Summer has come and with that, many job offers. Seaside towns always operate on a seasonal clock. No jobs in the winter, too many in the summer. This town was no different.

In the garden, near a plaza, stood a florist, tending to a local company’s garden. He hated tending to the wilting flowers and bushes, but the pay was enough to endure it. He was thinking of going to the beach with his family in the evening, once all the tourists are gone.

“Sorry, are you hiring?”, a calm high-pitched voice called to him. It was unusual to have anyone speak to him here. Yet...  
“Sorry kid, but I am not in charge here. Ask inside.”, he muttered, with a gruff voice, showing how little, he cared for the kid.  
“I really need the work. My mother is ill, and I need to help her.”  
“Better luck in the bakery. They just passed the critic’s appraisal and are looking to hire.”  
“Thank you kind mister.”  
I am not kind, thought the florist, but it is good to help a young lad.

The bakery was like any other. A small window near the door to order if you are in a hurry, and a large door, enough to fit a big trolley inside. With bread loaves stacked high in the shelves, giving an aroma of fresh bread and bubbling yeast, the kid entered.

“Sorry, are you hiring?”, the kid asked a young girl at the counter.  
“I will need to ask the manager for that, but he will be coming tomorrow. If you want, come then.”, she said with enthusiastic smile you only get working in customer service.  
“But I really need the job. My mother is ill, and I need to help her.”, the kid said, almost crying.  
“Look, tomorrow the manager will probably hire you. We are always in a need for extra hands. In the meantime, why don’t you ask you family to help her. You do have others to talk to, right?”  
“I guess...”, the kid said with a quiet sign of a defeated man,” thank you for the help”.  
“Always happy to help, do you need anything else?”, the girl said almost automatically, years in customer service are daunting on her.  
The kid left without a reply.

Back home, it was a dreary sight. The house was falling apart, the vines were, seemingly, consuming the house. And a lonely almond tree was standing the yard. He had no one to talk to. Not really.

“I am home”, the boy shouted into the empty silence of his house. With each step, the floorboards were creaking, and the air felt still. He had no windows to open. The were all shut. He went upstairs, to check on his mother. She was ill after all and needed his help. He berated himself again. He must help her somehow. The money wouldn’t hurt, at least with them she seemed happy. He saw his bedroom door opened. She went inside, he thought, to check on me. He slowly pushed the creaking door aside. His mother was crying over his bed.   
“No need to worry mother”, the boy said, “I will help you; you know I will”.  
The mother kept crying. Her lost son unable to reach her. And his ghostly touch, only felt like a cold breeze on her shoulder.

It was a seaside town, like any other. And now, the summer came.