

MOONY

7

**DREAMY, FANTASTIC,
UNREAL, MYSTERIOUS,
ILLUSORY, WEIRD AND EERIE**

SHORT STORIES

BY

ROOS BOUM

Moony copyright © 2024 Roos Boum

Cover © 2024 Roos Boum

All rights reserved.

ISBN: 1545156352

ISBN-13: 978-1545156353

**Three things shine before the world
and cannot be hidden:
the moon, the sun, and the truth.**

Simplified quote from:

Gautama Buddha

(c. 563 BCE-480 BCE / c. 483 BCE-400 BCE)

CONTENTS

About Roos Boum

- 1 To Dance Forever
- 2 The Silver Tears Of Víðarr
- 3 Sweet
- 4 The Cave You Fear To Enter
- 5 Don't Blame It On The Sunshine
- 6 Healing Destruction
- 7 The Simultime

ABOUT ROOS BOUM

Roos Boum, that's me and please pronounce Roos as Rose and not as roos as in rooster, was born long long time ago somewhere in the sixties and I'm a Dutch author who in the millennium year was fed up with The Netherlands and emigrated to France with Eric.

I made my debut in 2007 with my autobiography and bestseller 'Valse salie', about my horrific youth with a loony mother committing Munchausen by proxy. This bestseller is translated into multiple languages, that I even don't begin to understand apart from English, and that particular translation came out in 2014:

'False Jasmine, A Youth Ripped Apart'.

After my debut another ten of my books and some fifty short stories were published. Oh, and I did some poems too. They call me a multidisciplinary author, because my oeuvre includes thrillers, fantasy, as well as children's books; but I just like to write what comes to mind. Better out than in I always say.

In 2013 my thriller 'Dode mannen moorden niet', won a prestigious price: 'De nieuwe schrijversprijs'. The same year over twenty of my short stories ended first or very high in writing competitions. Yep, that was a very productive year and my readers and the media were full of praise for my work. Most of my short stories are published in 'Het

Macaronihondje' (The Macaroni Dog), 2013, by publisher:
Droomvallei Uitgeverij.

In 2015, I moved further south in France and I thought it a good moment to stop writing. One has to stop at the very peak of his career, hasn't one? So I stopped creating new work and I am now translating my oeuvre into English. If you like to see what I've been doing all these years you can visit my website, but you have to be able to read Dutch:
www.RoosBoum.nl

So, what's Moony, the book you are about to read, about? The title says it all, I guess. I published some of my miscellaneous writings in this volume. Seven dreamy, fantastic, unreal, mysterious, illusory, weird and eerie short stories, well some of them not that short or eerie, and some even got humor. I hope you will enjoy them and that it gives food for thought.

Happy reading, Roos Boum

1

TO DANCE FOREVER

So long in nothing, and yet in everything, it is so heavy, or is this light? The pain has gone and that hurts intensely.

'Oh Paul, look, what a sweetie!' Jacky nudges her husband. 'In seven weeks you can come to collect him. If today you stay a little longer and if you are lucky, you will see the little miracle. They have to open their eyes,' says the dog breeder.

Finally I manage to get them open, the moment where I have been waiting for. The light hurts. And then... I know. More than I can see, I know. This is not good. By Danu! How is this possible?

From his throat sounds a threatening low growl, warningly the four year old Irish Wolfhound curls his lips, the white fangs clearly visible.

Marian, the next-door neighbor, startles and abandons her intention to hug Lisa. 'Do you still trust that dog?'

'My goodness, yes of course! Borus is her big protector and guardian,' laughs Jacky, 'you cannot imagine a closer couple, than those two.'

'Twai,' babbles Lisa, imitating her mother. The little girl leans against the huge dog and with her big eyes she observes the women.

'Two,' corrects Jacky her daughter. 'One, two, three!'

'Twai,' says Lisa again and babbles unintelligible on till ten.

'No way! She's already counting! Amazing!' says Marian.

'How old is she?'

'Two and a half? Almost.' Justifiable pride is clearly heard in Jacky's voice.

'Too bad that she isn't walking or playing.'

Jacky nods. 'Kids whose motor is weak, are often quicker with communication. She can name the letters of the alphabet and she knows all the books of Miffy by head.'

