

The Oceanview (Young Adult)

“What did you want to do after high school, miss? Did you have a dream?”

“I wasn’t interested in more school. My parents accepted that. I just didn’t see the point.”

“What did you do, miss?”

“I got into this job that only needed high school, when I was nineteen. It was a nice job. Just nice. That’s all I asked for.”

A vision of her, sitting down for a job interview, appeared when the previous memory of her vacation left them. The sunset of the oceanview was at half-way. A golden glow of dark orange.

“I was all nice and confident in the interview. I think they liked me. I have a feeling my looks made a difference.”

The vision disappeared. Replacing it was a vision of a nineteen-year-old Yoko, working at her job.

“I didn’t ask for much.... I really didn’t. I just stayed in this job.”

She continued to go about her business, working fast in the vision.

“What of your cousin, miss Yoko?”

“Oh, she became that nail technician-a nail designer-she wished to be when she grew up. She would do my nails a lot. Mostly for my personal satisfaction. And hers.”

Her nails in the vision were a light-orange colour. Her fingernails cut short and neatly, not long, though with a bit length which made the nail colouring stand out on her hands and fingers.

Her hair was tied in a tight bun, facing straight up, so her hair wouldn't interfere with her work.

Her light-brown eyebrows had been manicured and thinned, which gave her a dynamic look as she went about herself.

"Yep. That was me, Robert."

The vision of her working went away. A vision of her walking in a forest conservation area by herself.

Robert didn't recognize where the forest conservation area was.

"That was a relaxing walk. It helped calm me down. I'm such an overactive person."

"You're powerful, miss."

She was quiet. "Thanks."

"No problem."

....

Her final vision of two-thousand and ten was of her at a music concert.

"It's the same band you loved when you were younger, my miss."

The adult woman was alone this time. She seemed so individualistic, separate from herself.

“This was the last year before they broke up. I loved the new music they had made. I went alone.”

She stood alone, as she listened to them with a smile on her face. A grin. She was a reflective a bit when she was younger.

The live visuals, distinctly modern for that decade, played overhead.

The reflective final song played, with reflective visuals. A coloured ocean, not the real colour, was shown at the end.

“It was sort of like a definition of that decade. A sound of my youth, you could say. That’s the way I thought of it.”

He was quiet.

“.... So something came to an end.”

She nodded. “Yes, Robert. Something came to an end.

....

Back at her family’s home, she had bought the new album that year. Still living with her parents.

The cover had two naked women, floating in the water of an ocean or sea, their white bodies seeming to be coming together as they looked like they were trying to reach each other. The one on the right had short hair, while the one on the left had long hair, flowing in the water.

In the ocean or sea, light was shining in from a thin patch of water above, lightly coloured with waves showing, as opposed to the much darker blue ocean/sea water that surrounded it around and spread across below it, on the water’s surface.

Under the ocean/sea, people were shown to have been amalgamed into sea life. Some had fish bodies, others that were female looked like mermaids. A few looked like they had a little strange electricity running through their bodies, with one on the left of the cover having what looked like strange blue electricity in his eye and on his head, like a lightning bolt. The sea people swam towards the two naked women shown coming together in the centre of the cover. On the far upper right of the cover, darkness covered a small area of sea, where two mermaid-like women swam towards the direction of the two naked ocean women.

Surrounding the people were coral and sea animals. To the left, a somewhat glowing fish with a glowing, large eye stuck its wide head out of the coral on that side of the sea/ocean. A small whale was visible on the bottom right corner of the album cover, swimming by the name of the band and the album title, both printed with large, silver metallic-like font (band name on top, album title below, in smaller letters than band name). The whale lay almost on the visible ocean/sea floor, small, without much of it being shown on the cover, yet visually interesting while appearing by the band name and album title.

With the pale blue light shining into the ocean/sea from the small section of pale blue water above, with small, pale-blue waves in it, almost revealing the surface, the light spreading on the two naked women was the centre of attention for the visual and all that was happening around it.

It was wonderful.

Years later, when Yoko moved into her apartment and lived by herself, she brought all three albums with her to listen to for the memories they held. Sometimes, she would just look at the covers, such as the wonderful underwater one, and she couldn't help herself but to simply laugh with true joy at it.

She thought back to the lost days it belonged to....

Why wouldn't she want to be a crazy young lady?

The Oceanview (Adult) (A Progress of Time)

A vision of a year later, two-thousand and eleven.

Robert and the grown girl who had been with him all this time watched as she went to another concert, this time outside, with her cousin and her cousin's much older parents.

