

Crabbe's New Digs

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Crabbe followed the realtor around the house. It was a farmhouse, all decorated in turquoise, yellows, and browns, but he like it anyway. The thick shag carpet reminded him of summer grass, and the chocolate brown sectional sofa, the witch called it, looked really comfortable. "It has a nice kitchen with a view of the town," she said.

Crabbe raised his eyebrows at the orange and white kitchen.

"... With avocado appliances," she said, pointing to them, "it's very spacious. Good for cooking."

"I don't cook much," he said.

She only smiled at him and turned around. "There is a door here that I think goes to the basement, but I don't have a key." Crabbe turned to look at the door she indicated.

He was still staring at the door when the woman started opening up the laundry closet. He reached out his hand and pushed the doorknob, then pulled, turned, rattled... and it gave. "Oh, you did it!" the realtor exclaimed.

Crabbe walked down the rickety wooden steps. The lights flickered when he asked, "Where's the damn lights?"

What he saw made his eyes bulge. There under the florescent blue light were rows of the most beautiful plant he'd ever seen.

He walked back up to the kitchen to find the realtor. "I'll take it!"

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Author's Notes:

To Apollina V, who wanted an art imitating life drabble: Crabbe growing cannabis