

Chloe's fairytale

It was getting late...Sir Klondike noticed that his listeners were hardly keeping their eyes open and their little heads were searching for a place to rest. Some were leaning on a nearby shoulder, some on a rock or tree, some by fixing their chin in their stubborn hands and dropping swiftly when sleep was catching them by surprise. However, their voices were still loud while begging him to continue the stories, there was no time to stop. Sir Klondike decided though to postpone his last story and told the kids he couldn't remember the ending so they will have to wait until next day. With sad faces, the kids cuddled into each other by the fire and finally gave in to a comforting sleep.

Only one child remained to fight with the fatigue. She just wouldn't give up. She needs to hear the next story.

Sir Klondike came to her and asked while petting her tiny head

-What is the matter my dear Chloe? Are you not tired? It has been a long day and all the other children went to sleep. Why are you still here?

-I want to hear the next story....

-My dear, patience is a wonderful and useful tool...you must start learning how to use it.

-I know, I have been told this before...unfortunately I must have been passed by when patience was scattered in the world otherwise, I can't explain...I need to hear the next story. I promise I won't tell the other kids...please

-Oh little Chloe, what am I going to do with you...tell you what.... this story , the last one was not told yet, nor thought yet or dreamed yet. I must prepare it for when the kids wake up but there is plenty of time until then. What do you say we talk about why you are here....

-Why am I here?

-Yes, must be a reason.

-Well yes, there must be...

-So...

-So what?

-So what is the reason you are here?

-aaah...I think I know.

-Great, please share it with me.

-I am sharing with you.

-When?

-I just did.

-You just did? I'm sorry my dear. I must have missed it. You know I am old, forget things, maybe my ears don't help anymore or my eyes lie to me. Please explain it to me again.

-Alright my kind Sir...I am here because I know. I already told you this a minute ago. But ok you are old, ears, eyes...understandable.

-Chloe darling I think I need to go find a shelter for my head and give it a good resting sleep because I don't understand.

Let me start my story than, and not interrupt me with so many questions, she said with snappy but funny voice.

Sir Klondike wanted to burst into a good laugh hearing this cheeky little lady scolding him, but forced himself to stop, fearing he might endanger the start of her story. He was now in the position of the impatient kid in the audience. What an unexpected twist.

He smiled with his eyes, draw a reverence with his hand in the air and invited Chloe to present her story.

Well dear Sir...and then she stopped...you must be prepared that I don't know how to tell stories. Your stories are so wonderful and all the words draw perfect images in my head that I fear my story will bore you terribly... but nevertheless I want to share with you the most important thing I know...

Ok. So It all happened some years ago, just before my grandmother died. I have not told you this before, but she was the one who raised me since I was very little. She was the purest and kindest person in the whole world and filled my very first years with love, care but also with amazing stories. So just before she passed away, she called me to her and said: Chloe my sweet child, I must make you ready for what will happen and I must tell you the most important thing I know. It will help you grow strong when I will not be by your side, it will take your steps on the right path, and it is a story from the beginning of time...

I took her hand into mine and held it with strong grip fearing she will slip away and I will lose her forever.

... It was the moment it all started ,she said softly.. It was the moment when time begin to drip and space started to expand. First creatures from simple to advance were carefully made and brought in the different places from different worlds. All rules were in place all laws instated. It was beginning of the Game.

There was Somebody of course who made sure all was running well. It took him longer than anybody could grasp, to conceive this event. Maybe billions of years or billions of billions of years or much more. This is not known but also of little importance.

He made it ,and finally it was all taking its course under his watchful eye. The Suns were in place, the stars were moving, the energy was not too much but also not too little. the forces were keeping everything together...and the creatures. yes the creatures. These were the true challenge he faced. It took him twice than making a Sun to create one little ladybird. How silly but yet how perfect it came out at the end.

He was content. He had thought of everything to its littlest detail.

And yet...not.

There was a restless thought that made its way to His superior mind. A formula that didn't add up. A tick, which was not following the right rhythm...

He didn't know what it was. Time was passing. He could not stop it anymore once it let it burst.

But what was it? Why can't he enjoy his perfection? Why there's a seed of doubt in his thought.

He looked over and over again to the worlds, to its creatures. He felt that there must be the clue to its distress. However, no idea.

People were living their lives, looked happy, looked busy. He put in some intelligent minds to pull them ahead, he put some beautiful ones to touch their innocent souls...he put...and then it hit him. Like a collision of stars, like the birth of a new planet. It hit him. The missing link. The missing dot, the last shade of the brush on a painting...The creatures, they had been given life but...not a soul. How could he have missed that? There was no excuse.

He felt like going mad and run across time and space, moved back and forth and changed event and moved sequences. He rewrote laws from the beginning, he shut down stars and created new worlds but could not find a way to slip fire inside its creatures. They were simple moving pieces and when he stopped his touch, they stopped moving.

There was no chance to rewrite everything and the world was impossible to survive without this "soul ingredient". He had condemned to death everything from its first twitch of life and now he must witness how all goes back in the darkness.

Time went by, must have been millions of years. some moments he was going back to switch on the light and start a new day in the world but some days he was too tired to keep it running so let darkness take over. Lights up -lights down, noise followed by silence, silence followed by rustling, rustling followed by nothingness.

He had to make a decision, he had no more time to give, his energy was coming to its end. He had to decide either pull out the plug and end it all, right then and there or... DIE.

I know what you think. He was The Maker of all things. You are probably asking yourself what kind of silly thought for him to imagine dying. He is the one with no beginning and no end, dying is not an option, but still, what was he thinking by that?

His thought was... to "die" himself in his creatures. This idea stroke him in a flash of a second and it took only a another instant flash to burst out, explode in an infinite amount of particles and fall in all living creatures like a cooling rain on a hot summer ground. He was no longer above his creation he was now inside, as part and as scattered soul. He was the last ingredient and could not have given it in a different way.

My grandmother looked at me for the last time and I felt that infinite particle crossing my entire being. We are all connected, she said with a dim voice...and we all live with the same soul. When someone becomes aware that they feel another person it means two particles united. Now you understand that I am and always be part of you and you will feel everything with more intensity.

This, kind Sir, was her last and most important story. I took it with me and begun my journey in the world. This is what I know and this is what I would like more people to know that each of us is a piece of one single original soul. Love is just the signal, the Earthly translation that 2 particles found their way back and connected to each other.

Sir Klondike was leaning against an old Oak tree, he was long asleep when little Chloe was passionately explaining her knowing. She looked at him with loving eyes and covered him with a blanket. She realised he did not hear her. But it's ok. He will someday. There is time. Now there is time.