## Lost Days,

## A Short Story

Bright sunshine lit up the room, waking me from a sound sleep. I never heard the alarm sound. Good thing I didn't oversleep. I wouldn't want to be late the first day of my new job. I wonder why I don't smell the usual breakfast that mom should be cooking by now. Going to have my shower, then go down and check. Maybe she is getting a late start.

    After my shower, and getting dressed, I head downstairs for breakfast. I turn the corner at the bottom of the stairs, and enter the kitchen to find it empty. I'm scratching my head, and trying to figure out where everyone could be. Usually dad is sitting at the table reading the morning paper. My sister should be sitting in her highchair eating breakfast. The kitchen still looks like it did last night when I went to bed. No dishes in the sink, and everything in its place.

    I head out to the garage to see if the car is still there. I get to the door, and notice everyone's coats are still hanging on the coat rack. Keys are still hanging right next to them. I open the door to the garage, and see that the car is still in there. I'm perplexed right now, where is everyone? Is this a sick joke they are playing on me? It's not April first.

    Next I go outside and take a look around. Then I realize I need to get to the bus stop in the next half hour and get to work. I sure don't want to get fired on the first day. I'm just going to walk to the bus stop, and I'll call back home when I get settled in at work. There must be a reasonable explanation of where my family went to.

    Having arrived at the bus stop I realized  I never saw one single car pass by me, or any other people around, on the way here. That's odd. Where is everyone, I think to myself. I sit myself down on the bench, and wait for the bus to arrive. It should be here in about ten minutes. Thirty minutes have passed without the bus showing up. I wonder why no one else is here waiting. Usually it is very crowded. Maybe because it is cold, they have taken other transportation.

    After waiting an hour, and no bus, I decide to go back home. Maybe my dad will be back, and take me to work. On my way back home, I still don't see anyone else, including any cars on the street. Strange, I ponder in my mind, as I approach our front door. I pull out my keys to unlock the door.

    In the house, I call out for dad, and then discover the house is still empty, and my family no where around. I check the garage again, and still find the car in there. I decide to call my uncle down the street, and see if he might know what's going on. I dial his number, and it rings five times. The answering machine kicks on, so I just leave a message.

    Not getting anywhere with finding out what is going on, I decide to go upstairs to my room, and lay down. Just a few seconds and I'm fast asleep.

    Awaken from a sound sleep from my mom calling my name, I jump out of the bed and place my feet firmly on the floor, then bounce across the floor to the door, and hear her telling me to get down for breakfast. I think to myself, that must have been a dream, yesterday. Looking at the clock, I was only asleep for twenty minutes. So it's not the next day, I'm still working on the same day. I just took at short nap.

    Downstairs I tell mom what happen, and try to explain how I came downstairs to find an empty house. Told her about going to the bus stop, and no bus ever arrived. Mom keeps cooking, while I tell her my story. She nods a few times, as if she is keeping up with what I'm saying. She just simply ask me if I've been getting enough sleep. Then tells me I need to hurry up and leave for the bus, and get to my first day at my new job. I tell her I tried that yesterday, or was that earlier today? I'm confused.

    As I head out the door, after telling mom goodbye, I can see and hear all the cars passing by on the street in front of our house. Much different from last time I was out here. On my walk to the bus, I don't think anymore about last time I tried to go to the bus. I just chalk it up to be tired from lack of sleep.

   I arrive at work, and check in with Human Resources for my first day on the job. The day goes smoothly, and before I know it, the clock on the wall in my office says it's time to go home.

    The ride home only take about twenty minutes. I know I will dread the walk home from the bus when the weather turns colder, and the snow begins to arrive. On the walk home, I find myself thinking about the strange episode of not finding anyone in my house, or the bus that never showed up. I just can't figure out when that happen. I just remember waking up from, what I thought was a short nap, to find everything normal again. Maybe I'll be afraid to go to sleep again tonight.

        I walk in the kitchen to find mom cooking dinner and dad reading a book in the living room, just right off the kitchen. Dad yells at me, asking how my first day at work went. I go in and sit beside him on the couch. I tell him about my uneventful day at work. I don’t even bother telling him about my thinking I was downstairs and no one being home. He would just think I was crazy. Mom calls us in for dinner, and we both head in and sit down. My sister is fussing in her highchair because mom can’t feed her fast enough.

    After dinner, we all go into watch TV and dad continues to read his book. Soon he heads off to bed, saying he’s getting up early because he has to be at work a few hours early tomorrow. I try to stay up and finish the movie we are watching, but my head keeps bobbing, so I tell mom I’m heading up to bed. She says she won’t be far behind. I walk up the stairs and stop by the bathroom to get ready for bed.

