

Airah and Ayzel



ILLUSTRATED BY: ALESHA & REHMAL





Ayzel's hair was like a dark waterfall falling around her shoulders, and her eyes were so calm and still like the water. She only said something if it was important, and when she did, everyone listened. Airah was another matter. Her laughter came even before her arrival. Her eyes always swiftly scanned the environment catching details that others didn't, and she was loaded with questions the way people are with keys, always, but not knowing for sure which door they would be opening.



(Airah and Ayzel were lying in their room, ready to sleep.)
'Tell me a story,' Airah said restlessly in the darkness. 'You'll wake up mom,' Ayzel replied in a soft voice. 'Go back to sleep...'



Ayzel found solace in painting.



Sometimes, sitting on a hillside, the sisters would remember about their past, cherishing fond memories. Their hearts would swell with questions: Where had their father vanished to? And how could they bring him back?



The bandits spot them while they're talking. Ayzel and Airah start running as soon as they see the bandits coming. They run until they get lost, eventually ending up by a stream. When they no longer hear the bandits, they stop by the stream to rest.



As Airah explored the library, she remarked, 'I thought this was a library, but there are no books here.' The librarian replied, 'Here, every object tells its own story.'



As she approaches the house, she gazes wistfully through the window at a family enjoying a meal together. Meanwhile, an old gardener stands behind her.

*Sometimes, life separates souls only to teach
them how to return—this time, not with
questions, but with understanding and
unshaken love.*

~Alesha Samrin



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