



Theodora Oniceanu

**Moons
of
Amaterasu**



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By

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“Through a chosen mortal I always worked and it is through a chosen mortal, a courageous girl or boy, carrying the blood of noble origin is that I shall work once more! I have picked a couple of Children of the Light for our latest mission on Earth. The planet finds itself in great need to be saved and us only know this; it’s inhabitants seem to forget how important it is for them to care about one another more, also for their surroundings! We will be supportive towards the few beings aware of the dangers of losing it before time and try to illuminate the others who already adjusted to a chaos that’s proven itself inefficient in its quest of destroying it forever before; the same will happen now. We will conquer human hearts and help them save their home!”

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In the light of day, the valleys and cliffs of the mountains were showcasing iridescent waves making the trees tell-up stories of their roots much greener than they could have ever lived down there, into the depths of their creative existence. On the highest platform of the highest peak of Mountain known on those territories, a female figure, coming from ancient times, was to be seen, caressed by the gentle pale morning sun-rays, enjoying the air of morning; her hair, dark, playing songs smoothly, allowing the winds to have them danced like the waves of distant seas she was admiring from those heights. *Amaterasu* was contemplating the offers of that nature she carefully makes a beauty of each time worshiped, respected and shown love of true. Meditating on the top of the world, techniques of relaxation she seems to have applied to the troublesome part of her mind, as she creates the healthy brains to help her through the journey she is about to take to the realms of wider knowledge of the Universe she always knew she belonged to. A place where all gods of the planet she knows little of now - since her Kingdom was her only concern until this moment of crucial need for a change, for new order, for new hope. So, they are going to meet, each with their original families and pantheons, each kept safe during their trips of their long meeting in their own protective chariots, shells or spheres, deciding upon their similarities, sharing some universal knowledge, revealing 'secret recipes' and never telling the whole truth so they never lost their Beloved Kingdoms. A reunion for fun, perhaps, but mostly for that need to inspire their humans to actions of individualist brotherhood, kindness and acceptance of cultural diversity not leading to fights and wars they all started to be tired of; except the gods of fire and damnation, hatred and wars! Thirsty for blood and revenge, they are asked to perform some fights for the rest of the public to dissect their actions, their reasons! Their activity and performance, like in a scientists' Lab an atom split, a heart shocked-out and revived for a new life (who knows? Maybe he will not be a bad guy after this transplant!), a cure for a pesky disease hunting innocent people made after dissolving, extracting, synthesizing and uniting a new entity-fighter - The Pill of the century, the cure!

On the top of the world, she waits for her wings of an Angel to come and take her to the meeting. *Amaterasu-o-mi-kami* was kind to offer one pair of her wings to a special servant of the Kingdom, an honest and much respected guardian; she chose this humble honest mortal for the mission of protecting *Ise*, her home, but for this, at this special time, she had to give him wings to fly and eyes to see the truth about everyone, the night before - the dangers and the real friends, the enemies and the safety resorts as well as the measures to take. Now, her wings must be brought back to her; the mortal just ended his Journey and knows how to protect the temple and The Kingdom. Whispers of her thoughts let me know about the time to duck into the bushes, the moment when she finally rose and took the deepest and more insatiably-felt breath I've ever witnessed. (It made me wish to enjoy the same deep fresh breath, the same way.) A bright light cast upon the peaks, coming from a place only gods might have a clue of the whereabouts. Unified with the Light in herself, the goddess turned into the brightest thing, the brightest Angel. An Angel of light spreading three pairs of sparkling wings of vivid light, unseen by the human eye before, I hope, since I always wanted to tell about something unbelievable I witnessed. I had to watch this scene through my special dark glasses, myself covered by a curtain I made shelter from into the Woods. Don't ask me what I was doing there. It's a secret I'll perhaps tell you about some other time.

Now, off she flies, *Amaterasu-o-mi-kami*, away to meet all the gods in her known family to head to the adventure of human-gods history, the one of meeting all gods ever existing, ever worthy of being worshiped and adored after conception, the miracles accepted as accomplished and applied to the world and their subjects. How do I know that this angel I saw was in fact *Amaterasu-o-mi-kami*?

Well that is another secret I might be unable to keep. As for now you'll just have to trust me.

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I. Daughters of the Sun

“Up on a deserted stage the couple was embracing to form one radiant cocoon. She was alone, standing in the middle of the stage, watching their happiest-times reveal to a public that never knew this kind of love.”

Brought back to life she was and she loved it, her new existence. The ancient child was enjoying something else, something she could never imagine living since she was asleep for such long and great a distance between those times that she couldn't remember but as ancient - and these new times she was beginning to know and explore.” The bell rang and the children started rushing their ways towards the exit of the room. A few remained still, waiting for the teacher to either close the book or give them a hint on the next chapter. They got homework instead. “Write for your classmates on the board, clear and nice: *‘To continue the story: write yourselves at least a page on how you believe the story of the ancient child continues!’* Good. “ A few were disappointed but the vast majority of the ones who didn't leave the class-room (counting five souls) were feeling satisfaction. The teacher could also read thrill and excitement on a couple of faces which made her feel good about her work done with dedication and sometimes - times when one is feeling brave - passion. In the school's back-yard the children were already playing different games. A few famished ones were rowing for hot sandwiches made with the love of a parent growing his hopes for times his sons and daughters will have a good life to live in a future that was to be a bright one. A few yards further the great building of this school's high-school was keeping itself silent and proud against everything else around. The *highs* didn't seem to have a break like the little ones here were.

