

Cyclic Island

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There he was. He was not worth wondering why, or how he had got there.

He looked around again: everything was desert, just sand under a scorching sun. The only thing he had on his side was a small puddle that, from his past, he knew would hopefully be enough to keep him alive.

The Sun was at its highest point in the sky, and by then he didn't even have any clothes left on him. Just sand, Sun and water. That same Sun that could well kill him and that same water that, either as a divine gift or as a cruel joke, attached him to life while his stay lasted.

Night fell in and his body was already burned; now he had to endure the cold. He had nothing to cover himself with, he was totally unprotected and rather scared. Still he told himself that he wouldn't pray to get out of there. Not that time, other times it hadn't helped him at all... Although it was also true that he had managed to get out of there before.

He now he was kneeling before Nature. He still had more time to spend. Days, in which that aridity mistreated him inside and out, although his puddle of fresh water strongly linked him to life. Perhaps seeing himself without anything other than him made him value him despite everything.

Soon the days blended with the nights, and the sky turned purple.

It rained. And from the previously inert sand now vegetation sprouted.

He felt that relief again, and a ray of sunlight pierced through the cloudiness and the rain, to hit a bush, which it turned to ashes and sand, to prevent Tote from becoming arrogant.