

I've watched them come and go, the people in all shapes and sizes. They look at me and turn away. My once vibrant yellowed paint has faded and chipped, but I still hold the stories of those who've entered my door. The first child born here, the last to die here. White-haired and stooped, the couple who kept insisting it would be their last summer. The lanky tanned teens who pleaded with Gran and Pop to keep it just one more year. None of them visit me now, though, so I hold their stories until they return for them.



Author's Note:

While staying at the beach recently, I split my time between riding waves that would spit me on the beach, and sitting under our umbrella nursing the skinned knees I acquired. One such evening, I noticed all the beachfront homes and thought of the magical stories they could tell. From our balcony, one house looked run down compared to the others. Watching the sunset, I started wondering what stories that home might tell. It was not abandoned, as my story suggests, nor was it yellow.

There's always something that captivates me as I watch the comings and goings of those around me and the places they dwell. I wonder at what their normal routine is, if they find the same joy in seeing the ocean every day as I do when I visit. Do they scan the beach nightly for sea turtles and delight at watching the pelicans during the day?

As I sit polishing this small note, I'm more than a little sun-kissed, tired, and still finding sand everywhere. My knees are sore from being beaten by the waves, and I'm excited at the prospect of sleeping in my bed. Yet, I still think about many of the houses and what might be unfolding in each one.

The Reluctant Author

