

STORYTELLER

Hello magic traveller, It is so good to see you! Can you hear me well? I hope you do. I hope there are no disruptions. I am glad that you could dedicate this time to spend together. It is important that you follow the girl's footsteps: let yourself get carried away by my words. Keep walking while you are listening to my voice and follow the map that you got, don't lose yourself, I will be with you all the time, anyhow search for the other enchanted signs that you will encounter within this path. Now we are at the first Magic Sign. I hope the instructions are clear, and you are now ready to embark on a journey which, I believe, will fill your time with magic. So, if you are ready, allow me to tell you a story about a land. About a country that began not with wars, kidnappings, or a desire for power, but with an idea emerging in the minds and hearts of many people. From ideas that have visited a lot of lands and places, so it is no coincidence that you are here at the station as well, because we will travel to different cities and locations, meeting their people and communities. This story will certainly will be full of adventures and love, death, faith, journeys and a bit of magic. But don't get deceived by the presence of magic in this story: magic is not some fictional tale about the faraway fairy-tale castles, but rather a story about what we do not notice every time we reach a new city, new country and a new day. And, oh yes, since the story, or to be more precise, stories, are full of magic, let's dust off the magic carpet and get ready for our journey. A magic carpet which.. Oh, wait, I have not introduced myself yet... Well, I am... How to put it... Well, I think you will understand everything later, let's go.

STORYTELLER

So have a great journey! To begin with, I have to tell you that this story starts in a completely different country and a completely different time, not in our time. Unlike your audioguide and your smartphone, people in those times used simpler technologies, travelled on foot, with carriages, horses, ships and corresponded through letters. Yes, indeed paper letters! And it all started in Ireland, the city of Limerick, from a simple girl. A girl who was the joy and pride of the entire city. But one day, when she was going to the river for water as any other time, without even knowing it, she rescued a solitary stranded woman from soldiers who were pursuing her. Before saying goodbye, this strange woman gave the girl a small red leather pouch and told her:

WOMAN

"Dear child, take it and as long as you protect it, it will protect you. Keep it on your neck."

YOUNG EGLE-GIRL

"What's this?"

WOMAN

"It's you and all of your stories."

STORYTELLER

Since we have limited time, I cannot tell you all (if you are curious, though, later you will be able to read the full story of this girl), but I can tell you that three nights after this meeting, our girl had three dreams, which turned out to be prophetic ones. The third dream was about the city of Limerick on fire. Of course, no one believed in this girl, but when the city ended up on fire for real, all the citizens blamed the poor innocent girl for being a witch and she had to flee. To flee surrounded by fire from her native city, until her feet brought her to the furthest part of the port and a ship in it, where she hid.

CAPTAIN AARON

"What are you looking for in my ship?"

STORYTELLER

Captain Aaron, the ship's captain was looking at her. On the wall behind him there was a flag: red sun partially sunk in the sea.

CAPTAIN AARON

You don't look like a thief. What do you need in this ship?

GIRL

What... I need?...

CAPTAIN AARON

I don't know what you are running from or what you are looking for, but remember... every step you have taken in your life has led you here, now to my ship and my cabin. Do you realise it? You being here is no coincidence.

STORYTELLER

When the ship sailed, it became clear that it does not belong to no state or master and was ruled by merchants, or maybe pirates who called themselves the brothers of the Supreme Brotherhood of Respect and Freedom. On the ship, exploring it on her free time, in one cabin, she found a young man sleeping. This young man had a black mole under his left eye. Later she found out that this boy had an unknown disease, that he was the son of captain Aaron and no one could help him. Without even knowing it, our girl approached him, holding one of her hands on the red leather pouch hanging under her neck, took the boy's hand into her other hand and after summoning all of her strength, unexpectedly to herself even, she healed him. The black mole under the left eye started moving, and Doron woke up bringing immense joy to the entire crew of the ship. But at the same time, Aiglè, as it was the girl's name, fainted from exhaustion and had to rest for three days and three nights. She was lying in the bed of Doron, and he could not take his eyes away from her. And the girl, as much as she wanted it, was too afraid to open her eyes and look at him. Two days later, their ship met another ship of the brotherhood next to the shores of Folkestone and found themselves in the middle of crossfire and the war. The fleets of two powerful states, England and France, attacked one another at the exact moment when Aiglè, and Doron with his father were on different ships of the Brotherhood. So they had to split. The madness of war separated them and made them end up on different sides of the continent.

