



hello!

my name is
Michelle Mackay.

let's be
friends!











MINES

MIDDLE EARTH

MIDDLE EARTH

HANDS

SACRED LEGENDS

SECRETS OF THE LOST ISLAND by Henry Stevens

STANLEY DANCES

HENRY AND THE DRAGON Chapter 2

THE STERNAL EMERALD IN THE EMERALD HALL

magic through the ages

Michelle

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!)

