

Le Grand Amour

# Le Grand Amour

A Universe of Love

Metha Metharom

2011

Metha Metharom

Le Grand Amour – M. Metharom

# Le Grand Amour

---

*A Universe of Love*

*Metha Metharom*

## Table of Contents

Love Stone .....	4
A Tetralogy of Love.....	4
The Rock Samurai and the Wind Maiden .....	4
The Golden Princess and the Dark Knight.....	14
The Giant Statue and the Mermaid.....	29
The Volcano Deity and the Stone Sprite.....	45
Tales from the Shore.....	58
The Prospector and the Toucan Lady .....	58
The Island and the Sea .....	75
The Crab and the Gull .....	85
Into the Stars Above .....	92
The Fisherman and the Moon .....	92

Le Grand Amour – M. Metharom

The Thief and the Night ..... 99

The Angel and the Priest .... 110

## Love Stone

### A Tetralogy of Love

#### The Rock Samurai and the Wind Maiden

*Even an immovable rock will be shifted by the caress of a gentle wind" –Metha Metharom*

**T**his is the story of love, a love which cannot be broken by any sort of intervention.

**O**n a lonely beach sits a huge boulder, surrounded by rocks, and sand, it faces the sea, with a huge cliff standing behind it. For a human it would have been a lonely life but for a rock it was the life.

**U**nlike any other boulder it could think, it was sentient, it had become so like anything that has survived the test of time. In its mind it wishes for nothing else, nothing but the caress of the wind, which soothes its cracks and wounds, cooling its surfaces from the ever hot sun. Its enjoyment from the wind also too was that the wind would tell it stories of far lands and places.

**T**he wind too, its only companion, who too has been around for a long time has become sentient. It likes to travel, without any place to go but for some reason it always feel the need to come back to the lonely boulder that sits in front of a cliff face. It loves the smoothness and calmness that the

boulder offers, but what it would really like to do was to become a human, for it has seen these people smiling and laughing in their delight as they meet new things. Though limited by their bodies, it only seems to make them happier, so it wishes to become human.

**A**s time passes by the heaven becomes sympathetic to the wind, and granted its wishes but that leaves the boulder to itself alone facing away from the cliff face, saddened by the loss but happy for the wind.

**T**he Wind Maiden who now was reborn as a human became a maiden of beauty. Her personality and delightfulness attracted many a suitor. As a human she is a daughter of a silk

merchant who travels far and wide. Her pursuit of happiness was in the arts; her main interest was sculpting, for some reason this is so because she enjoys touching the surface of the rock and to chisel slowly away its roughness to reveal its true form. It was a strange thing because she was never once taught in this art.

**O**ne day while travelling the high seas with her father and one of her many suitors, her boat suddenly hit an outcrop which brought the ship to a stop. As the crewmen scurry about trying to fix the boat, she and her father go on a row boat to look for food and water. As they row the boat, they came on a deserted beach. On it was a huge boulder, with many cracks, and wounds, burnt down by the sun, but aside from



that it stood stronger than any man she has known. It was love at first sight.

**O**n her insistence, she persuaded her father to get the crew to help get it back on the ship so she could bring out its true form. As their ship was repaired they continued on their way home.

**O**nce she got back her only thought was to carve her new boulder into a form worth admiring straight away. In her travels she had found a culture that deeply attracted her, the culture that has many honours and bravery attached to it. Within that culture were warriors known as Samurais, and within this huge rock she saw a brave and handsome Samurai who could

face all kinds of hardship without being broken.

**I**nto him she carved, all day all night, for many weeks on end ignorant of all things surrounding her, until the perfect Samurai was formed.

**L**ike all her carvings she would set it in the studio coming back to and fro to check on it, but for some reason she felt that this Samurai was not happy where it was, so she set it in the garden.

**O**ne of her suitors, a man of great standing, one she too found strong and powerful had noticed that she longer paid him any mind but only has eyes for the rock Samurai.

**F**rom day and night she would go into the garden and admire her Samurai, no longer feeling the need to travel far from her no longer lonely stone Samurai.

**I**t was a strange thing because ever since the Samurai had come into her life, the amount of burglary attempts has lessened as if someone or something was watching over her. In fact every night it always seems as if an ever watchful but ever warm and protective set of eyes was on her.

**O**ne night as she was walking the garden she found that the Samurai was nowhere to be found in the centre of the garden where he usually was. The Samurai too was surprised for he was content in watching over her from afar and not really having to

be with her. Instead of fear and surprise she realizes at long last she was in love with him, he too was overjoyed and they talked from dusk till dawn. It was a happy occasion, but eyes watched from a corner of darkness with envy and hatred, which belonged to one of her suitors. Thinking that this new appearance was a new human suitor he plotted.

**O**ne night under the cover of darkness the suitor walks to find the Samurai. With knife in hand he plunges it as hard as he could into the surprised stone warrior. The knife broke but did not shatter on impact leaving the suitor stunned and in fear for his life. Unluckily for the maiden, she saw the whole thing and rushed to her Samurai's aid, still

acting in fear and not thinking straight, the suitor plunged the broken knife into the maiden's heart.

**T**he blow was fatal and could not be taken back. In rage the Samurai struck with all the force in his body, killing the envious suitor instantaneously.

**I**n his sorrow the Samurai held the beautiful girl in his arms weeping openly. For he had always known that the maiden had always been the Wind Maiden that had left him behind but now was human who is now leaving him again.

**A**s he held onto her the heavens open up, feeling sympathy to their plight, and granted their wishes to be together.

**I**n the morning all they found  
was the dead body of the suitor,  
death from unknown  
circumstance, a bloodied knife in  
his hand but the maiden and the  
stone Samurai were nowhere to  
be found.

**T**ogether at last the heavens had  
granted their wishes as two gulls  
flying and travelling so far in the  
sky, until the day they will die.

## The Golden Princess and the Dark Knight

*"After all, all chunks of coals are diamonds in the rough"- Metha Metharom*

**U**nderneath the earth, lay two stones, one golden as the sun, the other as black as darkness.

**W**hether it be day or night, they would not know for they were mere rocks and rocks do not think. However, like all things that exist a long time, they became sentient and thought of things that they never might.

**I**n the darkness of the ground they know nothing but only of each other and they would chat all day and all night for they are

stones and did not need to sleep like people might.

**O**ne day the ground decided to move and did not stop until the sky had shown through and this is important because this is where our story truly starts for the lovelock stones.

**A**s soon as the world opens for the two stones, it defines their destiny, though they were once intertwined; now they will split. For the gold was truly beautiful and the coal ever so dark that no one would pay any heart.