- I used to live in a place resembling this one, the teacher's voice was heard. She was confessing to another teacher. I grew-up there; we were mixed, the little children with the high-school kids until they decided I was destined for something better. So, I attended high-school classes...

- Miranda, dear! a strong voice interrupted the conversation. Happy birthday, dear! From the back-yard a child's voice was yelling: - Catch me if you can! The couple of children sneak-picking from down below the window startled. - Psst! Follow me! one of them whispered behind a hand. They moved a couple of windows away then started playing hide-and-seek.

The morning left room for day-dreaming and memory prints to leave marks on journals. Miranda moved away with the others celebrating her birthday. We followed the crowd and sang the *celebratory* song, applauded then slumbered into in-existence; it was her moment to shine and ours to grow a little dull and grey, audacious where words have their win, courageous on a stage where nobody wins anything but applause and flowers, sometimes a good bottle of wine or a box of chocolates, refined. We all enjoy then our little offerings in a backstage room claiming for a short-while our god-given names and their statutes, celebrating together as we know how much we worked for the praises and shares. But how much, just how much and hard a teacher works for their winning, that seemed to have been forgotten... until this young prolific writer we caught on the stage playing with her most amazing crew created for a purpose: to teach her students a few tricks and make a few scholars either laugh or cry for their invincibility shown everywhere. The golden-haired girl was no longer a child but the child inside never died.

* ... *

At closely each dawn of the weeks to follow, friendships were sending their beams of light along with the respect and admiration to make the sky sustain the brightest clouds shining their coats above the plentiful light of the yet sleeping sun; their deepest blues were complimenting the remains of honey-glazing bright-orange curves and contours made with the brilliant violet meetings with some purples let out by the indigo-blue touch at their wishful thought to see and make see the results of their reunion. A few playful thunders happened right in the middle of the time given to this gods reunion; a few agitated some spirits during a frightening storm but nothing too dangerous, nothing to make humans fear losing their lives and homes. He loved her and she knew that, the young-lady watching the sky with the interest of a Child protected by her parent-gods - ‘She is too young’, she could hear them speak to one another the night before. ‘Let's give her the chance to grow and then become what we all know she is. We had our lives shaped well; she should too.’ Nevertheless, it was the remembrance of her bright and brilliant Angel of Light the one that she remembered dearly, the one Angel of Mercy and Love, the one and only Angel sent by her God, the very one who loved her

most and whom she loved more than one could imagine.

The Princess was awake and waiting for him to help her fly once more! But this little Princess was a little mistaken in thinking herself too young since she wasn't to be considered a Child for much longer than anyone else; too soon for a spirit like her to give-up hopes and childhood dreams, she will be found forced into the position of taking important decisions then, when too tired of her adulthood duties, also pushed into finding 'mature excuses'. So, she drifted back for a moment or two into the Childhood-life where wishes and beautiful Dreams can happen - the place where seeing her protective Angel is possible, a place she could love as her home.

- Around here love seems to be of little importance, mistaken for something else than its entirety, taken for granted and used as the tool for satisfying only partly the needs of a spirits' choice! It is reduced to something that, in its simplicity, might give us all the answers to our questions regarding the ways in which our Universe works! 'I wonder how will my future husband see into these matters.' she muttered. Once the door to this final thought open, it allowed imagination to develop branches and grow roots for the knowledge to be explored in the distant future days which were actually closer than she could feel but, the little lady had no idea thus no fear nor doubts about the 'right thing to do' and 'the perfect match' that's been already chosen for her by the best parents she could have asked for.

...

"I am afraid you have bees, young lady!" a kind and gentle smiling face seemed to have just allowed these words be spoken.

"What?"

"How are you dear?" another face, a worried and extremely pale one, all framed by a peculiar white thing rounding it up - pulling out from a covered in a black robe heart the sentiment of motherhood - launched into investigation.

"I... I'm... fine! ... (whispered:) I guess." the Child slipped-out a state of mind making her appear to be a little confused, a suspicion immediately confirmed by her questioning: "Where am I?... (then, a little apart, as if asking herself while trying to make a sense to her own self only, touched by a light-speed attempt of an inquiry on her presence there) How... did I... arrive... here?"

"Don't you remember, dear?"

"Remember... what?"

"I am afraid that she will need some time to recover!" the kind man in white interrupted."It would be better if we allowed her the necessary space and time so she got back on her feet! After all, it wasn't an easy rescue for us either! We can only imagine what this brave little girl went through! She, fighting death the way she did means a lot. This case mustn't be treated as an easy one!" he winked cheerfully back at the child adding: "Don't worry, Child! You will be fine! You were very brave! A real survivor. I truly couldn't hope but for fighters like you! Bravo! Have some rest now! We'll see you tomorrow. (To the nun) Call me if anything, Mother. Goodnight. (to the girl) Sleep tight!"

"Goodnight to you too, Doctor Finn."

"Wait! I want to know! I want to remember!"

"Sleep, Child! The doctor was right. You need to recover. You will remember... When time comes."

"But, but..." she stammered.

