

## A Legend of Siren's Lament

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*Epigraph*

*And I'd choose you*

*In a hundred lifetimes*

*In a hundred worlds*

*In any version of reality*

*I'd find you*

*And I'd choose you*

*<Anonymous>*

Once upon a time, there was one legend as if the stars are the same as we are: they have their own language, their own morals. However, one problem is that they cannot touch each other. God made them beautiful, but lonely. Any touch destroys them. And then one of the Gods, having pitied the stars, gave them a gift to settle in the hearts of people to learn to truly love. And at your birth, one of the stars settles in your heart, filling you with love and life. The moment comes when the person within whom the star lives, falls in love. And only death shall separate the lovers apart. When the heart of this person is broken, the spirit of the star leaves the person, returning to space. Man becomes cold, and the star, realizing that he will never find love and that it is not in this universe, falls from heaven, committing suicide.

And the story began with the first fallen star.

### **P1 when the end is a new beginning**

The Earth is a complex, fascinating place. From its vast oceans to its towering mountains, arid deserts, and lush forests, the beauty and wonder of our planet are truly staggering. A man's soul resembles the earthy elements. His tears are like fresh drops of morning dew; His shade is like the moon, hiding the darkest secrets from the curious eye; His body is like a flower, wild and beautiful

and drenched in sun; His anger is like the thunderstorm, restless for ground that understands the blessing of His inner scream; and His calmness is like the ocean, whose marine touches are like the rose. Man allows the water to hold his grief and washes them out to the sea.

He breathes in, and feels the tender flavor of relief, realizing that all his worries are now set free. The oceanic glaze envelopes our souls with smoothness and holds our troubles instead. Or else, for how do you suppose it got so blue?

One night, a creature was born from a fallen star that carried the bitterness of human anguish. When a star touched the surface of the water, it dissolved in its saltiness, falling like dust to the ocean's bottom. It was washed away like leaves that are carried out by the wind, until one of the ancient Gods turned the fallen star into a siren, with a sidereal loom in his eyes.

A lonely creature, whose mind swims at a depth most would drown in. He was born under the illuminating glow of the crescent, given both a blessing and a curse. He was doomed for eternal solitude. Sirens cannot fall in love. They kill and swim. They sing and dream. Seduce and destroy. Pierce and enjoy.



Every child knows sirens as insidious monsters who lust for the human soul. No one understands their language to know that a siren's song is made from the tears of heartbroken lovers. That is why the lustful and the wicked are drawn to their call. Their voices echo the pain and the sadness that their blackened souls yearn for.



The fallen star-born siren was a recluse. Roaming around the bosoms of the ocean, he lamented for love, however, no one was afraid of him. Nor the mountainous Sleeping Giants on the horizon, nor the birds chirping on the fly. They danced with their wings to his melancholy lullabies, and listened to his words, as he spoke with the rhythm of his heart. No other soul was there to see that his eyes were as beautiful as his heart. Every night he lay in the darkness of the seabed, looking at the sky and whispering his dreams into the ocean. There, upon the bluest of waves came a million flashing lights. He held his hand towards the celestial vertex, knowing that somewhere in one of the stars sleeps the soul of his only love. He felt it every time, as his heart began to shine with the stellar light. Different universes could not efface their bond. He remembered. He held the memories of his past life deep

in his chest like a man who keeps a bird in a wooden cage, afraid that in every moment the bird might fly away.

The siren's old psyche dwelled in sad but pure love, hoping to one day reach the heavens and wake the spirit of his lover with a touch in one of the cosmic constellations.

One night, while looking at the sky, he saw a star flicker and a suffocating rush of fear wrapped his whole body. He waited every day in blind hope, he listened to the call of the ocean, he moved with the cold waters of the currents but received silence as an answer. An afflicted vagabond with imprisoned thoughts became a prisoner himself, swimming like a goldfish in the fish dome. He got up from the sands and headed to the deepest gorges of the ocean, eager to find the king of the marine depths, Poseidon.



