The Promise of the Fortun

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She walked aimlessly through the hustle and bustle of the street. Her gaze was fixed downward, careful not to step on the cracks between the paving stones. At least she could win this part of the game of life! The window of a toy shop caught her eye. One of the dolls looked so much like her: large brown eyes screaming of sorrow, short, sparse eyelashes bearing the dew of a tear, and long, tangled hair. Its clothes, however, were very different. The doll wore a long, sky-blue dress adorned with pearls. She liked her own dress, too. Even though it had gotten a bit tight for her, its colorful patches reminded her of a rainbow. On the other side of the display, small figures were lined up on a shelf. With excitement, she recognized one of the characters. She had watched its cartoon a few times through the window of a TV shop. She looked down at the colorful slips of paper in her hand. She hadn't sold a single fortune yet. She sat on the ledge in front of the shop and closed her eyes. She danced her index finger over the papers and pulled one out. She had learned this trick from the grown-ups. She tore open the little envelope and drew out the message from her faded world: "Glad tidings, O heart, a Christ-like breath is coming, Whose sweet whispers bring the fragrance of a loved one. Do not weep and wail over the sorrow of separation, for I Have drawn a fortune, and a savior is coming." She wasn't old enough to grasp the poem's meaning, and she even struggled to read the words, but she knew exactly what "savior" meant. In her heart, she whispered, "If only I knew when he is coming!..."