'Really? That is exceptional.'

'She also makes up words. A book is a 'sifir' and a dog is a 'key'. And she writes some letters. Not that it makes sense, but I think it really special.' Jacky gets up and returns with a sheet of paper on which thin letters are randomly grouped: LLÿR AGUS AOIBH.

Marian looks unbelievably at the child.

Lisa recognizes the sheet and excited fluttering with her hands she cries: 'Siir!' She puts her bare arms around the neck of the big dog and sighs in her baby talk: 'Siir oggus, eev.'

'She loves Borus,' explains Jacky.

As if she wants to find a flaw in Jacky's pride and joy, Marian points at a weird birthmark on Lisa's arm. It's an s-shape, it almost looks like a seahorse. 'Are you going to have that removed?'
'Maybe when she is older.'

Jacky showers her daughter Lisa. The seven year old flutters busily with her hands and babbles about the Celtic night where they will be going. She loves everything that is Irish or Celtic. Jacky listens with only one ear. She's in a hurry, she still has to brush Lisa's teeth, she has to dress her, because all of that the girl can't do herself. In a minute it will be a fight on what Lisa has to wear. A jeans with a shirt and halter top over it would be nice, but probably Lisa wants to wear one of her long nightgowns. And when Lisa wants something... Sometimes Jacky good-heartedly grumbles to Paul that she more is the servant of her daughter than a mother, but both know that an autistic child brings its own set of worries.

Finally Lisa is dressed, yes, in a compromise of a jeans and a long T-shirt slash nightgown over it, but Jacky managed to convince her, it not to be white. Old Borus has his tail between his legs, his masters are going out and he knows that he cannot come with them.

Hurriedly the family leaves, till Lisa halts abrupt in the doorway. Frozen she looks at the full moon who looks upon them from the black night. Lisa's cheerfulness turns acutely into a screaming caused by an irrational selenophobia. Paul and Jacky put their arms comforting around her, but crying she lowers herself to the ground, where Borus immediately nestles himself at her feet. With

soft strokes he licks the salt of the tears from her face. Lisa buries her face in his shaggy coat. Jacky looks at Paul, tonight: no Irish dance night.

Never will I forget that ill-starred day when her slender barren feet danced gracefully over the forest soil, her eyes closed in ecstasy, her long hair following her every movement, her white dress swirling around her. With her gestures to ward off the evil, the hands of my priestess fluttered and the golden dragon bracelet was sliding up and down over her arm with her every movement. Aoibh's servants sat on the ground in a circle around her, looking up to her. They were counting her paces in the rhythm of her dance, a mantra: ainaꝥ, twai, þriꝥ, fedwör and were calling Aoibh, what as ever was sounding as a long-drawn-out: eeeev. Between every turn Aoibh opened her eyes, looked at me, she always exactly knew where I was sitting. The longing was burning, the memories of our secret meetings sweet. She took my hand, we were dancing, our bodies merged...

Sudden the clan appeared out of nothing!

Screaming.

They grabbed her.

Crying.

Torches.

I wanted to defend her, grabbed my ax, when a flaming pain blew my skull. When I fell, I saw her white garment coloring red before flames devoured it and the red glowing dragon singed her arm. She fell. I crawled towards her, my blood caressed her beautiful face, her smile was forgiving. She stared at the full moon before her soul left the earth. I Lfyr, her guardian, had failed.

And now, tonight, it is my time. I have to leave my dearest. Aoibh is in good hands. On purpose I invited her to be born at these people. For myself I have to do a better job next time. This time it was

*impossible. Last time it was way too short. But one time... one time we will dance forever, like all soul mates may do. I will wait for you, Aoibh. I feel Aoibh's arm around my dog's head, I understand her fear for the full moon all too well and put my paw on her arm. My own Aoibh, Eve, my dear Eve whom Jacky and Paul called Lisa, this is our last dance, my heart cries.
Fodhlithe, daor.*

ABOUT TO DANCE FOREVER

Dutch title:

Voor altijd dansen

Year:

2013

Publisher writing competition:

RHA-Publishing

Name of writing competition :

Een kat heeft negen levens, een mens... (A cat has nine lives, a human...)

