



The magic whisper of the children

This is a story set in a remote place where children, guided by the innocence and their desire to dream, star in a journey through the alchemical worlds without knowing it. Their innocence will be the protagonist and the main axis of this story.

*“In our hearts we all have a gentleman full
of courage, who is always ready to go on a
journey again.”*

- Gianni Rodari -

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Title: The magic whisper of the children

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Translated by Michael Müller

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Thanks.

The idea for this story was suggested to me a long, long time ago, in a place where the sun and my smiles stopped dancing. With great delicacy I treasured that story until I was able to give life to all the characters illuminated by their smiles and their blessed innocence.

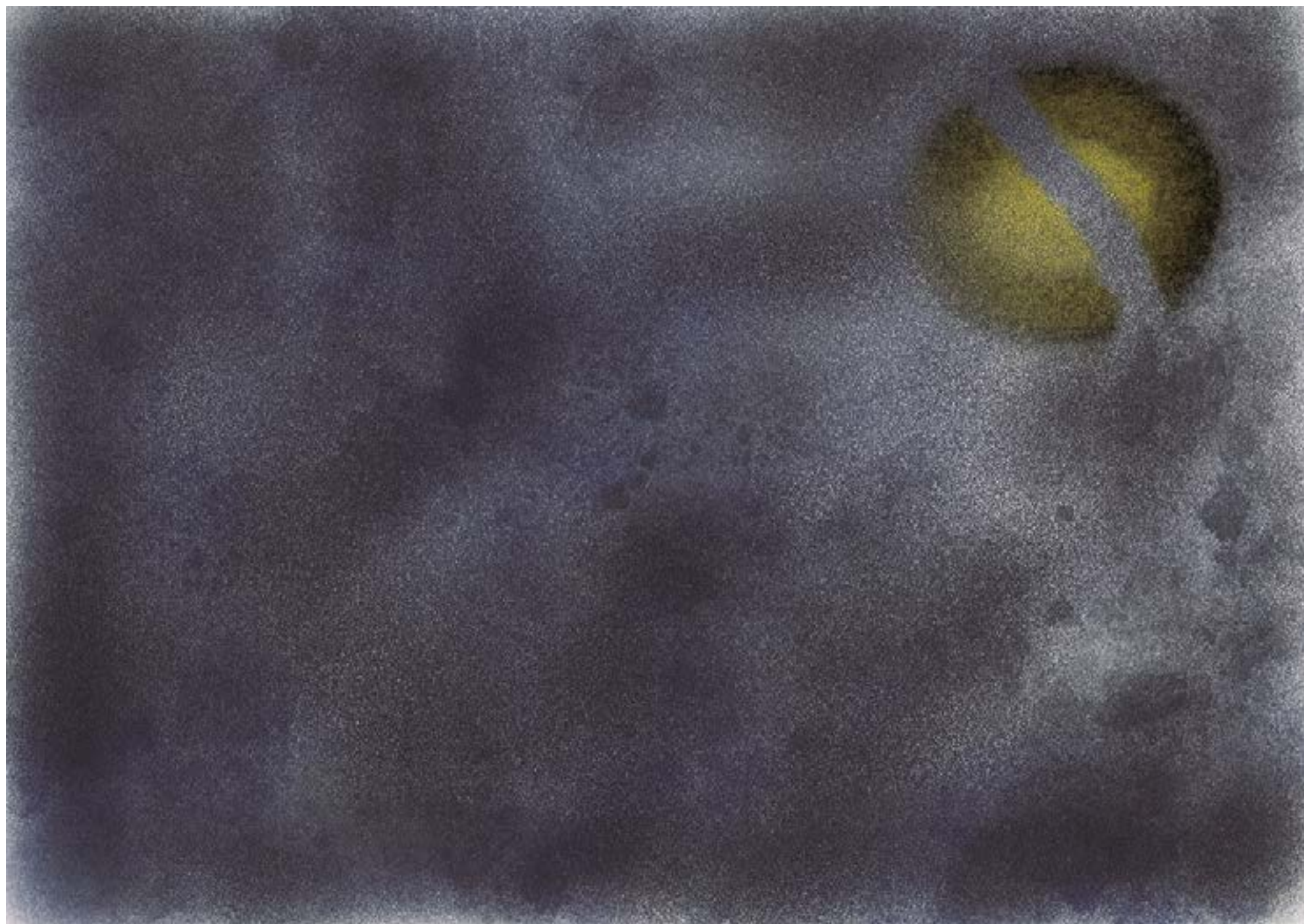
Dedicated to: Sh, Li, Ha, Pa, Ch, Le and Lu.



