

Strange Meeting

The incandescent rays of the ever-gleaming sun were almost unbearable for the boys who lay afloat in the shallow depths of a never-ending horizon. The incredibly simple view was getting shorter at the same rate as the pulse of the second hand on one of the boy's right wrists; the watch was begging for attention. The watch had not been looked at for a considerable amount of time, a mistake that was proving to be costly as they drifted further out of sight of their mothers, who lay on the beach unaware of the numerous activities surrounding them. An almost monotonous ringing sound came from a mobile phone that was half covered in sand, the ringing stopped for a short second, as the screen displayed eleven missed calls. The ringing went on, as the situation of sleep the mothers were in did. Suddenly the muffled ringing sound became louder; accompanying it was the voice of a middle-aged woman with the phone in her hand, obviously frustrated by the prolonging sound of the phone.

"You goin' to answer that love, don't mean to disturb you!" the comment came out far more sarcastically than was originally intended. As the two women went through the slow procedure of awakening they suddenly snapped into action.

"Oh my God, where's Jacob?" The voice contained a mixture of feelings, the main ingredient was panic, this part opened the eyes of many sunbathers around her. She rose to her feet. In a matter of seconds a second lady equal in a panic knee high with water closely followed her.

The boys, one silent, motionless, eyes closed with a heavily burnt side. The other lay comfortably with the occasional murmur. He awoke to the sound of a seagull lying at the bottom of the dinghy. He gave it a swipe with his foot. The bird's reactions were superior and with no problem the creature sped off into the distance. The one awoken boy glanced over at his watch as he lifted it from the water it was hanging in. He looked for several seconds almost in disbelief. The time was almost a quarter past three. The next sight he would see would be far more devastating than the sight of the watch. All of the thoughts crashed around his head, they were far too much to handle at one time. This overwhelming sensation of fear made him scream at the highest pitch he could create; the loudest he could possibly manage. Where was he? Although being relatively close to a beach, recognising it was unmanageable. He hadn't been there before. Once again he looked at his watch. The time had stopped. The time had stopped long ago though. But how long ago did it stop? The watch was condensed; the words 'splash-resistant' were just legible.

As the peak of the boys panic many thoughts rushed past his mind at a speed far too great for him to grasp hold of. Next to him lay the second boy, still motionless. The redness of his bare back was not pleasant to look at. There was skin peeling up and blood desperate to escape its cage. The other boy in a T-shirt and shorts yelled to him.

"Jacob wake up, we're lost! I don't know where we are. We must have drifted for ages. Jacob wake up!"

The sound echoed. The time he was taking to react caused the other boy to repeat his name over and over again. Still no reaction came from Jacob. The boy screamed helplessly for help.

Jacob was lying on a beach. His dad was next to him. The brand new dinghy proudly by Jacob's side at the envy of every other boy or girl on the beach. His dad

was in deep conversation with his mum, each pair of eyes transfixed on the other. Jacob was staring into his dad's eyes, appreciating the happiness they were offering each other. He was receiving no attention from either of his parents. He didn't mind. He was happy being where he was, happy to be with his dad.

"Want a game of badminton dad?" His dad's reply was positive; they walked over to the net that Jacob and his dad had put up earlier.

After fifteen minutes had passed Jacob was winning and proud to be, he was oblivious to his dad's desire for Jacob to win, yet still Jacob played as if his life depended upon it. His mum looked over and smiled at his dad, Jacob too joined in with a brief smile before his struggle to win the battle continued. As the enjoyment and love was at its greatest Jacob felt himself being dragged away from his father, he wanted to stay with him for as long as possible.

He lay on a beach yet again. His mother stood above him, his father wasn't to be seen.

"Where's dad?" said Jacob. It took time to discover the sad reality of the preceding events. His mother was talking to him; She was desperate to hear from him. Her words meant nothing. He listened but couldn't make any sense of the words. He was in agony from the pain of his now bleeding back that had been exposed to the sun for five hours, but still no noise.

"I met dad"