

KRA

by Aguidon



Written and produced in the Netherlands



Novel, photo, images, cover design and layout by Aguidon

Thanks to Robin Tanahatoc for reviewing and
Maria Jennings-Kamphuis for all corrections, editing and remarks

Published by Aguidon

Printed in the Netherlands by Pumbo.nl

Novel / Drama / Adventure

Suitable for all ages
NUR 334

This first edition is cataloged by
Bureau ISBN in the Netherlands.
ISBN 978-90-823-5780-6

This will also be available as an EBook in time.

www.aguidon.com

The moral right of the author has been asserted.

Copyright © Aguidon 2015
All rights reserved

No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted by any
means, digital, electronic, mechanical, photocopying or otherwise,
without the prior permission of the publisher.

Naming etymology

In order of appearance

| | |
|---------------------------|---|
| Kanoa (Male) | Native American name meaning Free one |
| An-Zhi-Mu (Female) | Chinese meaning Peace - Wisdom - Admired |
| Keiji (Male) | Japanese name meaning Lead cautiously |
| Luzette (Female) | Spanish name meaning Light |
| Bo (Female/Male) | Chinese name meaning Precious |
| Zuberi (Male) | African name meaning Strong |
| Eadwin (Male) | English name meaning Valued |
| Baaqir (Male) | Arabic Name Meaning Deeply learned |
| Nabhitha (Female) | Indian name meaning Fearless |

Kra

In old Akan spirituality, the Kra is the **soul** of a person. It is of divine origin, one gets their Kra from God.

What one chooses to do with this gift in life determines the meaning and value of one's Kra.

1. Dawn

It is the point of night when the dark quietness is slightly broken by the first sounds of a new day to come. There is a distant sound of flowing water and a far-off rustling noise of formerly green leaves softly crackling in a barely noticeable wind. A fly is buzzing, and a bird can be heard chirping faintly through the far-away groaning of old trees.

Above the horizon in the dark western sky, only the lower right quarter of the moon is shining bright. But its immense appearance, surrounded by a vague aura of morning fog, seems just moments away from plunging into the forests and mountains beneath it.

Far away on a treeless top of one of those mountains, the faint silhouette of a large castle appears.

A few rooks silently fly southwards through the moonlight. One rook sits on an upper branch of an old, dead weeping willow tree. This old willow hangs a bit askew over the stream, covered by a soft blanket of fog.

The curved and weathered roots of the willow tree are barely visible, just a little bit uphill beyond the reeds and grasses. The ground under the tree is covered with fallen leaves.

Piles of stones and a few boulders are scattered over the hillside.

The young rook has striking blue eyes which look around restlessly. A little fly arouses its curiosity and, as it tries to pick the fly out of the air, the young rook loses its balance.

Almost stumbling off the branch, the rook spreads its wings and flies down in order to land on a rock at the edge of the stream.

A little confused, the rook shakes its feathers and looks around. The fly it tried to catch seems to have vanished.

Glancing around, something else draws the attention of the rook. A large dragonfly is flying by and irregularly twisting itself through the air. As it flies along the reeds, it turns a few times around another rock along the bank and then flies away over the water.

Close to that rock, beneath the water, a golden brown fish restlessly circles around and occasionally seems to nibble at the surface of the water, creating small, circular ripples.

On a crooked reed, a little above that rock, moves a larva or maggot of some kind. That is obviously what the fish is looking at and craving.

All of a sudden, the big dragonfly returns and lands on the same crooked reed. Another dragonfly comes by and the big dragonfly jumps off the reed and flies after it.

Subsequently, the crooked reed moves, which causes the maggot to fall. The maggot lands on the edge of the rock and barely manages to keep itself from falling into the water. The fish instantly begins swimming back and forth, waiting for breakfast to fall into its already open mouth.

But just when the water's surface is disturbed by the fish's mouth, a curious bird lands in the tree above the rock.

The rook looks up and notices the yellowish bird.

The maggot is incapable of climbing the rock and starts falling, sluggishly rolling over the side of the steep rock, towards the water and the fish's open mouth above the surface.

Then, all of a sudden, the yellow bird flies to the edge of the rock and leans down to look at the maggot, which is just out of reach. It then spreads its wings, flies up and turns around, while its flapping wings disturb the water.

It snatches the maggot with its beak, flies off and lands under the old, dead willow tree, out of which the rook just fell.

The fish angrily swims to deeper waters. The bird places the maggot on another rock near the waterside, chirps a few times and then flies away.

The rook curiously hops to a different rock and sees a small, young and more brownish bird approaching the maggot as its mother flies off to look for more food for the youngster. While the young bird hops toward the rock, the rook notices an owl sitting on a large tree stump further away. This owl is closely watching the little bird, which is now trying to half jump and half fly onto the rock.

When the little bird finally manages to get onto the rock it hops toward the maggot with its wings dragging a little low.

The rook sees the owl stretch out, stoop down and spread its wings. In a tree close by, a few startled birds noisily fly up to other trees. The rook anxiously looks at the young bird and shrieks loudly. But the young bird has finally reached its destination and starts pecking at the maggot.

As it turns to the owl, the young rook beholds the enormous wings of the predator closing in, without a sound, floating through the air, to grasp its prey.

Again, the rook shrieks to the little bird and jumps closer to the rock where it is still tackling the maggot. The maggot seems too big for the little bird's beak and it keeps dragging it and pecking at it, unaware of the approaching danger.

