

Jackie Mae



If...

Second
Chance

If...
Second Chance

By,
Jackie Mae

Praise for If...Second Chance

“Novelette readers will be delighted by the soaring heights and depths of Mae’s creation, which is all about second chances won and lost.” D. Donovan, Senior Reviewer, Midwest Book Review

Other Titles by Jackie Mae:

The Ones THE DARKEST SERIES

A Lifetime to Wait THE DARKEST SERIES

If... Blurred Vision

If... Dangerous Waters

By Jackie Mae & Alison Taylor:

Twilight of Doom: A Taylor & Alan Adventure

The Key: A Taylor & Alan Adventure

Cover Image by,

James Khoui

Edited by,

Ashton Farmanara

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, businesses, companies, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

Copyright © 2015 by Jackie Mae

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, scanned, or distributed in any printed or electronic form without permission. Please do not participate in or encourage piracy of copyrighted materials in violation of the author's rights. Purchase only authorized editions.

The author acknowledges the copyright or trademarked status and trademark owners of the following wordmarks mentioned in this work of fiction: The World Wildlife Fund, Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (SPCA), Doctors Without Borders, Betty's Hope and Harmony Hall

eBook ISBN 978-0-9916149-9-8

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To,
My husband, always my knight

And a special thanks to,

Shona

Kindness does make a difference.

And to,

All those individuals that respect our environment.

Table of Contents

Chapter One.....	8
Chapter Two	11
Chapter Three	15
Chapter Four.....	19
Chapter Five	22
Chapter Six	27
Chapter Seven	32
Chapter Eight.....	38
Chapter Nine	45
Chapter Ten	47

Chapter One

“If,” could mean different things to different people. If—I were a better person. If—I were rich, thinner, or prettier. If—I were black, white, Asian, male or female, shorter or taller. If—I had been born to a different set of parents. If—I had more friends. If—I had a better job. If. That one little word can take you places or make you crazy...

It was hard to believe Shona had once considered suicide. Not knowing how she would crawl out from under her financial woes, she had given it some thought. Her happiness hadn't taken her plan very far. She always thought having a positive attitude would win the day. But one day, one moment in time, she couldn't find her way out of the shadows. The shadows had slowly, insidiously crept its way into those empty spaces of her soul. Threatening to take her over, she had cast the shadows to the four winds. She had been safe until one day the greyness filled too many spaces. She lost her way. In fact, she had contemplated suicide late one evening after a particularly hard day at work.

Shona Forrester was an energetic go-getter. She preached faithfully that “you should not sit around and wait for things to come to you; you have to make your own success.” At 29 years of age, she had scraped by, saving every damn nickel and dime until she was able to buy a small hair salon over on Lakeview just this past year.

Even though she had a solid business plan, one the bank had whole heartedly approved of and was impressed with, she soon found out, unfortunately, that things didn't always work out the way one dreamt they would.

None of Shona's friends could believe she had enough money and guts to open her own business. Many were doubtful she'd last to the five year mark. Most of her immediate friends really had not given her any encouragement whatsoever, so it was a wonder she had stuck with her plan.

John, her friend from high school, was working at a restaurant that specialized in fast food. He was looking for a better paying job while he was saving up money for a vacation to the Bahamas. Her friend, Jill, was currently a senior in college; she would be graduating with a degree in electrical engineering. She had, in fact, already landed a job with an aerospace company in the next town over. Jack, her good friend these past ten years, worked as a mechanic and was more than content earning a set weekly salary.

Shona knew college wasn't for her; she soon realized this after scoring very low on her assessment tests. She had considered the local community college but she didn't know how she would pay for it. She thought her best hope was to open up her own business. She had a knack for making money and she was a born people person; a happy-go-lucky kind of gal. She had planned for it her whole life, it seemed, and she was so proud of herself the day she had signed all the necessary papers and had been given the key to the shop.

Being frugal, Shona decorated the shop on the cheap but nice cheap. Although she had only spent \$800.00 to update the shop, she knew it would pull in clients. At first, she had so many applicants for hairdressers they were practically climbing over each other to get hired. Clients and well-wishers came through the door in droves. She found herself planning to expand in three years if all went well.

Yes, those first eight months in business had been one of the happiest periods in her entire life. Nearly at her one year mark, not only was she a successful small business entrepreneur, but she was going to be married to the man of her dreams come June.

Imagining what her wedding would look like, she let her mind wander. Her perfect wedding would be on a flat strip of sandy white beach, the weather would be a constant 75 degrees, a deep blue sky with slow moving fluffy white cumulus clouds, along with a soft, slight breeze, just enough to cool you.

Her hair would be in an updo with cascading ringlet curls softly framing her face. Her makeup, tastefully done, would highlight her good attributes and hide her flaws. Dangly pearl earrings, two pearl rings, and a pearl necklace hanging gracefully around her neck, would all emphasize the beauty of her gown. The

scoop neckline of her beaded white wedding gown, and low back that had a huge stunning white bow, along with the sleek trim, would frame her figure and curves perfectly. The elegant long sleeves of her gown would be see-through, with an intricate detail that had pearl-like beads woven into the material. The train would be three feet long that would gracefully sway as she walked down that long aisle to the waiting arms of Mr. Right.

A couple hundred folding white chairs lined with white ribbons would line the path to where the pastor and her future groom would wait for her. All her family and friends would smile at her as she went past. A pianist, dressed all in white, playing the wedding march, would be off to her left side. The small symphony that would be the evening entertainment would still be setting up their gear in the huge white tent a little further down the beach. A makeshift wooden dance floor would have been erected just for this occasion, so the bride and groom could dance the night away right on the beach itself. After the ceremony she would hastily change into a sleeveless, low slung back, elegant little black dress, and proceed to her reception. Instead of gifts, her guests would have all given a sizeable amount to her favorite charity, The World Wildlife Fund. Standing on the beach in the arms of her husband, she would inhale the ocean breezes, the salty smells, look together as the setting sun turned the ocean into a shimmering sea of glass. Knowing that he would take care of her, cherish her, always and forever more put her above his own needs, would bring her such joy. Life would be perfect.