## **P2 what would you do if you weren't afraid?**

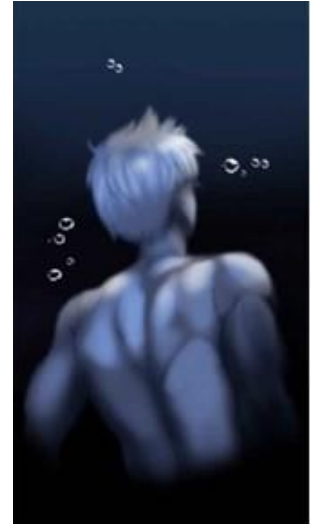
Every creature has heard legends about Poseidon's wild power. Irritable, cruel, vengeful, and dangerous. Reining over storms and earthquakes, rapid and merciless tidal waves - he is the God of all the dangers that are exposed when the dormant forces beneath the surface of consciousness are released.

Nevertheless, there's peace even in the storm. And the siren felt it deep in the heart. He floated on an icy stream of water, entering the very profundity of the ocean. The love he felt was his beacon; his heart shone, navigating him the path, as he never before dared to enter the realm of the sacred. Swimming through the debris of sunken wrecks and once giant vessels, the siren's eyes got covered with a veil until the inky black color of the chasm enveloped him and he couldn't see any more.



A distant sound of a harp melody awoke the siren from a deep dream, as he opened his leaden eyes and saw a miracle before his eyes. The wondrous underground world of unprecedented beauty and wealth has been nearby all this time. Crimson sea corals made their way into the aquatic kingdom. Diamond arches covered

with moss loomed over the reef, and the ancient ruins stood majestically behind golden gates overlooking the sunken ships. Their fragments served as a support for the throne on which the white-bearded king of all seas and oceans majestically sat. In His hand he held a trident, implementing all the orders of those who had it, and sea dogs of tremendous sizes sat at the feet of their Master. The siren approached the gates carefully and fell on the soft sand as soon as the massive golden doors opened before him. The Great Poseidon looked at His visitor, and welcomed the child to speak, as he dared to come into His dominion. The siren did not look up, but he spoke with implausible confidence as if thousands of giant warriors stood behind his back. He told his story, and for the first time in forever, disclosed the memories of his past life, finally revealing the bird out of the cage. He chanted the unknown but the warmest feeling of love in his chest, telling the Lord that he would rather perish than live a life without a passion.



There is a saying that “you can never cross the ocean until you dare to lose sight of the shore.” The siren swam days and nights, pursuing the stars in the sky. His hope was like a fallen piece of glowing coal. It was small and almost impossible to touch. But it was enough to ignite in him the strongest force in the universe, before which even Poseidon himself bowed to heavens. Standing up, the King of the Oceans approached the siren. His eyes shot lightning. His hands gripping the trident. Poseidon stood before the creature and gave him an order to stand from the ground. The trident’s sudden touch penetrated his bony spine and a trembling siren closed his eyes, pending the death.

*“Shall be it.”*

The echo of His voice reverberated in every seashell, making the calm of the surface turn into massive surges of disturbed water. The siren started to asphyxiate. He soared up, gasping for air, and his backbone hurt from the tearing skin. His lips tasted blood and he looked up in the sky, to



farewell with the world, but an unbeknown force ascended him out of the water. Splashes of water dribbled behind his back, and the siren felt the gentle wind caress his body. Everything seemed so much clearer and closer than usual. His eyes fluttered, roaming from his hands to his body. He beheld...legs. A pair of legs covered in fish scales were given to him like a pure blessing. Something was holding him above the surface. A giant shadow emanated from his body. He looked carefully at the reflection and gasped. White, almost orient, wings sublimely flittered in the air. Giant feathers sparkled from the daylight, and the siren soared upon his first flight, smiling generously like a happy child. He could not believe his eyes, as he now looked at the oceanic expanse from a different angle.

The declining sun laminated with its warmth and a theatre of pelagic smells wafted from the salty breeze. A watery wonderland was drenched in a lightning-gold, dusk haze. The mighty heap of the ocean flowed in its astral-blue smoothness from the horizon. The horizon itself was a thin seam where the canopy of sky and the plane of sea hemmed each other into a line of silver. It was as if they had been welded into an extended splinter of perfection. A serenity was interrupted by the squawking sound of seagulls, diving into the water in searches of fresh fish. In the distance, streamers of tapered light splayed out, flowing through cracks in the cloud.



The siren looked up and millions of constellations and space bodies stared back at him, luring with their unearthly beauty. He soared with clumsy flaps of albescent wings. Rapid heartbeat pumped blood through his veins. He reached out to the soft, cloudy carpet that stretched before him, but a sudden burning in his chest made him stop mid-air. The stellar dust in his chest, drenched in memories and love revived anew from the closeness to the sky, making the sensations more acute and vivid. His chest shone with light. His spirit tore through the rib cage, longing to search the galaxies for a parted anima of his soulmate.

