

The Silent Beach

The woman sat in her old, empty house. Across the way she looked out her open window into the deep forest. Space filled with silence. She stood up and walked along her creaky floor. She grabs her diary and opens the door. She steps onto the crooked stairs that lead to the path. She walks slowly down. A few minutes later there's an opening in the trees. The clear water looks up at her. She walks toward the hammock she had put up years ago. As she settles in and takes a few breaths, she notices how silent it is, how alone she is. She listens to the waves crashing inconsistently, the distant birds chirping, the bees buzzing on the flowers surrounding the path she came from. She looks up at the gray sky in the distance. Worry flows through her as she realizes she will be spending the dark, rainy night alone. She tells herself that she has done this for years, she will be okay. But it's different now, she knows that. Everything has changed, it will never be the same. The silence takes over. The background noise is too distant. She knows she has to be grateful and happy that she has this place to be, somewhere besides back home. It seems impossible, though, to live in this small cabin, on a deserted beach, with no one but the small animals, no noises besides waves, no smells besides flowers, no food besides the ones on the trees, no family, none at all. She opens her diary and writes: *I will make it through this. I can live, all by myself. I have done it before, I can do it again. I have overcome other hard times, this one is no different. This is my best option, there is nowhere else to go, no other choice.* Really, she's just trying to convince herself.