

# Jane World: Midniyte's Minis - Walking Between Tales

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JANE WORLD  
Midniyte's Minis  
By M.D.R Gregg  
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**JANE'S BRAIN** A young lady with dark hair sat in the chair on the stage, alone and silent with a spotlight focused on her. She was not the same. She was more than she was before. It seemed like all of those she had become had a mind of their own. They all thought with her mind. She was deep in these thoughts as she stared at her knees. Jane was a simple name. She was in a plain blue dress in a blue chair. Her dark, trouble-free haircut was smooth and shined in the light. Some of the things and people that used to loved her wandered through her mind as she stared into her lap, drooping her head. She muttered incomprehensibly, "Could they still love me or ever do so again? Some cannot. Some loved me only." As she straightened herself up, someone cleared their throat out in the audience. She could only see the lights and the people were silent in the darkness behind them. She squared her shoulders and lifted her chin straight ahead. "It is worth the power and skill to be this," she said, and grabbed her shirt where the buttons met, holding on tightly and shoving her arms sternly to force people to look. She then rustled her fists and the dress tightened across her chest... "No one else has managed it." She stood up. "Taking evil from this world by being the most of what you can be." Jane walked around the chair and clutched the top of its back tightly as she stood straight with her feet apart, one on each side of the chair's legs. She thought of the past and all her impossible matches, and could see them merging whilst she stood there. She put her hands on her ribs and pushed them down across her stomach, mimicking a birth; then her open hands went out to the blackness behind the bright heated lamps. "I taught love where it could not go before, and now I find it new again. A new love." Children ran out on to the stage at this point. They were holding statues, suitcases and posters. As they surrounded her, they presented what they held to the audience before trading some of them and posing again. They all got close to Jane and for a moment she laughed, but she masked her face back to stern. "I am new from the old."

**GHOST VOICE** Across the scene of roofs and tiles, Jane sat upon a chimney. This chimney rose high above the rest and there she nested. The houses went on like a sea before her. She thought of her new opinions of the past and felt ok that it made everything a little less known than before. She had been put back together now. She had found all her pieces. That was quite an important feat. As she adjusted her seating, she could feel the illusions inside her falling away and she let them go; she could tell what they were now. She could hear the voice of the ghost again and he seemed to somehow belong with her. "How?" She questioned. She could see him rising behind the bare trees. The leaves on the ground rustled in the wind. She watched the branches, just below where she sat, swaying back and forth and his vision became clearer until she could see his eyes looking

