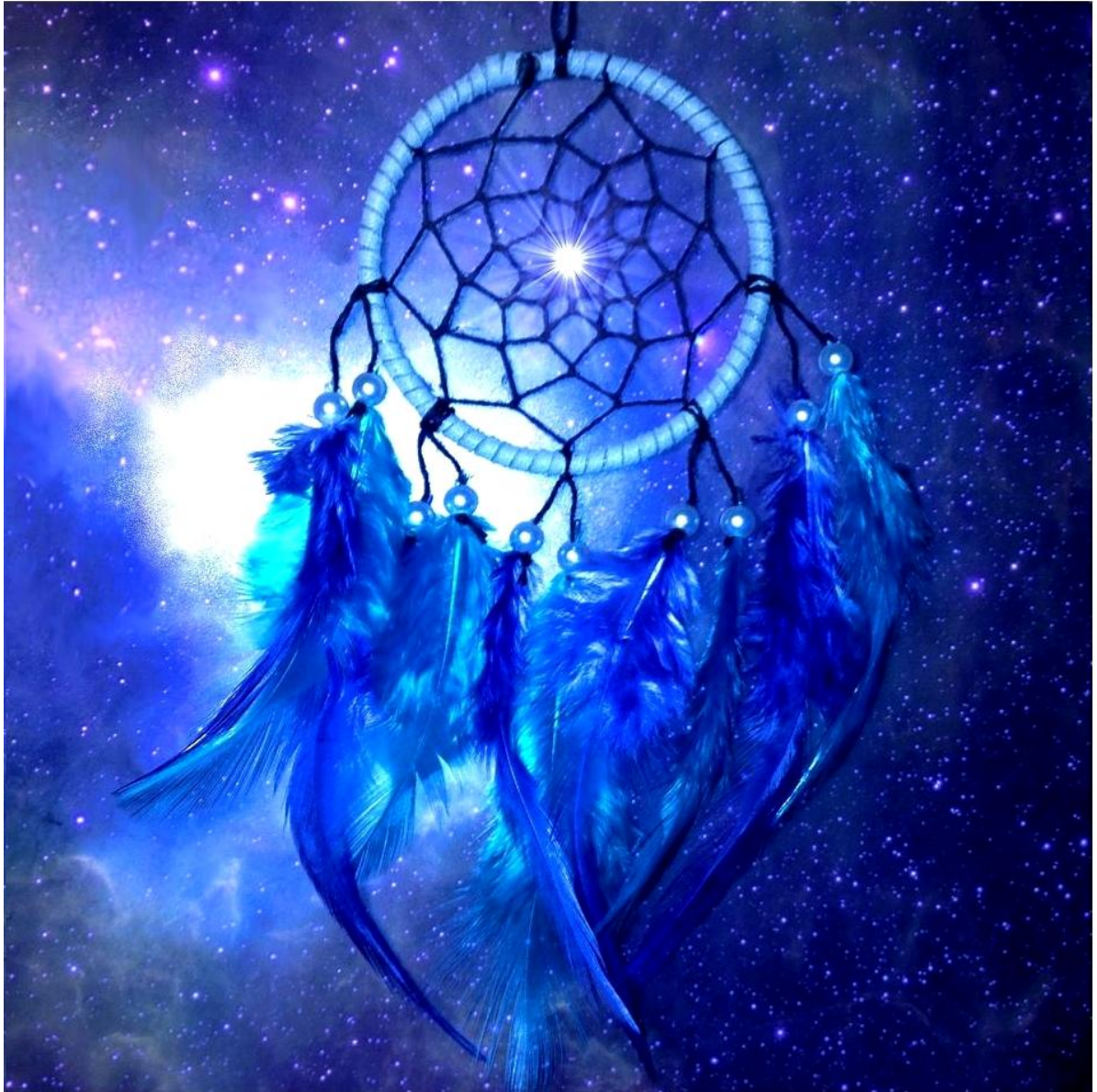


Chrys Romeo



DREAM CATCHER

Dream Catcher

by Chrys Romeo

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It started when he was twelve: that was when he found the dream catcher.

He found it on a deserted beach, swinging in the breeze, tied up on the branch of a tree. It was a beautiful dream catcher, like a blue spider web shining in sunlight. It seemed to sing to him somehow, a mysterious whistle that he heard through the swirls of dust, sand and the roar of the waves. The feathers hanging on the small circle were turquoise and seemed to whisper softly something unknown. He looked at it with his greenish eyes like the sea water and he felt an instant connection to the lonesome object, just as he felt a connection to the waves and the distant horizon, breathing with him each sunrise, each moment he was walking on the warm burning sand or jumping on the rocks washed by the tide with rough edges covered in algae and empty seashells clinging to the stone through time. He knew the beach well, but he had never seen anything like that dream catcher before. It was unusual that the object was there. It was something in that dream catcher that reminded him of the powerful appealing mystery of the sea, the deserted beach and the eternal horizon. He was an athletic and agile boy, so he climbed the tree and reached out to the branch the dream catcher was tied to.

Lucky – because that was his name – had a gift for finding lost objects, people and places he had never been to. When someone from his entourage was looking for something, they always called him, because he had an unexplained instinct to go exactly in the right direction. So he was not surprised when he found the dream catcher in the tree. “Finders keepers”, he thought. He was a curious boy, so he untied the string from the branch and took the dream catcher home, being mesmerized by it from the first moment.

He hanged the round object in his room. From that day on, his life magically improved: he got the best grades at school, won the first prizes in any contest he got in, went to college and achieved everything he set his mind to. He started to believe he had some surreal powers that the dream catcher had infused in his existence. He was convinced the presence of the dream catcher was magical. Sometimes when he looked at it, the spider web seemed to sparkle mysteriously and he could almost hear the turquoise feathers whisper and sing imperceptibly as they moved swiftly. It was a sound similar to the dim resonance of the waves in a seashell brought closer to the ear; it was like an incantation.

On the night he turned twenty one – the reversed numbers of twelve - he had an unusual dream: he was at his summer beach house and he was holding the dream catcher in his hand. It was midnight and there was a storm at sea. The waves were crashing on the rocks along the shore. He looked at the dream catcher in the dark: through the web of the shiny circle he could see rays of light in many colors, going out above the waves, like laser lines pointing to a distant place in the storm.

“You’ve got the key. You must warn them” he heard a voice.

It was a clear voice, a woman's voice resonating with energy and inspiring him to action. It had something warm and a magical vibe to it. At the same moment when he distinguished the words, he found himself in the middle of the storm, out at sea, on a piece of land like a small pier made of rocks and broken cement columns. The rays of light flooded the pier in many colors and the stormy clouds above had turned orange and pink. The voice could be heard louder and louder, getting nearer.

"You must go there. You must tell them."

"Go where? Tell what? To whom?" he asked, looking around and not seeing anyone.

He was half aware that he was immersed in a dream, but something about it seemed more real than just a fantastic projection.

"You must tell them", the voice spoke again. "You must go back there."

"Go back where? And where am I now anyway? Who are you?" he asked looking around helplessly.

The rays of light gathered in a spot and a holographic image appeared inside the colorful curtain. It was the silhouette of a person. It looked like a person, but it was made of light. Her long hair blazing in bright sparks was flowing on her shoulders and her blue eyes were looking at Lucky with hypnotizing intensity. Everything about her was sparkling, but her eyes had something kind and infinite like immense energy of an entire universe - something so absolute and captivating, that he forgot his words and remained staring at her. He felt his eyes of a clear green sea filling with brightness, just as sunlight would dance in the water, above moving waves. Her sparkling presence was an aura that reached his soul instantly, as if there would be no barriers or shields between them. He could sense her

energy in radiating brightness and it was thrilling warmth that made his skin tingle.

She took a few steps directly towards him, slowly but steadily, smiling attentively as if she was curious about his presence too. Lucky still held the dream catcher in his hand. He felt that her apparition was somehow linked to the magical spider web and the turquoise feathers.

She stopped in front of him and explained:

“I am the voice of the Central Conscience of another dimension”, she spoke calmly and clearly. “You can call me C.C., just to make it simple.”

“Can I call you Spark? You’re so intensely bright...”

“Yes, you may call me as you wish. I am an undefined energy and I’m speaking to you from another reality. It’s a universe you don’t know, but your mind is connected to it through the dream catcher. I took this form so that you can see me as a person, but I’m not this body. I am a lot more than the light you can imagine flooding the galaxy...”

“Is this a dream?”

“It’s not a dream, even though it came to you as a dream - because that’s the easiest way to communicate. It’s a message that you get because you’re on the right frequency and you can hear me.”

“What is this place? Where am I?”

“You’re in the undefined zone where ships and planes get lost because they go to another universe. And you’re in the place where our worlds intersect.”

“Why did you tell me to go back? Go back where? And warn who about what?”

She looked at him as if she was evaluating his power of understanding. Then she said, with the same voice that seemed to come from everywhere around, spreading intense energy and covering the storm:

“I need you to go back in time and tell the people on the ship about the sinking. There are many souls on that ship and the turbulence in the energy of our universe is going to be making ripples of negative vibes for too long because of that catastrophe. You must warn them.”

Lucky stared at her amazed.

“What ship are you talking about?”

“You probably know: the Titanic.”

He almost dropped the dream catcher from his hand.

“But that ship sank long ago! And it was in the middle of the frozen ocean! How am I supposed to get there? It’s history, it cannot be changed!”

“See, that’s the thing: that maybe it can. If you go back and warn them.”

He looked at her, thinking. He was so willing to believe her miraculous apparition was speaking the truth, but he didn’t see how he could accomplish changing such an event in history. She seemed to understand his hesitation. She tried to simplify the vision of what he had to do:

“You must first go back to your beach house. And that’s where I’ll tell you how to fix that disturbance in the higher dimensional universe. Because of it, the positive energy of our invisible universe is out of balance and the dimension I come from might disappear. It’s already shaking and I worry that it might create a drain or a whirl that will extinguish the light we rely on. We have to reduce the negative events in your world, because it’s too burdened with them and it acts like a vacuum, voiding the light from other dimensions.”

He realized it was a huge responsibility – to find a way to change an event in the past and save an unknown invisible universe. It seemed too much for a simple human.

