

四月の 魔女の 部屋

しがつのまじよのへや

People are constantly clamoring for the joy of life. As for me,
I find the joy of life in the hard and cruel battle of life - to learn something and give joy to me.

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I'm April. You are Fool.
Witch April is dead.

People cursed her for being a liar, tormented
and burned at the stake.

The only thing is, she had told no lies
whatsoever.

"Ah, I don't want to die. I'm a witch."

For one and only lie she had incurred divine
punishment.

May you have your wish.

Many people died. The world turned into a
scorched land.

April secluded herself in the room and met
with no one.

Still, feeling lonely she opens the door once
every year.

The room of the witch opens only on April 1st.

One cannot tell a lie in this room.

Since April will make all lies come true.



An old blind man wandered in.
Ignorant about April, the blind told her about his sorrow.
He wished he had known how wonderful it is to see with his own eyes.
And he was blessed with wonderful eyes.
Surprised blind man fixed his look on April's greenish-black hair and
marble-white fingers.
"Are you beautiful?"
April shakes her head. I'm an ugly witch.
Tilting his head, the blind touched her on the face and fingers.
"No, that's not true. You are very beautiful."
The blind was able to see, but couldn't understand until he touched it with his own
hands.
"What is that?"
He pointed at the shining thing in the skylight.
That is the Moon.
As if he saw something dreadful, the blind left the room trembling in fear.
Before long he got used to living with closed eyes.

A witch hunter came along.
"Here you are! Plague-bringing, devastating witch!"
The hunter cursed her, violated and killed.
He chopped off her tiny head, cut open the chest and took the heart.
The hunter packed the bloody heart in a crate and proudly returned home.
Even being burned to white ashes with a holy oil, April still remained being a
witch.

A funny wooer came along.
"I ask for your hand in marriage, witch April."
They exchanged vows and April gave birth to a child in just a day.
The child grew up fast. It was very clever, quickly learned how to speak and
wished to go outside the room.
April did what it asked for.
The wooer who was left behind apologized to April.
"Forgive me, witch April. That child really makes me anxious. I can't imagine
what kind of mistreatment he is getting for being a child of the witch. I have to
protect him."
April nodded sadly.
The wooer left running after the child and had never returned back.

A wanderer called a holy man came along.
He made April promise she wouldn't tell his secret to anyone and drew closer.
"If the truth be known, I possess no miracle powers, yet everyone is longing for me to come. Why a witch like you has it! Hand that unholy power over to me!"
The wanderer strokes his white beard and brakes down in tears.
"I just wanted children to laugh."
And April said to the man.
Your Holiness, if my cursed power is something I can give away, I'll gladly do it.
When he saw her reached out hand, he hung his head.
"No. I don't need such a dreadful thing. The man you see is just a dodderer with skillful hands. Now I can't even move my fingers properly, can't make even one doll. The gold that I used to gave away has run out. Please, don't call me holy."
Then you die as a human.
Even with that children will laugh whenever they remember about you.
"Ha-ha! Do you really think I'll believe the words of a witch?"
The man burst out laughing.
Ending a long journey, the man died a lonely death, but they say, he was called a saint.

A gravely ill woman came running inside.
Hated by her dearest person, having her house burned down, she had no other place to go.
As if an old rag, she cowered in a corner of the room.
"Don't touch me. Don't look at me. Let me alone if you don't want to fall ill with this disease."
I'm a witch. No disease will show mercy to me.
April put her to bed and tenderly looked after her.
The woman's hands were still getting colder, April takes hold of them and says.
I'm a witch. I can give you a body with that you will live longer than anyone, if that is your wish.
However, the woman suffered long enough and didn't want to recover anymore.
"Thank you. Please, let me die now."
She had died. April cried.

A merchant paid her a visit. A self-proclaimed greatest merchant in the world.

“You’re asking me about my wish? That’s what I should be asking!”

The merchant started spouting about articles he brought with him.

Gently smiling, April listened to everything he was saying till the end.

I have nothing. I need nothing.

“What a joke! Whether it’s something you want to have or want to do, just say it and I’ll deliver anything you order.”

Just spending my days peacefully in this room, looking after flowers in the courtyard and talking to you is enough for me.

“That can’t be true!”

The merchant resented as if being taken for an idiot.

“You must have something to worry about, too. What would you do if you suddenly got injured? You’ll need medicine. To drive away a burglar this musket works like a charm! You are so beautiful, but no match for an advancing age.

With this mystery ointment you can preserve your youth.”

I have nothing. I need nothing.

“I’m the greatest merchant in the world. I can’t back away without selling even one thing! I have a pride of my own.”

I understand. If that is your wish.

I’ll take everything you have. And this is the compensation.

The merchant suffered all misfortune as well as previously unfamiliar and unimaginable, devastating inhuman deeds that suddenly welled up in his heart.

