houlder ing his sea bag, Navy seaman Zeke Pollard pushed through the double doors into the busy bus station and slumped onto a chair. He shook a Chesterfield from a crumpled pack, crimped one end, and lit the other. Four drags later he heard, “Bus number nine now boarding for Dallas!” Zeke stood, dropped the butt, and picked up his sea bag.

On board, he took a window seat near the rear. He pushed his white hat forward on his head, leaned back, and closed his eyes, hoping to catch some shut-eye.

“Excuse me, is this seat taken?” It was an old lady.

“No, ma’am.”

“I believe I’ll sit here, then.” She stowed her packages under the seat. “Nice day, isn’t it?” she asked.

“Yes, ma’am.”

“I have a grandson in the Navy. His name’s Billy.”

“That’s nice.”

“You might know him.”

Pause.

“Does he smoke Lucky Strikes?” Zeke asked.

“Why yes, I think he does.”

“I may have met him aboard ship a couple years ago.”

Satisfied, the old lady smiled.

Zeke closed his eyes.

Born and raised in North Texas, Ron is a Navy veteran of the early 50’s. He graduated from college when he was 35 and later retired as an air traffic controller. Married to Lois for 50 years, they have three children, five grandchildren, and five great-grandchildren.

Soon after retirement he began to write as a hobby. Over the years, Ron completed several college-level creative writing courses and is currently active in two fiction writer groups. He is a member of Oklahoma Writers Federation, Inc. and has been published by litbits.ca, ESC! Magazine, and Powder Burn Flash. He also received an honorable mention in flash fiction from Byline Magazine.

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This story was published as FLASH 2008/05 #2 on Flash Fiction Online (flashfictiononline.com).