



The Promise

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Vikala

Three years ago I was sick with fever– I had been too long in the sun. An old woman came to me and calmed me with her soft firm hands. She took me to a well– I drank thirstily and lay back to see my husband enter my room and look over my ailing body. His eyes were sad, regretful. I watched as he placed a hat on his head turned and left. It was a soldiers hat he wore and I shivered violently at its sight. I should have known his plans.

This Old Woman then took me to a mountain pass– through the eyes of a bird I watched my husband enter. Five thieves came from hiding and slew him- for a few gold coins. She held me steady as my shoulders shook with grief and I quelled my tears and waited and watched. Soon a black shadow the shape of a spider descended– Wrapping him in a shadowy web, I watched as she consumed him.

When I awoke my fever and husband were gone but my belly had grown three times its size. For the child's sake I betrayed no tears and spoke no word of grief.

My husband had carried me when I could not walk, he wooed me when I was sure I couldn't be loved- And in death he gave me a child- I have come in search of them both.