

MARIETA MAGLÁS

PROMETHEUS



Marieta Maglas

Prometheus

"A woman knows the face of the man she loves as a sailor knows the open sea." Honore de Balzac I dedicate this book to my readers.

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Chapter 1

Alexander

I've opened the door. You came to me in the middle of the night. You came like a king, walking slowly through the darkness towards the outside. Your eyes sparkled like two dazzling emeralds. I loved your feline eyes in that darkness, as indomitable as those of a tiger. Your eyes were gentle like the eyes of a child at the same time. You didn't say anything. You never told me anything important. Only when you entered our own secret places, well known secret places of the body, there you told me everything. Therefore, I didn't ask you anything. I invited you to eat. You ate unleavened bread and you drank a cup of wine. Then you laid on the bed. I had a bed in the next room. The white bed litter was sprinkled with oil of lavender. You just fell asleep, or it seemed to me to be so. I thought you were asleep but you were too tired to sleep. Then I opened the window. It was raining outside. I felt the breeze on my face and in my nostrils. I tasted the rain on my lips and I felt it on my tongue. I crouched in a corner of the room. An old song was played on the radio. The singer sang his love song. The timbre of the singer's voice was like yours. I felt protected and loved. The timbre of his voice seemingly vibrated farther, into a hole. An invisible space opened up inside me and you slowly filled it with your love. Suddenly, I heard you playing the guitar. I turned off the radio. "Why don't you sleep?" I asked him. "I think a little bit more seriously than before about our relationship. Promise me that you will never leave me. " "Why should I leave you? I love you. ' "I cannot live without you. " " I will never leave you. I cannot live without you, too. "

The fire was burning in the fireplace. The fire was burning down for the night, and the damper remained open to allow the smoke to vent. The flames danced their shadows in the darkness on the white walls. I wanted to sleep peacefully in your arms. I found myself in your arms. I needed to feel your touch all around and I needed to hear your voice. When we were both about to fall asleep, I wanted to sleep extremely close to you like the first day we made love, listening to the rain. No one has ever made me feel so special. I closed my eyes again. I thought I slept a little when I felt you gaze upon me, I felt your lips on my hair, and I felt your warm hand touching my hand. You played thoughtfully with my fingers for a few moments. I suddenly felt that you've slipped a ring on my finger with a very gentle movement. I didn't know why you pressed the stone with your finger. I fell asleep immediately. I felt you in my dream. You were still there. You were like a child. Love seemed to be the same as yesterday. It seemed to be like playing a shuffle beat on your guitar.

It seemed like a foggy vacation. I could not see you clearly enough but it was you, my dream man, the man of my dreams, the man I love and the love of my man at the same time, entering my life and changing it forever. The flames worm into deep curves with the passing darkness, forming a deep depression of an empty space on the walls. From time to time, they vibrated their redness. In my dream I saw your dynamic shadow projected on the wall. They became one single image, simultaneously moving up and down, retaining themselves in some kind of manifested creative void. More specifically, they merged. This was the total end, for you and I understood this. You made me going crazy. I loved you and I would probably have done anything for you. I had got you and I anchored you in my own fecundity. I anchored you onto the earth.

Next, I breathed up all the fecundity and the vibrancy of the earth, inside and outside my physical being, clearly being filled with light. It was like an absorption; I felt the happiness filling me and I opened my eyes. You slipped inside me and I could feel you flowing slowly. We became one like two bodies in a single body at the same time, signing up the love cry mysticism of our feelings.

Suddenly, I felt the thrill of the eternity. Rays of love crept in and crept out again and they caught the shoulders of our souls. I felt the flow and the entwining of our merging souls. An internal vibration filled the space inside. It was like a Chopin sonata. We became only movement and emotion, movement and emotion. The heaven opened. No one else was more beautiful than you. I saw a child so much loved by God like no other child of this world. Your love hugged me tighter and snuggled more closer than ever before. You became my prince for eternity. We couldn't move our bodies any longer. It was our divine inheritance and our freedom. I felt that we no longer needed our bodies to make love. I felt that it was not a dream; I felt that it was the reality. I fell asleep next to you without dreaming anything. I felt safe with you. Standing behind me, I felt your sweet kisses. The mattress cradled you in comfort throughout the night. In the morning I looked for you and you were not there. I saw your shadow on the soft white bedding. It seemed to embrace the memory of my feelings. The perfume of your body dulled my sense. I thought you were gone as usual without saying anything. I turned on the radio and I heard the same song. Outside, the sun seemed to mash the sky with its shine. It was a typical spring day. I didn't know why there it seemed to be so much light around. Perhaps I felt the light supple and much more stronger than usual. I've never felt such a strong feeling. Again and again, I was waiting in my solitude. But I came out and you were there working

as a simple peasant. "I knew that you would stay in this 'guerrilla' forever," I said.

