

For the Love of Parents

A Short Story

By Eduardo Alvear

Once upon a time, in a very little village, there lived a poor family. They had sons and daughters. In the Village, there was a very good and honorable king. The king had many sons and daughters and they all enjoyed riding their carriages and their horses through the city. The king was benevolent and helped the poor by giving them jobs, food and shelter. The poor man was envious, for he had his own business which was dishonest, and for he was making a monetary profit from the benevolence of the king. He used to re-sell some of the goods that the king gave away to the new comers to the Village. The new comers were ignorant and did not know how benevolent the king was. The poor man was greedy and always worried about money. His greediness had paid him off, for he had a very bitter wife who nagged him continuously. He also had difficulties reconciling his sleep.

One day, one of his lovely little daughters, Bostonia, was playing with other kids. She was happy and cheerful. She used to be the

most darling and lovely little girl you could find in the whole village. There they were, playing in the front porch when all sudden, one of the sons of the king drove by very rapidly on his horse. Behind him you could see his brothers, for they were playing tag, and they were following about 500 feet behind. They used to do this every Sunday after Mass.



All of the sudden, from behind the poor man's house, the wife of the poor old man appeared and she whispered to his ear: "Now, it is the time Bosturdo!"

However, Bosturdo looked troubled and said to the woman: "But Witchona, it's so hard for me to do that to our little Bostonia." Witchona mounted in rage and her face changed and turned gray, and you could feel how a dark shadow entered her body and filled her with rage and a deep hatred. So, as the horses and chariots were about to cross in front of their house she shouted her daughters name and called her from across the street: "Bostonia, it's your mother. Come right here little bitch!" Witchona knew the danger she was putting

her daughter into, for the horses and chariots were about to run in front of the house, and the road where Bostonia was going to be crossing. She was purposely forcing her daughter to have a terrible accident that could very well kill her. Witchona shouted again: "com'on, you little bitch! I want you here right now!" Bostonia was so frightened and terrified that she ran to her mother and was caught in between the horses and chariots wheels. It was terrible to see her tumble, torn apart by all the strength of the horses. Everybody shouted. You could see the horror in the faces of the king's sons. It was a terrible tragedy. Bostonia was lying there, bleeding, with her head fractured. Witchona cried out saying, "The king's sons have killed my daughter! They owe me her life, the sons of the King killed my daughter!" and she ran towards her little daughter.

To her surprise, Bostonia was still alive. Immediately, one of the sons of the King took her in his carriage to be treated by the doctors of the King, for he had an excellent care and many potions from foreign lands that would make Bostonia better. They assured her that Bostonia would be taken care of, and that the king himself would repay her for all the damage and suffering that was caused.

That night, inside the dark house of the Bosturdo, Witchona sat at the table and talked to the husband, after the children had all gone to bed, "My dear Bosturdo, husband of mine, it was necessary to do this. You will see, the king will give us all the money we have always wanted. Your daughter is alive, so, do not be sad. We will even get some more money, for he will have to take care of her for life. He will give us a great compensation and we will be able to travel through the world, and live like kings, enjoying every pleasure our heart ever desired." "But wife," replied Bosturdo, "It is our beloved daughter you sacrificed

and threw willingly on the horses legs in order to make a profit. How will God ever forgive us." Witchona replied, "We did it together, don't you remember. We decided we needed the money and

Bostonia's sacrifice would be an offering God would accept, because we are doing all of this for the benefit of our children, to give them an education and to help them survive. Bostonia is not going to suffer in vain, for her pain will be like the sacrifice of Christ himself".

The truth about Witchona is like the truth of many other criminals, who never see their actions as reprehensible. On the contrary, they have a tendency to justify themselves and find excuses that make them look honorable before themselves. That is the way the conscience of those that



love money is deformed. They believe that the end justifies the means, and given that for them, money is a blessing, any action taken to acquire money is not considered evil, as long as they use money for a noble purpose, like educating their children. Yes, their minds are crooked and twisted, and they only think of money, for in it, they have found their security, their protector, their fortress and their God.

Many years passed by. Bosturdo had a nice house, remodeled with the compensation the king had given him.

Bostonia was recovered and their once somber and gray house was filled with flowers and painted in bright colors. Bostonia had received hundreds of gold bars from the king, for the king grew fond of her and supported her. Besides that, she would receive special gifts and special

foods from the king every month. Her parents, Bosturdo and Witchona were the keepers of their daughter's money. They managed every single bit, for they had convinced innocent Bostonia that the King would take away all the money if she did not pretend to be an idiot, incapable of taking care of herself and the money the King had given her as compensation. So, Witchona was controlling all her moneys and possessions. She did not want her to get married or have children, for she knew

she would lose all the money. So, every year, the parents of Bostonia would travel through the World; buy horses, chariots and all sorts of investments in foreign lands. They would guarantee to the king and his messengers that they were taking good care of Bostonia. However, Bostonia was living in a little house, forgotten by all.

