

She was walking for days now. The desolated plains hit by the wind let place to wide meadows before the foothills where she wanted to go. She's wounded but she wasn't able to remind how it happened. She didn't see human beings for a long time as the world she lived in was suddenly empty. By the way she was feeling the presence of humans not that far from here. She expect to meet their village in a couple of days. I have to avoid them she was thinking in herself. But she had to walk and she did. Day and night. She finally arrived to a quiet pond and decided to take some resting time. The place was surrounded by old and timeless stones which look like they were huge built walls, but now ruins slowly destroyed by the time and covered here and there by grass and black flowers. The place was perfect, she thought, for a dreamless night. While she was sleeping the inhabitants of the village came to bring her food and water. They already knew who she was and didn't want to wake her. They were full of respect and didn't even want to look at her while she was sleeping. But the sleep was deep and when she woke up she enjoyed this food and noticed that the injuries disappeared. As something healthy was floating in the air. That's probably why she decided to stay a bit more in this place. The atmosphere was probably propitious to the generation. At least it was good for the regeneration.

After this short meal she felt kind of ready but in the same time front of a long way to reach the aim she has. But she's not afraid and she let herself slowly fall asleep and let her dreams going their own way. She started to dream then. First she was getting an immaterial form like a drop of wax in the cold water. But this form was slowly beating as it was alive. Maybe he's already alive she thought. But she couldn't stop here of course. So she continued again and again. And the form, little by little, started to grow up. Some prominence here growing up and down, some mark overhere. But unspeakably something was wrong. She could feel it from outside. She's now front of a wall and the only thing she can do is going back. Meanwhile, the form was reducing in itself like a slow implosion. She failed. She obviously failed but she's still sleeping. Her dreams are going back and she decided to open her eyes. She wasn't angry. Disappointed maybe but she expected that it wouldn't be easy. She also expected that she could need some help. And she already know where to get it. No need to move.

She will look for help through her powerful dreams. But let's have a walk close to these stones thought she. They still look so mighty. As mighty as they're old. While she was approaching she felt something which was vibrating. Yes. The stones were discreetly shaking and they also were very warm. What's happening here, no one could say. But it looked like they wanted themselves to tell their own stories. Time is going on but they're still here and they probably have many things to tell. But it wasn't time for it now.

She went back to the banks of the pond and decided that it was now time to meet those who achieved before her. Once again she returned to sleep and started to dream. This time she didn't stop to this alive entity and directly started to travel through her immeasurable mind. She went above hills and mountains, over seas and oceans, through winds and storms. She arrived finally to this small house made of wood and she exactly knew who will be inside. Just after she get in he started to speak. —I know who you are and I also know why you're here.—Are you able to help me so? —I don't think so. You're daughter of Earth and Fire and now you want to create Water yourself. That's not easy isn't it? —No. That's why I came here. I expected some help. You achieved to create someone with your own hands. —That's true but it's easier than creating someone with your own mind. Then, the answer is deep inside you but you can't find before you achieved it yourself. —So that's the only help or advice, you can give me I guess? —Exactly. But you have to know that I'm not sorry for it because I know you will do it. Now go back. Somebody is waiting for you somewhere... —Thank you by the way.

Then she left. Something in her heart was telling her to be happy. So she was. I mean, she felt strong and able to accomplish her purpose.

So she started again. But this time she was holding it with her own two hands. She wants to model it as this old rabbi did. And so the form was growing up once again. When she decided it was enough she released it. Her mind has to be strong enough to finish now. The whole space was empty and the noise of this beating fresh heart was resounding on invisible walls. But he was now definitely alive, static but alive. She spend time watching him. She was feeling that the soul was growing inside him. In a while he will wake up and go his own way, creating his own world.

HERE WE ARE! His eyes are open. A mighty earthquake happend at this moment as if the earth herself was greeting him. But she doesn't want to be seen by him and in the same time she wanted to see him going his own way and leaving as soon as he was created. So she hides and looks how is discovering the appearing world around him. Of course she worries a bit but she knows that even the fire couldn't destroy him. In a way is the water, son of the wind, daughter of earth and fire. And now he's totally living by himself. —I achieved.

She decided to wake up from this long and tiring sleep.

Tha air itslef was burning. The stones spoke finally. They helped her to create her son. That's why they were so warm she thought. But they setted on fire all the vegetation around. Since she accomplished what she wanted to do, she thought it was time for her to left this world. And this fire which helped to create his son could also help her to pass away. She knows that her son will stay alive in his own world. She was slowly walking to these huge flames but once she was in, she realised that the fire can't even touch her and, as she was surrounded by fire she understood what wanted to say the old rabbi. She's also daughter of a dream, she's also a creation from a mind. She's only a concept.