

THE CALL OF THE MOUNTAIN

By Monica Canducci

Excerpt from the book “The Faerie Code - A guide to the Faerie Dimension and its Gifts”

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Illustration: Eena, Spirit of Nature, by Monica Canducci

Once upon a time, humans used to live in complete harmony with Nature. They loved and respected Nature in all its forms and knew its language, because they spoke the ancient language of the Seasons, of the Sun, of the Moon and of the Stars. Humans considered themselves and all the living beings on Earth as part of a large village, with the Earth itself consisting of many Families, as many as the species which the beings of the Animal, Vegetable and even Mineral Realms belonged to. At that time, humans knew each Family of the Three Realms had a Guardian, a kind of protector who acted as an intermediary, or a *bridge*, between the forces of Heaven and Earth - to protect the harmonious growth of that Family in balance with the other Families of Animals, Vegetables or Minerals, and with the great Family of Humans.

Before proceeding with anything, Humans had the good habit of interrogating the Guardians of the Three Realms to be sure they would contribute to the maintenance of that natural balance, of which they knew and constantly remembered they were part of.

The centuries passed and the humans, growing up, forgot. They believed they were the only ones in the world or, at least the best, only because they had more needs, and those needs made them creative - so creative that they flattered themselves they could be the authors of every desired change, damaging the Earth and the natural balance. And humans simplified everything, as if Nature was just a

mechanism. Did they need wood to build houses, furniture, or to make paper? They cut down, or even worse, eradicated trees indiscriminately, without thinking about the consequences those actions could generate. It mattered little if the roots of those trees had prevented the land from crumbling until then. It did not matter if the foliage of those trees was part of a precious purifier for the air that humans themselves breathed. They needed wood. Immediately.

And the Guardians, who were once intermediaries between humans and Nature in all its aspects, were now forgotten. They grew sad and concealed themselves from human sight in the Invisible Realm, to protect themselves and continue, unnoticed, protecting and guarding Nature and every family of the Three Kingdoms as much as possible.

On Earth, near the Sea, lived a little girl. She was a beautiful little girl, chubby and rosy, always considered a little bit small for her age. The girl, they said, had too much imagination, as she used to say she could see things that no one else had ever seen.

The little girl soon came to the conclusion that no one was able to see what she could see, and she thus decided that she'd better not to talk about it anymore, so as not to be ridiculed or misunderstood. But she felt that she was missing something.

She often gazed at the Sun, setting behind the distant mountains, and she sighed with melancholy. "Who knows why..." she wondered. Until one day, a beautiful spring day, driven by something she could not understand, she set out on her way up towards the highest mountain, all alone, careless of what she could find along the way. Moreover, they say, children may be very irresponsible. After a long while, the girl started to feel exhausted, but the closer she was getting to the Mountain, the more she felt a strange joy deep down in her heart, almost like a tickle that made her laugh so happily, that she no longer felt tired. Until she reached the Mountain that is.

The sun was hot, so hot that, as she was going up, the girl had to take off her clothes. Finally at the top, she took off her shoes and socks. She sat down on the grass, while thinking: "Well, here I am. And now what?" then started playing on her own, as usual.

Suddenly, she thought she could hear a big buzzing, like a chattering and a quick shuffling, and in a flash she was surrounded by so many tiny little Beings - so little that she, though small, felt almost huge, in fact a giant compared to them. They were there, for she saw them very well - she was sure others wouldn't see anything else but the grass and some flowers, in her place. One of these creatures moved towards her, climbed up her foot, then moved up along her leg, until the child picked up the creature in her hands and brought it to her face to scan it better. It was a 'girl', or at least it looked like a girl. It was a tiny, pretty, light creature, just a little chubby and rosy, almost naked. "Just like me", thought the little girl. And to tell the truth, the

creature even looked like her, especially her hair, even though the creature didn't seem to be made of flesh and bones, but of something much lighter and more impalpable.

As the child was watching her, the creature began to shine. The child then laid her down on the soft grass and the creature seemed to shed a strong halo of golden light, before slowly beginning to grow and grow - until she became as big as the girl herself, and then some more. The creature started to talk.

