

# OCEAN- LIES

A SHORT  
STORY

By SJ Egret

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**SJ EGRET**

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**T** *his work is dedicated to: The beauty of our hearts, their resilience to suffering, and power in compassionate healing of all the world.*

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A bigail Winthrop, removing her clothes calmly, wades bare feet into lapping tide at high noon. Now remembering her life—as an orphan, decides to swim, and to keep swimming, and to head straight for the center of the sea, to never return.

Moving through the breakers, overjoyed with excitement, an explosion of primal screaming pierced the sky as she bellowed upward elated to finally be doing it. To finally have her watery funeral underway. Her chance to leave.

It felt nice just swimming, now at least five country roads from shore. She doesn't once stop to look back until the sudden rush of terror chills her blood while scorching her nerves, the realization she now wouldn't have energy to retreat to her old world on land even if she so desired. The thought was fleeting — she'd made up her mind long ago & was prepared for this primal urge to reverse course. "Suck it up" was her snarl the disciplined voice advised—the same voice that raised herself with no family, the same voice that led her to work two jobs while completing law school—the same voice that coldly decided "If I have to live in a world where nothing is decided, where we aren't even sure is not a simulation—where all experience is sensory input & all sensations are received through mere biological groupings of cells, & all experience a subjective chemical reaction, do I really want to be one of billions of walking cell clumps where my only options are: Tolerate the hate, war, greed & evils of humankind, or (attempt) to blissfully ignore it (and be an intentional ignorant)? Or do I want to see what lies beyond the wall of this existence? I am, we all are, heading there eventually—why not skip the crude suffering-of-human-being part & either slip back into nothingness & cease to be, or, see if there's a next version of scientific matter creating illusions of "reality" in some new, next, "life"?

As the sunset took the shade of the Victoria Secret underpants she abandoned by her Converses on shore, her body was ready to give in. She'd swam for what felt like five viewings of *The Godfather Part II* and any sense of rational thought or comfortable emotions she'd hoped for had abandoned to pure animal instinct to survive. Her physiological impulses resulted in kicking & screaming & flailing about to wretched dismay. A momentary vision took her out of the drama & gave her sweet clarity; here she made her peace, accepted her decision, & tried to slip underwater... But alas the animal urge jerked her head up coughing and spitting and panicking for help.

At this moment her whole life flashed in one fell track across the theatre of her psyche—she saw herself abandoned by the world & in turn abandoning life & any drive towards light; “Could I have been wrong, *this* wrong, all along? Is there light in the world—light enough to illuminate the hatred & sinfulness in humankind’s dark deeds?... Is there a God even??”

Tears poured down the human floating where only boats should be...

A passing movement on the surface frightened & confused her... Was the light playing tricks or was this what she thought it was—something floating—something large & buoyant? In ecstasy she darts toward it forgetting all exhaustion. Arrived she felt the solid oak mass of an ancient-looking door. She didn't wait three breathes before pulling herself up & collapsing onto its wide & welcoming surface.

Panting turned into relaxation as she bobbed with the ocean's cradling song. It took what seemed like her whole adult life to come to on that door & she finally awakened & felt an explosion of forgiveness, gratitude, hope, inspiration and sheer blissfulness realizing her good fortune as the stars poured into her soul.

The sky was black. The stars illuminated. Perplexed & caught off guard a scratching at the door's side whirled her attention to the surrounding water where her surprise would've been greater had it not been stunning enough to find the door, a panting, exhausted, panicking bunny rabbit struggled greatly to join her aboard.

Gleefully & compassionately she helped the poor beast to safety. The moonless night didn't keep the view of its frightened eyes from being clear.

She felt so warm in heart holding it, feeling its pulse eventually calm to a clear steady “Ba-Boomp Ba-Boomp Ba-Boomp”. She held its wet body close to hers, now dry, and laid back completely at peace, completely removed from all but the present... A serene grin overcame her face before being interrupted by “Shhhriipppt!!”—A lighting flash of the ocean surface! A forward tipping suction crescendoed with phantasmagoric gyrations! And then, black.

THE END

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Just in search and passing on of beauty in art form.

