**ProBowl Week #1 – Fiction**

**Waiting…**

By: Halcyon Rokir Taldrya - 43

My Master is gone. Or am I the Master? Or was? It is has been too long to remember. I only remember the waiting. My existence has been to wait and protect. Maybe I am to wait for my Master? I no longer remember. I only know I wait and protect. Some have visited me, but none have spoken to me. The Master would know to speak to me, if there is a Master. But these were not the Master, or not a Master. They only came, and then they were gone. I had to make them leave. I remember that as well. I cannot allow anyone to enter. When they come, they must leave. They are made to leave and to never return. Yet they do not leave by the way they came. I have other ways of making them leave. In many cases there is much shouting and yelling. I can feel them fighting me, but they cannot hear me. They resist. They always resist. But I am patient and soon it is quiet again.

And I wait.

I am sorry. I do not know my name. I have heard others use a name. They believe they are calling me, but I do not know their names. Yet I know it is me they are talking to, yet none can hear. Noise is all it is.

And I wait.

Another comes to my entrance. You would say it is a “he”. Your senses are limited. I will attempt to simplfy what I sense. He is a man, and he has much of the colour green on him. He is Green Man. He walks to my entrance, but he stop. He is already smarter than many who have come. Most walk straight in, with no discussion or warning. Green Man stood outside, looking. My senses are formidable inside, but are limited beyond my entrance. Green Man has his own senses. More than many others before him. I feel them. They do not know I am here. Do I let them know? I have no spoken with another in a long time. I do not know if I still remember how.

No. I only talk to the Master. Green Man is not Master. Or does not feel like Master. I think. No matter, I do not reach out.

The Green Man waits, but not like me. I am for always, but you are not. Green Man is like you, and cannot wait like me. He enters.

All my senses converge on him. He looks up. He looks around. He knows I sense him. He has stopped. He is not like the others. But he is close enough. There is darkness in him. Master said darkness is bad. Bad is not the Master. He is not the Master.

He is not all bad. He has light. Light is good. Light is the Master. Is he Master? No, he has bad. He will leave.

I make him leave. I protect what Master left. He resists. They all resist initially. I will wait and they will leave.

He resists.

I wait.

He resists.

I wait.

He falters, yet resists.

I feel the bad. He is using the bad now. It hurts.

I wait.

He resists.

It hurts.

He comes in further. I cannot wait.

I speak with Green Man. He stops. He speaks. I understand. He wishes for Master’s secret. I protect the secret. It is only for Master! Or is it? It has been a long time. I do not know anymore. Master, what do I do?

Or am I Master?

I ask.

Confusion.

He is not Master. I think. But the bad goes away.

There is conflict within Green Man. He has the bad. A lot of the bad. But he wishes for the good.

What do I do?

I wait?

Green Man continues.

I wait.

I do not make him leave. It will hurt.

I will show him Master’s secret. I will sense him then.

He enters The Room. It is where Master’s Secret is.

Green Man goes to the secret. He touches it. I sense Master’s Secret awaken.

It opens.

LIGHT.

GOOD.

There is no hurt. Green Man smiles.

All is quiet.

Green Man sits down.

He now waits.

We speak.

I wait.

He is not Master, but he is now light. Light is good.

We wait.