**T**he gold laying there was such a treasure that many come from far and wide to touch it, hold it and love it. At first the gold was enthusiastic but when it became



just an adornment seen only for its external beauty it loses heart.

**T**he coal on the other hand was nothing but fuel for fire so was eventually gone but in its heart it wishes for nothing but to be with the stone he sat next to since time first started.

**T**hough the gold eventually moved from that land, and the coal that was missing became nothing but dust wished only to see his long life mate. This was the first split in their destinies

**B**ecause the gold was loved such it wishes not to be something of adornment again in its next life. Unfortunately for her she retains much of her beauty and once again reincarnates as a beautiful golden haired Princess but with

one let down and that let down  
was a cold heart.

**T**he Princess was fair and  
admired by all around. Suitors  
would come from far and wide  
and ask for her hand. Though  
this pleases her ego she would  
shun them all for it did not please  
her soul.

**F**or in her heart, she wishes not  
to be admired for her beauty but  
for her heart.

**O**ne day a Knight came from a  
far off land, he was dark of skin  
and rugged of face. He came to  
see an example of this beautiful  
golden Princess he has heard of  
in his own land.

**H**e went to see her like all other  
suitors would, in that golden

palace to set upon the pleasure of her face. But when he saw her, all he could see was emptiness in the soul. She looked at him as if he was dirt, or even like a piece of coal.

**A**s he was introduced he said to her, "The beauty that other see, I see not there, for I rather would think much more beauty in a piece of coal than that fair face and golden hair.

**S**hocked and angered by this the King ordered him out the palace, but the Princess' reply shocked the King more than it did the Knight. "You are the first, who says honestly, I do understand, for a coal's usefulness does indeed outlast the glittery of my hair and beauty of my face."

**T**his was the first time that the Knight realized he was in love with the fair Princess not out of beauty but out of intellect and wisdom.

**T**his too was the same feeling from the Princess, but neither knew of the other's thought so they kept the feelings at bay.

**T**he Princess fell for the Knight but she kept far from him for she feared he hated her for her beauty so she kept a space.

**T**he Knight too kept away indeed because of her beauty but not because of hate but rather of fear because of what he had said. But he promised himself that he would keep her safe from any dangerous fate.

**I**n time a suitable match for the Princess did come along in the form of another man, at least in the King's eye, so on his order she was sent on a route to her final fate, as a wife and Queen of that other land.

**T**he Princess' heart breaks more than it should for she would not be able to spend any more time with her Dark Knight.

**T**he Knight too locked his heart away, in its cell, throwing away the key. But he had a promise to keep so he will see to her keep.

**I**n the morning, as she was on her way, she was surprised to see the Knight's face, in her entourage of guards, though this was not his land, he is there at her coach's rear.

**H**e did not speak to her or seek her out but kept a steady pace, and an unweeping face.

**A**ll of a sudden they were attacked, this was planned a long time ago, because of her beauty; slave drivers wanted her face to sell as goods for gold that they can gain.

**T**he Knight did his best to protect her but as he made his way through the blades and arrows she was snatched away

**M**any of her entourage lay dead upon the ground and the Knight, though heavily wounded, went back to report to the King.

**A**s the King heard the news he grew faint but kept strong in the

face of his colleagues, he pleaded for help from the groom's side but, though willing, they were simply too far away. The other suitors too were the same; all feared for their lives and did not wish to lend a hand.

**D**isappointed by all of this the King collapsed by his grief. The Knight, though still heavily injured, went to him and said "Though she is not mine by right, I will bring her home, for I made a promise to protect her life at the cost of my own. I will see to her safety because the wish is in my heart, and she will be here by the morning, this promise to you I will make."

**R**iding on a new horse, he went on his way, his expertise in tracking finally found her trace.

Under the cover of darkness, his skin hid him well, and because of this he made his way in.

**O**n the outside edge of the camp, one by one he dispatched them all but she is held in the central tent where many are still blissfully drinking unaware.

**T**he Knight has no choice but only to move forward, his presence alerts them to stand up tall. Completely outnumbered but not giving up, he gritted his teeth and fought with the strength of ten.

**O**ne by one they lay at his feet but one by one his wounds would grow, but he would not fall for the Princess he would give his all.



**F**inally, all lay dying and dead at his feet, and he went into the tent to retrieve the Princess from her fate. The Princess was joyful but as soon as she saw him, but cries as he collapsed to his knees.

"**I** am sorry Princess that I come so late," said the Knight grinning broadly but his face far more pale than that of the moon. The Princess grabs hold of him and asks, "No, Dark Knight, please do not die, for it is you in this heart of mine that you have always lie."

**T**he Knight perked up a bit but says seriously, "Take my horse Princess, and go your way my fate is done, but yours still lay, but perhaps if you truly wish it I will wait for you at your fate's end." With that his last breath

came, his eyes glazed over and his face rolled to one side, never again to smile to her with his dark smile.

**T**he Princess still crying did as she was bid. She rode home on the Dark Knight's horse to her father's land taking with her the Knight's words.

**A**s she got home, her father came to see her and held her in his arms but was surprised to see her weep openly with her tears. She explained to him of the Knight's sacrifice. But to her surprise and anger the King replied, "Do not pay such attention to such things my dear child, for you are like the gold that glitters forever and he the coal that has been burned away by the fire."

**I**n her reproach, which stills her father, she says, "Yes you are right father, he is the coal and I am the gold, but it is the gold that creates so much greed and the coal, which got burnt by the fire, it is the coal that saved this Princess and not the greed driven suitors that you selected."

**T**he King suddenly realizes his wrong but it was too late to recall the words, she left him there standing at the throne, unable to say any more than he already said.

**T**hough that was their only fight, it will last but because of this the King became better and stopped insisting on choosing new suitors.

**W**hen the King finally died, she succeeded his throne, and became a Queen but she had cut off her hair so she no longer shone as she did before. The Knight's sacrifice had given her heart warmth and she became known no longer as the golden Princess but the Golden Queen. Not because of her hair, for she is shaved bald, but because of her heart and honesty that beats any gold.

**F**inally she was at her fate's end and a large funeral was laid. But to everyone's surprise they could see a brief but fading image in the sky of a beautiful golden haired smiling woman in an embrace with a darkly handsome rugged man.

**T**True to his words the Knight was there waiting for her at her fate's end. The Knight that was coal and the Princess that was gold, both stones in the beginning, one that glitters and shines while the other always overlooked but of more use than any other rocks could.

