

## A Note On The Ground

Written By

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A medium-sized piece of paper flies through the air as the wind carries it on its wings; Fluttering about, it slowly descends on a stoned sidewalk. Trees scattered around, surrounded by luscious green grass, brightening up the landscape.

Various people meander about in various directions as the piece of paper lies motionless; Not a single glance, not a single thought; Almost as if it did not exist. Days pass, and weeks fly by. Weather changes, temperature fluctuates. The piece of paper kicked about by the circulation of the air near the ground, animals and people scurrying about; The only constant, as the weeks and months change, is the lonesome paper remains on the ground.

Almost like a deserted town, or a child cast aside, does it really exist if no one knows, is there really a purpose for it if no one cares? Battered by fierce gusts, once brightly new, now crinkled, discolored and aged. Words faded, but still legible. Lines that were clearly defined now fade in and out. A life of emptiness and loneliness seems to be its path; Words screaming to be read, but no one can hear.

Another day rolls by when a bright and glorious sunshine spreads across, almost breathing life into the air. Contradicting the atmosphere, a woman dressed in dark colors, almost as if they are worn and weathered, seems to be as depressed as her face appears. Three quarter length skirt that's frayed at the bottom; A blouse whose buttons are incorrectly buttoned. A look and stare as if there is nothing around. Hopelessness could be this womans name; Despair the last.

Dragging herself along the stoned path, she crumbles lying face up; Appearance and face motionless.

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A slight gentle breeze flows across her; Eyes closing as if she's trying to escape. Without warning, a soft, gentle glance crosses her stomach. Like the nerves and feelings within her disappeared, she doesn't make any movement; Weathered, thrown aside, the paper lands on seemingly itself, in appearance, but in human form.

As the wind continues to blow, the paper flutters, but remains. Eyes not wanting to open; Emptiness remains as the paper. Looking down, uncaring, she looks at the paper like nothing is there. Fluttering about, almost like it is trying to draw attention to itself, thrusts forward from a gust of wind. Gracefully landing like a soft whisper on her mouth, barely a sign of movement until the paper displays wave-like characteristics as the wind sweeps across.

Life beginning to awaken, eyes filling with sentience, she slowly wipes the paper from her mouth, crinkling it a bit. Letting the paper unfold within her hand, the wording appears as she slowly reads it in her mind, "444 Main Avenue - Locker 3 - Combo: 42 21 12 24". Eyes halfway closed, slow deep breath, no activity within her expression.

Swiftly walking by, a dapper man, dressed for success in a very expensive suit, peering over with disdain, says, "That's not where you are supposed to put the trash; Now take yourself to the trash dump."; No pause or stoppage in his step, he moves forward with arrogance even with his body language.

Barely giving him an ounce of attention, she remains almost in a zombie-like trance, focused on the wording; almost obsessively reading over and over. Spirit seemingly awakening, she peers off towards the location of the worded address. Like a burst of fire flaming around her, she jumps to her feet, racing off with the continued sense of urgency, she rushes down the stone path, disappearing into the distance.

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Outside an old, worn down storage building, cracks and large chipped stones cover the exterior; One of the fours, dangling, ready to fall off. Two large entrance doors, chipped paint with rust showing. Rest of the neighborhood well-kept, fancier style housing.

Slowing in pace, trying to catch her breath, the woman stands before the building. Cautious and reluctant, she slowly walks up the crumbling stairs. Getting up to the entrance doors, the door knob almost falls off as she opens them.

Eerily creaking, the door roughly and slowly opens revealing various storage lockers - some larger, wider, and taller; Large numbers displayed on each. Looking around, she sees and hears no one; Not a sound nor creak from anything. Moving forward she searches around through the numbers until she finally sees the locker number from the wording. A smaller locker that sits a far off to the right, almost like it is isolated from the majority.

Number three worn and cracked, dangling almost like the street numbers outside. A padlock, rusted, secures the locker; Twisting and turning she enters each number carefully and cautiously. Stopping at the last number, she pauses, than pulls the padlock open; A slight bit of rust rains down to the ground. Pulling the padlock off, it makes an ear wrenching scraping; Pulling her face away as the noise pierces through her.

Padlock off, crouching down, she opens the aluminum style looking door; Anticipation building, she looks into the locker, as she pushes the door all the way up, only to find that anticipation crushed when she looks into see nothing. Depression filling her face, she stands lifeless; Gazing towards the back of the locker - empty; Silence and despair fill the building.

Head drooping, she turns away, but stops; Out of the corner of her eye, she sees something on the ground. Looking closer, it looks like a note on top of something.

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Seemingly disinterested, yet curious, she walks over and sits next to the note - dismissing the dirty and dust filled floor. Picking up the note with an uncaring-like daze, she reads what looks to be an address, "1111 Main Avenue";

No fading on the wording, note well-kept as if it had barely been touched before.