"It was an album which was really.... spiritual, I guess. It had come out a year ago. Something about the music was perfect for outdoors. I travelled with my cousin and her parents to the city, going to a place there we had never been before in the city. A nice, spring day. Cool out. It was perfect for the music we went to go see. The day fit the music so well. I thought the cover of the album reminded me of a view you would see at a conservation area, or out in the wild. You saw me go walking alone, but sometimes I walked with my parents or my cousin in those kind of places."

"Friends?"

"Not much. One time I met up with that girl I told you had lasted, the one who you saw alone on her couch ages ago. We went for a walk down by this nearby forest area, with an ocean, on a day, talking about the past and did a few other things."

"That sounds reflective. Talking about your past with her."

"Oh, it was reflective. It was so worth it, being with her again."

Robert smiled.

....

A vision, many years later.

The oceanview had the sunset gone down halfway.

"How old were you here, miss Yoko?"

"I was twenty-five."

“Two-thousand-sixteen.” Robert thought out loud.

“Ya.” The present girl said to him.

Yoko stood alone in an apartment. She was wearing nothing but black underwear. The black sports bra she had gotten for her birthday many years ago. Black panties she had likely bought with her own money.

“You’re so sexy.” He remarked, admiring her.

The adult Yoko he was with of the present said nothing.

The sexy Yoko girl in the apartment leaned over her apartment balcony, the balcony door wide open. She was barefoot, her feet naked.

She welcomed praise and appreciation, but the desirable woman was so lonely, be herself in her apartment. She watched from the balcony, as cars went by on a highway in the near distance. The other apartment buildings of the complex surrounded her, as she watched them, taking note of how huge they were. No one else was out on a balcony. She felt, in a way she couldn’t describe, even more alone.

Yoko, now a desired but empty woman, thought about the life that had moved through those apartment buildings, since they had been built. All the people living in the units, that had come and gone, moved in and left lived lonely lives alone in them.

She longed for a boyfriend. This was her life, and it became her only wish. The lonely apartment unit was suffocating for her.

“My life is.... A waste.” She was so desired by men. Young, old. Love, lust, sexual desire was shown to her.

It was wrong. She was too used to it.

“I’ve become disconnected from attention. I’ve been shown too much. I don’t care anymore.”

“Let them look at me all they want, stare until they can’t stare at me anymore. Burn my visual into their mind. I’ll give them what they want. That’s what they desire.”

“I should walk outside naked. See what their reaction is. Walk through the hallway naked, down the elevator, through the lobby, outside, into the city, near the highway....”

She snickered to herself. She wasn’t going to.

“Maybe I’ll drink half-to-death one day and do it. The liquor store isn’t far. It’s a bit of a walk to the city. I wouldn’t know what I was doing. It’s the best part. I would go back to my apartment and sleep it off when I was done. A day where I could do whatever the fuck I want. Be naked. It’s fucking illegal. Who cares. I don’t have special days.”

She sighed a soft breath. It was a little louder than it should have been, thanks to how quiet her apartment was. With the balcony door open, and faint sounds outside coming inside, it was still a bit louder than what it was.

“Then I’ll get hit by a fucking car. Fucking dumb.” She groaned, obviously in a bad mood. Her voice became a growl as she groaned. Fierce.

Yoko, we love you. Yoko, we love you. Yoko, we love you. Their cries of admiring and desire played in her head.

“No, not really. Thanks but no thanks. I’m too crazy for you. I’m also too bitchy for you. I’m too intense for you. No thanks, Mr. Romantics.”

“... Miss, were you happy?”

The modern girl of the present laughed a little. “No. I was not.”

“You didn’t like male attention?”

“Not that. It’s that I got sick of it. I felt like a sex object. Most of the looks I got were leering smiles. Not comfortable.”

They were looking at the lonely young woman.

“I had the day off. I was going to go take a mid-day nap.”

The young Yoko of the vision walked to her bedroom, located down a short hall, almost in the centre of the apartment.

“I had problems going to sleep.”

In her apartment’s bedroom, sunlight shined in for the middle of a day that looked like either summer or spring. A little dim, but still bright.

The bedroom had a wood night table near it, away from the window in the room. It was smooth, and had a thin book dedicated to meditation and relaxation resting upon it. Next to the book was a bottle of natural lavender oil.

“I couldn’t go to sleep.”

The lonely girl picked up the lavender oil, taking the cap off, dabbing the oil on her hand, and rubbing the oil on her forehead, in a small amount.

“The mediation and lavender were useless. I couldn’t go to, fucking, sleep.”

The lavender girl then took the mediation book, opening it to a page to read what the instructions said for mediating.

The book page read: "Imagine a peaceful scene in your head. Concentrate on the relaxing qualities of the scene. Imagine yourself in the scene, as your reality, Become one with it. Imagine and listen to the sounds of your vision."

