

The story of Iron by Linda Chan

He was hiding in his cave.

He spent most of his time in silence in the dark.

He was scared to get out of his cave as he remembered,
how his voice was killed and how he was captured.

He feared that his rising could agitate the authority,
but he has spent long enough in darkness.

He was aware the things around him were dying.

The movement of the stars stirred up his consciousness,
but he was weak and lacked the energy and will to get going.

“It is time to wake up and look around you”.

He awoke in himself to his self-consciousness.

A shower of cosmic iron washed away his fears and anxiousness.

He felt his inner strength radiating to his head and limbs.

He slowly stood up and it was great to feel himself again.

He gathered some iron, softened it and transformed it to what he needed.

He put on his “armour” and he was ready to speak up.

He could feel the strength in his lungs and the heat in his blood.

He took a deep breath, there was something burning inside him.

With all his might, he yelled “I am here”,

and it was so loud that it travelled all the way to the cosmos.

The voice returned to the earth,

and sent out healing power to the things around him.

The voice awoke the whole world.

The world was active again.