

Timothy Boat had a bone to pick with his other self who sat sulking on the sofa in the den. The beer had gone flat in a glass too warm. Too much time had passed without a mind decided. Such procrastination, such cowardly trepidation, such bone-headed reasonless hesitation. Just pick up the damn phone and make the damn call. Your worry keeps you paralyzed, your worry makes you numb. No journey can begin until you take the first step. You won't even wiggle your toes. Come. Come now. Make the call.

Two weeks later, the doorbell rang and on the front porch a box was found. Solicitation had been made, a purchase secured, the transaction apparently completed. The box was heavy and he was not sure of the best way to bring it inside. Should he try to lift it? Or rocking tip it? Or drag-slide it over the threshold of his door? He would sit on the sofa to think his plan through. He would pop the can of his favorite brew and consider his options. Care must be taken, no quick decisions. Weigh the possible ways to proceed. The porch was dry. The box could sit.

And for three nights it did. Until the first light of dawn on day four, Timothy Boat awoke from his sleep to a great roar, gun cracking pops, and plank-dropping thuds. Slowly he arose, bathrobe around, he looked out the window to see what he saw. The box had been opened and no one was near but his look down the road showed him his coveted love, a Schwinn 24 inch Ranger, periwinkle blue, 21 gears, wide tires too, pedaling itself away, its sparkling seat smiling in giddy freedom to the sun.