

Circus Maladia ~Sidestory: Edvard

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A short, sidestory for the actual novel of mine.

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Chapter 1 - Edvard

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1 - Edvard

He opened his eyes, blinking the long lashed eyelids of his from the filth, as if he had just woken up. The sight was dark, yet bright. Familiar folk went around through the stalls. The noises of children could be heard from afar, accompanied by merry carnival music. He raised the veil from his face. Ah, this familiar place.. He had been here before. It all started here and it all also had ended here. He watched how people walked past him, some astonished, some suspicious, some horrified. But not at his sight. No, it was the carnival in general, that circus.

He chuckled and let the veil down back over his face. Walking through the mass of people, he rubbed his left arm and bended his neck. He really didn't know where he was going. Maybe it didn't matter, he had already been dead. The reason how come he walked through all those stalls now was beyond his knowledge. He wasn't sure at all.

Quickly gazing at his side, he noticed a stall where there were cotton candy and other candies being sold. Cotton candy.. He liked green cotton candy. So did Nene. Oh, Nene.. He felt how the memory stung from the inside. So, he carried on his way.

He soon arrived to the front of a small ferris wheel. This place was filled with memories and they all began to return to him little by little. He opened his left hand. Inside it, he found a worn, white eye-patch. His lips trembling a little as he sighed, he bound the patch over his right eye.

The air was cool and his skin soon became goosebumped. He rubbed his bare arms, keeping his look on the ferris wheel.

"Aren't you cold?" he heard a voice by his side.

Startling, he turned to his right, just to find a girl standing there. Her messy hair that conformed with the wind was the color of cotton candy and her make-up seemed like after raining - worn and wiped. The girl seemed to feel a little cold herself too, even though she was wearing oversized, black jacket of woollen material.

"A little" he finally answered.

"I haven't seen you here before. Are you working in the circus too?" the girl asked.

He sighed. "I am and was.."

The girl was silent for a moment. "I myself am quite new in the circus and I still don't know many people here except Berri. He took me under his wing"

Ah, Berri.. He remembered Berri. Berri was pretty close to him. The girl was in good hands, that's for sure.

He continued staring at the ferris wheel, pulling up the thick gauzes that covered his arms a little.

"You wanna go to the ferris wheel?"

He turned to the girl again. Pretty adorable this girl here. How come a creature like her had ended up in this circus? Maybe he didn't know her well yet..

He chuckled. "Why not?"

Led by the girl, they passed by the security guard.

"My name is Mika, by the way." the girl said suddenly. "What's yours?"

"Edvard."

They sat down on an open gondola and shut the railing, before the machine continued to move on. As the wheel turned and their gondola rose, Edvard looked over the scenery below. He swept the veil from his face again, on his shoulders. Everything could be seen so clear. Those familiar sights.. He still remembered it all. How could he ever forget? He gazed at Mika, who folded her legs against her chest and wound her arms around them, curling almost into a lump beneath the woollen cloth. "Hmh.. you remind me of Nene."

"Who is Nene?"

"She is.. was a girl, who I used to see.. She's dead now." Saying those words was hard.

"What happened to her?"

Insolent brat.. But that also reminded Edvard of Nene - oh, his sweet Nene.. "She was taken away from me and killed one cold night. She died in my arms."

"I'm sorry.."

Edvard chuckled. "Don't be, it wasn't your fault.. It was those rotten humans, who wore the mask of piety." The last words tasted bitter.

Mika stared at him, as if waiting. Waiting for him to tell more. What an amusing creature. Well, maybe he had to tell. There was nothing to hide. "Nene was a sweet human girl, but she was everything else than just sweet. She was.. I don't know how to say it. She seemed like she wasn't from this world. Yes, she was beautiful, decadent.. Infernal, if you ask me. I could never forget how we met right here, in this ferris wheel. Yes, right this ferris wheel and in this gondola. Gondola number 6."

Mika glanced around her at the gondolas before and behind. On their sides there were number 5 on one and 7 on the other. So this was the gondola number 6 they were sitting in.

