

Corinne Kalet  
123 Fourth Lane  
Small Town, PA 12345  
123.456.7890  
cckalet@student.fullsail.edu

about 1000 words

## Meeting Him

by Corinne Kalet

Tessa insisted that we head down to the beach early for lessons in the morning. I would have preferred to stay in bed longer, but my dreams were getting more and more vivid. Every morning I woke with the distinct smell of smoke in my nose and my ears ringing from the screaming and incessant barking. That damn dog with his barking and those strange eyes in the dark. Grandmother thought it would be best that we get serious about my training.

“Again,” Tessa said.

I raised my arms above my head and closed my eyes. A slow breeze blew around me, blowing faster and faster until I was surrounded by a tornado of sand. Not one grain of sand touched me, and when I opened my eyes I couldn't see Tessa through the beige wall surrounding me. I sighed, bored. The sand instantly fell to the beach with a puff of dust. Tessa dispersed the dust with a simple flick of her wrist.

With a *tsk* and a shake of her head, she said to me, “You’re never going to defeat him if you can’t concentrate.”

“Tessa, this is boring. The wind listens to me now, plants grow at my thought, water moves according to my whims and desires as it always has,” I said, as the waves lapped my bare toes like puppies. “How is practicing with a little wind and sand going to keep me safe when he appears?”

“Bridget, you know what your grandmother says,” Tessa said. “Preparation comes from knowing—”

“—the basics,” I finished for her. I fought back a roll of my eyes. “Yes, I know.”

“On with it, please. Air and water now.” Tessa settled down on the crest of a sand dune, and I turned to face the ocean. Once again, I closed my eyes. The salt air tickled my nose as I filled my lungs with it. *Come play*, the waves called to me. I ignored the desire to dive in and do as they bid. I expelled the air in my lungs as I opened my eyes. The waves parted in front of me as my breath cleared the way, and I took a step forward. The water receded on either side of me as I continued my walk on dry sand. Solid air held the blue waves back like a glass wall at an aquarium. As much as I would have loved to sit and watch the life behind the waves as it swam past, I knew I didn’t have that luxury. He was coming. I didn’t know when, or how, or even who He was. I only knew He was coming for me. I had to admit, albeit grudgingly, it was time to be prepared.

I spun on my heel, beginning my return to the beach. Tessa watched me from her perch on the edge of the dunes. The waves slowly fell behind me, covering my sandy footsteps but never once splashing my feet. The sun was just peeking over the horizon, creating long shadows

on the beach. I continued my walk as a dark shadow appeared just out of the corner of my eye on the dunes.

“Tessa!” I said, pointing in the direction of the shadow. She glanced that way but saw nothing. The water to my right shifted and splashed. Tessa stood and motioned to me, the typical expression of “concentrate, Bridget” on her face. I brought my focus back to the air walls. The waves continued to fill in behind me. I took another step and again saw a shadow move to Tessa’s right, this time closer.

“Tessa! To your side!” She again looked in the direction I pointed and stood. I could tell once again she didn’t see anything, and she was getting angry.

“Bridget, you need to concentrate! Enough of these games! There is nothing there!”

The shadow disappeared, and the waves to my left splashed. This time my left arm came away soaked as my hold on air faltered. *Uh oh*. I heard Tessa yell as the waves crashed over me. They knocked me into the wall of solid air on my right and my head and shoulder connected with what felt like a brick wall. All went black.

#

I jolted awake. Groaning from the effects of my latest dream, I attempted to open my eyes, but the sun was too bright. What time was it? I never woke up this late with the sun coming in so strong from my window. The pounding in my head was new, but the barking wasn’t. Oh, that incessant barking, every night. I swore I could still hear it as I pushed myself up into a seated position, so I could write my daily dream notes. But instead of sheets, my hands met with damp sand.

“Bridget, are you okay?” I heard Tessa ask. Finally opening my eyes all the way, I found I wasn’t in bed. I was on the beach, at the edge of the waves. A big black dog was standing in front of me, snarling and barking at Tessa. She stepped forward and he snapped his teeth at her.

“I think so,” I said. At the sound of my voice, the dog stopped barking and turned. His eyes met mine, and I felt a jolt in my core. I knew those eyes. He took one step toward me, glanced back at Tessa, lowered his shoulders and ran toward the trees of the park edging the beach. He stopped when he reached the tree line, looked back at me once and disappeared into the forest.

“Come, Bridget, we must get home. We have to tell your grandmother what has happened here,” Tessa said, as she pulled me up to stand.

“I know, I’m sorry I lost my concentration and lost the water walls.” I took a tentative step toward home, my head spinning as it throbbed.

“That’s not it,” Tessa said. “That dog rescued you from the water. He may be the one from your dreams.”