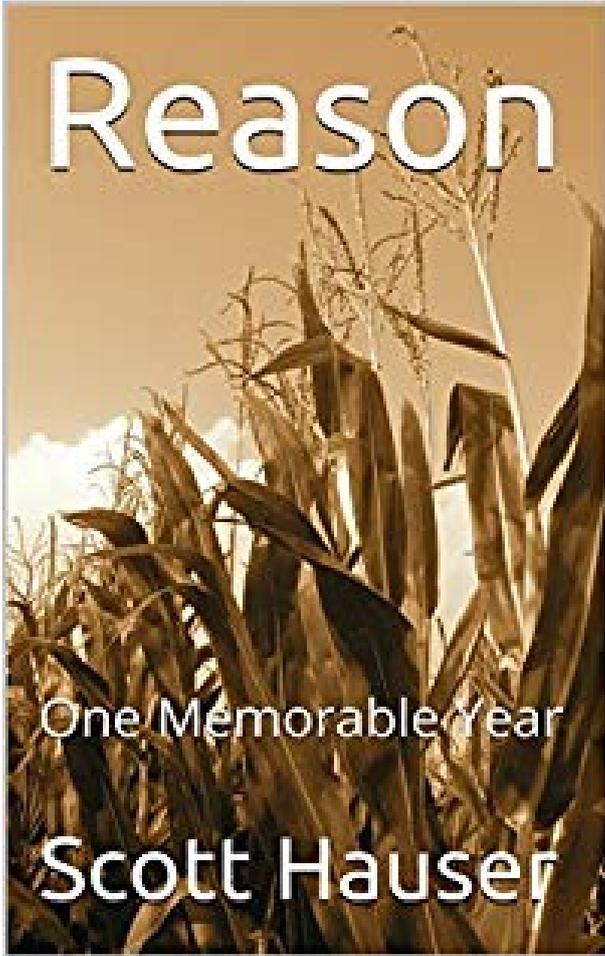


Reason: One Memorable Year



Pages:	272
Genre:	Uncategorized
Language	English
Author:	Scott Hauser
ASIN	B011DO903O
Goodreads Rating:	5.00
Published:	July 10th 2015 by Scott B. Hauser

[Reason: One Memorable Year.pdf](#)

[Reason: One Memorable Year.epub](#)

That life must have Reason wasn't something JR thought about for the first forty years of his life. Good job, wife, big house, nice cars, that was life and life didn't need reason. Life just happened... right? Until the day it all disappeared.

In a time before Smart phones, before Siri and before Google became a verb, join one man in his search for Reason in pre-9/11 America. "No, really, I'd like you to stop... let me out. They'll be expecting me back soon." As I'm saying it, I realize it's not true – the part about me wanting to get out. I can't get out. I can't tell someone I didn't steal the car — that she stole the car. If I do, if I get out, she'll be gone. If I tell someone, anyone, she'll be gone, gone forever this time. I'm not sure what it'll mean for me if I stay in the car, I haven't thought that far ahead, but I know exactly what it means if I get out of the car, my reason, my last reason will be gone, forever gone. Too late, I realize my mistake. The car slows down and stops in the middle of the county road. She takes off her sunglasses and looks at me in the mirror. "Get out." I grab the armrest in the door at shake my head back and forth — like a three year old who doesn't want to take a bath. Louder, angry this time, she says, "I said, get out." More head shaking. My throat feels like its closing, my face feels hot, my eyes start to burn. I choke out, "Can't... lose, you." "Oh for Peat's sake, don't make a scene, just get out –

now.” I can’t talk, no words will come out. I continue to shake my head. I can feel tears running down my face. I know what I must look like, but I can’t help it. Even with my blurred vision I have no problem seeing her reach down and pull a gun from her canvas bag, a huge ugly gun.

It’s not the dainty little pistol you might expect a woman to carry. This is an “I mean business” gun, an “I have a gun and know damn well how to use it, and will use it”, gun. She turns in her seat and points it at me. Pointed at me, it looks even bigger.

Softly, like talking to a small child she says, “I don’t want to hurt you, but you have to get out of the FUCKING car – NOW!” I know she’ll do it. I have no doubt she’ll do it, if I give her no choice. I start to get out of the car. I don’t want her to shoot me. I’m not afraid of getting shot, of dying. I just don’t want her, to make her, to shoot me. I step out onto the road, the middle of the road. I try to think of the words, the words that will make her stop, words to make her let me back in the car, words to let me go with her. My brain won’t work. My throat won’t work. As I close the door, almost as she hits the gas, I croak out, it seems to take me forever, “You...are...my...reason” The car’s gone. I don’t even know if she heard me.

Even if she heard me, I don’t know if she’d understand. Understand that she was my last reason. If she heard me, if she understood me, it didn’t stop her from leaving. I stand there in the rain, watching the car appear and disappear as it crests the hills, further away each time. I sink to my knees. My head falls to my chest, sobbing, eyes closed. There’s nothing left, its empty, gone, everything is now gone. My house, gone. My job, gone. My wife, gone. My car, gone. My money, gone. Chris, my last reason, gone. My life, gone... everything, gone. I have only one wish.