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BLURRED

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INTEGRAL

Chapter 1

THE ARRIVAL

He awoke to his senses and opened his eyes. He looked around and saw a canvas of colors, carefully mixed together to match perfectly to the eye. He gazed around, as he wandered through the land of mystery and pure beauty. He had never before seen such plentiful lands. The trees were filled with beautiful white flowers with pink interiors. Bees came rushing, according to their duties, and went from house to house, flower to flower, collecting fresh pollen in order to make their golden honey. The breeze blew through the slender trees, and some petals were taken away.

As he walked forward, amazed, he could see the valleys and nature being replaced by stone and houses. He had reached a town of buildings. He observed the different houses and small shops close to each other as he walked through the place. It seemed like a farm area, but it was strange; it was also modern and fit his style. He looked at the people working or relaxing, as they also threw looks at him. He felt weird. An old farmer turned around and greeted him, as a warm welcome. Other people just stared at him and made him feel awkward and unwanted. Out of all the houses, big, small, cozy or strange, one house caught his attention. He thought that he might ask his questions to the people inside. It was small, but enough to shelter a handful of people. He combed his hair with his hands, because no man could present himself as a beggar,

and dusted his clothes a little. So, after he put himself in order, he firmly knocked at the frail wooden door. The door opened shortly, and a rather ugly looking woman stepped out. Her face was wrinkled and blankly, her eyes so deep in thought even when she only stood quietly to wait for the boy to speak up to her. Her hands hinted at the long hours spent in the kitchen. She stared intensely at the boy, who was now trying to find the words to address the woman nicely.

“Good day, ma’am. I was wondering where I had arrived...”, the boy uttered insecurely.

“Good day to you too, young gentleman. This is a simple town, full of friendly people, which built a few things around to make it better. It does not have a specific name”, replied the woman, adding more wrinkles as she smiled.

“What I might do here, and who has sent me to this place?” the boy enquired.

“Well, neither I, nor the others know why people are sent here. We just found ourselves to be here, like you did. We don’t ask questions; we just enjoy life like before. It’s getting dark, and I assume you have nowhere to stay, so come along boy, we may continue this conversation indoors.”

“Thank you, ma’am. It is very nice of you to let me stay here, but I assure you this is only temporary.”

“No worries, boy, stay as much as you please, there is enough space for you in the house. We even have an extra guest room.”

She entered the house, Aaron following her gratefully. He was going to resume his thoughts and wonders about these lands later on.

Chapter 2

AMBER

The room he was led to looked humble, like the house itself. It was decorated with lovely pictures of what he supposed to be relatives and friends. One picture in particular caught his attention; it was one of an apparently mysterious girl, and Aaron assumed she was his landlady's daughter. The woman shortly interrupted his thoughts about the room, in particularly about that photo, while sitting down with a cup of tea in her hand.

"I am Jacqueline. What might your name be?"

"Aaron Pierce, ma'am."

"And how old are you?"

"I'm eighteen."

After a short pause, Aaron asked, turning to the picture:

"Who is the girl in the picture, if I may ask?"

"That's my daughter, Amber. I think you'll get along quiet well!" she said, as she herself looked at the photo Aaron was glancing at. The opening door interrupted them both. A girl stepped inside, hazelnut locks gliding down her shoulders.

"Mother, I'm home!" the girl shouted from the hallway.

"Rather late, don't you think, Amber?"

"Well, Raven really insisted that I stay longer, and I couldn't refuse my friend, now, could I?" replied the girl, imagining, once again, the wonderful evening spend with her best friend.

“I don’t care about that Raven of yours, missy, now get yourself upstairs to bed!”

“Good night, then!” she said, and footsteps were heard going up the stairs.

“You’ll get to know each other tomorrow. Now, Aaron, I suppose you had a long day, I’ll go get you something to eat, and we can discuss how you got here the next days, now it’s getting pretty late.”

The woman left the room only to return shortly, holding a croissant and a mug of milk. He devoured his meal quickly, and, following the woman’s instructions on where to go, he slowly walked up the stairs.

After a warm shower, Aaron went to his room, only to find some nicely arranged pajamas on the corner of the bed. He put them on and got into bed. But even if he was nicely dressed and cleaned, one thing still bugged him and kept him awake, namely the thought about these lands. He kept on thinking how he, out of all the people in the world, ended up here, and why he arrived here. Was this world some kind of a parallel universe? Was it fate that brought him here, was it something purposeful, was it by accident? He couldn’t quite get a hold of the answer just yet, but he would soon trace and solve the mystery, that’s what he decided.