"Here's a glass of water. Are you hungry? 'Want some soup?'"

"No" the girl refused with a subtle gesture.

"Alright, then. Go back to Sleep. I Will be here, watching you all night. If you need anything then ask. You can call me Mother Thoreau. It's the way all children here seem to enjoy calling me and I have nothing against that. Here, let me fluff your pillow, a little. ...There! Isn't it more comfortable?" the girl nodded.

"Here is this little bell", she added indicating the night table, "in case I fall asleep and you need me awake! And here a glass of water in case you feel like having some later!... 'Want me to read you a bed-time story or sing something to you?'" The girl nodded affirmatively so, Mother Thoreau, not knowing for sure which of the two the girl preferred, chose to sing a pleasant lullaby that the girl fell in love with immediately.

The warm harmony of the nun's voice carried the girl to realms where she felt like home, the

universal home for fairies and magical creatures seem fragile as they are incredibly beautiful and sweet; those children without which centuries of perpetuated beauty would be just wiped-out appeared, off any trace of sadness wiped from the faces of those territories being always their lands on which to apply their kind mysterious magic and make-believe.

For one night, in a dream caused by a lullaby, the girl, sweet as only angels can be, was the most beautiful and powerful fairy of them all! For one night, in a dream, she saved the entire world of fairies and the one of the best of humans and beasts out there, the kindest and worthiest, the bravest, the ones to unite for the cause of saving all the beauty and kindness carrying on with the magic of good forces. Unexpectedly a werewolf joined the forces of good; all the power to fight for justice and for saving the realms of kind worthy souls was hers', theirs to work with together. As she flew above all situations she empowered only the right ones, always, tricking the evil dragons possessed by the spirit of Argoston, a revengeful spirit in quest for souls to possess and territories to conquer for he thought his days of living into the unknown were about to end. Together they created the perfect place for Argoston and his adepts to stay prisoners in but they kept escaping, looking for trouble as well as for the troubled; so, the land of fairies and magical beasts kept fighting and hoping, kept feeding and using the magic of good for the purpose of saving the night. Argoston kept claiming they had brought it to themselves - this, their fault all the darkness and problems in the world.

It's been long since this spirit's revival on some lands; friend of the darkness and of rebels fighting against all evil! She joined the forces of good in her quest of finding the way to be helpful to the Light-Fairies so they would live in peace and harmony with the other creatures of the planet rather than causing the spread of all nightmares and fear into the Oasis of peace, magical beauty of nature and kindness. *"Your world has nothing to do with me but I don't want it ruined!"* the werewolf's voice snarled from the darkest depths of his being in a low tone. *"You helped me know who I am, a wanderer, a hunter, a loner... The loser, perhaps, but the one free to do everything I want! You remind me of who I really am! Always have, ...always will be! I'll join your cause only because I don't want this place to be all a ground of restless fights forever! But don't try to make me see something else in myself! Don't try to change me, and don't apply your magic tricks on me! I won't be heading to the highest peak to throw myself down to a crash of flesh and bones with the hard rock and grounds after the magic's gone and the truth revealed, which is usually after I start being loved, adored and cared for, a time with which any living creature anywhere, on any planet, would be happy with. Once you take a bite and learn the taste of happiness you're in trouble, you're addicted... you're doomed. Losing it, that magical beauty, is the beginning of the end; the start of a decline. Many of you would rather die, and so you do... Your light travels then through space, uniting with all magical beings killed or taken down for the very cause of saving this place where, I admit, I love resting my tired bones after a fight or a hunt. It's the time and space of peace the one I respect, the one of this love for nature and the natural resources we all enjoy if mutual respect and protection offered. So, I'll help! But don't bother with useless rewards! I am a hunter and I hunt according to the laws of nature! I'll take my reward the natural way. Don't give me illusions to feed my brain with... My fall was ruthless once, I won't fall twice! I learned my place, good fairies!"*

...

"And just how are we today, young lady?" the kind doctor asked.

"I had the strangest dream! I was a fairy and there was this werewolf refusing to see the real beauty of his heart and make it known!"

"A werewolf having a beautiful heart! Now that's an idea I never thought of!" The doctor amused himself. The nun kept watching the girl with an imperturbable eye.

"He joined the forces of good fairies and helped the cause of fighting against the evil spread of nightmares into the world. But, when time for reward came, he was already gone, just like he warned us all he'd do from the very beginning. You see, I believe that he lost something more precious to him than all the beauty he could receive for himself in exchange of carrying on with... she stopped and sighed. Taking a deep breath she said: Showing beautifully without the family he really holds dear to was nothing but nonsense to waste his time with, I think... or was he afraid of getting it all back? What if...what if he was afraid of being happy again, ... what if he simply forgot about how that was

and his fear of hurting even more for his loved ones was stronger?!"

"Well, that's pretty imaginative and clever, very deep too for a girl your age", the nun observed.

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- Loouna! Where are you?

- Up here, in my room! High-heeled foot-steps were heard climbing up the stairs. The door opened before the knocking finished its resonant rebound release, travelling like a bullet working with the air.

- How are you?

- I'm... fine.

- Homework?

The girl denied: - No, pleasure.

-Aha!

-May I see?

- No! It's personal! The girl defended the book protecting it with both arms holding the priceless gift against her heart.

