

“Change”

by C. N. Nevets

I sat at my father's desk, tapping a pencil along the edge like he used to. *Ta-ta-ta-ta-click*. That's when my life changed.

A poison dart in the throat will do that.

Gasping, I backed up from the desk so quickly I sent the chair tumbling backwards. My wife and mother were in the living room. I needed to get to them. Quickly.

I struggled for air. My lungs burned. My feet turned to ice. I stumbled down the hall, croaking instead of screaming. As I looked down the stairs, I felt so dizzy that I just let myself fall down them.

I idly hoped that it wouldn't hurt too bad.

When I thudded at the base of the steps, my wife and mother rushed out to see what was going on. My wife screamed. My mother clucked her tongue and shook her head.

“He must have found his father's poison dart booby trap,” she commented.

My wife looked at her with an expression of horror. “Why would his father have a poison dart booby trap?”

I wheezed for their attention.

My mother shrugged. “It was just something he picked up at a flea market.”

“But why use it on his son?”

I pounded my fist into the wall in desperation.

“He didn't use it on his son,” my mother said, her tone betraying offense on her deceased husband's behalf. “He put it in his desk and our son happened to trigger it.”

“That's horrid!”

I tapped on the wall 9 times. Then 1 time. Then 1 time.

“Why is Geoffrey tapping eleven times on the wall?”

“Eleven's his lucky number,” my wife explained, sighing and returning to the living room. “I guess that means he's okay.”

And that's why I swore eleven would no longer be my lucky number, thus changing my life forever.

Well.

For the next five or six minutes anyway.

When you think about it.

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Waiting

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POSTED BY B. NAGEL AT [12:07 AM](#)