

Beach Tale

by Tim G. Young

Black jeans on the beach. I should have worn shorts but I am not taking my pants off. I'll let the sun bake my legs. Maybe I'll take off my shirt. The sun is precisely hot. Flames popping like corn up there. I can taste it in my mouth and it's making me thirsty. I could use a beer. If I was sitting next to a pretty girl instead of stretched out on this stupid rock by myself I would ask her with kindness dripping from my tongue to please run over to the beer man and grab me a cold one. When she would look at me with those eyes that never lie I might even add, "pretty please."

If I let those orbs really distract me I might forget all about the beer and instead ask her to come back to my room with me so I could show her some photos from when I was a kid in grade school. This way she would see I was a real person at least once in my life and just maybe want to get to know me in a totally sexual way. Right then. Right now.

I have to laugh with myself. I turn to gaze upon the place where her chair and person should be sitting and instead see an empty extra large size bag of Lay's potato chips. It blows up against the rock where I am still stretched and still cursing the fact that I didn't wear my shorts. "Fuck you," I say. Then the bag blows the other way.

