

The Walkway

By A. C. Zito

Carl looked out the window. It displayed the neighbor's house and front yard that sat to the right of the Dumbleby's house. The Dumbleby's house was nothing but ordinary compared to the Rotchestan's house. The Rotchestan's had everything: a pool, an abnormal fire pit, a walkway in the back that brought them out onto the beach. And a front yard with a tree in it. The Dumbleby's had no such of a list, and it made Carl mad!

"Stop staring over there, Carlton!" Cindy Dumbleby hushed their baby back to sleep as she held the gift from God in her arms.

"I'm jealous *Cinds*, and I always will be! My stupid office job doesn't compare to the luxuriance of a Rotchestan's money!"

"Your job is *not* stupid!" she exclaimed "and two houses down there is a walkway so *we* can get onto the beach, *as well!*"

"Or I could just build one for us and us only!"

"Now there's an idea!" Cindy said, gleefully, "Just think: our very own walkway; how divine!" Carl nodded in agreement, still keeping his eyes on the Rotchestan's house.

Two minutes later of Carl still staring at the Rotchestan's house, he suddenly grabbed his keys and started walking towards the door.

"Now, where are you off to at this time and hour?" Carl checked his watch. It was 2:30.

"I'm off to the wood and nail shop." Cindy blushed.

"You mean the *hardware* store?" Carl stuttered before exclaiming:

"Sure! Why not? The *hardware* store," On his way out, Jerry was watering his tree.

"Hey Carl, how's it going?" Jerry stopped watering his tree to smile and wave at Carl. Carl waved back, looking at him with a disgust mixed with envy as he lingered his view on the tree.

"You water your tree?" Jerry looked at it and smiled.

"Looks like it! Now where are you off to at this time and hour?" Carl looked at his watch. It was 2:31.

"The wood and nail shop." He answered back, meekly.

"You mean the hardware store?" Carl didn't reply. He was already in his car, off to the wood and nail shop.

THREE YEARS LATER...

Reading the front page paper was always a certain thrill when it came to the ordinary Monday mornings for Sylvia, but this Monday morning, not only turned the head of Sylvia, but all three gentlemen, sitting next to and around her, on the bus, today.

“What a story!” One exclaimed.

“Oh! It is truly momentous!” Another announced.

“This, *Carl-guy*, seems truly out of his mind!” The last mentioned, before hopping up out of his seat and deciding this would be where he would be getting off. Sylvia blushed at the thought of the walkway going out onto the public beach. It’s no simple feat to accomplish something so noble and daring. Carl had spent over three years making it, and it was finally done.

A work of art, he’s announced.

Something out of a fairy tale, his wife concluded.

A huge gray sheet of tarp covered the walkway so no one could see what it looked like. But it had taken three years so Sylvia knew it *had* to be worth the journey. She was going all the way over to the other side of town to take a peek at while there was a celebration about to start, any second now, for the great revealing. It had to be something spectacular if people were going to make such a big deal over just a silly walkway.

“Stop the train!” She finally announced. The bus driver looked back at her like she must have been the most absurd person to ever walk onto his bus in the history of all the crazy people he’s ran into.

“What train?” He said, chuckling out a few *pity-laughs* due to her humor being *that* stale. Ignoring his comment, she stated to the entire bus of people:

“I’m here to see Carl Dumbleby’s best darn beach walkway in all of Beachtown, Iowa!”

“That’s not the name of our town... and Iowa? Is it really, *now?*” One lady remarked, shaking her head, truly feeling sorry for the girl. But Sylvia was too wound up and filled with this special ball of happiness that she just ignored the woman completely and jumped off in a matter of no time, and the bus was on its way to some new, less interesting destination.

“ARE YOU READY?” A man screamed this out through the microphone, and, instantly, the crowd went wild. Large waves of people rushed past her, crowding around the beach house, and it went outward for miles both ways along the sandy shores. It was a party! And Sylvia was ready to get her *groovy-oovy-oovy* on! The music began bumping, and she was shaking her hips, getting into it with the

rest of the crowds of people while, all the while, as she tried to get a closer look at what size this walkway had to be! From the huge, gray tarp, with as big as it was, with all the ground coverage it took up, it had to be enormous! A helicopter hovered hundreds of yards in the sky as it was attached to the massive tarp.

And then, suddenly, the countdown began:

TEN

NINE

EIGHT

SEVEN

SIX

FIVE

FOUR

THREE

TWO

ONE

And the gigantic tarp was lifted up and into the sky. A gold-painted walkway, cut with such precision, it, obviously, was the newest and greatest of the modern-day *Mona Lisa's*. A stainless steel shower and one finest of hoses accompanied the walkway to help in deeming its excellence. The walkway was cut out with a design made with such articulate delicacy that it now made sense to why everyone came out in the first place, and why it took so long to make. Carl, most likely, would be leaving his desk job in no time and would be making walkways for a living. It was truly amazing how the party went off and even a local singer came out, and then it really became a party. And Sylvia her friend, Jerry and went to say hello:

“What do you think, Jerry?” Jerry shook his head. He looked angry.

“That’s it! I’m off to the tree and other types of plants store. I’m going to make the best garden there ever was.” Sylvia smiled at him, replying:

“Don’t you mean the nursery?” But Jerry wasn’t listening. He was too busy closing his car door and heading off to the tree and other types of plants store. But that story is for another time; because for Jerry, there is work to be done.