

Jacob

DJ Kane

I so fondly remember a December day sitting on this bench, enjoying the display of the lighted water fountain in the middle of the pond, edged by the many colorful Christmas lights framing the pond like an artist palette, with its rendering of various colors of joy, and my interacting in good conversation with three individuals whom I had just met.

Today is different, a hot July day, with just the lighted water fountain for my immediate enjoyment. As I was concentrating on the fountain alone to an almost state of self-hypnotism, an elderly gentleman sat down beside me, rendering me immediately conscious of my surroundings. "Sorry if I disturbed you, I like watching the water-

fountain, and didn't realize you were dozing, my name is Paul."

"My name is Doug, and you didn't disturb me at all."

I'm so tired today, couldn't sleep at all last night."

"Fortunately Paul, I don't have that problem. My wife tells me I sleep too much, and I'm always daydreaming."

Just then another elderly gentleman approached the bench. He was very short, about five feet, sporting a full grey beard, slightly hunched over making him appear even shorter. "Shalom gentlemen, and good morning, my name is Jacob. May I interrupt, by taking a seat."

"Yes, you may Jacob, sit down and enjoy, my name is Doug and this is Paul, we just met."

I then notice Jacob was grasping a cane in his right hand to help him walk which he had then rested between his legs as he sat carefully. “I’m formerly from Israel, as you may have guessed by my accent and attire, and where are you from Doug?”

“I’m from Brooklyn New York.”

And you Paul?”

“I’m from Miami” Paul answered as he slightly let out an uncontrollable and embarrassing yawn.

“I then asked, “Jacob how come you wanted to know?”.

“Just a habit of mine, my wanting to know where strangers I meet are from. May be somewhat strange to you gentlemen. My wife believes so, and she is rarely wrong.”

After about an hour, the sun was heating up,

and Jacob stretched over me to confront Paul.

“Paul, you seem a little tired, do you have trouble sleeping or is the heat getting to you?”

“Yes Jacob, a little of both, but largely sleep after losing my dog from old age, we were very close, he was my child, not having any children. How did you guess, do you have any suggestions?”

Well, before you go out to purchase any of ‘My Pillows.’

“To late Jacob, I just did, for my wife and myself, but they don’t seem to work for me.”

“I was just kibitzing, I mean joking, but you can still give your ‘My Pillow’s to your wife tonight, you won’t need it I promise you.”

“We both have our own ‘My Pillows’.”

“Give her both pillows tonight, you’ll be in dreamland using your own usual pillow.”

Paul stood up in disbelief.

“Jacob, are you kidding, are you for real?”

“You’ll see tonight, and Doug maybe you’ll want to join us. About the heat, I suggest that we all go home.”

Being utterly confused I asked, “Where are you going guys? This conversation has totally lost me.”

See you all tonight if you show up,” Jacob replied.

Jacob stood up grabbed his cane, shook our hands and moved on, leaving us standing in disbelief.

Paul looked at me saying, “See you tonight Doug.” Laughing as he scurried on his way.

I shook my head as I walked towards home, trying to evaluate if I had spent enough time with Jacob and Paul, to understand what had

happened, or was about to. Never mind it had been the first time I had met Jacob and Paul, and may not be the last. So far July had proved to be a weirder month than it had been in December, and July's experience hasn't ended yet, as per Jacob.

When I arrived home, my wife asked, "How did everything go?" I said to her, "I will let you know tomorrow."

As I laid my head down to sleep, I was uncertain to close my eyes, constantly thinking, was Jacob a nut case, or the real thing. At my age being eighty, what does it matter. My wife told me the next morning, it really didn't take long before my eye's closed, and I was off drifting as I usually do every night fast asleep.

As I entered REM sleep, I thought I recognized two familiar faces not far in a distance, surrounded by people and a red dog. I waved

my hand to draw attention, and at once Jacob appeared at my side. “Jacob you are the real thing, but who are you?”

“I am, who I am, and that’s all you have to know Doug. Just then Paul got my attention by waving to me, while on his knees, hugging his red dog, as he was being deluged with kisses. It so reminded me of my recent loss of my dog, and my loss was hard.

“Sorry Doug”, Jacob explained to me, “You can’t enter, it’s Paul’s dream, and your only an observer. We’ll all meet tomorrow, at the same time, on the same bench.” I did take notice that Jacob was not grasping the cane, as he stood and walked erect.

In the morning I awoke feeling as if I had dropped at least twenty years off my life, and maybe I had, something to ask Jacob when we meet later today. Walking towards the bench I

observed only Paul sitting, holding in his hand what seemed to be a red collar and leash, which I assumed he had removed from his dog in his dream and Jacob allowed him to return with. As I approached the bench Paul jumped up greeting me joyously, “Doug did you see my dog Lucky last night, I’m so happy.”

Did you tell your wife Paul?”

No, I didn’t, did you tell yours?”

“Not yet, I’m still thinking about it.”