DORON

"I will find you."

STORYTELLER

Aiglè heard the words of Doron deep inside herself.

GIRL

"I will be looking for you too."

STORYTELLER

Doron heard Aiglè deep inside himself as well.

STORYTELLER

And this is where their long journey looking for one another started. On a colourful carpet of large cities, villages, roads forests and mountains. Oh, beg you pardon, not a carpet, but a continent. A continent full of cities, villages and roads.

The ship of Aiglè found its way to Nantes in France. This was where she got a closer look at the Brotherhood. She found out that these people did not care about the rulers of the world, that they were all free and equal. These people – pirates, sailors, the free people planned in their secret meetings new campaigns, discussed and shared the blueprints of new and exciting inventions, discussed how to help individual people and communities in different regions, joking and speaking about the day, when the rule of kings would end.

Aiglè travelled further from Nantes in her pursuit for Doron. They both sailed on different ships and on different sides of the world looking for one another at the same time, and both ended up in storms, Aiglè was cast ashore in Portugal next to Guimarães and Doron was found at the northern part of Prussia. Eventually Doron ended up working for a kind German tanner Franz. He brought the sick Doron to Pankow town where the young man recovered, gained strength and learned the craft of the tanner.

Aiglè woke up in a room full of fabrics and belts. She heard the weaving loom in the background. Eventually, she rose from bed, went to the next room and it turned out that she found old women-weavers here in Guimarães, where they, like fairies, wove magic fabrics and carpets and called themselves the sisterhood. They were sitting in circle, weaving and... Aiglè felt that she wanted to join them. This was where she learned her secret. This was where she got her name, Eglè.

STORYTELLER OR AN OLD WOMAN

Eglè. This name was given to you by the clouds. In the south, this name means glow and radiance, reflecting from the sea and the clouds, and for people in the north, it marks the name of a strong tree. There are even legends about the children and their mother turned into trees.

EGLÈ

Legends. I used to like legends and stories very much.

STORYTELLER OR AN OLD WOMAN

This entire continent is full of stories, people and legends. And to weave them all, there are not enough hearts and hands of our sisters. Every one of us who sits here, share our travels, stories and... pain.

EGLÈ

Pain?

STORYTELLER OR AN OLD WOMAN

Pain as a gift. Everyone comes to this world through the pain felt by women, and it does not matter from which country, culture or religion we come, the gift of pain is shared by everyone.

EGLÈ

A gift?

STORYTELLER OR AN OLD WOMAN

It is a gift that we are here together, right? Gifts have a lot of names, for example, Doron.

EGLÈ

"Doron..." -

STORYTELLER

the sisters exchanged glances. Everything stopped for a short while. They smiled.

STORYTELLER OR AN OLD WOMAN

Doron is a gift, Eglè is a glow and they will find the new country and life in the north, the city of the beast, but so far, between them there is (all hummed together) "Saudade, saudade, saudade."

EGLÈ

Saudade?

STORYTELLER OR AN OLD WOMAN

It's longing. Longing for those who are not here any more. Who sailed and did not come back. Longing forever. This is our world. Saudade, saudade, saudade....

STORYTELLER

The entire house was ringing from the sound of loom and the song of women sitting in circle. When the night came, everything went silent. Eglè fell asleep and when she woke up in the morning, everything was gone. There were no looms, no fabrics or women in the house. Inside the room, there was a white shining carpet. Eglè was changed. She was not this shy girl anymore fleeing the city on fire. At that moment, she was a woman, who knew the secrets of the world, its incantations and games.

