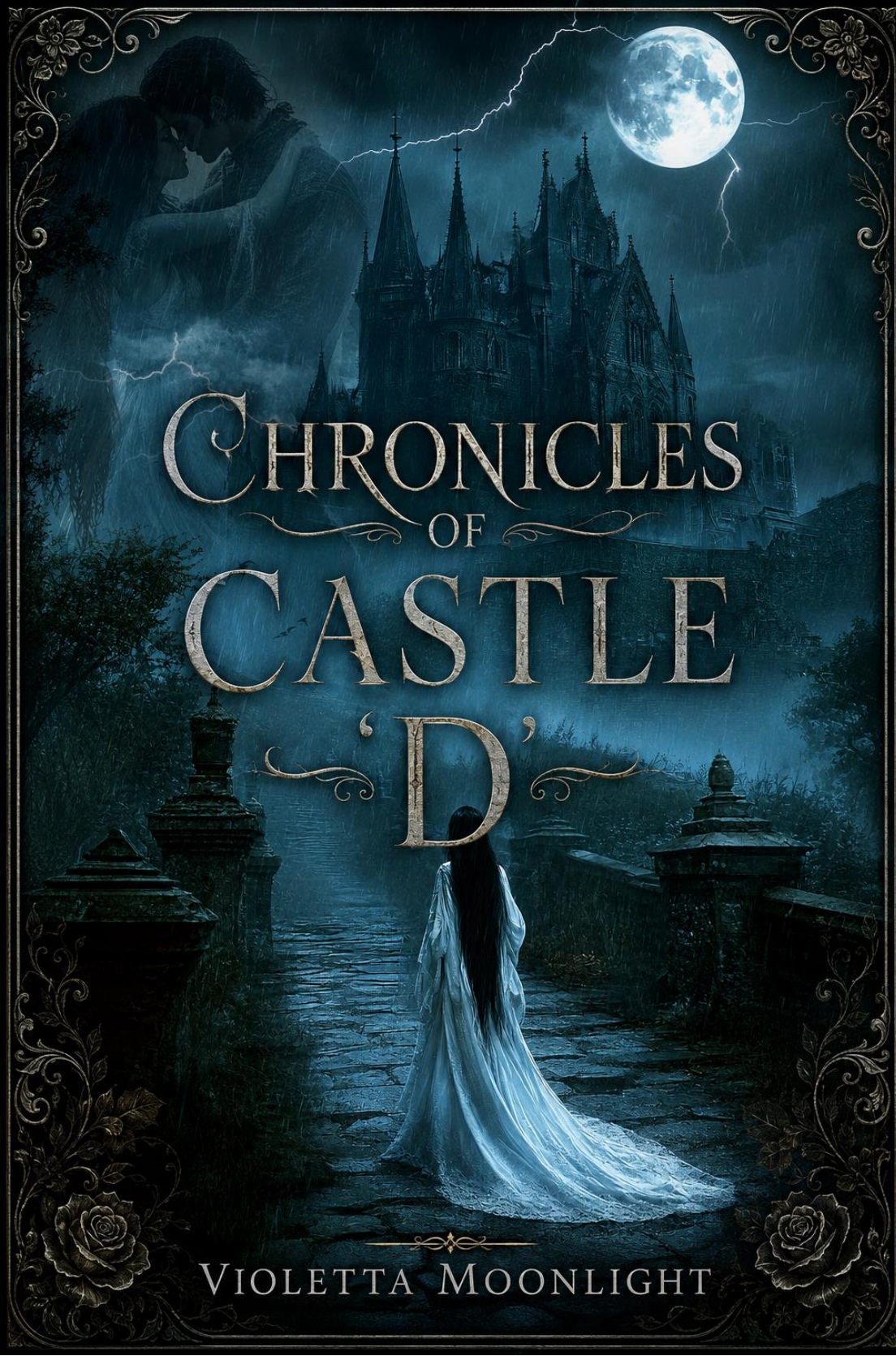




CHRONICLES OF CASTLE 'D'

VIOLETTA MOONLIGHT



*CHRONICLES OF
CASTLE 'D'*





INTRODUCTION

Hurried away from the gallows, she ran headlong into the mist, and it seemed to last an Eternity...

Soaked in the cold rain, the girl trembled. The torn hem of her sack-like tunic dragged along the muddy, winding path that led up to the abandoned castle, which the locals avoided, calling it 'The Devil's castle'.

Welcome to Prussia in year of 1793.¹

The storm at night is simply magnificent! Flashes of lightning constantly illuminate the darkness, rain drums on the windows, and under the terrifying rumble of thunder, the full moon shines through the windows. The unrestrained howl of the wolves roaming in these mountains can be heard outside. Their howling is mesmerizing and paralyzing. It seems as if they are about to surround the traveler in a tight circle and the distance will shrink if only the heavy castle door would swing open and the invisible master silently invites entrance...

But is there something waiting for her beyond the dead silence, occasionally accompanied by the echo of footsteps?

¹ According to ancient Vedic chronology, it is the year of 7302 from the Making a Peace in the Star Temple. The ancient calendar, along with the old believers, was subjected to brutal extermination and it was later replaced by the Julian, then Gregorian calendar. Therefore, modern dates are now counted from the birth of Christ, which is in the year 1793. In "The Chronicles of Castle D," two options of chronology will be provided – an ancient and Gregorian.





