

hello!

my name is

Michelle Mackay.

let's be friends!

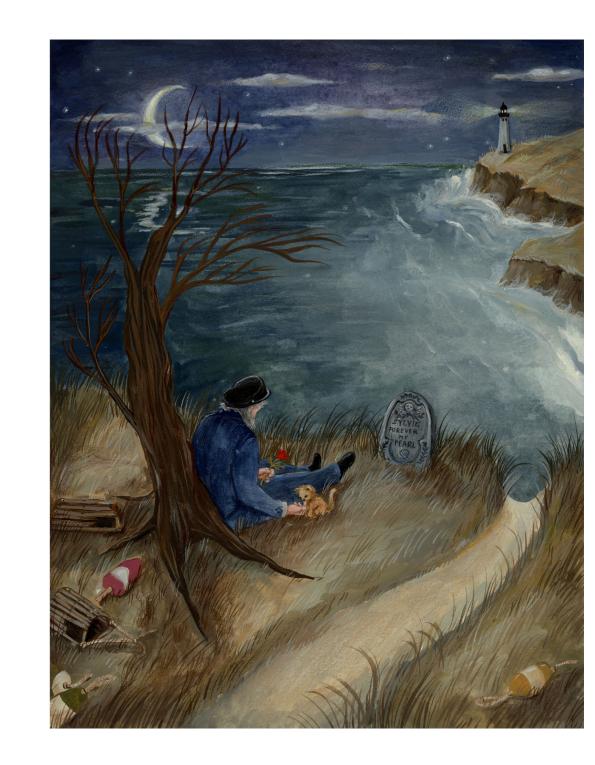












It had been three months and three days since he last heard her song.



Every night, he struggled with sleep.
Every night, he missed her warmth.
Every night, he'd write to her- about the sun and about the moon and about the light of the lighthouse helping him keep his breath steady when he felt like the world was crashing down around him. Following the pattern of the light in the window- breathe, breathe, breathe.

It had been three months and three nights of this.

Every night, after writing down every thought, he walked the moonlit path in the dunes to the sea. He'd take off his shoes, dig his toes into the sand, and send those letters to his love the only way he knew how.





Only after this ritual, could he sleep. His fingertips still caressing her cheek. Each night, as he drifted away, he hoped and prayed for her to visit him. He longed to hear her beautiful voice.

It never came.

A whisper crept in through the open window. Was it the sea?

The whisper turned into a hum. Was it the poppies she had planted that spring?

The hum turned into a melody. It was something more familiar than the ocean waves or her garden growing.

The melody turned into her song. The song she sang as a little girl when he had first met her beside her fathers fishing boat. The song she sang to the ocean as a young woman weaving the baskets and the fish nets on the bluff. The song she sang as an old woman as she tended to the local stray cats and made her husband's bread.

It had finally come.





The song traveled down the misty dune path to the sea. Tangled in the dune grass was a silhouette. A familiar silhouette singing a familiar song.

She called to him.

It had been three months and three days since he last heard her song.

Never a quiet day would dawn again.





Thank you for looking, but I've got to run!

CAN'T KEEP THIS FROG OUT OF MY PORTFOLIO! (HE KNOWS I LOVE MISCHIEF, BUT I SWEAR I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT HIS CRIMES!)