

四月の 魔女の 部屋

しがつのまじよのへや

People are constantly discovering the joy of life. As I
I find the joy of life in the hard and cruel heart of life - so here come the joy to me.

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*I am April, you are fool.
The witch, April, died.*

*People called her a liar, and burned her at the stake.
Though, she had never lied before.*

*"Ahh, I don't want to die. I am a witch."
For the one lie she made, God had punished her.
May your wish be granted.*

*Many people died, and the world burned to ashes.
April locked herself into her room, and met no one.
But that was too lonely, and for one day out of the year,
she unlocked the door.*

April's room opened just once per year, on April 1st.

*But you cannot lie in this room,
For April will make true all such lies.*



A blind man wandered in once.

Not knowing who she was, he wailed.

If only I could see, how wonderful life would be!

The man received two splendid eyes.

*The blind man gasped, and looked upon April's dark-green hair,
her white fingers, like marble.*

"Are you beautiful?"

April shook her head. I am a terrible witch.

The man leaned forward, and touched her fingers, her face.

"No, you are wrong. You are very beautiful."

*The blind man could see everything, but without touching something,
he could not know what it was.*

"What is that?"

The man asked as he pointed towards the sky.

That is the moon.

The man trembled, as if he had seen a ghost, and left the room.

The old man passed the rest of his life, never opening his eyes again.

A witch-hunter came.

"I've found you, you witch of disease and misfortune!"

The hunter defiled her, raped her, and killed her.

He cut off her slim neck, gouged out her arms, and ripped out her heart.

He placed that heart in a box, and proudly took it back home.

He burned it with holy water, leaving nought but white ash.

And yet, April was still a witch.

A very curious suitor appeared.

"I have come to ask your hand in marriage, witch April."

They traded their vows, and one day, April bore a child.

The child grew very fast, and was very smart.

He soon learned words, and wished to leave the room.

April let him do so.

The suitor told April:

"I am sorry, but I cannot get my mind off of that child.

What sort of persecution will he receive for being a child of a witch? I have to protect him."

April nodded sadly.

The suitor left after the child, and never returned.

*A wandering man calling himself a saint visited.
He made her promise not to tell another what he was about to say.
"I don't carry the power of miracles, but everyone depends on me.
Why do you have power? Give it to me."
He broke down in tears, flinging his white hair around.
"I just wanted the children to laugh."
April said to the man,
Saint, if you wish to have my power, you may.
But he looked upon her hands, and hung his head.
"No, I don't need such a terrible power after all. All that I have left is a bit of skill in these old hands.
I cannot move them as I wish, nor can I create dolls any longer.
I have used all of my fortune on this journey. Please, don't call me a saint."
Then you shall die as a human.
And the children will smile whenever they remember you.
"Haha, how can I believe the words of a witch?"
He laughed.
The man died at the end of his long journey, but he was still called a saint.*

*A sick woman on the verge of death was chased in.
Hated by her loved ones, with her house burned down, she had nowhere left to go.
She fell into a corner, like an old rag.
"Don't touch me, don't look at me! Leave me alone, if you don't want to catch my sickness."
I am a witch. There is no sickness that can curse me.
Saying that, she laid her on the bed, and proceeded to care for her.
She took the cold hand of the woman and asked;
I am a witch. If you wish, I can make you live longer than any other.
But the woman was tired; she no longer wanted to be cured.
"Thank you, but let me die."
She died. April cried.*

A merchant came one day. He called himself the best in the world.

"Do I wish for anything? I could ask you the same thing."

The merchant began to explain all of the merchandise he had brought.

April smiled and listened to all of it, but said at the end,

I want nothing. I need nothing.

"Please do not joke. Just tell me what you want, or what you'd like to do. I can bring you anything."

I want to live peacefully in this house, to look after my flower garden, and to talk with you.

That is enough for me.

"That can't be!"

The man yelled, believing himself to be played for the fool.

"Even someone like you must have doubts. What if you get injured? You need medicine, do you not?"

If a thief appears, you can't do better than this musket for warding them off.

You are a very beautiful lady, but you cannot defeat age.

You can use this cream to keep your young appearance."

I want nothing. I need nothing.

"I am the best merchant in the world. I cannot leave without having sold something.

I have my pride!"

I understand. If you so wish.

I shall take all that you have. And to pay for it...

What appeared to the merchant was, at once, all of the miseries and misfortunes in the world, so terrible one cannot even imagine them.

In a moment, his hair turned white and he left shaken, as though a living ghost.

The village girls Juniper and Haneju came in.

"See, there's the witch! Told you so."

"I didn't say I didn't believe you. Of course there's witches in this world.

I was just saying that it's silly to believe ghost stories."

Haneju apologized to April.

"Please don't be mad, mistress. We will leave soon."

"Hey, look at this. This teaset is amazing!"

Haneju begged her companion to stop messing up the room,

but Juniper continued complaining about being thirsty.

Juniper had herself a few cups of tea, and Haneju cleaned up after her mess.

April did nothing.

A quack appeared.

*Listening to not a word April said, her hair, blood, nail, meat, skin,
and all parts of her body were taken as samples, and finally, the doctor said,
"You are sick, You should go to the hospital. Today, even."*

*Writing in his records, he called out to her, saying she was almost a living specimen.
I suffer from nought. I am a witch.*

*"Then that is the name of your sickness. You have witch-enza.
Even if you look healthy, your heart suffers. You lock yourself in this dark, damp room.
You are hurting yourself. I have a right to help cure this, as a doctor."
Giving her a sedative, he attempted to take her out of the room.*

Doctor, please leave me be.