I

The girl resolutely stepped over the castle threshold. The doors closed behind her. No one is greeting. Torches burning here and there, snatching glimpses of the dark silhouette of the old castle from within. Desolate prevailed here, as if the unknown master rarely visited his possessions.

Wiping away the raindrops and pushing her wet hair off her face, she carefully peered into the semi-darkness. A wide staircase with massive wrought-iron railings appeared ahead. Mystery seized her, and cautiously, step by step, the girl began to ascend, listening to the echo of her footsteps.

People say the owner of the castle has dwelled within these dilapidated walls for an entire Eternity, and no one has yet been able to see his true face. He seems imprisoned within his own domain, condemned to existence in darkness. Not everyone can live in this strange emptiness and cold. They say his doors are open to every traveler. He never refuses guests who bring life into his walls, but they seldom leave this abode. Everything here is shrouded in mystery, and no one knows what awaits there, in the depths of these possessions. *Would she want to see his true face, even if it was the last thing in her life?*

There are several doors ahead along the walls of the long corridor. There must be someone behind one of them...





But which one to choose, and is it worth continuing?

The stranger made a decision. She pushed open the cobweb-covered door at random and stepped into a dark room with heavy dusty air coming from a tightly barred window, through which the moonlight barely slipped unable to warm her from the chill. The girl immediately realized that this was the place where she could hide, but subconsciously something was bothering her. It seemed that someone had just been in this room, and she could feel it. In an attempt to calm her heartbeat, the muffled rumblings of thunder kept knocking her off balance. The inner tension was growing. Suddenly, footsteps could be heard receding in the corridor, and candles in the room suddenly lit up.

The girl absentmindedly looked around. On the canopy bed, draped in silver brocade, laid clean and dry clothes, next to which stood a small table with bread, cheese, and wine from the castle cellar, while the air was filled with the enveloping scent of dried petals of steppe magnolia and subdued sandalwood. As she touched the cool sheets with her hand, she immediately felt intoxicating fatigue, and despite trying to stand steadfastly on her feet, her heavy eyelids betrayed her by closing on their own. Carefully reclining on the bed, not understanding where reality was and where the dream was, she heard an indistinct soft baritone... *What is happening?! Where is she?!* Drifting into sleep...



II

The girl felt His presence... At first her sleep was restless, and then something happened. She opened her eyes at a strange sound, feeling the piercing cold. Somehow the barred window was wide open, hitting the stone walls, and the curtains fluttered in the howling wind entering the room. The stranger got up, glanced briefly at the extinguished fireplace, which she had not noticed before, and hurriedly approached the window, closing it tightly.

She was completely numb and only now noticed that she was dressed in a long white dress with flared sleeves. The silk freely flowed on her body, falling from the waist to the floor and tightly hugging her delicate tiny chest. In the moonlight, her black hair to the knees shimmered with silver-blue shades, and in these moments He felt her soul without seeing her face. She seemed transparent, fragile, and weightless, something unearthly, and He was right... Like a beautiful ghost, the girl stepped over the threshold of the room and floated to wander around the castle with its gloomy corridors, from the depths of which terrible screams were heard. The wind roamed through the halls, and the bats silently emerged from the darkness, casting grotesque shadows in the flickering light of the torches.

Suddenly, a pleasant male voice came out of nowhere:
"It's quite restless in these parts on days like this."





There's a storm, lightning, and thunder outside. I wouldn't risk walking around at this moment. It's not safe here. My castle is not very welcoming within these walls, especially at night."

She knew there was no one around her, so she smiled slightly:

"A storm is wonderful," she whispered, "As well as the damp walls through which the lonely wind wanders."

Her hand touched the cold, rough stones, and her legs continued to gracefully tread forward down the corridor.

"What about the unfortunate test subjects that I condemn to a miserable fate?" he continued.

"Do you mean their beautiful fate with cold, smooth alabaster skin until decay touches them? Isn't it touching and perfect?" the girl smiled again.

"You describe the dead so beautifully, so peacefully... I almost began to envy them. But my bodies aren't like that. Not every experiment ends aesthetically, not to mention decomposition."

"So what do you do? Collect lost souls and their remains?"

The male voice did not answer.

The girl stopped abruptly. Her heart beat restlessly in her chest. She lowered her sad gaze and unconsciously said:

"No, you're not collecting – you're trying to revive





someone! A body that longs for rest but cannot die... its coldness chills to the bone! Hopelessness! Before the eyes, nothing but fog... Consciousness submerged into an endless abyss, suffocating like a vacuum. Muffled sounds from the outside are monotonous and unvarying. The fear of losing what is so dear, something that can only be torn out with blood and flesh, pierces and frightens. There is no limit to suffering. The soul weeps."

Her hands began to numb, her legs weakened, but she continued:

"Morning. Square. Around 6 o'clock, the sun has just risen. The condemned stand by the gallows. A deafening bell toll rings out. Ropes are thrown around their necks, and a second later the lifeless bodies sway in the wind in front of the crowd. Chains... but first there were heavy chains! The feeling of such strange reality. The cold stone chamber and footsteps approaching down the corridor... I feel uneasy! Our time is running out," she whispered deliriously and collapsed unconscious on the floor.

