



“Summer Memories” (Photo: K.S. Brooks)
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Summer Memories

Same as it ever was. Except today, though they didn't know it yet, things would never be the same again . . . not tomorrow, not next week, not ever.

The twins, of course, had no reason to expect anything would change. Hadn't they been here many times before. Only that morning they and their mother had taken the train from Grand Central Station to her grandparent's house on Long Island, there to stay for the entire month of August. This is something they had done every summer since they were born nine years earlier. The entire series of events leading up to their vacation was well-scripted, beginning with their mom starting the packing process in mid-July. Mom, after all, was the one who shouldered all the responsibility.

Dad, a partner in a major Wall Street financial firm, barely spent any time at all in their penthouse condominium overlooking Central Park, even on weekends. Just as well. What with the Fed raising interest rates and the ensuing market gyrations crashing the indices, his mood was perpetually foul. He wasn't even home when the boy's mother phoned for the Black Car that took them to the train station, hailed a porter, purchased their tickets, and got them to the correct gate with time to spare before their train departed.

Now, as they played in the waters off Montauk, they were completely unaware their father was moving out of their building and in with his assistant.