

# Writing the Future

## Skimming Stones

The one thing I remember most about my brother is skimming stones.

It was our thing.

It was all we did.

Every day;

*Skim.*

*Skip.*

*Skim.*

*Skip.*

I remember being captivated by the way the rock bounces along the water, with the impact of a small meteor and the ripples that spread wide and beautifully untroubled like the rings around planets.

When it was winter and the water became ice, the stone would bounce to the high frequency yelps of what we thought sounded like blaster guns.

The day I actually heard the sound leave a blaster barrel, I only saw *him*, fall to the ground. A gaping burning hole in his chest; the stones falling from his pockets.

Then black;

The sound and feel of nooses tightening.

'Take this one to the next site, and then the one after that. He'll make it. Kill him if he doesn't' is all I hear.

*Skim.*

*Skip.*

*Skim.*

*Skip.*

And then, aboard an unknown shuttle, weeks later I hunch to the small window. I watch helplessly as my planet, a sight I so longed to see with my brother next to me, everything we ever dreamed of, begins to twist away into a slow shrinking spinning blue globe.

Back home by the lake is his body, unburied, eyes not closed.

A stone clutched in his hand, not a weapon, just waiting to be skimmed.

Just waiting to be skipped.

*Skim.*

*Skip.*

*Skim.*

*Jake Tinsley, 2019*