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## Destiny Calls

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*Destiny Calls*

BEE BISHOP

It was a dream. Obviously it was a dream. The grass didn't feel weird on my bare feet like it usually does. No, it was warm and gentle, dirt soft enough to not harshly prod my skin but not too soft to where the mud would ooze between my toes. The air smelled fresh and clean, with hints of lavender and vanilla dancing together on the gentle breeze. Ladybugs and dragonflies raced together, surfing on the breeze and mingling with the vanilla and lavender.

Obviously it was a dream. The fountain didn't look dirty. It was polished marble, freshly cleaned. There was no ring around it, no discoloration where the water sat for far too long. The water ran clear and smooth, making me wonder if it was frozen, stuck forever in the perfect arc into the base of the fountain. The gentle trickle of water was the only clue that it was actually flowing and not rigidly stuck. There was a man sitting on the edge of the fountain, a book open in his lap, round spectacles resting on the bridge of his sculpted nose. His face was smooth with youth and glowed in the golden light of the setting sun. His hair was a dusty gray that ruffled in the wind like storm clouds after a gentle rain. As I approached, he looked up.

Obviously it was a dream. He had the kindest eyes I've ever seen. Kinder than past lovers, kinder than my closest friends, kinder than my mother's were supposed to be. They were a misty gray, like early dawn on a lake just before the sun rose. They looked wise too. Like they had been sitting on this fountain for centuries waiting for lost souls to wander by. Lost souls like mine.

"I was wondering when you were going to show," he said. There wasn't any malice in his tone, only a quiet knowing and its gentle companion of curiosity.

"Sorry?"

"Don't be," he laughed. "I knew you were going to be here eventually."

He closed the book, its rich red color stark in his soft golden hands. He stood with all the grace of a cheetah and gave me the warmest smile.

"We've been waiting for you," he said.

"Huh? Who's 'we'?" I asked.

He thought about it, consideration crossing over his beautiful face. He then shrugged.

"I don't know."

He held out his hand to me.

"But we've been waiting," he whispered. His voice struck a triad chord that thrummed in my soul and made my eyes begin to water. I took his hand, his skin soft and grip gentle as he pulled me deeper into the garden.

"And my dear, we're so glad you've arrived."

Obviously it was a dream. But, god, I wish it wasn't.