

About the Book

Untraditional Love In The Dark

Chapter 1

IT WAS DECEMBER 19, and there I was strolling down the beach. I don't truly know what had possessed me that morning. I had been awake, crying practically all night long. My heart was heavy and overflowing. I wanted to leave my body, to escape it all.

I had only gotten about two hours of sleep. Those two hours were not a peaceful sleep. I had a nightmare. I dreamt I was driving across a bridge in New Orleans. The bridge suddenly collapsed. Within seconds, my car was covered with water. I tried to continue driving. The car would not move. The engine made a clicking sound. I saw other cars floating on by. I saw what appeared to be seaweed or some type of plant.

I could not get my car door to open. I used the heel of my shoe to kick the window's glass. It did not break. My eyes opened wide as I struggled. It was too late for me to escape.

I awoke from the dream gasping for air, almost as if I had swallowed some seawater. The water engulfing me was a sign of how I felt about my life. I was in too deep.

My body was totally drained after the dream. I guess I was physically struggling while I was asleep.

I could not get myself to relax. I was so angry and bitter. My emotions were out of control. It felt worse than being trapped in a tornado. I was stuck in a miserable life based on the lies fed to me by a man.

I was tired of wasting time pretending I was going to get some sleep. I wanted to sleep, to dream, to be held, but I was far from getting any of the three. I decided to go out on the beach, just to think for a while. I thought being near the water would work magic on my situation.

If it didn't, I could always have jumped in and got my clothes wet. That was a stupid thought. Not to mention, sharks are known to swim close to the shore before dawn. Sharks are more prone to attack if a swimmer is alone as opposed to being in a group. A kid was attacked by a shark three weeks beforehand. The shark devoured the child's arm in one bite. Beachgoers were being more precautious. Besides, I had enough problems already to add pneumonia and a shark bite to the list.

The water is extremely fierce on the beach early in the morning. It was around six-thirty a.m. The wind was kind of chilly but not too cold. The sky was a medium shade of gray with bits of white peeking through the center. I could smell salt water and fish. Around Christmas time in Miami, it always

gets windy. The change in weather signals Christmas has arrived.

Usually when a person is depressed, the first thing to go is their appearance. Depression has a way of making a person forget about materialistic things.

I was bundled up in a cream colored sweater, an old sweatshirt, and a pair of jogging pants. I didn't want to get cold when the waves blew in towards the shore. I was having a bad hair day. I used my fingers to comb my hair towards the back.

Living in Miami kind of spoiled me as far as the weather is concerned. I was accepting of the brief visits of wind during the holiday season mainly because Miami is mostly sunny year round.

On my feet, I wore a pair of Nike Tennis and regular cotton socks. It would not have been a wise idea to wear open-toed shoes especially if I didn't want to get sand on my feet.

And God knows. I did not want any jellyfish finding a resting place on my feet. Those little things have a sting strong enough to send you to the hospital. Better yet, the poison from their sting can swell your feet bigger than a grapefruit.

I once had a jellyfish to land on my feet while I was walking near the shore. I did not realize it was there until a sharp pain shot up my leg.

I started running and screaming, "A shark got me. Run everybody, run." I worked myself up so bad. I nearly fainted. I got weak in the knees, and I collapsed on the beach.

The lifeguard pushed his way through the crowd of people who had circled around me. I assumed he looked at my legs and did not see any torn skin or ligaments, so he knew it was not a shark attack. He laughed as he rubbed my right leg. "You are not dead. I think a jelly fish bit you," he told me.

Yes, I was embarrassed. There I was lying on the beach. Thank God I had a sense of humor. I lowered my head and smiled. Through all of the commotion, I noticed the lifeguard's muscular build. If the circumstances were different, I probably would have flirted with him.

The beachgoers were irritated when he said jellyfish. They grunted and walked away. I heard a teenage boy tell his friend, "She got everybody all worried. She knew she was lying. She thought they were going to put her on the six o'clock news or something."

Fresh mouth kid. He was lucky I was not his relative. I had the mind to take my shoe off and give him a good whipping.

I was not worried about getting on the news. I honestly thought I had been attacked by a shark. How was I supposed to know it was only a jellyfish?