

AYLCEE TARHA



**THE ELEMENTAL
PEOPLES**

COLLECTION OF TALES



ÉDITIONS AYLCEE TARHA © AYLCEE TARHA ÉDITIONS

Book Summary

Once upon a time...

A small, invisible people divided into four distinct groups: Fire, Water, Air, and Earth. Each group has its own unique characteristics while interacting with one another. This collection of stories is the perfect example. It's a timeless journey that the author offers you with complete freedom of thought and objectivity.

The Author

I, Aylcée Tarha, have decided to speak directly to adults, parents of young children and teenagers. A storyteller before being a novelist, my imagination is put to the service of liberated writing.

NB:

Defending freedom of expression, I leave it to these parents and readers to decide the content of my works by encouraging them to read them first. You are responsible for their intellectual structure.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Dualities, a romantic novel
- Clara, a Witch's Love, a fantasy tale
- Clara and the Stone Circle, a fantasy tale
- The Watchtower, a fantasy novel
- The Elemental Peoples, a collection of tales
- Lost Stories, a text collection
- Epidamus, a fantasy novel

DEDICATION

'Just out of a desire to tell stories where everyone has the right to a wild imagination, without morals but with a touch of fanciful storytelling under a historical thread where love has its place!

This text can be downloaded FREE of charge directly from my website by adults, parents, family members, friends, etc., who remain solely responsible for opening the minds of their children (specifically, those between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, in their teens).

I am an independent author and editor.

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

Once upon a time...

A thought for our planet, an innovative idea to slow the devastation of recent modern decades. These magical little worlds, these invisible little beings, yet so visible to some earthlings, created by the collective imagination, are all around us. They guide us or inspire courage, gleaning bits of wisdom and serenity here and there. Our energies are in dire need of them!

We don't always see them because we no longer have time to stop, to sit, to observe our surroundings, our home, our yard with its flowers, our more or less well-maintained gardens, or during a walk through nature in general. We lose our footing in this space that should reassure us, protect us, and offer us the best.

Instead, we fear animals, plants, and minerals: yet they are good energy guardians for us, human beings!

Why not also equate Angels?

There is only one answer to this, because unfortunately, they are an integral part of holy books (Bible, Quran, Torah, etc.) and spiritual movements (angelology, angelology, archangelology, New Age). Let's not forget that demonology, or the book of demons, remains the central part of the Fallen Angels, the Angels who deceive God. This is not to be confused with the Essenes, the Cathars, Druidism, or shamanism.

If we equated Angels with Elementals, it would be a denial of their religious cult and would remove their sacred context, which is unwanted by the faithful or practitioners. Yet, clouds of Angels have been seen by people, even atheists, in various tragic situations, hence the need to deify what people don't understand. Beings are thus made and thought that what is stronger than reason becomes God.

List of Characters

Fire!

- Baldar, youngest
- Bimdak, middle sister
- Burkam, eldest
- Centaur, mustang
- Golden Dragon, symbolic
- Isidornia, unicorn
- Khamut, knight
- Unicorns, symbolic
- Murmotyl, warrior
- Salamander, symbolic
- Yaya, speaker

Water!

- Anna, vestal virgin
- Az'Roc'Horn, knight
- Bella, vestal virgin
- Chiara, vestal virgin
- Daria, human
- Eva, vestal virgin
- Elson, shipwrecked virgin
- Hadrian, prince
- Marine, nymphet
- Martha, healer
- Naiads, symbolic
- Nymphs, symbolic
- Odys, merfolk
- Merfolk, symbolic
- Plaio, son of the clan
- Sirens, symbolic
- Stella, mermaid
- Triton, symbolic
- Vouivard, one of the clan
- Vouivort, one of the clan
- Vouivres, symbolic
- Vouivro, one of the clan
- Vouivrylt, one of the clan

Air!