“Why me?” he asked.

She smiled.

“You’ve got the dream catcher.”

*



After he woke up, Lucky knew he had to go to his summer beach house.

He took the dream catcher with him and went there the same day.

The beach house was small and it had a porch and a roof covered in straws. Lucky had always liked that roof: it gave the house a wild aspect.

As he stood there on the porch in the sunlight, wearing only a pair of shorts and watching the waves splashing on the shore, he felt the same connection to the sea that he had always sensed. Even from the years when he was a young boy he felt he belonged to the immensity of greenish waves expanding to the horizon. He was so addicted to the sea and to the absolute freedom of the open horizon that he felt the need to be on the shore as much as possible, any moment of the day. Sometimes, he could almost hear the sea calling him with its shuffling waves, as if it was alive with feelings, alluring him to the water, asking him to remain around. He could spend hours just

watching it, glancing to the horizon and feeling the energy of the endless waves.

It was noon and Spark hadn't given him any sign. He felt he was waiting in vain – yet somehow, he sensed that she would not abandon him. As he was beginning to wonder if the vision of light had actually been just an illusion; he thought about the dream catcher he had left by the window inside the beach house. At that moment, he noticed a man walking on the beach. The man got closer and passed by in front of the beach house. It was an Indian man with long grey hair – one of those tribe wise men wearing feathers and carrying magical amulets around their necks. The man looked at him for a moment. He had long feathers clipped to the back of his head.

“You're the one with the Dream Catcher, aren't you?” he said.

Lucky did not expect anyone to know about his magical dream catcher.

“What do you mean?” he replied.

“You be careful with it, boy. You be careful with it.”

And the man continued to walk, distancing himself along the shore.

Lucky looked around, thinking about his entire life of miraculous achievements and the recent apparition in his dream - and what he had come there to accomplish. He felt uncertain that he could actually influence a time that had already gone.

Suddenly, he noticed that there was another beach house very near, just across a patch of sand and rocks, similar to his. And while he was wondering why he hadn't seen it before, the door opened and a girl came out. It was a dark brown haired Indian girl, walking slowly in his direction. She had a long scarf tied around her waist and a string of pearls strangely shining around her head. Her forehead was adorned with a shiny symbol placed between her eyes. “The third eye”, he thought, looking at the

intensely shiny silver sign on her forehead, right below the string of pearls. When she came closer, her black eyes glimmered toward him with a smile.

“Good morning”, she said.

“Good morning. Are we neighbors?” he asked her.

She was walking with bare feet in the sand, and she stepped up on his porch without hesitation, the moment she got nearer. He kept staring at her, wondering where she had come from.

“Yes we’re neighbors” she replied casually, still smiling. “My name is Phoenix. What’s yours?”

“I’m Lucky, that’s my name.”

“You’re Lucky?”

She laughed, amused.

“Why do you have a dog’s name?” she teased him.

“Why do you have a bird’s name?” he returned the question, unflinching.

She shrugged, playfully.

“It’s a mythical bird.”

“And mine is a lucky dog.”

Her dark chocolate eyes stared for a while into his greenish sea-like glance. She pondered; then she gave up trying to confront or defy him. ‘Is she testing me?’ he wondered, because it seemed that way to him. She changed the direction of the conversation:

“So I guess your totem animal is the wolf?”

“And yours is the bird?”

She laughed.

“Why do you always answer with another question?”

He stared into her eyes, not changing his expression. His green stare seemed a bit distant and unrevealing, like the mysterious sea spreading to the horizon, whispering in waves.

“Are you looking for something?” he asked her.

She started playing with her colorful bracelet, fondling it round and round.

“Have you seen my father?”

“Is he an Indian man with amulets around his neck and feathers on his head?”

“Yes, that must be him.”

“Well, he just passed by. I saw him a while ago.”

Phoenix looked along the shore, but Lucky had the feeling she wasn't going to search for her Indian father and she wasn't interested in finding him anytime soon. She was only trying to make up a pretext to be there.

“Do you like my porch?” he asked her amused, because she was still standing next to him, looking absently to the distance.

She didn't respond right away, as if she was lost in thoughts. Then she turned to glance at him inquiringly and seriously from under her long eyelashes:

“Do you have the Dream Catcher?” she suddenly asked.

He was no longer surprised about the mention of the dream catcher. He knew the object was magical and he expected anything was possible if it was related to it. Maybe more people knew about it and wanted it for themselves... He realized he had to keep it in sight. He looked back to the window where the turquoise feathers were swinging with the breeze.

Phoenix was still waiting for his answer, almost frowning at him from the dark depths of her unrevealing eyes. He grinned at her, as the sunlight was blinding him from above, covering her contour in a confusing radiance:

“It’s interesting that not even half an hour has gone by and two people already asked me about my dream catcher. Yes, I have one. What about it?”

“You be careful with it”, she said casually and turned around, leaving towards her house.

He watched her go, taking step by step in the hot sand, until she went through the door of the neighboring beach house. “The girl next door”, he thought. He didn’t try to figure out why she and her father had mentioned the dream catcher telling him to be careful about it. Did they know he had a mission? Did they want to bargain with him? But it was his dream catcher. And he was waiting for a sign from the voice of another universe. He was ready to get to action.

The sign came that evening, after he fell asleep; he had been watching the lighthouse across the bay blinking in distant rhythm above the dark whispering waves. At night the sea would become even more powerful, the waves splashing louder and shuffling their foam ashore with fierce determination. He felt his eyes close with the image of the dream catcher still by the window, a glimmering round shadow in the moonlight with the spider web projected through the glass, across the starry sky. Immediately after he slipped in a state of peaceful mindless sleep, Spark appeared in his dream, as bright as a constellation. She was standing by his bed, glowing in warm rays of light.

“Wake up, Lucky” she told him firmly.

Her voice filled the room and stirred his mind alert. But he was already staring at her, leaning on his elbows and blinking repeatedly to adjust to the overflowing light shining directly in his eyes.

“Hey C.C. I’m fully awake” he said. “Are you really here?”

“Yes, I’m really here”, she smiled. “Now listen: tomorrow is a full moon. You must take the dream catcher and go to the shore when the moon is in the middle of the sky. That’s when you will be able to get through the gates of time and space. You will get to the ship – the dream catcher will take you there – and you’ll warn the sailors to change direction so that the Titanic won’t hit the iceberg as it did. If you can do that, it will change everything.”

“Will that save the balance of your universe?”

“It might. And it might improve yours too.”

And then Spark vanished. The room turned dark again. The moonlight was passing through the dream catcher and throwing shadows on the floor. Lucky realized he was indeed awake: and that meant he had actually seen the Central Conscience of another world right next to him, without having to dream about it. She was already interfering in his day by day reality.

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At dawn he went swimming.

He knew he had to wait until the night would display a full moon in the sky.

In the distance, above the horizon line, the sun was rising from the water like a red eye. As it kept rising higher and burning a brighter orange, it looked more like a beating heart. Suddenly, he saw a transparent image of Spark's smile and blazing stare, appearing over the sun, in the sky.

"Tonight" he heard her voice like a whisper above the waves.

"Yes, I know", he answered in his mind.

And then he started swimming to the shore. He had the feeling that he could end up in the undefined zone of lost ships and planes, if he spent more time so far out at sea.

Coming out of the waves with water dripping on his skin and his wet hair getting colder from the morning chill, his eyes discovered the Indian girl Phoenix who seemed to have been waiting for him, crouched on a rock, holding her knees and observing him from under her long eyelashes. She seemed to have been on the shore longer than he was aware of.

"If you've come looking for the dream catcher, it's not here", he told her. "I don't have it with me right now".

"I'm not looking for the dream catcher."

“What are you looking for then?”

“Nothing in particular. I was just watching you. Actually, I’m waiting to see the dolphins.”

“Dolphins?”

“Yes, there are dolphins swimming at dawn. They come out to play and swim closer to the shore when the waves are peaceful.”

The sea was always more peaceful in the morning; its surface like a mirror, silver, blue and pink, reflecting the red and gold sunrise, was moving softly as if alive and asleep in drowsy dreams.

“I came to see the dolphins and I saw you instead.” Phoenix said. “Do you need a towel?”

“Do you have one?”

“I don’t... not yet anyway. But I can get one from the house.”

“Well... thanks. I’m used to getting out of the water like this.”

And he shook his head, scattering drops of water around.

It was refreshing to feel the salty air of the sea after having been in the water for an hour. It was as if he belonged to the sea even more.

“Is your name still Lucky?” he heard Phoenix ask him.

He couldn’t tell if she had said it playfully or seriously.

He found a spot on a rock and decided to sit there, watching the horizon.

“What are you doing here?” he asked her without looking too much in her direction.

“I told you: I’m watching the dolphins.”

“But there are no dolphins.”

“There will be.”

They remained in silence for a while. Then Phoenix spoke again:

“You can’t stop that shipwreck, you know. It’s done. It’s over. You can’t turn it around. You can’t make it take a different direction now because its path is already carved in the past: it will just go as it did - no matter what you do. Why focus on the past and not on the future?”

Lucky was again not very shocked that she had knowledge of things she was not supposed to know.

“I’ll just have to try and see what happens”, he answered. “What else do you know?”

“I know about the pier where ships and planes get lost.”

“What do you know about it?”

“It’s a miniature world in your mind...” she joked.

“It’s actually an open gate to another universe.”

“If you say so... But it’s the only thing you can do to save them.”

“What?”

“Send them there.”

He thought about it. Did she really know what she was saying?

He suddenly noticed two dolphins in the distance, jumping through the waves in the reflections of sunrise.

“Look! They’re here!” he exclaimed.

Phoenix smiled.

“I told you.”

*



Night had enveloped the shore and the sea was a black mystery, whispering in the dark with its relentless waves. Moonlight shone a pale blue above the rocks and the blinking lighthouse in the distance kept glimmering like a lost comet.

Lucky was waiting for the moon to reach the middle of the sky. He had the dream catcher in his hand and before he could do anything or wonder what he should have done, a few blue moonlight rays lit up the spider web in a tunnel flash that linked the sky to the circle with turquoise feathers. The next moment, he felt the sand sink under his feet and a spinning whirl would sweep him off in speed; his feet were in the air for a few seconds – then back on a solid surface.

