

The Fog Below

SMASHWORDS EDITION

A Short Story by

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“Let’s go,” Gina said to her four year old son, Brandon as they boarded the airliner. There was no reason to stay in Chicago any longer after the hostile divorce. Gina just wanted to be back home in Fargo, where all of her family was. “We’re going on the plane now.”

“We are? I don’t see it.”

“You can see out the window when we get to our seats, okay?”

Gina found their seats and an older man, who looked very comfortable, sitting deep into his seat, got up and let them into the row. She gave Brandon the window seat for his satisfaction, and to insulate the stranger from his endless high-energy commotion.

Brandon was fidgeting around and excitedly making noise.

Gina said, “Please sit down.” Then she looked at the older man and said, “Sorry, we don’t fly much and he is pretty excited.”

“Don’t worry about it,” he said. “I don’t plan on being awake much for this flight. It’s just a hop and a skip to get to Fargo.”

It wasn’t long before the plane taxied to the runway and went up smoothly like an elevator.

Brandon looked at his mother occasionally with a big smile and stared out the window.

“Aw, heck,” the man said, “It says up there on the screen, ‘fog’ in Fargo.

Gina said, “Really? They have to land in fog?”

“Yep. I reckon so. Oh well, not much we can do about it.”
He leaned back and shut his eyes.

Gina said, “Aren’t you worried?”

“Yeah, a little. But we will go when it is God’s time.”

There was a silence for about a half a minute.

Gina said, “So, you are not worried because you say it isn’t God’s time, right?”

“I didn’t say that, exactly. My point was that if it is God’s time, then he will bring me home to Heaven.”

“So you think you will be going to Heaven, right?”

“Co-rect.”

There was another silence.

“Can I ask you another question?”

He looked at Gina with one eye open and said, “Sure.”

“I’m a little confused. Not to be mean or anything; but you seem pretty sure that you will make it to Heaven. Isn’t that God’s decision?”

“Look, lady . . . “

“Gina.”

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