

The Sky Writer

by Geoff Barbanell

Throngs of strangers dot the beach. A great sampling of humanity brought together by the promise of sun, sand and salted water.

All eyes aim towards the heavens.

As the sky writer loops around a final time, belching out a final trail of white smoke.

"Dan loves Amy. But Amy doesn't love Dan."

Having nothing left to say, the sky writer jumps, his body falling between the dissipating smoke ring forming the "D" in his name.

