

Intro: The monster under the bed.

A few years ago, before my son started school, I went into his room to tuck him in and say goodnight and found him lying on his bed, under the covers crying silently.

“What’s wrong?” I asked, “Why are you so upset?”

“There is a monster under my bed and I am scared” he said through his tears.

I smiled and assured him there was no one under his bed.

“Yes there is,” he said.

“Then I will tell it to go away and never come back” I said and dropped to my knees to look under the bed.

I drew in a breath and pulled up the side of the covers to look under the bed.

Under the bed was my son...

“Daddy” he said, “There is someone sleeping on my bed, and I am scared.

Bus Ride

He was lost to the comforting tremors of the road, his head pressed up against the window pane. He watched as dusty roads and weather worn trees and hills that tumbled forever onwards rushed by. The beautiful, saccharine sky was masked with clouds. The summer sun, partially hidden by these, kissed the world in a hazy light.

He could feel his eyelids drooping, getting heavier with every moment that past. He knew it would be easier just to let them drop. But the landscape kept rushing by; he was afraid to miss it, it was so beautiful.

He kept fighting back the urge to sleep, and as he did, his eyes continued to sweep across the painted canvas of the earth. He loved this country, he didn't want to leave it. But he knew, for the sake of his family, he must.