



ZHANDALEE

*and*

*the first metamorphosis*

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## FIRST INDICATIONS

Sea of a beautiful day at the end of August, warm sea still full of emotions, the sun is about to set, the seagulls still in the sky spend their last trails, now there is almost no one on the beach, only people that go to their cars directed to the houses to close the beautiful day at sea.

Everything has emptied now but on top of a high rock, where the waves crashing leaving sea dust in the air, a fifteen years girl named Zhandalee is sitting there.

Zhandi, as her friends call her, is a dark-skinned girl, a sunny girl with a little bit moved hair and beautiful green eyes, from which the sea is reflected, acquiring a new life. She often comes to this rock after working in the antiquarian shop of her adoptive parents.

She was adopted by a family who lives in this land of Sicily, her mother was dead in the sea that she loves so much, that sea that brought her and her mother from the mother Africa searching for a hope, but they told her that probably the boat on which they were traveling turned over near the coast and her mother, to put her in a safe place, landed on the bank, she put them in security and then she passed away with a thousands of questions. She could not remember because she was two years old, who rescued the woman were her current adoptive parents who that afternoon were on the beach for a romantic engagement anniversary walk.

We think that Zandi also had a brother she never knew because he had been forcibly taken away by others who had been saved and then escaped out for fear.

She wanted to do more but what we could ask to a two years old girl?

Mr. and Mrs. Niversa did not know much about the child entrusted to them, before dying the mother barely said the name of the child and that of her brother Thiago, at first sight he can be said to be greater than her: at that time he must have been at least four or five years old, he was in the arms of a 16 years boy who brought him in his flight.

According to the cry of Zandi and to the deeds of the woman, we were supposed to be her brother, at least the boyfriend hypothesized.

The thing that they three had in common, according to the story told by Mr. Paul Niversa, was a similar necklace, each with a chain of white gold, the pendant was a kind of triangle but with a round side and a small red gold bear in the center on which was set a stone, brown for Zandi and blue for the mother. Paul and his wife Linda do not remember well that of the brother, but it seemed red.

Zandi wore her and her mother's necklace, they got stuck crating a crescent with two blue and brown stone joined by the two little white gold bars, before she died she put her blue-stone necklace at the neck of Zandalee, after that event that woman, after a brief private ceremony, was buried in the village cemetery.

Zandi often sits on this rock and stays there for a while, because she thinks that the mother's spirit is not dead but lives in the sea where she found the end of her earthly existence, she considers the sea as her mother, and she comes here to talk to her through her feelings, tells her about her day at school with her friends, her mistakes, but also her successes, and she asks for advice, on the other hand it often happens that the sea with an uncommon wave that breaks on the rock turns with the rays of the sun like a thick hand of small coloured droplets that caress Zandi's face, like the hand of a mother gently caressing her daughter's face.... She has this relationship with the sea... she knows that what she feels is not only the result of her belief in identifying the sea with her mother, there is something special that really happens every time she is sitting there, but she does not say nothing to anyone because it is hard to make people understand who is immersed in everyday reality there is also a way to perceive Love different from the common manifestations of affection known...

It was already late, it is 7.30 pm, it was better to start going back home before evening, she took her belongings and she started walking. During her journey to home all her thoughts were focused on a dream that often repeats, and especially in the last week, every night always the same dream, but the night before she did an unusual one, in the latter she dreams of being in front of a door, an old door without a lock, from where it comes out light from all the perimeter fissures, she tries to open it but

she does not know how, she despairs but nothing to do that door does not open, and after having dreamed this she wakes up with a thousand palpitations. It is a nightmare, her adoptive parents thought, but why do dreams torment this girl? Surely think it's a message, but for whom and for what?

In the meantime Zandi is at the doorstep, he opens the door entering.

--Hello mother, hello dad, I'm back --

--My baby, are you all right?-- the mother says

--Ciao treasure-- Mr. Paolo replies

Zandi greets with a kiss on the cheek of Linda who with her apron is busy to prepare the table for dinner, and a kiss on the cheek of Paul who reads his newspaper and he maybe not make little account of her. Zandi perceives it and she makes a smile, she leans the books on the ladder to remember to bring them up before going to sleep upstairs where she has her room

-- Can I help you, mom? --

-- Thanks, set the table, everything is ready for dinner --

Here Paolo, Linda and Zandi are at the table, Linda looks at Zandi and says

-- You have eyes a bit 'tired, have you by chance done that dream again?--

-- I actually did a different one, but anyway... --

She nods her head and at the same time shrugs as if to say that she's used to it. Paolo putting down his newspaper, puts a caress on his daughter's head and says

-- All will disappear, it is only a period of stress, perhaps, do not worry --

--let's hope --

Zandi answers but she knows that there is something more than a simple nightmare. Finish dinner and after a piece of film sleep pervades the minds of our little family that decide to go to their rooms. Now all three are upstairs in front of the Zandi's door.

