

Joseph Laguerre

About 750 words

Evatrinitix@aol.com

Reflections

By Joseph Laguerre

Lucas opens the door to his family's beautiful white suburban house. He puts the keys on the key hook next to the front door. He walks into the kitchen, opens the refrigerator, grabs the orange juice, and places it on the counter. As he grabs a glass to pour the orange juice in, his father, Dan, walks in. His father takes off his smooth, swede blazer and sets it on a kitchen chair.

"How was school today, Luc?" Dan asks.

"It was alright," Lucas responds.

"You had that thing with the guidance counselor today, right?"

"Yeah?"

Lucas pours the orange juice in the glass. He walks over to the marble, dining room table. He grabs a banana off the fruit bowl in the center.

"So, what business schools did he recommend?" Dan asks.

"Well we didn't really—"

"What? Don't tell me you talked about those writing colleges."

"Dad, I really want to go to Columbia. They have a variety of writing programs."

"Luc, we talked about this. You're going to get your Accounting Degree and work under me as a Junior Accountant. There's a job waiting for you. You're good at numbers and this pays well."

Lucas gets up after drinking his orange juice and starts to walk out of the kitchen area.

"There you go walking away, because you didn't like what I have to say," Dan says.

Lucas stops, then turns around facing his father.

“Dad, I’m walking away, because you’re not listening. You never listen to me,” Lucas responds.

“Listen, if you are going to be living under my roof, you’re going to do as I say,” Dan fires back.

“Well, that’s just it, dad. If I go to Columbia, I wouldn’t be under your roof anymore. Will I? My grades are good enough to get a scholarship. I can do whatever I want.”

Dan walks over to Lucas.

“Luc, that’s the real world out there. You have it easy right now, but you’re going to be out there by yourself. You need a job and a career that’s going to set you up for the rest of your life,” Dan asks.

“I just want to be happy, Dad,” Lucas responds.

What are you thinking? You think you’re going to be the next Stephen King? The chances of you making it as a writer are 1 in 10,000.”

“That may be true, Dad. That doesn’t mean I’m going to be your clone.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

Lucas grabs a picture off the wall. It’s a picture of his parents and him at Disney. He shows it to his father.

“You buried yourself in your work, Dad? She’s gone and you became a robot. Work, eat, sleep, repeat,” Lucas says.

“This house you live in, I keep it here. You may not like what I do, but you damn sure better respect it.”

“My future is in New York. I’m going to follow my dreams like Mom always wanted me to do. She told me that you would understand.”

His father looks at the picture. A tear runs down his face. He places the picture back on the wall and walks over to the swede couch. Lucas follows him to the living room and sits on the swede loveseat adjacent to the sofa.

“My father, your grandfather, didn’t want me to go into business. He wanted me to be blue collar just like him. He wanted me to live in Stillwater, Pennsylvania forever. He wanted me to run his General Store when I got old enough,” Dan said.

“Mom told me the story,” Lucas replied.

“What you don’t know is that I also had a mentor I looked up to, Mr. Marlowe. He said that I shouldn’t worry about my father. He said, “if he’s anything like mine, they only want you to do good.”

Dan walks over to the picture of him and his father on top of the fireplace in the living room. It’s a photo of Dan’s father holding the keys to his house that Dan bought for him.

“When I gave your grandfather the keys to his house, he told me he was proud of me. He told me that if I ever have this talk with you, to tell you to do what your heart tells you. Follow your dreams, like I did. It was a dying wish from a proud father,” Dan said.

“I want to tell stories people remember forever,” Lucas said.

“I guess we’re going to New York.”