Depression lightly evaporating, curiosity growing; Jumping up as quickly as she did with the first note, she races out of the storage locker building. Face lighting up like a child on the morning of christmas. Slightly jogging down the street, passing the fancy style housing with newer style windows, well-kept exteriors, fences and yards looking like they were just installed yesterday; Face flowing of opportunity.

Arriving at the address shown on the second note, not too far from where the storage locker building was, stands a large, almost unbelievable mansion: large windows, precious antique stone cover the outside; A stone pathway that leads to the front with trees lining each side. Grass spreads around the mansion like the ocean around an island. An overwhelming sense takes over her as she stands in awe.

Catching her thoughts like a detective searching for clues, she takes in every glorious inch of the property; Mesmerized by a property she's walking on that she would have only dreamt of before.

Approaching the front entrance, she is welcomed by very large, ancient greek style columns; Door like a vault, large and wide. Electronic keypad centered within the door. She cautiously gets to the door, and stares at the keypad clueless. Mind churning, she tries to figure out what to do next; Taking the second note out, but it has not numbers on it.

Hesitantly, she reaches out and does a quick knock; Waiting, with a bit of anxiousness, no sound or noise comes. Again, hesitant, she knocks a little more sternly.

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Sound of silence rings throughout. Lost in her own research, she scans around aimlessly finding nothing but more intricate details.

Eyes empty in though, she brushes her hand across the first note, tucked inside a pocket, crumpling it a bit. Pulling it out, looking it over, she looks back and forth between the keypad and the numbers on the note. Seemingly having nothing to gain or lose, she begins entering the numbers. Each one glowing, than not as it is pressed. Getting to the last number, she cautiously hesitates, takes a deep breath, and then proceeds. With all the numbers pressed, all the keys glow, and the entire keypad starts to flip.

Doing an entire half flip, it exposes three scrolling dials; Each one scrolling to the position number 7; Ranging from 0-9. Clueless, not knowing what to do, she looks back over the numbers. Mind wanting to give in, lost for what to look for, she glances towards the street address, specifically the three number 4's.

Curiosity heightening, brain activity firing, she looks towards the three dials. Slowly spinning the first number 4, she hears a soft yet distance click; Shocked, yet happy, she moves onto the second dial and hears a soft yet distinct click. A warm yet anxious smile grows as she turns the last one; This time, no soft or distinct click.

Gears churn, louder and louder;. Taking a step back, leery to what is going on, the vault-like front entrance door slowly opens itself. Eyes in glorious amazement, two large staircases, on each side, shape the inside front entrance. Pristine antique-like wooden floors on the ground. Almost golden and crystallized in appearance, a chandelier, like a drop of rain, pours down from above; Same exterior stone appears on the inside walls. No furniture, no decor - spotless; Almost like it doesn't need anything else.

About to walk in, she stops; She takes off her worn and dirty looking shoes;

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Stepping inside, with growing excitement, taking in what seems to be a dream Lying on the floor, in perfect condition, is a heavenly white piece of paper - normal sized. Glancing over, and noticing it, she continues to walk in looking around, almost like she is trying to take it all in before it disappears.

Crouching down to pick up the paper, she turns it over as she stands up; Words, words everywhere is the best way to explain it. An entire page filled with old-style writing, like it's written in cursive, but it's not. Not wanting to take her mind off the house, but curiosity pulling her towards the writing, she begins to read:

"Dear Whomever:

Knowing this area, the time that has passed to have someone finally read this could have been days, weeks, months, and oh goodness please don't let it be, years; I would not want to know that this marvelous, wonderful house was left alone for that length.

But, gratefully, because of you, it no longer is no matter how much time as passed.

Now your curiosity and wonder is probably setting in - why am I here? Obviously I am quite biased, but why wouldn't anyone want to be here?

I'll stop rambling, my apologies, I'm sure your anticipation is growing as to what all this is. But how do I word it? What do I say? ... Well, to put it as frankly as possible ...

This has is now YOURS!

Please take a couple of minutes, if you so desire, before continuing ...

Now, to continue with the directness, the moment you entered those numbers, and the door opened ... this whole property, and everything inside, became yours.

How, what you may ask? Let's just say there is a mechanism in place that captured everything - including you. Sell it, keep it - whatever you desire.

But, there is an exception to all of this; It's not written, and you don't have to, but I am asking you. All I ask, is at some point in your future, no matter when that maybe, that you too, find a way ... to leave a note on the ground.

May this property be a stepping stone to all you desire.

God Bless.

Sincerely,

42 21 12 24 444.";

Disbelief crosses over her face, tears run down it; Two worlds come crashing together, an eruption of joy and prosperity flows out.