III

The moment of oblivion. The raw cold, piercing to the bone, was replaced by a soft feeling of warmth. The crackling of the firewood in the fireplace could be heard. She opened





her eyes and smiled. The bedroom was very cozy. Pleasant semi-darkness prevailed everywhere, despite the approaching dawn. The heavy velvet curtains were tightly closed; the windows were steamed up from the heated hearth. Antique paintings hung on the walls, furs were laid out on the floor, two armchairs stood by the fireplace, and the flickering of the flame was so beautiful and calming that it seemed to her that there was no place more beautiful in the world than this.

The girl once again felt His presence. He seemed so close that she could hear the beating of his heart. The feeling of reality emerged again, and she was in His embrace... He gently touched the tips of her lips and neck with his fingertips, which caused a pleasant shiver throughout her body. Unexplainable tenderness flooded over her. Her breathing became deeper, interrupted by a slight pain in her heart from the realization that she had never felt so good and at the same time so restless. The feeling of pleasure! Something was stirring, happening. His touches and thoughts clouded her mind, making her helpless, as if He had taken over her from within.

"Something is happening to me," the girl whispered in confusion, trying to break free from this captivity, "This reality in which there is no one... Where am I? Who is the one whose presence I feel?!"





She tried to understand, to see, but it was as if a fog was swirling before her eyes. All that she could barely remember was the blurry silhouette of a man from her dream. She did not see his face, but she remembered a voice, reminiscent of light, calm music that she wanted to listen to louder and hear more...

"Why am I thinking about Him?" the girl shook her head, raising herself on her elbows.

Her head was spinning, like a carousel. In the corridor, the footsteps receded again, a light aroma of sandalwood wafted, mixed with the scent of wild magnolia. She took a deep breath, blissfully smiled, and laid her head back on the soft pillow. She falls asleep, she sleeps...

IV

Sometimes, it's difficult to express your feelings – that's why there is silence. Often it speaks more than hundreds of words.

The nights flew by one after another. The sweet stranger continued to sleep soundly. Storm raged outside the windows, the gusty wind howled, but it didn't disturb her sleep. A young moon peeked out from beneath the clouds in the sky, marking the fourth day of the new moon, and droplets of rain or perhaps already wet snow trickled down the window.





Her eyelashes quivered. The girl opened her eyes and smiled slightly. She felt herself light and the headache was gone, but a chill ran through her body – it was very cold in the room again... The fire in the fireplace had long gone out, and only candles were burning around.

How long had she spent here? Or maybe all of this is a dream?

Reluctantly, but carefully stepping on the soft sheepskin rug with bare feet, she pulled the blanket off the bed, wrapped herself in it, and walked out of the room into the damp empty corridor. The silence in the castle weighed heavily on her mind.

"I don't know what's happening, my head is foggy. Where am I going?!" she whispered, trying to understand herself.

Some unknown force pushed her to the end of the corridor. There, in the darkness, through the partially open wide door, a dim candle was flickering, and only vague outlines and shadows were visible everywhere.

Approaching cautiously and peeking inside, she found herself in an antique library with tall floor-to-ceiling bookcases, on which thousands of dreary, massive books were gathering dust. In the middle of the room there was a table with a tall vacant chair, and opposite it hung a portrait of a young girl.





A slim waist, snow-white skin, lovely facial features and curls falling on her shoulders were barely noticeable behind the aging canvas several hundred years old. On the table by the chair, the same muted candle burned, casting an unassuming shadow from the open diary with yellowed pages. Inside were numerous notes made in an incomprehensible handwriting, but the guest paid no attention to it, because she was overwhelmed by the desire to read everything.

"The night will be long and sleepless," the girl cheered up, and as if spellbound, forgetting about worries and questions, she climbed into the chair and gently touched the manuscript.

The library was even colder than her bedroom, and, continuing to tightly wrap herself in the blanket, she pushed strands of hair back and began to read word for word with incredible ease, as if she knew this handwriting. The lines came to life, immersing her in the world of the ghostly owner of the castle, whose presence she felt so clearly.

He wants to tell her something... but what?





NOTES FROM THE DIARY

Prussia. Year of 1584 /7093/

September 15

(7 Ramhat)

"My world, perhaps, dark and cold for someone, but always a light for me. Rain, thunder! If I could choose the weather, clear weather would be a rarity for me, except for cool winter days. Yes, winter... I am in love with it! Strange, in this season I even love the day, especially the sunrise, and in the evenings – to warm by the fireplace. Well, and in a storm I simply like to listen to the rain... in silence... and be quiet... And now, in the distance, the thunder rumbles, which means that the rains have finally reached my forgotten land."

October 10

(32 Ramhat)

"What can be seen in my eyes if you look into them? – sadness, inexpressible despairing sadness. I think the sadness for someone is much worse than universal grief. What else can answer the inhabitant of a gloomy castle deep in the high mountains, where at night only the sound of winds wandering the hills?"





October 19

(41 Ramhat)

"I live in a tumultuous time of superstitions and hypocrisy, and society is a separate story. I am tired of it and keep my distance, and it keeps its distance from me. I can say we have perfect relations. The human essence has always been, is, and will be greedy, mercenary, insignificant, and dirty. And, alas, this dirt cannot be washed away, scraped off, or cleansed with acid, because this dirt is not external, but internal. It remains only to fortify oneself with strong walls, bolts, and build one's own world. Let it be small, but the most reliable. I never believed in friendship with people, so I don't have to be disappointed."

