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## **Any Minute Now**

On a cool, but comfortable Wednesday afternoon, Jacob stood on a newly paved sidewalk staring down a suburban street. Jacob stood around 5'6'' and a less than impressive 115 lbs. Anxiously shaking his leg and fidgeting, he paused as a sudden noise went off, it took him a second to realize it was his phone ringing. He reached for it quickly but paused just for grabbing it and took a deep breath, reached into his right pocket and took it out. He looked at the caller ID: Sasha. He took another deep breath, rolled his eyes and sent her to voicemail. "Any minute now." he thought to himself as he glanced off into the horizon. He decided to take a seat on the freshly cut grass, but immediately shot back up as he saw a black sedan turn down the block. He looked at the car hopefully and followed it with his eyes as it drove right by him down the street to the left.

"Am I in the right spot?" he questioned his own judgement. "I'll just call him." he took his phone out and began to dial. He stared at the screen, closed out of the app and put the phone back into his pocket. Jacob began to recount a recurring dream of his where he was about 3 inches taller, 50 lbs heavier, and far more muscular. In the dream he fought off a mighty, red and orange dragon, with a shiny sword and his sharp wit. However every time he awoke in his compressed room, he marveled at the dichotomy between his vivid subconscious and his dull, do-nothing life. He realized his surroundings when a strong gust of wind blew his way, but remained still, ambivalent to the strong force of nature. On the cusp of forgetting it, returning home and giving up another black sedan pulled up right in front of Jacob. His body froze, as his heart was beating at what had felt like a mile a minute. A man in a business suit, with carefully slicked back hair and impeccable posture stepped out of the vehicle.

“Jacob” he propositioned. “Are you ready?” “I’ve been ready for a long time.” Jacob eagerly replied, his heart still racing.

The man reached out for a hug, but as Jacob went in for the embrace the mans face turned into that of a demon. Green and slimy with shark like teeth. Jacob screamed and started to run down the street. The creature was still chasing him, he jumped over a bush standing in his way, but at the apex of his leap he became suspended in air. He began to visualize the suffering faces of his mother, of his girlfriend and of all the other people in his life.

“Don’t you want to come with me?” the demon questioned Jacob.

“I don’t know what I want, what are you?” Jacob replied. But before the creature could respond, Jacob dropped to the floor.

He awoke screaming. “Just a dream.” he said assuredly to himself, shocked to see what time it was and a little scared of things creeping up behind him, he hustled home.

On his way home, he looked at his phone again hoping to see a call or a text from him but it was just from his mom, Sasha and a couple of other friends. The walk from where he was waiting to his house felt like an eternity. He stopped and stared at every car driving by. As he approached his house, he turned around and gave one final look off into the horizon. Nothing but street. He headed up the rocky driveway, and broken porch, into his house.

“Where were you, I’ve been worried sick!” his mother interrogated. “You don’t answer your phone, you don’t call you do-“

“He was never going to come, was he?” Jacob interrupted defeatedly.

His mom paused for a minute, with a sad look on her face and replied “Why don’t you sit down, I’ll make us some hot chocolate and we can talk about it.”

“I don’t think so.” Jacob said lifelessly as he headed upstairs to his room. “There’s nothing for me here.”

Looking around his tiny room, and his childish posters it all seemed so trivial. He collapsed on to this bed staring up at the ceiling.

“Any minute now.” he told himself as he closed his eyes.