- Alana, human
- Beltuck, wizard
- Elves, symbolic
- Elfette, symbolic
- Fairies, symbolic
- Linette, bourgeois
- Marjolaine, human
- Papillou, sylph
- Prince, heir
- Salomé, fairy
- Selfy, elf
- Sylph-s symbolic
- Sylphid-s symbolic

Earth!

- Firmin, dwarf
- Georges, alpine hunter
- Gnomes, symbolic
- Jonathan, human
- Elves, symbolic
- Margot, dwarf
- Merluchon, dwarf
- Dwarves, symbolic
- Pablo, underground miner
- Grandpa Jean, astronomer
- Pim, dwarf
- René, alpine hunter
- Rico, underground miner
- Roger, canteen owner
- Trolls, symbolic
- Yves, human

Others

- Wolf, weasel
- Grossinda, spider
- Hare, wild rabbit
- Major, gnome
- Marie, narrator

PROLOGUE

Once upon a time...

A small cottage, lost between fields, meadows, and forests, nestled, a solitary witness to a simmering quarrel. It patiently awaited a new buyer. Its distant neighbors were two small farms surrounding it: one for market gardeners, the other for dairy farmers. These two clans, I later learned, were jealous of each other. Two families whose lives and their ups and downs ate away at each other's neurons and land.

Since I was in the middle of nowhere, where hypocrisy and envy were evident in the former, where naiveté and peasant common sense prevailed in the latter, I set myself up as a friendly observer of this silent fratricidal war. Enamored with this remote corner, I was about to take possession of this all-inclusive property. My decision was quickly made, after a tour of the property: this house called to me, attracted me!

What proved distressing many years later in this affair was that such stupidity between people of the same community, spanning several generations, could continue to exist in this way: two 'matriarchs,' whether harsh or kind, rubbed shoulders professionally. Their two young sons were childhood friends and worked together, helping each other, going to parties, and sharing their common projects.

The farmer was a great help to this friend, who returned the favor by speaking ill of him whenever his back was turned, at the slightest opportunity. This finally stopped with the death of this person, overcome by stress and his bad blood. May his soul rest in peace! This confidant was grieving and assisted the widow and orphan as best he could. A rumor of embezzlement was heard about the deceased, whom he suffocated, and everything was buried. Everything about me was buried too.

-So, miss, are you making progress with your projects?

-Yes, thank you, sir. Things are progressing slowly but surely.

-Are you enjoying our farmland, you city girl?

-I really appreciate the solitude, my independence too.
-You should get married now that the roof is good!
-(laughs) There's no rush, I still have time for that, phew!
-Don't wait too long, time rushes by afterward, and poof!

Back to the present...

Everything exuded the calm of the surrounding countryside. The sky was mild, with a few clouds drifting across it, the sun occasionally veiled itself, and a light breeze swayed the weeping willows in a rhythmic sway. Everything was in harmony around me: a road wound, barely passable, docile and bucolic, until it reached a dead end, leading to the intended rural location where two ditches ran alongside this stony path.

Fir trees smelled of spring sap, light clumps of flowers were fragrant, wild blackberry hedges carpeted the low walls, wild grasses flourished as they bloomed, covering the stony ground. Beautiful brambles clung to each other, birds whistled joyful tunes, calling to each other. A large black tomcat came nonchalantly to welcome me into his domain, sitting loosely on the terrace.

He scrutinized me very attentively, not at all afraid. Terracotta pots, stored near the barn, hoped to find some gardening activity. I passed the main entrance of the property where two stone pillars stood, with no gate to indicate it. Smiling, I calmly parked my car in front of the house, built on a hill. I put on a pair of sneakers to be more comfortable.

I was returning from the notary's office where I had signed the official deed of purchase. It had been a tough administrative ordeal, it was endless: incomprehensible legal articles, monotonous voices, barely audible answers in fragments, in short, a real nightmare! I was happy to be the owner of this building that had been meant for me since I was seven: I had dreamed of it, desired it, searched for it, unearthed it, and finally captured it! It was crazy, I admit, but that's how it was. And I thought about her from a distance, several times before I turned forty-seven,

stumbling straight into her, through an incredible combination of circumstances. Since chance doesn't exist, I discovered her in person, an exact replica of the model I'd dreamed of. From that moment on, in my mind, there was no way I was going to let her slip through the fingers of other potential buyers.

