

BORN DEAD

BY

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“He was dead before he was born.

The experiences and the knowledge life had brought him,
made him realize that.”

FALSE RESURRECTION

A lot of people had crossed his way. Skiing down the hills, surfing the waves, sailings cross the oceans and diving in every puddle that came in his sight. His traveling and searching had crossed many borders, even geographical ones. A life rich with action had given him everything, except one thing. The only thing he was living for, which he needed and wanted more than anything else. He felt bitter and disappointed not to have achieved this goal. Of life and of himself. Without a woman to love and be loved by, everything was worth; nothing. He knew all this, but not what to do about it.

At a desolated beach on an island called Patmos in Greece. Underneath the burning sun, half asleep.
Everything felt very right.

He finally got his vacation after a hectic period at work with a lot of overtime and stress, that had become routine. Maybe Greece was not the best choice for someone that was tired of life and everything with it, but in September it was quite empty from both

Tourists and natives. He had some friends here as well, if he got bored.

He had been visiting his friend Costas on Paros at first, but when Costas offered to rent him his uncle's cabin, on Patmos, for a cheap sum, he went off the following day.

While Paros was located in the triangle of Turkey, Crete and the Greece continent, Patmos was closer to Turkey.

The cabin had two rooms and a kitchen, laying only a hundred meters from the beach and three kilometers from the closest village, it could not be any better. He would not be disturbed here.

He was lying nude on the empty beach. Closest building, except for his cabin, was Costas uncle's house, Frederico, 1.2 miles from the village of Kambos.

As the sun burned his body he could feel himself becoming more and more relaxed. The silent beach, the peaceful sky and the sleeping sound from the waves, all contributed to him drifting far away in his mind. So when something heavy and messy hit him on his chest, it woke him abruptly and made him terrified. He rolled over to get away and watched with fear the warm, thick mess flowing down his chest. He was standing on his knees, watching the gull that had left its fall on him.

-- Well, I guess it was time for a swim anyway, he laughed relieved.

It was hot, very hot for being in September. He had borrowed a Vespa from one of Frederico's Grandsons, Nikanor, and went shopping, but he did not hesitate at all to take a beer or two when his front wheel stopped right in front of a Tavern.

It was almost only Greeks left on the island. The few tourists who passed with the Ferries, did just that; passed. So it was almost none who came this far as to Kambos, 12.5 miles from the Port of the town Skala. He sat down at a table, outside the Tavern. He was alone, except for two Greeks who were sitting some tables away.

He lifted his beer glass to initiate a cooling feeling in his dry throat. The first gulp surrounded his tongue and then continued its journey down deep inside. When it reached his larynx, it all stopped and the following beer flow soon filled his mouth.

He put his beer glass down and was locked into her eyes as were hers with his. She quickly passed his table and disappeared into the Tavern. Like shadows he saw three women following her. Finally he succeeded to get his beer down. The result; an explosive coughing attack. The attack subsided just in time before she came out again. The same thing happened. Her three friends passed like shadows as she came towards him with all the worlds spotlights pointing at her. Their eyes were locked again, but this time none of them could prevent the excitement to bloom out into an disarming smile.

" God, she is beautiful!" he thought to himself.

They kept on looking deeply into each others eyes, smiling more and more embarrassed. Yet, nobody let go. Not until the four girls came out on the street the enchantment broke a little. " Enchantment! What a lovely word!" he thought and took a new gulp of beer to smooth away the irritation around his larynx that was still there from his first gulp of beer. He looked up and a warm feeling of some sort went through his body, as their eyes met again.

The “four beauties” started, slowly, to walk away. He still had not looked at the others, but her beauty went for them too.

She kept looking back, now and then, the whole way as they walked up the street. Just to see if he was still looking, he assumed. He stayed put. Did not think at all. Just stayed in his chair, which felt like a cloud. He just enjoyed the event itself. “ What a wonderful and magical feeling.” He looked up one last time to see if she was possibly still in sight. She turned around one last time, where he thought she had disappeared and threw a kiss through the air, towards his lips and her wonderful smile came back, then she was gone.

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The whole story can be viewed upon appointment.