The siren tried to fly up higher, but the pain got only bigger. Days and nights, dusks and dawns, summers and winters passed, but the winged siren could not come near the constellations, as his chest was burning with flames of an effulgent star. His endeavors were so desperate, that even the moon hid behind the obscure veil, quietly crying to the sailing clouds.



Our doubts are traitors and make us lose the good we often might win by fearing to attempt. But the siren never doubted. He spread his wings and swept through the cloudy smoke faster than the wind. The body began to burn again, revealing the shape of a scorching star. The heat of the incandescent body penetrated the air. And for the first time his eyes saw so close a clearing of other luminaries of all colors and sizes. His hand reached for one, and he, craving for the moment, forgot about the pain that was so strong. Trembling fingers were nigh hand. Then suddenly the spirit of a star in his body flashed, igniting his granted wings.

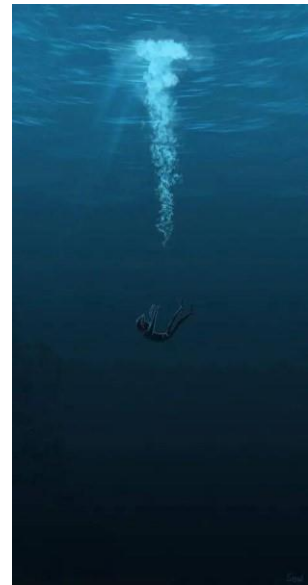
A glimmer of blazing feathers flickered in his eyes before the siren began to fall through the cloudy depths, plummeting into the long-familiar cold waters of the ocean.

### **P3 to the stars who listen**

A long fall. He fell through time, and space, and stars, and the sky, and everything in between. He fell for days and weeks and what felt like a lifetime across lifetimes. He fell until he forgot he was falling.

That night his heart was heavier than the biggest glacier in the world. He danced with the sky, and the sky dropped him like a rotten plum. However, it is during our darkest moments that we must focus to see the light. For the greatest glory of a man is not in never falling, but in rising every time he falls.

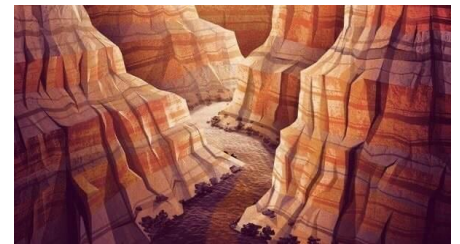
As he floated to the surface, the siren examined his deep wounds from the fall and peered into the night sky for a clue. But it didn't answer.



During the spring season, the honey winds of the first blooming trees were blowing in, murmuring about the things they have seen on earth. One day a wind brought whispers about Constellation Sorceress. A recluse. She lived in canyons in the Far East and had powerful magic that ruled the skies. She played with northern lights and sang with the birds. Intangible. Enigmatic. Living in the terrain of the wild realm, she shielded herself with escarpments of gorge clefts. No one ever went that way before. However, she could be the only chance. And the siren, thanking the wind, headed to the east with the first peek of the rising sun.



The malachite-green fields seemed to be covered in a bright sheen under the dawn moon. Clouds shaped like tufty pillows glided slowly across the sky. They carried an airy, warm, drizzling rain with them. Plinking and patterning off the leaves, then fading into memory, the rain energized the flora. It left behind a world baptized and rebirthed by its liquid grace. Song thrushes thrilled as the specter-silver moon began to wane and the fog of flowers in the meadow slowly revealed itself. The glory of nature was striving, planting faith in the hearts of all the living creatures. The siren waded through the fields until sandy forks started to appear in woodlands. Following the narrow streams and leaping into the flows of forests, he passed untrodden thickets and wheaten meadows, approaching the terrains of dead stone ravines. The blossoming regions changed to the lifeless canyon land, as the siren slowly moved along the water reservoirs. Every sound drowned in echoing silence. Every flying midge held its peace. The siren knew he would never find Constellation Sorceress in this dead land, so he started singing with a melodious voice of his.



A song passed. Then two. And three. But no one showed. The siren turned away intending to leave when suddenly he heard a remote sound of a chant.