With tenacity, I managed to thwart all their plans, fighting on every point, proudly winning the keys, a symbol of the desired success. No one could have truly understood this feeling of belonging between her and me, uniting us. A real attraction existed insistently, a circle was coming full circle. Which of my previous lives was connected to it? I had absolutely no idea.

Armed with a cataloged set of keys, I opened the main access door: a musty smell caught me by the throat. I aired each room, pushing open each window with an abrupt gesture. The air then spread everywhere, nothing hindering it. This offered me many advantages: airing and ventilating without slamming, moving from one point to another without hindrance, delimiting the space in my own way.

-Thank you for seeing me at the office so quickly, dear colleague!

-It's always a real pleasure to assist you in your goals.

-I need your insight. Look at this project, is it any good?

-Based on your plans, it's feasible and very reliable, yes, it's fine!

-Then I'll stick to it. I need to find an excellent team.

-Certainly. I have someone who could help you with that.

-I'm indebted to you for a restaurant one of these days...

I was convinced that my career as an interior designer would flourish with talent and freedom in these spaces. The rooms were at the back, built like a longhouse, and at the front, they retained a normality not yet tied to a defined function. This optimized the irregular Burgundian character, original in its entirety, which had irremediably attracted me. There'll be a lot to do, but it'll absorb me enough to forget.

'Omit a whole chapter of life to bounce back and move forward!'

I'll take my time in this home, which will require a complete overhaul, both inside and out. For the first time in my life, I felt in touch with my rural, genetic energies, no longer the city girl I'd become over the past three decades. Long live sporty, flared outfits with comfortable shoes! Long live jeans and overalls with a baggy T-shirt and combat boots! A cap is a must!

I was a respected, strict, and authoritative businesswoman because on every project I led, I was the only woman around men trained in their specialties. To be admitted into this closed circle and, above all, to be listened to by them, I had stood my ground, surprising them, and being their equal. To lead them, my tact, diplomacy, moral values, and consistent abilities were highly appreciated and even sought after.

'Those who had seen me at work still remembered it!'

Those memories were now behind me, without regret. In the midst of my apotheosis, I had left everything behind me for various personal reasons. I had chosen to turn a delightful, delicate, and very demanding page in my life. At rest, I perceived the moods of others; I had visions that constantly reached me, voices that sent me messages that were not always audible. I had to move forward on this arduous road.

My feelings had pushed me here to this unknown land, which I already loved, putting down roots, forging myself. I held hidden treasures that I would explore little by little: painting on canvas, ceramics or silk, sculpture, photography, writing... I turned to some esoteric initiations such as druidism, shamanism, wicca. Well-being through energy care formed magnetism and faith in the Universe.

There were waves in that precise spot that absorbed my own positive energy. An engineer friend of mine, during an unexpected visit, revealed to me that there was enough there to awaken a 'small population of invisible elementals' to

protect my acquisition. This challenged my mind, and we had a long discussion on the subject. He helped me regain control of this home by creating Feng Shui pieces.

-I never would have imagined you practiced geobiology.

-This stays between us, please. They'd call me crazy.

-Mum's the word. Relax, I won't spill the beans.

-Thank you, you should delve deeper into your feelings and your gifts!

-I know, but first, it's this home and internal well-being!

-How do you feel in it since your initiation into this art? -It's getting better and better, it's very effective at my place, thank you.

I immediately found strength and drive, despite the renovation work I was doing from morning to night. Sometimes I got tired, bored by the details. Some jobs were completed by renowned building professionals: roofing, terrace, structural work. There came a time when I set my decorating goals: kitchen, bathroom, living room, office, bedrooms, laundry room, garage.....