He looked around. The view had changed: he was on the deck of a big ship. He had been sent somewhere else, beyond space and time. He was on the Titanic.

It had not hit the iceberg yet. Lucky started walking on the deck, looking around feverishly: he had to think of something fast. He had to talk to someone – tell them. Warn them. Convince them. Do something before it would be too late.

The deck was halfway lit by the windows. There were a few people walking around, but he could only see passengers, in outdated clothes. He

had seen many movies about the event, but being on the deck of the huge ship was a bit intimidating. It was as real as it could be. He touched the metal edge of the stairs that led up to the control booth. He knew he had to alarm the sailors somehow: make them believe that they had to change direction.

The ocean was dark and the night air was freezing. Lucky knew he didn't have much time. He rushed upstairs and knocked on the door of the control booth. Through the small window he could see sailors and officers inside. They didn't hear him. He knocked harder. Then, after a few minutes, the door opened.

"Yes, what?" inquired the officer a bit annoyed.

Lucky spoke fast:

"I've got something important to tell you. This ship is in great danger: you must change direction now. It's going to hit an iceberg!"

"What are you talking about?"

The officer looked at him in disbelief and then slammed the door in his face.

Lucky realized he would have a hard time convincing those people of the imminent danger that was ahead of them. He looked around anxiously. A sailor passed by and Lucky grabbed his sleeve.

"Wait a minute! This ship will sink soon! You've got to slow down and change direction to avoid the iceberg!"

The sailor looked at him and smiled amused.

"This ship is not going to sink: it's unsinkable! Didn't you know that, mate? But what's that in your hand?"

Lucky stared at him. Time was going by and they were getting closer to disaster. He just knew it. He could sense it in the threatening rumble of the

engines of the heavy ship dashing ahead. And the sailor was asking about the dream catcher...

“Nice toy, mate!”

And the sailor walked on.

Lucky tried to stop him again.

“Hey, listen! Please! Can I speak to the captain of this ship? It’s important!”

“Right away, eh? You should wait until morning. The cap’n’s got stuff to do now. Take it easy, mate!”

And the sailor went down the stairs between decks.

Lucky looked around at the people who had no idea what was going to happen. Why had the Central Conscience sent him to solve a hopeless cause? Why was he there if he couldn’t change events? His thoughts were interrupted by an unexpected jolt. He had to grab a rope hanging from the upper deck, to keep his balance. “The iceberg!” he said to himself. The ship slowed down and eventually halted. He knew it was doomed. Night was getting colder.

Soon enough, people started running in many directions, many of them panicked, determined to get out on boats. Lucky heard Spark’s voice resonating above the ship:

“All of you, listen! You have to stay together and not jump into the water too soon!”

“What is she trying to do?” he asked himself.

“All of you people, don’t panic!”

He looked up to the dark sky above.

“They can’t hear you, C.C.! They don’t understand your frequency!” he shouted.

The ship was getting noisier by the minute.

“All of you lift the dream catcher to the moonlight!”

Lucky wasn't sure he had heard her right.

“Are you talking to me now? Because I'm the only one who's got a dream catcher around here!”

“I said all of you point the dream catcher to the moonlight!”

Lucky felt confused. It didn't make sense to him anymore.

“Are you talking to me, Spark?”

“Yes Lucky, I'm talking to all of you!”

“You should stop trying to annihilate me into the crowd, because I don't understand what you mean” he said.

“I mean point the dream catcher to the moonlight.”

“And you mean I'm the one to do that, right?”

“Yes, Lucky, you.”

He pointed the dream catcher to the rays of the moon that came from above the ship. At that moment, he felt the whirl again and his feet went up in the air. For a moment, he could see the ship down, as he was rising higher until he landed on top of the iceberg. He had started to wonder if the Central Conscience wanted to sacrifice him along with the ship; but as he stood on the iceberg, he saw the blue light go through the spider web and then envelop the people from the Titanic that was already leaning in water. It was more like a hurricane lifting up everyone on board to a place in the air where they just vanished instantly. The water of the ocean started boiling and foaming, like a waterfall going upwards. Soon, the ship was absolutely empty and the huge wave of bright water engulfed it in one deafening splash.

Lucky understood where the people had gone. The dream catcher had sent them to the undefined zone, where they could enter another universe. A new whirl of moonlight rays didn't give him time to think as he was lifted up again, only to immediately discover himself on the shore, in front of his beach house.

He still had the dream catcher in his hand. And somehow, he hoped he had changed something. Even though he knew the event in history would remain the same, at least the people had actually gone to another dimension - of lost ships and planes. A universe Lucky had not visited yet.

He stood there on the beach, watching the distant blinking lighthouse. There was a peaceful atmosphere and the sea, much warmer than the ocean he had just returned from, greeted him with its reverberating waves. Suddenly, a light blazed nearby. He turned to see Spark taking a human form again, walking towards him with her platinum shiny brightness. Her smile was calm and steady.

"It's better now", she told him. "Well done!"

"It's nice of you to appreciate it... I've got a question. Why did you confuse me over there?" he asked her, still phased out about it.

She looked at him with her deep eyes that opened to another dimension - and spoke only after a while, choosing words carefully:

"I'm sorry about that. You must understand I am the central voice of my universe and it's a habit to talk to many. You were among them anyway."

"I'm not among them, C.C."

"Yet you were there."

"Yes and nevertheless I'm not a crowd. I'm the one who's got the dream catcher."

She smiled.

“Yes indeed you are ...”

He breathed a bit relieved. They finally agreed on something.

Lucky sat on a rock and she stood by his side, a glowing hologram in the night.

“So what now?” he asked her. “Is there positive balance again in your universe?”

“There is and there isn’t yet. I think we’ll have to do this a few more times...”

“What do you mean?”

He looked in her clear eyes. She certainly had more adventures in store for him.

“Something bigger”, she said, letting him guess.

“Like what?”

“Come on. You know. What was next?”

“The World War! That’s your next event to intervene within. It’s the war, isn’t it?”

He got enthusiastic at the thought of so much action, as her eyes brightened with intensity.

“Yes, it’s the war.”

“Which one?”

“Both of them.”

“You know you can’t change the fact that there were wars in the world.”

“I know – and I’m not expecting you to do it either. I so much wish there was peace instead of so many unfortunate events... But we can still do something about it: at least save the victims.”

“Isn’t it too much for tonight?”

She extended her hand to him in a comforting and encouraging gesture, but as she reached out she didn't actually touch his arm. Instead, she lit up the dream catcher that started glowing brighter. He sighed. Her hand had really felt close to his skin, warm energy rising through his spine in expanding effect of a sunlight afterglow. His voice was softer:

"You're not expected to do anything more tonight, Lucky. Just go to sleep. Have some rest... I'll be here in the following days and I'll tell you..."

"How to get dying soldiers to another universe, right? Is that how it's going to be?"

"We're going to get them out, that's true."

"What will they say about them? Missing in action?"

"Exactly. Good guess."

She smiled at him in friendly brightness. He felt they could somehow guess each other's thoughts. He felt so close to her, that they understood each other effortlessly, instantly, without any words, without even being aware of it. He was beginning to get attached to the warm light.

"Good night, Lucky. Have a nice sleep."

"Thank you, C.C."

He went inside the house. But before he got in he could see a shadow move by the window of the neighboring hut. He was sure that the Indian girl had watched the unusual phenomena of him appearing and disappearing with the dream catcher rising to the moon, in whirls of light accompanied by the aura of the Central Conscience. He couldn't guess what Phoenix might have thought of those magical events on such an unusual night and he didn't even wonder if she was going to alert some authority - or other people - about it. Somehow, he had the certainty that even though

she had been watching things happen from a distance, observing his every step, she would only keep it to herself.

He went to sleep, his mind and soul full of the comforting and warm brightness that Spark's presence had surrounded him with. He placed the dream catcher by the window and let himself fall on the bed. As he closed his eyes, smiling, he couldn't help feeling content and pleasantly tired. If only Spark could have been a real presence in his universe... However, he knew she was miraculously present on a frequency that mattered most. He could meet her on an essential level: that of direct energy above the material world. And that seemed enough of a truth in itself.

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On the night he had to go to war Lucky looked around the house and found a metal pot to place on his head. Then he went on the shore armed with the dream catcher and the pot's lid in the other hand.

As he was waiting for moonlight, he saw someone approach him from the dark. It was Phoenix, walking with her bare feet on the shore, following the edge where the waves were spreading on the wet sand. The tide was on and the sea had advanced.

“Are you going somewhere like that?” she asked him and her eyes black as the sea at that moment glimmered intensely.

“I might be. What about you?”

Phoenix couldn't help chuckling.

“I saw you from my window, with the pot on your head and came to see if it's for real. Are you really wearing a soup pot? Is it tin or steel? Is it for fish soup or just potato soup?” she giggled.

Lucky frowned a bit, trying to remain serious and dignified.

“It doesn't matter what it is. I need it where I'm going.”

“And where is that? To the war in the kitchen?”

She seemed to be having a great time making fun of his accessories.

“Where's the spoon for a sword?” she went on.

Lucky was tempted to laugh at himself a little too, as he stood there determined, wearing a pot for a war helmet; but he didn't have enough patience for games though, not at that moment anyway. He tried to be attentive to the moon: it went behind a cloud.

“And this is your shield?” the girl continued, circling him.

Phoenix leaned in the dark to stare at the shiny lid. He took a step forward, moving away from her.

“Can you stop it with the irony? This is important” he told her, as she followed him closer to the water.

“Did I say anything? Keep being fabulous!”

She walked around him, grinning joyfully. Suddenly, she noticed the shiny spider web glowing with turquoise feathers.

“Ah, the dream catcher...”

At that moment the moon appeared from behind the cloud and the blue rays fell from the sky directly on the spider web, linking a tunnel to the

dream catcher. Lucky was swept off in a blink of an eye, disappearing with a whirl of light and leaving only stirred sand in the air. Phoenix remained a bit perplexed in the night, not having time to say anything more.

