

Senior Division, Short Fiction
Grant Loveys, Mount Pearl
Ghost Net (an excerpt)

She talked to her mother on the phone from time to time, less than she used to, and I never minded when she told me to keep quiet in the background. I was used to it. The kid clung to me. He did ok with everything, my little guy. She and him are so alike. He's tough like she is. I'd be taking the training wheels off his bike or helping him read and he'd look at me with this expectation in his eyes, like he was waiting for everything to finally stop changing.

I've been sleeping more and more. Jenn's been doing her own thing, looking for a job. There was a lot of money left and she doesn't have to work, but she wanted to get out of the house more. It's a lot.

This morning the kid banged on the bedroom door wanting something or other like he so often does, and I heard Jenn shushing him. Mister Terry is too sleepy today! he chirped. We don't call him that anymore, she hissed. You know that.

I fell back asleep after a while and I had that dream again. My girlfriend's husband perched like a king on the rail of the little ship that would ferry him to his death, surveying the sea below that would always be divided by the hull. I dream of him going back inside to lay down and after a few minutes getting back up. He goes to the window and looks in the direction of home or as close as he can guess and wonders if, back on dry land, today is the day I would finally set my hook.