-- Please, do some good dreams this time – mom says

--Maybe you can dream some numbers to play, ehehe," her father said.

--I'll try,-- the girl replied with a smile, so her parents kissed her on the forehead.

It's night, all is silent, Zandi dreams.

She is again in front of that old door, in alert sleep she watches under the knob, there are no cracks, how to open, but especially because in her there

is this feeling of wanting to open. She is desperate about how to do, but nothing to do, she beats her fists on it but nothing. Suddenly her eyes are opened, and this is also a dream, the heart is in palpitation, but it is even more for Zandi to look around.

She is up, she does not know where, lost, she has walked during her sleep, she is well, she is in the attic, she does not know how she is here.

In front of her there is a white and dusty cloth.

What does it hide?

She pulls it down, and then she gets on her knees with wonder, it's the old door of the dream, leaning against a wall.

What does it hide from the arcane?

She looks at the knob, there is a strange design, then under the knob there is a crack for a key.

But what can this thing mean?

Now exhausted she decides to go down to her room, but as soon as she turns, her medallion from under the pyjamas starts to shine on the contours, with a light that moves throughout the jewel. She remains motionless from wonder, she was living something magical. She turns around shooting a sleeve on a piece of furniture and tearing a bit the pyjamas, she approaches the door looking at the knob, her instinct makes her take the necklace and place it on the knob, magic... the cracks start to glow with a blinding light.

What is happening?

The door opens some centimetre, here is the reason of dreams.

She suddenly opens that door and a bright light invests her, making her lose consciousness.

She opens her eyes, the sound of the alarm signals that another day is about to begin, the school awaits for her. She gets up suddenly, she is on the bed in her room, it may have been just a dream in the dream, and yes, she tries to convince herself that reality is now in her room. The necklace is in place around her neck. so it cannot be anything but a bad dream. So she starts dressing for her school day.

As soon as she takes off her pyjamas putting it on her bed, her sweet eyes go on her sleeve, it is torn as in the dream.

Immediately she run to the attic and she finds that door, the towel is on the ground, it has not been just a dream. Suddenly she opens the door moving the necklace on the knob but opening it there is only the wall of the attic... .. Her perplexity is interrupted by Linda

--Zandiii, where are you? Come down, if not it's late for school --

-- Yes Mom, I'm coming down --

The girl comes down with a little of disappointment on every step. After making a skimpy breakfast she runs to the nearby bus stop for the school, the vehicle is there waiting with the open doors, she enters sitting without looking at anyone, remaining with the head bowed. The bus begins to move, but her thoughts are still in the attic.

--Good morning, upset!-- Anna said (her best friend, when she saw Zandi) -

- Do not you see me? But this morning you have a strange face! It seems you have seen ghosts tonight! --hinting a smile

-- Anna,-- Zandi answered, hugging her – Last night was a bad night for me, I still have to realize what happened to me--

-- In my opinion you ate heavy and this led you to do bad nightmares, it is so, do not worry... .. ah here we go down that today that hag of science professor wants to question us --

Both took their knapsacks and got down of the bus setting off for the school which is a hundred yards from the bus stop.

They immediately entered the classroom sitting down at the school bench they shared.

-- Take the book!--Anna murmured

-- The prof! --

--Good morning!-- The class greeted the science teacher

-- Good morning guys, stay comfortable -- the professor replies, that as soon as she sat down she said:

-- Today we had to question, but unfortunately for a mishap I could not prepare the questions for the interrogation. So today I will explain, but do not cradle that soon I will question everyone -- she added with an angry face.

-- Then open on page 83, today we will talk about the state of South Africa and its gold mines --

Zandi opened the book and she turned over the pages waiting for the mentioned page, the number 83. As soon as it arrived she looked at it:

there were several photos, one represented the South African state, another represented a mountain considered sacred from those of that place and in another one there was the image of the entrance of a gold mine located in the above-mentioned mountain and some people of the place busy to work.

Her eyes began to see in the last photo some of the smudges, it seems that the landscape is moving imperceptibly, people were moving, suddenly the picture made a foreground on an old black worker who was at the end.

He said:

-- Please, help us, you are our hope, do not abandon us...--

Zandi petrified and then she threw the book in front of her suddenly, she shouted becoming pale and trembling.

