## THE BLUE SCROLLS

Chinese character, Greek symbol, Latin, Runic...I think this is sanskrit."

"They certainly got around."

"Didn't they just."

"It's riddled and honeycombed with small caves up there. You up for a little spelunking?" Jan asked, grinning.

"I guess we'll find out." \*\*\*\*\*\*

## THE FIND

"Here we are," the taller woman moved gingerly ahead of her shorter companion who set down her pack and paused on the threshold of the cave. "OK, here we go, hold onto me--don't lose contact." "Don't worry. Besides, I think I could find you even in the darkest night." "Let's not put that to the test." They exchanged smiles and stepped into the darkness. \*\*\*\*\*\* "Down here." It was getting warmer. "We could try this way..." "But?" "Most cavers go down. We should go--" "Up there?" "OK. Let's try it." \*\*\*\*\*\* "This is a likely looking spot." The blonde woman knelt. "A good place to hide something." "I agree." "Well, shall we then?" \*\*\*\*\*\*

The younger woman lovingly examined the scrolls. How many were there She'd lost count. A goodly number--breathless descriptions of the first touch, first kiss... first...time. She wonderingly fingered each parchment and then replaced them in the large earthenware

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"A lot of personal history there," the dark woman whispered, warm breath stirring the short wispy hair at the nape of her lover's neck. "You sure about this?" The long arms twined around her holding her close.

"Sure as I can be."

The arms squeezed her. "How long do you think?"

"What do you mean?" the young woman asked attempting to sound innocent of her friend's meaning. The soft breath tickled her ear and she relented. "Never could keep anything from you."

"They'll be safe here--for a long time. Until..."

"Until?"

"You come for them again."

"Until we come for them again."

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"I'm...scared to look now that we're here. Afraid it'll be empty." She thought again of Sappho's poetry, most of it destroyed when it reached the light of day.

They'd located the niche which had been filled in with stones and inside, a cache. "You open it, I'm too nervous."

http://community-1.webtv.net/bacchae2/THEBLUESCROLLS/page4.html