

Indira Soltys Lee

Mrs. Mitty and Her Missing Man

I opened my eyes and gazed into my silver pocket mirror, “Oh my!” I said to myself. I love these weekly trips into town, especially when I get my hair done. I walked into the dimly lit hotel lobby, scanning the crowd for Walter. There were guests conversing and laughing, and hotel workers in funny red coats, but no Walter. Where is Walter? I felt my palms getting sweaty, my knees getting weak, my heart was pounding, and tears were streaming down my face, “Walter!” I called out, panicked, “Walter!”

“Ma’am? Are you alright?” I turned to see a concierge in his ridiculous red coat standing directly beside me. After several deep breaths I built up to courage to say, “Quite alright,” in the calmest voice I could muster without it quavering. Truthfully, this wasn’t the first time I’d lost Walter in a crowd, sometimes he got lost or dazed, and he can get hurt when he’s on his own. He should be here by now, I thought to myself as I started searching the room more intensely. I did two circles around the lobby, and checked the street outside, nowhere. Honestly, I most likely wouldn’t even see him through my tears and blurry vision, but I have to keep looking. He could’ve fallen into the street, or walked into a pole, or crashed the car. His mind always drifts no matter what I do! His silly daydreams could cause him so much harm, sometimes it was like he wasn’t even there. Then, out of the corner of my eye, I spotted him sat on an old chair, staring into space, like he hadn’t even heard my cries. I walked up to him from

behind, and raised my hand to smack him on the shoulder, “I’ve been looking all over this hotel for you!”