I do not wish to leave this room.

I do not want to hurt people, and I most of all wish not to hurt myself.

I wish not to meet with the world again.

The doctor listened to none of April's wishes.

The doctor became hair, blood, nail, meat, skin, and all different parts and left the room.

An invisible dog wandered in.

You could hear the clack of its nails and its breath, but it had no form.

It had hair that rustled more than straw, and you could smell the mucus from its eyes.

If you found it and held it, it would bite and run away. April decided to leave it be.

One night during a storm, the dog, scared, continued to bark at the door.

Who it was, they knew not, but someone was there.

But no one should be able to come near the house, except on April 1st. If they were alive, that is.

On a snowy night, the dog jumped up from its spot at the heater, and howled at the door.

The person left, leaving little but the sound of crunching snow.

--And one year later, during the dawning hours,

clack clack The sound of a cane rattled against the stone outside the door.

The dog appeared, just a little, and stood in front of the door.

April asked the dog,

Do you wish to forgive your precious master?

The dog pushed its nose against the door, giving off a whelp.

The witch cracked the door, and sadly saw the dog off.

It was the only time the witch had taken up a familiar.

An unpopular artist walked in.

Tearing out his hair, he screamed hysterically.

"I want to draw something no one has ever seen before!

I want to strike their hearts, to leave in their memories the sight of my painting forever!"

A painting no one had seen before.

April could not imagine what kind of painting it could be.

So she asked, what sort of brush would you need to paint it with?

"A rare one, of course! One built like steel, unwavering, but flexible, like fire.

It would consist of all that makes a true painting."

How much canvas would you need?

"Lots! And not just wide. It would need to be made from fibers of faith.

Every time the brush touches the canvas, it should ripple, like the ocean or a field of wheat!"

In a moment, he had lost his flame, and clung to April's legs, begging.

"Save me. Punish me. There can be no such thing as that.

It's just the ramblings of a mad man. There's no point in even wishing for such a thing."

April tried to cheer the man up.

Is there such a thing that should never be wished for, even if it will never happen?

Hearing that, the man wept, and left, thanking her the entire way,

Saying that he would spend his entire life to fulfill his ideals.

A vampire princess; May, came down and rested her scarlet wings.

"One like me." She said.

They were both of the fate to never die.

*They spent the day talking about everyday things, like the color of the flowers,
or their favorite teas.*

"Perhaps one day, the god that cursed you will perish."

Saying that, May flew off.



A reader has appeared.

Yes, that's right. You.

One day a year, her door is unlocked and visitors are allowed in.

But now she is sleeping on her couch.

If you are not in a hurry, perhaps you wouldn't mind waiting until she wakes?

Let's play a game in the meanwhile.

The dreams that spilled over from her slumber grace your cheeks.

What sort of image did you get from them? From the next words, choose the one that fits best.

"Cork; Washboard; Balsamic vinegar; Wheat harvest; Queen; God of Death"

Now choose the word that best ties in with the previous word.

"Soap; Fishing; Grape wine; Hilly path; Scythe; Maple; Bee"

Now pick out the one that best fits the movement and true nature of the last item you picked.

"Run; Stab; Inform; Rustle; Smell; Sing"

And finally, choose the word that best fits the last one.

"Alchemist; Watermill; Rose; Quadrille; Covered wagon; Puppet show"

Done choosing? Then allow me to guess.

You chose "Puppet show," correct?

... Excuse me. I seem to have disappointed you.

Oh, it seems that April has awoken.

She looks at you sadly, but kindly, and waits for you to speak.

If you put your wishes into words, she can grant any of them. Even if they are lies.

It is far harder to find one's true wish than it is to have it granted.

April smiles.

In her hand she grips a single rose.



And then, no one visited her.

For a long,

long time.

A fool appeared one day.

"Hey, I'm Fool. You're April, right?"

If you want, I can grant any-

The fool stopped her.

"You don't have to speak,"

Having said that, the fool spent the day idling at her house, and said

"I want to come here again."

He left, going back to his world.

The next year, he came.

And the next, and the year after that.

One year, he brought a music player.

Fool and April danced to the tune of the music.

The fool was unbelievably bad at dancing,

but he tried his best to keep up with April for the entire day.

One year, they strolled around the flower garden.

It took less than a minute to go around it all.

The fool knew all of the flowers in the garden.

He loved plants, and told April about all of them. She was very happy listening to him.

Another year, April tried making food for Fool.

She used not materials from magic, but ones that she had grown herself.

The taste was not what he was used to, but he was tough, and had seconds.

The old fool came once again.

"What I'm about to tell you is a lie."

He began to speak,

About how the world had crumbled, and that he was the last human on the planet.

No calendar had any meaning, and there was no one to lie to anymore.

His grave was to be near her house, so if she felt like it, she could go visit. The fool left.

He didn't come the following year.

*The next morning,
April left her room,
only to be surprised at the sight of humans living peacefully.
All the people had become immortal,
and they could each grant their own wishes freely.
She visited a small cemetery, and found Fool's grave there.
He was the last person to die on this planet.
Placing his favorite flower on his grave, she sat in front of it.
"God. I was a witch. But now I am not."*

*I am April. You are Fool.
The witch, April, died.*

Ende.