**S**o ends the story of the Golden Princess and the Dark Knight.

## The Giant Statue and the Mermaid

*"A great man does not need to say but do, but sometimes an even greater man will have to stand up and say sometime" - Metha Metharom*

**U**nderneath the waves, and slightly exposed in the ocean floor there lies an unmoving relic of the past, a giant statue of an unknown god.

**I**t has been there for eons, before the land it is on had sunk beneath the sea. Because of its age it has gained thought, for how long it has been like this it does not know. But for countless ages it had watched things live and watched things die, knowing

only that immortality is  
loneliness.

**L**uckily for it corals and  
seaweed has grown on its head  
keeping its gaze left in a curtain  
of wavering darkness. It was  
blissful for it needs not see things  
live only to die again.

**T**his was good for it until one  
day, something happened,  
something pulled off the corals  
and seaweed on its head, and  
then it saw it was a mermaid, one  
of the lesser immortal water  
deities. "I know you can see and  
hear me oh gentle rock but why  
do you hide away that handsome  
face?"

‘**W**hat business is it of yours,  
little mermaid your kind is  
nothing but grain of sands within

the eternity of time,' it wants to say but it has no tongue or lips to speak with, so it stays silent and grumbles in its mind wishing that the little pest would meander away.

**B**ut the pest did not go away, it merely in fact just pestered him day and night telling him this and that without any mind to just shut up and leave it alone.

**T**hen one day, the mermaid did not come and stayed away for maybe a day or two or maybe even more it was not sure. It grumbles and growls, and then heard the noise from its lips, it was a surprise for it for it could in fact speak, for a while it reasoned to itself that it must be its age that had gained to it this power.



**I**t thought so hard, it thought so deep, but every which way it had thought the mermaid would always come back in its head, now that she was gone, it felt loneliness worse than that it had felt before.

**I**t did not know what was wrong but it felt a pang deep in its chest, and that was very far down underneath the seabed.

**A**t that moment it decide to try and move but when it was about to the mermaid came, it seemed the little pest was back and excited and flushing at the face.

**I**t was happy but it was still concerned but it did not say anything because the mermaid

had made it feel something it had not felt before, it thinks to itself 'what is this, a heartburn that humans have spoken of, the very sight of her had bought this upon me, how there she flushes so cutely in front of my eyes, and how dare she speak so consistently, so rapidly and so loudly?'

**I**t was a headache for the statue and it blamed it all on the swimming pest. This of course was partially true but for it was the mermaid's fault that the statue for the first time had fallen in love, and it did not know of its own heart.

**B**ut all this good feeling that it felt suddenly vanished and broke into shards as soon as it could

make heads or tails of the mermaid's words.

**T**he mermaid had apparently found a handsome fisherman up above the sea, and they had talked for many a day. It ended with the fisherman wanting her to be his wife, and now she wants to know what it, the giant statue thinks.

**I**t was filled with rage as never felt before, rage so hard that it bought a tremble in the area, as its hands reach out from under the seabed. In its rage it finally says "GO YOUR WAY, YOU PEST OF A MERMAID, YOU CHITTER AND CHATTER CONSISTENTLY PAYING NO MIND TO MY NEED FOR SILENCE, GO YOUR WAY!" and it points its index finger at

the ocean surface. "GO YOUR WAY AND PESTER ME NO MORE!"

**A**s soon the mermaid heard this, it swam hard up the surface, crying all the way there to find her suitor. All the mermaid wanted to hear was the truth from the giant statue. She had fallen in love with it the first time she had set eyes on it.

**B**ut now in her mind were the statue's final words, "GO YOUR WAY!! AND PESTER ME NO MORE!!!" This was the truth, she thought, she was just a pest and all she had been doing was annoying her beloved.

**F**inding her way to the surface, she finally found the fisherman beaming with a smile, the

handsome man knows he had won a prize, and he took her upon his little boat, and promise her the entire world he could give.

**B**ut in truth the fisherman had a sinister plan, to make not the mermaid his wife but use her as a show and gain all the gold he could get, she would be the main attraction that pulls the crowd, and with the crowd, more and more gold he would take, and no more hard work would be made by this lazy sinister fisherman.

**U**nknown time has passed and the statue regretted it every day, but it misses the little pest so it crept up on the far side of the fisherman's town, hoping to hear the news about his little pest, so it could finally have his peace of

mind that she was safe and happy as he thought she would.

**B**ut when it got up to land, all it could hear was a song, a mermaid's song but it was terribly sad; so sad that it was breaking its heart.

**I**t has heard the mermaid play its song many a time before, but it had always been happy tunes, that lightened its load, but all it could hear was this sadness and pain and all it wants to do was stop the pain.

**S**o it sunk back into the dark waters, not knowing what to do, and tried to think of what to do next, perhaps the best thing was to watch and see developments.

**S**o every night it would creep up on the far side of the town and perk its ears and eyes to listen and watch what is happening until one day it heard drunken voices coming from an inn.

"**O**y....what a beauty she is, this catch of yours, she sings so well but I bet she would be even better in my loft, I will pay you a thousand gold for one night with her, what do you think oh fisherman?"

**T**he statue was angry, for if it heard right they were speaking about his little pest, but what angered him more was this: "For 1000 gold, you can have her for three nights, bring her back safe and you get some return, what say you oh great rich one?"

**T**he statue could stand no more of this but before it could react the words inside the inn turn to laughter and then cheers and then a scream from that little pest. They carried her out in a big tank, cheering and jeering as they went.

**T**here were more than two of them there was a whole group of maybe ten, they groped and grabbed at her body, tearing off their own clothes too, to do exactly what the statue feared.

**W**ith rage that it had kept for many, many days that it had let slip away for the love of his life. He leapt out of the water with a roar, causing a tidal wave to crash upon the shore.



**T**he drunks were shocked to speechlessness, and completely sobered up as they trembled in their knees.

**T**he Giant Statue stood more than ten foot tall, eyes glaring like some unearthed demonic entity, water steaming off its body in its heated rage.

**T**he drunks let go of the tank, as they wet themselves from their fright.

**A**s the giant statue's roar could be heard many came in throngs out of their houses and out of that sinister inn, but they did not stay for long as they saw a horror that was unimaginable in their minds.

**T**hey all would have stay rooted there in fear of their lives but when the giant statue smashed down its giant fist, the tremors caused their legs to uncontrollably move with a mind of their own.

**T**hey all could no longer think, but their legs surely could, for it seemed to them they have incurred the wrath of a god.

**"T**HOUGH YOU CALL YOURSELF HUMANS; LOOK AT HOW INHUMANELY YOU HAVE TREATED HER, YOU ARE NOT HUMANS YOU ARE ALL MONSTERS," the giant statue spoke.

