

## **Ancient Fanfiction: Elisha**

By Celine Baumbach

In the beginning there was only an unfamiliar darkness. I became aware of waking up only gradually, and I couldn't open my eyes. They felt as if stuck together with sap. Something tickled my nose, and I sneezed several times.

A weight I hadn't realized was there lifted off my chest, and then I heard footsteps receding and a door opening.

Groaning, I rolled onto my side. I finally managed to open my eyes and found myself in the spare room mother usually reserved for important guests, like the prophet Elisha who stayed with us occasionally. The door stood ajar, letting in the warm air from outside.

My head throbbed, and I remembered the headache I'd had earlier. It hurt less now, but the pressure was still there. I closed my eyes again, hoping that it would be better in the dark. It was, but only barely.

By the time I had managed to sit up and re-open my eyes, the door swung open again. The prophet stepped in, smiling down at me with kind eyes. "How are you feeling?" he asked.

I stared for a second in shock. Had he arrived while I had been sleeping? Would he be mad that I was in his room?

Elisha knelt down, pressing a cool hand against the side of my face. The headache immediately lessened, my vision clearing as the throbbing subsided.

"The pain will be gone soon."

A shriek at the door caught both our attention. It pierced through my skull, worsening my headache for a moment. I dropped my head in my hands, focusing on breathing.

In the middle of the room, my mother had fallen to her knees, babbling at the prophet, tears streaming down her face. My father stood by the door, face pale.

“Take your son,” the prophet said. “Let him rest today, and tomorrow nothing of his ailment will remain.”

My mother wiped away her tears and picked me up. She cradled me carefully, just as she had earlier when I was brought in from the fields because my head hurt. She had held me just like she was holding me now as I slowly passed out, giving in to the overwhelming pain.

The field workers were gathering outside, peering in through the open door and the window. As my mother stepped out, I caught a last glimpse of the prophet. He wasn't smiling kindly anymore, instead he had slumped down onto the bed. He looked like my father after a long day of tending to the fields.

My father followed us outside, stopping to talk to the workers. We were already too far away for me to hear what they were saying. But they looked happy. They seemed to congratulate him.

I only put it together when my grandmother greeted us at the main house, also falling to her knees in prayer. My mother's tears, my father's pale disbelief, the shocked but happy faces of the workers – they all acted as if some miracle had occurred because it had. I just hadn't witnessed it; *I was* the miracle. Elisha was here because I hadn't been sleeping away my headache, I had died. And he had come to bring me back.

Context:

Elisha is a biblical prophet who apprenticed under Elijah. He appears several times in the Old Testament, mainly in the Second Book of Kings, and the story related here can be found in 2 Kings 4:18-37. Elisha is credited with performing twice as many miracles as Elijah, including reviving two people: The first being the son of the Shunammite woman, the second after his own

death, when a body was thrown into his grave, touched his bones, and returned to life (2 Kings 13:20-21).

Quotes:

Instagram:

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Twitter:

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Article: <https://www.britannica.com/biography/Elisha>

Image(??): <https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:ElishaRaisingShunammitesSon.jpg>