Lucky found himself on a battlefield. Explosions scattered the ground everywhere around. He hid behind the broken remains of a wall of what must have been a house in the field. He could see soldiers falling nearby, wounded, screaming, some scared, others angry, some unable to move forward, others running ahead. Lucky lifted the dream catcher in the air, but nothing happened. He looked at it: why didn't it function?

"You must get out into the field. It won't happen if you just stay there", he heard the voice of the other universe spreading in the sky.

And then the voice added:

"What's that on your head? A soup pot?"

"Yeah."

"Oh... okay. Just go out in the field. The dream catcher will collect the wounded soldiers and send them to the undefined zone."

"Are they going to be healed there?"

"Yes they will be healed and safe from the war. And those about to die will be taken before it happens. Do you hear what I'm saying?"

"I hear you, Spark."

"I thought you wouldn't, with that thing as a helmet...'

"I hear you just fine. I'm going now."

Lucky waited until the bombardment went quiet; then he ran quickly into the field, from one bush to another, jumping in and out of the trenches and shining the dream catcher up in the air as the soldiers disappeared, taken away by the blue whirls of moonlight.

He spent the entire night roaming the battlefields in different years of the centuries.

When morning arrived he found himself back at his beach house, exhausted and with his ears hurting from the noise of the many explosions that he had witnessed. He had the reflex of looking around to get away from some danger, but the beach was silent and the sea was shuffling its waves back and forth in comforting steadiness.

Spark wasn't there: she was probably too affected in her mood by the wars she had seen with him that night - or was probably busy in her own universe; being a Central Conscience could have kept her occupied a lot, he figured. Lucky took off the pot from his head. He looked towards the house where Phoenix must have been asleep. He realized he had disappeared very abruptly and she might have needed an explanation for it.

He decided to go to her, in case she might be awake, watching from behind the window in the dark. The sun had not risen yet and the night shadows fell on the beach in mysterious shapes.

When he got to the door he knocked softly, not too loud to wake her if she was asleep, but enough to be heard if she wasn't. A few moments everything was silent. He was beginning to believe she was deeply asleep - and then, the door opened. She stood there, looking at him with glaring eyes through the night.

"You weren't sleeping, were you?" he asked just in case.

"No. Or maybe I was."

Her defying answer had something aggressive. He sensed she had something against him. Phoenix continued suddenly:

"I'm upset about you! You're such a liar!"

Lucky stared at her, not even beginning to understand.

“Me, a liar? How? Why?”

“You’re a liar because you didn’t tell me the truth about the dream catcher!”

“What truth? What do you mean?”

“See? There you go!”

And she slammed the door in his face.

He hesitated, but he couldn’t leave like that. It was a misunderstanding he wanted to fix. He knocked on the door again.

“Phoenix!” he pleaded.

“Go away!” she shouted from inside. “You’re not my friend! I don’t know who you are!”

Lucky felt unjustly mistreated.

“Well, I don’t know who you are either”, he said and he left without anymore attempts to reason with her.

It would have been too much to explain to her about the dream catcher when she was so determined to resent his presence; but he was certain he was not a liar and it made him upset that she had considered him that way. The dream catcher had magical powers and he felt it wasn’t right for her to react so radically displeased for not having known just how powerful it was.

He decided to let her come to her own conclusions and just went on his way to get at least two hours of rest, which were left from that night.

*



Lucky woke up and made himself some coffee. He could still feel the remains of the tired ache in his bones, from running the whole night in battlefields. The morning had a deep peaceful silence to it, so contrasting with his memories of war. He looked out, yawning. The dream catcher was hanging by the window. In the distance, the sun was rising again, throwing colors on the sea.

He took his coffee and went to sit outside on the porch. He stared at the horizon for a while, as the steam from the coffee cup made him aware it was a bright new morning. He had developed a habit of waking up right at dawn: something of the sun emerging from the horizon where water met the sky was stirring his mind alert. It was a beautiful moment he liked to witness. Not having slept enough that night didn't prevent him from waking up at the same hour: just moments before dawn. As the sun got brighter, he heard a voice he knew so well, making the energy in the air seem more alive and alert:

"Hello Lucky. Are you okay?"

"Hello C.C. Yes, I'm very much okay... and very happy to be talking to you."

The light glimmered above the sea, like a direct response. It was almost like a smile. He was sure she was smiling at him from another universe. She said a few more words:

“Enjoy your coffee... Have a nice day...”

“You too.”

He sipped some more coffee, his eyes still on the horizon.

Just as he was finishing it, the door from the neighbor house opened and someone came out. He expected it to be Phoenix, but it wasn't her. It was the Indian man with amulets and feathers. He started his usual walk along the beach, absently humming something Lucky did not understand. When he passed in front of his porch, the Indian glanced at him.

Lucky wanted to ask him about Phoenix. He was still uneasy about the way they had separated the previous night. But he didn't say anything and the Indian man went on.

Later, he saw Phoenix come out of the house too. She walked on the beach without looking at him. When she got closer, however, she threw him an upset look.

“Good morning” she said reluctantly.

“Good morning!” he answered. “So you're talking to me now?”

“No. I'm not.”

And she turned her back to him, walking towards the sea.

Lucky shook his head. “I'm never going to understand that girl”, he said to himself.

He kept watching her. What she was doing seemed more of a ritual or a meditating dance. She sat down on the sand and raised her arms to the sky in slow movements. Then she stood up and lifted one leg, then another, turning, swirling on the rhythm of the music coming from the sea. It was a

whistle like a flute but Lucky could not guess where it was coming from. Suddenly, Phoenix arched her arms and the contour of what she was drawing in the air turned into red flames. It was a big vertical circle burning just above the sand. She stepped into the drawn space and her silhouette faded, almost vanishing for a few seconds. Then she stepped out of it and she seemed dressed in different colors. Her sari had turned from dark red and orange to black and white. And then it changed to light green, only to return to its red and orange hues again.

“So you have secrets of your own”, he said, observing her in half amazement, halfway not too surprised she had some magic tricks up her sleeve.

“Everyone has secrets”, she replied.

“Will you tell me yours?” he attempted to rebuild some conversation.

“Not anymore than you told me yours”.

“Don’t you want to make peace?”

“I do want peace with you! But I’m still upset.”

“And how long are you going to be like that?”

“I don’t know.”

Her eyes were still angry, but she smiled despite her mood. He could see some truce there.

“Okay then. It’s up to you”, he said casually, as if to let her decide.

“I might’ve reacted too much to what you did with the dream catcher...” she admitted.

“Would you like to know more about the dream catcher, how it’s activated?”

She came closer and sat near his porch.

“Tell me.”

Her attitude had become interested again. Lucky knew better than to challenge her moody side and so he decided to reveal to her what he had experienced with the dream catcher, since she wanted to know so much. If it meant getting a peaceful attitude from her, he was willing to try - though he had already noticed she was as unpredictable as the sea in the night and he didn't know what to expect from her.

"The dream catcher is linked to the moonlight and it gets me beyond space and time. And it can get some endangered people out into the undefined zone of lost ships and planes" he explained.

"Have you ever been there? Have you seen the lost ships and planes? Or the other universe?"

"I've been near the gate, but I didn't cross the edge to the other universe... so I haven't seen what it's like over there. I don't know where the lost ships and planes really go. But I'm sure they're safe where they are, as well as the people who are sent to the other side by the dream catcher."

"Can I fly with it for a while? Just to see what it's like?"

Her eyes glimmered joyfully and eagerly. He thought about it: the dream catcher was not a toy for playing, but there might be no harm in showing the girl how it worked, so he quickly decided, why not?

"Okay. But it has to be moonlight. Meet me this evening on the shore and I'll try to send you up with it. Let's hope you don't end up in the undefined zone... I'll go with you just to be safe."

She didn't seem scared of the idea. Her eyes brightened with joyful anticipation.

"I want to fly with the dream catcher! I'm not afraid of the undefined zone or anything else that might come along. I'll meet you this evening!"

And she jumped up, running back to her house, as if to get prepared for an important journey.

Lucky smiled, content to see her so happy.

When the evening came, he waited for Phoenix on the shore. In the meantime, the sun had set away somewhere it couldn't be seen and the sky was turning dark blue. Lucky was walking along the shore and glancing back from time to time towards the house Phoenix was supposed to come from; then looking again to the lighthouse and to the clouds behind which the moon must have been hiding. A certain unexplained nostalgia got into his chest, as he was glancing to the expanding horizons, the darkening water and the emptiness of the shores. There was a certain loneliness of the sea that made him feel as if the waves would echo round and round to the distance, to the edge where the lighthouse was silently blinking in the night. Something from the endless horizons where the sun was already gone was filling his eyes and his mind, something from the immensity of the sea was calling to him like a live being, the entire view captivated him and made him a part of it, enveloping him in unexplained longing for something he didn't know, for a reason that needed no reason but existence itself. It was such an overwhelming feeling, he was sure it came from beyond himself, because it was more than a person had boundaries for. It was an unlimited truth and he felt he belonged to it.

"What are you thinking about?" he heard a voice and he turned around.

Phoenix had come while he was absently staring at the whole view towards the sea. His eyes full of the waves and the endless horizon looked at her as if he had been lost in the distance and was noticing her for the first time, waking up gradually.

"Are you ready to fly?" he asked her still a bit absent minded.

As the breeze was ruffling his hair, he seemed mesmerized by the infinite expansion beyond the shores.

“I’m ready. What’s with you?”

“Why do you ask?”

He didn’t understand. But Phoenix was more aware of his moods than he knew. She had observed him closely. Her deep eyes saw right away that he was not his usual self.

“I called you and you didn’t answer. You were turned away from me”, she said. “You didn’t even see me coming.”

“That’s true... yeah, maybe I’m a bit absent minded this evening.”

“Are you worried about what’s going to happen?”

“Not really...”

Lucky stared at the sky. The moon was rising above the sea, throwing its light on the black waves.

“Give me your hand”, he told her.

Phoenix took his hand, not asking any questions.

It was already dark and they couldn’t see each other more than glistening eyes and shadows in the night. He raised his other arm in the air, holding the dream catcher. He felt her fingers locked on his left hand, tightening their grip, while his right hand was pointing the dream catcher to the sky. They watched the turquoise feathers swing in the night, shiny and mysterious.