**"I** HAVE WATCHED YOU ALL EVER SINCE TIME BEGAN AND ALL YOU DO IS

BICKER AMONGST  
YOURSELVES, CAUSING  
WAR WHEN IT BEFITS YOUR  
GAIN, HARMING OTHERS  
OUT OF SPITE AND TAKING  
BY FORCE WHAT IS NOT  
YOURS. I DESPISE YOU ALL,  
YOU LIVING PESTS!"

**A**s the statue said those words he almost regrets them but then added gently while pointing with his index finger at the mermaid "BUT THIS PEST I DO LOVE, HARM HER AGAIN AND YOU WILL DIE, TRY TO HARM ANY OF US AND YOU WILL DIE, I WILL SAY NO MORE ON THIS."

**W**ith its right hand it scooped very gently the mermaid out of the tank and set her down within the sea, and slowly sunk down

back into the ocean all the while  
glaring hard at the cowered  
thongs but before he sunk down  
completely he said,  
"FISHERMAN I KNOW WHO  
YOU ARE, I WILL ALWAYS  
BE WATCHING YOU!" and  
it sunk back down into the sea.

**O**ut of pure fear, the fisherman  
fell onto his knee grabbing his  
chest; his heart had stopped  
completely from the fright.

**T**he throngs left the dead  
fisherman alone and the very  
next day they all leave, for they  
all reason that this place was  
haunted and they would rather be  
leaving alive than stay here and  
be dead.

**T**he fisherman's skeleton is still there as a reminder for everyone to see in the now desolate town.

**B**ut for the two immortals under the seabed, it was happy bliss at least for one side, for the mermaid kept chatting away happily to her founded love. But for the statue he wondered if he made the right decision for he thinks if she does not stop, his ears will fall off.

**B**ut that is all for this little tale about the Giant Statue and the Mermaid.

## The Volcano Deity and the Stone Sprite

*"Life without love, is really not much of a life." - Metha Metharom*

**O**n a small island not far away, separated from civilization, lies a huge dormant volcano.

**I**t has been rumbling for centuries upon centuries building up its heat and energy.

**W**ithin the centre of the volcano, is a small trickle of magma, running outward.

**N**ot far from that trickle a tiny stone sits, it too had been there for countless centuries.

**F**rom the little trickle of magma was a small fiery woman. She is the Volcano Deity, her present form was stunted by the volcano's current dormancy.

**F**or countless centuries she had seen and spoken to the one single Stone Sprite who sat not far from her little trickle of magma but for some reason he would never answer.

**"W**hy do you stand here all year long, neither moving nor saying one word?" She would ask.

**"Y**es, the stone may have given you life but now that you are a Sprite, you may move independently away from it at your will," she tells it.

**A**nd then silence would follow for he would not say.

**B**ut she would continue still to say, "If you stay, you will be burned by me and by my fire, just as your rock will melt away into me."

**A**nd as a complete shock to her, the Stone Sprite would smile, almost a knowing smile but would say no more on the matter.

**"W**hy do you smile so? What is so funny? Bah!" She nearly burst into flame.

**B**ut the Stone Sprite merely smiled again.

**"Y**ou may be a Sprite but you are also male, and all male have



done nothing but done wrong  
toward me, you are the same!"  
she yells.

**F**or centuries he never said a  
word until now, "Why do you  
say so oh fiery lady of mine?"

**S**he is shocked by this sudden  
break of silence but even more so  
toward him calling her his own.

**"W**hy do you say such? Why  
do you decide to speak now?"  
she says so at him

**T**he Stone Sprite merely  
shrugged it off and remained  
silent as if waiting for a reply.

**S**teaming a little bit, but the  
Volcano Deity decided to answer

anyway. "Very well I will answer your question but when it is done, you will answer mine. If you do not do so I will destroy you and all the villagers in kind," and without waiting for an answer she continued.

"**A** long time ago back when I was human, a man once said that he would protect me with all his life, he broke his promise and let me die."

**T**he Sprite looked solemn but nodded as if waiting for the Deity to continue onward.

**S**o the Deity continued onward, "Back then I lived in a village, and the times were hard, and in this village they believed that by sacrificing a young virgin they would appease a God that did not

exist. The man had said he would protect me with his own life but did nothing and let me die."

**"**Because of my need for vengeance, the hate I felt for that man and the villagers turned inward toward my spirit, and because of the age of the volcano it granted me the power to become its Deity and I am now it's one and only Deity. I can command it as I please and do as I wish."

**"**Now it's your turn to answer my question; why do you stay here when you could go?" She asks him.

**W**ith a solemn smile he finally says, "It is nothing but a very

similar answer much like your own."

**A**ngered at his answer, and unable to accept it, she burst into flame, causing the volcano to rumble and the trickle of magma under her became a sudden stream. "I cannot accept what you say, and because of this, I will take vengeance upon thee and all villagers in kind"

**T**hough the pool of magma started to grow, the Stone Sprite merely says, "That is fine by me, for I do not wish to live, it is my fault that you had to suffer this fate, but the villagers of now are not the villagers of that day, they should not be blamed for this."

**S**tunned and confused at the Stone Sprite's words, she said

nothing for more than a minute. This time the Stone Sprite took this as his queue.

**"**Yes, this is my fault that this is your fate, I was the one who failed you in your past. I was the cowardly man who could not say and did not die at the same time as his love did, and for that I am sorry for my sin, but please do not harm these new villagers for whatever they did, they are not the same as the criminals from before, let them be and let it go."

**S**uddenly pained by his words, "I cannot...why do you say this now, and you know because of your crime, even if I do not destroy those villagers I will destroy you for that crime you have committed."

**H**e said "I accept those very sins, I take it upon my shoulder to be destroyed by the anger of your fire, you ask me why I am here, I can say now this to thee."

**"I** love thee, oh beautiful volcano Deity of mine. I love you so much that I wish upon the heaven that I be turned into this so that I could wait for my punishment for my wrong to you, or until such day that you could let go and finally be free of this infernal fate that is worse than death."

**H**e continued on "Either destroy me and let these villagers go or please come with me and finally let go."

**W**ith those words the Volcano Deity started to cry, the flame around her start to disappear, until her fiery form turned back to that beautiful human form, her anger had disappeared but the result of her anger had not.

**"W**hy do you tell me now, when you could have told me before?" she asks. "If you had told me before, your life would have been spared for it is too late to stop this process, the lava is already up to your feet, you will die if you do not leave, nothing will happen to me for I am its Deity but you are nothing but a small Stone Sprite."