He looked up and saw a figure of a woman clothed in a robe of a pure cloud. Her shiny silky hair fluttered in the air, and her forehead had a glowing symbol of the moon, irradiating her the way. Constellation Sorceress appeared before the eyes of a siren. She responded to the call and



descended to his feet with a gentle hand. Her fingers touched the head of the siren, and a smile adorned her face. She knew he was coming. However, there was nothing she could do for him, as she did not use her magic for a long time. Many years ago, the King of Witches attacked her and stole her magic bow with arrows, sacrificing them to the majestic mountain. Witches worshiped it, as it often caused a series of earthquakes, killing hundreds of King's warriors. The siren, having listened to her story, promised Constellation Sorceress to return her bow and arrows, wherever they were on the mountain. And they both headed deep into the woods.

The road was hard and rough. Verdurous hills and high thickets obscured the view of an already visible summit of the mountain. After a while, they made their way to its foot. A huge rocky crevice was located in front of a hill. Then suddenly a loud voice rang out.

*“Who are you, and how dare you come to me?”*

The siren greeted the mountain. Constellation Sorceress, beware of the anger of the Giantess, hid behind a tree to seek protection. And the fallen star-born creature spoke. He asked the mountain for a blessing to return the once stolen bow and arrows. She went silent. Nevertheless, a few moments later, she opened her bushes and removed the withered branches, letting the siren into her possessions.



He went into a deaf, murky cavern. With every step, light forsook the atmosphere, until the siren could see no more. His foot touched something sharp, and he fell into a hole. Sliding down, he landed on a sandy surface and, turning around, gasped. The walls of the cave were covered with precious crystals of a sheer pink color. There were so many of them that the siren had to close his eyes from the flashes of their brightness when a voice spoke abruptly.

*“This is the inside of me. Come in further and follow my voice as I guide you.”*

He obeyed, making a few steps forward and examining the enchanting gems.

*“Long ago there was a tribe of witches living here. I had no mind of my own. But somehow, through them burying their dead year after year within my grounds, their souls connected to mine. My crystals absorbed all the energy and power from their spirits. And then slowly, I was able to think, even to take actions.”*



The huge cluster of gems ascended like a throne and the siren, having had a closer look, spotted an outline of a human body.



*“Yes. The figure you see before you within the crystal is a reflection of my being. Throughout my existence, the witches and I lived a symbolic life. I would provide what I should provide. They would dance to summon the rain when the forest would catch fire. Take care of the trees and the animals. Until one day, I heard about a war between witches and western tribes. And they all left, never returning back. I have been waiting ever since that day. Crying like a child, begging them to return, flooding their new lands, cursing them with earthquakes. Doing everything, so they could listen and come here again. But witches can’t hear my voice. No one could before you came here. I thought my spirit was going to fade, and never return to the earth.*

*I did not know that before...I did not know I could miss, and love, and hate. Without them, my energy wanes. And I...don’t want to die.”*

The eyes of the spirit were full of grief. The siren stared at her, recognizing the feeling of missing someone. The feeling of the bond. The feeling of love. The mountain spirit stretched a hand, pointing at a big crystallized lump with something frozen in it. The Giantess whispered something to herself, and the crystal started to melt, revealing the object that was engulfed in it for centuries. A bow and arrows.

*“Witches sacrificed them to me, but I didn’t need them at all. You can take it; just...bring the tribes back, please.”*



Life without love is like a tree without blossoms or fruit. It can traverse all the distances and subdue the highest peaks. We love each other, love our work, nature, strangers. We recognize no barriers. And once our faith becomes bigger than doubt, we cease wars and stop enmity, planting roses where once grew weeds.

Without any further words, the siren ran out of the cavern. His hands gripping the witch's wooden bow. Constellation Sorceress came out of the tree gingerly. Her eyes traveled down and she saw the long wanted weapon. She grabbed it and soared into the sky like a water hurricane. Her hand triumphantly released the arrow, directing it into the sky. A second later, a myriad of glowing speckles appeared in the clear sky, and her smile shone brighter than the moonlight on the longest night. Her cloudy gown fluttering in the wind. She louted, thanking her companion from the bottom of her heart.

The siren told Constellation Sorceress everything he'd heard. She grew up at the foot of the mountain, but never did she know that the souls of witches and a mountain could be connected. A sad smile appeared on her face. The chances that witch tribes would return were so low, that they could be compared to shells lying at the bottom of oceanic trenches. Two renounced wanderers, trying to change the minds of millions. They sat in silence thinking for hours. A day was changed by a night, and bright stars came to illuminate the sky with their radiance. They raised their heads, pondering deeply. Somewhere up there slept the spirit of his soulmate and the siren knew it. *"I'll find you soon,"* he thought and his chest started glowing with light. The Constellation Sorceress stood up, looking at her bow, as a spark flashed in her aglint eyes.

