

# JOURNEY OF A TROUBLED MIND

Preview sample



ALMOST A  
FAIRY TALE BY

*Uros Savic*

UROS.SAVIC.ART

## ~ CHAPTER 1: CALL TO ADVENTURE ~



very drop of blood has its tinge. Purple and red ones shimmer like fireflies. Their dance drives the aurora and shapes galaxies, defies the dark and watches over our dreams. They are a beacon for weary souls on the path to healing. There are different blood drops too: blacker than night, and as heavy as lead. They arise out of unspoken fears and silent tears, with a taste of bile and a smell of anguish. The heart is like glass, fragile and transparent. Blood gives it colour, volume and weight. William believed the heart should be carried outside, on the chest – to show one's soul in all its nuances. We always lack the words to describe our feelings, so that way we would understand each other better.

William was a wise boy. At the age of seven years and seven days, he understood the world better than most adults. The past, present and future were an open book for him. Regrettably, he was unable to share his knowledge with others. It was inconceivable to people that someone so young could possess such wisdom, and he did not know how to break down prejudices. He realised that God's blessing was a curse at the same time. He had to find a way to translate his ideas into practice and channel them towards noble goals.







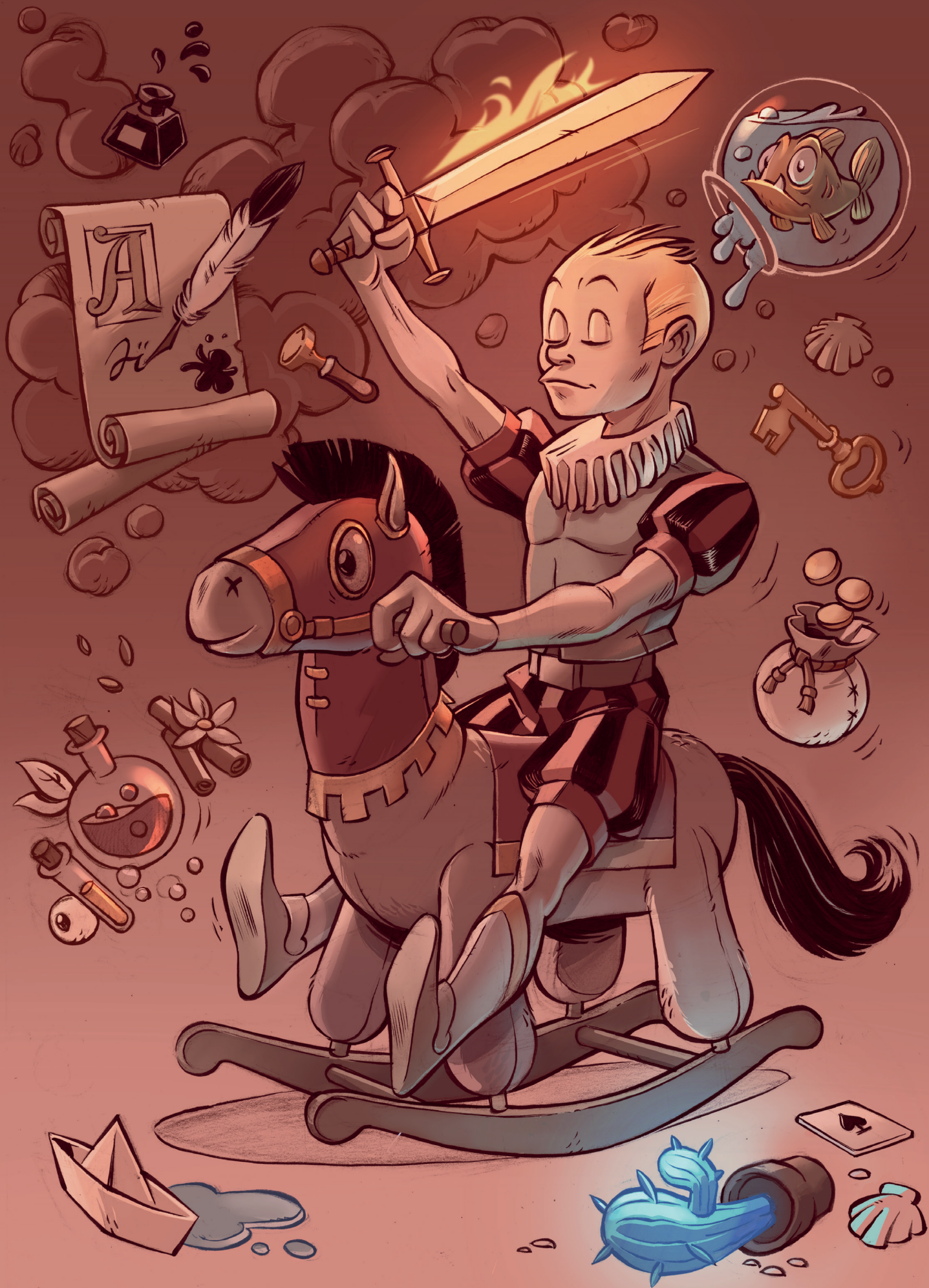
He dreamed of becoming a knight — a fighter for justice, a paragon of virtue. But where should he begin?

In order to do good, he first had to get to know evil. The world can be a grim place, full of drakes and bugbears, but true fear comes from within. He would head for his own chasms to encounter the demons of his own shadow. Those ghouls would open their maws wide and let their foul tongues hang out, but William would not yield a step. Instead of a shield, he would stand behind his convictions. The beasts would tear away at fallacies and illusions, and soon the boy would have nowhere to hide. When they finally came rushing up to devour him, he would be holding only the truth in his hand. That would be his sword. He would grip the handle, swing the blade and hew them down before they touched him.

William would become nimbler, his spirit more serene and his vision sharper. He would know what had to be done, what was possible and what was forbidden. From that day on, he would serve people as best he could.

Who knows, perhaps a book or a song would be written about his deeds one day.







He stepped in front of the class to say goodbye. He said he was going on a pilgrimage — on the path of self-awareness, through the shadow of his own vanity and the mist of self-deception.

They stared at him blankly. He did not expect them to understand, but a bit of moral support would have been nice. Mr. Wilson advised him not to go off on a wild-goose chase and to get back to his damn seat. Fractions were the only thing William needed to fear, he said. His teacher did not know about his panic attacks during lunch breaks. Tyler the Bully could smell William's toasted sandwich from the door of the canteen. First he would make him pick out the pickles, then he would swallow the sandwich in one gulp. Sarah was even worse. She badgered him into playing doctors and nurses for so long that they could have finished medical training. William liked her too, but he could not stand doctors, needles and cough medicine.

William was indeed a very delicate young man. Endlessly complicated in his simplicity, he was incredibly arduous in his striving to be correct and consistent at all times.