The magic whisper of the children

This is a story set in a remote place where children, guided by the innocence and their desire to dream, star in a journey through the alchemical worlds without knowing it. Their innocence will be the protagonist and the main axis of this story.

What I'm going to tell you happened a long, long time ago, in a place where the sun and the children's smiles danced happily until one unexpected day, while they were playing, everything was dyed gray, the sun split in two and the four seasons disappeared. Since then the children's smiles stopped shining and they also stopped dreaming.



For a long, long time, sadness invaded the hearts of all its people. One of those sad mornings the children decided to go see a beautiful and wise old woman who lived near their small town. They wanted to ask him if he had ever known the colors and the smiles, they wanted to know where the sun was and all the flowers in this world. Their curiosity led them to that little abode and they decided to end their doubts.



The old woman waited for them and wore a red blanket that she hugged delicately. When the old woman was standing in front of them, they did not have time to ask, but they knew.

The fragile voice of that woman did not wait to clear the doubts of those children.

—Berbel, a dark evil wizard locked them in his castle,— she said sweetly, —they have been locked up there ever since.— But an ancient legend tells that when some child waters that garden with dew, the spell will be broken and again, the four seasons and all colors will shine again in this world.

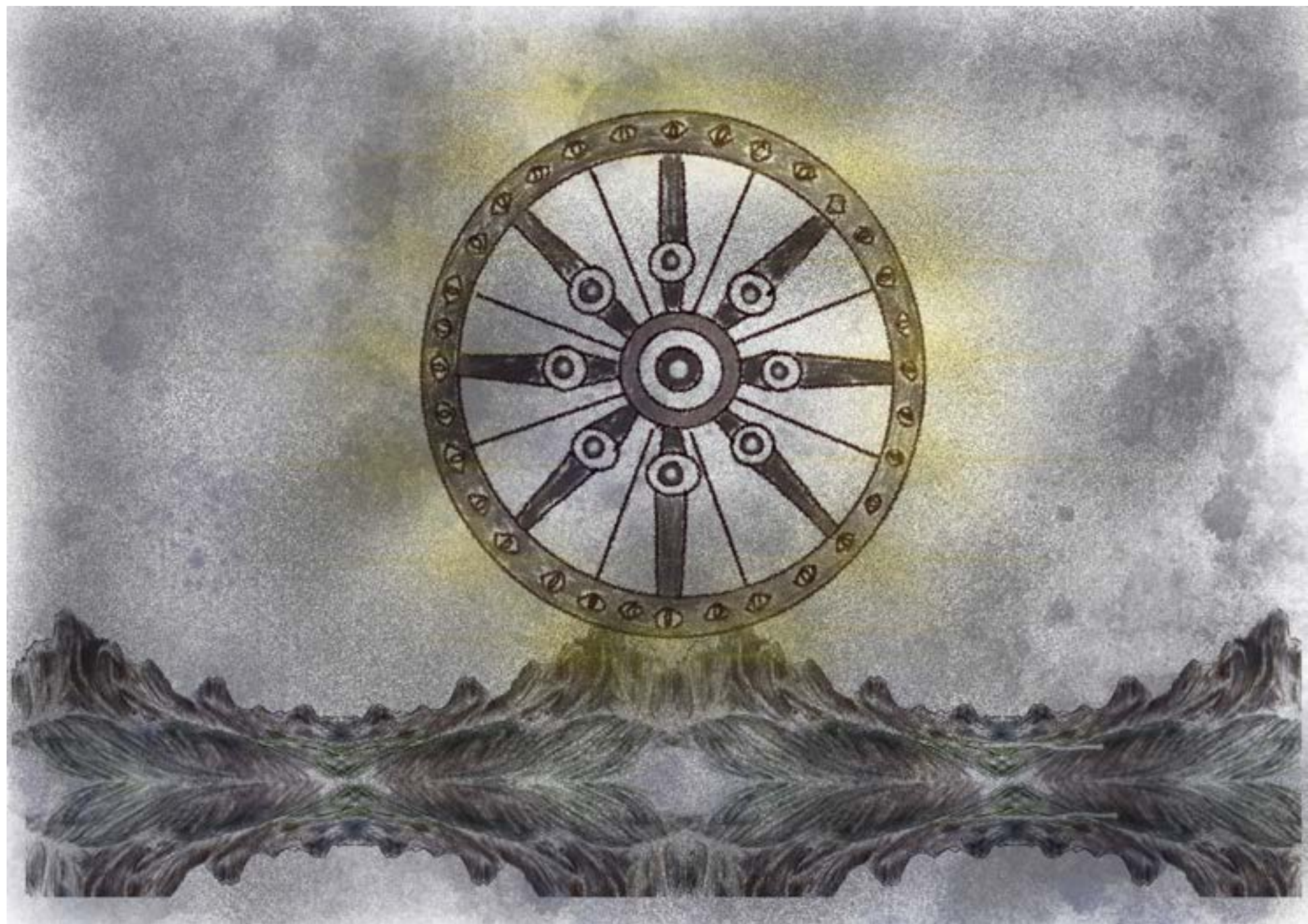
—And where will we find the garden of the invisible flowers and the dew water?— asked one of the children.