- Where did you get it from? The library?

Loouna gestured negatively then shrugged.

- I bought it myself!

- Oh! With what money? Grandmothers' gift to you?

- No, pocket money you gave me!

-Well, that must be a very well priced book if you managed to buy it with pocket money, only.

- I've been saving!

- Oh! Alright. Here, I Have a gift for you! 'Bought it today. She handed the girl a pretty large, almost flat box. Open it!

Loouna slowly slipped the book under the pillow then opened the box. Inside, a sweater she remembered admiring on a stand of fancy unique clothes she could see only the rich kids wear. Her eyes grew bigger with amazement! Really? For me?

- Yes, Loouna! For you! For me too! For us! I got one too. Want to see my personal pick?!

- Wow! Sure!

They descended and Mother showed her pick of a unique fancy sweater.

- Nobody will have what I have and nobody will have what you have! Whenever we feel the need to be special, to be different and happy we can wear them! I don't know about you but I, one, will make a special day of each and every one I choose to wear mine!

Loouna's smile attempt on the right corner of her lips showed faint-trust. She knew Mother and she was certain that deep down inside something was grinding her personal self; that soul of hers was troubled once more. She also knew herself and her classmates; showing different and unique now was not the right decision to take so, perhaps on actual holidays.

- I'll wear mine too! she responded.

- We're not poor anymore, Loouna! Perhaps not Richie Rich rich but we're doing fine. You can ask me money for your books, for courses you want to take, for materials and passions you want to grow yourself with. You can choose to be who and what you really want and invest in blooming beautifully! Perhaps not the most expensive tools on earth is that we can afford but at least some of the best and occasionally something this unique.

- I'd rather ask for a monthly sum to use the way I know best, mom. I don't know why but it feels more like the way I want to work around here!

- "*Monthly sum*",... "*the way I want to work around here*"! Do you hear yourself?

- What do you mean?

- You sound like an old woman trapped in the body of a child not sure if she should enjoy her childhood or prepare for a serious battle for survival. Give yourself a break! Even I am more of a kid than you are!

- I don't follow.

- This is my world now: the well-paid office-job with a few dynamic moves once in a while, and I can tell you that I am not very fond of it, trust me, it is not the ideal world but I do well, it works for both

of us and it pays for all the bills, for school and the classes you take and now, it can start paying for all my crazy needs along with yours! We can finally say that we're on our way to freedom! Loouna's shy faint smile appeared on her face again, a shadow of sad but warm wisdom reflected in her eyes.

The night was announcing itself a long and prolific one: stories were about to be cooked and baked for children to feed their minds with. Loouna didn't forget about her new book so, after dinner she climbed back to her room where, under her pillow, she found her favorite resting time waiting for her to discover more about some interesting characters. She then filled some white sheets of paper carefully slipped in between the pages of the book, with thoughts of her own and ideas that she started having while reading.

...

The brightest after-noon spent in the patio: all the Children of the Citadel were gathered there except for the ones in hospital. Our little brave girl was watching the sun-rays spearing through the milky coat of clouds spilled onto the canvas of the sky, touching the ground on which the Children were playing.

- Mother?

- Yes, Child!

- What is this place and how come so many Children here?

- You still don't remember anything?

- Vaguely... and as if I were taking Information from another world.

- That's because you are from another world!

The look the girl gave her made the nun rethink her words.

- 'Not saying that you aren't a human, like us all; only that you are different than the other Children here. You are a special Child with a special gift not many have.

- What do you mean?

- You'll see, Child. You'll find the answer soon.

- Mother Thoreau?

- Yes, dear.

- I forgot to ask or was a little scarred to do so but... what happened to my little brother?

- Oh, Child! So, you do remember!

- Only that he needs me. And I need to protect him, be there for him.

- Look again in the patio! What do you see?

- A lot of children.

- It was there where we sent your little brother each day after lunch, this week, but every time he kept asking to be brought closer to you; we kept telling him that your recovery will be a slower one but every time he asked to see you or be taken back to his room.

- He is too little... He's only four! Too little to play with the other Children who all seem to be older than him.

- They are! And so are you, dear.

- No, I'm not!

- Oh, Yes you are. You have an Old spirit, Child. A very Old and Wise spirit! Come! Let me take you to your brother. Are you feeling up for a visit?

- Yes, the girl enthused.

- Easy with abrupt moves. We'll pay him a short visit so you both can have a better rest from now on.

- Did he have trouble sleeping?

- Yes... for a little while. But, thanks to Mother Agnes and her herbs, he is well now.

Along the interminable hall taking them to the area where her little brother was, their steps producing rhythms mismatched, the girl would turn her head twice to see what was behind the half-open doors of two rooms doors half open - one in which a special someone was bent over a small object studying it carefully, an image that stirred the imagination of the girl without destroying the activity's importance, then the other one in which a constant sound was produced by some equipment she could only catch a glimpse of, that particular time.

