

# Essence of Time - The Forgotten Journey

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## Kapitel 28:

### Chapter 28

The sun was shining intensely on the trees, but only few light-beams managed it though the thick leaf-roof of the giant forest the little team was lost in.

"What do we have left as supplies?" Callo yawned and swung his arms around. Zeyir sat on a rock, searching through their bags, but his face-expression already told them the answer...

"Nothing at all..." The demon bit his lip frustrated. "So another day of fruits and meat only... I never guessed I'd ever say this, but I miss noodles, potatoes, good old vegetables..." His whiny voice made him appear even more desperate...

"Oh come on guys... It's not the end of the world!" Allen tried to make the best out of the situation as—

\*Grumble\*

"Was that your stomach, Allen?" Callo rose an eyebrow, unable to suppress a grin. "Let's be honest: You can't suppress hunger with fruits and meat alone... It will always feel as if you are not really full yet..."

"Yeah, time to find a town! I can't stand berry-salad another day longer..." Allen laughed and patted his friends, walking on with an apple in his hand.

"Funny... we are in the middle of a forest filled with all kinds of food... and I feel like starving..." Callo rubbed his belly and looked at another apple hanging on a nearby tree.

"Just let's go already." Zeyir chuckled and followed his companion.

"Hello? Is someone home?" Narwa carefully opened the door to a little house in the middle of a forest. It was almost night by now...

She heard the sound of water in the upper floor... so she made her way up to the

stairs. She felt a little uncomfortable at the thought of just entering a house like this but... well, she just had to.

"Hello? Father?" Narwa bit her lip while pushing the door to her father's bedroom open.

"Are you looking for me?" A voice from behind her made her turn around hesitantly.

"F... father!"

"Hello Narwa." Bel'Zath Ainu was over 2 meter tall and his skin was covered with ashes and dust. He wore a brown blacksmith-outfit and his giant wings were folded on his back. "It sure has been a while."

"Yes, I know..." The silver-haired goddess looked ashamed aside to not meet her father's eyes... "I need your advice."

"You haven't been talking with me for so long and now you just want some advice? That's not like you at all..." Bel'Zath smiled softly and placed his hand on his daughter's head, brushing some of her hair aside. "What keeps bothering you that you need my aid?"

"I... I wanted to ask for your opinion..."

"Why don't we go down and drink some tea while talking? I was just about to take a bath..." He grinned and patted off some dust from his cloths.

Down in the little kitchen, Narwa nipped on her cup of tea, looking at her father. "You still work as a blacksmith even though you don't provide Menel any longer?"

"Yes... Old habits die hard and I've always been best in crafting... But that never was what you wanted, right? You always did what you liked. But I guess... that is just what I do too." Bel'Zath sighed and looked out of the window.

"Is this why we didn't talk with each other for ages? Because we both just do what we like the best?" Narwa smiled weakly... "No I guess... it was because of me and Clarion, right?" She shook her head in disbelief. "I know you loved him as your son-in-law... but he... was just not the husband I needed to become happy."

"I know... but I don't want you to live your eternal life all alone. We Gods have to live for so long, we start getting mentally broken if we stay alone all the time." The blue eyes of Bel'Zath focused on his daughter. "You are smiling so weirdly. What is wrong?"

"N... nothing, I... just had to think of someone." Narwa chuckled innocently and looked at her father. "What I wanted to talk with you about... You have traveled Midgard a lot during your youth, am I correct?"

"Yes. I went down there with your mother to find new runes and healing-plants. After all she was one of the greatest healers of all of Asgard." Bel'Zath's thoughts drifted

away to a long forgotten time, thousands of years ago...

"Did you... have the feeling as if... well..." Narwa hesitated. "As if you feel more alive on Midgard than on Asgard?"

"..." Bel'Zath looked at his daughter with thoughtful eyes. "I will tell you something now... that you mustn't tell anyone else, my dear... On Midgard we all feel so much more alive than on Asgard. We all live here in our world, the years pass us by without us even noticing it. Hundred years? We don't even care... but on Midgard we can feel the essence of time the very first time. Every second seems so precious, every minute wasting seems too important to be wasted. We might dislike Midgard, we might hate Utgard... but if there was no darkness, we wouldn't even know that we are alive..."

"W... what?" Narwa's voice shivered. Hearing this out of the mouth of her very father, a god of Asgard, a former member of the Holy Senate,... This really wasn't something she was allowed to tell someone else here... yet she felt the immense truth in his words... "I... don't understand..."

"There is an old chant from a long lost age... Where light and darkness meet, the essence of time is created. The rivers of life flow through the world like veins and when they all meet, the worlds will be regenerated." He smiled softly. "I always taught you, to mistrust the obvious, to question the simple theories of black and white. No matter how much we hate Utgard and how much we wish for its destruction, we mustn't forget that the fact that we still stand and fight against the demon-breed of Utgard makes us aware that we are still alive." As he saw the confused look of the goddess, Bel'Zath rubbed his ankles, thinking of a better way to describe it. "When we are flying, we are free, we are not bound to the ground, so we feel good. The ground is a threat because whenever we lose control for a short second, we might crash and die. But if there is no ground beneath you, if there is nothing left to orientate you, and gravity is lost... how are you supposed to know if you are even moving when the emptiness of space doesn't give you the assurance that there still is anything to turn on."

"So you are saying... light and darkness together create... what we call time?"

"Yes. Together it gives time a direction. And on Midgard we feel this immense feeling of time and direction because it is the place, where light and darkness meets." The god smiled at how fast his girl seemed to understand just what he was talking about.

"The place where the falling god meets the rising demon..." Narwa bit her lip. Now I made so much more sense... and now she had even more reasons to help the Middleworld!