Ranking:

First prize

Published:

Website of the publisher and E-book, download
www.vorigelevens.nl

Published:

Het Macaronihondje (The Macaroni Dog), 2015, by publisher:
Droomvallei Uitgeverij

2

THE SILVER TEARS OF VÍÐARR

'... ka ji ga bolk kay kay kay kay k-k-k-k-k-k-k-k-k-k-k-kay,' I sing at the top of my voice, and I then lower my voice: 'Oppa Gangnam Style.' Swinging I sit behind the wheel of Mark's car. I dance sitting on the beat and hop from left to right. With my right arm in the air I make the Gangnam circles. Exactly in time I join in: 'Gangnam Style.' Though the song came out in 2012, it still is a super dance song.

'In fifty meters, turn left, turn left,' sounds the sensual voice of Kim Holland from the Tomtom.

I'm completely happy. Yes, life is good! It's a beautiful summer, loads of sun, I was allowed to borrow Mark's car even with his Tomtom, I'm going on an apprenticeship for six weeks in the Ardennes in Europe's almost smallest country :Belgium and according to Kim Hollander I will arrive in ten minutes, precisely in time, at the campsite 'Le Saut d'Ourthe'. I have good memories on the river the Ourthe in Belgium, I used to camp there with my parents every year.

I look at myself in the rear-view mirror, I wipe my fashionable too long fringe a bit from my eyes. The sunglasses in my hair are holding the rest. I really like the peachy color that the hairdresser set yesterday. I admit, it is a bit too stylish for an instructor outdoor sports, well, instructor, instructor, just in two years, it now is a holiday teaching practice; but hey, appearances also count.

'Turn left. Turn left. After that, straight ahead.'

'Yeah, yeah, Kimmy.' I slow down and turn from the secondary road into a small deserted lane that is domed by the trees from both sides. Strings of grey moss are hanging from the branches. It's dark here. I turn on my headlights.

'Mister Johnson, you would have been so proud of me,' I talk out loud to my driving teacher as if he is sitting next to me. A little over a year ago, exactly on my seventeenth birthday, the good man helped me through my driver's license and after that my mom accompanied me for a year and Mark taught me a lot too. I smile at the thought of what my friends, quasi-jealously, say about him: Mark, we love him stark in the dark! I grin, yeah they are right, Mark is twenty and indeed a hunk. Long brown hair, that he wears in a ponytail and the most gorgeous blue eyes that you can imagine.

'Gangnam Style,' sings Psy.

I love blue eyes. Long time ago there was this other boy who had eyes that were even more blue. A twinge passes through me. Forget it. That was puppy love. It meant nothing. With Mark it's for real. From Monday onwards Mark and I have a lovely week here together in the Ardennes and we will celebrate that it was a year ago that we kissed for the first time. Time flies, also a year already. Jee, what a mist here all of the sudden under the trees. As I'm taught I throttle back. Thick drops of collected water fall from the branches on my windscreen. The surface of

the road glistens from the wet. I swing with my body, 'Gangnam Style.' Shall I? In the back of my head a little voice whispers: no, be a good girl. I quickly grab my rucksack, get my phone out to make a selfie for the girls. I let go of the wheel and bring my right hand over my left hand, like Psy himself. My bracelets tinkle cheerfully on my movements. My phone shows my laughing face that says to myself 'YES, Beth, you're gonna make it, girl!' Ai, the eyeliner of my left eye is somewhat mucky. I look in the rear-view mirror, raise my eyebrows and correct the black liner with my finger, while I sing : 'Op, op, op... Oppa Gangnam Style. Heeey, sexy lady, op, op, op, Oppa Gangnam-SHIIT!'

