

# Forest Breeze

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# Forest Breeze

In 1783, a fir-cone fell off a twig. A squirrel was jumping to it. The strong sun of spring brushed through the fur. Yes, it is spring, the birds are singing in a beautiful harmony. The birds are flying all over the forest, wearing their shiniest colors. All the colors are splendid. It's a splendid composition of colors. All the forest is colored in different shades of brown, with green spots everywhere starting to grow. And here and there is the clear blue of the sky showing.

This quiet peace is the world of Beth. Her mother has sent her to take some water. So Beth is wandering through this forest. It's such a peaceful forest, that even the deer doesn't run away, when Beth comes along. The river is small and curved, as it flows between the trees. The water is so clear, that Beth sees fishes swimming in it. She sits down and fills the bucket with water. As she is finished, she looks into the bucket. And her face is mirrored in the water. Her face is surrounded by beautiful, long and dark hair. It has the fine smell of pine oil. The dark contrast of her hair make the blue of her eyes appear even deeper. Her eyes give the sight deep into her soul. If a guy would look straight into her eyes, a magic spell would lie on him, and he was unable to look away. But there was nobody except her mother. Beth and her mother were living alone, drawn apart from other people. Her mother had never wanted to talk about it. So all Beth could do, was to think and dream, how it would be to be among other people. When ever, she sat at down at the river, she was thinking, that somewhere down the river should be a town. A place, where you have a lot of people.

Beth started dreaming, she rolled on her back and lay down on the grass at the river. The sun was warming her skin. It was such a sensual joy, that goose pimples were showering her body. They started at her love spending hands and run up her arms and down her body. And it finally resembled on the top of her head, giving it a relaxing massage. Then a cool breeze made her shiver. And the sun started to warm her again.

Suddenly, there was a blop. Beth stopped breathing, to hear better. There were the usual sounds, nothing special to hear. Then there was another blop. Beth stood up and looked

around her. Something small was flying into her buckle and made another blop. As Beth bent over, she could see, that there were three cranberries in her buckle. This was definitely something strange. Another cranberry dropped into her buckle. The cranberries seemed to come from the forrest. So Beth went there eager to find out, what it was. After a fruitless search, she went back to go home.

What a surprise, at the place, she was lying prior, the grass was still flat, was lying a piece of paper. Beth took it and read:

Dear forest girl,

I have seen you once. You are so beautiful. None of the girls in my village is nearly as beautiful as you. But I was afraid. My father told me, that there is a witch living in the forest. And who ever she sees, she will turn the person into a bird. So I run away.

From that very day, I couldn't sleep any more without dreaming about you. When I lay sleepless on my bed at night, I thought about you. Maybe there is another woman in the forest, and she is the witch. So I went back to the place at the river, where I have seen you.

And there you have been brushing your beautiful, long hair. I wanted to touch it, but I was afraid. When you had left, I went, where you have been sitting, and I found a hair of you. I took it, and it became my most valuable treasure.

I wished, I could know your name.

Alex

A tear rolled down the cheek of Beth. The first time in her life, there was some other person.

"Show up, where are you. -Please ----- PLEASE."

A big something flew from behind a bush into the bucket. And Beth started to run to the bush. But a voice shouted:

"Stop! Don't come any closer!"

"Why? Why?"

"Maybe you are a witch, and I have to kill you, before you turn into a witch."

She was so close to another person, she had dreamed and thought about, and now, she couldn't come. She started to cry and tears rolled down her face. There was silence.

"My father told me, that witches can not cry. So you can't be a witch."

A red face rose behind the bush. Beth looked at him with big eyes. He looked so different than her mother or herself.

"I'm so sorry, what have I done to you, you are crying."

"My mother told me, when ever you make somebody cry, you have to clear his tears."

The guy walked slowly and insecure to Beth. His arm reached out and touched her cheek. And the hand glided slowly down. The touch was so different from her mothers'. It was so gentle and soft. And the skin didn't scratch like her mother's die, because she has to work hard with her hand.

He looked into her eyes, and like a spell went on him, he was captured.

She wondered, how his cheek would feel. She touched his cheek. And it was really soft.

After long moments of cheek caressing, Beth asked:

"What is this thing, you have thrown?"

"It is an orange. My brother brought it from the south. I show you how to eat it. It tastes great."

And he peeled the skin of the orange and placed one slice between his lips.

"Now take half of it!" he invited her.

She wanted to take it in her hand.

"No! No! You have to take it with your mouth."