His hair turned white that very instant and he wandered off the room staggering like a living ghost.

Two village girls, Juniper and Haneju, dropped by.

“Look! I told you there was a witch!”

“I’ve never said I didn’t believe you. Of course there are witches here and there. What I meant was whether that ghost story was true or not.”

Haneju apologized to April.

“Please, don’t get mad at us, Mistress. We’ll bid you farewell soon.”

“Hey, look! What a lovely tea set!”

Sighing, Haneju told about how troubling her companion is when she carelessly scatters things around, while Juniper selfishly said that she is thirsty.

Juniper had several cups of black tea, messed up the room and Haneju reluctantly cleaned that up.

April did nothing.

A quack paid her a visit.

He examined her, took a sample of her hair, blood, nails, flesh, skin, all in all each and every part of her body, then announced his conclusion.

“You are sick. You need to be immediately hospitalized. Today would be good.”

Writing something in the patient’s record he said out loud - ‘Like a living specimen!’
I’m not ill. I’m a witch.

“That is your illness. You have a witch syndrome. Your body might look healthy, but your heart is suffering. You are harming yourself staying in this dim room, breathing this stagnant air. It’s my duty as a doctor to cure you back to health.”

In the end, he gave her a sedative and tried to drag her out of the room.

Mister doctor, please leave.

I don’t want to go outside.

I don’t want to hurt anyone. And more than anything I don’t want to get hurt.

I don’t want to cross paths with the world again.

The quack didn’t take notice of April’s plea.

He left the room being a mass of hair, blood, nails, flesh, skin, anyway different parts of the body he had become.

An invisible dog came along.

There was nothing but its breathing and a scratching sound of claws on the floor.

Its fur shaggier than a broom. And an unpleasant smell as that of an eye mucus.

Whenever April found and picked it up, the dog bit her and run away. So April decided to leave it alone.

On a stormy night, the dog got frightened, went to the door and started to howl.

Someone else was out there. No one can approach the room except on April 1st, a living thing that is.

And again on a snowy night, lying by the fireplace the dog suddenly jumped up, went to the door and started howling. Someone left leaving only a faint sound of the snow.

—— One year later, at daybreak.

I can hear how someone knocks with a staff on a stone at the entrance.

The dog showed itself faintly and stood quietly by the door.

April asked the dog.

Are you sure you want to forgive a person precious to you?

Barking, the dog pressed its nose against the door.

She opened the door slightly and with a little disappointed saw the dog off.

Witch April lived together with a familiar, that being the only exception.

An unpopular artist came along.

The artist hysterically screamed tearing his hair.

"I want to paint a picture no one has ever seen before. A picture that magnificent people will be impressed with, awed by and remember for their lifetime."

A unique picture.

April doesn't understand what kind of picture that might be.

So she asks. What kind of paintbrush do you need to paint it?

"I need a rare brush! Firm as an iron and as pliable as a flame. And with a true colors on its tip."

What size of canvas will suffice?

"Huge! But not only huge, it must be woven with threads of faith and atonement. One that reaches the end of an ocean on each lighting flash of a brush."

A fervent speech of the artist suddenly weakened and he clung to April's knees in confusion.

"Forgive me! Punish me! How can there be such things. That's my megalomania. I shouldn't have wished for something like that."

April started comforting him.

I wonder if there is a wish in this world one must not wish for, even if it cannot be granted.

Shedding a tear, the artist nodded, respectfully kissed her palm and left.

Murmuring that he will paint his ideal picture whether it will take a lifetime to finish.

Bloodsucking princess May flew in and rested her red wings.

"Thou art of the kind" - said May. She was also a daughter of heresy with a fate to live forever.

Two of them spent the day talking about flowers of the courtyard, their favorite tea and other childish things.

"Someday, even God who cursed you will perish."

May flew away saying so in the end.



A reader dropped by.
That is you.

On April 1st, the room of witch April opens and invites visitors in.
However, she has just fallen asleep on the couch.

How about you wait until she wakes up if you are not in a hurry?

While we wait, let's play a game.

A dream escapes her nap and gently touches you on the cheek.

What kind of impression did you get? Choose an appropriate word.

[Cork Washboard Balsamic vinegar Wheat harvest Queen The Death]

Now, choose a word that has a strong connection with the first one.

[Soap Fishing Wine Hill path Scythe Maypole Bee]

Pick out a word below, that shows its ability and true nature.

[To run To sting To announce To rustle To be fragrant To sing]

And the last one. Choose a word that precisely applies to its ability.

[Alchemist Water mill Rose Quadrille Cowered wagon Puppet show]

Did you choose well? Let's see what we have.

"Puppet show", right?

— Pardon me. Seems like I have disappointed you.

Look, April has woken up.

Somewhat lonely, but kindly looking into your eyes she waits for you to call out to her.

