

## **Are you there? I'm here**

Her brother was visiting. They were both excited. Everything was exciting. From sitting on the couch chatting to walking to the corner store getting organic groceries. These were things they could only do in San Francisco.

When they were younger they lived near the city and their mom feed them wonder bread and all kinds of processed stuff. She tells him how her mom is finally starting to understand what it means that she lives in a vegetarian household. Now every recipe is one that can easily be substituted with tofu. The news of his wife's pregnancy is still new, but surely mom and dad will develop some fixating habits around that.

The first day, she picked him up from the airport. This was both their hometown in many ways, so the pick up from the airport was easy-smeasy. They hung out all day together alone before coming to her house where her roommate was having a burrito in the living room and soon her girlfriend and her girlfriend's housemate would come over. She cracked out the special bottle of wine she was saving for one of those special occasions. This was surely one of them! She was going to whip them all up some delicious food for this good time.

He woke up early as was expected. He was still on Minnesota time. His sister had gone to sleep at her girlfriend's house, leaving him her bed. Most of the housemates were away, but one was there, so he was trying to be quiet. He turned on the light though because his sister's room was one of San Francisco specials where the window faces a light well. He had to go to the bathroom, but by the time he got to the door, he found it quite difficult to open the door. Maybe his sister was protective and locked him in? He started to read the books in his sister's room. She was always a little kooky, but *Christian Living* and *The History of Shorts* were new peaks. He read all of the *History of Atari* when he really needed to go and tried the door again. Still no budge. Was he really locked in? Should he call her? Maybe she was the way home and he could wait it out a little. He started to go through the yoga book but just thinking about the poses made him have

to pea, so it seemed best just to close his eyes and breathe instead. Should he sit there and breathe or try to lie down and breathe. If he fell asleep would he only be thinking about pea? It was so strange if he was locked in. Not only did that not make sense, it is out of character for his sister too! Up until a few years he used to pronounce chamomile tea chamomile instead of chamomile. Breathing, he started to remember about the dream he had.

How odd. He is on 16<sup>th</sup> street near Valencia and there is a bookstore. It feels familiar, though he has never been there. A golden cat simultaneously leaps over his feet and meows. He looks down to catch a glimpse. His right hand, which has swayed in reaction, covers his view. All the books are arranged by the colors on the spines. *Look for magic when you open your eyes.* The mysterious fortune from last weeks take out has to come to life and he wants so very much to jump up and down. There is a sofa in the middle of the bookstore so he sits down next to a young woman who is knitting a scarf. His sister had told him that knitting was the newest trend, like yoga. The scarf the woman knits takes after the blue section- patches of dark blue to midnight blue to electric blue to neon blue to light blue to teal blue to sea blue to blue blue blue everywhere. Across from him he sees one of those books hanging that is just asking for you and only you to come to it at that very second. He does. It is an email list. Not sure for what, but it must be to the one who colored the room so his eyes could have magic. *I am smiling and astonished.*

He calls his sister on her cell phone. *Are you there? I'm here.*

His hand reached for the knob of the door. If he pretends it is not locked, it may not be. As he pulls, the door opens as his sister comes in. *I thought you locked me in and I have to go pea. She smiles at him and without any hesitation, the doors get jammed around this house sometimes, they just need a little nudge.*