- *'When we'll get back I'll ask if I can see what's in that room.'* she promised a few minutes lat-

er that evening to her little brother who was asking all kind of details about her absence, her time spent there, in the great recovery room, then about her private recovery room of which she had no knowledge yet since they were about to move her that very evening; he also asked about the long halls and chambers and about the patio where he never could find her so, he kept requesting to be taken to either her or his room. The girl-without-a-name and the boy who wouldn't respond to the question "*What is your name?*" were happy to see one another. Since nobody could identify them and they won't remember, they were referred to as *the Girl* and *the Boy*. That very special evening she told her little brother that he should go and make as many friends as possible down there in the patio. She told him she could watch them all, the children, from her room and that she very much wished to see him there too, making friends and playing with them; she also made another promise to him, the one of her getting down there one day to enjoy some time with all the children playing and studying various things in *the open*. She was sometimes using pretentious words and spoke more like a college girl than a seven years old; only her voice betraying a young age, the nuns and nurses, doctors and priests always turning around or raising their heads to see who was that child using words so mature.

"What are you doing all day long up there? Are you reading your books? Are you drawing?"

"Sometimes."

"Did you remember anything about mom and dad? Did you remember your name?"

"No."

"Me too."

"You should say: 'Me neither. Or, better yet: Neither did I.' That's the right way of saying it.

"O.K. *Neither did I, Neither did I*, he started repeating, his voice like a bell singing its crystal toll to himself so he knew better next time.

"You are so smart!" he declared with pride to her.

"I am only older than you, that's all."

"I wish I were like you!"

"You can learn, but I believe that it is better if you remained yourself, the one you are, learning new ways without losing your real self. But that's me. Who knows what's best?" the girl spoke turning around for an opinion from the nun.

"Only God, dear! Mother Thoreau concluded. Only our dear and mighty Lord knows!"

"Did you see him?" The boy asked.

"See who? Mother pretended not to have understood the question.

"The mighty Lord! Did you see him? Did he tell you about what is right and what is wrong? "

"He did this a long time ago, speaking to people about what was right and what was wrong; He also let something behind through his chosen people. He inspired and He helped us choose our ways... He's still doing that, not only through our prayers and our people but through the mysteries of life itself.

"Mother Thoreau..."

"Yes, dear!

"What's your real name? the girl asked."

"My real name?" the nun gasped.

"Yes, your real name. What was it... I mean, before you became Mother Thoreau."

The old woman couldn't believe the question she was asked. She soon recomposed and explained. "Well... Children here seem to like calling me Mother Thoreau. A long time ago, a child your age saw a film where a character he liked was named Thoreau. I don't remember precisely the moment and circumstances of him watching that film but I do remember clearly the day when I was teaching them about the bible and the Lord when he mistakenly called me Mother Thoreau. Everybody laughed so heartily that I myself started laughing at the entire situation. It was a beautiful day and all the children were bored listening to the same chapters some already knew by heart so I let them play. I remember them playing and calling themselves by different names than their own, impersonating the nuns here, and somehow, during their representations I remained Mother Thoreau. But my name, as a nun, is Mother Theresa. Many nuns carry this name; I myself had some doubts when it was picked for me but I eventually got used to it.

“Who picked it for you? The fairies?” the boy asked candidly.

“The fairies have nothing to do with this, dear, the nun smiled. I am afraid that there is a small confusion made here. The magic of God has little to do with the one of the Fairies. There is a difference between the need for God’s mercy and love and the one of fairies and other characters in stories and legends.

“Are you saying that the fairies are useless?” the girl protested.

“How could they be useless?” they make us feel better and sleep better at night! the boy gasped.

“They do so but for this we should be thankful to the Lord... for allowing the writers to help them do so. I used to minimize their beauty and power of helping humans regain their faith and, yes, the world in its entirety does need the fairies too for illustration of good and evil deeds and feelings.

“I believe that we should pick some names for ourselves too, the girl said. Let us be our own fairies, our own Godmothers and pick our names now!”

Mother Thoreau seemed to be surprised.

“Well, we cannot stay unnamed forever! I do feel like being called a real name rather than ‘little girl’ or ‘dear’ all the time. To be introduced as the Girl or be named Dear would be quite peculiar, though I like the pleasant tone; hum... Maybe Solsty. Solsty and Sam! What do you say, she spoke turning around to her little brother. Would you like to be called Sam?

“Yes! I love it!”

“Hum! Let’s look into the mirror there and see how we looked as Sam and Solsty.”

“Why not Soley? Mother Thoreau proposed! It sounds like a better fit for a young lady as yourself. It has a dream-like melodic structure which seems to me that speaks of your personal character traces more.”

As she kept looking into the mirror another girl seemed to be brought back to life from the depths of dreams woven by this child’s mind, a soul impressing at first meeting. With every occasion the nuns, sister-nurses and doctors spending time with her agreed she was too wise a girl for her age.” Huh! You’re right! Soley is better! Thank you Mother Thoreau!”

“You’re welcome, child. It is time for lunch now. There will be soup served and something at your own choice in the dining rooms of each wing. We will also transfer you to your private room,... Soley. You have to say goodbye now. You’ll see each other tomorrow, if everything will be okay.

“It’s okay! Soley reassured her little brother. It’s okay. You have to think about your name-pick and be sure by tomorrow. Perhaps we will also get a ceremony for that?”

Mother Thoreau burst into a healthy happy laughter. There is plenty of time for that, Child! We’ll have to wait until Father Matthew - or perhaps Father John - comes here to officiate the ceremony.

“Oh! Okay.” agreed Soley suddenly blunt-grey, a bit unhappy after learning that the thing was going serious and that there was somebody else, a person she didn’t know the one with a higher rank to decide upon their choice to receive the blessing.

