

There are only three ways to make this work. The first is to let me take care of everything. The second is for you to take care of everything. The third is to split everything 50 / 50. I think the last option is the most preferable, but I'm certain it'll also mean the end of our marriage.

Dave watched as the forest burned up on the hill, only a few miles from her house. The car had been hastily packed and Marta was inside trying to round up the last of the pets. Dave went through his mental list of the most important papers and documents that they couldn't leave behind. He scolded himself for not having prepared these better in advance and hoped that he had remembered everything that was needed. He continued to wait for Marta to appear with the pets, but she still was nowhere to be seen.

It was that terrifying feeling you have as you tightly hold the covers over you with the knowledge that there is something hiding under your bed. You want to look, but you don't at the same time. You're frozen with fear and unable to act. That's where she found herself and she didn't know what to do next

I've rented a car in Las Vegas and have reserved a hotel in Twentynine Palms which is just north of Joshua Tree. We'll drive from Las Vegas through Mojave National Preserve and possibly do a short hike on our way down. Then spend all day on Monday at Joshua Tree. We can decide the next morning if we want to do more in Joshua Tree or Mojave before we head back.

April seriously wondered about her sleeping partner choices. She looked at her bed and what a mess it had become. How did she get to the point in her life where she had two dogs, three cats, and a raccoon sleeping with her every night?

Sometimes there isn't a good answer. No matter how you try to rationalize the outcome, it doesn't make sense. And instead of an answer, you are simply left with a question. Why?

She was aware that things could go wrong. In fact, she had trained her entire life in anticipation that things would go wrong one day. She had quiet confidence as she started to see that this was the day that all her training would be worthwhile and useful. At this point, she had no idea just how wrong everything would go that day.

Finding the red rose in the mailbox was a pleasant surprise for Sarah. She didn't have a boyfriend or know of anyone who was interested in her as anything more than a friend. There wasn't even a note attached to it. Although it was a complete mystery, it still made her heart jump and race a little more than usual. She wished that she could simply accept the gesture and be content knowing someone had given it to her, but that wasn't the way Sarah did things. Now it was time to do a little detective work and try to figure who had actually left the red rose.

With six children in tow, Catherine raced to the airport departing gate. This wasn't an easy task as the children had other priorities than to get to the gate. She knew that she was tight on time and the frustration came out as she yelled at the kids to keep up. They continued to test her, pretending not to listen and to move in directions that only slowed them down. They had no idea the wrath they were about to receive when Catherine made it to the gate only to be informed that they had all missed the plane.

It was always the Monday mornings. It never seemed to happen on Tuesday morning, Wednesday morning, or any other morning during the week. But it happened every Monday morning like clockwork. He mentally prepared himself to once again deal with what was about to happen, but this time he also placed a knife in his pocket just in case.

Another option you have is choosing the number of syllables in the words you speak. You probably have never considered this option before, but you have it every time you open your mouth and speak. You make so many choices like this that you never even think about, but you have the choice with each one. What are you going to do with this knowledge?

It really didn't matter what they did to him. He's already made up his mind. Whatever came his way, he was prepared for the consequences. He knew in his heart that the sacrifice he made was done with love and not hate no matter how others decided to spin it.

It had been her dream for years but Dana had failed to take any action toward making it come true. There had always been a good excuse to delay or prioritize another project. As she woke, she realized she was once again at a crossroads. Would it be another excuse or would she finally find the courage to pursue her dream? Dana rose and took her first step.

The bowl was filled with fruit. It seemed to be an overabundance of strawberries, but it also included blueberries, raspberries, grapes, and banana slices. This was the meal Sarah had every morning to start her day since she could remember. Why she decided to add chocolate as an option today was still a bit of a surprise, but she had been in the process of deciding she wanted to change her routine. This was a baby step to begin that start.

The red glow of tail lights indicating another long drive home from work after an even longer 24-hour shift at the hospital. The shift hadn't been horrible but the constant stream of patients entering the ER meant there was no downtime. She had some of the "regulars" in tonight with new ailments they were sure were going to kill them. It's amazing what a couple of Tylenol and a physical exam from the doctor did to eliminate their pain, nausea, headache, or whatever other mild symptoms they had. Sometimes she wondered if all they really needed was some interaction with others and a bit of the individual attention they received from the nurses.

The picket fence had stood for years without any issue. That's all it was. A simple, white, picket fence. Why it had all of a sudden become a lightning rod within the community was still unbelievable to most. Yet a community that had once lived in harmony was now divided in bitter hatred and it had everything to do with the white picket fence.

Should he write it down? That was the question running through his mind. He couldn't believe what had just happened and he knew nobody else would believe him as well. Even if he documented what had happened by writing it down, he still didn't believe anyone would still believe it. So the question remained. Was it be worth it to actually write it down?

It was difficult for him to admit he was wrong. He had been so certain that he was correct and the deeply held belief could never be shaken. Yet the proof that he had been incorrect stood right before his eyes. "See daddy, I told you that they are real!" his daughter excitedly proclaimed.

There are different types of secrets. She had held onto plenty of them during her life, but this one was different. She found herself holding onto the worst type. It was the type of secret that could gnaw away at your insides if you didn't tell someone about it, but it could end up getting you killed if you did.

The rain was coming. Everyone thought this would be a good thing. It hadn't rained in months and the earth was dry as a bone. It wasn't a surprise that everyone thought a good rain was what was needed, but they never expected how much rain would actually arrive.

The answer was within her reach. It was hidden in a box and now that box sat directly in front of her. She'd spent years searching for it and could hardly believe she'd finally managed to find it. She turned the key to unlock the box and then gently lifted the top. She held her breath in anticipation of finally knowing the answer she had spent so much of her time in search of. As the lid came off she could see that the box was empty.

I'm heading back to Colorado tomorrow after being down in Santa Barbara over the weekend for the festival there. I will be making October plans once there and will try to arrange so I'm back here for the birthday if possible. I'll let you know as soon as I know the doctor's appointment schedule and my flight plans.

A long black shadow slid across the pavement near their feet and the five Venusians, very much startled, looked overhead. They were barely in time to see the huge gray form of the carnivore before it vanished behind a sign atop a nearby building which bore the mystifying information "Pepsi-Cola."

There weren't supposed to be dragons flying in the sky. First and foremost, dragons didn't exist. They were mythical creatures from fantasy books like unicorns. This was something that Pete knew in his heart to be true so he was having a difficult time acknowledging that there were actually fire-breathing dragons flying in the sky above him.

"What is the best way to get what you want?" she asked. He looked down at the ground knowing that she wouldn't like his answer. He hesitated, knowing that the truth would only hurt. How was he going to tell her that the best way for him to get what he wanted was to leave her?