

Notes On Short Story

Two "unclaimed blessings" are parted when one of them is married. This story takes place in the 1890's and it is so the fate of the other is one of loneliness. They had previously more or less taken for granted that they would live together for the rest of their lives, and so the other one is deeply hurt and has a feeling that she has been abandoned. The wedding plans are made and the other friend helps with the plans but she is terribly unhappy. However, she is all but completely ignored by her dear friend, the happy bride. The wedding guests all assemble in the church and eagerly await the entrance of the bride. She makes her entrance and files passed her friend, not even giving her a side glance. She is again completely ignored at the time when she most needed a reassuring look from her more fortunate friend. But there was no glance no reassuring look to help brace her for the lonely years ahead. She, until this moment did not realize how bitter she really was. She had a hard time keeping her tears back, but she knew that as many eyes were on her as were on the bride. Cold, cruel, unsympathetic eyes they were. She felt as though she were placed upon a stage ~~or~~ or in some side show to be stared at and pointed at and laughed at. She knew that she could not leave; that would give the crowd too much satisfaction, just more fuel for the fires of gossip that continually haunted her. She withstands the siege and makes her way to the outside of the church and to her carriage without seeing her friend. She wonders how two such good friends can be such strangers at a moment when ~~luck~~ good fortune falls on the shoulders of one of them. It is absolutely necessary that she make an appearance at the wedding reception or there will be more food for gossip. Her experiences at the wedding ~~except~~ reception prove to be even more of an ordeal than those at the church. Here she sees the male guests many of whom are her friends and her girlfriends husbands friends standing in line ~~and~~ to kiss the bride. All of the men were near drunk and the reception became noisier by the minute. Finally came the time for the bride to make her exit with her husband. All of the people including our ~~heroine~~ heroine were there to see them off. This was to prove the biggest test for the old maid. She stood below the stairs waiting, when the couple made their entrance at the top of the stairs. Everyone began to yell except her. She stood there silent in the crowd of laughing and smiling faces. Suddenly a swoop of color descended toward her, almost falling into her arms. She reached as if almost by reflex and caught it. It was a bouquet of flowers - the brides. Then the implications of the flowers flashed almost deliriously in front of her. It was like one terrible dream

Notes On Short Story

Two "unclaimed blessings" are to be parted when they have met the

She held them in her trembling white hands. She held on to them as though her life depended upon it. She did not want to hold them, but she could not let them fall from her hands. She looked up to the bride, her eyes asking why. But there was no answer in the other woman's eyes-only embarrassment.

The crowd turned to see where the flowers had landed and a few titters sounded when they saw, and the titters turned to laughter. But when they turned back to the bride's white embarrassed face, their laughing stopped. Not even the rustle of satins could be heard. Emmy turned and with dignity she turned and walked through the door.

It was like they weren't friends any more - two such
bodies that every body thought would turn out the rest of
their life together