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“The one who loves you helps you gain your feel of independence; they trust you and support you. They help you reach to and be loved by as many souls as possible out there. Love is out of question when you feel under attack. There was no love for you there, on the battle-field; no real support when you were sacrificed for somebody else’s happiness.”

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One of those rainy mornings, spent in the best of places one could have chosen to raise their children, spread their infinite wings: Loouna fell in love with the moment, the place and its story

immediately encrusted on her soul. There was a lot of peace, order and equilibrium in that town; people there were her best friends without interfering, without trying to rule her personal self, trusting the rules of the Universe and the ones of the society they all lived in. She was heading to school watching the rain-drops leaving interesting marks and traces of such variety that she almost felt tempted to skip school for a study of rain-drops; a visual education and sound-trace marked on the wet streets of Tōkyō. She kept heading towards school, rapidly collecting images while sipping the healing smell of rain left in the air. Each rain has its own smell. This one had the smell of freedom pleasantly chased by cinnamon, vanilla and fresh coffee released into the air. It was the duty of coffee-shops and *cafés* done properly. They were obviously playing together and she enjoyed that morning like never before. Classes felt also great. A day to be grateful for so, after school she let herself driven by fresh air cuts revealing the kind light of the pale rays of sunlight leading towards the temple up in the woods, a climb on the hill through the tunnel of torii, above the place in Tōkyō that was to become her favourite park, the Ueno Park.

Late a time to get back from school, but Loouna offered herself the well deserved time to be spent in a place built for peace and harmony, reading outside, in nature, admiring everything that pleasant world had to offer. Describing it to herself and the papers hidden in the book from which she decided to read once more the description found in its beginnings, she began to read:

“Quiet thunder storm into the sky, quiet but vividly showing, raging with savage flashes before letting the human ear know about its intensity and strength. One mysterious night was the one you are watching turning into a rainy night-time. It’s when wolves announce the beginning of vampires-hunt. Moonrise. Just like before, the castle, up on the hill, was sending messages about long forgotten ghosts taken into custody by shadow-lands to care and deal with them alone. Dark and cold, the air already humid was frantically helping lightning’s spread of electric-branches. This night was empowering the particles of sanity in the silver vapours rising from the woods. A bird-scream made her look in the direction of the woods it came from. Another bird was playfully chasing the funny screamer. The smile imprinted with peaceful resignation showed vaguely on her face. She felt like having a wonderful time watching the trees sending messages to one another through their branches and their joyful leaves. It almost felt as if they were writing about their warmed-up greens to make come to life colours of red, little purples and yellows mixed with amber shadows, orange swifts into maroons and browns accepting compliments made by ochre shades. The sun was yelling quietly its setting of light upon the grounds of different material compositions, bringing back to life the love for poems one would never think of sharing in any other way but the properly adjusted one. The buildings and trees were yelling even more back accepting all the caressing compliments offered. It was calm a time to spend adoring the manifest of life before slumber. The crickets were wandering their songs cricketing with the passion of the youngest hearts in the business. Life was offering a spectacle everywhere one turned to look. Then darkness fell and the parties changed.”

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Soley was watching the children in the patio with the interest of a child wishing to descend there, longing to see if and how she could fit. There was something telling her she was different but in a way that couldn’t hurt. So, she wanted to recover sooner and belong. She wanted to be part of their lives; wishing to live a life among them, Soley never killed for good her little doubts of peculiar origin. She had her little fears and issued questions regarding their acceptance of her personal self, also afraid of her not being a well fitted person for their world. She kept imagining herself there, in the patio: what she’d say, how she’d behave and how will they all play; but that day to arrive was felt away, distant in time like the foam of the seas are to their grains of sand lost in space. Her sighs spoke more of her disappointment than of her wishes and thoughts. One could watch and see how her sadness grew over her room taking into possession every single object inside.

“-What’s the matter, dear?” Mother Thoreau asked Soley one day as her observant eye caught the longing sad look on the child’s face for too many days in a row. The girl shrugged.

“- Nothing! I only wish I were there, in the *patio*, with all the other children, learning with them and playing the way they always do.”

“- That time will come, you’ll see. Right now we must keep you here where you’re safe until you fully recover. We will try to bring up to you the skills and knowledge taught and spread down there,

so you felt less uncomfortable.

“ - Thank you, Mother Thoreau, the girl’s crystal clear sad voice sang its way to the heart that was reading as much as she could on the girls’ face, still having that odd feeling of missing something, even when the obvious happened to offer the ‘most logical answers in the book’.