—Far from here,” replied the old woman,—in the land of cold. But before leaving you must find the wheel of a thousand eyes, it will help you find what you are looking for. Take this path ...



Not far from there they found a wheel-shaped mechanism, a gnawed, rusty iron structure that was gracefully adorned by the thousand eyes that outlined it. A thousand eyes that observed all the immensity of things, the infinity and the sadness of the place.

—I've never seen so many children before!— The wheel exclaimed.



Attracted by that strange contraption, they formed a circle around it, and then the first sounds were made to indicate that it was moving, picking up speed, and turning and turning. He did it in a way that all those eyes closed. All but one who, blinking, hinted at the path to follow.

Seven innocent souls on the way, bravely trying to free the stations from the clutches of Berbel. Seven noble souls disfiguring the darkness and embracing, in a noble and innocent way, an adventure that would change their lives forever.



They entered the forest and, on one of the ridges of those large pine trees, calm and expectant, a white-headed crow was watching them. One of those children approached the vigorous trunk of the tree and allowed himself to be carried away by the murmur of that strange-looking raven that, perched highly above, was contemplating the scene.

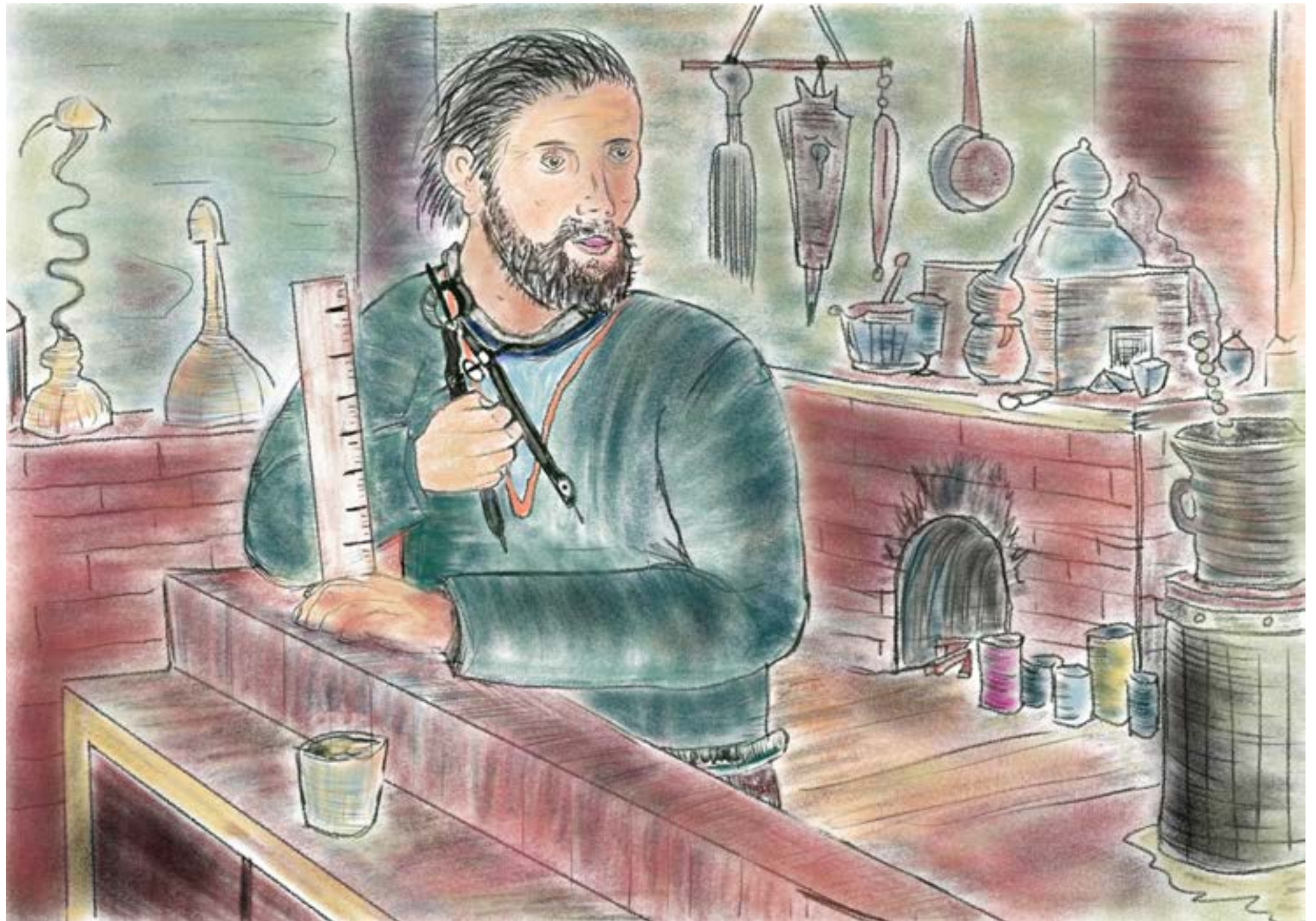


—Pay attention, dear children,— said the crow hoarsely from above—. Cross the trail until you reach an old emerald bridge, cross it and climb the red mountain. At its top you will find a cave where someone special lives.

And that was how it ended, spreading its great black wings and flapping them until it faded into the darkness of the sky.



When they finally reached the top, they found a man with an elusive gaze and surrounded by the strangest gadgets they could imagine. Fascinated by everything they were seeing there, they decided to ask him about all those pots. The man, almost undeterred, responded by taking one of those rules and the compass in a brave way and said: I am the man who measures the world! This puzzled the children and there was a silence that none wanted to break. And that was how the man, with one of those bars, pointed to a distant point in the sky. It was the brightest star in the entire sky and the one that would guide them.