It was a very bright summer when a foreigner appeared in the Town. He had come from a far away land to attend to the funeral of his brother, who had passed



away after fighting a dragon, for he was one of the knights of the king and many dragons surrounded the village and prowled through the wilderness like wolves at night. He died in the house of his mother. The mother had immigrated to that land of Mercy after hearing how benevolent the king

was. Guardiano was a courageous knight that had enlisted for the emperor's army in his youth. He travelled the world and had fought against the great dragon of the West, which had seven heads. Still the dragon was alive, for it was a gigantic beast, but the war was not over and Guardiano was always aware of the many arrows the beast spout throughout the world, setting even whole communities on fire.

Well, Guardiano settled in the king's village. He started working. One day, as he was returning from Mass, he saw a girl, now a woman, and he felt attracted to her, her name was Bostonia. He prayed to God and found that it was possible to marry her. So, he started visiting her and going out with her. In a very brief amount of time, they both got married. No one suspected the marriage was going to be so sudden, but it was. They were happy together. Neither of them suspected anything, or knew the battle that Witchona was about to start in order to destroy their marriage for fear she would loose control of the gold and riches the king had given to her daughter Bostonia.

You see, Witchona was very concerned, for the new husband of Bostonia, Guardiano, would become the sole owner and administrator of the riches the king had gratuitously given to Bostonia. Witchona set a plan and decided that she would destroy completely the reputation of Guardiano, for he had no name established in the city. Witchona started planting the seed of suspicion, and spread lies using the viperous tongue of a serpent she had acquired when she was stroke by one of the arrows the dragon of seven heads had launched through the world. She planted a

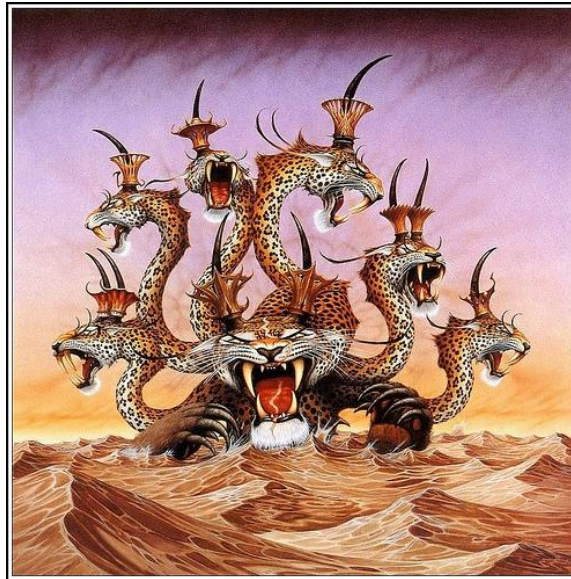
seed of distrust, accused Guardiano of being a thief of foreign lands, who had come to take refuge in the village. He also accused Guardiano of being an evil emissary of the Dragon of the East, which was another furious beast. He accused Guardiano of every single imaginable crime. Her gossips would reach the highest spheres, for she would write to the kings of other regions, telling them about Guardiano, inventing lies and false crimes against him.



Witchona also started telling her daughter Bostonia falsehoods about Guardiano, telling her he had only married her because of the money and gold she had gotten from the king. Eventually, Bostonia agreed to her mother's petition. She handed over all the legal rights to her gold and riches, for the mother told her that

she could only protect her money from Guardiano, if everything was handed over to her. She talked all sorts of evil against Guardiano, and even had a group of followers who were willing to accuse Guardiano on her behalf. Even the king suspected of Guardiano and decided to launch an investigation in order to have him exiled from his kingdom.

The benevolent king told his servants not to harm Guardiano but after submitting all evidence against him directly to him. Since Witchona had made such a large case against Guardiano, there were other kings from other territories involved in the matter. All of them were asked about the reputation of Guardiano, for Guardiano had lived in many different countries. As time went by, all the results of the investigations started returning to the king. Witchona made sure to be close to the king, and even to the servants the king had commanded to this mission, for her suspicions and false accusations against Guardiano were turning all fruitless. They had found no incriminating evidence against Guardiano in foreign lands, or anywhere. Regardless, she insisted and told the king to persist. She



gathered false witnesses from amongst the city, for Guardiano was envied by many. He was rich, handsome and gifted with many talents. He had talents for music. He had received the wings of angels and had the rare ability to fly, and many envied Guardiano. Guardiano was also a craftsman, and there was nothing he could not fix and repair: machines seemed to obey his commands. Thus, Witchona took advantage of the situation and lead those that envied Guardiano to bear false witness against him.

The truth be known, for Witchona was infected by the poison of the arrows of the Great Dragon of seven heads. Eventually, those persons the Dragon had bitten at a distance would turn into fiery furnaces that would explode like bombs and destroy many in the Villages. Guardiano was aware of the power of the Great Dragon of Seven Heads, and eventually learned why God had brought him to the Village. He had to fight the offspring of the Dragon, for it turns out that when those infected ones would blow up, and from their ashes, little dragons would be born that had the ability to grow into monsters in one single night, devouring entire cities. Guardiano had been sent to fight against the darts of the evil one, thus defending the Kingdom of the benevolent king, unbeknownst to the king himself.