"People often saw us together here at the circus' carnival. She followed with the circus wherever it went.. But then also came the time, when our tour reached outside Finland. It was hard for Nene to follow and I

didn't dare to leave her. Just before the circus' departure over the boarder of Finland to Russia, I managed to beg for a sort of a vacation from our ringmaster. My part in the tour wouldn't have been big anyway and a substitute for me was found rather easily. You know Hermanni, our fortuneteller? He seemed quite nervous about my departure and not before now I know why.. You see, I was pretty well known in a couple of communities, mainly because of negative impressions and suspicion. Some of these communities were highly religiously fundamental: they despised me and observed everything I did. I walked in around cities rather often, you see. And the members of those communities soon came to know about Nene. Nene had participated a couple of riots long ago and she was accused of shameless arsons and who knows what else. I was the only one, who knew Nene was completely innocent."

Mika listened silently.

Edvard swallowed, before he continued. "We - Nene and I - were supposed to meet here at the carnival square, right at this ferris wheel, at the night of the circus' departure. I was dressed in my best for the occasion. But.. as soon as I arrived here, there was a group of people, who were surrounding a body that was lieing on the ground. I couldn't see their faces, they were all masked and wearing black. I almost paralyzed as I realized the body in the middle of the group being Nene's, barely breathing, beaten and bleeding. I tried to stop the gang from kicking her anymore and for that I got a knife in my eye." Edvard gestured his eye-patch. He could still remember how it felt as the cold blade invaded right in the middle of his eyeball - how it twisted a little to the side as someone striked at him.

"I also recieved two knife impacts on my chest as one of the humans said 'that served her right' and 'get going while you still can or you will end up the same as her'.. They soon left, leaving me alone with Nene's body. I didn't care about what happened to me anymore and I quickly tore the knife from my eye, so I could take Nene in my lap.." Edvard's speech slowed down and his voice seemed weak. "I barely recognized her anymore. Her face was covered in slash wounds, bruises and blood. Her body was so lifeless and indolent. She smiled and touched me with a broken tip of her finger, her breath hissing. I knew what she was about to say, so I prohibited her from speaking.. Heh, do you want to know what were her last words?"

The question was unnecessary, but Mika nodded her eyes still attached to Edvard.

"She said: 'Let's go to the ferris wheel once more', just like in the old times, just like a child.. And she closed her eyes and sank in my arms.." The memory cramped from the inside, but he managed to keep it in leash. His eyes watering up a little, he looked into the distance. "Then I carried her right in this gondola.. The night was cold and I was totally freezing, but I could still feel how warmly my own blood continued to bleed. I thought that if this was how it was meant to happen, so be it. Just as long as I could be with Nene in that moment.. The next morning the news narrated how two bodies were found frozen in a ferris wheel.." And so Edvard finished his tale.

He looked at Mika and saw how she looked back understanding. Mika was still such a young humanbeing and she still hadn't went with the circus for so long, he assumed. Even though he sensed small astonished at his tale in Mika he also sensed her understand that what Berri must have taught her. "When some thing happens or exists, that information is enough for me. I'm not interested in how it all is possible, because all the things in this world cannot be explained by the aid of science." was what Berri used to say. That saying clearly started to sink into Mika too.

"You were really close, you and Nene." Mika replied softly and sniffed.

"Oh yes, yes we were.." Edvard sighed warm steam and swallowed to keep the tears inside.

Then, the machinery stopped.

Mika turned to the side. She saw Laura waving at her from afar. "Seems like I have to go now." she informed Edvard. "It was nice to meet you, Edvard. I hope you and Nene will find peace together."

Edvard smiled faintly as Mika stood out from the gondola. "Thank you.. I appreciate that."

Mika turned to him. "Aren't you coming?"

Edvard shook his head. "I'll stay for a while, you go ahead."

"Alright then." Mika smiled gently. "Bye then." and by saying that she took off.

"Bye then.." Edvard bid farewell, silently, even though he knew Mika wouldn't hear. It didn't matter.. Edvard smiled by himself as he watched Mika leave his sight.

The machinery started to move again.

Mika arrived to Laura. "There you are, I looked all over for you. Come, we have to go to prepare something." Laura spoke as she took Mika by the hand.

Mika turned around for a moment to have a glance over at the ferris wheel. There, in the gondola number 6, she saw Edvard sleep. By his side there slumbered another figure. The figure was rotten and rigid. The bright light of forenoon dazzling from behind the gray clouds, those two were leaning to each other in an embrace, both frozen. They were bluish with the white frost covering their dead bodies. Mika smiled. They seemed so beautiful together.

"Come on already, we have to go." Laura hurried.

Obedying, Mika turned and followed after the mother-figure of the circus.

And so, for the one last time, Edvard and Nene were found together on a cold forenoon, frozen, dead, in the ferris wheel, in the gondola number 6.

~Fin