Help From The Sunrise

by David James

Ellen arrived on the beach when it was still too dark to see the ground; the fine shells and small, sharp rocks hurt her feet, but she went ahead until her toes felt the edge of the water. There, she sat down on the damp sand and felt the water come forward and go back in tiny waves, but it was still dark and she couldn't see it.

The Sun comes with only a glow at first, making it look like it's the sea which illuminates the Earth. Then though, its shape begins to rise; it begins to fill up the world with light almost immediately. And, with the Sun's debut, Ellen's body began to warm.

Somewhere, almost 27 miles away, her daughter is knocking on her door because it was time to go to the doctor. More tests. Ha! There were going to be no more tests. Ellen thought about writing her daughter a letter, telling her the real prognosis. But she didn't write it. She couldn't. Her tears wouldn't let her.

The pain killers began to kick in — she took all that were left in the bottle this time — so, no pain, or even nausea yet. She just felt the need to lie down. First, she bent over and pressed her palms on the sand, then lowered her body down. Here, at the water's edge, though the sand was soft and damp, it was surprisingly warm and comfortable, like a bed. Ellen wondered why she had never done this before: slept on the beach.

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