

Treading Water

All his life Dan felt as if he was treading water—even when there was no water. He had a good family, successes, yet always felt naked and floating, going nowhere. The sunny blue sky grew dark, there was rain and wind and turbulence. His main task was keeping his head above water. He had seen people sink. The water was deep or just above head level, no way of knowing.

Was this life?

The water was warm. He floated with the flow. The flow went...where it went. Did it matter? It was the natural order. He went with the flow at work. With family and friends. He knew so did they, to varying degrees they all went with the flow. Some swam hard, to get farther. Others retreated into backstrokes. None of it seemed to matter, it was life.

Dan wondered about the afterlife. Did his deeds affect his afterlife? He'd always assumed the afterlife was blackmail to encourage people to do better—but after you croaked did it matter? If there was no afterlife, so be it. If there was, who knew?

It was a lot to think about as he floated with the current. Especially as he had no choice, he had to float or sink. Dan wondered whether he should do more than tread water—but he could not fly. Nothing was above the water, not even birds. Dan floated with moose, wolves, owls, cattle.

Life has its rules.