back at her. She could hear other spirits whispering behind his moans. She spoke to him: "I've said goodbye to the past as I once knew it. I know it is different from the way my wounded self remembered. Now that I have healed more, I am a stranger in my own past." "I also say goodbye to the past." He said and waved his hand; it became clearer as he waved and she could see his fingers now. Jane opened her arms and he walked through the tree to hold her where she sat, high above the other buildings. As he reached her, he went straight through her. She felt the chill. She looked back at the tree and said, "My roots are with this healing tree." He again appeared behind the branches. The motion detecting porch light hit the crystal tear that was falling down his cheek. "We are to be held separate now." His voice was so sad that she could feel him as if he had walked through her again. "We are healed for the one we are with now." "You are not alive. Who could you be with now?" She asked. "She is not out tonight." He started to fade. "These new walls from where I sit are built from the fire from then." She called after him as he was disappearing. His form pulled back to her for a moment. "Even under my smile today,..." his face became clearer than she had seen and his lips curled into a loving smile, "I am warm." Then he was gone. The wind became still and she could hear dogs barking in the distance. OLD MAGIC DOOR Jane stood on the porch that was overgrown with vines. In front of her, the door was locked and the knob was rusted stiff. The hinges were bent back and not fastened to the wall. The breaking open had already begun - she only needed to finish it. She put her hands on the upper hinge and she pulled, using all her bodily strength. Some slivers popped and cracked. She stopped and stared at the door for a while. She could feel the need to sing stirring in the depths of her heart. Jane covered her mouth with her hand as she sung, then lifted her other hand and tore at the one clamped on her mouth. Her lyrics had become muffled screams instead of a clear voice from her heart now. She found both her hands clamping her mouth now. Jane chose not to give up and continued singing under her hands. She found that this helped her fingers slide off of her face and she swung her arms open wide. The song was in the beats of her heart and her notes bounced off of the door. Thinking as fast as she could between the pulses, she held her note. A light glowed from behind the door and filtered out around the edges and through the cracks of the wood. The knob creaked as it turned and then the lock popped, making her jump back down the first step as the door fell flat and allowed her entrance. She could smell the sweet smells of a bakery as the now darkened entryway vibrated. She knew the elves were inside; this was their scent. MAGIC PATH The stones would move up out of the mud only long enough for Jane to step on them, then she had to jump onto the next one not knowing where in front of her another would appear. The mud did not move or make any sound before it appeared. There was no clue and she could only rely on her experience and instinct. She wanted to look behind her but she would miss her next step. If she did not jump when the next stone appeared, the one she was on would disappear. She would fall into the dangerous, thick liquid. All she saw was the woman on the embankment. Jane has been watching her as she took her first step and all the leaps that brought her here to the middle. Moving forward, she could feel all their eyes upon her. On the other shore was a statue of a woman. As Jane got closer, details appeared in the carvings and the figure was beginning to look a lot like herself. The eyes were closed and hands out, as if ready to help Jane when she climbed out of the mud when she arrived at the edge. "I am all three. I am the three divine: The many steps of my past, my leaping moment here and the woman frozen in marble on the other side." She saw the statue smile as she said this. The stones on the path began to change from flat river rocks to sharp shining crystals. Now, they emerged permanently in a path before her. Sharp and uneven, she had time to climb safely onto them despite their edges. They were growing from the statue like roots into the ground and back out of the mud. As Jane got closer, they began to glow and warm from the very core of life. Jane reached out for the statue and the statue's chest glowed from the heart. The stone under her fingers thawed and she looked down to her hands to find that they were the same as the statue's hands. The past versions of her were gone now, across the mud. She was no longer frozen or stone. She liked this blue dress better than the one she had been wearing. JANE'S RAY Ray was tall, skinny and pale. His hair was dark and so were his eyes. He stood high on the mountain's edge, admiring the view and watching the distant city as a leader would. He was at the top in his skills. God to some, but a leader in title?...not so much. Captain Ray was nothing but a male nymph.

