

The Evasive Vase

588 words

The only problem with my apartment is that it's too small. *I get it.* "Blah blah. 'Where's my Bentley?'" Blah blah..."

But I stub my toes, trip over things (so what if *I* left them there), and can see the time left on my microwaved takeout from my bed. I had dreams about pizza for a week after we had 'make-your-own' for girls' night. There are plusses to such a nanoscopic habitat. I can shoot trash hoops from anywhere to make myself feel athletic, and I can watch TV in the shower.

There's only one false pretense about my lifestyle: with less space it would be harder to lose stuff. Right? Wrong.

This past Wednesday I walked my fanny down to Whole Foods because I recently won the POWERBALL®, and I needed to buy a sweet treat so I wouldn't die. I walked inside and saw the flowers and thought, "Wow, I need another stupid responsibility, and spend 10 dollars."

Lord knows no gentleman's buying them for me, so I must do it myself (#girlpower). Most homely redhead girls won't even receive flowers on St. Patrick's Day. Even then, it's already late March, and I'm inside, hiding from the sun. So, I pick some out and go about my trivial grocery run. I walk around the store and revel in the certain smugness that comes with holding fresh flowers. I skip home with them in my wicker basket like I'm a Disney princess who worries about what she must wear to the function at dusk. Except I'm the one who turns into a pumpkin.

I make my way back to my castle, and am ready to carefully place them in their eventual glass casket. I look under the sink where the one vase I own should be, and it's gone. I decided to calmly solve the problem by freaking out. I dug around under my sink feverishly. I found a rat's passage to Narnia, and chocolate chips somehow, but no vase.

I began to think maybe it's under my bed. I get on my floor, lay down like a schoolgirl flipping through a textbook, and start flailing my arms like an elderly lady in an exercise video. The vase isn't anywhere to be seen. To someone who experiences minimal stress but can't let anything go, this is becoming highly problematic.

My flowers are sitting on the counter, and I can hear them crying out to me like great-depression era orphans yelling to me, "Please we need water, and whatever the hell is that packet!"

I start to ramp up my search, and head to the bathroom. Under my sink I see forgotten hair-tools from when I had pizzazz. But I couldn't ruminate on the existential dread because I had to find this vase. It wasn't under there either. After looking for what felt like forever, (it was 8 minutes) I started to lose my already compromised peace of mind. Where the hell was this vase? Did it grow legs, and leave? Did the guys who came to do the inspection take it as part of some cruel joke?

The time was ticking on these flowers, and I couldn't stop looking. I looked in my closet, the washer, and took apart my water heater. The vase was nowhere to be seen.

Sitting at my desk later in the evening, mulling over where this vase could possibly be, I went to chomp down on my vice: a gumball and realized I had placed my colorful sugary friends in my vase.