Lucky wondered if Phoenix was afraid or eager. She seemed more eager than anything else.

“I don’t know where we’re going”, Lucky said. “Do you still want to come?”

“I do! No doubt about it! Let’s see where the dream catcher takes us.”

They waited a while. The dream catcher seemed to be making up its own mind. And then suddenly, blue rays of light from the moon lit up the spider web. The whirl went around both of them as they were holding hands. They got lifted up in the air and the next instant, after flying a bit longer than usual, as it seemed to him, Lucky landed with Phoenix on what appeared to be a mountain top.

They were up on a cliff.

“Watch your step’, he told her, still holding her hand. “Come, let’s go this way.”

He stepped carefully through the rocks and she followed him. When they were on safer ground, on a path covered by grass, they looked around. The view was definitely unusual. They could see, from that mountain, the valleys and the steep cliff going out to the land on one side and to the ocean on the other. But the colors of everything made them have a feeling that the world was not the same as where they were coming from: the sky was purple, the clouds were orange and pink and the grass was green mixed with indigo. In the valley below they could see here and there deserted ships, covered by plants and rust, planes that had broken wings or boats that were turned upside down.

“These must be the lost ships and planes!” Phoenix said.

“You’re right. But what about the people? Where do you think they went?”

“Look over there!”

In the distance, beyond the valley, they could see the lights of something that seemed like a huge city. However, it wasn’t build on the ground, but it was hanging in the air and was made of colorful glass or crystals, something transparent and flowing in bright colors blinking and signaling intensely as

it was spinning slowly and moving around. Inside the glass constructions there were winged beings flying around like bees – they looked like bees from that distance, but they were probably of much bigger size.

“How do you think we could get up there?” Lucky wondered.

“I don’t know... maybe we’re not supposed to go there now. Maybe we should wait for those creatures to invite us and throw us a ladder or something....”

“Or maybe the dream catcher can take us there.”

He pointed the dream catcher to the sky, but nothing happened.

“Spark!” he called. “Are you in that city of colors?”

But there was no answer from the sky.

“Who is Spark?” Phoenix wanted to know.

“The Central Conscience of this universe.”

“Is this conscience up there?”

“I don’t know... it was worth trying to find out.”

Lucky sat down on a rock, realizing the dream catcher was not going to function every time he wanted it to.

“Maybe we should come another time to see the city...” he said to himself. “Maybe there’s a reason the dream catcher left us on this mountain.”

Phoenix sat next to him, watching the swarming lights in the distance.

“Maybe we should not attempt to see that multicolored city in the air.”

“I was thinking that way too. It might not be intended for humans...”

Lucky understood that the life energies inside that bright place in the sky were from another universe and they were meant to be inaccessible to people from Earth – anyway, to those who wanted to get back after the visit.

It was probably an irreversible access. 'I'll ask Spark about it. She'll tell me', he thought silently.

"This mountain must be the hallway - the corridor to that other dimension", he remarked.

Phoenix was still happy to be there, admiring the different colors and the view from above.

"It's great to be here anyway. Would you have imagined something like this? And look at those ships and planes..."

"You're right: this mountain is unusually interesting. It's like being on another planet... on the top of another universe... I don't really know where we are."

"It doesn't matter; I don't want to go down. I would stay here forever!"

Phoenix seemed to enjoy that place a lot. But Lucky knew they had to get back eventually. He was waiting for the dream catcher to make up its mind, in its own time. As minutes went by, he began to worry somehow that they would be lost there like the ships and planes scattered on the mountain side - and the world they came from would remain closed forever. What if there was no way back?

He was staring at the dream catcher. When the spider web lit with blue rays, he jumped up and signaled to Phoenix to go with him, taking a few steps away until they were right under the moonlight. He pointed the dream catcher to the orange and pink clouds that were moving above like a swirling tornado. It sent them back to the beach where they had come from. A few seconds, and they were on the shore again. The sun was just rising. Time seemed to have passed differently on Earth.

"Wow! That was a great ride!" Phoenix said joyfully. "It was so good to fly with the dream catcher!"

“It was good to see the other side, indeed”, he agreed.

Lucky was glad they were back safely. He had felt a bit responsible for Phoenix’s well being, in the other world. Seeing her enchanted made him smile.

“Aren’t you sleepy?” he asked her.

“Who wants to sleep now? Not me!” she replied.

And then she grabbed his arm, noticing something towards the sea:

“See that? The dolphins are there again!”

*



“Wake up, Lucky! There’s an emergency!”

He opened his eyes to Spark who seemed very anxious, restless and worried: she was beyond worried, she was beside herself. The aura of her silhouette was trembling like a candle.

“What happened?” he asked.

“Didn’t you see the news? There’s been a plane crash!”

“Really? When? Where?”

“It went down into the ocean yesterday. There were three hundred people on board. I’m so sad about it!”

He scratched his head.

“I don’t want to tell you this, but you can’t make this world perfect, Spark. I don’t know how it is in your universe; but in this world, not everything is always good. Bad things happen. People are not perfect and unfortunate events occur... I understand your ideals, and yet... you should know you’re not responsible for everything that takes place around here on Earth. You shouldn’t expect it to be as it is in your much brighter dimension... it doesn’t always go like that. Don’t wear this world on your shoulders, C.C.... Please. Life for us means making the most of each day on Earth, enjoying what you’ve got now. It’s you and I, and we’re here, aren’t we? And we’re alive. Think about it. That’s something to be grateful for. You could focus on that.”

Spark was walking up and down his room. Looking at her, he could have sworn she was exactly like a person in distress. She appeared almost human. He wished he could hold and comfort her from sadness. She spoke, a bit calmer after hearing his words:

“I wish there was something we could do, something more than just pray for those poor people...”

He would swear she was about to cry.

“Don’t worry about it, Spark”, he said. “We’ll get those people to the undefined zone – just as we did with the other victims. They’ll be fine in another universe. I’ll go there with the dream catcher tonight and I’ll send them to the other side before they are swallowed by the ocean.”

She listened to him and it seemed to cheer her up a bit. He was relieved to see her light regain its hopeful and bright awareness.

When the moon appeared that night he took the dream catcher and went to the shore. He was sent immediately to the place where the plane was going to plunge.

What he hadn't realized before he went there was the fact that the place was made only of water. When the whirl swept him up and left him at the spot he found himself submerged under the waves. He started swimming and kicking his feet to get back to the surface. As he was swimming, he didn't notice the dream catcher had slipped from his hand and had started sinking slowly. "Damn it", he thought. "I better not lose the dream catcher!" He had to dive and look around for it in the green darkening water. He saw the turquoise feathers somewhere below and reached out to grab them. As he was holding his breath, clinging to the circle with the spider web, he heard the roar of an engine in the sky. He went back to the surface. Sticking his head above the waves, he saw a flame in the sky, coming down in terrible speed. He extended a hand above the water, trying to hold up the dream catcher, but it was wet and dripping and it didn't light up because there was no moon either.

"C.C.!" he shouted to the empty ocean, while the plane above was approaching the waves. "The dream catcher isn't functioning! Do something!"

And then, something unexpected happened that stunned him in amazement. Spark appeared in the sky, taking the form of the moon. It was almost the image of the moon, but a bit more blurry and unstable. However, it sent rays of blue light and the dream catcher lit up in Lucky's hand. Instantly, the whirl formed and took the people out into the air, making them disappear in another universe, just before the plane hit the ocean. A big splash made waves that covered Lucky going over his head and he didn't

have time to do anything. He moved fast and emerged from the water again, after the waves passed by.

“Hey Spark!” he shouted again. “Are you going to leave me here?”

The “new moon” which was actually her, could be seen shining near the real moon that had appeared briefly from behind the clouds. It was like a double vision. Two rays of light animated the dream catcher and the whirl took Lucky out of the ocean and dropped him on the pier in the undefined zone.

He stood there on the rocks, breathing deeply, under the pink and orange clouds.

Spark returned from the sky and took the form of a platinum human again, the energy of her pure aura walking – sliding - along the pier towards him. He was still wet from the cold ocean and holding the dream catcher as if he would never let it go again, but he stood up as she arrived in front of him.

“I so much wish that I could hold you”, he said and before she answered anything, he felt her aura envelop him in a warm light.

He extended his arms around her, hardly daring to touch a life form that had only essential energy and vibration, but he could feel so much from her that it didn't matter she wasn't a real person. The cold wet sensation instantly evaporated from his skin, being replaced by lively warmth and strength.

“Thank you”, he said as she took a step back after a moment and smiled at him, while her bright eyes were clearly warm and surreal.

“Thank you, Lucky”, she spoke.

They didn't say anything more, but the intense feeling of absolute happiness was elevating, overflowing the entire undefined zone above them

and between them, in endless colors. He was so sure he could have named it love.

“Is there enough balance in your universe now?” he asked after a while.

“Yes there is... and yet it’s not enough. There are still negative events we have to change.’

“Something important?”

“Yes, something that left a dark scar on the energy field of the planet’s memory. Maybe it’s so deeply affecting the balance because it was broadcast so widely around the world.”

He thought about it.

“More wars?”

“It’s related to more wars, yes. It started many conflicts. It’s a well known event.”

Lucky had a sudden idea. Of course: it had been on television around the world.

“You don’t mean 9-11?...”

She nodded.

“Yes, 9-11. We’ve got to get those people out of the buildings.”

He breathed deeply.

“Wow, that’s a major one. You realize we can’t actually change what happened...”

“You only need to get the people out.”

“Will I be getting inside any of those towers?”

“It’s up to you if you actually get in. But you’ve got to be there to send the victims to the bright side, over here - to my universe. I’ll take care of it from that point, as I’ve always done.”

“So it’s been you the whole time? Are you the one to make arrangements for the people I’m sending out with the dream catcher?”

“Of course I am... I’m the Central Conscience. Here, I look like a vision of light, but on the other side... it’s very empowering.”

“I bet it is.”

He stared at her, amazed. He was just beginning to realize the entire truth of everything. He felt insignificantly small.

“If that’s so, what do you need me for? I’m just a simple human...”

