

Jacob Jones is currently studying at Naval Postgraduate School and has served in the United States Marine Corps for the last few years. Prior to being stationed in Monterey CA, he was assigned to a unit based at Camp Lejeune, NC.

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Story:

Panic ensues. Her palms pound at the door while stomping erratic rhythms against the floor. Through two doors and down the hall he hears her screams with half open eyes. Examining thirty-eight years of wear and tear, he systematically begins his bathroom routine. Down, across, and up, the razor plows through the cream as wrinkles reappear. Her screams are unstinted, traveling throughout the house, reverberating waves of anxiety. He cuts his floss, brushes his teeth, and showers. His showers are rather long when compared to his wife's. Drying in the tub, he steps out into the moist haze, and opening the door, steam billows as cool fresh air rushes in and gives chills on skin still beading with water. The house is silent. His daughter, back in his bed while he dresses in her room. A very normal morning.

Dressed with bag in hand he goes downstairs, checks the weather, grabs his everyday peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and apples, and heads for the garage. His face puffy with fatigue he squeezes into his car, having to negotiate the small space between the car door and empty television box. Turning the key, the car gurgles to life and he sits.

Four hours later, his wife awake, enters the kitchen and hears the car. Removing the dog gate, she goes to the garage and sees the car parked with the garage door closed. Exhaust fumes thick, she cautiously approaches his car and finds him. Head tilted back, mouth sagging, a rush of comprehension fills her heart. Panic ensues, screams are abundant, yet he doesn't hear with half opened eyes.