Fred awoke in the middle of he night for no particular reason. 6 am. Earlier than he had hoped given the busy life he’d been leading the past few weeks. Work has been hell. Not in the casual way that some of us tend to contemplate hell. More in the burning, why am I here, won’t someone please give me a drink of water so I can survive this place kind of hell. Ana is there though. Laying beside fred, fast asleep. At least she’ll get to sleep in a bit before the sun comes up in a half hour. Fred creeps out of bed so as not to wake Ana. She looks absolutely lovely cuddled up there in the bed with the majority of blankets tucked around here as she tossed and turned through out the night and stole most of them hahah.

Fred tiptoed his way to the kitchen, eager to make the most out of his early waking by surprising Ana with breakfast. He got out a carton of milk from the fridge, some eggs, and bread for the cubboard and set out to make some fresh toast. The sun started to poke out in the horrizen, bringing a bit more color to the room. Vanilla! French toast needs a bit of something sweet to give one that “I’ve just had a tasty treat” feeling. Fred returns to the fridge but can’t help to hesitate a moment. Ana is a school teacher, and Fred is but a low worker grunt in finance, trying to inch his way forward in life so that he may attain some level of financial success, or at least enough to satisfy his and Ana’s thirst for travel. Brazil, Portugal, Thailand, Bali, Dubai, and more. Fred gazes at the pictures of destinations that he and Ana keep on the fridge to motivate them. Closing his eyes, he takes a breath in and pictures it. He can feel the sand beneath his toes and the surfboard under his arm.

Wait. He can actually feel the sand under his toes and the surfboard under his arm. He gasps and the board drops, cracking a bit on the hard packed sand that is STUNNING against the backdrop of the crystal blue water, crashing waves, and jungle vegetation of Padaang Padaang, the famed and barreling Left of Bali’s south coast. His hands come to his mouth and his eyes close again. Ana. And he’s in bed. Sand still between his toes. He’s in his boxers and Ana has just woken startled. “Don’t jump on the bed like that it’s not even 6:30 ya dick, what’s the matter with you!”. What’s the matter indeed.

Fred looks at Ana, kisses her, holds her tight, closes his eyes, and the two lay in the same position, but are now in the Red Wood forests of West Marin with a gentle waterfall in the background. Now Ana is sure that this is a dream. Before she can remark, Fred takes her hand again and squeezes it tight, closes his eyes and thinks of the Moon. Poor choice. Not much oxygen or atmosphere on the moon. They couple floats about for less than a second before they find themselves, still in their morning garments in a paddle boat in Venice accompanied by a particularly overweight pair of American tourists. Fred laughs, apologizes and steps of the table that he had just landed on, wiping the Bri, bread, and jam off his boxers and moving to pick up the toppled over bottle of wine. Ana is in a state of amazement. Transfixed. Unable to utter even a word. Fred moves again and kisses his wife, closes his eyes, and they are back in bed again, embracing.