In the morning, everything was gone. Inside the room, there was only a white shining carpet. Eglè was changed. She was not this shy girl any more fleeing the city of Limerick on fire. At that moment, she was a woman, who knew the secrets of the world, its incantations and games.

She collected her things into a bundle. Calm, she sat down on the carpet in the middle of the room, closed her eyes and... after a moment, the room was empty, only the sun and the wind rushing from the sea gently caressed the white walls of the house.

STORYTELLER

Hey, it's me again. I hope you are doing well and we can get back to the point in our story, where Eglè left Guimarães in Portugal, and Doron met a group of travelling actors in Pankow with whom he started travelling through cities and squares looking for Eglè.

Next morning, Eglè woke up on the carpet but in a completely different place. She ended up in the Austrian town of Innsbruck, where she met a crazy bell maker Wolfgang and heard the mysterious story about the wonderful country of Erab. A country without kings and subjects, where everyone had the freedom of choice to create and pursuit your dreams. Only when asked "Where is this country?" Wolfgang smiled and answered with a smile.

WOLFGANG

"It is here, but we have not arrived at it yet. If we travel in the good direction, we are on our way"

STORYTELLER

Said Wolfgang, that nice and crazy bell maker.

Doron and Eglè travelled to find one another. They wandered around the entire continent getting to know its cities and people, communities and customs. When Doron was in Prague, Eglè was in a small Romanian village Slon, where the local children were the ones to teach her magic. When Eglè arrived at Prague, Doron left it with his travelling theatre further to the south. When Eglè was in Lviv, a city paralysed by a deathly disease and helped the locals to fight the plague, Doron moved down the south reaching Innsbruck and other cities. Travels convinced them how much faith and magic was in every city, village, and life of each person they have met, while eventually their paths have crossed...

STORYTELLER

Let's stop for a short while. Let's close our eyes and listen to ourselves: What do we lack (or need) for this moment to be more magic than it is right now? Mh? How much magic or other unexplainable things was still needed for this? Maybe not that much.

(pause)

STORYTELLER

Whatever your answer is, one of the most magic things in this story took place in the majestic city of Rome. This was where Doron and Eglè met one another at last. I cannot tell you all of the important details and how and why Doron ended up there, I can only tell you that this square in Rome just next to the market, was decorated by numerous flags brought from different countries. Secretly among them, the flag of the Brotherhood, the red sun rising from the sea was also hanging. So later that morning, when Eglè was running from the guards of the city and crossing the market, she suddenly ran into the square full of flags fluttering in the wind. Colours and materials changed one another, when suddenly, behind a yellow glowing flag, a face of a young man appeared. A face with a dark mole under the left eye. And then everything stopped.

What does it mean to meet in such a world without no other means of communication but live encounters with one another? When there is no address, when you cannot send a letter or deliver a message. Everything you can do is to believe. Moving forwards and not stopping to believe that it is possible to meet in such a large continent full of roads, mountains, rivers, bridges, cities, towns, to believe that it is possible to find this small poppy seed floating in the ocean. And yet, it happened and it was magic.

In his attempt to understand whether what he saw was real, Doron felt his legs getting wobbly and fell to his knees. Eglè, still panting from extensive running, suddenly froze, she blushed and her travel bag fell from her hands. Their bodies and faces were filled with emotions, energy and strength which would be difficult to describe even by the greatest masters of pen. Yes, they could not find the words to say anything. Yes, they smiled but those smiles reflected not the bliss, but inability to believe in what was happening. Yes, they cried but their tears were not of pain, but from not being able to contain this newly born energy in their bodies. Yes, their hands were trembling reaching towards one another, trying to grasp each possible atom of this moment, trying to touch one another, hug, submerge fingers into each other's hair... and kiss one another. To kiss one another for the first time.

