

A mere second is enough...

by Samantha Hosea

Her eyes closed, she tried again. Focusing on the feelings in her outer limbs, she tried to only concentrate on that fleeting sensation, almost too subtle to experience that she used as a tool to ease her mind. Breathing in and out, trying to relax more with every breath, she let go of her daily worries one by one. Her mind probed for the people she cared about, channeling her attention to them one by one. She thought of Sylvana, her dear friend, who could always need all the love and luck in the world and held her in her minds eye while exhaling the pure feelings of bliss she wanted to send. But Sylvana didn't seem to be there. She couldn't grasp the image of her friend and tried again, slowly, imagining her every feature, every facet of her being. But she wasn't there.

Panic drifted over her, like a wave of consciousness and she felt a sudden surge of warmth lifting up to her head. Groping in the dark, trying to make sense of these confusing sensations, she struggled to get control of the situation, but felt already it was in vain.

Then, a presence behind her overwhelmed her. A warm entity stood behind her, embracing her with its presence. All her fear and confusion dissipated into the void. Her mind tuned to the presence and sensed it wanted something from her. Not knowing what it was, but certain she will understand in time, she let the feeling pass.

Still trembling from the experience, she opened her eyes and blinked in the sunlight.

Without knowing why and hardly realizing she was doing it, she took out her cellphone and dialed her friend's number. It rang three times.

"...This is the voicemail of Sylvana Montford. Please leave a message after the beep..."

Clicking her phone shut, she thought that her friend really needed to change that message and she climbed back down to go sit at her desk and work.

At five, she walked out of her office and started for the train station. On the way there, she decided to make a detour and cross a park, since the weather was nice and she felt like being surrounded by green living beings.

While walking in the park, her eye caught a statue of a man hovering over a child and surprised, she stopped in her tracks, her mouth falling open of realization. That was exactly what it had felt like this afternoon! She gaped at the statue, not able to take her eyes off it for several minutes. Then, still in awe, she started walking again.

This was why the man on the bicycle was still in time to turn his head to her because he thought it was his sister who lived in California, because she wore the same jacket and in his inattentiveness almost ran over another cyclist.

This was why the other cyclist was so deeply musing over the fact that no matter how much attention you pay, an accident can still happen, that he didn't see the person waving at him from the other side of the street.

This was why the other person, who was really a colleague of his, stomped away, certain he had been ignored, and why he kicked the tin can that happened to lie there on the ground.

This is how the tin can ended up in the middle of the street and another person decided to make a photograph of it for her project: "The beauty of garbage".

This is why this person got so tangled up in that one image that she forgot the time and had to hurry to actually make her class, driving her car a little too fast.

This is why the other car saw her coming, considered her too reckless, and decided to stop even though he had right of way.

This is why that other car arrived at the crossing ten second later than it otherwise would have, the driver himself now too busy looking on his map to pay attention.

And this is why Sylvana Montford could still look at the car that drove along the street she had just crossed, wondering where the person inside was going...

