

Strange Presence

by Nicolay Cano Escamilla

I was walking with her, hand in hand. The beach had a different sound that night. It was windy and darker than usual. We use to talk about our problems but that night strangely we talked about a different subject. She asked me one question that really made me think a lot. She said “what do you think comes after death?”

I live in a white house facing the beach, huge windows that cover the whole wall, sunlight brightening pretty much all the house, a big pool ,and a lot of space. I live in paradise. My wife lives by my side and I have 3 kids Caly, Sandy, Mandy. I have a really tight relationship with my wife Melinda but we are even closer after that accident we had in California, 4 days ago. Good thing no one was hurt and we continue our life as if nothing has happened.

I’ve been feeling weird in the last couple of days. I think I’m coming down with a bug. My wife cooked me a great breakfast this morning and she even brought it to my bed. She takes good care of me and the kids. She brought us to the mall and I gave her and the children money to spend on whatever they wanted. I feel like I have all eyes on me, I’m guessing people don’t like the way I act or maybe it is my cold that’s making me think weird stuff.

Lat night we got home pretty late. I was exhausted and so was my wife. She looked really tired to me. Before driving home we took our night walk as we usually do. It was not like the nights before. I felt awkward, not because of my wife’s company but more because of the way people looked at me. I can’t figure it out, it’s been two times in a row, in the same day, and it’s been like that these past couple of days.

Today, my wife, my kids and I, went to my best friend's house. I was excited to introduce them to Edgar. That was his name by the way. When we arrived to his place he asked me if I was ok. I replied "yes I am, I'm with my family and everything is perfect." That's when my life changed.

Edgar was calm and worried and he said that there was no one there beside me! I turned around in agony and looked in the mirror. He was right. There I was, standing alone.