

Somewhere In-Between

Disappointment and a broken heart are never gender-specific, Gabriel. Women are labeled emotional, and men can be stubborn. Life can be like a coin Gabriel. There are two sides to every story, and somewhere in between lies the truth,” God said.

Gabriel’s wings expanded as he asked, “But don’t you think this is a bit extreme?”

His head tilted with a laugh, and a thunderous sound caused the land to tremble throughout heaven as the rain began to fall. “Sit with me and watch, then you decide,” God replied.

Daphne awakened with an urge to go to the bathroom. Silencing the alarm before it rang, she glanced at Justice and cringed. She got up and walked into the bathroom using an all too familiar route. Putting the toilet seat up, the sound of bullets sporadically releasing fumes of last night’s dinner confirmed her lactose intolerance, making lasting memories of a meal gone wrong. She looked down to see the anatomy of a man. “Amazing,” she whispered. Snickering, she knew this was a dream. Leaning with one hand on the wall over the toilet and the other taking aim, she held her position as her bladder emptied, spitting off and on like a faucet, holding her captive until the last drop fell.

The mess of splattered urine missing the toilet in what seemingly began as an easy task, even for a dream, turned out to be a challenge, and the stench confirmed her need for water. There had been heated arguments about Justice’s inability to use the bathroom without making a mess. She stood by her convictions and refused to pity him, even after witnessing first-hand how difficult aiming was because he had years to get it right. Looking at a portion of her wall, now splattered with urine, infuriated her even more.

She let out a sigh familiar to her ears; it just wasn’t hers. Walking over to the mirror, she looked at the physique and knew unequivocally she was dreaming. She thought, *man, not a bad-looking body*, wondering why it was familiar. Moving closer to the mirror, she stumbled back when she realized why. Her husband’s reflection was staring back at her, a man she once loved but now loathed. Distraught, it was time to go back to sleep, wake up in her own body. Walking into the room, she slid into the bed and looked under the covers before drifting into slumber. Smiling, she was grateful that God hadn’t held back on the package even in her dream. However, this was a dream she was ready to wake up from.

“Noooooooo,” came a high-pitched scream. “This is not happening!” Justice squealed.

Daphne bolted up in the bed, unnerved by screams from the bathroom. Confused about why she heard her voice, she got up, convinced the dream was not yet over.

Justice ran over to the bathroom door, locking it before sliding down the wall to sit. “What is going on? Okay, okay, Justice, breathe.”

Daphne ran to the bathroom door to open it, but it was locked. “—Babe, open the door.” Daphne could hear Justice go from a muffled whimper to a strange laugh.

Convinced he had finally lost his mind, Justice sat on the floor having a private conversation with God. “Aaaaaaahhhh, this is not happening! Are you kidding me? God, where are you because if you can hear me, I need answers sooner than later!”

“Babe, it’s a dream; it’s okay,” Daphne said

“Are you serious? What are the chances that we have the same dream? Do you know how ridiculous you sound, Daphne?”

Sitting on the floor facing the bathroom door, Daphne had to admit he was right. The odds of them having the same dream simultaneously were unlikely. “Well, maybe we are. It could happen, Justice.”

“In what world are you living? The odds of that happening are so far-fetched. I must work today. I have a multi-million-dollar contract hanging in the balance, and I’m sitting here looking at myself. I can’t even call them man boobs. They’re your boobs!”

“Oh, stop complaining! You paid good money for them.” Daphne snickered

“For once, can you be serious?” Justice asked.

Daphne sat; for once, she heard him or perhaps felt him is a better term. She got up off the floor and felt an ache in her back, and one of her shoulders was quite painful. She thought of the endless hours he worked, holding down two jobs so she could pursue her dreams. “Look, come out of the bathroom so we can try to figure this out together, Justice.”

“What’s to figure out? Someone is playing an awful trick, and somehow, you’re part of it. I can feel it!”

Walking away from the door, Daphne grabbed her cell phone and sent a text message, one she should have sent a long time ago. Ashamed and fighting tears, she blocked the number from her phone before returning to bed.

After looking into the mirror one last time, Justice unlocked the door and entered the bedroom. He had a headache now coupled with cramps making walking impossible, not to mention the sudden chocolate craving. As Justice neared the bed, he realized Daphne was already asleep. Justice slid into the bed next to Daphne and pulled her close, whispering into her ear. “I love you, Daphne; I always did and always will.”

Unconsciously, Daphne moved closer. They held each other as Justice began a whispered prayer, and each found a new place of comfort, drifting off to sleep together.

Do you think they’ve learned their lesson? Gabriel asked.

Disappearing back into the heavens, God spoke. “Only time will tell Gabriel. Of that, I am certain; time has a way of telling everything.”