



MORPHEUS'S GIFT

“What the beginning includes, the end will uncover or just cover it more?” Such an odd question was to start the day after coming back from summer holidays ...told Nora watching herself into the glass. Anyway – she continued while yawning..in few hours, I will be back in class and it could be a miracle, if such a question arose again.

Nora had the charm of her ending thirties, brown long hair, she had a thin but muscled body trained along the years by long sessions of swimming. She was feminine but not in an obvious way. She changed often her outfit. She could be either classy or shabby chic, matching her clothes and feeling at ease with an old pair of jeans and a lavishing black dress. Definitely, she had her own style. She laughs recurrently by saying to herself: “you are chameleon, that’s what you are”. In some ways, this had been her mantra for years.

Her deep dark brown eyes had the power to enchant and scare at the same time and she was not completely aware of that power, and she felt herself embarrassed not to control it. Actually, her look upon things and people was always a mixture between naivete and malice, in search of pieces of what she had lost along the years, part of her family, some dear friends.

A sense of not belonging to any group of people possessed her. She had the ability to mourn and to arise like a phoenix, stronger and vulnerable than before. She often asked herself: will I get through? Yes why not?..you have so many things to do..you are in the constant noise of daily occupations.. Noise? That was the truth: noise and not melody.

That summer seemed to be as hot and wet as it used to be for years. Spring semester had ended successfully leaving her in a state of melancholy. After months of work, commitment, challenges, discussions, laughter and tears, she had to take apart from her students. Their faces like a puzzle in her mind were similar to waves crashing on a wild shore. That was her destiny, to live in a constant craving for something to happen.

Her cat, Augustin, a black cat of three years bold and audacious stood for her always, looking at her face ironically most of the times. She used to talk to him late at night before falling asleep while Augustin kept open one eye only. Silly conversations or metaphysical ones, it didn't matter, Augustin was a good listener and a good fighter, so when Nora was repeating the same odd things, it was able to jump on her face and stopped her talking. Suddenly, she murmured an "Ok, I am done" and she was ready to sleep. Her sleeping was softened by the painted blue walls of her bedroom.

It was days that she was thinking about leaving the town for the island, imagining herself in solitary beaches listening to the sound of the sea. She continued to delay the depart. Lately, in her dreams, the shape of a unknown guy had appeared as a challenge. So recurrently at sunrise, Nora wake up and wondered why. "But the "why" didn't take anywhere, better the "how" she reminded herself still yawning and drinking a cup of coffee. Then, in a sort of trance, she regularly tried to take notes to sketch out a profile:

...He had a quite handsome look, dressed in light colours, wearing dark sunglasses and listening to some music with his I-Pad in front of the sea. He turned to me once in a while and tried to whisper questions that flew away in the air before reaching me... I was well awake in the

dream, I know, I guess, I gazed him..and more and more I was feeling a pure bliss...no boundaries and a persistent sense of belonging.

After some days, and night dates with that silent guy in her dreams, She wake up early in the morning full of energy and started to pack. After tidying up her bedroom, Nora, accidentally, found on the left side of her bed, just on the pillow, a little wood painted sculpture. She took it on her hands, observed from all sides. It resembled to a funny fish, its eyes, two little spots of dark black watching her, its body, kind of deformed body but gracious. She laughed and tore at the same time, then hugged the little fish for a while..in her arms and said:

It's high time to leave for the island, and meet him in reality.