I could not remember if I told you or if I only intended to tell you this but it was less important. I entered the house. I went to the Child with His Mother Mary. So I bowed down and worshiped Him.

Chapter 2

The Dream House

The house sat on a mountain, providing a wide panoramic, picturesque image. There was a unique stepped roof garden creating some sloped ceiling lines. Inside of the house, there were our dramatic spaces.

This mountain house was designed by an architect who died, so the house was destined to be ours. All I could see was a cloudy meadow with fir trees in the Carpathian mountains. The clouds seemed to sweep the barren ridges of the mountains. I ate my breakfast and I kept looking around, being so worried that I might actually see something dangerous. I didn't find anything that could scare me in that area.

You entered the house. You had an edelweiss in your hand.

"I picked it up yesterday afternoon for you," you said. "And I brought you some goat milk. There is enough goat milk for your food. Sometimes people feel like crossing over a line of no return. So, I have that feeling with you now. If you drink milk, be kind and drink it for me too."

I took the enigmatic white flower and I put it into a vase.

"A beautiful flower for your free beautiful lips which stab me from time to time with words. I kissed you with all the words I had, don't forget this."

You turned to me and said again, "I'm the man. I have slipped a few words on the tongue, that's my mistake."

There were a few Belgian white rabbits in the courtyard and a baby deer. You took the gun and you went to hunt. You had taken a look at me before leaving. You had big blue tough eyes and your face was tensed. I never saw you being more serious than you were at that moment.

While you were away, I did the housework and I prepared the dinner. I prepared a steak with Parmesan butter, balsamic glaze, and arugula with grilled vegetables. I also made a dessert. Then I sat at my computer and started to write my article . I looked out the window and I saw an eagle rotating in flight .

I thought you were like Prometheus, chained to his rock, because you tried to change the mentality of the people for obtaining a change in their social status and it is almost impossible to do this.

In fact, the society will always be slowly changed and never abruptly modified. It's very hard to think that society will be changed without using the laws for doing this. I know that you think that people make the law. When the mentality of people changes ,the law changes too. And the society can be changed through this thinking. When people start to understand this, the society starts to change.

I thought of your inner fire which always burns stronger than usual, illuminating everything around; illuminating a petty and bizarre society where life unfolds for free according to a pattern. A society with no sudden or major changes, like a building supported on rotten poles which can collapse anytime. You were burning like

a torch. I understood from you that those principles of life must be changed in their essence.

I sat at the computer and started to write the article. I was an editor working for one local newspaper and I used to sign my articles with a pseudonym. I signed as Ella. My articles never appeared on the first page but they were read by many people. I began to write...

The Article

“Sometimes ,it is very important to know if you can or cannot get the same goals as your community ,especially when the personal attitude is not very important for them . When do people feel real hurt? Do we really need to destroy the feelings of the people around us and to hurt them for our own social goals? Maybe we must say the truth about these attitudes instead of glossing over them. When my goal is against the community and I have enough power to change the facts,all I get is a less powerful community. What have I done,in fact ? I've made myself powerless. And I reached a point where I am fully incapable to solve the problem.

Some people of the society are dreamers. Their dream can tell us exactly what needs to be changed in our life. We can change the attitudes we have in ourselves or in front of others, or we can change the people around us. The dream can also express a great goal. We know that dreams have the potential to change people for the rest of their lives. The inner change is always connected to the outer change.

Just asking people to change is complicated. Generally, the rational people have a positive response to all the incentives afforded in

their lives. They need to change their own lives and to increase their good behavior.

Sometimes people who embarked on changing their lives long time ago had already thrown in the towel because they didn't see or get the results they expected.

Becoming frustrated, they find that it is easier to give up than to face the challenge. The mind is always a very powerful entity. Sometimes people need to be perfect. But the perfection and the guilt that follow can keep most of them out from their real goals.

Consistency is the human aspect that can make or break their final solution. It is not about what they make or don't make in keeping them from reaching their goals, it is about what they consistently do or don't do .That will eventual get them to their goals. This is not perfection but progression toward the goals.

Sometimes we need to help others. By helping others I do believe we learn to help ourselves. When we empathize with others, we can gain a better understanding about who we are and what we can offer.

After I had finished the article,I had the desire to know which would be your reaction while reading it. I began to dream of my own life. I began to think of what others would say about me or about my own life. I had learned to cope with my new life reflecting about my dreams and gradually accepting your wishes. I had always dreamed of working at my own printing press but the time wasn't so right for me . I'm still waiting for the right time to take my destiny into my own hands.

Chapter 3

Alexander and Ella Met Michael

We often walked in the rain and we could not see anything else but umbrellas and hurried steps. "It is a town with rushing people, " you said.

