It was a weird feeling, being empty, and for hours I focused on that feeling, trying to be ok on my own, but the silence was steadily killing me, and before long I was screaming at the sky, calling for any help, any conversation, anything to wash clean the silence that surrounded me.

 But there was nothing, not for the longest time, silence was all around me as I walked on, until a screech broke the night. I froze, staring off into the wilderness trying to pin point the source of it, through I was sure that it was nothing more than an owl. And then I heard It starting out as nothing more than a whisper, growing louder, stronger, more intense as time went on. It was a familiar whisper, a sound that made me sink to my knees tears streaming down my face.

 “There isn’t a thing to worry about, it was nothing more than an owl Tony.” Tony. The sound of my name was to much. I had left that life, left all of that behind me, in order to follow the voice in the wind. I needed a new name, I needed a new start, completely separate from the life that I shed to live again. I wracked my mind, searched through all of my memories, and one stood out to me in particular.

 When I was young I remember reading Jason and the Argonauts, but I never imagined myself on a journey like his. And now that I was on the hunt for my own golden fleece I could imagine no better name for myself than Jason…from now on I would be Jason Windtalker, a traveler of the world, the wind my one and only true companion.

 “Call me Jason..Jason Windtalker.” I said to the air.

 “Jason” it said, as if pondering the change.

 “Jason Windtalker, yes I like that very much, I can already sense a change in you Jason, I knew that all you needed to do was to listen to me. Now there is no one that can stand in our way, we can be happy Jason, just you and I. Forever.”

 “Yes, you and me forever” I said, feeling a confidence swell inside my stomach.

 “Now you are talking.” Said the wind the sound of a chuckle heavy in its inflection, “But as much as I would like to sit here and watch the sun rise. But listen closely, there is a car coming down the road. We both know that there are people looking for you and there are no reasons to take any risks, to the left of the road there is a cliff face, an over-hanging ledge there will offer you protection from prying eyes and warmth. Go there and rest, I will wake you in the morning when it is time to begin to move again.”

 I rose to my feet, knees groaning to be straightened after being cold for so long. Imprints from my lower body were still formed in the snow, my mind raced back to my childhood winters, making snow angels in the white powder.

 My mind began to drift away, and I had to reach out one cold hand to grasp it and pull it back to me. I had no more time to stand there and reminisce about the “good times”, I could hear the sound of an engine coming up the road, tires slowly rolling up the icy mountain roads. For a brief moment I wish them well on wherever they were going, these roads were not safe to drive under the present conditions, but then the moment was gone and it was time to move off into the woods, and it was moments again before the trees once again enveloped me in their leafy embrace.