

THE OPALITE PENDANT*

Alexis Shrewsbury

“Well then, Kian, we’ll meet here everyday so you can tell different stones apart in no time!”

So, each day Kian sits at his same spot and Maisey helps herself to his table, bringing multicolored stones and accessories to teach the young man about the beauty of each one. She lays them out on the surface for him to see, taking great care in making sure each one gets an equal amount of delicate attention. The common emeralds, sapphires, rubies—to stones of citrines and carnelians that looked like glamorized cough drops. Kian tries to zone out into a quiet state of daydreaming, but Maisey’s energy-charged words continuously interrupt him. He could avoid her all together and stop coming to the coffee shop, but it will be more of a hassle to change his daily routine. Besides, she’s like a leech to him now. She’s getting her fill, and Kian is just providing a numb platform for her to do it. She will eventually let go of him, like they always do.

As Maisey gives another one of her lectures, she fiddles with the sleeve of her sweater, gently tugging on the elastic fabric to cover her exposed

wrist. When she gestures to another rock (amethysts being on the agenda today), something suddenly catches Kian's eye. It's the blue pendant around her neck, swaying gently like a vacant swing set in the wind. He's seen it every day before this one, but the way it moves draws him towards its elegance.

**Excerpt*