**"E**ven if you say that, this fate is fine. I have waited a long time, but with this as the fire burns me away, I will melt into you and

become one with your volcano until the end of time, and I will be together with you in eternity if you wish so for me to be," he said to her.

**S**he cried some more and said "But I no longer want to be part of this infernal hell. Let us go together away from this fiery place and be free together as we can always be."

**"O**h well, in that case, let us flee, for truth to say I would rather not die, but really you got to be quicker with your words, if death you do not wish upon me," he said with a smile.

**A**nd the Stone Sprite sprouted wings from his back, for he was an angel and not a Sprite. He had



waited for her for a long time, and would have waited for eternity but really, really he did not want to die, so quickly he took her away and off they flew.

**S**urprised and shocked by this she kicked him hard, but too hard that he almost dropped her back to the ground, but in any case as she frightfully clung to him, he laughed it off and took her up through the gateway of the heavens above. While the volcano sits dormant once again, wondering what the heck was making such a ruckus in its bowels, what a day it thinks but at least it had the companion of the sea.

**A**nd so the volcano chuckled to itself while trying very hard to woo the sea but oh well that's

Le Grand Amour – M. Metharom

another story but this is the end  
of the Volcano Deity and the  
Stone Sprite.

## Tales from the Shore

### The Prospector and the Toucan Lady

*"Love is the greatest treasure you shall find." - Metha Metharom*

**S**omewhere on the open sea, a ship makes its way to an island.

**T**his ship is led by a prospector and he comes with a map.

**T**he map supposedly leads to a forgotten gold mine, the ultimate treasure.

**T**he ship finally drops anchor and a small boat is dropped into the sea. The crew gathered in it and it began to make its way to the shore.

**L**eading the way the prospector stood referencing the map while pointing his way to the shore.

**T**he boat finally landed with a whump and the prospector clambered out with the rest of his men.

**H**e looked this way and that trying to make sense of the map. "According to this," he said as he pointed at the map, "it should be very close to here."

**N**o matter how much he and his men looked no gold could be found.

**T**hen a sound came, the loud cawing of a bird, very loud and very clear which totally distracted him and his men.

**T**he prospector, surprised by the sound, quickly made his way to where the noise was coming from.

**I**nto the surprisingly dense forest he walked, he tripped and stumbled on his way to the source of the commotion.

**W**hen he got there he finally saw it was a Toucan that was making the infernal sound.

**H**e grabbed a stick from the ground and swung it at the Toucan hoping to scare it away but, instead, the Toucan merely jumped from its perch only to land on his shoulder and continue to scream in his ears.

**H**e lurched and stumbled but the

Toucan would not let go but as he did so he found himself stumbling onto the ground face to face with his gold.

**T**here he lay, on his chest, looking straight at a golden nugget. The very thing he was looking for, the only thing he was looking for.

**T**hough still perched on the prospector's shoulder the Toucan was silent, as if it was a sign from above that this miracle had happened.

**N**o matter how much he tried the Toucan would not go away so he just left it at that and let it stay.

**W**hen he walked out of the forest, with the nugget in hand and the Toucan on his shoulder,

the people shouted hooray at the find but gave him questioning looks.

**H**e just shrugged and said, "Yes, the Toucan is my good luck charm, it is the reason I found the gold."

**T**he men merely shrugged but still gave him strange looks.

**T**hough to him it was clearly a lie, however, in reality, he would not know how true those words were.

**T**he men took to working and tracked down the prospector's path where they began to mine the gold.

**A**pparently the mine itself was not far from the spot where the prospector had fallen.

**A**nd soon they were almost overburdened by the loot. They would have to make many trips back and forth to the shore.

**A**ll this time the prospector was carrying the Toucan on his shoulder.

**F**inally it was time for them to make their way home.

**W**hen they were on the open sea, and the men were merry, they sang and danced and most of them drunk.

**T**hen all of a sudden the Toucan began to scream.



**T**he drunken men did not care for such a noise and therefore did not care for him either.

**T**hey threatened to throw it off the boat if the bird would not shut up.

**F**rom the drunken jeers and threatening stances the prospector ran for his cabin where he finally locked himself and the noisy Toucan in.

**O**ut of nowhere the sky began to rumble and everything began to change.

**A** hurricane was suddenly formed which caused such a downpour and flooded the deck.

**T**he ship wobbled this way and that as if about to tip over, all the

while the Toucan continued to cry.

**W**hen the storm finally relented the prospector opened his door. Only a few sailors were left for most has been swept away by the heavy wind and rain.

**T**he remaining men, remembering his earlier words, finally believed in the luck of the Toucan and so did he for without the bird his life would not have been saved.

**D**ays later, on the sea on a night of a full moon, the prospector found himself feeling restless and thus found himself on the deck.

**S**ometime later would he realize that the bird was no longer on his

shoulder and was nowhere to be found.

**A**s he walked the deck he saw a figure leaning on the railing. It was a beautiful dark skinned woman and he found himself falling in love at first sight.

**T**he woman, surprised by his sudden appearance, nearly fell over the railing.

**B**ut she did not fall for he appeared suddenly very close to her stopping her fall.

**T**hey were face to face and there was an uncomfortable silence and she found herself to be falling deeply in love with him again.

**F**or she was the Toucan that had perched on his shoulder earlier in the day; by night her curse was lifted and she would become a woman.

**N**either of them made a move and merely stared at each other. Both returning each other's feelings but by the morning the prospector was found lying on the deck with the Toucan perched on his shoulder.

**W**hen he finally woke he tossed the dream away determined to use logic to explain what had happened.

*What happened last night were a dream and a figment of my imagination, he thought.*

**T**hey had finally reached civilization with the Toucan still perched on his shoulder.

**W**ith new found riches came fame. With fame came new credibility. With those things he became equal to a Lord and many young women flocked to his side.

**T**hen he saw the girl he had seen in his dream and he fell instantaneously in love with her again but, for some reason, the Toucan was even louder than before.

**B**linded by love, he would not listen to his Toucan and the young woman soon moved in with him.

**T**he Toucan was pried away and put in a cage but, for some reason, this would not stop its cry.

**S**o he put it away in a room on the other side of the mansion so its cry could never be heard but the Toucan could not stop crying

**F**or the woman was a demoness who had stolen her form and was doing everything in her power to steal the riches from the prospector.

**O**ne day, the Toucan cried itself hoarse to the point that blood came from its beak.

**F**inally it lay still on the floor of its cage almost dead but still crying.

**L**ater that night the prospector had a dream that his beloved lay dead at his feet; stuck in a cage and was crying herself to death.