To kiss for a thousand times, for each moment lost, when they could not be together. Their kisses were protected from the eyes of the strangers by a sea of flags, and at this moment, it would have been difficult to understand time and how it flows. Only one was clear. So much new energy appeared in the space at that moment that it would have been enough to light one hundred of new suns.

STORYTELLER

Just like each flag had its open and hidden meaning, so did the words uttered once by the weaving sisters of Guimarães "Doron is a gift, Eglè is a glow and they will find the new country and life in the north, the city of the beast," had its own meaning. But after this long pursuit, Doron and Eglè met not in the north or south, and not in the city of the beast, but in Rome. Yet it was also obvious that their journey through the old continent did not end, but just started.

Because even this wonderful moment surrounded by the flags from all over the world was interrupted by the soldiers of the city. Doron and Eglè were forced to flee, hide and leave Rome with the help of the magic carpet. To travel further and stay, together and alone, in Jelsa town in the Croatian island of Hvar for several weeks. They found refuge in an old abandoned lighthouse, where with the help of magic, they saved several ships of the brotherhood sailing to help Tbilisi city. They achieved this by igniting the blue light in the old lighthouse in Jelsa.

But the most important place where they ended up and which determined the course of their shared journey was a Serbian city which had just received a new name, Novi Sad. While city guests and residents celebrated the new name of the city all night long, Doron and Eglè drove around this new city holding onto the rails of an unfamiliar and luxurious carriage. The carriages driving around the winding streets of the oldtown, reached the great Varadin Bridge, connecting both shores of Danube River and after crossing this majestic river, they turned right towards the great city fortress. After ten minutes, this luxurious carriage followed its sisters and crossed the carefully protected gates of Petrovaradin Fortress. Some secret festivities were taking place here. Doron and Eglè were arrested by the secret security very fast. When the carpet and other things were seized from them, it was decided to bring them to the chief of security who looked at them with surprise and with clear understanding what he was saying, he repeated his question:

CAPTAIN

"So, what has led you here... to my fortress?"

STORYTELLER

Eglè and Doron were silent for several minutes without knowing what to do. They only knew that they looked like thieves... and then, Eglè flinched, and a weird feeling seized her. This situation seemed familiar to her and a question started circling in her head... She has heard it before. But where?

CAPTAIN

"You don't look like thieves. So, what do you need there? I am asking once again... What has brought you here... to my fortress?" asked the chief guard.

STORYTELLER

Eglè summoned all of her wits to remember where has she heard this question and this phrase before? Where?

CAPTAIN

I don't know from whom you are running away, I don't know what you are looking for, but mark my words... "

STORYTELLER

Eglè looked with her eyes full of surprise at the guard and continued his thought.

EGLÈ

"...remember, every step you have taken in your life, all the stories and dreams have led you here and now,"

STORYTELLER

Eglè was recalling how Captain Aaron, Doron's father, had said the same words to her, when she, unbeknownst to herself, had entered the ship of the Brotherhood for the first time and was escorted to the captain. Could this be the password of the Brotherhood for those who want to enter the meetings?

"Every step you have taken in your life has led you here, now."

STORYTELLER

Whatever was the case, all soldiers released the hold of Doron and Eglè all at once. When they recovered their belongings, the chief security guard gave them two red ribbons and said:

CAPTAIN

Welcome to the annual secret symposium of the Magic Circle of the Sisterhood and the Supreme Brotherhood of Respect and Freedom.

STORYTELLER

Doron and Eglè could not believe how many great ideas and thoughts they heard there. How many bright people talking and working for the sake of freedom and creativity met here! This was where it became clear that Erab country was not a place or location, not a government or the parliament, but one large community which lived and created for the sake of ideas.

