

Intro

Once upon a time, long, long ago, there was a kingdom named Fiore. It was a magnificent island floating in the sky and right in the middle stood a tree that towered high above the majestic island. Its branches stretched across the land and its leaves drifted down magically, sparkling in the sunlight as morning dew slid off the glossy leaf. From afar, nothing could be seen. This floating island was enveloped in a circular wall of fog but in just the perimeter of the kingdom, the sun shown brightly as if this was the only place worthy of sunlight.

In this magical kingdom, there lived 2 clans, the Tengu, bird winged humans, and Yosei, fairies. The Tengu was always labeled as the weaker clan. Therefore, every time a Yosei was born into the world and opens its teeny butterfly wings, a Tengu is assigned to it as its 'playmate'. He would care for and live with the newborn Yosei for the rest of his life. There was one rule that this required. To keep the bloodline of both clan's pure, the two clans could not fall in love. The Uppers, the 'kings' of the kingdom, did not expect this to be much of a problem for the two clans hated each other. The process of assigning a playmate was only to force the two clans to live together without creating a war.

As time went by, the process became a tradition instead of a law and the two clans became close. Enemies became friends and friends became secret couples. The Uppers became enraged that their plan of pureness had failed and they tried to pull it back but it was already too late. The 'playmate process' already became a culture and was already grazed into the clans' minds. The Uppers had no other choice but to create consequences for those who fell in love. Erasing memory was an example.

The Story

As she came into the world, she took her first breath, cried her first cry, and flapped her crystal-like fairy wings for the very first time. She blinked a few times and the world became clear. She admired her beautiful wings and squealed with joy as she happily fell back to sleep.

He was born on a straw bed. He looked like a normal boy without wings. His crow wings would grow in after about a year. His eyes fluttered open and glanced around. The dimness threatened to envelope his tiny body. His mother lay limply on the bed, breathing heavily. Suddenly, he was snatched up by strong hands. The boy cried out in confusion and squealed with dismay. No one came to help him. All he could do was whimper pathetically.

They met in a small glass chamber illuminated by light. The boy had stopped whining and was enthusiastically admiring the baby girl's beautiful wings. Jealousy rose in his stomach and he frowned.

As the years whizzed by, the two kids did everything, from going to school to sleeping at home, together. They really had no choice. The Uppers had forced them to. The two soon became as close as siblings. Each one thought life was livable only if they were together, despite people criticizing their happy relationship. Once they entered their young adult years, obstacles halted their love. They could no longer cuddle in public or show any signs of affection. Even at home, they were not to laugh like a couple: the Uppers were aware of their activities and placed guards at every corner of the house. They could no longer read together like the old times. It seemed as if love had betrayed them and was trying to pull them apart. It was as if growing up, every child's dream, was no longer wanted. They wanted to go back to childhood when love never mattered but that dream was too far away to snatch back.

A few years of half-isolation continued and the two could not take it any more. One night, the girl prepared some tea for the guards. She said flirtingly that they must be getting tired and offered each guard a cup of tea. Little did they know that the tea was mixed with a drop of sleeping potion that the girl had secretly bought the day before. With the coast clear and the guards asleep, the girl and the boy escaped and, happy that the plan succeeded, they flew away to the highest branch on the magnificent tree and tried to live a happy life as a real couple.

Of course, everyone knew that happiness was only brief. Only a few days after their escape, the couple found out that the news of their running away had spread rapidly through the whole kingdom. There were posters everywhere of them wanted. The two did not dare to

even approach the ground. They tried to live their last days together as cheerfully as possible but both knew that horrible consequences were waiting.

The town had already been searched thoroughly and the guards were sent to search the tree. The couple only had one day of peace before the guards found them and took them away.

The guards threw them into the kingdom prison, which seemed like it hadn't been cared for for years. There was moss that had grown over the years and mold clung to the walls. Every time it rained, the water would drip through the little holes in the roof, often flooding the cell in at least one inch of water. Mosquitoes and spiders often came to feast on the prison food, which the boy and the girl never ate. There was no sunlight or any heat source so the two were forced to sleep uncomfortably next to each other every day. The days in the prison dragged on and on until the day of punishment. The two made a promise as they were marched outside of the prison walls that they would love each other forever no matter what the Uppers made them go through.

