

Mr. Hobson

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“I believe that I have come to my ultimate conclusion that I am ready, so I might as well fare in the joys of this terribly bleak and tedious day for it is the same as the last.” **Mr. Hobson** had a horrific problem of talking to himself, but he is a man of much imagination, and even though he would never admit it in order to maintain the negligible pride that remained, he believes he is his best form of entertainment. **Mr. Hobson** a man of everything and a boy of nothing, perfectly matched the town at which he resides. A gilded man who always presents a feeble smile in public, always well mannered and pleasant, but no one can be so easily represented as a visual. After Mrs. Hobson had been diagnosed his veins thickened with booze. To **Mr. Hobson**, she was the smell before rain, and he was the dark clouds coming to meet the warm summer drizzle.

Mr. Hobson after enduring the dreadful traffic that consistently persists day by day arrived back at his cold cottage of a home. Atticus, **Mr. Hobson's** Siberian husky that was as faithful as waves passing, and had eyes to match the ocean with a grey coat that accurately represents the storm that was brewing outside. Atticus proceeded to follow **Mr. Hobson** as he grabbed a cup of water and a glass of scotch before he grabbed and lifted up the picture of him and Mrs. Hobson that had been taken nearly a decade ago. **Mr. Hobson** gazed in wariness at their innocent and seemingly happy faces that were so utterly filled with love. He squinted back into his thoughts reflecting on how his time could have been different on this earth.

To **Mr. Hobson**, this one single picture seemed to provoke more wounding nostalgia than most men could handle in a lifetime, yet he stood there still as a brick, emotionless from the outside. Until he gives in and collapses on the couch, so he can reach for the scotch; however, as soon as he took a sip he spat out the liquor because nothing warm deserved to be in that house, and he decided he wanted to be sober for smell of the storm coming. A tear now started to linger around **Mr. Hobson's** eye, but with confidence and determination he swallowed his sadness and rose out of the couch. He put the picture back on the dark crisp granite counters. Before walking away **Mr. Hobson** tenderly rubbed the frame with his hand as if it were Mrs. Hobson head. This entire time Atticus had been staring up at **Mr. Hobson** with as much curiosity that a canine could possibly show, but **Mr. Hobson** mistakenly thought this expression was one of hunger

and gazed over at the dog food bowl.

Never letting his gaze leave the floor, **Mr. Hobson** saunters while dragging his feet over to the pantry and grabbed the standard serving for Atticus, but before he sets the food in the bowl he changed his mind and gives Atticus enough food to last about five days.

"Surely, five days will be enough" **Mr. Hobson** mumbled to himself. *"Surely..."*

Mr. Hobson without hesitation leaned down and embraced Atticus in a wholehearted hug before getting up and gently petting every hair on his back between in his gently shaking fingers. **Mr. Hobson** propped open the back door with a cinder block that had been lying around for years. Atticus continue to gaze into **Mr. Hobson's** face now drawing his attention causing him to realize that the dog knew.

"Please buddy, do not look at me like that. . . . Be a good boy for me." **Mr. Hobson** was never the best at goodbyes. He thought that they were to cliché and belonged in a Shakespeare play. **Mr. Hobson** always had more of a Bukowski philosophy on farewells. They should not happen.

No longer dragging his feet he made his way over to the dinning room and hauled a chair across the deep red mahogany wood floors that where noticeably the most prestigious part of **Mr. Hobson's** house. He set the chair in the living room. The storm had finally reached

the cottage and the aroma of rain began to linger around his nose. Surprisingly, the smell had only enhanced his confidence and **Mr.**

Hobson climbed up the chair step by step. Looking around the room he saw every little artifact of the house that reminded him of Mrs.

Hobson. The Dali print that hung about their fireplace that seemed to provide the perfect juxtaposition that Salvador himself could only dream of because the rest of the room was filled with black and brown, but that painting alone was enough to brighten up the room.

Thunder then cracked throughout **Mr. Hobson's** head, removing him from the trance that the painting seemed to have put him under. **Mr.**

Hobson then swallowed deeply and continued the task at hand feeling every bristle around his neck. It had never dawned on him that the bristles would be so itchy, and annoying, but yet they seemed to bring about a hint of satisfaction to him. **Mr. Hobson** felt the loose strands more intensely as he pulled down tighter. He glanced over at Atticus who seemed to nod his head in approval causing **Mr. Hobson** to nod in agreement as if to let Atticus now it will all be fine.

Mr. Hobson then peered over at the picture one last time, thinking of Mrs. Hobson's intoxicating laugh,

and

took

his

leap

of

faith.

The End.