

# Butterfly of Aios

Von Nalahime

## Butterflies in the night

The people of Elyria believe, that butterflies represent people's souls. They believe that the souls of those who have passed away are transformed into butterflies and fly to the land of the dead...

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"My beloved, do you remember when we first met?"

"Of course! Why do you ask, dear?"

"I have a feeling that we will have a second meeting that is just as important."

I looked at my husband, thinking.

"If so it must be just as wonderful."

He looked at me and smiled.

"Maybe... We'll see. I only wish for your happiness and that – surely - is wonderful enough."

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The next week he had been taken by the army. Taken away from me and our children to the war. How I prayed every day, that he may return to us – alive and well.

But Destiny did not want to be so merciful...

He never returned, not even his body. Nothing had the war left of him for me to mourn.

I cried every night, swept away by sadness.

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Tonight as well, I cry. Mourning over my only love, my light. But then I look for a moment out of the window, seeing the flowers he had once planted, surrounded by butterflies shimmering in the moonlight.

Then one of them, the biggest and most shining one, flies towards me and passes the closed window, coming into the room like a small ghost. I stare at it, fascinated by it's beauty.

It glows golden and the light seems to expand by the second, until the whole room is filled with it and I have to close my eyes. Slowly I open them again and cannot believe who is standing before me.

My one and only love.

He smiles at me, saddened and kneels before me.

"My beloved... I have come tonight, because even now can I hear your tears falling to the ground and it brings such deep pain to my deceased soul, that I cannot leave this world."

I look at him and feel terrible. Because of me he could not go on, fly into the land of the dead.

"My beloved, would you hold out one of your fingers for me?"

Without hesitation I do so and then he smiles, holding out the same finger as I and linking them together.

"I swear to you, I will always love you. Now and in the lands of the gods for all eternity will our bond hold and connect us. I will always be a part of you..."

My eyes widen as a pure, golden helix of light appears and surrounds us. I begin to cry and nod my head. He embraces me and smiles, whispers a last:

"I love you..."

The butterfly appeared again and flew slowly away, leaving me with warmth I will never forget...

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The next day I told my children about this wonderful encounter and as time passes a story was created. A believe that those who truly love each other and link their right

index fingers with another, will be tested by the gods of Aios, if their love is true.

I do not know, if the gods really test us, but even now am I looking at the butterflies  
near my window with a smile, knowing that he smiles with me...