

Show of Hands

They were conjurer's hands, his fingers long and his nails manicured.

His digits weaved and whirled. He was like a conductor of some complex symphony. It was an enchanting display of wizardry. Every now and then he'd look at her, awaiting some unspoken cue, his sorcerer's hands never resting. Occasionally he smirked and sometimes he sneered.

As the woman delivered her impassioned plea, he skilfully decrypted the message into his bewitching, silent language, a medium of light in dark times.

She finished her spiel. His dutiful hands lay idle.

He nodded to the woman. They donned their disguises and left.