Seeing the owl closing in and opening its claws, the rook crows loudly, jumps up and spreads its wings. The young rook flies straight towards the rock and, just above the little bird, it lowers its head, folds its wings, and loudly shrieks while it dives straight toward the owl.

The rook hits the side of the owl, which is thrown off balance and needs to use all of its wings' force to prevent it from gliding into the water. One wing sweeps over the rock and knocks the little bird to the ground.

Fluttering over the ground as well, the rook comes to a stop, hops onto a small boulder and crows softly.

The owl flies back to the tree stump. It settles in, turns its head left, then right and finally closes its eyes. With the night almost over, it is time for the owl to sleep.

As the rook inquisitively hops closer to the little bird on the ground, the mother bird lands on the rock and looks down at her unharmed youngster, still pecking at the maggot. She then flies down to it, looks up at the rook and chirps. The rook turns its head a bit askew and seems to nod.

The little bird has finally managed to swallow the maggot and looks up at its mother as if nothing happened.

Once again the mother bird chirps and glances at the rook before she flies towards a nearby tree, followed by her little youngster, fluttering twice as fast to keep up.

The rook now curiously picks at the ground under the old tree. It begins tugging and digging. Its beak rummages through the soil. Pieces of dirt, leaves, even some black feathers and tiny sticks, are moved aside.

Suddenly several rooks fly above the old tree. Two of them crow loudly and land in the tree. The blue-eyed young rook looks up, crows softly and continues pecking and searching in the ground. This seems to upset the older rooks, one of which lands on the ground and crows restlessly again. When this does not seem to bother the young rook that is still searching in the ground, the older rook pecks the neck of the younger rook. The young blue-eyed rook responds with a short cry but still continues what it is doing.

Obviously annoyed, the older rook crows a few times again and flies back into the tree. In the sky, the other rooks fly further south. The second rook now leaves the tree and flies off with the others to the south. The older rook flies down to the ground again. It hops and crows around the young rook, which just looks up for a moment and then continues searching in the ground. With a loud shriek, the older rook flies up, circles around and crows a few times more before following the other rooks flying south.

It seems the young rook has finally found something. Its beak is pulling and wiggling something that appears to be stuck in a lump of dirt.

With its beak in the ground, the rook shakes its head. Dirt, leaves, and twigs are pushed to the side.

The moon and stars are slowly fading in the increasing clarity of the rising sun. The first streaks of sunlight gently fall in long, lingering rays over the slightly vanishing mist, exposing the hazy surroundings.

Then suddenly the rook hops up with something it has pulled out of the ground. With a sense of contentment, the young rook shakes itself.

With something in its beak, it flies up to a branch in the old willow tree. It wipes its beak a few times along the branch to clean it off. Softly crowing, the blue-eyed rook holds its beak up high. The first sunbeams shine straight through a small orb that the rook is proudly holding in its beak. It is like a marble, black yet transparent and shiny.

With the marble clamped in its beak, the rook is still able to crow proudly. Then the rook crouches down and spreads its wings. It flies up above the misty stream and the hazy meadows, viewing the grass, plants, a path running alongside the stream, and the ruins of a tower nearby. The rook flies over the hills, the trees, and a cottage. There is a village to the east and some high mountains beyond. To the north there are grey hills and snowy mountain peaks in the distance. The castle is on the top of the highest mountain beyond the forests to the west.

This magnificent view, the rising sun and the discovery of the fantastic black marble makes the young rook careless with joy. Suddenly, the older rook returns from the south and flies directly towards the young rook, still floating through the sky. Seeing the shiny black marble makes the older rook even more envious and angry than before.

High in the early morning sky, it attacks the young rook from above with a loud, eerie shriek.

Feeling the claws of the elder rook suddenly pinching into its back, the young rook screeches so loud that the silence afterward seems almost frightening.

Between the stream and the path to the village in the east are the ruins of an old tower.

Out of sight in these ruins, a teenage boy, covered in a cape is sleeping on the ground. He abruptly wakes up when he hears the scream of the rook in the sky and he opens his eyes. In a split second he sits up, blinks his eyes a few times and looks up at the sky.

For a moment, his greenish hazel eyes shine in the early morning sunlight. He squints to see the two rooks falling from the sky. With his right hand he brushes aside some of his slightly messy brownish hair and stretches his hand above his eyebrows to see both rooks fluttering and pecking at each other as they fall.

It looks as if both rooks are desperately trying to prevent each other from somehow taking something out of the air. The boy quickly fetches his bag, sweeps his cape over his back, stretches a moment and starts walking on the path towards the two falling rooks.

At about a tree length above the ground, the larger rook suddenly spreads its wings and glides in a steep curve just above the stream and flies up into the sky, heading south once again.

The little rook is able to spread its wings but falls hard into a bush. It shrieks and rolls on the ground before it comes to a stop against a rock. It then lies still.

Immediately, the boy rushes to the poor animal which is already trying to stand up. When he approaches, the young rook flaps its wings but it lacks the strength to fly.

The young rook looks fearfully at the boy, who then sees its remarkable blue eyes. With a gentle smile he tries to calm the rook, which attempts to stand up and quietly crows.

The boy takes an apple out of his bag, sits down and takes a bite. While chewing, he presents the apple to the injured bird by carefully laying it on the ground in front of the rook, which seems interested in the apple.

When the rook begins to peck hungrily at the apple, the boy smiles and sighs with relief.