--What are you doing? Are you mad?—she reproached her

--Did not you see anything? -- Zandi answered

--No nothing, why what happened? --

- Have not you not see the photo of my book animating and speaking?--

Anna took the book placing it in the centre of the bench and she whispered with a sarcastic smile

- Do you see everything is ok? Not sleep during the night make you funny jokes? --

- What is happening at the bottom? -- The teacher murmured --ah, you're still you, Niversa and Cordi, you know today I wanted to question you first, however, since I could not, tell me which of you have shouted, and I want to know it now! --

--It was me,-- Zandi said, getting up from the chair

-- Well, Miss, for me you can also go out of the classroom, and you come back tomorrow with one of your tutors, ops, adoptive parents, remarking the word adoptive with a rather sarcastic smile.

Zandi took her things and she went out of the class, guided by Anna's displeased look and by the satisfied one of professor.

Miss Maltieri Elsa, the science teacher, during the first day of her arrival at that school, came across Zandi, running and bumping into her, she inadvertently dropped her into a puddle, making the whole school smile. Despite the girl's apology, she binds that episode to her finger and from that time she does everything to repay her ugly figure.

Meanwhile, Zandi had returned at home and entering she find Linda busy cleaning up the breakfast table.

--Have you forgotten something?-- Her mother said with a smile

Then looking in the eyes, they repeated in unison

--It is Maltieri fault...- -

--Yes and tomorrow she wants to see you or daddy --

--Okay I'll talk to her tomorrow, because her methods are too severe for an accident happened a long time ago, it is good that she subtract the hatchet if not I will appeal to the headmaster! A day off is good for you... – she ended the phrase caressing Zandi on the cheek.

- Thanks mum, I go to my room to rest, I take advantage of it because tonight I did not sleep well, I'll see you later-- and she fired her mother going straight into her room, she sat on the bed looking at the ceiling and focusing on the face of the book photo. She thought about what was happening to her, if she was going crazy or she was living a nightmare that would vanish. when she wakes up. After a while she turns to the side closing her eyes.

She felt a sweet tingle on her hand, she opened her eyes. It was a colourful butterfly that had leaned on the back of her hand, she watched the alarm-clock and she saw that she had made 3 hours of regenerating sleep, she stretched, then she turned to the little animal still on her hand.

-- Hey baby, are you still here? Are you not afraid of me? – nodding a smile.

--You know I would never hurt you, I bet you hear it --

So the butterfly spread the flight over her head going out from the window.

--Zandi, are you awake?--The mother called -- come to give me a hand for lunch --

--Yes, mom,-- the girl replied, going downstairs.

-- Help me to clean the salad, as further the pasta you eat only that, my dear vegetarian, -- the mother said with a smile holding her a tray with vegetables

--Mom, I wanted to ask you, which is the use of the old door that we have in the attic? And why is it there?--

--To tell the truth, that door is there since we bought this house, and it is there. Your father does not have time to arrange the attic and so it is there. Why have you interest in an object so old?-- Linda asked.



--No anything, I went up to the attic to keep some old things and I noticed it, but nothing that, just curiosity - -

Meanwhile, it was 13:00, they set only for them because Paul was not at home because his work sometimes forced him to stay out for the whole day, he had to go and look at an old picture to be able to insert in his shop, he was an antiquary.

Between a chat and another, between one course and another, it was 15:00 and they hear someone knocking at the door.

-- Mother, I'm going to open, I think that it should be Anna, we have to go to the centre together. She want to buy a jacket for this winter and she want my opinion --

--But it is not soon for the opening of the shops, they usually open at 4:00 pm -- Linda said ironically.

--Yes, it is true, but we must also have time to eat a nice ice-cream -- Zandi answered opening the door.

--Good morning, Linda, -- Anna said coming in.

-- Good morning, come on, sit down and take a sweetie waiting for Zandi to get ready to go out --

Zandi went to her room to prepare herself.

-- Tell me what happened today at school between Zandi and Prof Maltieri.

--Yes Linda, it was nonsense, I do not know the reason but Zandi throw the science book on the ground with a scream, the prof, that already does not frown at us from the time of the puddle, had a nice and good excuse to throw her out. But I do not know why she behaved like that, boh!, anyway I'll talk to Zandi --

--I do not know...-- Linda replied

- She behaves in a strange way since a couple of days, maybe it is the age, however, we will see in the next days --

--Let's go, Anna – she greeted her mother with a kiss.

While they were on the road, Anna asked to her friend:

--Have you done that strange dream of your childhood, that of water and of the mirror? Tell me well, maybe I can help you to understand it --

--No, I dreamed a strange door, but nothing to do with that dream of the mirror in the water. I do them and I do them again but I cannot understand what they want to tell me, and I tell you the truth, the dram of the water makes me a bit 'more fear, but it is not the case to tell it – Zandi replied.

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