**S**tumbling about he found his way to the other side of the mansion and there inside the cage the Toucan lay very still.

*No! This is my fault*, he thought and then the lie shattered and then and there the spell that was earlier cast upon him was finally broken and he held the dying Toucan to his chest.

**A** tear formed and fell on the dying bird, one drop was all it took and the bird transformed back into the woman.

**F**rom the other side of the mansion the demoness screeched,

the fiery thing ran to where they were for when the spell was lifted she was turning back to the vicious thing she was.

**B**ut there was nothing the demoness could do to them for the love they had was too strong and she was banished.

**H**owever, his love came too late and the woman in his arms slipped away.

**H**e cried and cried until an angel appeared.

**T**he angel said, "There is a chance that she can be saved but for this to happen you must toss everything away even this life you live." He then added, "Do you accept?"



**T**he prospector knows not what he speaks but “Yes,” he replied, and the deal was done.

**T**he darkness swept over him and all of a sudden he found himself on a boat holding onto a map.

**H**e was given a second chance and this time around he would find his treasure, his true love and not the riches.

**H**e made his way into the forest where the Toucan was perched crying out its heart. He merely offered her his shoulder and made his way back to the boat totally disregarding the nugget in his path.

**H**e lived out his entire life again only this time with his Toucan by

his side, though she never did turn back into a woman he kept at her side, never rich and never poor he made his lot in life.

**T**hen he felt it, someone had shaken his shoulder. He was lying down facing up looking straight at her face, she was crying in deep joy for he had indeed thrown his life away.

**H**e looked up and there was the Angel. "You see none of the reliving of your life had happened, it was a test of worth and you did well."

**H**e looked around and said, "I want not these treasures the only thing I ever needed was here," and now he held the crying woman to his chest.

**I**n the end he gave it all away so he was no longer rich in terms of gold but he was indeed rich in terms of love.

## The Island and the Sea

*"Some love can take you across the ocean." - Metha Metharom*

**T**here is a small island far from any coast. It is surrounded in all directions by a vast open sea.

**A**s far as it remembers it has always been. To keep it company are only a few living things, some rocks and some sand.

**I**ts only true companion was the sea which surrounded it completely.

**B**y everything that the rocks, sand, trees and a few monkeys knew they could tell that the island was menial and boredom would continuously set in.

**T**he sea on the other hand would tell it of the various places it visits, the sea monsters and adventures by brave heroes who traverse across it. This was the best thing that the open sea had to offer.

**B**ut the island wishes for more instead of hearing about it and wanted to experience it.

**S**o one night upon a falling star its wish was granted and the island in its next life was born as a boy, a boy on a ship's dock.

**T**he boy was handsome, full of vigour and curiosity, which would win him many friends.

**H**owever, on the dock, there would be one girl, who would always sit there and watch over

him, she did not have many friends and she was sickly but because she always watched over him, he would always watch over her.

**S**o in making his decision he approached her and said, "I will make you a deal, when I grow up and become stronger I will become an adventurer of great renown and each time I come back I will tell you a great story so you must stay well for me so that I may return."

**S**o when he grew older, he did indeed become strong and a mighty adventurer of the sea.

**T**he girl, his closest friend, remained at the dock always waiting to hear of his stories upon his return.

**T**he man would venture forth to deal with pirates, sea monsters and forces of nature and each time he would return to that small dock only to tell her of his adventure on the open sea.

**T**he girl, now a young woman and even though she was still sickly, would always wait for his stories for it was their promise together that she would stay well so that he would return.

**T**hough this arrangement worked well...the woman's health still failed her because her true feelings were that she was in love with the man and not the stories he would bring.

**T**he man did not know this and his adventures would take him further and further across the

ocean, farther and farther away from the young woman.

**T**his was so that he may bring back even more daring tales from across the sea.

**B**ut the thing was though the stories were much more adventurous each time the journey would take longer, and thus each time he would take longer to get back to the dock and to her.

**T**he young woman would stay at home and pine for the young man getting sicker and sicker for she was not being true to her heart.

**O**n his longest journey yet and the most daring, he looks forward to seeing her face and tell her his story once more.



**T**hough he did not know it he too was in love with the young woman at the dock.

**B**ut when he was on his journey back the sky grew dark, and it was the biggest storm that ever hit.

**O**n the open sea he and his crew fought the wrath of nature and he would eventually win but at the cost of more time.

**T**ime which the young woman does not have for she was becoming so sick she could no longer stand.

**A**s he fights through the storm the young woman fights through her sickness in hopes of seeing him once again.

**A**s he got through the storm, he encountered a savage sea monster and he fought hard though now battle worn, he continued on his way only so that he may see her once again.

**T**he young woman became sicker and sicker but she fought hard and managed to stay conscious.

**J**ust as he was about to reach home, pirates appeared, blocking his path and he was “at his rope's end”.

**T**he young woman did her best but she could fight no more and lost consciousness.

**H**e was tired and ragged from the many fights and could barely

## Le Grand Amour – M. Metharom

stand up when he heard the news that she was deep in sleep.

**H**e had fought these things long and hard only to come back to find out she was nearly dead.

**T**here was no longer any point to his adventures if she was not there to hear them.

**W**ith a realization that he was in love with her and not the adventures was too late and he sunk into deep despair.

**H**e loved her so dearly that he let out a cry into the sky hoping that the heavens would listen.

**A**nd the heavens did listen, as it always had, for his love was pure.

**I**t granted him his wish though the young woman did not waken her condition got better.

**T**hat was all he needed and he stayed day and night by her side to make sure she would get better.

**O**ne day she finally wakes to find him there and she was half expecting him to tell her his stories but instead he took her in his arms and held her.

**S**he began to speak but he silenced her and said, "Though I have travelled many oceans and many seas, I would rather be with you as your island in the sea, never will I travel more for the biggest adventure is being beside you always."

**T**he girl smiled and accepted his words for she in fact was the sea that used to tell him the equally amazing stories when he was an island and she was the sea.

## The Crab and the Gull

*"Love can come in the most unexpected form." - Metha Metharom*

**O**n a small island there sits a rock and under the shade of a rock is a small sand crab.

**W**henever it needs food it comes out from the shade of the rock.

**H**owever, the shade does not only provide shelter, it also provides protection.

**A**s it comes out to hunt so too does the seagull.

**T**he crab is considered a food source for the gull.

**A**s they scuttle about searching for food, the gulls peck at the crab and it would scuttle back underneath the shade of the rock.

