

## **The daughter of the Dawn Reincarnation story**

This river with fast streaming singing waters and big oval rocks; this river, irresistibly, lightly and majestically drifting the spark of my consciousness; it is taking me to the shores of my memories. There you are, Weleh, daughter of the Dawn. You are sitting on your favorite stone and are combing yourself. The bone comb is sinking into your hair, shining from the sun and emanating magic pliable freshness. I can look at you this way with hours. You are the most dearest and beautiful existing thing. I have not seen such even in the lands far away our valley, all over the world. Your smile is warming my heart. I am saying this- Aro, the Spirit of bear, your father...

\* \* \*

The shaft with hanging body of mountain goat was heavy burden for my left shoulder. The sharp smell of the game was irritating our hungry nostrils. I held tight in my right hand the spear I lean on with this heavy burden. Proudness about rich hunt filled our hearts and gave wings to our steps – tree big animals were sufficient to feed all the tribe of the Bear. I dreamed for the moment I hold my daughter. After the death of her mother in one starving winter, Weleh grew under care of me and women of the tribe. She became the most beautiful girl, my hope and joy. From the horns of the goat I would like to make her well-favored comb with nice pictures. When we got across the hill, the leather tents didn't meet us with its ordinary hullabaloo. Horrible silence was ringing in our ears and made us to throw out the hunt and run quickly. Women, children and old man lied down in the place spear or club of the enemy met them. My steps guided me to our tent, but my daughter was not here. When I went out of the awning, I turned around slowly. My eyes passed over the stone, she usually stayed. There was blood. My hands touched my family blood and without mind I looked down the reeds. There lied Weleh, My Sun! Her eyes looked at me. There was knife in her chest, with bone grip from the tribe of Sharpornes. I kneel in the slime water and cried, raising hands to the Gods. Weleh, my heart, gone forever...

\* \* \*

In the evening survivors came down from the caves, where they hide and helped us to prepare the funeral ceremony. Dressed in their formal clothes, our killed relatives were rested around the campfire for last goodbye. There you were you too, my daughter, with long plaits, shouldering your moon face. I kneeled and decorate your hair with purple spring flowers and deep sorrow grabbed my rude heart. An old woman was giving me the knife, cutted off your life. She was speaking something to me, but I don't understand her. Shaman was singing and was putting aroma herbs into the fire. It dawns...

- See off the Childs of our tribe! Look- their spirits depart and merge with the Heart of the Light!

In this moment the red beams of the dawn spring forth behind hill and hit us directly into eyes and hearts. Strong voice wrest out of us- sorrow, wrath, pain, revenge...After that we went to the caves- last home of our beloved ones....

\* \* \*

Strange light were you, my daughter, when I was carrying you to the caves. Maybe shaman was right, that you already travel to the Light, maybe- not. You are the most dearest thing I have and I cannot believe that you depart. I choose the most dry and high niche, you not to be disturbed by animals.

Powerful rear and heavy steps interrupted my thoughts.

- The Bear! The spirit of Bear! - Lisped shaman- Run!

Everybody rush towards the exit, horrified from the roar of the monster. I am staying with you, Weleh. I will not give you even to The spirit of the bear!

\* \* \*

The roar of the bear made my viscera to tremble. Forgotten torch, drive in the rock made ghost images. It can be felt the smell of the beast and his heavy breathing.

- Come out! If you are beast- with spear, if Spirit- with soul I will fight you! - I shouted to the dark silhouette in front of me.

The huge bear stand up his hind legs and attacked. His appearance was as horrible as his roar. I aimed a blow with all my strength and in full consciousness, that if I miss, it will be my end. The spear drives into the enraged animal, stopping his rush. The bear attempted to catch me with his forepaws, but I didn't allow him, lean on the weapon. The heavy animal pressed me so much, so I had to lean on the rock. My muscles and ashl-tree stick couldn't

sustain longer. Suddenly the spear was broken and the bear reel on me. I didn't remember how I catch my knife with bone grip and hit it into his heart. I killed him. I killed him with the knife of the enemy. It was good omen...

\* \* \*

I came down the village, bringing the bear leather on my back. Everybody jump out the tents, not believing their eyes. The shaman met me in front of the crowd, kneel and gave me the wand of our died leader.

- You are Aro, The Spirit of the bear! Lead us!

So I lead the warriors of our tribe to take revenge from sharphorns...

\* \* \*

It was the height of the battle. Surprised from the early morning attack, the sharphornes run in panic, leaving everything. Our warriors cried out for victory. I burst into the last tent, near the forest with spear, ready for hit. But not enemy in ambush I saw- young girl was lying down and trembling with fear. Her black like tar hair was not the same like yours, my daughter, but your comb was in her lap.

My soul filled with anger and I catch the dress and shake the horrified girl.

- From where you have this comb?

- D...dad gave me.- She answered with chattering teeth. Red mist blurred my vision; I pushed the girl and touched with spear her throat, ready for final blow.

And suddenly something changed. It was not the enemy girl laid here, but you, Weleh, my Son! Your invisible hand turned aside the spear and I dropped it. And then I realized- I must not take revenge.

I catch the girl, pushed her outside and strike her into the bushes.

- Go away! And take this knife – it belongs to your father- murderer!

She looked at me with surprise, hobbling backwards. She thought I will kill her in the last moment. After that she turned and run with all strength she had....

\* \* \*

We returned to our tribe tents, loaded with rich spoils. All warriors full with joy, only for me this girl stayed in front of my eyes. Did I do right? Why you didn't ask revenge for your blood, my beloved daughter?

We gathered in the evening for feast to celebrate our victory around the tribe fire.

The warriors vaunted their bravery; shaman was speaking about new battle, to eradicate all stinking sharphorns.

- No!- I said- Their blood will call for new revenge. Our blood will call for new revenge. And it will be endless...

- And it s said by you? I can't recognize you! - said shaman with surprise.

- I am not going to fight!- I said defiantly.

- Then...- shaman raised his voce- you are not already Aro,The spirit of bear! Give me the wand!

He broke the wand of chieftain and chucked the pieces into the fire.

- From this moment you are not our leader. Even a little suckling is more ready then you...

\* \* \*

I was sitting on your favorite stone and making image of bear on your comb, my dear girl. And here it is again shaman, patting me and looking my work.

- So-what? Ready for battle?

I shake my head. No matter- he will not understand.

- You are possessed by evil spirit, boy! Go to my tent to clean you!

- You are not right! I answered and looked him into his eyes. – Don't go to battle!

He shrugged his shoulders and went away...

\* \* \*

The warriors departed in the morning and something rankle my soul, that they didn't obey me. Something dimly misgiving the river was whispering to me.

The enemy warriors attack our camp with warrior shouts and motley faces, but exactly into hands of their chieftain I fall. The wound he hurt me into my right shoulder made me angry. I threw my useless stick, take his spear and broke it.

Strange thing, my daughter- The same knife, cut your life is taking mine.

I looked at enemy leader with your comb in his hands. Why he is giving signal to stop the battle? Why there are tears in his eyes? Sharphorn- but with heart....

\* \* \*

This magic river with fast streaming singing waters and big oval rocks, it takes me to you, my daughter. You are sitting into the heart of The light on your favorite stone and are combing yourself. The most miraculous thing, happened with me is my love to you, Weleh, daughter of the Dawn...

- Kostadin Iordanov Boianov  
Paladin  
Sofia  
Bulgaria