     Doesn’t take me long to fall fast asleep. I wake up a few hours later to find my room shining bright from the full moon outside my window. I get up and close the curtain, so I can fall back to sleep. Morning soon arrived and I jump out of bed and head to the bathroom to take care of business, and brush my teeth. I go down the hallway to the stairs and proceed to the kitchen. To my relief, everything is as it should be. Mom at the stove, sister in her chair and dad reading the newspaper. I was expecting to find an empty room. I finished breakfast and told everyone to have a good day, as I walked out the door on my way to the bus.

          I arrive at work to see my boss sitting behind my desk, as I enter my office. I say hi to him, and he tells me to sit down. He hands me and envelope and says congrats as he gets up to shake my hand. I open it up to find a letter stating that I’ve been given a raise of three thousand dollars. Wow, I’m thinking to myself, this is only my second day, and already I get a raise. I sure like this gig. I ask my boss how I could get a raise after only being on the job for one full day. He turns in my direction and gives me a strange look. Boy, we’ve been working you way too hard. We give raises to our most productive employees after the first year. Your year was up last month. In my head, this is my second day on the job. What’s happening to me, I ponder in my mind.

      I finish my day, and walk to the bus stop for the ride home. At home, I show the letter to my mom and dad, and they can hardly believe I got such a big raise. My dad pipes up and says he never gets that big of a raise, and then ask kidding if there are any openings at my work. I ask Dad how long I’ve been on my new job. He replied, new? Son you have been on the job over a year, and your mom and I are very proud of you for lasting this long. Now I’m really mixed up. Why do I still have in my mind that I just started two days ago.

    Heading up to bed when mom stops me and ask if she could pack my lunch for tomorrow. I tell her sure, that would save me some money, not having to buy it at work. I did just get a nice raise, but I want to save my money for to buy a car. I’m already tired of riding the bus. I turn off the lights, and close the curtains to keep the brightness of the full moon from lighting up my room while I try to sleep.

    The sunlight creeps in through my closed curtains, indicating another day is about to begin. Following the same routine, I make my way to the bathroom to perform my usual ritual. I’m glad it’s Friday, and now the beginning of Fall. Still, have many warm days to walk to the bus. I hear a lot of commotion downstairs, so I make my way in that direction. It’s coming from the living room, so that will be my first stop on the way to breakfast. I hear moms voice call out, and she’s telling me it’s about time you got up, sleepyhead. Then I hear her say, this is the first time you have slept late on a Christmas morning.

    At that point, hearing what just came out of her mouth, I fall to the floor, and must have passed out cold. Next thing I know, dad is caring me to the couch, and mom has a cold rag on my forehead. It takes me a few minutes to regain my composure, and open my eyes. Dad is asking me what the heck is wrong with me. I can’t even find the words to explain what is going on. Upstairs, it’s Friday in September, and now I find down here, it’s freaking Christmas! I pass out again being overwhelmed with the current situation. I come to once more and smell the aroma of pine from the Christmas tree that I found myself now staring at. I hear mom and dad asking each other what the heck is going on with me.

      Finally I get to my feet and try to explain to my parents what I’m experiencing. I tell them I just woke up, to it being, what I thought was just another normal day. I ask them why it wasn’t Friday in September anymore, and why is it suddenly now Christmas day. They both gave me a absurd look, and ask if maybe I hit my head a few minutes ago, when I fell to the floor. I spoke up and said the reason I must have passed out, was because I heard mom reference Christmas morning, and the fact that this was the first one I slept late on.

   They both said, well, honey it is Christmas day. Why do you think it’s still September? Because when I woke up, upstairs, it was a Friday in September. Mom pipes up and says maybe we should call a doctor. I think he hit his head pretty hard, and now can’t remember what time of year it is. Dad laughs and thinks I’m just making it all up to get attention. He’s simply wrong, because I know something very strange is going on in this house, or is it the whole world. Maybe I’m going crazy.At any rate, I need to figure it out. No telling what day it will be when I wake up tomorrow.

     I can’t wait until this nightmare of a day ends. If this is really Christmas day, then I won’t be able to enjoy it, as I have in the past. Last Christmas I remember was very normal and on the correct day, not in September, as it seems to be this year. At least in my mind it is. I wonder when I’m suppose to go back to work?

     Mom is calling everyone to dinner. The house is full with Aunts, Uncles, and cousins. Most we never see during the year, just when we have Christmas at our house. At least the dinner will be good, even if this day has turned out to be Christmas, and not my usual go to work day. We will be opening presents after we eat. I wonder if I got anyone their gifts? If I didn’t, maybe that will prove to them that for me, it’s not Christmas. One can only hope.