The trip lasted a few days. They crossed the sea of sweets in a small boat, spotted the island that does not appear on the maps, the valley of the giant orange trees and the imposing seven-step curved staircase that would lead them to a wonderful place: The Golden Pond. Musical notes began to sound from its depths, which immediately caught the children. Attracted by the beauty of those notes they approached their shore and the reflection of a slender female figure was drawn on its waters. The figure did not hesitate to show them something very special: a luminous sphere that he carried in his transparent hands.

—You see? —Asked the woman in a sweet way—, If you are able not to lose your innocence, the music of the spheres will accompany you on your adventure. Take the sphere and let it lead you to the land of dew.



A new valley discovered the path by which those seven souls were suddenly surprised. Two radiant white figures, which in the distance contrasted with the gloomy darkness of those lands, drained, with great care and delicacy, the canvases tinged with dew. Those two twin ladies, connoisseurs of the spell, had preserved the place and since then collected the precious liquid, always at dawn and at very precise dates of the year. They were the holders of an ancient secret that they would finally make available to someone

—We were waiting for you— the two ladies said in unison.



There was an immediate silence, although in a timid way it was broken by the music produced by that sphere. Since it was given to them, those children had never stopped dreaming and captivating with their melodies and magic. The two ladies, now captivated too, knew with certainty that they must put their secret in the hands of those children. The work of a lifetime.

—Take this, it's the dew you'll need very soon,— the two ladies said in unison again. Now you must go, you have a hard way, although very soon that star will indicate your destination.

—And remember that as long as you can hear that music,— the two pointed to the sphere again—, your dreams will be alive.



They walked and walked until they could cross the pass of the pink mountains. They walked without ever losing sight of that star that accompanied them until the black river got in their way and something unexpected happened. Suddenly a freezing storm, like they had never seen before, froze the river, the mountains changed color and the star, which until then had drawn its adventure, stopped shining. They rushed in fear of the ferocity of the storm, seeking shelter anywhere to ward off their fierceness. Not far from there, the lights of a small wooden house on the other bank of the river appeared. They ran like they never had before, they crossed a twisted bridge that seemed to have no end and finally, almost at the edge of their forces, they found themselves in front of a sturdy wooden door that they knocked with all their might. Once, twice, three, four, and even five times, when it finally opened in a very slow way, without any rush. From inside, a bluish and enigmatic face appeared that welcomed them, but did not attend. They rushed into the house in a rush and soon swarmed around an old wood stove. The man gave them something to eat and waited for them to quench their hunger and warm up. Finally, the bluish face decided to articulate words that were not at all new to those children.



—I have been waiting for you for some time,— said the blue man, — the music of the spheres announced it to me.”

—Come closer to this window and I’ll show you something unique,— said the man.