*"We need to head to witch tribes. I know how to lure them to the mountain."*

The witches' refuge was located near the waterfall sources and a valley with steep banks, cluttered with fragments of rocks. The road to that area was quite long, but the Sorceress insisted that they had to reach there before sunrise. So they ran.

The siren's legs hurt and the body was stiff. His lungs ached from the stabbing cold air that blew in their direction. And as soon as he thought he could no longer stay on his feet, vague lights of small timber huts appeared in the distance. They found the witch tribe where the King of witches slept soundly in his castle. The Constellation Sorceress stopped abruptly and took into view their land. Sadness was seen inside her eyes, even though she tried to cover it with a smile. She always did. Looking at the houses of her



descendants and ancestors, the witch succumbed to the memories of her past and told her story.



Long, long ago, when she was a small girl, her mom would often tell her tales about the stars. They must be respected because they are the sleeping souls of ancestors and those whose hearts remain lonely or broken. They breathe and live like terrestrial creatures, having fantasy even in the sky. They draw amazing figures of animals and people so that everyone can admire them from the ground. Young Sorceress learned to see the contours and gave them the name - Constellations. She chose stars as her gift, her own talent, and mastered the skill of controlling celestial bodies every day. Once, her magic got out of control and, summoning the constellation of

the Dragon, he descended to earth, burning the houses of the witches. Constellation Sorceress ran away, ashamed of her deed. However, she never quit using her magic. Living in the canyons, she learned to control magic and became the most famous enchantress the world ever knew. One evening, after the witches left the mountain, they found Constellation Sorceress and stole her bow with arrows, sacrificing them to the bemoaning Giantess.

And her shriek was pealed like the clamor of bells, as the witch knew that things caught in the "mouth" of the mountain were gone forever. So she expatiated across the lands, singing listless songs about the forgotten past. Until one day, the siren found her.

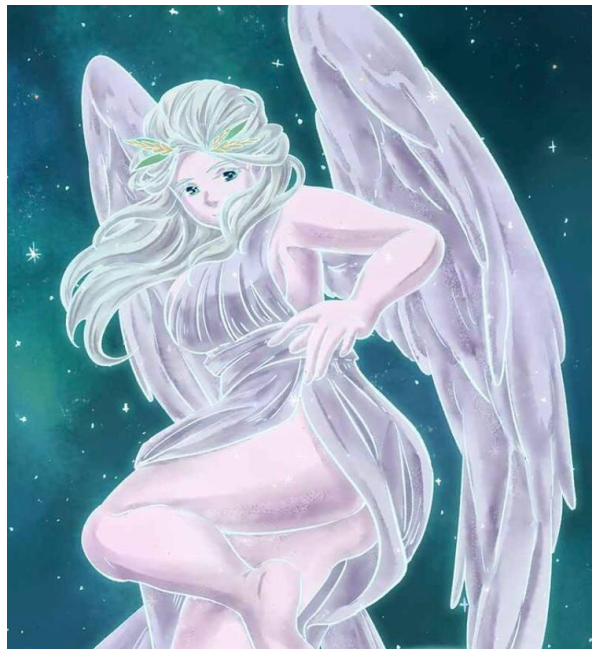
*“I don't hold a grudge against my family for what they did, for my heart is now joyous again.*

*Let's return them home.”*

She took a few steps back, drawing out her bow and an arrow with a silver tint. Her hand tightened from the stretching of the bowstring. Her face became concentrated. And her sonorous voice rang in the air, uttering words to the echo.

*“VIRGO”*

The witch’s hand released the arrow, and it flew right into the sky, hitting one star. After that, the rest of the stars lit up as if by magic. Condensing into a whole, the stars dressed in a humongous figure of a woman with a flower wreath and angel wings behind her back. There she was. Virgo. The second largest constellation in the sky. She was so gigantic that even the tallest mountain came across as her throne. She descended to earth like a heavenly patron and bowed with wide eyes to Constellation Sorceress.