**T**his would happen on a daily basis.

**B**ecause it happens so much the crab is not bothered by it.

**O**ne gull, however, would chase, peck and prod at it with more fervour than the others.

**T**his, of course, is the sole worry of the little crab.

**O**ne day the crab grew tired of this and asked, “Why do you peck at me so, when many a time you could have eaten me?”

**A**nd the gull said, “Because of the mere fact that I want to do this.”

**C**onfused by the answer the little crab grows frustrated.

**D**ay by day it would continue on.

**T**he crab would scuttle out and then quickly scuttle back in as the one gull, out of the many, would peck and prod at it with more energy than the others.

**T**hen there came a day that a ship wrecks on the shore of the lonely island.

**A**s the ship is being fixed the humans, for some reason, took away the rock.



**T**he little crab is now bereft of its home and protection.

**T**he only other place that the little crab considers as safe is too far away underneath the cliff face but she can burrow into the sand below

**T**he gulls seeing that the little crab now has nowhere to go come at it with more energy than ever before.

**I**t scuttles about every which way but it knows it cannot escape for long.

**I**t nearly gives up when it was suddenly lifted into the air, it knew this to be its last day.

**B**ut this was not the last day for within a few seconds later it was

dropped near a hole in front of the cliff face.

**I**t was the lone gull that would peck and prod at the little crab with more fervour than the others.

**T**he crab scuttled into the hole and looks up to thank the gull.

**B**ut the other gulls have seen the obvious betrayal and turn their attack toward the lone gull.

**I**n the end there was a lot of blood and feathers on the sand, but the rest of the gulls were gone.

**T**he crab, seeing that the fight was over, scuttles back out onto the beach only to find the lone gull dying on the sand.

“**W**hy did you help me?” the crab asked.

“**D**o you not know?” asked the dying gull.

**I**t was a rhetorical question for the crab did know, the gull had poked and prodded at it with more fervour than the others for the same reason it had protected the crab.

**I**t was love...pure and simple love.

**B**ut it was too late for the gull lay dead at the crab's feet.

**T**he crab turns upward and wishes with all it's might that one day it can meet the gull again.

Le Grand Amour – M. Metharom

**A** century later, on the very same shore, a woman with crab pattern on her dress paddles in her boat waiting for a fish to bite.

**A**s she can feel the tug on her line, a small plane swoops past her causing her to lose her line.

**O**n the plane was painted a picture of a seagull.

**S**o it came to pass that the little crab's wish was granted.

## Into the Stars Above

### The Fisherman and the Moon

*“The love that you seek is often inside your heart.” - Metha Metharom*

**O**n a lonely night, on a solitary boat sits a lone fisherman waiting for his line to be caught.

**A**ll he has for company is the blinking stars and the ever bright glowing moon.

**I**t was one of those nights where not only was he alone he too felt alone.

**H**e had no family and he had no kin, no one to hold and no one to share his pain.

**A**ll he has was his fishing job  
and the ever glowing moon.

*What was the point to all this?*  
He thought despairingly.

**W**elling with misery he made a  
decision. He stood up and walked  
to the side of the boat.

**B**ut as he was about to jump  
clouds billowed past...covering  
the moon in its entirety leaving  
him in total darkness.

**H**e stood there on the edge of the  
boat while the wind rocked the  
boat gently to and fro not  
knowing where to go.

**T**hen a voice came from behind  
him. “Why do you wish to take  
your life fisherman?”

**H**e turned around suddenly only to find himself in the presence of a glowing beautiful woman in a plain white dress.

**H**e stares at her for a time and then she says, “I have watched you on many a lonely night just as you have watched me, why now would you take your life and not before?”

“**W**hy lady of the night, why do you think I would? Many a nights I sit alone on this boat by myself with no others and there is no point to me at all.”

“**I** understand perfectly your loneliness for I have long wished to be with another but can not do so.” says the lady.

**H**e raises his eyebrows but she continues, “For he is the sun and I am the moon, there is no way that we would meet unless during an eclipse, but the wait is worth it in the end.”

**H**e chuckles a bit at this, “No you do not understand my pain for though you do sit alone you have someone to go to at the end while I have nothing aside from this you are also of use for you shine your light in the darkness so that others can make their way while I am just a fisherman barely making my way.”

**S**he smiles at this, “No fisherman you are also of use too, remember this... without you where would people get food to eat, if they had naught to eat would they not be dead? You



have your role and I have mine,  
what you lack, however, is the  
love you have inside.”

**R**ealizing the truth in this the  
fisherman fell to his knees, inside  
his head he always knew that the  
love he seeks was inside of he.

**B**efore he could reply, the clouds  
billow away and the brightness  
returns to the water once more.

**L**ooking up the moon seems to  
wink and says, “Remember only  
when you love yourself will  
others come to love you also,”  
and the moon seems to smile at  
him from above.

**H**e sits back on his boat only to  
realize his line had caught and up  
he brings a struggling mermaid.

**H**e was surprised and so was she but when they saw each other he did know this was indeed what the moon had said.

**R**emembering one of the stories told long ago he decided what was best was to let her go.

**S**he looks up and openly smiles, “I am their daughter so do not mind, I am yours if you wish it so but just don't anger my father or he will have your head,” and with that she swam away.

**A**nd every night he would come to fish on the no longer lonely water to meet his love and her often angry giant statue of a father.

**A**nd each night he would look up and be thankful of the moon who

Le Grand Amour – M. Metharom

taught him to love himself before  
another will come to love him.

**T**he moon too would smile  
downward to her favourite  
fisherman knowing at last he had  
found someone.

## **The Thief and the Night**

*“Sometimes the very thing you have been seeking has always been beside you” - Metha Metharom*

**U**nder the cover of darkness a lone figure slowly made his way through the window of a small manor.

**S**ilently he padded to the make-up cabinet.

**O**pening the dress drawers he pilfers its treasures and off he went, out the window, the thief into the night.

**L**ooking at the goods in his hands he knew he would be fed well again for these baubles are nothing more than play things for

the rich but invaluable substance for his living.

**E**ach night he would go out covered in the night's cloak of darkness and steal away his goods and every night would be perfect.

**I**t was a bad thing he had no charm nor did he have looks nor did he have any other skills.

**S**o for him it was the life of a thief, the only way for him.

**T**he night did not care about this nor did it matter if he did right or wrong all that mattered is that she covered him in her darkness and he will be fine.

**T**he thief realizes it was a selfish thing he was doing...breaking

into people's homes but he needed to make a living somehow and this was his only way that he could see at least.

**E**very night he would be happy with his lot in life but fate would one day decide that this was not enough.

**O**ne day there was a parade in the city where some nobleman and his family was visiting. Spying from the rooftop he saw a young woman, the daughter of the nobleman and his heart burst asunder.