“That’s not true, Lucky. You’re not just a simple human, you’re special. You found the dream catcher. I need you to be in this world with it. I can’t do that. Only you can.”

“Are you guiding them from the undefined zone to your universe? Is it to that city of glass, lights and colors? With energy beings flying around like bees?”

“How did you see that?”

“I went there one day... on the mountain top with lost ships and planes. I saw the city in the distance.”

“It’s more than a city: it’s another dimension; another level; an entire universe. You can’t get there by yourself. I would have to take you with me if you want to see.”

“Would you do that?”

“Yes, possibly... I might... but first, we’ve got to take care of the balance of positive energy. You must go back in time - to those towers.”

He shrugged, accepting the new challenging mission.

“Ok, I’ll do it. When?”

“When there’s a clear moon again. We need the moonlight to be bright enough.”

“Fine, I’ll wait. You let me know.’

“I’ll come and tell you.”

She reached out a hand to touch his face. He felt the warmth of the light across his forehead and down his cheek, tingling his ears.

“You’re a winner, Lucky. Don’t ever forget that”, she said.

*



On the day he had to go to the towers, he was as calm as he could be: he wasn’t worried because he had already done the magic trick with the dream catcher so many times before; he knew that it was going to be just another mission. It should have been easy enough, he figured. However, it wasn’t easy seeing that event again...

He arrived in front of the huge towers at dawn. He appeared there on the sidewalk. It was a tranquil morning and nothing announced such a disturbance to follow.

Lucky decided to go inside because he knew he would need to be closer to the people he had to take out of there. He wasn’t worried about anything, as long as he had the dream catcher with him. What he didn’t think of was

the fact that he would need the moonlight to get back to the beach: and the event was happening in the morning.

He went to the top of the first building; he took the elevator, while people were getting to their offices, without a care in the world. He stood there on the terrace, in sunlight, and waited. The dream catcher was silent. "I need the moonlight", he thought. "I should have discussed this with Spark." He leaned on the edge and shouted to the sky:

"Spark! I don't have moonlight over here!"

A few people who were having breakfast on the roof cafeteria stared at him. He didn't mind. It didn't matter.

"Spark!" he yelled again to the sky.

"Don't shout so loudly", the voice answered him from the morning sunrise. "I can hear you very well."

He lowered his voice a bit:

"What can I do about the moonlight? There is none right now!"

"Go inside and find a neon light that's bright enough. It should do."

"Ok, thanks for the advice."

He returned in the elevator and went down a few floors. Then he started walking along the corridors, looking at the light bulbs. He found one and brought a chair right under it. He climbed the chair and stuck the dream catcher against the light. The spider web glimmered and was about to be activated, when there was a tremble and a terrible sound deafening him. He lost his balance and fell from the chair. He got up. The explosion had been a few floors above. People were running along the corridors, trying to evacuate the floors below. He climbed on the chair again and tried to reach the neon light bulb, extending his hand as much as possible. Light was flickering unstable and the spider web of the dream catcher was having a

hard time becoming brighter. Eventually, it lit up and it suddenly swished the people out of the tower like a hurricane, a long tornado disappearing into the sky. Next, it whirled him away to the other tower. He found himself on top of it. The sun was reflecting on the glass windows; there was thick smoke and heat rising to the sky, sirens rang everywhere, people were screaming.

“They’re jumping!” he heard shouts and he saw the people throw themselves into nowhere, falling in what seemed an endless grief. He felt his breathing cut short at the sight of bodies rushing down along the tower. He looked around. He needed another neon light to get those people out too – and fast. So he turned to the elevator. It wasn’t functioning anymore, but it had a neon light inside. He placed the dream catcher under it and it finally got brighter. The whirl went out in a tunnel to the falling people and it got to them just in time to sweep them up towards another universe. One by one, they just vanished into thin air, but Lucky was the only one who could actually see the tunnel of the dream catcher going up to the sky with its new passengers. When the building was evacuated to the other dimension, the light bulb of the elevator went off. Lucky remained there, staring at it.

“Now what?” he asked the dream catcher.

He didn’t have much time until the tower would blow into pieces and dust - he knew that very well. He rushed to the edge of the roof, looking to the sky.

“Spark! What do I do now? I don’t have neon lights around here anymore!”

“You will have to jump.”

He looked down, at the immense distance between the tower top and the streets below that seemed like a mixture of lines and squares. The heat

and the smoke were stifling the atmosphere above the roof. It seemed like such a long way down, to get away from it.

“I can’t jump! I don’t have the moonlight to activate the dream catcher!”

“You don’t have the moonlight, you have me”, the voice answered.

“Are you going to catch me?”

“As long as you keep hold of the dream catcher, nothing bad can happen to you. You’ll have to trust me on that and jump.”

“Isn’t there anything else I can do?”

“It’s the only way: you don’t have a choice.”

Spark’s voice was calm, yet Lucky felt anything but calm. It was a huge step he needed to take, out of the edge of the roof. He climbed on the cement edge, still looking down anxiously. He trusted Spark, but the situation seemed too real to not worry about it. The emptiness under his dangling feet seemed the only reality he could see. And yet he knew better: he had to have faith. That was the only thing to cling to – and hold the dream catcher in his hand.

“If you stay there too long, you will become dust”, Spark warned him.

“Time is running out. You must jump – now.”

He took a deep breath.

‘Ok fine’, he said to himself.

He closed his eyes and pushed his own balance beyond the edge. He let himself fall and went down for a few seconds that seemed like an eternity. Then, a bright light blinded him and everything around disappeared. The empty sensation of falling was instantly replaced by a comfortable empowering feeling of flying, hovering freely in a space of a different universe. He couldn’t see anything but the light. It was overflowing in waves. His eyes started to distinguish colors, slowly coming alive around

him. There were other beings in that light – flying like bees with colorful wings, bright pink, orange, blue, silver and golden, a swarming apparition; flying made him happy somehow. He didn't see that he himself had a pair of transparent wings and he had become just an aura of energy, floating freely through the beautiful landscape ahead: fountains of colorful lights that were sprinkling and spreading life, energy fields that looked like meadows with flowers, bright rivers and lakes in rainbow hues, everything seemed to have an ethereal aspect, like a garden of Eden.

“Do you like it here?” he heard an unspoken question coming from a bright platinum flying being that appeared by his side.

“Spark!” He recognized her. “Is this really you?”

“Yes, Lucky, it's really me...”

They were communicating directly by thoughts, without even having the need to speak.

He realized he was actually in the other universe. She had taken him to the other dimension that he had only caught a glimpse of from that mountain. Being actually there seemed a miraculous and blissful way of life. He felt more alive than ever – more energized than he had ever been on Earth. He understood why that universe was so ideal and so different from the world he was coming from: it wasn't made of material limited things. Everything around there was just pure positive energy, a higher vibration, a frequency that surpassed the boundaries of imagination. He knew it must have been so difficult for Spark to adjust to a negatively stained imperfect place, when she belonged to such a harmonious blissful existence.

“Do you see now why it is so important to maintain the balance of your world?” she told him, flying by his side. “If we don't do that, it might

reverberate to this universe and alter it with negativity. It might drain those fountains of life; it might vacuum the energy flow that keeps us alive.”

“Isn’t it out of danger now that we modified so many events of the past?”

“I don’t think it will ever be completely safe and away from Earth’s influence, because the worlds are interlaced, they are connected somehow and when something happens over there, the effect gets here like ripples on water. And like you said... something unexpected will always happen in your world, because that’s the way it is. We should not only look to the past, but to the future too... we need that dream catcher forever, you know.”

“But I won’t be forever on that beach... or in that world. How will you get it done a hundred years from now?”

“I don’t know. We’ll have to think of something.”

He flew with her for many more hours. He actually lost track of time: there was no time in that higher dimensional universe.

“Would you like to go back now?” Spark asked him eventually.

“I’d like to remain here, but I probably can’t... isn’t that right?”

“Yes – you must return to Earth.”

“Is this not irreversible then?”

“It’s not irreversible in your case... only if you go back soon enough. If you stay here too long, in Earth time, you won’t be able to go back anymore. That’s the main idea.”

“Ok then, let’s go back now.”

He would have liked nothing better than remaining there with her in that unlimited world, zooming around as free energy, enjoying the fountains of light, but he was aware that he had to return to Earth in any case. He had

things to do in his own world. He had to take the dream catcher there and help Spark with it too.

So she took him back in a blink of an eye.

Light blinded him again; then he found himself on the shore, in front of the beach house. He felt suddenly cold and heavier. However, a part of him still had that feeling of flying in the other universe. It was as if he hadn't completely returned home.

"Are you going to be okay?" she asked him, taking a human form again to stand on the sand next to him.

"Yes, I'm fine, Spark. Don't worry."

Yet he was deeply sad and couldn't really explain why. An endless longing was like an ache in his lungs. He couldn't tell her that. It was something he didn't have an answer to.

He remained alone on the shore, as she vanished to her universe.

He stood there for hours, watching the horizon and feeling unexplainably lost.

*



Lucky was sitting on a rock, looking towards the sea in absent minded silence.

“What are you doing?” he heard someone next to him.

It was Phoenix. She had come unexpectedly.

“I’m not doing anything. Just watching the sea”, he replied.

“You’ve been like this for days. I’ve seen you from my window. What’s wrong?”

“I don’t know. I have an unsolved thing to deal with.”

Phoenix sat on the rock next to him and embraced her knees.

“Tell me about it.”

“It’s the dream catcher... What will happen to it after I’m no longer on this beach? The summer will be over soon and I must go back to the city. And what if I need to accomplish more missions with it in the coming years? And what will happen when I’m gone from the world?”

Phoenix looked at him with thoughtful attention. Her deep eyes were filled with shadows, as she processed his words in her mind.

“Really, after you’re gone from the world? Why are you worried about that? The world will always be the world. Let it go, it’s not your problem.”

“Yes but this is not the only universe and you know it. You’ve seen it yourself.”

Phoenix smiled, mysterious and undisturbed.

“Seriously, you need to get it off your mind. You never know where life might take you. You can’t decide or control it. It’s not your burden - it shouldn’t be.”

“But it’s my dream catcher.”

