

The Blind Healer

A young man was sitting in an armchair before the fireplace, resting, deep in thoughts, a cup of tea warming his hands. The smell of herbs in the tea calmed his mind. But before long, a knock on his door interrupted these deep thoughts.

He stood up and put his tea on a wooden table, where a single candle was lit besides a pile of scrolls and notes.

There was another knock – harder this time, louder.

He slowly walked to the door and opened it.

A man stood there. A big one, nearly twice his size. The man was cloaked up from head to toe, shadowing his face.

And on his back, there was a little girl. She was wrapped in cloth, as if she were asleep.

“Are you the one?” he said with haste. “Are you the blind healer, Hushar?”

Hushar’s eyelids was sewn shut, and he was a healer.

“I.. I guess so.”

The man seemed relieved.

“Can you take a look at her?” he asked. “Please, let us in.”

Hushar slowly stepped aside and made a hand gesture towards inside the wooden house.

The big man quickly stepped in made his way to the fireplace. Hushar closed the door and walked up to the man. While walking, he picked up the candle from the wooden table.

“Come, put her to a bed,” Hushar said and started approaching to a door. The big man followed him.

He opened the door. It was small, dark, and cold. The breeze coming through the open window brushed their skin.

There was a bed besides the window and a table next to that. On top of the table, there was some dried herbs, different kinds of liquids, tools like bowls and a mortar.

The smell of vinegar hit immediately after stepping inside.

"Lay her down to the bed," Hushar said. The man did.

Hushar lit another candle on the table and placed his own near the door. Then, he pulled a wooden stool under the table and sat on it, just next to the bed.

"What happened?" he asked.

"She's very sick."

Hushar checked her pulse on her wrist, then put his hand on the girl's forehead.

"Yes, she has a very severe fever. Would you get me some cold water from the storage room?"

He pointed at a door on the north side of the room.

The man went there and opened the door. A chilling cold hit his face from the small room. There were shelves full of stuff and some jugs on the ground. He picked one jug and came out of there.

Meanwhile, Hushar was checking the girl's eyes and tongue. He picked a clean bowl from the table.

"Please hurry. Pour some cold water on this bowl." He held out the bowl.

The man walked quickly and started pouring water.

"Enough."

He stopped.

Then Hushar added a little bit of vinegar from a pouch. He soaked a clean cloth in the bowl and wrung it out.

He wiped the girl's arms with the cloth, then her face, and left the cloth on her forehead.

"Letting blood out is a last resort," he said while doing it.

The big man nodded without him seeing.

Hushar soaked another cloth in the cold bowl and gave it to the man.

"Use this to wipe her, especially her face and feet."

The man nodded to him and took the cloth. Hushar noticed that his face had the same cold look on from the start.

"I'll make a tea for her," he said.

Then he got up and entered the storage room, he came out with some dried herbs in hand. Moved to the big room where the fireplace was. He boiled the herbs.

After making the tea, he went to the cold room again. Where he saw, the girl was surprisingly awake, and the man was sitting without his hood on.

He had an almost white, stone like skin and a head without any hair. He was a Vivatar. That would explain his size and being emotionless. But, it was the first time Hushar seeing one. What was a Vivatar doing here? Should he be afraid?

A voice pulled him off his thoughts. "Sir," the girl said. "I'm very grateful for your treatment."

He slowly walked towards the girl and held out the tea.

"Please drink this."

The girl took it. Sniffed it.

"Willow bark, thyme and mint," she said, then sipped. "Thank you."

Hushar was so bewildered, he didn't know what to say.

"Please don't be afraid of my companion," she said like she was reading his thoughts.

"I- I'm not, but..." he stopped for a moment.

"It's normal, your reaction. A Vivatar, and a girl."

"Yes, it is... staggering. A Vivatar and a girl, unusual ones at that."

"We'll be gone in a moment."

The Vivatar stood up.

"No, please rest for the night. I can not let you leave with that fever," Hushar said with a haste.

The Vivatar looked at him, then he turned to the girl.

The girl nodded with closed eyes.

"Come to the other room," he said, gesturing toward the fire. "Warm yourselves."

"Very well," the girl said.

The Vivatar picked the girl up.

Hushar took the candle near the door, placed it on his desk by the entrance, then brought a chair next to the armchair by the fireplace.

"Please sit."

The Vivatar placed the girl on the armchair.

"If you don't mind me asking, who are you?" Hushar asked with a dazzled tone. He sat uncomfortably.

"I'm someone like you," the girl replied calmly.

"What do you mean?" His confusion was still.

"Someone who runs and hides."

Their eyes locked awkwardly, as if Hushar had eyes. He froze, his every single muscle froze. His breathing stopped. Maybe he misheard, maybe a coincidence. But no – they knew. In that instant, it felt like the walls were closing in.

He tried not to show his surprise. He calmed his body and leaned back.

"I don't know what are you talking about," he said.

"Don't worry, we are not here to harm you. Your eyes can't harm me, either."

He turned to the Vivatar and then to the girl.

The Vivatar fell on his knees, like there was a boulder on his back. He couldn't rise. The Vivatar grunted.

Hushar turned to the girl in shock. She wasn't affected.

"You learned how to control it, haven't you? You might be the first one in history," she said calmly.

The air around Hushar thickened, the ground seeming to shift beneath him.

"Stop now," she commanded.

But he did not.

Her brow frowned. "Enough!" she said in a tone calm but dangerous. "KES!"

Hushar froze as a sharp pain struck his head, overwhelming his thoughts. Moments later, the agony faded.

The Vivatar stood up and talked in an unknown language to Hushar.

"We don't mean harm to you, and I'm grateful for your treatment. But I will not let you harm my companion," she said calmly, in a child's voice.

"What do you want?" Hushar asked in fear. "Are you telling me you are not assassins of the empire."

“There is a huge misunderstanding,” she said. “I have nothing to do with New Empire.”

“Then...”

“I was ill, and my companion heard you are the best healer in the area. That’s it,” she said, this time in a flat tone.

“Then, how did you know about my eyes?” Hushar asked, bewildered.

“I know it, the way you can see without opening your eyes.”

Hushar sunk into his chair.

“I was surprised by your eyes and wanted to chat.”

“You can’t find someone like yourself often, huh,” Hushar murmured.

“I’m very surprised by your ability to control your eyes,” she said.

“What a night, full of surprises,” Hushar said with a displeased tone.

“Yes, it is.”

There was a moment of silence. They just drank some tea and watched the fireplace.

“You, the blind healer, this is not your fate,” she said while looking at the fire.

Hushar turned to the girl. “What do you mean?”

“You can’t stay here forever.” She turned to Hushar. “Traveling and running, this is your destiny. You will travel the whole continent, running from your destiny,” she said with a flat face.

Hushar couldn’t say anything.

“We’ll take our leave now. Thank you for everything. I hope we’ll see each other again.”

“I can’t let you. You need to rest for the night. You need to stay here so I can diagnose your illness,” Hushar said with a haste.

“I’m sorry, but my illness is beyond recovery,” she said with a smile.

The Vivatar picked her up and cloaked again. Then, they left the house while Hushar watched them from back, he still couldn’t understand what happened.

The Vivatar walked out of the town.

“Why didn’t you told him?” the Vivatar asked.

“He’ll learn, I did not want to be the one who said it.”

“ Bu hikaye, yazdığım ilk ingilizce hikaye değil ancak yayımladığım ilk ingilizce hikaye. Umarım beğenilir.

Revision #1

Created 1 July 2025 07:46:23 by Kerem

Updated 1 July 2025 07:51:26 by Kerem