October 21

(02 Ailet)

"Outside, the elements are raging, lightning flashes cut through the sky, and thunder roars so loudly that the earth trembles. The scariest part is that there are no defined boundaries to one's own madness. Sometimes, it seems like I'm going crazy faster than the people who understand me, rather than the other way around. Good thing all of this isn't deadly."





October 29

(10 Ailet)

"I'm not sure I can give someone a bright and beautiful love, and it's impossible to take a step forward.

Hm, interesting, what about 'here and now'. What if that's just emptiness? Sometimes to avoid it, people start living other people's lives and realities, which is quite dangerous. There was a time in my life like that, but the memory has almost been erased."

October 30

(11 Ailet)

"Today I accidentally saw you and spoke for the first time. Now, I imagine that a bright moon shines through my windows and associating it with you. Strange... I need to understand why this is happening."

November 3

(15 Ailet)

"After spending time in silence, I feel much better. Solitude is a wonderful remedy, although one has to go through the entire fiery hell of the soul, but if fire is purification, then it is the best means of self-discovery. I noticed that when we think about each other, strange things happen, well, something is constantly happening..."





November 8

(20 Ailet)

"It's amazing that, despite my obsession with space and tranquility, your presence doesn't interfere at all, but on the contrary, calms me. Our connection grows stronger every day, it's unbelievable. Your soul hears me on some other level of consciousness."

November 13

(25 Ailet)

"Some kind of excruciating attraction. I have never felt such a pull towards anyone. Sometimes I think it might just be passion, but then I feel like it's even more than just love..."

November 18

(30 Ailet)

"I wandered through the castle corridors today and caught myself thinking that I need you... I was always drawn in a different direction before you – to the dark, silent with a penetrating cold. I didn't even like the starry sky. I never thought that now I would want to live to a ripe old age. We only just met, and there's still such a long life ahead, and now every second passes in anticipation of our meeting."





November 23

(35 Ailet)

"My misty castle seems so dark and frightening from the outside, but when you look inside, something extraordinary happens – love and eternity reign here now. Now this is your home too. It really is cold and damp here, so allow yourself to fall asleep in my embrace, and then we will wake up completely different – forever connected."

November 24

(36 Ailet)

"This night was strange. I kept waking up, probably to make sure you were there and that it wasn't a dream, so I held your hand even tighter and fell asleep again. Dreams troubled me all night. You were the only thing in them."

November 28

(40 Ailet)

"Raindrops are running down the window, and I don't know how to tell you about my departure. Alas, I need to make a long trip through the misty Prussian mountains. The road goes through narrow gorges and deserted roads, so I need to leave early to arrive at the destination before midnight. There I will discuss important matters, study the project, and then, in the morning, I will return to our castle. My carriage will arrive





for me any minute now. My heart is breaking at the thought of our parting, but I can't do anything about it. I hear the sound of hooves in the distance. It's time for me to go. I will see you soon. Goodbye!"

November 30

(02 Bailet)

"Exhausted after a long journey. It's so cold outside, but the autumn weather delights with its colorful trees, fresh air, and the wind. Two days have passed since my departure, and I miss you so much already. I enter the castle, go up the stairs, enter the rooms, and my soul feels lighter. Such a wonderful time, and you're asleep... and so beautiful."

December 1

(03 Bailet)

"A weak ray of morning sun seeps through the thick curtains, but the room is dim, and the scent of steppe magnolias fills the air. The sheets are crumpled, some pillows scattered on the bed, and this mess reminds me of our magical night. A smile immediately appears on my face, and the whole picture flashes before my eyes. Just one look and one thought makes me feel something inexplicable, light, and elevated. Maybe because we look into each other's souls."





December 2

(04 Bailet)

"The emptiness disappeared with your appearance, and you took my heart – it stopped hurting. Now only pleasant anxiety overcomes me at the thought of you, and time flies backward as if someone is turning the clock hands just for us. Everything intertwines... and I want it to last for Eternity. Now I know that love cannot be exhausted. It's like water from a healing spring – the more you drink, the better and more magical you feel."

December 9

(11 Bailet)

"How difficult it is to do business with people from the Middle Ages, and how familiar it is to live someone else's life, as if everything is not moving forward or backward... I am very tired of people, like a creature from another world. Only with you, I am comfortable and cozy. My carriage arrived at the entrance, and I stepped out of the world of shadows into the starry moonlit sky. Entering the castle, I walked through long empty corridors and headed to the bedroom, where you were. In our land, it gets colder earlier, and the fireplace will now warm us until spring. Sat on the edge of the bed and smiled lightly, touching your face with my palm. You are the only thing that beautifies the world around me. I never believed in the





miracles of soul unity, never believed that the concept of a kindred soul even existed until I met you. Now I know that you exist..."

December 14

(16 Bailet)

"It's dark and damp outside now. There are plenty of puddles and streams around the castle, with fine rain drizzling and mist slipping from the hills. Something is draining my energy... It seems like I have such a limited supply, but it will pass soon, like human imperfection. I doubt I'll be able to completely get rid of my mental fatigue today, maybe just tame my mind. Right now, I need to be alone in my dungeon. It's not about you, I just need to distract myself from unnecessary thoughts. Let's be silent for a while."

