



CHRYSALIS

BY

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Milan breathed a sigh of exhaustion. It was an eventful day, the usual in her world. A few signings here, publications there. Her world was wrapped up in the glamour of success, and success was Milan's magic. So much so was her ability to make her intent a reality that she no longer felt fear.

"How do you do it?" one journalist asked her.

"I close my eyes, breathe deep and see the whole image, what I want in my mind, and then, only then do I open my eyes. I remember that those things I want in the world, I have to feel I'm capable and deserving of having them in my soul."

"Sounds like magic!" he replied, holding the microphone up to her, edging closer as if to recover a hidden secret that finally divulged to the world.

Milan smiled, "It is!" The journalist looked irritated. No secret revealed. Did she have one?

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Milan was an alchemist. At home and in her mind she joked with the word, but deep in her soul was the desire to master her world. 3 years of intense learning and research took her, while still unknown, to an international voyage where she met gurus, master yogis and Bodhisattvas. Then she met an actual alchemist who only went by the name "Craft." Having thought transforming lead into gold to be a mere myth, she learned the formulas, one of which enabled her to create the product that made her a multi-millionaire: the Chrysalis, a diamond-shaped crystal that, when dipped into any water, instantly purifies it.

The Chrysalis creator wanted to share her product with everyone in the world.

"No," Craft said. He crossed his arms and looked out of the window. The spacious loft of grays, black and white allowed for penetrating sunlight. His voice echoed throughout.

"Why?"

"Because you'll end up destroying yourself."

"Huh?"

"If you try to help everyone, you're not going to help anyone."

"Sounds stupid! But I get it." Milan sighed, "Okay tell me."

"You created a product that can potentially erase the contaminated water problem all of the world. Every sink, bath, shower and water bottle would be cured of all toxins. Pure water, for everyone, at all times."

"Does that sound so bad?"

"If you did that, it would also erase all the companies who like putting toxins in the water, who like saturating water with chemicals through plastic bottles, who need people to be at a certain level, so they can continue selling their products. There will be people and brands ready to take advantage of your marvelous wonder. Energetic vampires hungry to sap up your energy."

"Oh I see where you're going with this...so I should keep it to myself you're saying?"

"No. Protect it. It's a part of you. When you give it, you'll be giving a part of yourself. So give in your own way, and give selectively to those who truly deserve it."

“I give of myself all the time now,” Milan looked down.

“And yet?”

“And...I still feel, well not really, but kinda feel...”

“Unfulfilled?”

“Yes.”

“Why?”

“I don’t know, but...” her voice trailed off. “I feel like I give so much of myself already and don’t receive enough in return.”

Craft stayed silent and turned to face her.

“I know I’m a good person but there’s still something missing and I know the Chrysalis is part of my answer, the thing that fills me.”

“Why does it?”

“Because I know what it can do for the world.”

“What allowed you to create it?”

“What?”

“What allowed you to create the Chrysalis?”

“Um, you did?”

Craft shook his head.

“You didn’t?”

He shook his head again. “All I did was provide the resources and knowledge. It was you who put the right ingredients together to make it. And you were able to do it because of your love. All the Chrysalis is...is your inner love manifested. That’s why when you decide to help people with this object, it’s going to fill you with so much joy, so much fullness. You’re already radiating joy just by talking about it with me. That inner joy is what will bring to you everything you desire.”

“The love comes from within, I get it. I’ve been reaching out for so long that I wasn’t tending to myself, bringing love from within out. Until now.”

“Yes, and the Chrysalis will bring you the kind of connections you desire.”

Milan huffed. “You already knew this was going to happen didn’t you?”

“Maybe.”

“Why didn’t you stop me before I was going to rush out and just hand over this thing to everyone?”

“You weren’t ready to listen. Not to me, but to yourself inside.”

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Milan’s joy amplified as she took a more selective approach to who she offered her Chrysalis to. Instead of giving it to companies she knew performed harm, she reached out to brands that matched her values and attracted people of like-mind and heart through her passion and creating opportunities for them to connect.

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