

CLICK.

by Brad Reed

Click.

A woman I've never met is wearing a pink bedazzled T-shirt and has a chance to win a car.
Drew Carey is very excited.

Click.

Whoopi Goldberg says I need marriage counseling.
She says we all do, if we're married that is. Joy Behar agrees.

Click.

Kathie Lee Gifford thinks I should know how to make a Strawberry Mojito.
She is quite passionate about that. Maybe a little too passionate.

Click.

If I have an erection lasting more than four hours I should call a doctor.

Click.

A preacher in a stiff suit with what appears to be a fox on his head is wagging
his finger in my face and looking very serious. I'm sure it's very important but—

Click.

A golden retriever is telling me I should buy baked beans. I'm not sure I should trust
a dog's opinion on food, but maybe I *should* have baked beans with dinner tonight.

A breeze through the open window tickles the back of my neck and brings a soft green smell into the
room. Outside the trees are dancing with it.

Click.

An imposing man in a striped navy suit knows what's wrong with my life. All I need is positive thinking,
he tells me. Well, that and a series of DVDs and workbooks for two hundred and ninety five dollars.

Laughter trickles through the window screen like rain pattering against it. The clicking sound of coasting
bicycles glides by outside.

Click.

The warm glow blinks out and my ears ring with the sound of nothing.
My feet shuffle across the carpet.

Click.

The deadbolt opens and a vibrant yellow sliver slices through the gap.
A moment later I am blinking in the light of the world.
In the top of a swaying purple jacaranda tree a bird clicks, chirps and slides into the tall blue sky.