

## **The Phial by David Silver**

The secret of eternal life. That was the promise she'd been given and all she had had to do in return was pledge a tiny fragment of her soul.

She took the crystal phial that had been handed to her by the mystic. It contained nanoscopic particles of all the souls that had gone before her. It shimmered and iridesced in a myriad of colours – those of the rainbow and some not of this world. The instruction was to imbibe the contents when she felt her life about to leave her. The principle was redolent of homeopathy – the tiniest portion of all those who had contributed diluted to an almost impossible degree.

One day her time came. She lay on her deathbed and, with the last vestiges of waning strength, unscrewed the cap and took the potion. The universe swirled. Patterns, shapes, colours, textures. She was swept down a wormhole into another universe where she became ... something else's precious newborn, imbued with the wisdom of ages.

*Ten-minute challenge, June 2017.*