“Welcome, we were waiting for you. We were just wondering how much it would take for you to hear our call. You were born on Earth, among humans, but your spirit belongs to our Realm, the Invisible Realm. It can happen that some of us feel the need to find a human body to host them, a body made of real flesh and bone, in order to live on Earth among humans. It is not for amusement or curiosity, but for fulfilling a task. When some of us feel it is time to fulfil it, they ask for a ‘lift’ to the Earth. Then they come down from the Mountain and let themselves be captured by a human womb, just as you did, to be born and bring the message kept by our people, now reduced to a few individuals compared to how many of us there used to be... The Little People of those who once were the Guardians of the Earth. The message is the very memory of the ancient alliance between Mankind and Nature in all its forms. The few humans that can see us or sense our presence call us the Spirits of Nature, Faeries, Gnomes, Elves, Genies and in many other ways, depending on the Realm to which we belong and of which we are guardians, invisible or almost. We are made of subtle matter and we can change shape, colour, and size. Yet, we cannot directly communicate with humans, as we used to do in the past, because they no longer look for us. The only way to really communicate with them is to be born among them.”

The creature kept on speaking, even though she seemed to express herself without words, since it was as if her thoughts directly reached the heart of the child. She was a Fairy. The girl had so many questions to ask, but even before she could do so, she could hear the answer.

“When some of us are born on Earth, they’ll hear the call of the Mountain sooner or later. It’s the call of remembrance. We knew that you would come and we were ready to welcome you, to remind you who you truly are and what your task is, because being born on Earth also means to forget.”

The Fairy came up to the girl and touched her forehead. The child thought she was taken by her hand and she too was becoming light. A wonderful world revealed itself to her sight. For an instant, all the boundaries she knew seemed to dissolve, and she felt herself carried into a dance of iridescent colours. In a flash that seemed like an eternity, she found herself in the depths of the dense earth, where shining crystals glittered like stars. She could perceive the slow and warm pulsation of the Earth itself,

its strength, its powerful movements, and she could take part in *sensing* what the Earth *was sensing*. She then perceived a stream flowing and filtering towards the surface, and by following it she became the water itself, that was joyously gushing, then falling to the ground and merging with the Earth again. The girl remembered who she used to be and began, radiant, to pick up the precious salts from the Earth, dissolving them in the water and directing them to the roots of a nearby plant.

She followed the path of the precious nourishment up through the plant roots and stem, drawing pulsing spirals of light and colours. She reached the green foliage and bathed in the sunlight, catching it with her breath. And by breathing and dancing she intertwined Light and Air and Water and Earth, creating magical currents of life inside the plant and around it.

Then, gently, everything stopped. The little girl seemed to awaken, hugging the big tree, the life of whom she had sensed by dancing. She could finally understand why she felt a bit different from other children. She knew she was a means, a bridge, a threshold between the Realm of Nature and those humans who had forgotten about being a part of Nature itself. The tiny creatures that had welcomed her, like the Fairy who had explained so many things to her, seemed to dissolve in the twilight, but the girl could still hear their voices clearly.

“Bring humans the awareness of what they can’t see but which really exists, and that everything is part of the Whole, and it’s easy to break the balance if you act only for your own interest. Bring humans the sense of respect for Life so they can use its precious resources with wisdom. Bring humans the beauty of the colours that can only be seen with closed eyes, the sweetness of the song without words, the pleasure of the dance that intertwines the currents of love between Heaven and Earth, and that follows the magical alchemies of transmutation that create Life. Because *everything is dance* in the Universe, and if something stops the flow of the dance of Nature, it will bring Nature to an end. Bring this message to humans and we will always be beside you and in your heart and you will be happy.”

The Sun went down. The little girl, happy and satisfied, put on her clothes, while going down the slope with her shoes in her hands. She knew she would have to grow older to bring that message to humans, and in the meantime she could not forget. The Mountain was there to remind her, every time she looked at it at sunset.

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