The secret hall was full of tables covered in papers, drawings, and maps. People circling those tables, both men and women, actively discussed different questions. Some were talking, standing around the tables, others were moving from one table to the other. All of the interlocutors seemed to be very different people, from different countries and of different social standing: educated and affluent ladies sitting and discussing with ship captains, lawyers engaged in talks with craftsmen and furniture makers, landlords talking to farmers, military officers talking to teachers, doctors to the merchants and fishermen. Next to each table, people spoke freely and respecting each other's opinions, sipping drinks, savouring snacks, and sprinkling their conversations with healthy humour. Each table had a sheet of paper featuring the topics or issues discussed around it by the guests. Doron and Eglè were surprised by a vast array of subjects covered: from the routes of the naval fleets to the opening of new trade routes, from the education of girls to the establishment of scientific labs, from the network to disseminate ideas, to sharing knowledge and discussion of political situation in different regions. There were discussions taking place next to each table and everyone could engage or simply listen.

Eglè and Doron engaged in different discussions and found out about what was going on in Tbilisi and how people had been rebelling against the tyrannic regime. Doron shared his own intelligence that three ships of the Brotherhood were moving towards Tbilisi, and more information followed that support was coming from other regions. In groups where people discussed health, everyone listened to Eglè talking about the pandemic in Lviv and how people survived it. Eglè also heard about important

advancements achieved by combining the science of medicine and healing traditions. When discussing new lands and territories that want to join the network of the Brotherhood, people spoke about Africa and the Middle East. The Northern lands and the Baltic shores were also not forgotten. An important point was Riga, where positive changes were already taking place. Another location mentioned was Kaunas. It was referred to as a highly important city in that region. A city where it was necessary to send the members of the Brotherhood and Sisterhood and invite people to join. However, Kaunas was shrouded in legends and it was difficult to understand what was true and what were the myths. There were talks about the beast living in the dungeons of Kaunas, who had swallowed the Sun of those lands. The beast? This was when Eglė remembered the prophecy of the women of Guimarães stating that they would "find a new country and life in the north, the city of the beast... Even though the vast majority of people participating here had virtually no knowledge of Riga, Kaunas and the lands around the Baltic Sea, everyone seemed to agree that it would soon become more prominent.

STORYTELLER

When discussions were over, a venerable man and a woman took their place as the representatives of the Magic Circle of the Sisterhood and the Supreme Brotherhood of Respect and Freedom. It also became obvious that these two unions had already been working together for quite a while trying to create and maintain the balance between countries, cities and societies in the events and changes taking place in them. The members of the Brotherhood were active workers as innovative engineers and promoters of new and progressive ideas, while the sisters worked as the promoters of closer communities, deeper mutual understanding, continuation of traditions that brings magic to people's lives. Both were deeply interested in the future of communities and cities that would cross the boundaries of countries and states. While at this hall, seeing this diversity of people that solved problems as equals as they were, it was obvious that these are not declarations or inhumane desire for power, but constant work that connects everyone into the well-working network ERAB, without any prevailing hierarchy and everyone's actions guided by shared values and autonomy. Erab was not a place or a continent, but a community or a network of communities kept alive by the ideas and connections of people.

Later, when the initiatives and ideas for the upcoming year were announced, and community members were encouraged to join, the representatives of the Brotherhood and the Sisterhood stood up to announce the key principles for the last time:

VENERABLE MAN

All communities and cities are welcome to join, encourage and ensure the physical safety of every person or their freedom to choose their destiny, spiritual freedom to grow or express their inner visions or worlds. And here we want to highlight the importance of different forms of art and its ways of expression. Fine arts, music, theatre, stories and tales, sculpture, dance and other forms of art can create spaces, albeit conditional ones, that are able to unite people, change and create communities and step over any inner and social barriers. Wherever you go in the world, no matter to which country you would arrive, in each tradition cherished and protected, you could find the source of magic. A source that has been feeding the local residents for long centuries with their vital energy of growth and creation.