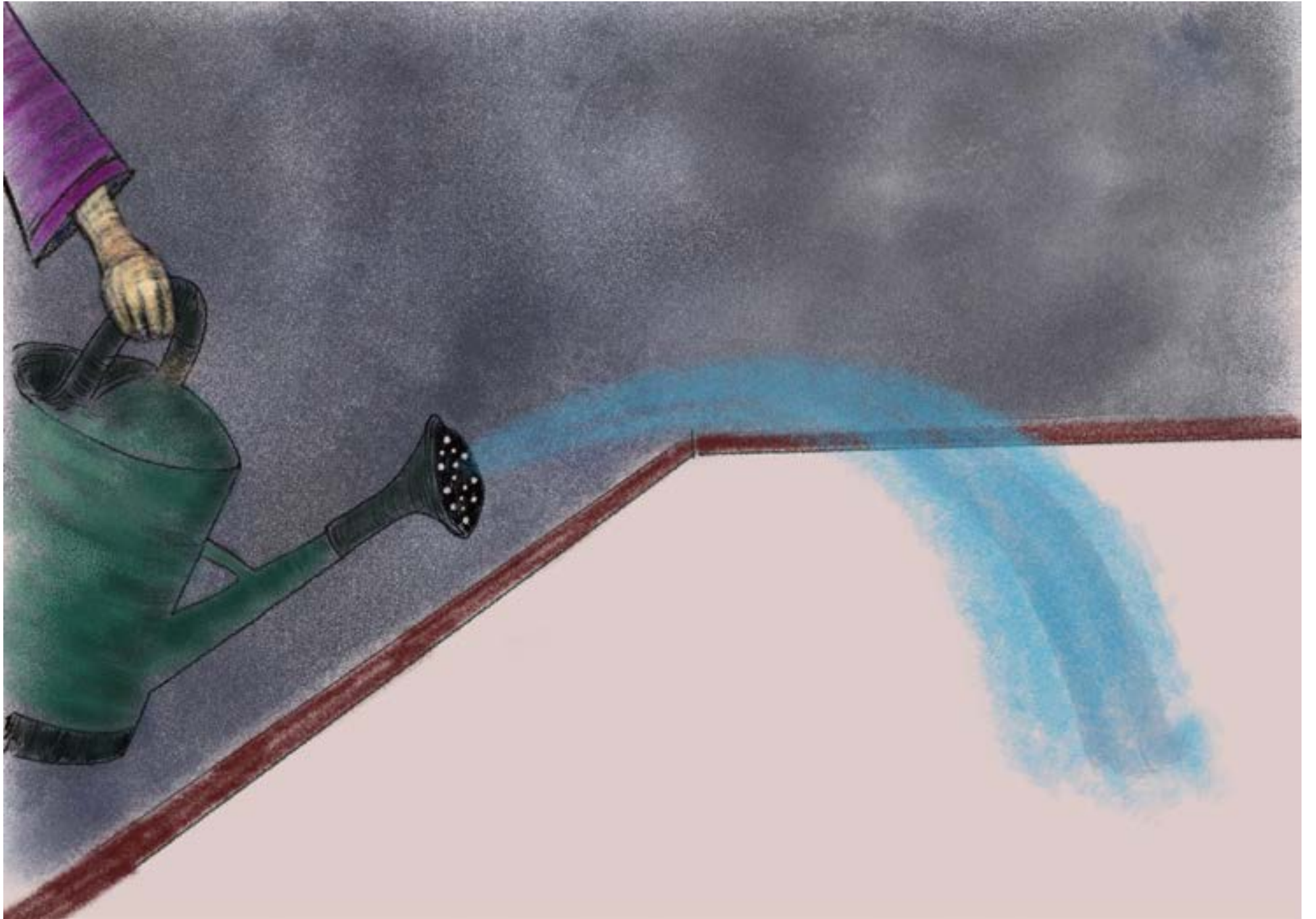
His finger pointed out, towards nothing. While the silence, now only broken by those melodies produced by the sphere they carried, served to make the man speak to them again.

—You have reached the end of your journey, the garden of which that beautiful and wise old woman spoke to you, you have found it,— he pointed his finger.

—There is nothing there! —Exclaimed one of those children, also pointing his finger.



