

Oh Dear

That hazy evening rain blew in over Honolulu, blasting away the heat of the day in preparation for a good night's rest. How the hell had they managed to find him.

I'm coming I'm coming.

He wasn't of course. Sean was fiddling with the computer downstairs. Reyes was making the beds upstairs.

It had got through the spam filters: Reunion of university class, 1983. A flash of cold Dublin air biting bones embedded in a haze of alcohol and drugs. Special Branch in old Ford Cortinas, smoking endlessly, bored by the whole procedure. Those nuisances would be off to London soon: someone else's problem. That was everyone's solution at the time.

Dear Ronald,

You were selling doom and gloom, nuclear blackout which would leave us all without need for a job. Then we ended up without one anyway. We protested in the park. They locked us up for the night.

Dear Margaret,

It was all Out Out Out, wasn't it. Out of work mainly. But you couldn't give a damn.

The rain faded. A late evening breeze ruffled through the window. His parents had passed away last Autumn. One after another, giving up the ghost as leaves fall one last time. No reason to go back home now. And it hadn't been home for years. Sean had a sip. The cool beer tingled a nerve.

Coming, he called again.

Reyes needed a hand with the beds. Sean's had been made a long time ago. There was no going back. Just a change of sheets to keep out the damp. Sean

needed to update his antivirus. He poked Class of 83 into the spam tray. He'd survived without them all.

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