

FOUR HOUSES

In the beginning, everyone from the created beings lived in the house of the Great Spirit, Ksaw Wala, who fathered them and looked after them all with deep affection. All the older and younger offspring, which once sprang from the vast Shadow of Possibilities, shared one space. And it wasn't by any means easy living. The house was desperately full. There was a lot of arguing and bickering. The older ones teased the younger ones, and those, in turn, told on their older siblings.

For instance, people, animals, plants and even some stones complained that Tay, the Sun, was too hot and indifferent. Indeed, he was so hot that when he returned home after his work, he burnt and scorched everything with his golden rays, and everyone had to leave the room whether they wanted to or not. Nor was Water prepared to show much consideration for others. At that time, Water was still one being, undivided and unrestrained. She (and sure, Water has a female gender if considered as one of the First Beings, as we have already stated) wasn't yet living in the form of little diamond-like droplets in the younger brothers and sisters, so she was constantly flooding the whole space with her wide spread ripples of silvery waters. Once Water entered the house, there was no room for anybody else. She took even the smallest of crannies, the darkest of corners for herself, and filled it with her omnipresent, chilling presence, bubbling self-indulgently. The Spirit of Firmament, the Wind, blew wildly into everything and destroyed all that the others had built and created. Once he entered the house, all the beings were forced to dance the involuntary dances of swaying movements, in the whirlpools which the Wind mischievously blew in all directions. And whenever Daati, the Spirit of Brotherhood and Socializing came home, everyone had to stop in the middle of whatever they were doing and was forced to start playing games for long hours that it felt like eternity itself.

No wonder that the Great Spirit, Ksaw Wala, looked at all this with open irritation. There was not a moment of tranquility and peace, not the slightest chance to rest and dream. All the shouting and complaining angered him and made him sad and tired of all the creation. He also grew rather annoyed, because all his children, older and younger, started wandering all the far parts and remote lands, trying to avoid the commotion that ruled their home, and thus they forgot their crafts and arts and became idle and lazy. The causes of this once so harmonious creation faded in the swirls of confusion and chaos. Doubts emerged in the usually calm and balanced mind of the Great Spirit. And then he smiled. A little idea with the glittering wings of an easy solution hovered straight in front of his eyes.

Each family needs its own house, its own place, a safe shelter, where all their members have enough space to live, work and rejoice in peace and mutual respect. We will build more houses!

And so it happened. Even before the thought had a chance to dry up on the colourful canvas of the Great Spirit's imagination, four houses had been constructed. All of them were well-built and useful, and each of them was unique, so it could fulfil all the needs and wishes of its inhabitants.

The first house was delicate and very beautiful. It was massive but airy, built on the thick pillars of clouds. This house was for the Great Spirit, Ksaw Wala, himself, so he could meditate and contemplate over the created beings in peace and sublime silence. The path that led to his ethereal house was made of glittering shards of the shining, dark blue sky.

The second house was high up in the mountains clad in the milky mist of mysterious páramos. Its roof tiles were made of little pieces of rainbows, and its walls were gushing waterfalls and blinding sunrays. This was a place for the

older children. There they settled and started their good work - building and looking after the Earth. Towards the second house, an elaborate road was cut into the rocky slopes of the highest mountains. It was paved with precious stones and whitened bones of sacred animals.

The third house was nice and welcoming. It was round like the hat of the Universe with its circling stars and planets, and was built of deeply breathing soil and firm stones. This house was warm and cozy and smelt of healing, magical herbs. Inside was a simple fireplace, in which a little, tamed flame of fire flickered. Next to the house ran a brook of icy cold, crystal water for joy and refreshment. The path to this house wandered slowly through green valleys and stony hills, and pillows of dewy grass and tiny flowers were carefully laid on it. This was because of the delicate feet, paws and roots of those, who were to tread these mellow regions. The third house was all for the younger children of Ksaw Wala, the Great Spirit. It was all built for people, animals, plants and all kinds of minerals. There they talked, played and worked in safety and abundance.

But there was also the fourth house. Deep under the ground, it was built of incandescent ores and dark red precious stones. A mysterious passage led to this hidden place crossing dragons` caves and slithering through the darkest fissures inside the Earth's crust, paved with glistening lava and clusters of still growing amethysts. The creatures that were given the fourth house were truly extraordinary. They were little with shiny eyes and had agile and resilient bodies. They were called *tapanos*, ate vapours and soon made the underground their home.

When all the four houses were built, and all their inhabitants resumed with joy their ways of living, there was one more important thing to be done. All the beings, all the older and younger children of the Great Spirit, Ksaw Wala, had

to take on themselves a fixed form or a body, in which they would, since then on, operate on Earth. This was because now, when they all had their own places, they were no more allowed to permeate the space of the Shadows of all Possibilities. Also languages came into existence. In each of the houses, a different language was spoken. Things received their forms and names. Cold and warmth came onto the world and became the inseparable parts of birth and death.

Ksaw Wala, pleased and in high spirits, could at last lie down to enjoy his afternoon slumber.