man saw what he saw
8. 'Flowers' saw what 'Flowers' saw

Items 1 and 5 I can tell you with a great degree of certainty- memory is fallible, but in a world where no one else is telling the same story that I am, I as the author become very credible. I'm not going to elaborate much on this – the veracity of my claim should be self-evident, I hope.

Items 2 and 6 can be interpreted through a similar lens as items 1 and 5. I can see what I think Joe saw, and guess at what he knows, certainly much better than you, reader. In fact, I can know a lot of what he knows, I think. Is this complicated?

No, just listen.

I can guess at 3 and 7, albeit to much lesser degrees of the former.

It is the nature of the 4th and 8th objects that I cannot come close to. I was following so closely to Joe that I cannot attest to them, though I whiffed them ever so briefly, though I felt them ever so closely.

It is, simply put, not my story to tell. It is another's to tell, or not to tell, as they see fit. It would be dishonest to you, dear reader, who has undoubtedly suffered so much in the ways of headache and malcontent over my telling of what happened to Joe, or what Joe happened to do, or what Joe is and was and will be, or however you'd like to phrase it, to tell you otherwise.

So I can't tell you the story of 'Flowers'. I could tell you what little I saw, but I won't. That is for another author, another teller. It is not mine. I would be telling lies to keep you enchanted, lighting candles to keep away the encroaching dark, burning down a forest of truth to keep my face illuminated. I've got to keep you in the dark, so to speak.

Do not fear the dark, dear reader. That's my job. Like, what am I going to do now?

You wish you knew. Hah!

Sorry, that was mean.

Come to think of it, I'm really actually quite sorry if I've been rude at all. It's just the stress, you know. It builds up and builds up and I just have to get snippy at your questions or else I'll feel like the pressure is mounting to an unsustainable amount. I don't want to explode.

Oh, and if you so happen to be nervous about what happens to Joe (as I was, at least for a time), or any aspect of Joe's story (such as 'Flowers', to whom I have alluded so frequently in this little bit extra of mine), then I'll leave you with this:

Do not fear the dark, worried reader.

Do not fear the dark.

The morning comes,

The sun rises.

Do not fear the dark.

Follow the moon, wandering reader,

Follow the moon.

The mist clears,

The road guides.

Follow the moon.

Consider the stars, sleepless reader

Consider the stars.

The gate opens,
The table fills.
Consider the stars.

Do not fear the dark, former reader.
Do not fear the dark.
The candle glows,
The embers burn.
Do not fear the dark.