

Oasis



by Keshara

My name...? Well it does not matter now, all I can say is I used to be a journalist of sorts... And after I made my thoughts clear on a particular subject I was drugged and found myself abandoned in the middle of nowhere...



With just me an empty backpack and my thoughts surrounded by the desert's silence...

Follow the sun 'it always sets in the West' was what I was told and from my knowledge of the region, a town lay in that direction, several hours I assumed. To be honest I did not know...



In reality I had no choice it was my only hope and so I continued...

Time seemed lost in the sweltering heat and my hour soon turned into several as the sun just seemed to hang endlessly in the sky before me...



My skin was burning and I needed water, so I hoped that I would find something or somewhere...

And with those passing hours my resolve was beginning to crumble, I wished for some sign of progress to appear, but all my vision threw up was the burning sun scorching my skin...



I now began to curse my tongue, for getting me into this predicament, if only I had agreed with them, but it was my job to distort the truth, to write a story that would gain me popularity and them scorn and humiliation...

And then I saw it,
ahead in the distance,
was I saved?



However...



After another hour of intense heat I reached what I imagined was safety...



But for all my efforts all I found was a small leafless branch or tree, if you could call it that. In reality it had been nothing more than my thirst and imagination, I had found nothing but a mirage...

A mirage that had also heightened my dehydration too, as all my hopes were dwindling, like the small tree, stem, or whatever it was sticking out of the sand...



Alas I submitted myself to the inevitable, this was going to be my resting place...

And as I lay in the sand with the sun frying my skin, all I could do was stare at this solitary object and I let my life ebb away...



But...



thump

The sound of something settling in the sand nearby, raised my confused head, surely I was not seeing things?



But weakness and disorientation had claimed me...

And I closed my eyes...



All I could think of was that carrion or buzzards had already happened by...

Drifting in and out of consciousness, I was neither coherent or aware that I had been saved...



Though, just briefly, I began to feel my disorientation lift, I could swear there was an outline of a woman and as I tried to move, her hand made contact with my face, a soft cool hand tending my blistered skin and more importantly I could smell her feminine scent...



And as her hand continued to ease my burning skin I opened my eyes, and could just make out a silhouetted face beneath a cowl kneeling over me and then with what little strength I had I tried to talk to this kind and wonderful woman that had saved me...



Straining my eyes I
tried to make a
shape of the face
kneeling before me...



It was a woman and as
my eyes averted to
hers, she silently
lifted her finger to her
lips and gestured for
me to close my eyes
and rest...

When I finally
awoke I had no idea
how long I had been
asleep and as I
opened my eyes
fully I realised I was
in some tent...



I had been saved, but
whom it was that
saved me I did not
know, until...

The sound of splashing water alerted my attention to outside of the tent...

splashhhh



Perhaps I was still weary, but I found it hard to focus, the sun was once again blinding my vision...



And then for a brief second as the rays flickered for what I could only assume was a passing bird, I saw her...



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