December 16

(18 Bailet)

"I feel much better. You know, the approach of our meeting followed a certain chain of events. Suddenly I saw your inner beauty, a soul that turned out to be special. It's hard to explain, every step seemed completely random, but now I'm sure that there are no coincidences... There's something greater in every action, even in the smallest choice! You are like the most beautiful melody, so enchanting and lovely. It





calms and makes the heartbeat. I want to hear it always. It's like an obsession, enchantment, magic! And I also love to stroke your beautiful hair, scattered on the pillow like dark silk. You, as always, have adorned my day. Now there are only millions of beautiful nights ahead."

December 20

(22 Bailet)

"The weather is bad again today. The wind sways the crowns of the trees, the ground is frozen, and the air has become colder. It seems like winter is approaching. Soon the candles will burn longer, and the atmosphere of twilight will be even longer. There is a city far from our castle. I rarely go there, but I still remember the abundance of ancient cemeteries. I think they are especially charming in winter. I like to watch how the seasons change in the area – everything lives its own life without the fleetingness of time."

December 21

(23 Bailet)

"The cold has arrived... The fire is crackling in the fireplace and you're wrapped in a blanket, while I question how long I can live, madly loving you and not die from it completely."



December 25

(27 Bailet)

"The wind freely walks along the wide veranda on the entire floor of the castle, revealing a breathtaking view of the expanses! I bring you closer to the edge, and now there's no barrier between you and the sky. The winter freshness becomes more noticeable, and I hold you tighter to warm you with my heat. The day is coming to an end, the sun slowly setting below the horizon. Its bright light gently illuminates everything around with shades of red, as if burning with all its might before slowly fading into twilight. It's like looking at you, knowing that every time the feelings of admiration and beauty never cease to delight the soul. I kiss your hair, neck, shoulders, and it feels so good right now. You're a priceless treasure, the most beautiful and rare flower in the magical forest, an uncut diamond, and the most delightful part of eternity! Holding you in my arms is like sweet poison, sometimes causing a momentary pause of the heart. I love this evening morning, when the approach of deep night is felt, and the day is just beginning..."

December 26

(28 Bailet)

"I may be young in earthly years, but what's inside doesn't change. Sometimes, I'm scared of my ancientness and





deep fatigue, but I only tire of the interruptions of these lives that repeat and throw us in different directions. Yet, your wisdom is perfect – kindred souls will always find a way to love each other..."

December 30

(32 Bailet)

"The snow-covered mountain slopes gleam with dazzling whiteness, and the garden trees and bushes are adorned with falling snow from the sky. My princess is getting dressed and combing her luxurious long hair in front of the mirror.

I approached you from behind and kissed your bare shoulder, then turned to the window, continuing to watch the snowfall. I don't remember falling asleep this night, as if I lost the boundary between our conversation and a dream."

January 8, 1585

(41 Bailet)

"You're going through a really tough period in your life right now. Maybe you don't show it, but it's all building up inside of you – lots of emotions in your soul. Sometimes sadness helps us realize and see things. Your sadness will pass, you just need to give it time. When it seems like there's no meaning in some moments, it turns out that there's meaning in everything, we just understand it a little later."



January 13

(05 Gaillet)

"How dark it is outside! The wind is blowing snow off the roof and swaying the crowns of tall spruces, but it's warm and cozy in the castle. We've breathed life into it, made it our heart, and now together with us it blooms... I worked practically all night today. The partners have gone, and the house, finally, found the long-awaited silence. I looked at the winter sky full of stars, and immediately thought of you. Extinguishing the candle in the study, I hurried upstairs and opened the door to the room enveloped in the scent of steppe magnolias, wax and subdued sandalwood. The moonlight falls on the edge of the bed – and you're in that half-light... I smiled slightly, sat in the armchair, resting my chin on my hand, and looked at you sleeping and so carefree. How I love you. You're my brightest star, moonlight, the most beautiful morning sunrise and evening sunset, the coolness of the winter wind and the infinity of the sea surface! You are my oblivion, my soul and my happiness."

January 14

(06 Gaillet)

"I opened my eyes, looked around, and joy filled my heart at the realization that this is not a dream after all. We are nestled in our bed on silk. There are antique clocks, candles,





and your portrait on the fireplace. This room sometimes seems small and sometimes – very spacious. Such amazing feelings, but for some reason, I am most concerned about the stone walls, which now feel chilly and damp. In a few days, I'll be on the road again..."

January 20
(12 Gaiety)

"This midnight journey along deserted roads seemed endless. I was away again, but finally made it home. It feels so good to be home... I love our house! Your silky dress flutters in the gentle breeze that came through the slightly open snowy window. At this time of year, I see you even more enchanting than ever. It seems like you are insanely bright and airy – your image is reflected in the sparkle of a thousand white diamonds! I hear enchanting music playing below in the ballroom. I couldn't resist, I took your hand in mine, and we danced. Before you appeared, I didn't even know that music played here..."

