Things That Go Rrrrr, Crash, and Drip In The Night

by Patti Hall

This has got to stop. I don't sleep much, yet, every time I have tried to curl up and snooze over the last three days, I have been interrupted in the most unusual ways. It all started with a rrrrrrr sound. Woke me from that deep abyss I fall into after staying awake for 34 hours. What the pluck? I crawl out of soft and cozy and follow my ears...to my sink? Huh? Apparently some hygienic ghost wanted to brush their teeth and turned my electric toothbrush on. Funny, because I did forget to brush before I crashed, but weird, huh? Tooth fairy maybe?

The next night (not really night to normal people)I half-woke thinking I had mice. Kind of a scritching sound, you know? Holy crow, I do not need mice in here. Laid back down thinking I would investigate when I got up in a few hours. Nope, the sound was driving me crazy. Since I moved to this cul-de-sac in March, I've become used to the quiet here. Plus, I moved my fan into the "offfice' earlier that day, so it was extremely quiet in my sleeping area. Okay, dammit, now the sound seemed rhythmic almost...not in my kitchen drawers, but over by the window...windows always scare me--too many stupid blood-bath movies when I was younger and braver--so back to the window. I stood still. I listened. Nothing. Then, there! I heard it again. For crying out loud, it is only water dripping from the last downpour. I closed the window and this latest sleep-interruptus case and went back to soft and cozy dreamland.

Last night, but not really night, I woke up to a huge clattering crash! I reached for my weapon (wouldn't you like to know) and jumped out of soft and cozy, holding myself in my best "I'm-not-afraid-of-you" stance. I had to keep blowing the wild locks out of my

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/patti-hall/things-that-go-rrrrr-crash-and-drip-in-the-night»*
Copyright © 2013 Patti Hall. All rights reserved.

eyes, and my outfit was, well, let's just say, not intimidating. The whole picture would have been really funny IF the glass beads that broke all over the damn floor had a way to laugh. Now, someone, anyone, tell me why that metal string of glass beads broke?

Are you like me? Do you look for reasons for strange things happening? Or are you a realist, who just brushes them aside and moves on? Here's what I do know. My heart has been so broken by the loss of one grandson to the CPS system, and the death of his brother, that my thoughts always come back to them.

The boys loved snuggling with Grani, listening to a story, while the rain poured down and the wind blew. Rainy days, and I live in the Pacific Northwest, so there are a lot of them, always make me think of the boys.

The last time the 4 year-old was here on an overnight with Grani, he was fascinated by my electric toothbrush. So fascinated, that after he brushed his teeth, he insisted on putting his toothbrush next to mine, instead of in the cupboard where we keep it. He couldn't reach, so I took it and put it next to mine, where it has been for the last 2 months--where it will stay.

Two months ago today, I was taking an afternoon nap, when the phone rang. I tried to ignore it, but they kept calling back. It was my son, crying and screaming at me to get over there, that something had happened to his 3 year-old. As I raced out of my door, one of the wire strings with glass beads caught on my wrist and, in my panic, I jerked it from me, and it spilled beads inside and outside the threshold of my door. It was the 4 year-old who ended up making a game out of finding all the beads the next day, as the adults around him were swooning from the death of his brother.

I'm just saying…

It is interesting the way some of us connect the dots.