    Dinner and gift opening is over with, and almost everyone has left. I tell mom I’m going to bed, and tell everyone else goodbye. See you next year, I say to them. Under my breath. I might wake up tomorrow and it will be Christmas all over again. Hey, isn’t there a movie about just that. I’m laughing to myself, and hoping the movie doesn’t come true in my life. I go upstairs and jump right into bed, clothes and all.

    I’m awakened by a knock on my bedroom door, and dad telling me to hurry up and get downstairs. First thing that comes to mind, is what will I face on this day, when I get downstairs. Will it be Easter day, Forth of July, maybe Christmas day 1976? Who knows at this point. Dad knocks one more time, and then yells for me to step on it, so I won’t be late for work. Now, that's a sign of normality. When I get downstairs, I take a fast peek at the calendar on the kitchen wall. According to the calendar, I’ll be going to my Third day at the new job. What a relief, or is it.

    When I arrive at work, my boss ask me how I like my job so far. I tell him, just fine. Now I’m thinking about the raise I got, last time I was at work. If my boss now thinks I’ve only been on the job for three days, then I guess my raise was for nothing. I’ll still check my account. Maybe I wasn’t dreaming it. When I get to my desk, I log into my bank and check my account. To my amazement, my checking account reflects the new raise. Not sure how that could be, but I’m not messing with anything. That’s for sure.

    Back home, I once again try to explain to my parents what has been going on with me. They sit down and actually listen to what I have to say. Before, they just thought I was not getting enough sleep, or that I was crazy. Maybe this time we can figure it out together. Dad suggest I write a timeline of what has already happened to me. Then he suggests  I keep a journal for the next few weeks. I tell them I’ll try, but it might get a bit jumbled up, if things go the way they have the past few days. I tell them it seems that I’m losing time, going back in time, and going forward in time.

   In the next few weeks, everything seems to be normal in my life. I’m keeping a journal, daily.Maybe because I’m writing things down, that’s keeping my days from jumping into the future, or from going back in time. I decide to stop the writing after a month of logging everything I do, each day.

    Home from work, and thinking to myself, I'm sure glad it's Friday. I need to plan something fun for the weekend. Maybe I'll visit my cousin down the street, and just hang out at his house. We both like watching sports on TV. I'll give him a call, and setup a time to go over, tomorrow, which will be Saturday. I'm going to take over some goodies, that mom can bake for us.

    In the morning, after breakfast, I yell up to my mom and tell her I’m leaving for my visit with my cousin. Yelling back down, I hear her say, “you might as well just stay over for the weekend”. I’ll call you later and let you know, was my answer to her, before I closed the door behind me, and headed down the street to my cousin’s house. My cousin was playing basketball in the driveway when I got there.

    I’m enjoying my visit, not having to write in my daily journal any longer. It’s a relief that my life is back to normal. Maybe I will never learn the reason for missing days, jumping forward in time, and so on. Sunday has arrived, and I tell my cousin thanks for the sleep over, and thank my Aunt for the delicious dinner last night, and the breakfast this morning.

      I  grab my backpack and head back up the street to my house. Mom should have lunch ready by this time. Walking up the sidewalk, I notice that no one is outside doing yard work, as is the normal occasion on a bright sunny Sunday afternoon. Maybe it’s a bit too hot out right now. Plus it is lunchtime. That might explain it. I get to the front door, and proceed to open the door, but find it’s locked up tight. Unusual, because we never lock the door, during the day. I take out my keys and unlock the it.

    Once inside the door, I call out for mom, but get no answer. In the kitchen where I expect to find her cooking lunch, I find it empty. Walking throughout the house, I find no one at home. I check the garage, and find that the car is still parked in it. Keys are still hanging by the garage door. Even the coats are hanging where they are supposed to be, meaning no one appears to have left the house. Is it starting all over again, I yell out loud.

     I go back outside to walk the neighborhood, heading back in the direction of my cousins house to see if he is around, and maybe be able to help me.

    Before I even get within a block of his house, I am approached by a tall, lanky figure. He doesn’t exactly look like a person. He has the figure of a man, but not like most men you see on a normal day. When he is standing right in front of me, he begins to ask me why I’m out here during a time like this. I ask him what is going on that I should not be outside. The stranger tells me that there was a nuclear explosion last month, that has made very strange things happen to just certain people.

He then asks me if I’ve experienced losing any days, or having waken in the morning to a time when you didn’t think it was correct, or people in my life suddenly have diapered. With relief, I tell him all those things, and much more has happened to me. Then he tells me to follow him to his business, and he tells me he will be able to help me get my life back on track. He says he has a machine that has the ability to take me back to the correct place in my life. He then goes to explain that the blast interrupted my life cycle. I ask him what exactly that meant. He just says to follow him, and I’ll find out the answer.

The man also suggest I get the rest of my family, just in case they were also effected, as I must have been. I inform him, I’ll just go back home right away, so we can meet with you, all together.