

Ruby worked in the silence of the early morning. Sunrise had just occurred, but the remainder of the night cast a shadow in the corner of the living room where she was at work. At this time of the year, during the Winter, the sun would not rise much. Rather, it moved in a circle, staying low near the horizon. Ruby's fingers were stiff with the cold as she catalogued her papers. Stack of papers were neatly arrayed around the walls of the rectangular living room. Fort-two years ago, as a young woman, she had studied with a local mystic in the small southern town in which they both lived. He had taught her much, and she missed the close companionship of their years of study.