Living With Fate

His mother was 96, he was 76. Both were weary. She felt frail, alone, husband long gone, waiting for the end. He was retired, widowed. Both needed resolution, but only the natural was available, and could take months, years. It was a natural time but an unhappy time. They needed something more, something now, something real–so they purchased a vacation to another dimension.

It was expensive, but they paid the fee and stepped through the portal. The sky was light green and sunny, the world matched their own in appearance. They walked down a city street and saw people–smiling, friendly, talkative, transparent. He and his mother saw through them. Everyone was at ease.

“What about cancer?” his mother asked.

“What about it?” The other woman shrugged. “You don’t argue with Fate.”

“I’d like to,” they both replied.

She pointed, sighing. “Fate’s over there, on the bench.” They saw, across the street, a glowing shape sitting on a bus stop bench. As they slowly walked towards it, the shape turned to them. “Don’t bother,” it told them.

“I don’t accept my Fate,” his mother told it. “I’m being punished for being alive.”

“Our fate can’t be treading water in our last years,” he told it.

The glowing shape shrugged. “All you can do is make the best of the inevitable. That is what I have always done.”

They left the dimension thoughtful. It was a natural time but an unhappy time–but they would make the best of it, starting with demanding their vacation money back.

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