“What’s wrong with this girl, God? And what is so right about her? What so strange and frightening that I cannot stop worrying about? there must be something protecting the heart and mind she is!” her face was telling about the concentration and focus she made an intense use of in the past few months. A few wrinkles showed deeper. She remembered the night the girl and her brother were brought to her, the brightest and calmest of all. They couldn’t expect any weather event special or out of the ordinary rainy and dim forecast. For the price of a few minutes of storming skies before their arrival, though, all the souls in the castle trembled. She remembered how odd it felt to hear a thunder that was too loud and frightening not to announce the most dangerous storm in the history of their lives, then, thrown at an impossible rescue, finding these two children hugged in a car under their mother’s protective dying body. The poor woman gave her life for them to be saved; there was hope that she could be saved but after they found the children, adopting them immediately as they always do, a moment of silence was kept as she stopped breathing. The skies kept one too, then the rain settled down, little by little, peculiar warm dry winds starting to blow above the ground making it easier a hill to climb, a soil to walk on. The Castle, turned more than two decades before into a monastery-orphanage, received the two children in a hurry; their conditions being pretty bad they were taken to the emergency room; well prepared doctors and nurses on duty, the proper measures and the interventions necessary, all taken with no delay. She remembered also how hard the rain and thunders crossed the skies, all night after they got the children and mother inside. A hard time for the police to accept that there was nothing to investigate about the accident: the driver lost control and he paid with his life, on the spot. The woman protecting the children struggled for her life a little before her chances of survival proved themselves right and a true Mother’s soul ready for a fight for her children anywhere else she might have to lead a fight for them to find happiness; those chances of hers to survive were indeed almost null and there was this question in everybody’s head: ‘What for?’ No condition worse for her if she survived so, even the devil would have found a trace of mercy in his mind for this poor victim, or at least, the decency to call off a wedding with such a nightmare to become after doing even the impossible to save her children and offer them a home together, be it even without her, if that meant their lives turn better.

The orphanage was the answer; she knew it when she hit the driver so he lost control. Nobody would understand, nobody but a mother’s soul: her children weren’t to be separated from their mother and from one another to become whatever the kidnapper wanted! She made her little plan on the spot, a few precautions taken and the will to pay with her own life, if necessary. She knew both the Citadel’s orphanage and the kidnapper and the decision was not a hard one to take. Well tucked-in, both her children covered well with a second blanket and then, after hitting the driver with her heel the jump on to cover them and protect them both with her own body. The cries of heavens seemed to be there to last forever; the thunders: deaf to the prayers of the nuns who were singing *Ave Maria*’s over and over again for the children as well as for the poor mother’s soul. The nurses and both doctors already there to save the two young lives, only the priests still shocked by the sight of the mothers’ face. They recognized her, perhaps, but never spoke a word.

The cries and thunders kept arguing hard-times up into the skies of that night. A thousand tears falling from heavens for each breath of innocence and five thousand more for each and every thought of loving truth. It felt like curses and prayers all lifted-up, concentrated in one place, for something that nobody could name. It was the fury of gods and the cries of the too saint to fight or too saint not to engage into the fights needed for the accomplishment of a mothers’ wish to be with her children and the one of her creator’s to save her soul from perdition.

After all these fights for life and death in the skies and down on earth, a spirit of peaceful love and brightness took the possession of the citadel; the orphanage was surrounded in all the glorious light of the grace with which a mother would be blessed and choose to bless her children: protection. The same light was here, in the room and down in the patio things felt alive and sane.

Up in the big room of the hospital-area, a little girls’ soul was silently craving for that live-sanity

she could see in others. Feeling alone, she was fantasising about how to become a doctor or a writer of some sort and get to save a couple of lives herself too, maybe more. One day she will do that! One day she will do for others what others had done for her.

Soley was lonely but very loved and appreciated already. Not knowing about the important meaning and role she was about to have there, in the orphanage, this child's fantasies were beginning to catch contours of the brave teachers of the world; she was about to teach great lessons and spread the words of the greatest minds in the world, herself being one of them, while creating something and shaping her own self during the reproductive processes of learning and doing, making something out of her own mind, with her own hands. Somehow sterile - sometimes surprising, other times rich in substance, rich in meaning thus extremely charged with strong energies to establish the balance needed - Soley's soul wanted her journey to become a symphony complete and wonderful.

A few months had to pass for her to fully recover and get down there, in the patio with the other children where she wasn't sure about her welcome anymore. She was beginning to know that there was sometimes a difference between what one imagines or thinks and what actually happens; she knew that sometimes wishes come true, other times they don't and sometimes they wait for the right time to happen. *'You see, wishes are like the experienced 'scary-cats' always knowing how to defend themselves and the ones they love; they are, most certainly, always prepared for anything that might happen.'* - This is what a great man once said, they were told by Father Matthew who was quite a literate, Soley and her brother, Mother Thoreau, sister Mary-Ann and Mother Agnes listening to him with wide interest. The doctor was also present but he seemed to have knowledge of these words. *'One Day we'll be gone for that world in which nothing of this hurts. One day we'll be able to say that we forgave, maybe also forgot and head towards what really makes us happy with no possibility to return to what we might also claim to be missing - the evil wrong. We will never miss anything but the Journeys that brought us the pleasure and Joy to lit our candle and make us feel alive again. We will never miss something that doesn't bring what we might take as happiness. But that is my personal opinion. Forgive me Father if I crossed the line here with my intervention.'*

'The only thing to forgive to anyone in the world is the devious, deceiving cunning actions and sometimes words meant to destroy the beauty of human acts and humanity itself. If I were to forgive you for anything I'd forgive you for the things you might have done wrong with no intention, unwillingly or by being trapped by those perhaps better informed, if any. There's nothing else to forgive you for, son!'

'- So, what is my sin, Father? Which beauty of the human soul did I manage to destroy?'

'- The one that turned the innocence of an act of beauty into one of infamy!'