Midnight. Torches in the castle corridors create a cozy semi-darkness. Candles are burning in the bathroom, aromatic rose petals are scattered on the floor and water surface, and the soft freshness provides a relaxing atmosphere. The bath is ready and waiting for us... and now we can indulge in each other's embrace with pleasure."





January 21

(13 Gaillet)

"This night was wonderful. I remember every sigh, touch, and kiss of yours. It felt like I was touching you for the first time. With you, I got lost in dreams..."

February 18

(01 Daillet)

"You'll see, this fog will soon dissipate. Our world in spring is a true paradise! The riot of colors, the delightful scents of flowers! Unpredictable miracles are happening in the castle, and no mortal will ever be able to penetrate and fully comprehend the depth of these ancient walls. This place is the oracle, so we will never tire, get lost, or lose ourselves."

March 30

(41 Daillet)

"Flowers are already blooming and birds are singing in the garden. It's still cool outside in the evenings, so the fireplace continues to burn, pleasing the eye and giving us its warmth. You breathed into me not just life, but something unknown and familiar, something I've been searching for since birth and couldn't find. I no longer wake up with emptiness in my soul. And tonight, you, my eternal moonlight and charm of this Earth, will soon fall asleep, and I won't let go of you from my embrace until morning."





April 22

(23 Elet)

"I step down the stairs and walk along the alley behind the main tower. The sun is still high, but the castle is surrounded by plenty of shady trees and bushes. The heat gradually turns into a cool breeze coming from the north, and I leisurely stroll by the pond, over which a light mist hovers. Water lilies and fish swim in the greenish water, leaving circles on the surface that quickly disappear. The air is clear and filled with the scents of roses, lilies, magnolias, and the faint smell of night violet. Rustling can be heard in the grass, and cicadas sing everywhere. Their song is so peaceful. I love these sounds so much that I want to become a part of the night myself..."

June 3

(25 Vailet)

"A storm rages outside the window, thunder rolls. Lightning flashes around our castle, and your eyes shine so brightly in this eerie light. A gust of wind blows into the room, stirring the heavy velvet curtains. I wish this night would never end, because you look at me so tenderly and innocently. In such moments it's hard to think or do anything. I just want to dissolve and feel your kiss on my lips. I'm in love, even though how can one fall in love when you've already loved the same person for so long."





June 4
(26 Vailet)

"Dawn is approaching. You lie next to me on the pillow, and your hand holds mine. We probably fell asleep like this, not letting go of each other for a moment. You are so peaceful and a so cute when you sleep – a real angel with beautiful eyelashes and slightly parted lips. A soft, otherworldly light emanates from you. Your breathing is steady, your body relaxed and immersed in a deep, beautiful sleep. Your hair is slightly pushed back, and delicate skin with barely noticeable pulsation is visible on your slender neck. It's so calm right now... no, I would say more restless. There's a fire burning in my chest and I can't breathe, as if I want to breathe you in but I can't. And now, our souls have touched, and you felt my kiss."

July 29
(40 Haillet)

"Here I am again, buried in boring paperwork, reading one after the other, sipping tea. There's a candle burning on the table. It's long past midnight. I can hear the howling of a lone pack of wolves outside, the moon shining through the windows, and the deepest silence enveloping the entire castle. Surprisingly, it's a beautiful night tonight. The window is slightly ajar, allowing the scent of flowers from the garden to waft in."





The air, as ever, is clean and fresh with a hint of summer coolness. I look up at the myriad of stars in the night sky, pondering on the love that came to me so unexpectedly. Our meeting feels like the pages of a magical and very ancient book that had long been neglected on the shelf, covered in dust and cobwebs... and now we have been given the opportunity to finally read it."

August 12

(14 Tailet)

"The garden is beautiful, and you are so divine in the glow of the moonlight. You lie thoughtfully on the soft grass, watching the stars. I lay down beside and embraced you, listening to the sounds of the night. Your presence has opened up a new perspective on this mysterious world for me."

September 15

(7 Ramhat, 7094)

"There's dampness in the air, a certain chill running through my body. It's starting to get a little cooler. It's hard to believe that soon we will be wandering through fallen leaves again. The clouds are already gathering rain, and the approach of bad weather is palpable. My carriage has stopped at the entrance, and you sit on the terrace, gazing at the dark, cloudy sky lost in thought. It seems that the rumble of thunder





is about to be heard any moment, followed by lightning and a heavy downpour."

October 2

(24 Ramhat)

"It's so strange to fall asleep alone, the bedroom empty without you, and the silk of the sheets so cold. There's no desire for anything, just to lie there and stare at the ceiling. Death from longing would be the most beautiful, because I would long for you... I stepped out of the castle and sat on the stone steps. I listen to the sounds from outside, peering into the darkness. The chilly night air seeps through my shirt, cooling my shoulders, but I don't feel it. When you don't believe in anything, nothing can hurt you. It's hardest to believe and stay true to it. I only fell asleep at sunrise, as expected."

October 4

(26 Ramhat)

"You're back! Looks like I panicked for no reason. I feel better now, because everything becomes insignificant when you're around. How did I get so attached, that every minute without you feels like an eternity? It feels like I don't belong to myself anymore. No, I'm not sick, although...I've been sick for a long time, since the day I met you."