Beth bent forward and could smell the sweat orange. As she bit, her lips touched his. It was a strong sensation, she never experienced before. It felt so good. Her eyes closed, as the moment stretched to eternity. A feeling, like she had left the world and entered a new one controlled her. Her body seemed to be weightless. She didn't see anything or heard anything. There was only this new and unique feeling and emotion. Words can't describe this, because it is from another world. A world, which has nothing in common with this world, not even words.

Suddenly, it struck her, like a thunder lightning out of the blue sky. A lot of time must have passed. And her mother was very worried when ever she was late. So she rose up and wanted to leave Alex. He insisted to carry the heavy water bucket for her. When her house was in sight, she decided, that alex should leave her, because her mother didn't like other people and she would be angry.

Her mother had already finished the dinner. After it was finished, her mother looked firmly at her. She seemed to evaluate her.

"Beth, you have hardly ate something."

The face wrinkled in sorrow.

"Are you sick?"

An easy smile flashed her face.

"Maybe you are love sick!"

Her eyes started to gloom of happiness.

"Nah, there can not be somebody. - I remember, the first time, I fell in love. It was the best time in my life. I think, I cannot hide anymore, what is love and why we are her.....

..... When I have been young, I was as beautiful as you are now...."

The door crashed open and a huge man was standing in the door with a torch in his hand, shouting:

"There are the two witches."

Beth was stunned to death, unable to move. Her mother jumped up and grabbed for the axe. A second man with a whip ran into the house. The whip hit the hand of her mother holding the axe with a sharp bang. The skin broke. Blood sprinkled on the floor. Her mother screamed in pain. The axe fell down. And everything went dark and black around her.

A quick and rhythmic bumping waked Beth. She opened her eyes in terror. The trees were moving. And she was sitting on a horse, in the arms of Alex.

"What happened? What?"

"We are trying to escape from my people. They have killed your mother."

"What? How? Help me!"

"After I went home, I told my brother about you. He told it to my father, who called all the village for a witch hunt. They searched for your house. After they had stormed it, you lost your consciousness. You and your mother were carried to the village. They tortured your mother and finally burned her. I was afraid, that they will go for you now. So I stole a horse and freed you. I hope we make it to the big town down the river. There are so many people, that they can't find us."

The fear silenced us. As Beth sat on the horse, and could do nothing else than hold tight on Alex, she felt his strong muscles being tensed and warm. The night was cold. And Alex was wonderful warm. She pressed herself into Alex to be covered by his warmth. She smelled his sweat and he felt strongly attracted to it. This was Alex, and she loved every part of him. So close to him, she felt relaxed, good and safe. The rhythmic bumps of the horse rocked her to sleep. The breathing of Alex and his heartbeat were her lullaby.

Her dream started to turn bright. She opened her eyes. The sun was rising. She couldn't see much, because it was foggy. The sky was red because of the rising sun. It seemed to her that the blood of her mother had turned the sky red. Memories of her mother turned in her mind and she started to cry. Alex wiped her tears of her cheek. And Beth remembered the orange and how she moved to another world. She wanted to escape this world. So she touched his

lips with her ones. There was the sensation again.

She stopped, as they reached the ferry over the river to the big town. On the ferry, Alex fell asleep. His head was resting on her thighs. He had curly hair. And she liked to caress it.

They arrived at the other site of the river. The town in sight. What a shock: The men of the village were already waiting for them. The ugly man, who had broken the door. The brutal man, who had whipped her mother. Alex jumped up from his sleep.

After a few seconds, Beth and Alex hugged each other strong and didn't release. They decided to go to death together.

The village men were astonished, that they couldn't separate Beth and Alex. The strongest man of them couldn't do it. They tied two horses to them. But even the horses failed.

Then the priest decided, that this was an extraordinary strong witch. If she was killed, her soul would wander on earth and do a lot of evil. She has to be buried alive, that her soul is trapped in the grave. The simple village man did so.

Of course, Beth was not a witch and she died together with Alex a miserable death. But the priest was somewhat true. The exceptional love of Beth and Alex is still at the place and influences the people who go to the place.

The big town is Manhattan. And nowadays there is a bar in this special place of love. It is called Neon Lounge. And guys like to copy the scene at the river. They take a glass of really clear water, which is vodka and add cranberry juice and orange juice. Finally they take the orange and show the girl how to eat it.

This magical ritual is called forest breeze in the memory of the forest breeze at the river, and will give strong love to them.

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