

To Find A Life

By Jim Hamlett

A rumbling cannonade of thunder reached through Moses Mackenzie's open window and snatched him from his dream. As Moe fixed himself in space and time, his mind danced between worlds. At another loud crack, he propped himself on an elbow and tuned his ear to the darkness. But he heard nothing beyond the ruckus of the storm.

Moe glanced at his clock: 4:07. He slipped from bed and waddled to the window. As he stretched to close it, lightning flickered like a dying bulb and bathed the world in blue-white brightness while another robust round of South Carolina thunder rattled the window. Rain swept through the trees and Moe saw a few leaves let loose and shoot into the night like kites snapped from their strings.

Watching the outside world roil reminded him of Winston and those nights safe behind the stone walls of the Scottish orphanage. How they had reveled in a Highland tempest. When it was over, they'd sleep like newborns. Few people understood how soothing a storm could be.

He turned from the window just as his stomach rumbled. But if he ate at this hour, not only would he lose sleep, he'd gain weight—a dwarf's constant nemesis. He hoped the demons of the midnight snack would leave him be, but it was too late. Moe sighed and chuckled as he walked toward the doorway determined to do nothing more than drown his hunger in a drink of water while waiting for the storm to pass. Then he'd return, open his window again, and trust the singing of the wind through the trees to lull him back to sleep.