We sat waiting for Jacob, as he was about an hour late, and the sky appeared to be moving to a rainy mode. “Doug, should we stay and wait for Jacob, it looks like rain?”

I don’t have any idea Paul, guess we could wait for the first rain drop, before leaving.”

“Will do. “

Suddenly, we heard screeching car tires behind us. We jumped off the bench and turned around, facing a car that had an opened rear door, and a red dog jumped out and ran straight to Paul. An unknown voice cried aloud from the car, "Paul, put your leash and collar on your dog and sleep well tonight." The car then sped away as Paul struggled putting Lucky's collar and leash on as they both rolled around the grass in jubilation. Paul cried with joy as he struggled asking me, "Doug, what am I going to tell my wife."

And I answered him, "Wish it were my problem Paul," and I returned home.

Jacob 2

DJ Kane

It was on the following Monday, after I had met Jacob and Paul, that I had decided to visit the second pond, located due west on the condo property from where I reside. A pond I had never seen, although living here for almost three years.

Walking over to the main pond had fetched all sorts of past memories, as well as inspirations for me, real and imaginary, and stimulation to my soul, as well as my mind. Passing the bench that had brought us together that faithful day, and me much magic in the past. Needless to say, this bench, as I stand besides it, has meant so much to me as it had not only inspired me

in my writings, and well as my sanity, I had always incessantly found myself gravitating towards it, and partaking with collective enthusiasm, that had fed all my characters, creating much pleasure in thought and pen.

When I reached the other pond, which was in all directions unceremoniously weary in all its appearances, no benches, trees, cascade water fountain, nor any pavement to support one's feet, only grass as its frame, not as capable as the main pond. I saw all that I had to see and then decided to return home. When suddenly I became aware of a steady tapping sound behind me, steadily keeping a rhythm to my walk. It sounded as if it were a cane making its journey on concrete, but there was no concrete. It could only be I thought, either I

was being transported to the world of Edgar Allen Poe, or I was not as fortunate, it was Jacob. When I turned around, it was Jacob, grasping and tapping his trusty cane.

Wearing his same attire he wore that day, and a smile from ear to ear. “Shalom Doug, and it’s a pleasure seeing you again.”

“Shalom Jacob, the pleasure is definitely mine. I’m here Jacob, because I was just interested at how this pond looked. Since I live in front of the main pond, I have never had the opportunity or cared to visit this one. There seems to be no comparison of the two. “And since I happened to find you here, I would like to thank you for the invite and returning Paul’s dog.”

“The truth is Doug that it had nothing to do with me, it was all you, the author that

made it all possible, you are all of us, and we are you. We are only a pen stroke away.”

“ Jacob, I never thought of it in that way.

Do you live here Jacob or are you just visiting?”

“Am I or do I Doug, as I said before, it’s all up to you?”

“I think I’ll have you gone in an author’s minute,” and Jacob was gone in that instant, much quicker than he had arrived, but in his haste forgot his trusty cane. Jacob had shown me the power I had always possessed and was never quite conscience of, the power of the pen and thought.

Walking my way back home, I was about to pass again that magical bench for the second time and decided to leave Jacob’s

cane, as I knew he would discover it here at the appropriate time, and the time will be now. Just then Jacob appeared, “Shalom Doug”

“Shalom Jacob.”

“I see I forgot to take my cane with me, and thanks Doug, and I’ll be gone if there isn’t anything else.”

“No no, you can go Jacob, I’ll be returning home in a few minutes. All of a sudden, I heard a dog barking, and in the distance, there was Paul, with his dog walking up the street. “Jacob, I thought you said that I remain in full control of my creations, I didn’t request Paul.”

“Guess I was wrong, once you create, you have some or shared control, let’s say hello

to Paul and his dog, do you still remember his name?”

“Yes, I do Jacob!”

“Just checking Doug”

“Just who is the author here Jacob? last time I checked it was me, not Jacob.”

“Sorry, still in my checking mode.”

I greeted Paul as he and Lucky approached the bench, “Paul how’s everything been since we last met, and how’s Lucky acting in his new and extended life?”

“All has been great Doug, since we last met, and Lucky has been acting as he were a puppy again, looking forward to those long walks, but they are getting much harder for me and my wife, as we are not getting any younger. I guess he understands in his way

a little, he doesn't pull as before, but he's still our baby."

"Shalom Jacob, how are you, and thank you for my Lucky."

"Don't just thank me Paul, it was mostly Doug's doing, he was the author."

I don't understand what you're talking about Jacob, but thanks also Doug."

"He just doesn't understand as we do Doug."

"Where not all as smart as you Jacob, so say goodbye, and I know I'll see you again."

Shalom, guys see you later, got to go."

And I said," And don't forget your cane this time."

"I won't", and Jacob was gone.

Thank God, Paul didn't notice Jacob's exit. I said my good buys to Paul, and his dog "Goodbye Paul and the best with Lucky, and regards to your wife. Maybe we'll all meet again someday," and I headed back home.

