

In the presence of a young and mysterious, attractive fortune-teller I had my future laid out before me in detailed descriptions.

The wind was howling outside, but I felt safe and warm - on this night.

Her emerald eyes shone directly through me when she said:

"When I put down the tarot cards, I look at your desires, wishes and an urge for acceptance."

The interior of her small compartment seemed to melt into the density of the air.

I couldn't help staring into those penetrating eyes.

She took my hand in her own and spoke into the air:

"When I read into the palm of your hand, I see a spark of desire, submission, chaos and intolerance."

I vanished in the gypsy woman's hazel green eyes... couldn't resist to let her have my inner self.

The eroticism of it all is still a mystery to me.

She had a sad look upon her beautiful face as she whispered to me:

"When I gaze into the crystal ball, I see your secret desires, greed, perfect wisdom, lust and degradation -  
When I look into the crystal ball."