17 July 2014

Ehh… I don’t like writing anything like that, but I must save my story on sheets of paper. I am Noah, but people call me Reyes. I don’t like my name. I prefer my nickname. Wait, Reyes? How? Why? I don’t know. Once somebody called me like that and it stayed that way. So I’m Reyes. I’m seventeen. Two years ago I was with my friends – Ethan, Louis, Mark and Rosa - we formed a band “Heavy Rain”. We are people who love music and they are my only family, apart from my younger sister – Rayley, who lives with my mother. She didn’t take care about me. And my dad died in an accident…

 I’m a leader of the band “Heavy Rain”. I was a local artist, now I’m a famous person. Guys from my band are recognizable, too. I was singing songs with my friend at festivals, carnivals and various parties. Music is our life. That way I experienced the most strange and emotional story of my life. In early June our band performed at the Summer Festival. At that time we weren’t recognizable. The weather was nice, sunny and warm. We had a great time during the show. When we finished, I saw a small boy in the backstage. He was five, maybe six years old. The child seemed confused and scared. I went up to him and asked what was he doing tere. He looked at me with his big, grey eyes and replied “I got lost.”

* What is your name?
* I’m Miles. Where are my parents?

I’m crazy – I didn’t know how they look like, what are their names… But at that moment I didn’t think about it. I must help. I bought ice cream for Miles and we started searching. Miles was a very shy and quiet boy. After a few hours I noticed short woman, who run to us. It was Miles’ mum. She thanked me and finally disappeared from my view.

Two days later I got an invitation for questioning. My friends from the band were so happy! Me too, of course! It was our chance of success. We didn’t intend to give up.

Everything went as we expected. People loved us! We had to work together with actors from the theatre in the nearby town. On the same day, when we moved there, we went to the party. That theatre was huge and beautiful! When I sat at the bar and ordered drink without an alcohol, I heard:

* Wow.
* I’m not eighteen yet. Besides, I don’t like alcohol.
* You are the first boy who talks like that. I’m Lara – she answered.
* I’m just incredible – I said – I’m Reyes.
* Shall we danc? Or are you type of photo bomber? – Lara laughed.
* Both roles are the right for me.

It turned out, that Miles was Lara’s cousin. Nice coincidence.

After this meeting I was meeting Miles quite often. We were going to the park and shops. I’ve never thought that I’d like a small boy. Miles was like my younger brother. Miles’ parents didn’t mind it.

One sunny day, I, Miles and Lara were lying on the grass in the park. The clouds moved slowly in the sky. Wind was blowing. It was a good day to rest. We ate ice-creams

* Are clouds really made from milk? – asked Miles suddenly.
* Of course! – laughed Lara.
* From milk? Cool!
* Do you like milk? – I asked.
* I love milk!
* What else do you like?
* Football, cartoons and unicorns.
* Unicorns? – I was surprised.
* Yeah, unicorns. They are amazing! They can make you happy, can be your friends. Really, they are great!
* I would like to visit God. Maybe He could give me some information about my life? – told Lara
* Try to call – offered Miles.
* It is possible, that God won't get the phone. I think God has got a lot of messages – I answered.
* So I will go to Him! What I must take? – asked the boy – And how much will it take?
* Around eternity – I laughed.

It is been a few months. It turned out, that Miles has got cancer. We were shocked. Shortly after, we found out about new thing…

Miles was diagnosed with brain cancer. The doctors predicted that he had six months. They couldn’t operate – the cancer was too advanced. Miles could lose his eyesight and – worst of all – died. He was only six…

After three weeks, Miles got blind. I was reading him a lot of stories about unicorns and Heaven – his future home… At that time it was certain. Despite that fact, Miles was very happy when he was listening new things about God. Miles hasn’t eaten for days. He was very thin. How do you tell to kid, that he’ll never go home, that he will never see his parents again? How do you tell to somebody, that he is dying?