The lonely girl started to act on the instructions. She crossed her legs on her bed, bringing her fingers to "o" shapes, her hands and fingers relaxed outwards in this position, and closing her eyes as her truly huge eyelashes showed.

... A little bit of time later, she opened her eyes in helpless anger.

"Fuck. Fuck." The lonely girl said twice, shaking out her hands in frustration and holding her fists tightly in balls, instead of simply relaxing or moving her hands and fingers away from the position. They showed stress, moving through them.

"Why can't I, fucking, just, like, fucking go to sleep?"

"Were you stressed, miss?"

"No. I'm a very active person. I think that's why I had trouble going to sleep. The stress was caused by trying and failing to go to sleep, by using the oil and meditation."

The stressed, lonely girl sitting cross-legged on her bed stood up abruptly.

"I felt like I had to do something. I was so energetic. I couldn't sleep."

She reached over quickly to her wood night table, taking a small black ribbon of it. Her black hair let-down and long, she tied it up quickly into a ponytail with the ultra-thin, plastic ribbon.

"I did some exercise to help calm me down."

"In your underwear, my miss? Panties and a bra.

She looked at him, raising an eyebrow with an amused smile on her face. "Ya. Why not?"

He gulped. "Oh.... my."

"Ya." She let out a giggling laugh, playful with the suggestion of what he was thinking about her.

"That's.... free of you, miss."

"I threw-I throw my bra on the floor when I get home from work. Being in my underwear with no one watching doesn't bother me, Robert."

"I would like to see you without a bra, miss."

She laughed out loud. "Ya, I bet you would."

He looked at her breasts. "Can I. Right now?"

She laughed a little, quietly. "No. Sorry."

"Oh well."

"Ya." She laughed a little more, quieter.

The girl, with her underwear on, walked to her living room. She took out a thin, long black mat from behind the small flat-screen television in the living room, and lay on it, putting it on the hardwood floor.

She began doing body-weight exercises.

"You sure are fit miss. You have such a natural body."

“Oh. Ya, thanks.”

“I love your body-I like your body, miss-I really like your body- I-I love your body, miss.”

“I get it. Calm down, Robert. Thanks.”

She deeply giggled a little.

“I’m sorry, miss.”

“You’re crazy.”

“I’m you, miss.”

She laughed quietly. “Ya. I’m a crazy sexy girl.”

Robert admired her as she sweated, and moved her body, breathing loudly through her mouth.

“But crazy? Not really.”

“Miss, is the exercise helping you to relax-?”

“Fuck.” The grown young woman Yoko in the vision realized what she was doing was useless. No matter how much she sweated and strained her muscles, she could not relax herself.

“My miss, did you ever go to sleep?”

She nodded, without smiling, as her mouth opened a little. “Ya. I stressed myself to sleep.”

“Oh, miss. How interesting but unfortunate.”

She laughed a little. “Ya. It sucked. But I took my nap. Fucking finally.”

The young woman of the vision walked into her bedroom, still with her back straight and slightly curved, despite her own tiredness from trying to relax herself.

“You fell asleep finally on your bed, miss?”

“Ya. Robert.”

“You’re not going to eat anything after a workout?” He blurted out, doing nothing to contain his surprise.

“No. I do usually. But I was tired.”

The young woman walked to her bed in her apartment’s bedroom. She flopped down on it heavily and fell almost instantly asleep, facing straight up to her ceiling, her eyes closed softly in such a way that her thick, huge eyelashes curled outwards and elongated even more than when she usually closed her eyes. Robert was staring in awe at how otherworldly they looked.

“You like my eyebrows?” The present-day Yoko, standing besides him. She put a hand on her right hip, leaning her weight on that hip and making the curve of her hip on that side stand out dramatically.

“Ya. Miss.” He was still looking in wonder at her.

She giggled. “I don’t blame you.”

The modern-day, adult Yoko looked back on her sleeping body and face of the past. She was covered in sweat.

“I couldn’t fall asleep another time because my mind was thinking so much. I felt like it was going to explode. I tried different ways, like the meditation and lavender oil, to go to bed, but eventually my thoughts put me to sleep. They tired me out, Robert.”

“Yes, my miss Yoko.”

The sweat on the sleeping woman’s body glistened a little in the poring sunlight. Not too strong, not too weak. Just enough light that the sheen of sweat on the girl’s body looked like it was moving. Swimming in water.

“Another one of my visions, Robert?”

“Yes, please, miss. I could get lost in the sight of you for this whole day...”

....

Robert stood in a strange vision.

