

# Missed chance.

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**Publisher**

ScribeSlice 2013

Isn't the shower one of the worst places to get a brilliant idea?

There you are, hands deep in your shampoo routine, singing Aretha Franklin completely out of tune and bam! It hits you like a wet towel. How to build that gold-mine gadget that scratches your back and hands you the beer all with the press of a button. So you incredulously wipe your eyes and try to scribble the mechanics onto the steamy wet wall but that isn't cutting it. You're so excited to have found the idea to secure an early retirement that you jump out of the shower, shampoo dripping onto the new carpet, soaking wet, one leg half shaved, and trying to avoid stepping on the cat you make it to your night stand.

Fumbling around the drawers where you thought you had a pen, where is the bloody pen? damn! it's in the kitchen, I used it to write the shopping list, did I get enough apples for the tart? That tart never comes out the way I want it, mom will complain about it again. I should buy more pens. FOCUS! Don't lose your train of thought. You go downstairs, yep pretty naked, hopefully no curtains half open.

You run to the kitchen not without noticing that amidst all this jumping around certain 'bits' weren't as giggly as they used to, pilates must be working. You smile smugly as you check yourself out on the big mirror in the hallway. Not bad for 36 year old single mother of two. Eyes on the prize, eyes on the prize! You get to the kitchen and frantically look around. Mr. Spots has followed you in spite of your attempt on his life and is looking at you flailing around, perplexed. 'I need a PEN!' you yell at him, he lowers his ears, annoyed, and just as you start feeling slightly ridiculous asking the cat for help you spot the inked artifact on the corner of your eye.

There it is! You grab hold of it and look for anything to write on. That'll do! As soon as you find an open space on the back of that old underwear catalogue you never bought anything out of, why have I never bought anything out of these catalogues? oh right, I barely have time to shave my legs, let alone buy new underwear for no one to see. Especially after that painful blind date last month, that was a waste of perfectly sensible clean cotton knickers. Focus! Where was I? And you stare at those perfectly photoshopped breasts, longingly, blankly. Yup, you've forgotten. The idea is gone. You sit in the kitchen and start to shiver. Mr Spots rubs against your leg and offers a consoling meow.

You go back to the shower scratching your foamy little head attempting to rescue any of it, cursing your wandering mind or ADD or whatever they call it, but it's too late. So much for retiring at 40.

Oh, I know!

Waterproof pen and paper, has anyone invented that yet?\*

\*author's note: they have.†

† note to self: buy one.

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