The two prisoners' wings were tied to their backs and they were brought to a high hill overlooking the whole kingdom. The dawn sky was lavender red, a beautiful color rarely seen. A tear slid down the girl's face. Even the sky was trying to mock them. The wind blew in their faces, threatening to push them off the cliff and to their deaths. The execution platform towered menacingly above. The boy was pulled violently forward to the edge of the cliff and the girl cried in anguish, thinking the guards would push him off. Fortunately, they didn't. Instead, the guards placed a cap covered with knobs and buttons on the boy's head. The girl sighed in relief but then noticed that the cap was a memory erasing tool. With a push of a button, all the boy's memories of the girl would be erased. The girl leaped up from where she was and stumbled across the hilltop, tripping over the chains. The guard pushed her back and she fell with a thud. With her hands and feet tied, the girl had no way of standing up. She yelled and kicked and begged the guards to give them another punishment but her pleas didn't help. She wailed in agony and pain as the boy smiled sadly one last time as a goodbye. The girl covered her face, furious at herself for not being able to change anything and hating herself for

letting this happen. The girl sobbed uselessly as the guard pressed the button and erased all of the boy's memory of the girl forever.

The Uppers let the two live together after their punishment just to add to the girl's sorrow. The boy began to think the girl had a mental problem after the girl had tried numerous times to get back the boy's memories before it was too late. After a whole year of trying, the girl noticed that the boy was slipping away through her fingertips slowly and slowly, but she never gave up.

One day when the girl went to bed weeping, the boy dreamt of running desperately to the Everlasting Tree. He didn't have any idea what the tree was but he had a feeling that it was very important. He kept running and running but the Tree seemed to get farther and farther away. The boy ran faster and faster while tears streamed down his cheeks. Suddenly, he jerked awake in cold sweat. He glanced around the room. There was no tree and he wasn't running. He assured himself that it was just a useless dream and went back to sleep.

The next few days were no different. The girl would tell him stories and the boy wouldn't pay attention. The stories to him were just fairy tails that could never happen to a crazy girl like her. He would go shopping with the girl and she always bought him a cart full of his favorite foods and clothes.

Those nights, he had the same dream over and over. The dream of running endlessly toward the Tree that was getting farther and farther away had come back to haunt him. The dreams were no different from the first day. He still woke up scared to death but he had no idea how to get rid of the dream. Finally, in the morning, he woke and asked the girl for help. She seemed so happy that he finally started talking to her but she really didn't know why the dreams were coming.

As the days passed, the dream kept getting worse and worse. In the dream, the boy's fingers were disintegrating and his hands were next. It was like he was drifting off and losing

consciousness in the world with the Tree. He ran faster and faster. The Tree seemed to no longer get farther away but instead it seemed to stay in the same place. He wept in joy.

The next day, the dream changed. The boy rushed toward the tree, running out of energy. The tree seemed to accept him and he got closer and closer. Tears of joy streamed down his face and the wind blew them away. The boy didn't care if he was disappearing. All he wanted was to get to the Everlasting Tree. He didn't care if the thorns on the road tore at his flesh. He didn't care if his feet bled. He reached the roots of the tree and he stumbled across to the trunk. There standing at the trunk of the Everlasting Tree was a girl with her back turned toward the boy. She wore a spring dress that flowed with the wind with a wide rimmed straw hat that waved in the wind. Her elegant black hair was blown back as tears slid down her cheeks. The boy cried out to her and she turned around slowly, wiping her cheeks so that her tears could not be seen. The girl's eyes were rimmed with sorrow and the boy thought he knew the girl. He thought that he had seen this regretful look before. He seemed to know that face that was always about to burst into tears. He seemed to know those shivering hands that reached toward him. Then, it suddenly snapped. It was the girl who always bought presents for him. It was the girl who told crazy stories to him. It was the girl who always gave off a sad, wailing aura. Suddenly, memories burst back into the boy's head. The memories he had forgotten came back. The boy stared in amazement as flashes of his life with the girl were presented to him. He was not aware of the tears cascading down his cheeks one by one. He stared in shock as everything faded away with him losing his memory at the cliff. He stood there, dumbfounded for a moment and slowly walked toward the girl standing at the tree and there, he remembered the promise they had made years ago and he hugged the girl tightly and whispered, "I will love you forever, no matter what they do to us, no matter how far you are from me."

The girl had woken up before the boy and she got up to drink some tea. Suddenly she heard the words come from the boy's mouth. "I will love you forever, no matter what they do to us, no matter how far you are from me," he whispered. She didn't need any other proof to know that the boy had regained his memories. The boy had come back.