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Water for Chocolate

By Bret Olson

I was standing in the middle of a wheat field on a windless day. The stalks stretched beyond my waist, submerging my person within their eerie grasp. I was wearing contacts and there was no civilization for as far as the eye could see. I was a happy fish, sure, but he was something told me it was more. The wind was too deep. I was in a drunken stupor. The sun began to set and dusk was approaching. I stopped at a phone booth to call my sister's uncle's mother's only grandson. I got a busy signal. "He must not be home. I'll try again later."

The wheat stalks were beginning to iritate me. "These wheat stalks are beginning to iritate me," I said. They itched and scratched my bare legs. As I was thinking about how iritated I was, it happened again! Something brushed against my leg. "Eric, is that you?... Eric?" I got no response. It's not like Eric to play these games. He is a happy fish, sure, but he is a fish and this goes beyond his physical capabilities.

I looked up, the sun was blinding. Giant, black, rolling clouds were looming overhead. All was still and calm. The air about me was... ominous, the birds were chirping, cows were mooing, dogs barking, cats meowing, snakes hissing, babies crying... "SHUT UP!" I whispered. And all was silent.

There was a rustling in the bushes behind me. I turned to look. There was a rustling in the bushes behind me. I turned to look. There was a rustling in the bushes behind me. I turned to look, and again the rustling was behind me. I started to turn, then turned back to where I was originally facing. There was a rustling in the bushes behind me. It was apparent that I could not out-smart this force.

Thinking nothing of it, I dismissed it as the wind. "It's only the wind," I said. But something told me it was more. "It was more," something told me.

I was in a drunken stupor. The horn was blaring in my ear. I looked up just as the car passed before me - missing me by inches. "That was close," I said. "Another fifteen feet and I could have been hurt."

Thinking nothing of it, I dismissed it as the wind. "It's only the wind," I said. The sun began to set and dusk was fast approaching. I stopped at a phone booth to call my sister's uncle's mother's glasses. Wait a minute, I don't wear glasses.

I was sitting on a stump, looking for my pet fish, Eric. He was nowhere to be seen. He wasn't on the back porch or playing in the trees. The sun was hot and the sand didn't help any. My feet were on fire. The shade of the large cyrus and the rain pouring down upon me helped my situation tremendously. Suddenly I felt something rub up against my leg. The wheat was too tall; I couldn't identify the mysterious perpetrator. I looked about quickly, then slowly - then quickly again! But it was no use, the water was just too deep.

Thinking nothing of it, I dismissed it as the wind. "It's only the wind," I said. But something told me it was more. "It was more," something told me.

I had now advanced approximately ten paces from my original location. My hard work and effort had yielded no reward. Eric was still nowhere to be seen and I was becoming fearful for my life. These things about me were perplexing. That which one is ignorant of is always perplexing. What is this beast that torments me?"

I ran as fast as I could but it wasn't fast enough. The hill was too steep and my mind was no traction. I was slipping in the mud - slowly falling toward the huge gaping hole that lay at the bottom. Frantically I pulled at the vines hanging from the tree but I could not hang on. I was powerless against this - this, THIS!! It was drawing me towards it. I had released my grip on the water-pipe and began to laugh hysterically as I faced certain doom.

As I opened my eyes I was seated on a park bench. The growling sound from my stomach told me I needed a bite to eat. "How weird," I thought.

Wheat stalks all about me. I stood up in a pond blanketed with lilies. I had been here for a while so I decided to bathe in the waterfall. I turned the faucet on and got a drink of water. I left a three dollar tip for the waitress.

I was standing, barefoot, in the middle of the wheat field. My feet are uncomfortable in these shoes. I think they're golf shoes.

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To my left I saw a shadow. I quickly turned, burby then it had disappeared. A deep growling sound soon encompassed me. "What is this beast that torments me?"

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"Ouch!" Something bit me. I got up off my hands and knees to inspect my wounded leg. It was fine. I had a scratch and some blood on my left arm. As I raised myself out of the wheat I saw something looking at me. Could it be the beast that has haunted me from the beginning? It had giant fangs speckled with fresh drops of blood. It had a coat of natural armor and its eyes were yellow and venomous. I was tiring motionless, trembling in fear. I tried to scream but all was silent, I couldn't do it. We were facing each other for what seemed an eternity. Within seconds it leaped. "AAAAAAAAAIIMMIGGGGGGHHHHH!!!!!!" "Stop it, knock it off, stop it."

The little pup was in a playful mood. His fur was very soft. "Stop licking me. I can't play now," I told him. "I have to find Eric." So I pushed the dog off the couch and walked away.

"This wheat is really high. It should be harvested soon." There was a knock at the door. "Bam, bam, Bam!" "Who is it?" There was no answer. Again there was a knock at the door. "Bam, bam!" Again, no answer when I called. Another knock. "Bam!" And still nobody answered. "I guess nobody's home," I said. The cool breeze was blowing through my hair and the trees were swaying. "It is windy. Isn't it?"

"I don't own any wheat!"

I was standing, barefoot, in the middle of the wheat field. My feet are uncomfortable in these shoes. I think they're golf shoes. Golf shoes on concrete aren't very comfortable. In fact, it's actually quite difficult to play basketball in them. The guy fakes left goes right and nails the fade away jumper. "Give me the ball," I demanded. But nobody would pass it. There's nobody here. The nets were swaying in the wind, as the ball bounced quicker and quicker until -- it stopped.

"Eric, I've had enough of your silly little game. How in the world am I supposed to find him in all this wheat? I closed the window to keep the breeze from messing up my hair. It didn't work. I stepped on something hard, like a piece of concrete. I looked down to see a toothbrush under my foot alone in the middle of this wheat field.

I thought nothing of it and dismissed it as the wind. "It's only the wind," I said.

"That's it Eric. I refuse to participate in this charade any longer! I'm leaving this wheat field." I opened the door, turned into the hall and hit me like a ton of feathers. It was all clear now. "There you are, Eric." He was sitting in his bowl on my desk. He had never left. Thinking nothing of it, I dismissed it as the wind. "It's only the wind," I said. "Only the wind."