If your wish is something you can put into the right words, then it's just about granted.

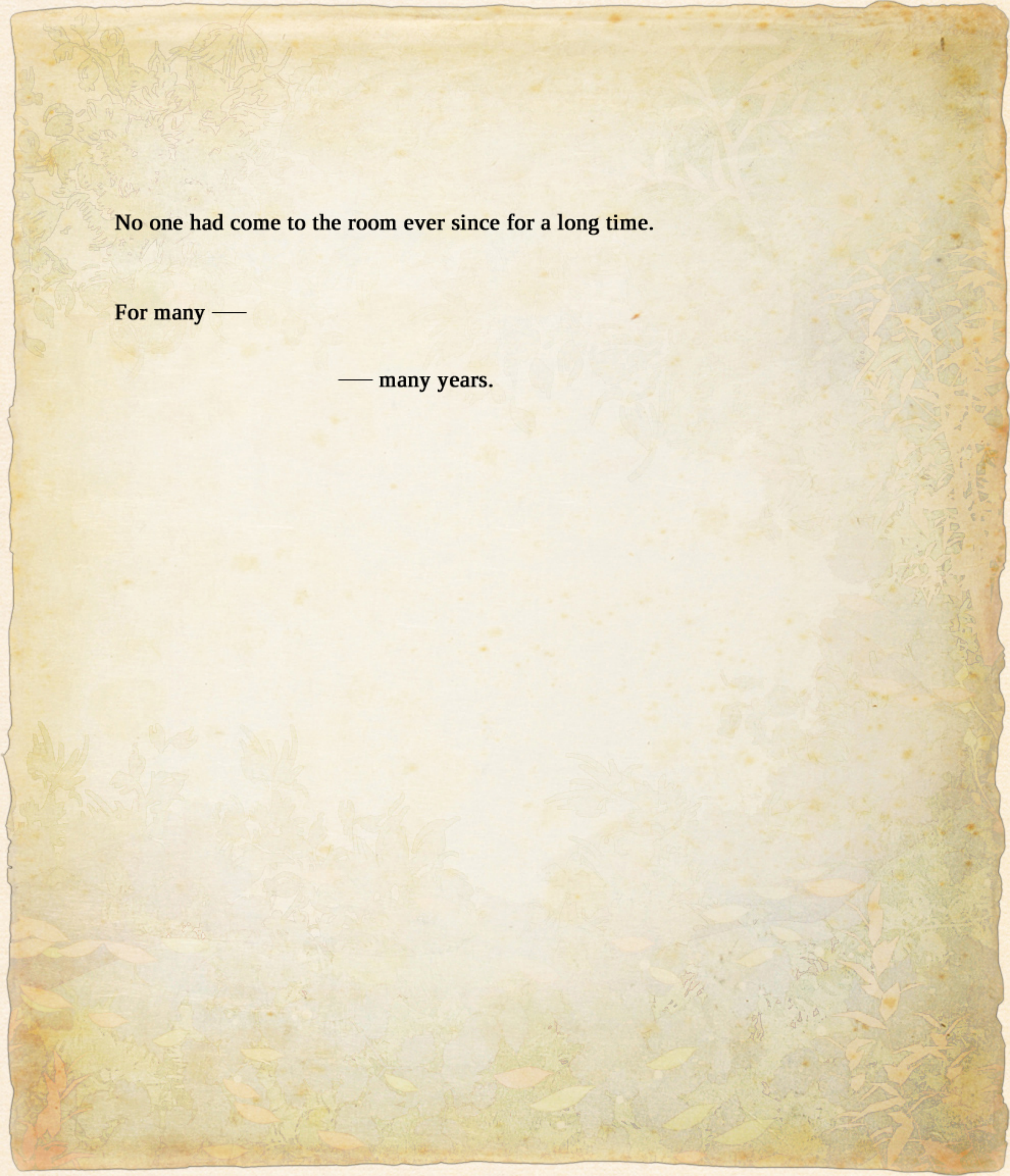
Even if it's a lie.

A true wish is something that difficult to find than to grant.

April smiles.

Suddenly, she was holding a rose in the palm of her hand.





No one had come to the room ever since for a long time.

For many —

— many years.

Fool came along.

“Hello! My name is Fool. And you are April, right?”

Tell me your wish and I...

Fool stopped her from saying more.

“You don't have to speak a word.”

He was aimlessly wandering around the room all day.

“I want to come here again.”

Saying so in the end, he returned to the world.

Fool came again next year.

And next year, and the year after that.

One year he brought a mechanical musical instrument.

Together they danced to the instrument's melody.

Fool was unbelievably awful dancer, but April asked him many times to be her partner that day.

One year they walked in the courtyard garden together.

A garden that small it takes less than a minute to go around it.