* He is getting closer to you every day – I told.
* Who? – asked Miles.
* Your new friend.
* Really? What is his name? Where he lives? Does he like unicorns and milk?
* Of course. He likes the same things as you. His name is God. He is very friendly and he lives in Heaven – I answered.
* Heaven? Is a city?
* Yeah. Over there – I pointed to one lonely cloud behind the window – On clouds from milk. There are unicorns, toys and cartoons.
* Wow! What time is God coming to get me?
* Soon. He’ll come really quick… - my heart was broken, when I saw big smile at Miles’ face…

One day in early summer our worst fears were realized. Miles’ breathe was very shallow. His heart was beating too slowly. But suddenly he opened his big, grey eyes and announced:

* I see Him! He looks like dad… so tall… and He’s still smiling! All around there are clouds… And unicorns! It is just like you said, Reyes…

We were silent. I know that was that time… Miles was dying…

* Did you say hello? – I asked.
* My name is Miles. This is my family, my mum, dad, grandma and grandpa and my cousin. And my friend, Noah. He doesn’t like his name.
* He rather doesn’t see me… - I answered.
* Now He is looking at you.

I unwittingly looked at ceiling. I didn’t see the God. Was He there? Did He really see me? I felt so lonely and hesitantly. Why?

* He has got blue eyes. Blue like a clear sky… He told me, that I’m at home.
* At real home. In Heaven you will be happy, forever – I said.

He squeezed my hand. I felt pain… Miles was dying…

* It is true clouds are from milk… He told me, and He’s waiting for me.

I could say nothing. My voice trembled in my chest.

* S-so, why it rains water? Not milk? – asked Lara.
* Because unicorns drunk everything before milk will falls to Earth – answered Miles.
* I-I see…
* He’s still waiting for me… He says to tell that you did a good job. What does it mean? – asked Miles, looking at the ceiling.
* I probably had to bring you safely to God – I whispered.

I have never seen anybody to die before. It's hard to imagine what it would be like… What I had to do?

* He has got very warm hands… Like mum…
* What is His name? – asked Miles’ dad.
* Do you think it could possibly matter? – I was annoyed.

But finally Miles reached out:

* I never heard this name! It is very curious!
* So? What is His name? –asked again dad.
* I can’t tell. I promise I won’t tell anyone… - Miles smiled.

The boy was still staring at ceiling.

* He has got many names? – asked Miles’ grandma.
* No, God has got one name, like everybody. He has got many nicknames, but He has only one name. You will understand when you come to see me.
* I promise – I told – We will come and spend some time with you.
* Maybe you will stay with me?
* Of course… - answered Lara – You must wait for us. We could lose in Heaven.
* God says, that nobody can lose in Heaven, who has got pure heart.
* Tell us something else about God – requested mum.
* I can’t. – answered Miles – I just know His name, not His story.

After that, silence. Again. Every passing minute was full of expectations. When you're living to die, every minute is an eternity. Every minute was an eternity…

* It is a wonderful place… Lara, you would love it… - Miles almost whispered.

I looked at girl. She had tears in her eyes.

* Goodbye mum, goodbye dad… grandma, grandpa… goodbye… Lara… Reyes…
* Goodbye Miles – I strove not to cry.

Miles was breathing shallowly and heavily.

* Could you… read me the end of the book? – asked Miles.
* Of course – I whispered.

I opened Miles’ book and I started reading. My voice shook. Miles squeezed my hand in desperate attempt to take deep breathe… His heart was beating slower and slower… Finally Miles’ heart stopped working. Small boy’s hand was numb, but still warm. I was devastated. Everybody was crying.

Miles died…

Since then I was beginning to wonder if God really exists. I didn’t believe in God. But how Miles talk to Him? I don’t know… it’s hard to explain. Is it possible the clouds are from milk? Of course – not. Are there Unicorns? Maybe, but I don’t think so. I don’t know how to explain it, but now I believe in God. I won’t try to think about it. Just believe.

Do you respect the past? I do. It has been almost a year since Miles died. He taught me how to live. That is why I respect my soul and heart. Thank you.