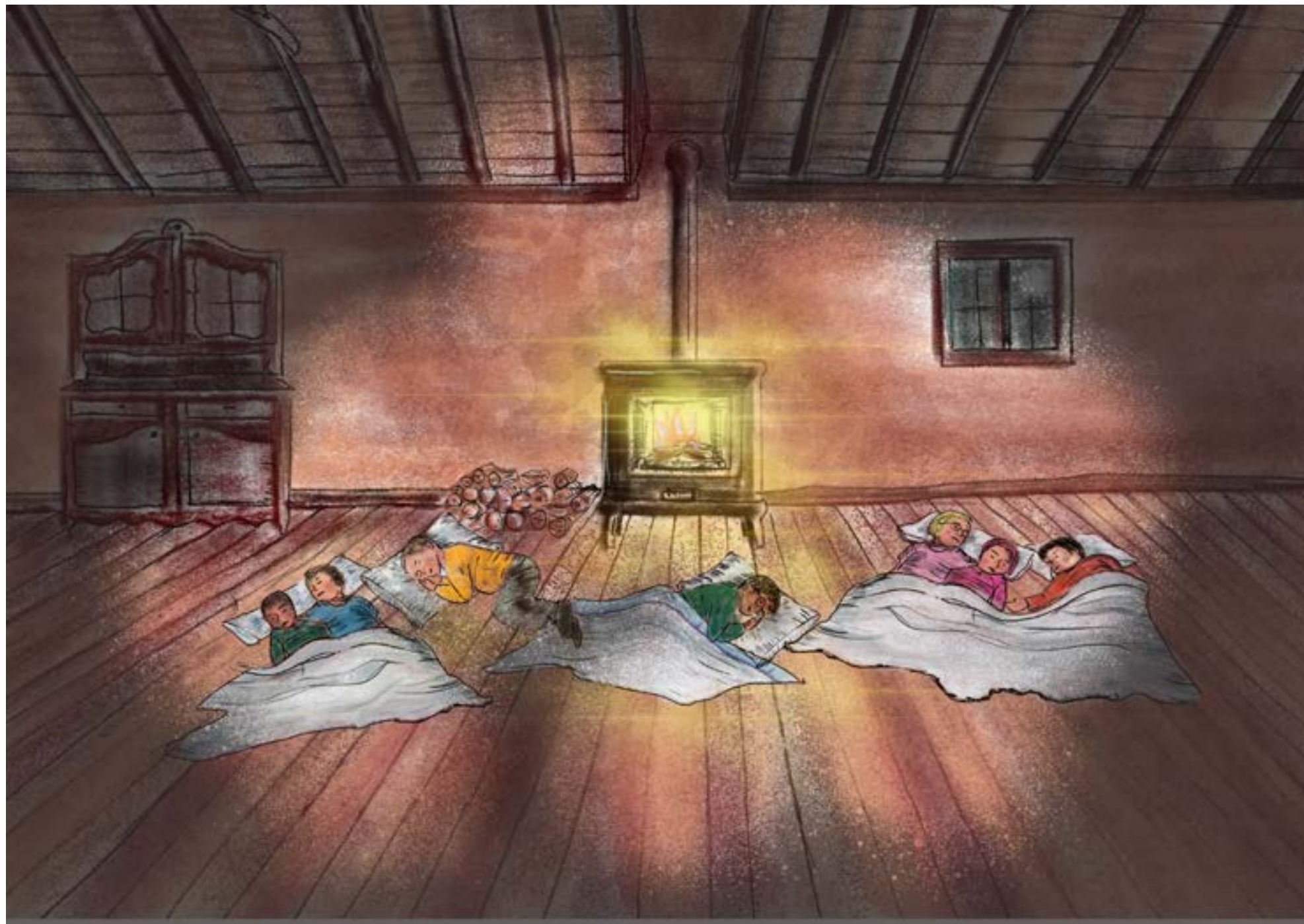
That is the garden that you have been told so much about; the garden of invisible flowers. Wait no more. Water that garden with the dew they gave you and do it with the illusion that only a child can possess. Break the spell.



The smallest and most daring of the group took one of those containers that the ladies had given them and opened the door without any fear. The invisibility of that garden was broken by the magic moment, when the first drops met nothingness, and flowers sprouted out of nothing and with them beauty. The power of the sun shone again and an unimaginable variety of plants and animals gave life to the whole place.



The world was back in order again and all that explosion of beauty soon plunged the children into a deep sleep. For many, many days they prolonged that dream and when they wanted to wake up, they realized that each one of them was capable of creating the most wonderful stories ever told until then. And finally, they understood that dreaming is creating and that creating means living.



- THE END -



Here you can build your own story from these questions.

What would have happened if the white-headed raven hadn't told the children where they could find the man who measures the world?

What would have happened if the four seasons had never disappeared?

Here you can draw the story you just wrote.