Most of the population of the village was infected and even his beloved Bostonia suffered from the poison of deception. At the Castle, of the investigations had turned fruitless, and they had found no fault against Guardiano at home or abroad. Regardless, they all suspected Guardiano, his family and the many citizens that had come from Guardiano's land, for there were many. The city was split into two as a result, and Witchona was one of the leaders and instigators of the bipolarization of the

village. Brother had turned against brother and there was a great fire that came from the skies, consuming acres and acres of land the day Guardiano left the house of her beloved wife due to the seed of distrust planted in Bostonia against him. He suffered so much when this happened.

Witchona lead her final blow against him, hoping the villagers would gather round her to destroy Guardiano. However, God from the Heavens decided to help Guardiano, and many accusers started falling ill. A great famine came through the land and so many lost their homes and possessions. Many suffered great accidents, and some of them even died, and went to prison. They had so many tribulations that soon they forgot about Guardiano and fighting the war Witchona had intended them to fight.

Anyways, they had no evidence against him. They could not accuse him, and it seemed that every accusation that they had launched against Guardiano had turned against them. Even their very own were behaving like thieves and criminals. It seemed that no false accusation prospered against Guardiano.

I visited Guardiano once, and I asked him if he knew about all the tribulations taking place in the kingdom, and if it was a

coincidence, or if all those actions were directed by God. He told me it was due to a concatenation of circumstantial events, and he said that the Lord of Heavens acts that way. He told me that the Lord of Heaven, ruler of all kings and emperors, had power over the Dragons. However, he said that the dragons would not be destroyed for they served a purpose. The purpose was to reveal to the people of every age and village about His existence and His Lordship. However, very few had the ability to see the

God of Heaven action, for few had been given wings that allowed them to fly and hear the voices of heaven.

I asked Guardiano why is it he was so patient, even after seeing all the harm done to him, his beloved Bostonia, and all around. He told me that our struggle was not against our brothers and sisters. He

said the darts of the beast dragon of seven heads had the ability to infect people, their actions, and even their consciousness. It was a war that needed to be fought at a deeper level of conscience. He showed me prayer, but in a different way. He said prayer was a way to channel energies and the actions from the citizens of Heaven, in order to place their actions on Earth. He opened my eyes to see that there was a parallel universe, and that our universe was a tridimensional reflection of the fourth



dimensional universe, which some called heaven. He referred to our existence in a very particular way. He told me that death was not the end, but a process that lead to a metamorphosis. He talked about the present universe as a mere shadow, even though it seemed so material and real. He said those were the words and language he had heard them talk, when he visited heaven.

I asked him again what he was planning to do regarding his beloved Bostonia. He said that all things would be taken care of, and that a much greater fruit than the one we could imagine would write the end of this story. When he said this, I realized the character from my novel had come to life, and instead of introducing me into the pages of the book, he had become one of the authors of that which I had always consider my very tangible life. It turns out I was not writing a novel, but that one of the characters of my novel was the author of life itself. It was at this point that I paused and wondered who would read this novel, and if they would also be transported, as I was, to heaven, as I wrote this brief story.

I guess Bostonia and Guardianio will live a happy life. For if it is certain what the one behind Guardianio said. It will all be alright. There will be and end to deception, and

darkness will not triumph. In the end, the dragon of seven heads will no longer be able to deceive the peoples of the nations, or its leaders, or its poor. All truth shall be known. Yet, we must have courage and endure the ride. For courage is the ability to control fear and to deal with danger, pain, and uncertainty.

In the end, Witchona will learn of the wrong she had done, for she will realize how foolish she was. By taking all the possessions of Bostonia away, in order to protect them from Guardian, and by having



spent them all, in order to keep them safe from Guardianio; Witchona had ended up becoming the thief she thought she was not. So, her accusations against Guardianio, turned against herself. That it why it is said: Do not judge and you will not be judged. Do not

condemn, and you will not be condemned. Do unto others what you would like others to do unto you. Do not do unto others what you do not want others to do unto you.

Many suffered the consequences of the arrows of fire thrown by the dragon. Yet, many learned the lesson. They learned the lesson when they were able to see Christ crucified, either in their own flesh, or in the flesh of the ones they so much loved. Some of them had to wait to meet him, the Lord God, in person (after death), in order to

comprehend the Grater Plan. To some, it took a longer time to meet him. They had become so blinded by the dragon that they had to watch the movie of their lives, with commentary from the director, in order to understand the wrong they had done. They also had to learn that God forgives them, thus learning to forgive themselves. You see, in heaven people with guilt are like people with dirty clothes. They have to go to the

laundry before they join the feast. Now, I have heard there are some that are way to arrogant, much like the Dragon, who will neither repent nor accept forgiveness. It appears they do not make it to the new universe that is created after this one...

That is the story, the love story of Bostonia and Guardiano, Witchona and Bosturdo, and all the kings men.



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DISCLAIMER: "The events depicted in this short story are fictitious. Any similarity to any person living or dead is merely coincidental."