"You cannot ever see anything on their face. Their eyes are always very rigid and they have tired lips. When they walk on the streets they look like doll-puppets straight out of shop windows. Sometimes they seem to be wax statues. "

"Yet, it is a place where nothing ever happens; nothing happens by pure chance either," I told him smiling. "Sometimes I ask myself how it might be to meet you on the street by chance, "you told me once."

"How would you have reacted?" you asked me.

"I don't know," I replied.

"I would have invited you for a coffee," you said.

"To talk about what?" I asked you smiling again. "About the stars!" you said. "Interesting!" I said looking right into your eyes. "Maybe it would have depended on the star I had chosen, "you said and caressed my hair." No, it depended on what you could have told me." I said.

"Everything and nothing at the same time!"You replied. I had already gazed at you when you tried to tell me everything, but you abstained from speaking. I felt that everything depended on my

words. You kissed me. It was like the first time, a sweet kiss. I felt a thrill. "I felt a thrill," you told me. "It's coming from our star," I replied. It was an escape from reality surrounding us and we slipped into the reality of living self. Suddenly, we became fugitives. We walked quietly on the street holding our hands.

Suddenly, we stopped and we turned around to look at the theater. With screen venues in the surrounding area, the theater became an enormous building housing many professional offices. Even if it had a modern extension, the building was a listed historic monument and the original building facade, the entry foyer and the saloon on the first floor had to be preserved. There were some announcements informing the people that the theater operates on Friday and Saturday nights only with two showings plus a Sunday afternoon matinee.

The auditorium had a capacity of five hundred seats and an indirect lighting for the foyer and the lobby. The flooring in the lobby was a terrazzo composition and the seats were made of green plush upholstery. The drapes around the proscenium of the stage were made of green velvet. "You work in a wonderful place. Someday you will be a great actor, Alexander!" I told him.

Suddenly, we heard a voice behind us. It was Michael, our friend. "Hello, how are you?" Alexander asked him. They shook hands. Michael was an actor just like Alexander. "Let's drink some coffee somewhere," Michael said. We entered the cafe, and we sat on the corner near the window. The bartender brought us the coffee.

She was wearing a short black skirt and a low-cut white blouse. Michael and Alexander started a conversation." The theater has always been created for a sacred purpose, usually for a myth or a

sacred story," Michael said. "Yes!" Alexander said. "The theater has always been created for a ritual; it had to incorporate elements of invocation and purification or it could mean nothing."

"I agree with you about the myth," Michael said. "By the way, try to think of the myth of Sisyphus where the human condition is basically meaningless. We are human beings with meaningless lives trying to understand the universe. But the explanation of the universe is beyond its reach and this is the reason for seeing this world so absurd, because people think that they know the universe" Alexander tried to explain.

"Try to understand why the sense of the bewilderment and the anxiety is conveyed in an inexplicable universe sometimes," Michael continued. "We don't have a suitable acting elemental play yet. When I see one, I will begin to think of the absurd theater."

"Most of the plays in which our actors play need motivated characters." Michael seemed to be very thoughtful. "What can you say about the play when the dialogue degenerates into a meaningless babble?" I said smiling. Michael laughed.

"They start the dialogue at an arbitrary point and seem to end it in the same arbitrary way. The play turns into a scandal."

"The play must be understood and played with the performing actors but, because we don't have good actors, it becomes much more a buffoonery than a real play," I said. "An anti-theater!" Alexander said, smiling. "Ha, ha," Michael laughed again. Michael left them wanting to return home.

Chapter 4

Michael and Nora Have Problems with Their Family Responsibilities

Michael and Nora lived in a luxurious apartment, a combination of two outstanding luxurious Florence properties. This bi-level apartment had some interior stairs and an elevator. It was newly renovated and upgraded with contemporary furnishings. It had a living room and a dining room where the generously floor plan sparkled with style. The gleaming parquet floors, the floor-to-ceiling French windows and its marvelous stone fireplace made this superb space to be amazing. In the evening, the sofas and the comfortable stylish chairs made the fireplace to be a real delight. The apartment had a view onto the magnificent courtyard situated below the building. The kitchen was fully equipped with a range, two microwaves, a big dishwasher, an enormous refrigerator, a modern coffee machine, two tea kettles, a toaster, all cutlery, pots, pans, kitchen utensils, and everything that was necessary for a family. The bedroom was charming and nicely furnished with two single beds which could be assembled to form a queen-size one. The other bedroom had two large single beds which could be turned into a king-size one. Michael and Nora lived there with Mary, their daughter.

Nora was a dentist. Her husband, Michael, was a very tall man having very black round eyes. His hair was always very dry and unmanageable. Looking at his round face for the first time, everyone could say that he had passed through many negative experiences in his life. Going through problems in his life, he

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