STORYTELLERS

Things spoken with great concern included

VENERABLE MAN

Both civilization and the great religions bringing conditional technological advancement and well-being, institutionalising and making the local traditions more primitive, take away from the locals the very important sources of their cultural energy. This way, while exploring the progress and technologies and looking into the external engineering, we lose the sensitivity to the inner energy, life as well as the skills of magic and healing. Therefore, using the current means of artistic expression, the space that can gather people must be protected and new spaces must be created as well. They must be used for knowledge, understanding and developing our roots and traditions. The outer civilization does not have to cover the inner life of a person and his or her magic resources. The engineering progress must not be separated from the intangible human needs. This way, we can create a space for inner technologies, cultivated by people throughout the centuries as well as the magic knowledge, creative practice and healing traditions, so we can create the new world, the new country Erab. However, we cannot create the future without the past. Without Ruins We Cannot See the New World being born.

STORYTELLER

All speeches were followed by standing ovation. Finally, the man and woman on the stage became silent. They slowly and calmly turned to one another and hugged. Simply hugged each other. For the surprise of Doron and Eglè, everyone in the hall started standing up and hugging each other. Everyone hugged, clutching each other to their hearts, smiling and taking their time before the final conversation and the farewell. It turned into in a ritual of support and sharing energy. This shared ritual created the energy in the hall, and each living body did not want to withdraw from it. It seemed that even the candles started shining brighter. This simple action known and accessible in each culture, a hug, turned into something magical. It reminded each person of their physicality and temporariness, and the need to feel each other not only with thoughts, but bodies as well.

When the hugs ended, Eglè and Doron accidentally ended up on different ends of the room, and something unexpected happened. All members of the Magical Circle of Sisterhood raised their hands full of the magic sand up in the air and wished everyone bon voyage.

Only then it crossed the minds of Doron and Eglè that this was the end of the meeting. Just like everything ended. The fairy sand dust would be thrown up in the air and everything would end immediately. Everyone would end up “somewhere else”. But where? How was going Eglè and Doron meet each other again? How? Would they be forced to look for one another in the endless continent again?

At that moment, everything seemed to have stopped. The time became thicker. Doron saw everything like in slow motion. He rose from his place and started running towards Eglè as fast as he could. All sisters threw the sand up in the air. The glances of Eglè and Doron met, Eglè started running towards Doron, who was shouting:

DORON

“Waaaaaait!”

STORYTELLER

They were moving closer towards one another and when they were 10 metres away from one another, suddenly all the sand started glittering and... The entire giant hall was completely empty: no tables, chairs, just an empty space.

A few minutes later, the chief of security and his men entered the empty hall, discreetly destroyed everything and left the Petrovaradin Fortress.

STORYTELLER

"Where did we all end up? Where are we?" Doron asked himself seeing large bonfires, crowds of dancing and singing people. Eglè found herself very close, she heard songs and cheerful murmurs, but she was by the river, where, swimming and singing, women let the burning wreaths of tree leaves and branches flow into the water. And there is no way to tell whether it all was happening. And because of her participation in this secret meeting or this mesmerising view of the river, Eglè felt something very weird, new but strangely familiar... But there was no time to waste, as it became clear that all participants of the secret meeting in Novi Sad were moved to the large traditional St John's celebration in Latvia, very close to Riga. In this crazy storm of dances, bonfires, songs and rituals, Doron and Eglè were running to find one another... and it was incredible to expect such unlikely encounter in such a crowd, but still Doron saw... his father. So he did meet his father, who had to stay in the Prussian lands because of his wounds. At that moment, he was alive and well, only older and just there in front of Doron's eyes. It was not a dramatic or solemn meeting of father and son. It seemed more like a dream, even a bit humorous at that. Doron simply saw how his father, a former ship captain, together with other members of the local community, was at that moment carrying a large wing belonging to a giant bird sculpture made from wood and hay. "A wing of the pigeon." Yes, Doron's father was carrying a wing from the sculpture of the pigeon for some reason.

DORON

"Dad?"

CAPTAIN AARON

"Doron"

STORYTELLER

The father let everything drop on the ground and they hugged.

