

Brenny Foster's \$66,000,000 Fiction PW FILE

Opening

"Lying on the beach without a care in the world is a lifestyle anyone could get used to. The crash of the waves is hypnotizing..."

Who does this man think he is?! After yet another blunt argument with my husband of five years, things finally come to a head. It's been a long time coming and I'm glad to be over the hump. Lewis is a sexy masculine man; yet can't handle me watching a TV show that has other men on it. And they say that money is the number one thing that breaks up marriages. It's not money. It's selfishness. I'm selfish, but I always give Lewis the benefit of the doubt. He can be so sweet sometimes. But this time his flip flopping, emotionally up and down, scatter brain, whiny and complaining ass is downright dismal. This is what people usually say about women. Living with Lewis it is easy to point that finger right back at men.

Even though I know better, I almost thought I was bipolar when it was Lewis sucking me into his emotional storms. Needless to say, the whole world is bipolar if you ask me. We have daytime and nighttime, rainy days and sunny days; earth quakes and perfectly calm days. So, if life itself is always up and down so are the people in it. With Lewis and me, we're gonna buy this car, then not. We're gonna take this trip then not. I try, but I am no longer considerate of his feelings and tell him on more than one occasion exactly what I think of him. I'm not about to sacrifice my emotional stability for a man who doesn't seem to know what's real and what's not. Who needs someone who constantly walks around looking dazed and confused about life? This is life, and you only get one so you better live it.

I don't understand people who have it all, but can't be happy. Life hasn't been great for me either, but I'm a happy person. But this last time Lewis announces he's leaving and simply walks out of my life. I'm not the least bit affected by it.

"Good morning ma'am." I roll my eyes at the husky brother handing back my I D in line during security check at LAX. Leaving paradise to go home to my family in New York is actually a welcome thought. I miss and need the energy of the city and have for some time now. Finally I will get my fix and I'm delighted to be on my way.

"Good morning, sir!" I fling my bags into the grey bin.

"Turn around please and raise your arms." I turn around and raise my arms. "Okay. You can go." The officer waves me away as if I'm a fly or mosquito. Back to you! How he just gone wave somebody away? "Men...The Dali Llama better be right, saying Western women are gone save the world." These men and their egos thinking they in control of everything

get on my nerves. Make me sick! I know there are plenty of good men in the world, but where are they hiding? And when you think you found one, can you even believe anything they say? I grab my bags and rush toward my departure gate. C4.

“There it is.”

The woman beside me is engrossed in O magazine. I think it'll be nice to get a glimpse of the cover story. Follow Your Bliss. “I'm coming O, trust me!” The woman must have sensed me trying to peep into the pages of the magazine and clapped it shut. Fuck you too, bitch!” What you readin' Oprah for anyway? If only I could fuss like this in real life, I might be a calmer person, but in my line of work I have to be professional at all times. Well, that's how I remember I'm supposed to act. I haven't worked in nearly a year. After a sudden bout of anxiety struck out of nowhere I still find myself struggling to overcome some emotional barriers that for sure would help me move forward in life. This is why I've been writing. Hiding behind my personal computer allows me the freedom of expression. I write articles, novels and short stories. It doesn't bring me celebrity status or a whopping six figure salary, but it keeps me calm. Unfortunately my support system is nonexistent. And, now, so is the man I married. We'd known each other for most of our lives and for that reason, I knew from the start that this probably wasn't a good idea, but I'm a risk taker, and so far so good; for a while anyway. After eight months of chatting on the phone, he invited me to L.A. and after serious consideration, I took the plunge. Deep down inside I believed I would find my bliss. I did, but nothing good lasts forever.

“Thank you for flying South West Airlines. Please come again.” The cab ride from Kennedy Airport takes an hour. Instantly I am transformed into the woman I was before I left. I already got the beat of the city sounding off inside my heart. The heat, the noise and the people feel more like a summer blanket than anything. If it weren't for my bags in the trunk I'd skip the ride and walk all the way home.

Finally I arrive in front of her door. The lake in the center of the cul-de-sac reminds me of our childhood. I pay the cabby, grab my things and after slamming the car door shut, disappear inside my sister's house.