*“Virgo at your service, Master Sorceress”*



She straightened up and looked around the city of witches that was in slumber. Flying up to the sky, the sky-goddess stopped near the moon, taking over its effulgence. And the bright sapphire light emanating from the figure of the Virgo awakened sleeping souls. The witches ran out of the houses, bewitched at the phenomenon. Their eyes were fixed on her as if she were a sign from heaven who had come to denote the right path. Virgo approached the ground carefully, raising her hand and pointing to the Great Mountain. The eyes of all the witches lit up with a flame of change and trust, as they followed the Virgo, who, like a peaceful nebula, flew towards the mountain. Beholding the supernal marvel, witches took it as an omen of fate.

Constellation Sorceress with the siren quietly watched everything from the side, without showing their eyes. Would the witches follow Virgo if they knew that all this were the deeds of a grand starry mistress? The one they still considered an enemy. No one will ever know. The story goes that the tribe of witches returned to the hilly steppes, settling again and living in peace at the foot of the Giantess, on the trees of which nectarous buds started blooming again.

## **P4 and our love shall live forever**

When you reach for the stars, you are reaching for the farthest thing out there. When you reach deep into yourself, it is the same thing, but in the opposite direction. If you reach in both directions, you will have spanned the universe.

Love is a power that drives one to attain the impossible. It brings hope, confidence, dreams, goals, and aspirations. With its help, one finds answers to his questions and learns their inner world that once seemed so alienated and distant. Love is a magnet that travels through galaxies and does not know time limits. And that's the beginning and end of everything.



Constellation Sorceress and the siren spent many years searching the sky. They shot from the magic bow at the stars, hoping to awaken the spirit of one who had settled forever in the heart of the creature. They searched every constellation and hunted every luminary. They viewed the colors of northern lights and asked Planets to speak with them. They turned the heavens upside down but never found anything. Could it be that the star with a lonely broken soul fell from heaven? Could this mean that she was gone forever and that they would never meet again?

The siren sat on a stone and became cold like the first fallen snow. His skin darkened and somber eyes, as if lifeless, stared into the night vertex.

Tears- are the waters of melting heartfelt glaciers. They cover your soul and fall from your heart, replacing the words that a mouth simply cannot explain.

And the siren lamented, as a star in his chest started to tarnish, turning again into dust that once dissolved in the chilly waters of the ocean. His lament was heard in every corner of the world, and every creature shook off the joy, suffering with him. He cried days and night, filling the earth with salty tears. Before long, the small puddles turned into broad lakes and fleet rivers, flooding forests and washing the floral plains. His tears reached the most distant barrens. Sands of the deserts soaked up the liquid, becoming soggy like fresh clay.

And no one could stop his grievous lament.

The teardrops that fell into the forest mine touched the lips of a beautiful nymph living deep in the jungles. She drank from a water source and her heart lit up with the bright flame of a long quieted star. She ran out of the thicket at the call of her heart, until one day she saw the siren sitting on a ledge of a hill. And their eyes met. And hearts ignited so vividly that even the sun seemed like a dim nick of light. Their lips merged into a kiss breaking the curse of the siren, everlastingly turning him into a human. They matched like the thunder matches lighting. And they chanted one another like a nightingale chants the dawn.



Both lived in constant hopes of finding each other, that's why their stars never returned to space, as their hearts weren't lonely or broken. They fought and searched each other in two different worlds. The siren was turning the sky upside down. Meanwhile, the beautiful nymph sought every corner of the grounds, in hopes that her soulmate would be there too.



They waited days and nights. Their bodies carried the starry spirits of never-ending faith. Their hearts lit up for love and in love, they died together.

Constellation Sorceress shot an arrow into the sky, taking the stars from the souls of the nymph and the siren, forever securing them together in the roof of heaven as if in a tender embrace. They formed a constellation with a name today, Eta Cassiopeiae. It is a binary star system in the northern circumpolar constellation of Cassiopeia - the most romantic and love-struck constellation in the sky. The Eta Cassiopeiae stars are so close to each other that it seems as if they are touching each other, breaking the curse of the lone fate of the stars. That is where the story was rewritten.

Once upon a time, there was one legend as if the stars are the same as we are: they have their own language, their own morals. And at your birth, one of the stars appears in the sky, full of bond and fondness. You live, separated by millions of kilometers, but your hearts beat in the same rhythm. When you find love, your star seeks the sky for its soulmate, and once it finds it, they get close to each other as if in a dainty embrace. For only death shall separate the lovers apart.



And Eta Cassiopeiae stars will always epitomize that a human can change legends and rewrite heavens once his love begins to bloom.

The End.