Running in the crowd, Eglè saw two men. They were standing and hugging for a while. One of them was older, greying man, and the other, young and beautiful, with a black mole under his left eye. And then Doron turned around towards her.

Next to the bonfire, wearing a linen dress, a wreath of flowers, smiling, illuminated by the night sky and bonfires, there was Eglè. Doron could not take his eyes off this wonderful sight. Eglè looked at him smiling, and there were crowds of dancers and singers behind her, bonfires and animal sculptures. Captain Aaron could not understand what Doron was looking at. And only when Doron came closer to Eglè, he understood that this charming woman was no one else but Aiglè. The same young girl who ran away from Limerick when it was engulfed in flames.

DORON

"Eglè. Her name is Eglè,"

STORYTELLER

Captain Aaron could not understand for a moment whether this was the same girl or... But the captain had seen too many weird things of the world with his own eyes to doubt that that girl that randomly ended up on his ship did it without a reason. He embraced them and said:

CAPTAIN AARON

"Well, you see, that every step you have taken have led you...."

STORYTELLER

Eglè smiled at the captain and the first thought that came to her head was: “Could this be possible? Can there be a moment more magic than this?” She wanted to remember this moment as long as possible. So, while being in the embrace of Doron, she turned around and saw that they were standing in the midst of the dance. People forming circles were running around them. Everything was changing and swirling, and it seemed to Eglè that in that swirl, she saw the faces of women-sisters dancing together with her. It seemed that she could hear the magical sound of the weaving loom. The loom that was making this incredible fabric of meetings and magical moments.

EGLÈ

“The Carpet.”

STORYTELLER

She unfolded the carpet and laid it down in the crowd. When the three of them stood up on it, something magic happened. Even though people dancing around them in the midst of the celebration did not notice that, but for one moment, the carpet with Eglè, Doron and the Captain flew into the air light as a feather. It rose above the valley full of people and it was difficult to describe that magical sight from above, all those singing, dancing people burning the bonfires. Far away, they could see the sea and the earth covered by the shortest night, with different spots of light. And this valley with singing and dancing people was only one of the many. The carpet started flying to the south and they observed with surprise and joy the views changing around them: cities and villages, bonfires, valleys and rivers full of wreaths. Finally, behind the horizon and the dark night, the first rays of sun started to break, and the carpet started to slow down and descend. From above, they saw a large new city and a castle in it. There were a lot of bonfires around it, and dancing people, songs could be heard, the wreaths were made and everyone enjoyed the shortest summer night.

CAPTAIN AARON

"This is Kaunas. This city stands at the confluence of two rivers"

STORYTELLER

The Captain pointed at two converging rivers. The rivers were full of illuminated wreaths, and the confluence was full of glowing bonfires.

EGLÈ

“Oh so this is where the beast lives”

STORYTELLER

Eglè looked down. Indeed, if you looked closely at the confluence of rivers, it resembled the mythical beast with its mouth open, and the wreaths with lights inside them looked like the scales of the beast and the bonfires starting at the confluence of the river seemed like the fire and light bursting from its mouth, which later turned into the city. This image so mesmerised all three of them that on this shortest night of the year, decorated in the shining scales, the beast woke up to look for the fern blossom and opened its mouth to spew light at this new and still unknown-to-the-brotherhood city shrouded in legends.

While above the city, it was obvious how full of life it was. After making several circles, they landed above the valley, next to the rooftops and flew above the streets and the houses, looking at the city like one large carpet. The streets, yards and houses became one large magic fabric, full of life and movement. Finally, they flew next to the long avenue full of people. One could see the theatres, the fountains and the entire city celebrating culture and freedom. One could see people singing and dancing in the city, drawing, sculpting, weaving and telling stories, participating in various games and playing. Playing this endless performance of the city life.

