

Le Grand Amour

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A Universe of Love

Metha Metharom

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Le Grand Amour – M. Metharom

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## Love Stone

### A Tetralogy of Love

#### The Rock Samurai and the Wind Maiden

*Even an immovable rock will be shifted by the caress of a gentle wind" –Metha Metharom*

**T**his is the story of love, a love which cannot be broken by any sort of intervention.

**O**n a lonely beach sits a huge boulder, surrounded by rocks, and sand, it faces the sea, with a huge cliff standing behind it. For a human it would have been a lonely life but for a rock it was the life.

**U**nlike any other boulder it could think, it was sentient, it had become so like anything that has survived the test of time. In its mind it wishes for nothing else, nothing but the caress of the wind, which soothes its cracks and wounds, cooling its surfaces from the ever hot sun. Its enjoyment from the wind also too was that the wind would tell it stories of far lands and places.

**T**he wind too, its only companion, who too has been around for a long time has become sentient. It likes to travel, without any place to go but for some reason it always feel the need to come back to the lonely boulder that sits in front of a cliff face. It loves the smoothness and calmness that the

boulder offers, but what it would really like to do was to become a human, for it has seen these people smiling and laughing in their delight as they meet new things. Though limited by their bodies, it only seems to make them happier, so it wishes to become human.

**A**s time passes by the heaven becomes sympathetic to the wind, and granted its wishes but that leaves the boulder to itself alone facing away from the cliff face, saddened by the loss but happy for the wind.

**T**he Wind Maiden who now was reborn as a human became a maiden of beauty. Her personality and delightfulness attracted many a suitor. As a human she is a daughter of a silk

merchant who travels far and wide. Her pursuit of happiness was in the arts; her main interest was sculpting, for some reason this is so because she enjoys touching the surface of the rock and to chisel slowly away its roughness to reveal its true form. It was a strange thing because she was never once taught in this art.

**O**ne day while travelling the high seas with her father and one of her many suitors, her boat suddenly hit an outcrop which brought the ship to a stop. As the crewmen scurry about trying to fix the boat, she and her father go on a row boat to look for food and water. As they row the boat, they came on a deserted beach. On it was a huge boulder, with many cracks, and wounds, burnt down by the sun, but aside from

that it stood stronger than any man she has known. It was love at first sight.

**O**n her insistence, she persuaded her father to get the crew to help get it back on the ship so she could bring out its true form. As their ship was repaired they continued on their way home.

**O**nce she got back her only thought was to carve her new boulder into a form worth admiring straight away. In her travels she had found a culture that deeply attracted her, the culture that has many honours and bravery attached to it. Within that culture were warriors known as Samurais, and within this huge rock she saw a brave and handsome Samurai who could

face all kinds of hardship without being broken.

**I**nto him she carved, all day all night, for many weeks on end ignorant of all things surrounding her, until the perfect Samurai was formed.

**L**ike all her carvings she would set it in the studio coming back to and fro to check on it, but for some reason she felt that this Samurai was not happy where it was, so she set it in the garden.

**O**ne of her suitors, a man of great standing, one she too found strong and powerful had noticed that she longer paid him any mind but only has eyes for the rock Samurai.

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