

Unanswered Questions

Out on the jetty, the wet rocks were slick when she lowered herself, feet dangling over the ledge, her tormented face a fractured reflection in the surging water. Gulls overhead shrieked, and she longed to join them. Icy waves crashed into the rocks as she assaulted him with questions he failed to answer. The spray of the ocean stung her cheeks and mingled with her tears like a ghost's chilling whisper.

"Answer me," she begged, desperate to hear his voice. "Please."

A lone fisherman glanced up from his nearby perch, watched the girl talking to no one.

"You okay Miss?"

A decorative graphic featuring the words "Author's Note:" in a cursive script, with a small pen icon positioned above the word "Note".

I recently sat in on a group session with a therapist where he walked us through a five-minute meditation. He requested we imagine a peaceful place and envision a trustworthy person to consult with. The meditation and the suggestion that I attempt a surprise ending inspired this week's micro story. I'm not sure this ending is shocking, but I like my story.

I don't know who the girl in the story is, or the person she's asking to answer her, but I suspect it's her late husband, which is why the fisherman only sees one person.

A decorative graphic featuring the words "The Reluctant Author:" in a cursive script, with a small pen icon positioned below the word "Author".