

The Mirage

The Desert Rose

Von abgemeldet

The Mirage

The plane landed in Cairo, a woman appeared at the hatch. She gazed across her homeland and descended the steps. The airstrip, just a clear section of earth with small markers, the market not far off bustling with movement. Her head was spinning, the cravings creeping in again, there in the evening air. She stumbled a little, as her foot left the last step. Her hand fell on the should of the airman, she leaned on him to gain stability. He felt warm through the shirt. He suggested taking her to her lodgings so she could rest from the lengthy voyage. Yes she needed to prepare a den. She would be in Cairo a bit before she could travel deeper into the dessert.

When she had rested she stepped out of the lodge. With a travel-backpack she moved out straight to the point where she hoped to find someone doing the journey with her. She knew she couldnt find the place on her own but with the help of one of the oldest man of Cairo she would find it. After some time, she couldnt tell how long she has walked through streets looking for him, she entered a small house. From the outside it looked like every other next to it. But as she entered she knew she was right.

» May i help you little Miss?« grey old eyes looking at her, like they were able to get behind her mask. The mask she has worn for so many years. But know that she knows the place of her birth and where her ancestors come from she would be able to be herself. » I'm looking for someone to guide me through the desert, to a special place« the woman replied. The man staring at her, recognized she had to belong to a family with southern culture. It was a hot day when the woman, whom black wavy hair moved to the rhythm of few air breezes. Her green eyes glowing in the darkened room. » so littl miss, first of all whats your name?« the old man asked. Suddenly it seemed like word stood still. no air, no bird singing, no sound except from her breathing, starting to answer his question.