



The Hermit Really Doesn't Want to Be Alone

by Melissa Llanes Brownlee

She hides from the opening of his third eye. She knows that he will search her out as she hides among the reeds in the river, trout swimming around her feet, the flowing water obscuring her aura. There is a door in a mountain she can close behind her, a place to shelter from his piercing gaze. He won't be able to astral project there, she hopes. She follows the river, her feet developing webbing for balance and scales for grip. She knows if she stays too long in the water, her body will become like the trout pecking at what's become of her toes, a silvery rainbow. He wants her to join him in isolation, to learn the ultimate truth. She fights him with all her spirit and her victory will be her own isolation away from his insinuations. She will carve her own wands, one for each of the six elements. She will learn her own truth because she knows the secret of his.