"Was this all you wanted to talk about? You have this... gleam in your eyes... Are you in love?" Bel'Zath grinned.

"W-what?! No way!! I never said I was, okay!?" Narwa hopped up, blushing madly. Her cheeks were almost as red as Zeyir's eyes! ... Zeyir... "N-no! I'm not! I just think he is nice that's all!" She turned and wanted to storm out of the room as she noticed...

"Wait... you didn't say..."

"I only asked if you are in love, not with who. But the fact that you thought about a certain person right away gives me the feeling as if you actually are in love." He grinned even wider.

"No! I... that's just ridiculous!" She shook her head so hard, Bel'Zath feared it might fall off at any second. "We don't match with each other at all! Besides he is 700 years younger than I!!"

"Haha, is that your problem? As I said: Time doesn't mean anything here."

"Now there is the problem..." Narwa looked aside, blushing even more.

"Is he human? Well, there were worse-"

"He is the throne-prince of Galdor." Narwa stated flatly and rushed out of her father's house. Bel'Zath just sat on his chair, his jaw wide open, unable to grip the sense behind his daughter's words.

"Booring..."

"We are sorry, my prince, but unfortunately the jester was left behind in your royal castle in the underworld!" Callo rolled his eyes sarcastically, patting the demon-prince.

"But I admit... he's got a point... I'm sick and tired of walking." Allen yawned and turned his head, looking bored at his friends.

"See? Allen thinks it's boring too! That makes two against one! You loose, long-ear!" Zeyir grinned evilly, teasing Callo a little more.

"Man, I miss good old monarchy! Democracy? Who came up with that stupid idea?!" The desert-elf laughed and shook his head in amusement.

"Was that just..."

"... a joke from the ice-king?!" Zeyir completed. "Man, that's a miracle! A miracle!!"

"How funny..." Callo tried his best to deathglare the demon, but his amused grin broke through the ice-mask again and again, challenging Zeyir to shred this very mask into pieces. He hopped towards his friend, trying to imitate Raven's puppy-eyes. It looked so weird, this was too much for Callo. He bursted out laughing, holding his belly. "You know what's most funny about this?! It matches perfectly to you!" Now even Allen was rolling on the ground laughing. "I can't repeat it often enough! You are such a GIRL!"

"Hey!!" Zeyir chuckled. He was used to this by now... Callo always called him a girl,

wimp, arrogant royal brat,... "Why do you keep calling me a girl!? You are the one with long hair!! Besides you even wear a necklace all the time! So, who is the girl now?"

"Still you..." Callo grinned, ignoring the mocking tone of his companion. "Besides, you have long hair as well."

"But only a single strain!" Zeyir lolled out his tongue before turning to Allen. "Who looks more like a girl, Allen!? Me or him?!"

"..." Allen rose an eyebrow. The question didn't confuse him or made him think for a second, but the decision if he should speak the truth or not was really hard. "Well... to be honest..." The human smiled nervously. "The only things you are missing are some bra-fillers, Zeyir, and you would make a perfect girl..."

Now it was Callo's turn to laugh so hard, it was hurting. He leaned against a tree, unable to even move an inch.

"You are sooo mean!" Zeyir bit his lip. His razor-sharp teeth made him bleed, but he didn't care right now. He tried desperately to suppress a chuckle... cause this seemed rather funny to him too... BUT HE WASN'T SUPPOSED TO THINK IT WAS FUNNY!! He mentally hit himself for thinking it was even amusing!

"Now... that you... mention it..." Callo tried desperately to regain his cool. "Now that you mention it, I doubt I will be able to spare a room with him in an Inn any longer!" He chuckled.

"Same here!" Allen laughed and patted the poor demon. Zeyir's ears weren't as long as Callo's but they visibly hang down in frustration. He looked like a puppy, trying to get something to eat... This made his friends laugh even more.

"Guys... you are so mean..." Zeyir laughed and walked on.

After a few minutes, they reached an opening. A wonderful smell reached their noses. It was a soft yet fresh scent... Zeyir looked at the others with an asking gaze.

"What is this?"

"What is wha-tshoo!" Callo shook his head. Now he could smell it too. "Smells... nice."

"Hmm... I think I know what it is!" Allen smiled and walked towards a giant tree only a couple of meters away from them. He removed the bushes from around the stump. As his friends watched the summoner, a white couple of flowers appeared behind the leaves of the plants around. The beautiful white flowers shone softly in the light of the midday-sun. "White orchids!"

"Orchids?" Zeyir blinked and walked towards the flower, examine them a little closer.

"They are bea---tshoo!" Callo held his nose, blinking intensely. "Damn, I think I got a

cold...”

“Or maybe you are allergic to them?” Zeyir grinned and knelt down in front of the beautiful flowers.

“Na, I haven’t ever been allergic to anything.” The elf rubbed his eyes while walking towards the others.

“Yeah, but in the desert, there are no orchids... or flowers...”

“Or plants in general!” Zeyir laughed. “But now it really makes sense...” He looked back at the flowers with soft eyes.

“Sense?” Allen knelt down next to him, staring at the white blooms.

“I always wondered what a silver orchid was.” The demon smiled.

“Silver orchi—chi—” Callo held his nose, suppressing the urge to sneeze. Maybe... he really was allergic to orchids...

“Narwa.” Allen smiled and patted the demon on the shoulder. “Orchids are said to be the flowers of heaven.”

“Hm, it really matches.” The demon smiled and stood up. “Alright, let’s get going! We have to find a temple!” He smiled and turned away from the wonderful blooms, returning to the path they had to keep on walking on.