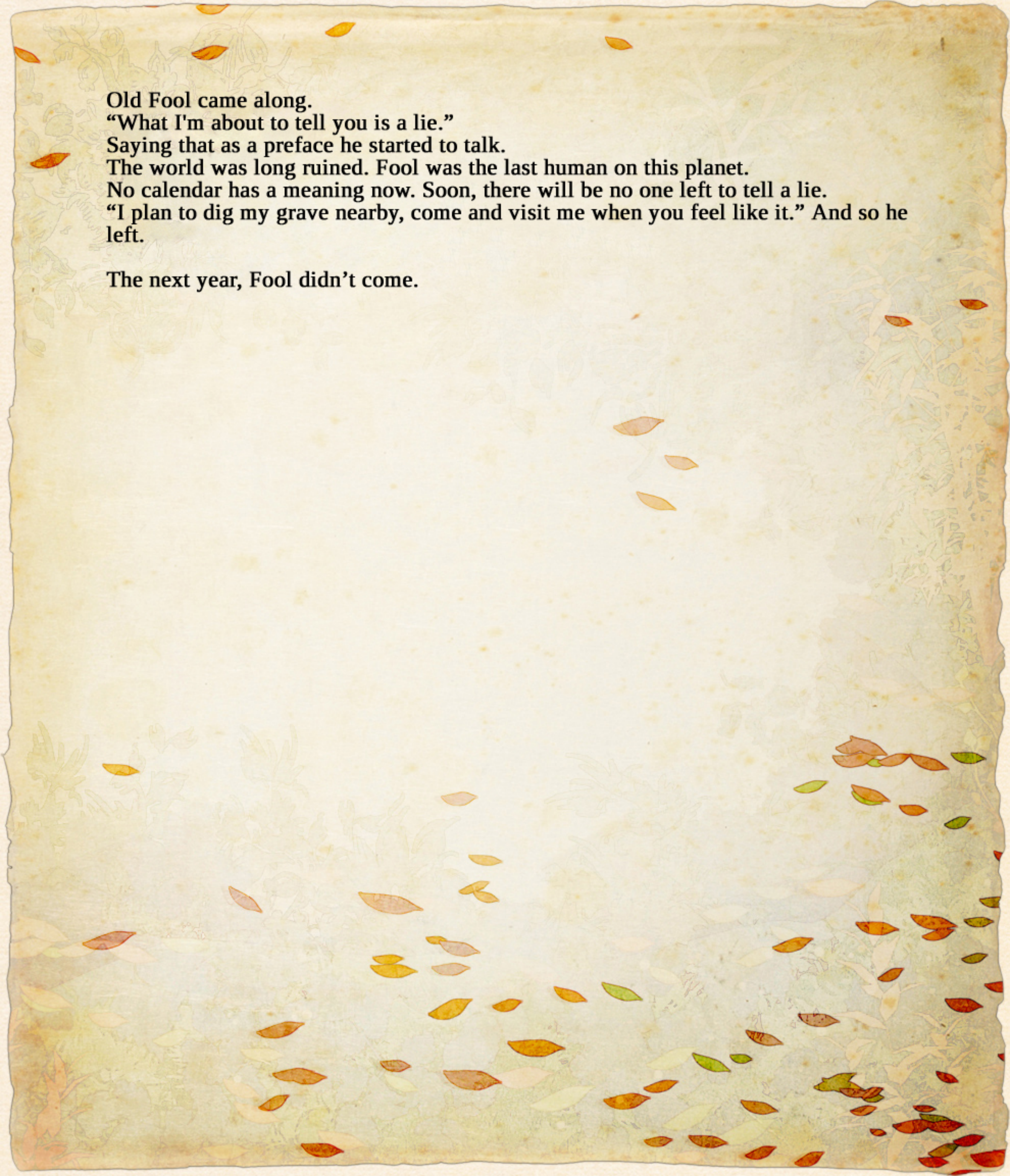
Fool knew a lot about flowers growing there.

He loved plants very much. Just listening to him talking about different flowers made April happy.

One year April treated him to her cooking.

Something not created with magic, but she herself had grown ingredients and cooked from them.

Fool looked serious, the taste was unfamiliar to him. Though, he held out his bowl over and over, asking for more.



Old Fool came along.

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

Saying that as a preface he started to talk.

The world was long ruined. Fool was the last human on this planet.

No calendar has a meaning now. Soon, there will be no one left to tell a lie.

“I plan to dig my grave nearby, come and visit me when you feel like it.” And so he left.

The next year, Fool didn't come.

Next morning —

April was surprised when she left her room and saw people living peacefully.

Everyone was immortal and had a power to freely grant his own wish.

Visiting a small graveyard, April found Fool's grave.

He was the last one to die on this planet.

Offering his favorite flowers, April sat on her knees before the gravestone.

"O God. I was a witch, but now I'm not."

I'm April. You are Fool.

Witch April is dead.

Ende.