A dog appears in my headlights! I honk, hit the brakes as hard as I can, jerk the wheel. My tires slip on the wet asphalt. I hear myself screaming in panic for my mom! The car makes a sudden turn. My head hits the window, my temple hurts and I swear from pain. Oh no! The car starts to spin! Trees. The road. The dog. A man? With sunglasses. Trees. The road... the car turns, the dog again! A husky. He looks straight at me. Clearly as if I zoom in, I see the short brown fur above his nose wrinkle up as he threatening pulls up his white lips and shows his fangs. Whiskers seem to grow out of freckles. 'GO AWAY! STUPID DOG!' I yell, my voice is just a shriek. I steer but the car doesn't respond. I slide towards the dog. A muffled thud. The car bobs up with a small jump. Oh shit, oh my goodness, oh shit, the dog. A horrible screeching whine that turns into a blood-curdling howling comes from under my seat. The car turns in its slipping trajectory. A tree. A grating metal crushing blow! With a plop the airbag flops open. The engine shuts down. 'Hey, Sexy lady. Op op op o-.'

I ram on the button of the player.

Sensual it sounds: "Try to make a U-turn. 'Try to make-'

Screaming I kill Kim.

Silence.

My heart is leapt into my mouth.

Silence.

My bracelets tinkle on the trembling of my hands.

Silence.

Jesus.

Something tickles my lip. I lick it, it tastes of iron. I snivel, wipe it away. Blood sticks on the back of my hand. A nosebleed. The airbag. But furthermore I seem okay. I move my arms, my hands, my feet.

Shit, Mark's car! The bonnet is open and has a weird crack, I cannot even see the tree. Mark had saved up everything for this car. Then I have to cry, I can't control it, my body is shaking and I bury my face in my hands.

I come a bit to my senses. Oh shit, the dog. I look over my right shoulder at the road. Nothing.

Where is his owner? Have I imagined things? The mist has grown thicker, I can barely see the trees on the other side of the lane. Tears run over my cheeks. Trembling I rummage for my smart phone which has fallen to the ground. A big smiley on the flap of my bag with my name, Bethany, embroidered in it, laughs at me. Mechanically I push the hotkey for Mark. Nothing. No coverage?

I cry and sob louder. Shit, I have to do something about that dog. Please let him be stone-dead, not that he is floundering on the ground in death agony and is suffering. I choke in my own tears and coughing and with great trouble I can open my door. It jams. I get out. Oh shit, the front of Mark's Peugeot is completely ruined! The left wheel is snapped and weirdly turned. Glass of the lights crackles under my Nikes. I shiver. The mist makes that I

freeze in just my jeans and my green halter top with spaghetti straps. I want to put on my sun glasses, but they have gone from my hair and there is no sun no more anyway.

While I hold my nose with my left hand and bend my head backwards to stop the bleeding, with my right hand I call Mark again. The rancid taste of blood in my throat makes me sick. Still no coverage! Not one bar, I cannot even call 112! With a heavy heart I walk to the spot where the car hit the dog. As an abstract of Picasso my skid marks have paint the asphalt. There where I crushed the dog, the black skid mark is interrupted. I'm afraid to see the dogs blood as I approach, but there is nothing. I'm sure that ... would he just be wounded and dragged himself away? Oh no, poor animal. I have to find him. Take him to a vet. But how? Suddenly I'm so very angry. Furious! It's not my fault! Who leaves his dog without a leash in the middle of the road? Where is that man who I saw? The dog must have belonged to him. That guy ran away of course, afraid that I will recover the damage from him. I could have been dead! 'Hello?' I yell. It sounds nasal because I hold my nose. I keep my breath to be able to listen better. 'HELLO!' The mist muffles all sound, no cars, no birds, no crickets, no nothing. Certainly no crying dog or his owner. A drop of chilled water from the trees falls on my naked shoulder. I have to get to the main road, to get help. By turn with one arm I rub my other to get it a bit warmer, while I still hold my bleeding nose. I walk back to the car to get my rucksack from the passenger seat. I reach for the door but halt my movement.

From the handle are hanging drops of mist... frozen mist. Hesitatingly I break off a little icicle. The stick of about four centimeters that roles in my palm is cold. I stare at it motionless because the white changes into black and after

that into a silvery color. Surprised I fold my hand around it, the freezing cold seems to pervade through all of my body. A feeling of infinite loneliness overcomes me and I start to shiver and my flesh creeps. My nosebleed stops acute. My own shout echoes in my ears as in the reflection of the car window, I see a pale face with sunglasses staring at me.

