

# Sit Down, Here.

*by* Timmothy Merath

"The window is a much better place to read," she said.

I wasn't aware she was talking to me, at first. In my typical manner, I was thinking about far off possibilities and realities completely detached from my own. Yet, here she was, a far off possibility suddenly slicing into my life.

"That's probably true, good point," I said in a strange, contorted way. Then, an awkward little tip of my hat, which I was not wearing, to top it all off.

"No, just sit down here, across from me"

"Okay, thank you, I guess."

This woman was about my age with short black hair, maybe a little over five feet tall. Confident in her words but guarded with her eyes. As she spoke, she looked mostly over her left shoulder, out the window, with quick but brief glances towards me. Her eyes holding on the book in my hands, as though evaluating my character based on its binding, just before drifting back to scenes on the other side of the glass.

"That books ends in a lie. Much like our lives will. Have you ever told a lie?" she asked me.

"Of course. To what degree are you referring, I mean, there is a lot of gray area there."

“No, there isn't. We can fool ourselves into saying the truth isn't exact, but it is, like that car blowing through that stop sign and almost killing the guy checking his phone. There.”

I turned my head and saw nothing. Then, a slow-walking man came into view from behind a row of hedges, walked straight into the road without even considering this as a problem. Just as his second step was about to hit the ground, a silver Audi blew through the stop sign to his left, swerved quickly to its left, and missed the man by an inch. The force of the arm moved by the car spun him clockwise quickly, his phone jettisoned out of his hands as he tried to steady himself.

The phone hit the road, probably shattered, the man hunched over with his hands on his knees, catching his breath. Several people ran over quickly to see if he was okay.

“See, the window is always a better place to read. The world is open, just pay attention and you'll see the words appear.”

That's all she said before she smoothly slid off her chair and walked out. Slowly. Then, the man in the street collapsed. He was dead, I knew it without a doubt. Death doesn't lie.

