

Can't Wait To See The Movie

She had placed her phone on the rusty metal edge of the glass outdoor table on the patio in the backyard, over looking the ocean. Smooth sounds of Jack Johnson played over her phone, as she rummaged around under the beach house for the landlords kayak. He had said, "help yourself to whatever is stored under the house." It was a rent to own situation but she was spending a month here to see if she wanted to buy the property lock, stock and barrel.

Obviously he hadn't cleaned since the last hurricane because things were thrown around and jumbled like a crime scene.

"Ah ha," she said to herself, as her eyes became acclimated to the dusky, light. She spotted her quarry, tugging to remove the skinny, orange plastic kayak from the hooks on the ceiling. There were mountains of crap getting in her way- dirty life jackets in faded neon colors, cracked discolored flippers that looked like they would fit a five year old, a couple rusty tanks of oxygen, and snorkels and masks in various stages of disrepair littering the sandy floor by her feet and on all sides of her.

The salt air disintegrated everything and termites didn't help...the kayak was stuck on the thick rusty hooks, as she pulled with all her might. "One, two, three," she yanked with her full force. It dislodged and came flying at her along with a giant resting spider, that now was flying at her in slow motion like a skeletal fist, pegging her in the forehead with a swack then scuttling across her head, and for a terrible moment as she flew screaming out of the bunker, it was stuck in her curly hair. She was running like fire as she hit the ocean waves dunking under hoping to dislodge the arachnid invader...swimming underwater for a few hundred yards and finally coming up for air.

A man down the beach was waving at her frantically. What a sweetheart, he was probably worried about her after her sprint of terror. She paddled around smiling and waving back...sure got deep quick over on this side of the beach...she could finally hear the dark haired man as he approach, still waving, "SHARK, SHARK," she paddled around and fuck-all if there wasn't a fin off into the distance.

Stupidly she swarm in like a maniac, what could she do. She made it to the shallow end, but her finned buddy had been following, he obviously didn't want to get beached in the shallow sand, or she would have been his human sushi.

"Welcome to Hawaii," she thought, hitting the beach with a pant. The man ran up, "you ok lady, you ok?"