'- And to whom did I do such a horrible thing, I'd ask?'

'- Well, that's the question for the answer you should look for yourself.'

'- You're not giving me a break, Father! Isn't that wonderful? We're just lucky, both of us, that this conversation's carried out of the surgery-room!'

They both laughed heartily. Sam got closer to Soley and grabbed her sleeve, insisting on pulling it. 'What's wrong, Sam?' The Child looked-up searching for his sister's eyes to catch a connection with but the girl kept watching the two-men show so he decided to ask: 'Why are they laughing? What was so funny?' she took her brother by the hand and led him to a couch: 'Sam! You are four or five, now. I am almost eight; there is absolutely no way for us to understand them, at least not just right now. I am trying to make some sense out of everything they say but it's not that easy. I didn't read all the books they read and didn't do the work they did, nor did you, so we will have to keep things in our heads for later, when we'll be adults like them!'

Sunset was closing the day in its shades of bright orange-reds. Mother Thoreau and Sister Mary-Ann called Soley to the garden in the patio.

'- Really? Right now?'

'- Yes, dear!'

'- But there are no children in the patio now! And it's nearly bed-time.'

'- We just want you to have some time there alone to see how it feels and explore the place a little before you got presented to the other children. Tomorrow you will attend classes like all of them do, participating to the open-air lessons as well.'

Excited like any child who's offered a much longed for gift, Soley walked confidently with the energy of a new-born ready to explore, a feeling she was trying to take a strong hold of so, she paced herself a little. It was splendour in the air she was breathing even before she set first foot on the grass in the patio. From down there, looking up, Soley could feel and understand the measures of her own being as something that will be eternally looking for movement, perspectives to watch and learn from, create or simply admire. She discovered there how small she actually was and how great humanity can be when they choose to make someone who's great and wonderful a spirit grow. Like a paradox on Light showing Dark this time was a time of enlightenment for the girl; the sun was silently descending for the stars of distant times to begin their usual yet every time spectacular, forever fascinating, show of the night.

Inspired by the luckiest living creatures simply telling their lives for us to have a good laugh at and feel superior but protected by the most perfect lighting and the kindest of nights, we move closer to the edge of a red veil to see what's behind. It wraps everything around and the shapes reveal for the first time a feel of flesh. The objects can't remember this but vaguely. A fresh new-corner of a room doesn't understand its lack of flesh - *So soon? I was expecting agony and pain. - Not in your case, mate! an eaten by worms pirate spoke with the pride of the sea-men never caught by anything or anyone but Death's revenge. - Good God! what is this place!? A figure of light appeared next to the new-comer: - You shouldn't fear them! I am with you! - I can't say that I fear them but I do find them repulsive. - We have a lot of grounds to cover, the journey we're about to take will be a long one, filled with enemies and dangers. What you call skies is nothing but the depths of each and every creature's self-delusional nightmare. - You think so? - I know so! Come!*

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It was one of those rainy nights when werewolves appear for only a short while, getting somehow out of the bed-time stories in books, the one bringing up and out of the closet a most sunny and splendid day. Loouna was waiting for the bus. She wasn't feeling good that day. The sun was heating-up the humid grounds and heated were the puddles along with the variety of souls moving or standing everywhere for the water they were holding. Through the vapours of these souls living their secrets in a most secretive way some dreams got carried away as they caught fire. Somebody in the bus fell asleep. The man's head was projecting now the start of something that he might have loved living if he wasn't doomed to a life of grey. Loouna was reading thoughts, seeing personal stories lifted up in the air in all those vapours. As the bus was approaching another stop she took a spontaneous decision: she wanted to be free to live her life the perfect ways, the most elegant and graceful ways possible. She descended the bus leaving behind, for whoever might have noticed, her personal vapours spent for no eye to see: *"Not for me, this world of cold greys where I can be nothing more than a ghost; ... that ghost of a wish for the one I wish to become."* Her heart was telling her to run so, she realised she had to pace herself again. No, she couldn't take it anymore. She had to change something: the air, the people... her own perception of things and human beings.

So, she descended before her stop deciding to walk a little and change the spirit; the energy of children was much better - a thousand times better. Parents and little children playing under the sun, kids joking or fooling around in funny fashions and a few artists showing on the streets a little of what they have to offer, a bit of who and what they are; a young man reading a book, an old soul contemplating the young souls or nature itself; a photographer, a teacher and all the legends history can speak better of! There was history of arts moving on high heels, the one of mythology and legends taking the sneakers on, history of literature and philosophy deciding for a ballerina-pair-of-shoes, psychology and mathematics going for the proper model, one that's the perfect fit for the foot. She could see all of them, up in the air, floating and inspiring one another, taking possession of their favourite souls, finding their preferable bodies to adjust a mind to and be adjusted or changed by. Among them the image of a little girl trapped in the dark room of a dungeon. *'I used to be a princess! What happened? Where did I do wrong? Was I a princess for too long? Was my story repeating brilliantly for too many times? How will I lead a life in that room, forever trapped, sentenced to perdition.'* The vision collapsed. Loouna was taking breaths of fresh air insatiably drinking the stories to feed her inner-self with as much as her notebooks. She had to hurry-up. She had piano lessons to attend first, then maths. Both her choices were good even if sometimes mathematics felt too cruel a

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