



Faith

JAMES MAXWELL A SHORT STORY





Faith

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Once came in a stone

One that pulled all your hatred to it and was caught by it,
the stone.

When it was done with you, you were free of all your hate, and
the stone was cold. It's natural beauty was no longer fascinating
– you could let it go.

Only, and I say *only* from experience, the moment you gave the
stone away – all of your past hatreds were dispersed, were no
more and the stone emptied. It became smooth enough to be of
interest to another.

Then

Faith

Came in a stone.

FAITH
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