**M**aking his way on the rooftop he followed their pathways and sought out where they will stay.

**A** small manor house just like the one he many a night would

pilfer from he did spy. But for now he would recede back to the shadows and make his move later in the night.

**O**n nightfall the lone figure leapt from rooftop to rooftop seeking his prize.

**H**e comes not for gold or treasures but for the love he feels in his heart.

**P**ausing only briefly to dodge away from the guards he made his way to the window sill of the woman he fell for.

**S**lowly he pried the window open and made his silent entry. Cloaked in night he laid on the side of her bed many jewels and...flowers he picked that night.

**K**nowing that in his heart she would awaken and see the magnificent sight.

**A**t daybreak the thief would be gone but what have been left were the jewels and flowers resting by the young woman's side.

**W**hen she awakened she was struck by the treasures she had found as well as the magnanimous flowers by her side.

**T**he young woman would look at it day and night believing that she found a perfect suitor at long last.

**F**or six days and six nights her bed would be littered with jewels



and flowers and a card  
proclaiming love.

**A**nd in her mind she would think  
how handsome and rich her  
suitor must be to bring her such  
things.

**S**o on the seventh day she  
decided she would stay up and  
she would surprise her suitor  
with her acceptance of his love.

**A**nd on that very night she did  
just that, and when it was time  
the thief clothed in shadows  
would walk through the cover of  
night and place the goods on her  
bed.

**B**ut as he did so the young  
woman quickly clasped his arm  
unwilling to let go.

**T**he thief tried his hardest to get away but to no avail.

**T**he woman then said, “So you are the one, my beloved of the night. Please show me your handsome face so that I may be one with you tonight”.

**H**earing such a proclamation, the thief reacted. Puffing his chest and stepping out into the moonlight only to see a look of terror on her face.

**T**hrough the night she would scream “Thief! Trespasser! Rapist!” Alerting the guards of his presence.

**T**he thief hearing this quickly ran to the window with bitterness in his heart.

*He may be a thief, a trespasser  
but no rapist, was his love  
misplaced and was it that he no  
longer could see what the truth  
is?*

Quickly he jumped onto the street but to his dismay many guards were on their way.

Arrows flew out and hit him in the back and he was sorely wounded.

More come flying by...hitting him in the leg and both arms, bleeding heavily he tries to make his way home.

His eyes were losing focus and losing the light, a few more steps and he would be gone.

**H**e rounded the wrong corridor and found himself face to face with the guards and the moonlight made him very noticeable.

**H**e knew he was at his last when darkness came all at once like a curtain had been dropped.

**I**n that darkness he heard the guards yell out trying to find their way but he did not care for he had fallen to the ground, blood seeping from his wounds.

**H**e looked up at the night only to find a woman standing before him, cloaked in total darkness, her clothing black.

**H**e stared at her and knew who she was, the one who had always

cloaked him until he discarded her away.

**S**he did not say anything but merely looked knowingly in his eyes.

**B**ut in his mind he heard it all, *'Be well my thief for I am the night, I will take thee away from this plight'*.

**W**hen the curtain lifted the thief was gone and the only thing left was the bloodied arrows protruding from the ground.

**T**he guards look around in their dismay unable to find even a trace of the fallen trespasser.

**T**he young woman now knows her mistake and realizes then that

her suitor was a thief and with that in mind cried tears of woe.

**S**he had been courted by a thief and a commoner and she almost accepted what a shameful thing she could have endured.

**B**ut for some reason the young woman would look around, always searching for the one.

**A**nd from that came a legend of the thief of the night who steals a young girl's heart. But what of the thief you may ask?

**H**e is neither here nor there anymore for he is finally with the night, she who has always been with him and forever will be.

## The Angel and the Priest

*“Love will eventually come to all those who wait.” - Metha Metharom*

**A**s a young boy he would sit in the rose garden and smell its scent.

**N**o one would understand why he was there and not out to play.

**T**he rose garden sits in a small churchyard, where people would come and go.

**I**t was here that he met her...the Angel of the Rose.

**S**he had fluttered down from the heaven above to care for the budding roses for it was her duty

and here she would end up gazing at the young boy who would become a man.

“I see you,” he had said to her the first time he saw her.

The Angel was astounded and spread her wings and leapt back into the sky taking with her all her beauty, all her grace.

And each day the young boy would come and wait for the Angel to return.

And every day the Angel would return for it was her duty to look after the roses and each day the young boy would say, “I see you,” while smiling knowingly.

And every time as he did that the Angel would flee from the place



not certain why she would do such.

**A**s time went by the young boy would become a young man and yet still he would come to the church and study the way.

**B**ut on every visit on daybreak he would visit the rose garden, only to say “I see you,” to the flustered Angel.

**T**he Angel not really sure anymore why she comes, whether it is to see the young man or the roses.

**T**he years gone passed once again, and the young man became an older man, now a Priest.

**N**ever once laying his eyes on any women folk but always coming to the rose garden and say, “I see you.”

**E**very day he would make his sermon at mass and people would come from far and wide to hear him speak.

**F**or the Priest has a strong heart and is one with his faith.

**T**he Priest became so busy that he would hardly have any time to see the rose garden but yet each morning he would make his way there just to say those same words, “I see you.”

**A**nd the Angel now knows she was no longer here to see the rose but the man who had become a Priest.

**T**he years would pass once more  
and the Priest was now old.

**A**nd each and every day he  
would say to her the Angel in his  
heart, “I see you.”

**A**nd every day she would wait  
for him to arrive at the rose  
garden to say: *I see you* to her.

**F**or in truth as she looked at him,  
she saw him too.

**T**hen one day the Priest did not  
come so the Angel became  
worried.

**T**he Priest was sick for he was  
old, but he fought all that even  
though he should be in bed he

came to see, in the rose garden,  
the Angel.

**W**ith the last of his strength he  
mustered three more words as he  
looked into her face, “I see you.”

**T**hen he fell to the ground and as  
she held his prone body to her's  
she says, “I see you too.”

**W**ith that the Priest did smile  
and his soul was gone.

**T**he Angel started to weep and  
then something tapped her  
shoulder.

**I**t was the Priest or at least his  
soul. He looked at her while  
smiling smugly and then said, “I  
see you.”

**A**nd then the Angel did know  
that what he meant what was not  
that he sees her but rather he  
loves her.

**A**nd together the Angel and the  
Priest made their way to heaven  
together.

Le Grand Amour – M. Metharom

*Dedicated to all those who love  
and lost and then found it again.*