*Someday-Drift Away 1396 words*

The ocean breeze whooshes through my family's cottage and I taste the salt on the tip of my tongue. I can hear the distant chatter of the townspeople walking down the cobblestone pathways, the children playing with one another. I open the shoji and take a deep breath of the calm ocean air. “Mama! Mama!” I look to my left and see my beautiful son, Tadashi standing in the corridor.
“Hello my love.” I respond. I sweep him off his feet and give him a gazillion kisses. “Why don't you go play with the children while I go to the market?”
“Yay!” I plop him down and he sprints out the door. My lovely, Tadashi.
 “Good morning Mrs. Sato.” I look over and see Hajime Kaito. He's the owner of the market. Such a sweetheart. They sell fish, fresh fruits, candies, and so much more.
“Good morning to you too, Hajime.” I look around the market and see so many delicious treats that make my mouth water. As the boards below my feet creak I pick out a few items and place them on the counter.
“Go ahead and take them.” He said, and started to bag each item.
“Oh I couldn't do that.” I rummage through my pockets looking for some change. I haven't been working since my husband went out to sea. He said that when he gets back from this dangerous trip we’ll be rich. If he ever comes back.
“Please, it's on me this time, I know what youve been going through.” He pushes the bags towards me and I flash him a smile.
“Thank you.”
“Have a great day, Mrs.Sato.” I step off the wooden market floor and into the sand. It slowly warms up my feet as I walk to the doc. “Good morning, Mr. Kio!” I shout. Mr. Kio pops his head out of his humongous ship, his father is a pretty rich man.
“Oh, good morning, Mrs.Sato!” He hops out of the ship and shakes my hand. Mr. Kio is a young fellow, he's super full of energy and euphoria. He's like a brother to Tadashi as well. “What did you get?” He leans over and looks in my bag.
“Oh, just some food for supper. Would you like to join me and Tadashi?”
“I would love to!” He shouts. “I’ll just finish cleaning up the fishing boat and be on my way.”
“Alright, I'll see you in a moment.” I stroll off and glance at the other boats parked at the doc. But there is one missing. Ship Amagi, the ship my husband set sail on. They have been gone for what feels like an eternity. I can't help but worry about him, it was a very dangerous trip to make. They even said that one in every 15 men who went with them would die from sickness or falling off of the ship. My stomach swirls in knots as I look away.
 “Sorry I'm late, Mrs.Sato!” Mr. Kio walks in and slips his shoes off. “I was trying to get done early but my father-”
“It's alright, and please, call me Mio.” I say, and strain the pot of rice out the window above the kitchen. “I'm not even done yet.”
“O-ok.”
“Baba!” Tadashi comes running out of his bedroom with a huge smile.
“Tadashi!” He snatches him off the ground and gives him a huge hug. “What's up buddy?”
“You're eating with us?” He asks.
“Of course I am. I wouldn't miss it for the world.”
“Yay!” He sets Tadashi down and he rushes to the table.
“Don't forget to set the table.”
“Yes, mama.” I finish making supper and place a small portion on each plate.
“That smells amazing, Mio.”
“Why, thank you.” I smile and set the plate in front of him. As I sit down I hear someone knock. Who would be knocking this late at night?
“Can I answer it?” Tadashi asks.
“Not this time sunshine.” I get up and open the shoji. There is a man standing with his hat in his hand. He is in a military uniform and has a sad, somber look in his glassy eyes. “May I help you?”
“You are Mrs.Sato, correct.”
“Yes I am. Is something wrong?” He takes a deep breath.
“May I come in? This has to do with your husband.” My heart rate shot up and I could feel myself sweating.
“Y-yes of course.” He steps inside and takes his shoes off. How polite.
“We have news of the ship Amagi.”
“And that is?” I hold my hands together in fear and anxiety.
“The ship wrecked two weeks ago and there were only seven survivors.” I turn snow white and almost fall over, Mr. Kio catches me.
“Mio, are you alright?”
“I just need to sit down for a second.” Mr. Kio takes me to the small couch in the corner of the room. I put my elbows on my knees and my hands on my face. I start to cry. I don't know why, there is a chance that he didn't die but, what if he did? I don't think I could ever live without him. I would miss his sapphire eyes that would glow in the moonlight, his sweet and calming personality, and his amazing parenting skills. He is my twin flame, the other half of my soul.
“We are trying to get in contact with the survivors that landed in Tokyo but they haven't gotten back to us yet.” The man says.
“Alright. When do you think they'll be back?”
“We are not certain but we are guessing between one to two years.”
“Excuse me?!” I stand up and shout.
“Mio calm down.” Mr. Kio says and touches my arm.
“Don't you dare tell me what to do Hiroshi!” I slap his arm away and cross my arms. I was blazing with anger and sadness.
“I'm so sorry Mrs. Sato but this is how it has to be.”
“How it has to be?! Are you serious right now!?” I slam my feet on the floor and my eyes start to become waterfalls. “I haven't seen my husband in six months! He could be dead for all I know! How do you expect me to wait for two years?!” I look to my right and see Tadashi start to cry. My heart shattered into microscopic shards.
“Mrs. Sato I'm so sorry but I will try my best to keep you updated on everything.” I slowly calm down and close my eyes.
“Ok. Thank you, dear.”
“Of course. May God help you on this journey.” He slips his shoes back on and walks out the door. I sit down at the dining table and look down at my food.
“You two eat please, I'm not that hungry anymore.” I slowly wrap my plate in cellophane and put it in the ice chest.
“Mio, are you sure?”
“Yes, and do you think you could put Tadashi to bed? I think I need a little rest.”
“Of course I can.”
“Thank you darling.” I look over at Tadashi and smile, he still has tears on his cherry red cheeks. I wipe them away with the sleeve of my sweater. “I'm going to go to bed, Hiroshi is going to put you to bed alright, sunshine?”
“Ok mama. I love you.” I give him a gigantic hug.
“I love you too, sunshine.”
 I don't think I can take this anymore. I've been sitting at home waiting for my husband for two years now and I just can't bear to be without him. My head feels heavy, my eyes have grown black bags and my whole body feels like limp noodles. I've spent days without stepping outside. My legs wobble whenever I take a step. My son is now eight and what have I been to him? Nothing. I feel… empty. I feel like nothing will ever be the same. Never again. But, one day I will step out of my bed. My feet will touch the shaggy carpet, I will close my eyes, and think. What have I been doing for these past two years? I can't even begin to think about how much I have missed.