October 23

(04 Ailet)

"Caught in a downpour on the way home. Completely soaked, but I managed to change already. Candles are softly lit in the bedroom, creating a dim light. I see raindrops running down the window, the sparkle of lightning, hear the thunder... Strange days when the mind is filled with all sorts of junk. I need a little rest."

October 24

(05 Ailet)

"I've been sleeping all this time in our land of eternal mists and coolness, and I don't remember anything at all. The only thing I know is that we have an entire Eternity at our disposal! The image of you in front of me is the most beautiful and pure, that's how I can touch your soul...Tell me, what's troubling you? Are you feeling unwell, sad, or lonely? Share it with me!"

November 5

(17 Ailet)

"With each passing day, our connection grows stronger, as if our souls are merging. Love is beautiful, despite having to navigate through thorns and overcome many obstacles. But that's true love – you have to pay a high price for it."





November 8

(20 Ailet)

"The rain doesn't seem to be ending today. I could sit here endlessly, looking out the window and holding your hand in mine. Sometimes the heart breaks and the soul cries, but when the sadness fades, happiness remains, bringing life back. Not a single thought or sigh in this Universe is without reason. Sometimes I have to walk long roads, but I know for sure that I won't wander anymore, because you are my guiding star, my talisman! When the soul heals – everything else comes to life."

November 24

(36 Ailet)

"I love listening to the night silence and the echo of footsteps in the corridor. You made this day beautiful, and even as evening approaches, I know that your bright light will illuminate my dark path. It's time for me to go about my business, and I cling to the thin thread that connects us, mentally winding it to be closer to you. We lived in darkness for too long until we met, and we will never return there, for that would require forgetting each other's existence, and that's impossible..."





December 5th

(07 Bailet)

"Hypocrisy is all around. It's hard to trust anyone in our time, even small talk becomes dangerous. There are so many obstacles in the world and we definitely don't need to complicate things ourselves. Let's just be happy."

December 12

(14 Bailet)

"Woke up in the middle of the night feeling paralyzed. I lay there and looked into the darkness, feeling unsettled. Something inexplicably sad was growing inside. I listened, hoping to realize what it was and why, but I never got an answer. Then I thought, maybe it's about us, maybe something's not right. But what? If only I knew... It's like wandering through a labyrinth in pitch darkness and it's very difficult to speak. It feels like I'm in a dark cold room. Unpleasant restlessness inside. I feel like I'm slowly dying. I think I'll sleep a little more, and it will pass..."

These were the last lines in the diary that the girl was reading – after that, there were just blank sheets of paper...

Frowning, she flipped almost to the end and shuddered because there was a continuation starting with the phrase:





"I knew you would find me", dated not in 1585 but in the present year of 1793.

"How can this be?!" she puzzled exclaimed and cautiously continued reading...

DIARY NOTES (continued...)

Prussia, October 30, 1793

/ 11 Ailet, 7302/

"I knew you would find me. Exactly 209 years have passed since the day of our meeting... I need to tell you what happened.

No, the dream didn't help me then... The next day, on December 13, 1585, the castle was attacked – the property was looted, and we were taken captive. I remember the door... the heavy iron door, bolted shut. Behind this door was a gloomy, damp room – a dungeon with a stone floor and walls. I still feel the shiver and the weight of the shackles on my legs. We stayed there many days without food or water until one early morning they came for us... You and I were executed in the square, and our bodies swayed on long ropes in front of the crowd until evening. We were dying with each other's





names on our lips, promising to meet again. You said you would find me... "

"You always said that our souls are one, and everything else becomes irrelevant, meaningless, passed, gone, like the waters of mountain rivers, running from the cliffs. And it happened... I returned to the castle – the only world I knew, and you slipped from my grasp. I never saw you again, but continued to feel."

"Remember when I said that if you disappeared from my life, I'd just retreat to my underground cell, close the door, and wait for you for hundreds, thousands of years if necessary? Well, now I'm here, and time in my world is so fleeting – a month feels like a year. It's cold in the castle, there's a kinesthetic connection, a kind of ethereal life, like in the matrix, in the astral – a second world that's real."

"Yes, I suffer from your loss, and I no longer want to search for you in future lives, because our souls have already united, and nothing can sever that bond. Everything between us always happened involuntarily, as if it were meant to be... Love doesn't care in which dimension it exists! Sometimes feelings are much more important than physical presence."





Although sometimes I wondered, what if I'm destined to live alone here until the end of my endless days... You know what's the scariest thing about loneliness? – seeing different variations of the future. It can be insanely happy, or it can be sad with shattered dreams. And not knowing, you start to grow tired. All that's left is hope."

"With every passing year, decade, century, I feel colder. Darkness and gloom have come again, although I love the darkness, but with you everything took on a different meaning. I can't afford to give up halfway after once finding you among millions of faces!"

"The castle from the outside has become completely eerie... People avoid it, because centuries ago my spirit gained a bad reputation, supposedly the Devil himself conducted experiments to reanimate the dead. Perhaps they were right. I did, indeed, try to bring to life the mechanism of your dead body, which I managed to unearth, even though I knew you were long gone. I spent time in my dungeon, and when I emerged from the laboratory, the echo of the screams of dubious test subjects accompanied these walls. Years passed, and again and again I realized how much I love you and how difficult and empty life is without you. When you want something so badly, time becomes a torment... Later on, I had





to come to terms with the fact that you could take on any form, so I was ready. I no longer wanted to descend into my dreary dungeon, where I spent most of my existence. I've decided that from now on, I will communicate with you mentally through space, I will talk to your soul – and it will definitely hear me and feel me!"

