By: Wondering about Wonders

a story about the desert or something

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Jeb and the Desert 1

The dragonâ s mechanical wings spread and cut through us as we finished the fruit. â The sky has splitâ said Jeb. I looked up and the natural blue sky had rid of its basis and shifted into a crimson color, like blood dried on the hot deserts of Egypt. It had seemed as if the earth had shifted, and my instincts were telling me of a great awakening occurring in the heart of Mother Nature, along with us as well. â Wake my child, my young.â The sky wept. â My two childâ s, benevolent and malevolent, I have come for both of youâ.

- â Hey I wouldnâ t say I was tripping, but I sure as hell heard someone just nowâ
- â Itâ s just you and meâ I said, but I knew.
- â Man, we should have never eaten those.â
- â Perhapsâ
- â My sweet children, break form, and follow my voice, your chariot waitsâ
 - â Hey man, letâ s get out of hereâ
 - â Agreedâ
- â When it has come that the inexistent has spoken, there is a call for changeâ

We walked back towards the car. The heat of the desert had obviously reached the center of our minds, and our senses had begun to play trickery. It had seemed as if we had gotten closer to the car, but the car, it continued on, disagreeing with our wishes, continuing on, almost as if following someone elseâ s orders..

- â My child, that which you see, you must break reality, the glass edged pieces will no longer reflect pain and sorrow, and happiness, come to me my childâ
 - â Hey man, what is up with that carâ
 - â Itâ s moving by itself.â
 - â HEY WHERE ARE YOU GOING!?â called out Jeb.
 - â I donâ t think the car can hear you.â
 - â HEY COME BACKâ
- â My child that seeks me, I am not of form or material, do not waste time with your eyesâ
 - â What ways back to town?â
 - â I donâ t know, the car just left usâ

Jeb and the Desert 2

Jeb continued on walking towards the clear version of the world, and I stood a few feet behind staring at the mountain to the opposite. â Iâ m leaving you, you coming or not?â

â Wait upâ

We began walking through the yellow sand towards nothingness it seemed, and Jeb had assumed that the mountains portrayed the signpost signaling a dead end, society never coexisting with nature. The sand trickled on into our shoes and it became quite apparent that we were no longer separate with nature, but one. â Say, you want to take a break?â I said. â Alrightâ .

I sat down and dug my fingers deep into the sand, and squeezed as I closed my eyes. I felt myself drift forward as my back fell onto it, and the warm nature of it became a fugitive home for me as I sought to be free from this insane desert.

â Hello.â

She stood there not too far away in the dunes of the sands nearby.

- â Jeb look there!â
- â Hey man, you alright?â
- â Donâ t you see that?â
- â See what? Open your eyes moronâ he said as he shoved me aside. I hadnâ t realized when my eyes had closed. It was impossible, sight had never changed, and I couldnâ t tell the difference.
- â Come on, letâ s go. We have to get you to a mental institution. A psychiatric hospital. A crazy house. Somewhere.â

â Iâ m not insane.â

I wasnâ t sure if we had been walking for a day or a week, but Jeb continued on towards nothingness and I became vexed. â Jeb, do you know where youâ re going?â

He looked back at me and stopped. â Were going back.â

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