This mesmerising image only strengthened the trust in the three of them that the ideas of freedom and respect of the Brotherhood travel faster than its people. Even though there were no headquarters of the Brotherhood in this city, but you could already feel the spirit of new life, new energy and new country here. And now it did not seem important what new form it will gain or what name it was going to be. Erab or something else? It all seemed irrelevant, because the most important thing was that there was something new in people's eyes, that the streets and houses were like alive and everything shone in new, light, playful and joyful energy.

Flying above the city, Doron hugged Eglè tightly, and heard her voice inside him:

EGLÈ

"I think we have finally arrived, we don't have to travel any longer."

DORON

"We have arrived," said Doron.

STORYTELLER

And when they have finally flew over the fountains of the Avenue, the trees and the recently built church, they landed on the stairs next to the green hill. When Doron, Eglè and the Captain left the carpet and looked at the city... the carpet suddenly began to glow.

The white carpet woven some time ago in Guimarães, which after long travels was now greyish and somewhat shabby, started to glow again in different colours and patterns. In its patterns you could see the stories and events of different cities and communities. Here you could see the fire in Limerick, the war beginning at the shores of Folkestone, the streets of Nantes, the Pankow city and the honest leather tanner Franz, Guimarães and the weaving loom, the performances of the travelling theatre group, the bellfounder Wolfgang of Innsbruck, the children from Slon, the residents of Prague, the flags of Rome, the people of Lviv who won over the pandemic, and the Jelsa lighthouse, the ships of the Brotherhood moving towards Tbilisi at that moment, the secret gathering in Novi Sad, and Riga's song festival. These and other stories became animated and decorated the entire carpet as a large continent in various patterns and images. And suddenly, its shining became that of... flames. It burned in the bright blue flame and Eglè put with great appreciation and humility the travel bag into the flame as well. Doron threw his things as well, and while they were looking at the flames, he heard the words of Eglè inside him.

EGLÈ

"Doron, I have to tell you something... To share something with you."

DORON

"What?"

EGLÈ

"Something more magical than is unfolding in front of our eyes."

STORYTELLER

Doron looked at Eglè with a smiling and somewhat confused expression. What could be more magic than this night, this flight, and all the stories that were shining and glittering in front of their eyes? Could there be something more magical than this entire journey? What could be more magical than this moment? Eglè looked at Doron. She looked down and said gingerly:

EGLÈ

“When we were in that large celebration... I was with the sisters next to the river and while we were putting the wreaths into the water... I understood... I felt... I have to say something. There is a new life under my heart. You are going to be a father.”

STORYTELLER

Tears of joy flushed into the eyes of Doron as he hugged Eglè. The Captain was observing everything calmly from aside. He had seen with his own eyes too many incredible things and curiosities of the world to doubt what he saw or felt at that moment. He calmly hugged them both as his children. He smiled and looked at the sky.

EGLÈ & DORON & CAPTAIN AARON (together)

“Every step we have taken have led us here, now. To live and create in this city.”

STORYTELLER

The three of them stood in each other’s embrace, and the carpet was now a light pile of ashes, carried by the wind to the sky. In the morning sky of Kaunas, one could see the first sunshine and just like a large flag of joy, the red and warming sun was rising above the city.

STORYTELLER

This is the end of this story... I now remember that we have not had time to become acquainted any closer, and now we already have to say goodbyes. I just wanted to tell you that this new life, this child that Eglè was carrying under her heart... it was me. Since early childhood, I heard these stories about the new country called Erab. Since my childhood, I have been telling them to others.

Thank you for this journey full of explorations, people and communities. Good luck in your travels and remember that there is so much more to everything than our eyes can see. There has always been enough of magic around us, only we need to learn to see it. So, when you travel, don't forget to stop, take a look around and ask yourself: what can you do to make this moment more magic than it is right now?

I’ve led you till here, and this is the moment to say goodbye! Take a breath and remember to keep your eyes wide open, since is always from other stories that we learn how to build our future. Get inside and enjoy new stories from Magical friends...