“Yeah, and it’s great. But you don’t have to be a prisoner to it, you know?”

He was still thinking. The sea expanded before his eyes, restless and whispering.

“I’ve got an idea”, Phoenix said unexpectedly, changing her attitude to a more determined tone of voice and she stood up. “Come with me. I’ll present you to my tribe.”

Lucky stared at her in disbelief.

“Your tribe? You’ve got one? For real?”

“Yes - for real. It’s my clan; my family; my tribe. They’re just around the corner of this shore, sheltered in tents, beyond the lighthouse pier. You can’t see the place from here, but it won’t take long to get there. Would you like to meet them?”

“Sure, why not?”

He followed her along the beach.

Phoenix was walking with bare feet in the water, jumping joyfully from time to time, playing with the foamy waves, her long dark hair fluttering in the evening breeze, a random and wild vision.

They walked a long time, until they went beyond the pier where the lighthouse was blinking invariably to the distant waters. Beyond the pier the shore was stretching in a wide curb.

The beach was still deserted and covered in rocks and dry plants. On the sand, thin tall tents stood in a circle. Lucky remembered the circle of fire he had seen Phoenix magically draw in the air. Maybe it was a tribe of magic people, he thought.

She lifted a corner of the blanket that covered the biggest tent and looked at him with a hidden smile, as her eyes were glistening in the evening obscurity:

“Here it is. Come in.”

He stepped inside the tent. He felt instantly outnumbered. There were many Indian men sitting in a circle, smoking pipes and they raised their eyes to fix him with inquiring severity. Phoenix stood near him, saying joyfully:

“This is him. The one with the Dream Catcher.”

One of the men with amulets and feathers placed down his pipe and spoke seriously:

“Thank you for taking my daughter on that ride with your dream catcher. We are grateful. She saw unseen things.”

“She’s welcome”, he said.

Phoenix seemed extremely happy to see the two of them talking.

“That’s my father. That’s my grandfather and that’s my uncle”, she continued. “My sister and my mother are in the other tent”, she said, gleaming with contentment.

“Sit down”, the Indians told him. “Phoenix, let us talk like men.”

She went out of the tent, without any protests. It seemed she already knew what they were discussing anyway and she was more interested in letting him get acquainted with her people.

Lucky seated himself on the ground and they gave him a long pipe to inhale smoke from the herbs that were burning. He didn't refuse: he knew it would have been impolite. The smoke from the herbs made him instantly dizzy and he thought he started seeing things that weren't there. The spirits of the Indians in the circle were floating and dancing in the fire light, like smoky ghosts across the blanket of the tent, above their feathered heads and even out to the night sky. Lucky could see the stars through the blanket covering the tent. He didn't know how, but he saw it as if there was no roof above his head.

"So', the eldest man in the tent, with white long hair, spoke slowly, fixing him with determination: "you've got the Dream Catcher and you think you know what you're doing with it; is that right?"

"Yes, that's right."

"And what will happen if you step across the outer world one too many times, do you know?"

"I don't... but it doesn't matter. I've got important things to do. I'm not afraid of the undefined zone", he replied.

He assumed they knew what he was talking about.

"The undefined zone, you say? What if you become undefined yourself?"

"What do you mean?"

The Indian shook his head and looked down in silence.

"You can't be in two different universes at once, wolf-boy."

"I'm not a wolf boy."

“Yes but you are. Your totem animal is the wolf.”

“How do you know?”

“Just by looking at you.”

“That sounds too easy...”

Phoenix’s father intervened:

“Don’t argue with the wisest man, he’s the wizard of the tribe. It’s not a good omen to contradict the tribe wizard.”

“Anyway”, the eldest man spoke again, “if you play that game for too long, sooner or later you’ll be engulfed by one of the two worlds. They will claim you. And it won’t be what you expect. The Dream Catcher won’t save you anymore.”

He stared at the white haired Indian, somehow getting an uneasy feeling. The night had something threatening in it. He felt cold and started shivering. He blamed it on the smoke from the herbs.

“I think enough has been said”, he spoke and got up. “I’m going home now. Good night.”

The Indians watched him without saying anything.

He stepped out of the tent. He felt dizzy for a second and he leaned on it.

“What happened?” Phoenix asked him, appearing from the dark, a bit worried.

“Nothing. I think I feel a bit sick from the herbs. Whatever the hell was in that smoking pipe?”

“I don’t know... plants that elevate your perceptions. I never ask the tribe wizard the recipe”, she tried to joke, to lighten up the mood.

“Well, it didn’t do me too good. I think I’ll go home. It was nice meeting your tribe.”

He turned away and started walking in the night. She ran after him.

“Wait! I’m coming with you.”

“What about your tribe?”

“I’ll get back to them later. I’m walking you home. You don’t look too well.”

“No kidding...”

As they were walking on the beach, the moon appeared in the sky, from behind the dark clouds. Suddenly, Lucky felt an unexplained void in his chest and he couldn’t see clearly ahead anymore. Looking at his hands, he noticed they were becoming transparent. His entire presence was becoming a blur, like a hologram. It lasted a few seconds, until the moon went behind the clouds again.

“What was that you did?” Phoenix asked him, watching almost in disbelief.

“I didn’t do anything...”

“You almost vanished! Do you think it’s from smoking the herbs my tribe gave you?”

“I’m not sure... It feels more linked to the other universe... I think it’s an effect of crossing to the undefined zone too many times... or having visited the other side. Maybe my energy is drawn to that place. I can feel something calling me, just like the sea has always made me addicted to it.”

“You’ve got to break out from whatever that is. You might disappear, you know?”

“I don’t know if that can happen as dramatically as you see it, but I’m beginning to understand I must find a solution for my situation– soon.”

They walked in silence for a while. Because he was feeling better after a while, he mentioned to her something that interested him:

“What about you and your magic powers? You still haven’t told me how you do it.”

“Do what?”

“That magic trick you did at sunrise. I saw you.”

“You mean this?” she giggled and made a circle in the air.

The contour made by her hand turned to fire in the night, a burning vertical circle.

“Yes, that! And you changed the colors of your sari! How do you do it?”

She smiled.

“I’ll have to tell you another day about it.”

“Why not now?”

“We must wait for the right moment. It’s not now. I’m not going to tell you tonight...”

“You might never tell me, right?”

“You don’t know that.”

He stared at her. In the dark, her eyes and the pearls around her head were glimmering like deep waters, as if she had just come out of the black sea, a mysterious and magical apparition.

*



On the following days the blurring of his image occurred a few more times. It was always unexpected and linked to the moon, to the dream catcher or to his memories of the other universe. It happened also if he missed C.C. too much: he felt he was becoming transparent for a few moments.

And he missed her a lot - but he didn't call her, imagining she had many things to do in her own universe.

One morning she appeared to him again, as he was waking up.

"It's good you're here", he started speaking as soon as he saw her. "I must ask you something: am I going to disappear?"

She remained calm.

"You're not going to disappear. Why do you think that?"

"There are moments when I feel transparent and my image - my body - is not entirely here anymore. It's a blur. Why is this happening to me?"

"It's probably because you already visited another universe. Your frequency is still connected to it and your existence is trying to adjust to this world which is different. It's the same way as adjusting a television signal: until you get a stable frequency for your channel, it slips and trembles and

it's unclear. And when it interferes with other signals it gets blurry and interrupted."

"So now I'm an interrupted signal?"

"Not exactly, but rather... living on another level. You've been elevated to a higher frequency and you still wear upon you the change that adjusts your presence in this world. It should diminish in time. You'll be fine."

"What about the dream catcher?"

"What about it?"

"What will happen to it in a hundred years from now?"

"If you're so worried about it, take it back to the tree where you first found it. Leave it there. Maybe someone else will find it and will continue your work. Pass it on to another person."

He thought about it. He didn't ask her how she knew about the tree where he had found the dream catcher as a twelve year old boy. But he finally shook his head.

"No, I can't do that. It's mine: it's my dream catcher. It would be like trying to get rid of myself. I can't abandon it."

"Then you're stuck with it, aren't you", she smiled.

He smiled too.

"I guess that's how it is indeed..."

She sat on the edge of his bed.

"You won't guess where we're going next".

"Where?"

"To the future."

"Can we do that?"

“Of course. Time is irrelevant in my universe, so we can go to any moment we choose here on Earth. The dream catcher is beyond space and time too. It doesn’t matter in what direction you need to go.”

Lucky became curious:

“That will be really interesting, to see how the world will become! But what are we going to do there? What’s the problem to solve?”

“The problem is that people will inhabit Mars and other planets, but Earth’s ecosystem will be damaged by climate changes and massive deforestation. The oxygen layer will be so thin it won’t sustain life around here anymore.’

“So we’re going to send oxygen to the future?”

“No, not oxygen... but trees.”

“Wow! I’m looking forward to it!”

“I’ll see you in the future, Lucky.”

*



The Earth was very much changed in the century of the future that he visited.

When he got there, he could see there wasn't much green nature left: the cities were built on vertical metal and glass. The traveling devices were flying machines. The sidewalks were spreading on many levels and moving continuously, sliding along the buildings. The sky was a reddish pale orange and it looked wounded from clouds of grey dust floating in the air.

Lucky went outside the city. The earth across the fields and hills spreading to the horizon seemed dry and silent, burnt by the heat. He felt he couldn't breathe very well in that atmosphere, yet he had to stay there and wait for the moon to appear. He sat down on the ground.

"Is this what is going to happen?" he said to himself desolately.

He knew Spark could hear him talk.

"It's not a very happy vision, is it", she answered from somewhere in the sky.

"How did the trees disappear? What happened?"

"It was probably the pollution, the scarcity of water and the deforestation. Eventually, the plants could no longer be sustained by the environment. They exist now only inside the city, in greenhouses, but they're very rare."

Lucky looked at the dry land.

"Are the trees going to survive around here?"

"Yes because we'll get their roots with the soil they're in too. We'll transfer the good soil along with the trees."

"What about water? What should we do about that?"

C.C. seemed to think about it for a while. He was certain she had planned everything and she must have had an answer for everything in advance.

"We'll transfer the water too," she said calmly.

He was amazed at the idea of bringing water to a dry land.

“Where will we get the water from?”

