

## **thrice great hermes**

#1

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no one else in town had a phone. vidya climbed to the top of the water tower alone, to avoid all the hyperventilating demands for explanations, half-thought-out recriminations, more closely considered criticisms, and so forth, that he'd be forced to endure if anyone saw him checking the weather.

no sign of sl.

he scanned the horizon in every direction, waving his phone to aim the beam. still nothing.

which wasn't really a surprise, in the literal sense.

the problem with sl was that he didn't really understand telling the truth. he woke up every morning and created the universe anew. nothing persisted, nothing could convince him to slow down and pay attention to what it was he was saying. vidya had more than once caught sl unrolling a spiel that he himself had originated, in an attempt to gloss over some inconsistency vidya had pointed out. maddeningly, sl couldn't quite grasp why vidya would object to this recycling of his material.

vidya put away his phone.

climbing down the water tower he realized that he'd forgotten to invite sl to the meeting.

now, he noticed, someone had seen him.

the figure of hermes was difficult to see.