

That very time

For past is more than passed things

Von Myojo

Kapitel 3: Dead

No, he wouldn't follow him. His uncle had sharp ears. Very sharp, indeed. He had been traveling around a lot and surely was used to listen carefully after strange sounds. The living outside, a dangerous place, must had trained him.

And, anyway, he would know what was up in the evening. So why hurry?

But in the evening, when he came home, nothing was different than normal. Jirin, two minutes older than him and often behaving more like a mother than a twin to him, scolded him for being late, just as usual; his little brother, quite soon two years old, played with the dog, just as usual; his mother had cooked beef curry, just as usual; and then they sat all together at the dining table, waiting for their father to begin, for he was, just as usual, late. Curarpiky got nervous. Why wasn't Nicra already here?

But when his father arrived, he didn't shout from far that he was back; and due to this the kids didn't jump up and run for the door. And unusually, their father wasn't alone. He had a face as if he was a bear, but behind him his brother walked him.

Curars mother rose at once. "Nicra! How are you? I didn't know you were coming for meal, I've nothing prepared! Fihar," she looked at her husband shortly, "why didn't you tell me?"

He sighed. "Because I didn't know, darling. How should I've know he would come back today and..." He paused.

This Nicar used to begin to talk. "G'nigh Leon. How're ya?"

She smiled. "Oh Nicar, please talk as if you had any manners. I know you don't, but the kids-"

He laughed. "You know I have, but if I see your lovely face..."

Fihar intervened. "She's my dear wife, Brother, or do I have to remind you?" But he seemed to be much more confident about the situation then a few minutes before.

"But what have you come for? I thought you were to take... ah." She stopped. "I understand. Jirin and Curarpiky are in the right age now, am I right?"

The traveler nodded. "They are, and I asked if I could take them with me. Normally none of us can choose, but the listen to wishes. And mine the allowed."

"Will you take both?"

"Surely I will. They are twins, aren't they? We can't divide them."

No, they wouldn't have to part. Never. It was something the Curtah believed: Twins shared more than the same date of birth. They shared their soul, and none of them would ever feel complete with the other one around. Nobody would divide twins.

"When will you leave, and when come back?"

"Leave 'round ten o'clock tomorrow, come back in one month are something about that. Is that ok for you?"

The children had quietly listened all the time, but now Jirin rised their voice. "Uncle, leave for what? Are we...?" She sounded as much euphoric as her brother felt.

Nicar smiled at them, and then he nodded. "I'll take you to the world outside of here. You've reached the fitting age. Same as to all the children before you the world was introduced by a traveler, I will show you around. You're ok with me doing this job?"

"Sure we are!" They answered unisonous, and then grinned at each other. It would become a great adventure.

In the evening, when they packed their bags, they chatted all the time about what they would see and experience.

"What do you think, should I pack the red or the orange shirt?"

"Dunno, orange. Hey, do you think we'll go to a very big town?"

"I hope so! What about these necklaces? Shall I take them with me?"

"No, leave them here. It's dangerous out there. What, if you lose them?"

"Ok. Blue or orange skirt?"

If he tells her to take the orange skirt, go right

If tells her to take the blue one, go left.