

# Show Me The Light

by Tracie Lark

Don't ask why a thirty-eight year old man such as myself decided to make an appointment with a psychic. The thought has been playing around in my mind for a while; indeed, among many other thoughts.

The psychic's office is on the fifth floor. I'm taking the stairs. This way, I can use the extra time to think. Recently my father told me a story about his sixteen-year-old self. He was at a fair with his mates who were hanging off fences and girls in faded denim jeans looking like yesterday's laundry. There was a psychic and for some reason or another, he saw her. That day, the psychic foretold his death in a blue car.; so naturally, all his life, dad has avoided owning – and even driving – a blue car. Until now. He has given up, decided he is finally brave enough to hold his stand off with death, like two aged cowboys facing each other in the dust storm.

I feel as old as my father these days. Especially considering how well I get along in my own car; we are the same year model and both great at gaining speed but both a little slow on the breaks. I reach the top of the stairs and almost slip on the landing at the sight of the psychic. She is wearing a moo-moo and a turban. Her lips are two glossy bubbles and when she speaks I am afraid they may pop and decorate my face with goo.

“Mr Clifford, please take a seat”.

“Thank you Miss Tika”. She takes my hand in hers and they feel cold, like rubber and her intricately painted nails stick out from her fingers like wafers in a chocolate sunday. She gazes out of the fifth floor window and I think yet again, what am I doing here?

“Ooh. You have been feeling a lot of internal conflict between work and home life lately”.

“Yes Miss Tika”. I tried not to sound too astonished. Of course a man that has pen ink stained on the breast pocket of a crinkled dress shirt experiences conflict between work and home life.

“There's an opportunity to move the business overseas,” she sounds impressed.

“Yes Miss Tika. Should I take it?”

“Your wife is unhappy. She wants to have children”.

“Yes I know”. Oh, how do I know.

“Everything will be okay, you know what to do”.

Stay I suppose. Buy a second house for the hypothetical clan of offspring we always seem to end up arguing about.

“There is a problem”.

“Yes, Miss Tika?”

“I see a blue car, with yellow number plates”.

What?

“What?”

“Missing a hubcap”.

Oh shit.

“Do you own this car Mr Clifford?”

“Oh god what is it? Tell me! Tell me now!”

“Well I’m afraid to say Mr Clifford, you’ve left your car lights on”.

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