Startled I turn around and I recoil in horror by seeing the man. As he comes closer, I bump into the car and my halter top sticks to the freezing, wet window. I arch my back, ready to give that son-of-a-bitch a karate kick in the head if he dares coming any closer. Behind him is that dog. An enormous husky, or actually it looks more like a wolf. Unharmed by the looks of it. I pull myself together. 'It's your fault. You, you are not allowed to let your dog of the lead, that is forbidden.' My hand shakes as I point to the dog.

The man doesn't answer. He's just standing there with his hands in the pockets of a long black raincoat, that by the way is hanging open and shows the naked upper part of his body! He wears a ragged jeans that is torn. Not fashionably torn, but really worn. The legs of his jeans are tugged away in black army boots. What a creep, especially that green-blackish tattoo that snakes its way over the right half of his face. I Should have done the journey together with Mark after the weekend as he suggested. But no, I had to be priggish, I insisted to be here before the weekend to welcome the guests who would arrive on Saturday. 'My car is wrecked,' I point needlessly at the front of Mark's car. He keeps his silence. He sends shivers up my spine. Oh no, he's not a rapist, is he?

The dog, or wolf, or whatever, stalks near, his head low to the ground, his hackles raised. He's so close that I could have touched him or pet him, but I wouldn't touch it with a

ten-foot-pole! The dog sits in front of me. His thick tail folds around his legs and the dog slowly licks his lips. With his head a little tilted, his yellow greenish eyes pierce me. 'Can't you keep that dog with you?'

Motionless the man stares at me. Is he even breathing? I think him dead scary. When the dog inches towards me and snarls at me, I've so had it with them. I start yelling with a catch in my voice: 'What do you want? It's all the fault of that stupid dog. It's all your fault, I'm going to report you at the police. You will pay for the damage of my friends car! I have a paper, a claim thing er, er, a claim form and you have to sign that!'

The jaw muscles in his face harden. 'I don't have to do anything.'

I startle of the sudden voice and gasp for breath. By that movement my wet, ice-cold shirt hits my back. A shiver runs through my spine.

Again he says: 'I don't have to do anything. You have to do something.' A voice that at the same time sounds sultry, low and young. The voice of a young man my age, that doesn't go with the grey crew cut. 'It's your own fault, you had your hands off the wheel, you were going to take a selfie.'

'WHAT? What do you know about it! That is so not true. I would never do that!'

'Wouldn't you? You were dancing at the music of Psy. Oppa Gangnam Style.' A sinister smile plays about his lips, one eyebrow raised.

'I wasn't playing any music, you're lying.'

'You weren't looking on the road.'

'Of course I did. I did see that dog of yours, didn't I?'

'You saw him too late, because you were correcting your make-up.' It sounds reproachful.

I can feel that I'm blushing. Oh boy, my famous beetroot color. 'N-no, I didn't,' I stammer, 'what makes you think that? And even if it was true, you let your dog of the lead and that is a dangerous. You are liable to punishment, not me.'

Hardly noticeable, he nods, his lips compressed in a sort of regret? A resignedly expression shows on his face. 'Fenrir,' he commands his dog, which snarls harder to me and shows his fangs even better. The wolf turns around and reluctantly he walks to his master. The man turns around and hares away with long strides. The army boots sound hollow, echoing between the trees. The coat tails of his black raincoat float graciously behind him and the tail of the dog is the last of them that disappears in the mist, but then from the grey wet it sounds faint: 'It could have been a child instead of a dog, Beth.'

I run behind him, the icicle falls from my hand. Beth he had said, 'It could have been a child instead of a dog, Beth.' How did he know my name?

My arms pump along my body when I quicken my pace. Soon I have to slow down to a jog, I can't see a thing in that fog.

He must have looked in the car, and have seen my rucksack with my name embroidered on it. Where is he? I can't see my own hands before my face. 'Yo, hello-o! You can't just walk away! You're responsible for my accident.'

Gravel grates under my trainers. He can't be that far! Impossible. I must have ran past him in the thick fog and of course he didn't say anything. I stop. With my arms akimbo I take a breather, little clouds of breath are coming from my mouth. I concentrate on the silence. Try to hear his footsteps or a scuffling of the dog. Nothing. It's perfectly quiet. I have never heard a silence so profound.