"My soul wandered between worlds. It seemed like every day everything in the castle became real again. I started to see objects, things, and even furniture that hadn't existed in earthly reality in a long time. I began to sense familiar, beloved smells, even the garden began to bloom again, just like before. Then I heard the crackling of the logs in the fireplace, the wind rustling outside the window. All of this was inexplicable, but I constantly missed you. It felt like someone had taken you away from me.

I guess if we live with each other in soul, then we are together. Still, I am happy. It might be happiness tinged with sadness and pain, but still happiness. Maybe it's meant to be this way... It's frightening to even think that I could have never known that there is a love that stretches through centuries. So just be with me, no matter how. Our flowers will definitely turn alive... and not just the flowers, but the whole world!"





"Somewhere in the distance, out of sight, we are slowly learning to communicate without words. This defies all explanation! It seems that with a kindred soul, one can easily cross any boundaries and spaces, without even noticing it. I silently call out to you. Come back!"

"You can feel that we will be together soon. The fog is starting to clear and I just want to run down this path towards you. I knew you were somewhere close by. And finally, on a dark rainy night, your soul crossed the threshold of this castle."

"You are the one I lost many centuries ago, and if you allow me, I would like to touch your hand again, look into your eyes... You are lying on the bed, but you can't see me. Your head is turned to the side, your silk hair scattered on the pillow, and I freeze with a smile on my lips. Before me lies the same beloved angelic soul with a fragile delicate body, and in the room the scent of steppe magnolias, sandalwood and wax returns. Outside a gusty wind is howling as if trying to tell you something. And it traveled centuries with us! A very long time ago, we admired the moon together, shining through your window now..."





The unexpected flow of cool wind hit the girl in the face, the candle on the table went out. She stopped reading and thoughtfully set aside her diary, continuing to sit in the high armchair, wrapped in a blanket. Her heart ached right now because the entries had ended, and she wanted to keep reading more and more, listening subconsciously to the voice of her loved one. She remembered herself 200 years ago... and now she knew that her face was on the fading picture hanging in front of her.

MY LOST LOVE

A long time ago, she once visited a local nobleman's masquerade ball, and it was there when she first saw Him – a young, handsome, tall, elegant man with impeccable manners. Despite the masks on their faces, it was love at first sight. The stranger approached her, bowed and offered to dance... and in the dance she was captivated and hopeless. He softly spoke with a baritone voice: "Be mine," and she immediately replied: "Yes." From that moment on they were happy until, like a nightmare, physical death parted them...

These memories saddened the girl. She shivered, her body chilling as if with ice.





"Our love is stronger than death," she unconsciously whispered, "But why can't I remember how I died, and what happened next? Why do I still feel alive?!"

At that moment the candle in the library lit up again, and the outlines of a male silhouette began to appear before her. She was scared, not of Him but of herself, because at that minute she realized that she was dead... that she was, indeed, a ghost.

In confusion and despair, the girl jumped out of the chair and ran down the stairs, rushing out onto the street. The faint light of the lanterns illuminated her path, and the further she got from the castle, the darker it became. The wind played with her nightgown, tangled her loose hair, and a thick fog lay in her path.

"I'm not scared at all, I'll just keep looking at the road," she reassured herself, continuing to run on the cobblestones.

The fog thickened, and the air was damp. Looking back, she could still see the vague outlines of the castle, trying to escape from it as far as possible, hoping that she would suddenly wake up, although she knew it was not a dream.

After running a little further, the girl finally stopped and turned back, but she saw nothing else. Wherever she turned, there was nothing but a thick veil of fog, and under her feet, there was no longer a road but a narrow path leading downhill. In the distance, the howling of wolves could be heard.





"Who am I running from?! From myself? Perhaps my soul is as dark as it is here. It's all a dream...a dream..." she repeated to herself until stumbled upon a stone cliff with a crevice. "I'll stay here until morning."

"Run wherever you want, but we will meet again to be even closer," a quiet, soft baritone sounded behind her, "Didn't I tell you it's dangerous here at night, despite it being your own domain?"

The girl shuddered with surprise and turned sharply. Tears of sincerity appeared in her eyes because she couldn't believe that the man of her dreams, her lost love, her happiness was standing before her, leaning against a stone ledge of the cliff. He was as beautiful as he was centuries ago, and she no longer cared in which dimension she was. The castle owner looked tenderly at her with his penetrating gaze, and without any doubt, she clung to his chest, embracing him tightly with both hands.

"I couldn't breathe. I didn't know what was happening to me, didn't know where I was going, but I felt like someone was calling me... Now I know that for centuries it was you!"

"Yes, it was me... and always will be," he smiled. "Come, my love, our home is waiting for you! From now on, we will take all moonlit strolls together," he whispered softly, taking her hand and leading to the carriage that had stopped nearby.



Diary Entry:

"The fire in the fireplace casts light shadows on the stone walls, and right now our castle is cozy and enchanting. Once again, we are in each other's tender embrace... and everything here is just as it was, as if we never parted."

~~THE END~~

ETERNITY



