**Summertime Story**

I read one time someone describe these summer evenings as lazy, but I don’t feel lazy. I mean I’m writing a paper, aren’t I? And my dad is drinking a beer on a lawn chair he pulled out to the front yard…okay I know that sounds lazy, but to him alcohol is like Adderall…well, not that strong, but he drinks it when he needs to focus, or think about something big. I know it’s weird.

And my mom is probably hogging the fan over at that house caddy corner to ours. I can’t remember their names, but they’ve got the book club this month. They’re reading Don Quixote. Now there’s a character I don’t get. Jacob told me what happened in it like a year ago; he’s a really fast reader, the teacher always fed his ego by telling him how far ahead of his level he was reading.

But anyway a Spanish dude named Cervantes wrote this story about a guy who is obviously messed up in the head because he runs around calling himself a knight and trying to do knightly things like help peasants and save girls. But Don sucks at his job. Like, I think he messes up every time. My mom tried to defend the guy one time by saying that he’s ‘inspirational’ because he just keeps on throwing himself at the world to try and make it a better place, that his heart is the real noble part. But I don’t think she read a word in that book because I’m pretty sure Don only goes on these quests for glory and fame. Like he’s not even virtuous, on top of being a failure.

Hold on, sorry, my dad’s calling me over.

I’m going to take you with me though, because I’m an omnipotent first person narrator and the first word in that title gives me the right to do that.

“You know Scout,”

Break. That’s not my name, it’s Charlene. My dad calls me that sometimes because he really likes certain parts of To Kill a Mockingbird. It seems like everyone is super well read except me. It’s okay though because I’m a prolific second-hand reader. I can’t tell you how many books have been described to me, sometimes even multiple books a day.

Okay, un-break.

“I feel like tonight’s a good night to talk to you a bit more about who I’m helping out right now,”

Okay, another break. I’m sorry I know these mess up the flow but I’m not sure if you’re going to figure what my dad’s talking about here from context clues. My dad is a startup investor. You’ve heard of startups, right? Well, those zygotes need some help to get their feet off the ground, and my dad usually tries to be that help. Kind of like one of those people from Shark Tank, except that my dad is nicer.

“It’s this twenty-two year old guy named Logan who was raised in western Colorado but born in this country right next to India, called Bhutan. His parents adopted him from there when he was 3, which is how he got across the pond. Anyway, that’s relevant because he still feels some ties to his home area. You see while his country, Bhutan, is doing pretty well, their neighbor is of course recipient of a lot of charities’ efforts,”

“Their neighbor being India, right?” I interjected. My dad had a habit of droning on when he gets really passionate. I mean I love it, actually this is one of my favorite times to talk to him, but he does talk nearly in run-ons. And I really hate run-ons.

“Yep, India. So, after having lived here for so long, he knows that these charities, for all their good intentions, can feel hopeless sometimes, or at least make their donors feel hopeless. The way he sees it, and I don’t entirely disagree, it seems like schools or wells or houses always need to be built, and as soon as one is finished and the last pat-on-the-back is given, another one needs to be built. It’s hard to understand if any difference has really been made. Like, any permanent difference. So, Logan…”

“Sorry, you said Logan was the guy from that Bhuteen place, right?”

“Yeah, Bhutan. It’s a bit of an unknown country I guess. But, so, he thinks he has a software solution that will better connect all of the charities that are pouring their efforts into this so that the true and wider spread effects of these efforts can be clearly understood. These charities do a lot more good than I think we give them credit for, so Logan is hoping that what he’s doing will be helping them out.”

Did you just read that? That is just such a daymaker, like faith-in-humanity-restored kind of moment, “that sounds really great dad, seriously. So are you helping him out with that then?”

“Yep. Yeah, so I guess I should say that Logan and I are hoping for this. I’ve been mulling over this as I was listening to the cicadas, and I realize that I’m just really excited about his idea, and I look forward to telling him the good news at our meeting this week. But I just thought you might find it pretty cool too.”

“Actually, I really do.” And I meant it. “Thank you for telling me, you know I love hearing about what you do.”

“Sure thing Scout. But, anyway, the streetlights have come on and I’m really starting to notice the bugs biting, so I think that’s time for me to pack up. Planning on staying up late tonight or will I get to see you before I head to the meeting tomorrow?”

I chuckled, going to bed at 4 AM and waking up at 7 AM aren’t mutually exclusive. “We’ll see about sleeping tonight, but don’t worry, you’ll get a hug from me before you go.”

He laughed a bit too. “Well good. And g’night.” My dad really could be such a dreamer when he was buzzed, but I loved that. I really did love to hear his stories and his plans, they felt so real. So much more real that this shit I’m writing.

Please don’t tell my parents I used that word, they don’t like to hear it.

Good morning sunshine.

I. Slept. Great. Not long, but great. My sheets had just been washed yesterday so they still smelled and felt fresh. I sweat a lot at night, so after a while they lose their… appeal. But right now they’re lovely. I didn’t even need my alarm clock to wake up before my dad up I slept that great. I slipped out of bed and into some wool socks and a polka dotted bathrobe and headed downstairs.

I can hear my dad already typing away in his office, though; something’s up. I gently open up the door heading into the office with inquiry on my mind.

“Morning Dad, you’re up early.”

“Good morning Charlene.” See, I told you that was my name, “yeah, I decided to wake up early and look at some of the numbers for this again, and I got kind of lost in the work.”

“Oh, gotcha, find anything interesting?”

“You could call it interesting. I guess I may have made some mistakes in looking at Logan’s real financial position, but it’s not looking too good to his potential investor. I don’t know, I guess he may not be getting that good news.” He said this as he shut down the computer and picked up his laptop. “Anyway, I’ve got to head out, where’s that hug?”

I hugged him, we exchanged ‘I love you’s, and he was out the door into the crisp, clear morning. I walked out after him to check the temperature.

It had cooled down since yesterday, and I could taste the dryness of fall in the air. A nearly brisk morning wind blew over my exposed face like a man blowing collected dust from his glasses after some, I don’t know, outdoor party. I love analogies that help to explain the situation but I’m so bad at coming up with good ones. That’s probably why my writing is so bad; I’m not creative enough with my analogies. I honestly don’t even know why I write, because it doesn’t do anything. I never share my stories with anyone, I just write stories. People aren’t interested in what I have to write. I mean I would love it if they were but they aren’t. And it certainly doesn’t do anything for me; it just takes up some of my valuable time.

I know that it’s Summer and you’re supposed to have all the time in the world, but I know that I don’t, so I think I’ll start by making a schedule. Today is the first day of August and I know that school is coming up quick. I don’t know why I’m writing and not working on reading the Book of Saladin for my history class. But that book’s big, maybe I’ll read something else. Don Quixote is sitting on the table over there. Maybe I’ll pick that up.

You know, this Man of La Mancha is a pretty cool dude. I mean if he wanted to be famous, he got it. Everyone in the world now knows who he is. And he got famous, not by sticking close to reality and valuing his clarity, but by following his own reality. Wish it wasn’t fiction.

Notes from Writing Society:

Father speaks a lot…lot of paragraphs. Rambling.

DQ and To Kill were pretty prominent.

Secondhand reader was fun ☺

2 days worked well

Sad that things turned around…dad has 2 different personalities

Coleen was right on.

Add more fall imagery…

Narrator is fun…omnipotent, break, good number of breaks well done I guess, good morning sunshine.

Love the dad, nice. Having a good day

Effortlessly charismatic

That said, it’s not like anyone was in love. But no huge criticisms either