



# DOORS

BY

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Payton always had a connection to doors and never understood why. When younger he remembered just standing in front of open doors, almost mesmerized. They felt like portals to his younger self and gateways to his current, young adult consciousness. Even in dreams Payton saw doors but now, instead of being wide open with the other side visually clear, the doors are half-closed, distorted or closed entirely. Not giving much attention to this aspect of his imagination, he usually shrugs it off. Payton's cell phone snapped him out of his thoughts. Laying in bed and staring at the ceiling, he felt annoyed to grab the phone. Knowing who it was, he answered.

"I'm not going. Already know it. Quit trying."

"You need to go!" Brace said.

"Don't need to do anything, except what I want to do."

“Selfish much?”

“For this, yes. There’s no reason for me to go. It’s going to be a party with a bunch of hungry dudes trying to ‘collect’ the most girls.”

“There might be a dude there waiting for you to ‘collect,’ or to ‘collect’ you!”

“Ok,” Payton said, feeling fed up with the harassment. “I have a request. No a demand.”

Brace laughed. “Whatever. What is it?”

“I go. You set me up with someone. You find him. You make the connect. Deal?”

“Pushy! But you know what? Just to have you show up, I’m happy to accept. Deal.”

Payton hung up and saw a mental flash of a door. He sat up and placed his right hand over his forehead. Feeling lightheaded, the door’s image intensified. It was metallic with a symbol in the middle, unrecognizable. He could swear it looked like an eye with odd-looking designs around it. Had he seen that eye before?

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The house party was as Payton expected; people outside, on the lawn, likely in the backyard and inside, and so he dressed as everyone would expect: black pants, black collar shirt and a leather jacket. If he was going to attract someone he was going to have to feel as sexy as possible. *I do feel kind of sexy*, he thought.

There was something about the house’s front door. It was metallic, just like what he envisioned earlier in the day. It was missing that eye.

“Payt! What’s up bro,” Brace shoved his arm. It was his form of greeting. “Glad you made it. You have no idea how many people I had to call to fill the place up like this. Good thing Kerry offered up some dollars, otherwise I...”

“Don’t need to know how much you made on the sales calls. Let’s go inside. Wait, who made that door?” Payton’s continued curiosity prompted him to ask.

“Which door?”

“That door. The front door!”

“Oh! I don’t know. Kerry’s mother is a real estate mogul of some sort. Maybe she got it custom made. It has this weird design on the front too.”

“What?”

“Look, blind ass!” Brace walked Payton directly to the front of the door. In the center was the same symbol he saw in his imagination. Payton shook his head and then moved his fingers across the symbol. It was engraved and he could feel how the shape pushed out from the metal.

“Okay you’re weird-ing me the hell out. You know the logo?”

“It’s a symbol not a logo,” Payton said. “Can’t remember the name though.”

“Logo, symbol, same dif? Ok let’s go in. Someone’s waiting for you.”

“Who?” Payton lost focus on the symbol.

“You’ll see,” Brace smiled and opened the door. Payton felt a wave of energy move through him as he walked through. Immediately he caught notice of a guy whose back was turned, also dressed in all black. He turned around without a prompt and looked at Payton with a smile.

“Already know him?” Brace asked. “Hope not. This is Horus. Horus, this is Payton.”

The two young men shook hands and Brace quickly exited the space.

“Nice to meet you,” Horus spoke with a deep, confident voice. “I heard you enjoy working with runes.”

“Runes? Me? No, I just play around with them. Symbols are cool that’s all.”

“You don’t have to act ignorant. Not everyone will be open to the fact that there are many ways to discover our inner wisdom. But I know you are.”

Payton laughed, nervous. “How do you know?”

“Because you have runes. No one just keeps runes around. Did you see that front door?”

“Yeah it’s something. It’s...”

“It’s the Eye of Horus. That’s the name of the symbol.” Horus recognized Payton struggled to find the meaning for it and continued. “The Eye of Horus is an ancient Egyptian / Kemetic hieroglyph. Some people today consider it an all-seeing eye but it’s much more than that. It’s the eye that symbolizes the pineal gland, located in our brains.”

Payton nodded, fascinated by the information as much as the man. Horus continued. “The pineal gland is our gateway to spiritual travel. When it’s active and healthy, we can travel using our astral bodies or light body, or Ka. When it’s fully developed we gain what’s called the Mer-ka-ba, a light vehicle. So we could say the eye is a gateway OR a door. Probably why the family put it on their door.”

“Very cool. Speaking of doors...” Payton finally spoke up. “I’ve been seeing doors all my life. Been seeing them wide open and what was on the other side. Then as I got older the doors were always closing or half-closed and now I can’t see on the other side as much. And seeing the door tonight, it was closed, and then that eye...”

“You haven’t walked through any of those doors you’ve seen?”

“Nope.”

“Never? Not one in all these years?”

“No!” Payton caught himself. “No, sorry. I always felt like I didn’t need to because I could see from my side. But now, I feel more afraid to.”

“Afraid of?”

“Afraid of what I might see. Might not like it.”

“Opportunity is on the other side and you don’t know it, because you won’t walk through the door. Here,” Horus gave Payton his card. It was all black with the Eye of Horus symbol engraved on it in gold in the center. “When you’re ready to take the chance, to change, to have something more and walk through the door, upload a picture of this to your Facebook page. I’ll know and will find you. You’ll then be ready.” With that said, Horus opened the front door and walked out.

**T H E E N D**