They were a collection of his memories, imposed on him. This is what the previous vision of him standing by the restaurant and parking garage had been.

A McDonald’s restaurant stood before him, at night, though with heavy traffic, the car lights reflecting gold and red into the night world. The sound of cars passing by. He stood in the middle of the road, cars somehow avoiding him, as he glanced up at the well-lit “M” sign, glowing in the night world and sky.

Another vision flashed before him, this time of a vacation he remembered going on when he was younger, sometime during the last decade. It was to a hot, warm place in the United States this time of year, and his parents and him were in an apartment. The apartment was high-end, decorated with pleasant paintings, with a big, flat-screen, silver television by a nice living room with two comfortable-looking sofas. Reflections of the high-end apartment reflected off the paintings glass, like a mirror. Huge windows surrounded the kitchen and living room area. The open door to a bedroom showed a huge, though smaller, window as well.

“I remember here. This day- These days.”

The constant honks of traffic outside. The cars passed by, on the busy roads outside, far, far below the high-end apartment. So, so busy and loud. Constant noise of honking horns. Never stopping.

“I wonder where she was back then? Not in this country. Back home, where I lived.” The thought of her occurred to him, as he remembered these days.

He walked a little, opening the front door of the mystery apartment, as he looked out beyond the door. It was quiet in the hallway, very quiet, and largely white or a light cream colour. To his left, there was a small laundry room with a single laundry machine present. The door leading to it, close to his left, was open. So, so quiet out in the small hallway.

He went back into the apartment. The vision of the high-end apartment combined with the strange and seeming unrelated vision of the night-time McDonald’s restaurant, with the cars of night and the glowing Golden arch, seeming like it was far away from him for some reason.

He thought of her. The girl.

The vision of an animated film series from long ago, from another country that wasn’t either his home country or the one with the high-end apartment in it, flashed in his mind. He had never seen it during this time, sometime a decade ago, though he had wished he did. It showed to him, seemingly unrelated to any of these other visions that were showing to him at this same time, during this same time period, years ago. He imagined the films playing in cinemas in that other country, during the time period past.

He thought of her. The girl. The her that had lived in that time period, so many years ago.

Somehow, every one of these visions, making no sense individually to relate to the others, started to make sense when they where overlapped in a mind, forming together like waves. They were all visions from the same time period, the time many years ago. None of it made any sense, but they all did.

Some distant lights in a night day was present. Somewhere. The location was so hard to make out. Possibly a city.

Among and over the overlapping visions of thoughtful waves, the vision of the girl-Yoko-in that time remained, floating over them, as if to overlap and form them around her, making sense of nonsense and projecting the idea of “many years past”, “a long time ago” onto her. The younger her, he had never seen, only in her visions she had showed to him.

He thought about her life, where she was, what she was doing, what she was like, how she lived, Who the people around her were, all those far years ago.

“It’s life.”

....

Robert was back on the oceanview with the present-day Yoko, all grown up.

“Were you in one of your daydreams, Robert?”

“Yes. Yes, I was miss. And I saw you, many years ago.”

“I hope you saw me in a pleasant way. I showed you some visions from....”

“It was around two-thousand and eight.”

“.... Two-thousand and eight.”

“Yes, Yoko. They were very pleasant. No sense, but making sense when they were waves to each other.”

The sunset over the oceanview had gone down half-way. The orange glow on the water. Some rays of orange light, over the ocean.

“Another one of your visions, miss?”

She was quiet, looking at the shore. Sand was no longer blowing. The wind had ceased. The breeze was much, much more quiet.

“Visions....”

“My miss?”

....

He recognized-remembered-this scene instantly. He had almost forgot. The vision brought it back to him, made him remember.

“I’m here.”

This day, this year.

His life met with her life as they both went about their work. Day after day.

The boy looked familiar to Robert. “Miss Yoko, who is that?”

She was quiet for a few moments.

“I don’t know. Who was that boy? I forgot him.”

“...Oh. That’s sad, miss.”

“Yes. It is, Robert.”

“I was trying to flirt with him. Give him some nice, light signals, here and there, when I got the chance.”

He felt disconnected from his body suddenly, like his mind was floating in the air, looking at the boy.

He felt a disconnection with the boy. Strange attraction, and instant disconnection. Robert couldn't make sense of it.

He seemed familiar, but disconnected

Distant...

But there was still a connection there.

"Do you remember what his name was?"

"Oh. No. I never found it. Through him telling me it, or me asking him it. It's a mystery to me."

"Well, maybe you'll bump into him one day."

....

"Sure."

"You seemed to have interest in him, miss. Is that my imagination?"

"Oh, no. I had interest in him."

"Why so? What was special about that boy?"

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