“From the melted ice caps. There were many icebergs that melted before this happened. We’ll get them out and over here before they flood the coasts.”

“Can the dream catcher do that too?”

He could almost feel her smile.

“The dream catcher can do anything.”

“What about the icebergs? Won’t they bring too much water?”

“It will be naturally refreshing for the ground. And most of it will evaporate, then it will be redistributed evenly... I think it’s going to be fine. We’ll just have to do it and see how it goes.”

He waited until the evening came and the moon appeared in the sky, becoming brighter with each minute. ‘At least the moon is still bright’, he thought.

The dream catcher activated by itself, without having to point it to the moonlight first. The spider web sparkled and trembled in his hand, projecting a blue tunnel to the sky. He had to stand up and keep his arm raised as high as he could. The trees started to appear around him, one by one: little growing trees, bigger trees, many kinds of trees with their own soil, filling the land to the horizon, in a blink of an eye. Suddenly, Lucky was in a forest. He had to climb to the hilltop to get a glimpse of the moon again.

The water was brought immediately after the trees. He saw the icebergs appear in the air but they evaporated instantly, vanishing into steam that kept gathering in white clouds. After a while, it started to rain. He looked back at the city where the lights were glimmering: they didn’t know it yet. But their Earth was saved. The dream catcher had done it. Lucky felt so

happy, he could jump up and down on top of the hill. He didn't even care that it was a century he wouldn't be in and he was only a visitor in that distant time. He almost forgot he had to go back to the present. He welcomed the drops of water that got his head wet in an instant. And then the dream catcher sent him back to the beach.

*



“We’re leaving”.

Phoenix stood there on the empty beach at sunset as she gave him the unexpected news.

“We’re leaving. My tribe is going South.”

The air was getting colder: autumn was approaching.

“Why?” Lucky asked her, a bit disappointed that he wouldn't have the opportunity to know her better.

“The seasons are changing. We must move to warmer climate. We’re like the traveling birds, you know: in one place in summer, in another place in winter... Our totem animal is the migrating bird. Everyone in my tribe is a seagull, a swan, a crane, a swallow or a wild duck...”

“But you’re a Phoenix”, he said, watching her attentively and a bit melancholic.

He didn't like saying good bye to people. He didn't want to say good bye to her; it bothered him even more than usual: he had gotten used to her presence on the beach, in the neighbor house. She was the girl next door. She had to be around. She had become a part of the landscape. And yet, she was leaving. 'Nothing lasts forever', he thought feeling suddenly lonesome.

"Yes, I'm the Phoenix. I'm the exception", she smiled and her black eyes glimmered with a hidden magic mystery. "That's why you'll see me again. I promise. We'll be back again someday", she added, noticing his disbelief.

She took off the string of pearls around her head and placed them in the palm of his hand.

"Here. You can keep these for me in the meantime. Just to know I'll return."

The pearls were glimmering in the sunset. He closed his fist on them, feeling they were like a guarantee.

Phoenix looked to the horizon, where the light was getting dim.

"Autumn is coming. It will be here soon. You have to decide about the dream catcher, you know."

"I know."

She turned to look at him joyfully:

"What will you do when you go back to the city?"

He shrugged.

"Go back to college, probably... get busy with some new work... "

"But you'll come to this beach again next year, right?"

He watched the shore and the water of the sea, changing its colors with the evening. The relentless rhythm of the waves was the most certain truth he had ever known there. The immensity of water seemed to fill his eyes as usual, and he sensed he was attached to that force of nature. The energy of

the sea had made him become a part of it. He belonged there, more than anywhere else.

“I’ll come back...” he said, a bit absent, his soul wandering to the distant horizon, the endless spread of waves and sky.

Phoenix said:

“I must go now.”

He still had something on his mind:

“You didn’t tell me the secret of your magic trick.”

“Next year, maybe, I will.”

She winked at him.

And then she extended her arms and drew a fire circle in the air; she stepped into it, vanishing in the same instant.

Lucky watched the empty circle of fire burn vertically in the evening air, until it slowly faded out. Then he climbed on a rock and remained there, watching the sea as it was getting darker.

On the following days, he went walking along the shore. He passed beyond the pier with the lighthouse and visited again the place where the tents of the tribe had been. They were gone. ‘Of course...’ he thought. She had told him the truth. They had really left. He walked in the spot where the big tent had stood: on the sand, he discovered something written probably with a stone. *I’ll see you next year*, the words said. And there was also a drawing of a bird with wings spreading in a flight. He knew it was a message Phoenix had left for him. He placed the pearls she had given him near the image of the bird drawn on the sand. He was sure they would remain in that place until she would return to get them back.

On the beach, her house was silent and the windows were dark. In a few days, it disappeared too, as if it had never been there.

*



The fall season was getting closer. Morning and nights were considerably colder; the waves of the sea were most of the time agitated and their colors were mixed, angry or blurred. The breeze was blowing harder and sharper, stinging the skin with sand. The dream catcher was still hanging by his window, the turquoise feathers swinging against the image of the sky, day and night. Lucky was thinking about leaving the beach to return to the city, since summer would be over soon, but he hadn't decided what to do about the dream catcher. He thought about leaving it there a few times, but he couldn't bring himself to do that. He even went to see the tree where he had found it: it was still there, empty and silent. And yet, he couldn't let go of the dream catcher. It had been his treasure his entire life. He had accomplished so many things with it; had visited so many places away in space and time; they had been through so many adventures together. He couldn't give it up. It was a part of his existence: it represented who he was.

Spark hadn't been present for a while. As Central Conscience of another universe, she was probably involved somewhere else as usual; he was certain that her absence would soon change. And suddenly, she appeared again one morning.

“I’ve got good news!” she said happily, as he was waking up.

He stared at her, yawning.

“Let me get out of bed first”, he answered. “I’m so happy for you! What happened?”

She was glowing, very content, sliding around the room and clapping her hands.

“What we’ve been doing this summer has finally reached the results we were hoping for! The balance in my universe is restored. Everything is fine now! Can you imagine?”

She was so happy that she didn’t realize her aura had become clearly contoured against the window. She looked like a real person. Lucky stared at her. She had never seemed more human. He felt that he could touch her if he reached out his hand. Which he did: he touched her platinum hair briefly – a soft and bright reality of her presence. She had indeed materialized in his world.

“You’re real!” he said, amazed, finding it hard to believe.

She stopped and looked at him. The contour of her face had become clearer.

“I might be”, she accepted. “It’s probably the effect of talking to you and interacting with your world for so long. Just as you started to get transparent when you were on my frequency, I’m beginning to appear more real to you as a presence when I’m adjusting to yours.”

He still didn’t know what it could mean.

“Are we able to share the same reality then? Because it’s obvious I can’t go to your universe and you don’t belong in my world very much. But is it possible to find a bridge between our realities – a link between our worlds?”

She smiled, her aura shining brighter with a truth she was very aware of:

“Lucky, there has always been a bridge between our realities. Something has linked us from the start: it’s the dream catcher. That’s the bridge that made everything possible.”

He looked at the blue spider web hanging by the window. He took it in his hand and stared at it.

“You’re right... but where does it come from?”

“I don’t know. You found it: it’s yours.”

“You didn’t leave it in the tree for me when I was twelve?”

“I didn’t leave it. You found it on your own.”

“Who made this anyway?”

“It’s an Indian magical object. It was usually made by the ancestors of people who lived on this land many centuries ago. They believed it has the power to protect someone from negative influence and make the good dreams come true. It was probably left here by those ancient tribes.”

He still didn’t understand.

“What is the tribes’ connection to you? Why are we able to find each other with it?”

She looked to the horizon.

“The tribes arrived here from my universe. At first, they were energy beings with wings. They came from the undefined zone and visited this world out of curiosity. I think that was when our universes started to influence each other, because of their presence interfering here. But they liked the Earth so much, that they decided to remain in this place. They took human shape in time and slowly lost some of their powers unwillingly. Their frequency changed. They were later chased away by humans, because they were so different in their beliefs. They appreciated nature more than anything. Their traces were lost in the centuries. I don’t know how you

found that dream catcher: it must have belonged to the first inhabitants who came from my universe and who still had the power to connect to it. The energy beings probably made it, when they still had so much magic. I'm not very sure about it, but this could be a reason. I don't know why it's you who found it. It must be that you've got some magical powers yourself. You probably have more power than you're aware of. You're the reason this dream catcher was activated in the first place... it's because of you."

Lucky looked at it. Spark was standing so close to him and the dream catcher had started to glow, as if already sharing its light with both of them. And then an idea came to his mind and he looked at her.

"You know what? I know you can't stay here as a human being, not anymore than I can go there and have wings. And I also must leave the beach for the rest of the year. I'm only here in summer. In the meantime, why don't you keep the dream catcher for me? It might be well fit in your universe - it comes from there anyway. It's a mixture of our worlds. You can take it with you and bring it back to me whenever you need me to fix something else of positive energy... how about it? If you wish, you can hang it on that tree again and you can use it whenever you need, if I'm not around here. What do you think?"

She seemed to shine brighter at the view of taking the dream catcher to her universe. He wondered if it wasn't the dream catcher itself to have brought that thought to his mind: to give it to her.

"It's a great idea," she said. "I'll take care of it while you're gone. Don't worry; if you ever need it, you'll find it hanging on that tree again. You know I can hear your thoughts before you even think... and you can hear me anytime I speak to you... the dream catcher is connecting us forever."

He offered her the blue object. Her fingers actually touched it and held it for real. He watched fascinated as her glowing hand kept the dream catcher like in a nest. It seemed to shine brighter as if it was becoming a part of her world – which actually, it might have always been. And then she went outside, her aura sliding along the waves like a glowing vision towards the horizon.

He followed her outside and just stood there on the shore, watching the sea as her image was vanishing in the distance.

“I’ll see you again soon!” he said after her. “I’ll be here each summer!” he shouted.

The sea was shuffling its waves peacefully, its colors turning light blue and pink with the sunrise.

“Do you hear me, C.C.?” he added, speaking to the horizon. “I’ll be here... I’ll always be here!”

He looked at the sea and said again:

“I’ll always be here with the dream catcher...”

