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☆☆☆☆☆ “Romance, drama, suspense, and a story that will stick with you for a long time!”

81 Minute Books Presents

“Waves, Sand and a Beach Chair”

Preview

Written by Ron Knight

Part 1

“The breaking of a wave cannot explain the whole sea.” ~ *Vladimir Nabokov*

~

This is a true story...

My grandma sent me four birthday cards because she couldn't remember how old I was. She didn't guess any of the age's right.

One guess was that I just turned eighteen. That was four years ago.

Grandma also guessed nineteen, twenty-one, then oddly there was a Happy Sweet Sixteenth birthday card.

The cashier at the Dollar Tree must have thought this old woman had four grandchildren with birthdays all in the same week.

Nope. It's just me. And I'm twenty-two, grandma.

Twenty-two.

Grandma used to send a check with each birthday card based on my age. For example, when I turned nine, she sent me nine dollars.

Too bad she stopped doing this. Those four birthday cards could have added up to seventy-four dollars. Enough for a bus ticket out of Rose Water, Ohio.

At least grandma knows I'm a girl. Even so, I was named Rhonda by my parents. Who names their kid Rhonda?

Answer: my dad is a huge *Beach Boys* fan. (*Help Me Rhonda.*)

I'm depressed. It's gray every day. The same cold temperature for weeks, maybe even months. I'm not even sure at this point when I last fixed my gaze on the sun.

Did I ever really look at the sun? Or was it just up there, passing the time? Did the sun look down, eyes burning from exhaustion, counting the seconds until the moon arrived and pushed darkness into world?

Everything I love about love has been sucked from the atmosphere.

It would help if I had a job, but I don't.

371 days ago, I was promoted to an assistant manager at some crappy place that made hoagies. So, I went from making nine dollars an hour to making ten.

The great thing about my generation is that assistant manager jobs are handed out like candy on Halloween. It's easy to get, but you'll be disappointed when you realize it's just a bite-size job.

On the other hand, it's perfect for the thirty-eight-year-old manager who can slack off while I have all the responsibilities and the work, not to mention the manager makes a nice salary of \$38,000 a year while I'm stuck making ten bucks an hour.

If that wasn't bad enough, a wrench was thrown into the gears of my life. My father attempted to commit suicide.

That was 371 days ago.

He tried hanging himself in the garage with an orange cord that we used for the electric yard trimmer. As Dad hung from the rafters and turned a deep blue, the cord slipped loose and he fell to the garage floor, smacking his head on the lawnmower, instantly knocking him unconscious.

Three things happened next.

One. I ran from my bedroom, discovered my father on the dirty garage floor and thought he was dead. I called 911 and waited.

When the paramedics arrived, they claimed my dad would be physically okay. (I noticed the paramedic mentioned *physically*, not *mentally*.)

Two. I can't look at the color orange anymore. I'm sure some therapist would be able to help with this silly phobia I've developed, but it's the color orange...who cares if I look at it?

Did you know the hatchling Loggerhead sea turtles avoid yellow light so they can guide themselves to the ocean? Maybe if I avoid orange long enough, I can guide myself somewhere just as peaceful.

Anyway, here's the third thing that happened. I quit my job and never looked back. My father just tried to kill himself and I needed some time to get over what I went through.

At least that's what I told my boss, my parents, and anyone else who judged me.

My mother, who was cheating on my father, felt a little bit guilty so she stopped cheating for a while and said I didn't have to work until my father felt better.

"He could use the company while I'm at work," she told me.

What's the acceptable grace period for sitting on your butt and not working while pretending to console your father who sits in his lounge chair reading books all day?

I'm not sure, but it's been 371 days.

My mother must still feel guilty.

Another possibility is that she's still cheating.

~

I have video games.

Let me rephrase that statement.

I have a Nintendo Switch, Xbox One, PlayStation 4, Wii U, Zeebo, Wii, PlayStation 3, Xbox 360, HyperScan, and a Nintendo GameCube. All are collecting dust as we speak.

For some reason I just realized I'm twenty-two and still live at home with no ambition or goals of doing anything meaningful with my life.

This day just became a lot grayer.

~

My grandfather gave me a rocking chair for my birthday last year. He made it with his own hands. The reason I know this, every time he visits with Grandma he would say to me, "Hey, did you know I made that rocking chair with my own two hands!"

Then my grandmother would complain to my mother in the kitchen loud enough for me to hear in my bedroom, "When are you going to make that lazy waste of nothing get a job?"

Hey Grandma, I have a message for you; just stick to sending me birthday cards with the wrong age, it's what you do best.

I never heard my mother's response. She doesn't talk above a whisper anymore. Oh, and how is it possible that my two annoying grandparents are alive while my father was just moments away from being dead?

If only I had a car. Or money. Or a low paying job again.

Nah. I can easily just sit here on my bed.

Dad is only forty-seven. It's way too young for him to off himself. Didn't anyone tell Dad that hanging yourself by an electric orange cord is wrong on so many levels? Didn't his mother and father have a conversation with him about life and death?

Probably not. No parent wants to talk about that crap.

My room has a desk with an office chair. I sit there sometimes to change things up from lying on the bed. I never sit on the rocking chair.

I always believed rocking chairs are for psychos and serial killers in horror movies. Think about it; no one really knows who invented the rocking chair.

If that's the case, then no one knows why we have them in the first place.

What if the rocking chair was created by some sort of evil demon to rest while plotting a soul to suck?

I'm not taking the chance.

By the way this story is just beginning. You're going to find out later how a beach chair will forever change my life.

To be continued...

You've completed 9 minutes of this book.