

Jackie Mae



If...

Dangerous

Waters

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**By,
Jackie Mae**

Praise for If...Dangerous Waters

“Mae is a master storyteller and an uncommon ruler of the novelette form.” D. Donovan, Senior Reviewer, Midwest Book Review

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eBook ISBN 978-0-9966114-0-4

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To,
My husband, always my knight

And a special thanks to,

All my willing Beta Readers

And to,

All the people who respect our environment.

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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...

“I only impart the wisdom, the wishes, of the other side my dear. Please, please believe me when I say I’m sorry. May the universe be kind.” The seer had spoken these words. Words...words henceforth that had changed Alena’s every waking moment. If she could have, she would have taken back everything she had done that fateful day.

Alena was a sparkly, peppy, happy-go-lucky woman. She had loving, supportive parents, a part-time job, a car, a boyfriend, and a great outlook on the life. She was 5’5” with thick, curly, black hair and brown eyes. At almost twenty-two, she thought she was well on her way in life, having already met some of her lofty goals. After all, she had everything going her way this year.

Alena didn’t consider she was even mildly beautiful; she found herself a little too chubby for her liking. She thought her voice was just a tad bit masculine, the tone too baritone, her hair too thin and plain, and let’s not start with the thighs. The picture she saw in the mirror was different from the outward beauty everyone else saw.

Family and friends knew of her kindness. They knew what a hard worker she could be. They knew the character of Alena was solid, someone who could be counted on in a crisis. Her outward beauty, although beautiful in every way, was no match for her inward beauty as far as everyone else was concerned. Everyone, that is, except for Alena, for she thought differently. Dissatisfied, she continually was looking for new products and procedures to make herself ‘perfect.’ Once, she

had bad haircut, or so she said, and was so upset to the point of refusing to go to class, or even to go on her usual run in the park.

Alena's boyfriend, Nick, thought she was just fine. He was a dream in Alena's eyes. Handsome, kind, thoughtful, everything a boyfriend should be and much more. He praised her and was always ready to help her or her parents at a moment's notice. Alena envisioned having 2 or 3 children with Nick several years down the road; a nice house in the burbs with friends her age there to support her through motherhood and beyond were also in the forecast.

Mr. Dream-come-true, Nick, loved her parents, often helping them out whenever he came over. Likewise, her parents loved Nick. "A nice young man," her mom repeatedly said. The fact that he cared for her family created a much stronger bond between her and Nick.

For now, Alena still lived at her parent's home, because Mom insisted. Alena's mother wanted her to live at home until she was 24 or possibly later, so she could save up enough money to buy her own condo downtown.

Alena was an only child. She had been adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Moore when she was only 3 weeks old. Her biological mother, Sarah Pickers, had been a crackhead or so the story goes. Although her parents were always open with her about her background, and even went so far as to encourage her to contact her biological mother's family, she had politely but firmly declined. She knew nothing about her biological father other than what the adoption files contained, stating that the biological mother indicated she had no idea who the father was. Pretty sad stuff, so Alena rarely gave it much thought.

She figured if they wanted to know anything about her then they should come looking for her. As far as she was concerned, her family had already rejected her once; she wasn't willing to risk that happening again.

Alena had graduated from high school when she was 17 and had received a full scholarship at a prominent university. She was in her senior year and would graduate one month before her 22nd birthday. With a coveted degree in bioengineering, she already had two job offers with three more job interviews lined up next month. Life was pretty sweet. Alena had big plans.