﻿What’s this life meant to be I wondered. Was it supposed to be just rainbows flowing around the air like chipmunks? Flowered cupcakes doing their thing? What was it all meant to be?

The old man looked at me from across the room.... something told me he had the answers to all the questions I wanted answered.

I approached him.

“Sit down young man!” The old man said. I did as was ordered. “You want to know secrets beyond your wildest imagination?”

I nodded my head, was about to speak but waited for him to finish.

“Well then, you’ve come to the right place.” He opened a box containing a jewel of rare design. Nothing I had ever seen before.

I reached out to touch the jewel... he snapped back the box shut. “Oh, I can’t just give it away you know. It must come at a price.”

I sighed... here was the deal breaker. He would ask for something I wasn’t allowing to give up. Something I didn’t want to part with... I waited.

“Your soul.”

I laughed in the man’s face. Wasn’t that typical. He really did want something that I wasn’t about to give up. Standing. I bid him good day and went on my way. Or so I thought.