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FAIRY TALES FROM MILA

THE LAMENT OF TEUTATES



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«Издательские решения»

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The Lament of Teutates / Fairy Tales From Mila — «Издательские решения»,

In the magical land of Shamash, a sad but enlightening story unfolds. People have forgotten their purpose, and their minds are haunted by the shadows of the past, searching for healing where there is none. Only Tevtat, the keeper of truth, knows the secret: it is not the bodies that need healing, but the minds. «The Lament of Tevtat» is a tale about the importance of remembering who you are and seeking the truth within the labyrinths of your own consciousness.

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“And you will know the truth, and the truth
will set you free.”

The Gospel of John.

Hello, my dear readers!

Today I want to tell a story about the world of Shamash and the legend of the sphinx Teutata. Of course, you will remember from my previous fairy tales that Levi and his dog Barbos communicate with the help of thought and live in the glorious city of Rostov-on-Don.

Nothing much had happened in their lives since their last adventure on the planet Mara. Levi finished first grade and was on vacation. Barbos walked a lot, watched cartoons and secretly dreamed of new magical events. When you really want something, then it necessarily happens. Angels in heaven are kind creatures and always respond to the whisper of prayers. And for Barbos this long-awaited day came. The sky responded to his desire.

Let me remind you that Rostov-on-Don stands on the Don River, and in the neighborhood is a bowl-shaped island, which is called Green. This piece of land enjoys a special fame among the townspeople. On the left side of the island there are children's camps and recreation centers, but on the right side of the island there are children's camps.... The right side of the island smells of magic, and no matter how hard people tried to settle it, nothing worked: it was as if the spirit of Green decided not to give this part of the earth to humanity. It was rumored that witches and warlocks held a party there at night, their sacred rituals. The goblin and the kikumora dance around the campfire. And someone even heard the singing of mermaids.

All these stories fueled the curiosity of Levia and Barbosa, and they decided to personally explore the legendary island. After crossing the pontoon bridge that connects the mainland with Green, they followed the central paved road, turned right, and found themselves in a dense forest.

The tree trunks were grotesquely shaped, and the petrified roots wriggled like snakes around the children's feet. The condition was alarming.

“Maybe we should go for a walk on the left side,” Watchdog suggested.

“Are you scared?” Levi smiled.

— There at least smells of a living soul, but here I feel my eyes, but I don't see anyone.

The dog's skin crawled at that, and he shook his pelt as if it would help throw off someone else's attention. But the man was completely calm and did not feel any particular tension from the “invisible masters”.

“Don't worry, we'll go to the river, swim and walk on the other side,” he playfully winked at his friend.

But the four-legged did not calm down at all, on the contrary, he stopped, and his fur stood on end, like a frightened cat, just not to snarled. Levi followed his friend's gaze, which was filled with horror.

A thick fog was coming at them, and it was moving so fast that it looked like it was late for a long-awaited meeting with the guys.

— Watchdog, calm down — — the boy consoled — — well, the fog is running towards us, it happens near the water.

The white haze quickly overtook the travelers, but they, too, continued to walk along the petrified roots of the trees, and the branches clung to their bodies.

Making their way through the impenetrable haze, the guys lost sight of each other.

— Watchdog! Levi shouted.

“Levi!” came the reply from his friend, as if from the clouds.

The schoolboy did not have time to think about this strange wandering of the sound, because he came to a green meadow with a trimmed, like on a well-groomed lawn, grass. Nearby stood a dog with an expression of bewilderment on a cute muzzle. Somewhere nearby the river murmured, and they headed to the water. Approaching the source of noise, both realized that it was not the Don-father. The stream was narrower, shallower, and decidedly younger.

— Are we in Don’s childhood?” Watchdog said slowly, thoughtfully.

“Let’s go take a look around,” the boy suggested without answering the question.

They walked across the lawn, crushing the clipped grass mercilessly.

The travelers came out to an oak grove in the shape of a semicircle. Trunk to trunk, crown to crown — like loyal lookouts protecting from the ravine. And guarded these the green guards had a rich feast.

In a beautiful meadow fragrant with flowers and herbs, there was a long table like an anaconda, covered with a white tablecloth embroidered with gold.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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