He was beautiful, young, slight and male, despite what people thought a nymph would be. Perhaps it was how much Jane penetrated his thoughts that turned him to nymph. She was what he was showing his power for. She had a strong love to give to the world and he was happy to be on the path to receive it. He remembered when he first met her. She was standing on the bank of a river of mud, wearing a long blue velvet dress and glowing with the goddess from within, as strong women do. He was sure she was not really this goddess, at least most of the time, but there was no other way to describe the presence she forced upon anyone she met. Ray held the pendant on his chest and his thoughts went to when she was wearing it and holding him under the stars. She took it off and put it around his neck to keep him protected from knowing her. He felt the power in it from holding her. He was more secure with it and was looking forward to that surge of energy he knew may come again. The back of his mind settled on whether the surge had ever left and he wondered if he would feel anything else if he was with her again. He remembered how Jane was ok with the pressure of saving so many. She knew it was the only path she'd want to travel. "I am the artist to create this healing for all. For All!" She had said and kissed him. She had then grabbed her dress and walked away into the darkness. JANE'S TEARA long dark curl fell across Jane's sight and she moved it behind her ear. She felt the pressure of being both the light and a force of peace. She could feel her heart in her thoughts and as she fought overwhelming feelings, a tear fell down her face. Her foot was hidden in the overgrown path as she contemplated going off of the trail. The clues were on the trees. This was the way she needed to go. She was not sure if this search was important enough to keep her from the city today. They expected her to fight at sunset in the market square. In the distance, through the bare trees, she could see the sunlight reflecting on the shiny rocks of the cave that she knew had to be there. She knew that Ray would battle for her if she did not make it back. This was something she needed do in order to finally leave the city. Ever since the magical barrier had trapped them, the people were getting stressed and starting fights over almost anything. It wouldn't matter that there was enough food because after a while, everyone would be dead. They needed freedom. They needed structure. They couldn't leave. All the soldiers were slaughtered. There was a ship of kings just outside the harbor. They bickered to find out who would remove the barrier first as well as how to remove the barrier; for surely that would reward them the city of Starfram. Jane rustled in the dried weeds and halted before a hole. The sun overhead reflected on the water deep down in the sudden gape. "I still feel that tear inside me, for I am also the tear and the feeling. I am also the place it dwells." She walked around the pit and back toward the trees in order to get to the cave. The polished marble displayed the entrance with tall black doors. She looked at the lock and remembered Ray had her talisman. "Old man of the mountain, let me in!" she said, then pounded on the door. There was an echo of drumming behind them. A click and a creak, then the door was cracked. VULTURE'S MESSAGEShe saw the shadow flying along the grass. Jane looked up and saw the vulture. There was only one. She listen to see if he was calling for his friends but he was silently flying ahead. The road went under the mountain and the ground vibrated with the energy from the earth. The bird flew over the mountain as she was stepping inside it. "How many lives have I lived in this one life of mine?" She muttered as she left the surface. "I am new here and I've been here before." The place was familiar to her. The energy even more so. The ground led her deeper more than it did forward. She could hear the calling from far in front of her. "You are not silent anymore, friend. So, what are you trying to tell me?" She could smell the dirt. It was powerful. She liked it. It made her want to sleep in it. Jane yawned and started walking slower. She pushed on, knowing she could sleep when she met up with Ray. Her pace was leveling and she could see the floor slanting upward a bit further ahead. She knelt down. "Maybe just a little rest. It smells so good and I feel so warm." Again, the bird called. She was dreaming of Ray kissing her forehead. "Jane." She could hear him so clear. "Jane." She opened her eyes to see a masked figure over her. She felt herself lift into the air as this person stood up. The scent was inviting and her eyes began to close again. He kicked the bones out of the way and ascended to the other side of the mountain. She was dreaming of Ray holding her once more. The fresh air woke her and she saw Ray sitting beside her, holding the mask. "Val told me you entered the sleeping mountain." "Val?" She asked. From high in the bare tree, a large vulture swooped down to sit upon Ray's shoulders. "Val. My pet." She

remembered him calling. "Thank you, Val." The bird filled the air with his caw. JANE = ENAJ She reached out to the reflection and pulled her vision from it, and they both now stood beside each other. "What is your name?" Jane asked. "Enaj," she said. "The mirror image of my name. That is incredible. You are amazing. I know I must already love you." Jane said. "I love you too," said Enaj. They held each other tight and they were both crying from the relief of finding someone who loved them as they loved themselves. "I love Ray, but this is different," Jane cried. "And I love Yar." Jane laughed into Enaj's hair. Enaj looked back at the reflecting glass. "Can I return?" Jane looked at it too. They both touched it and their hands could push the air like liquid. "We could both go." "Stay here for a while. I need you to go the rest of the way through the chamber." Jane said. "OK. I can do that. I needed to find the box too." Enaj smiled and took Jane's hand, then they walked toward the stone arch that read above it *Only double can cross or they will be double-crossed.* "This is perfect." The carpet was black velvet and so were the walls and ceiling. The room at the end of the hall glowed with a faint blue light. They walked softly, cautiously feeling the floor as they went. Their soft boots could feel almost as if they were barefoot and their hands could feel how smooth the walls were. The room haloed from the energy of the floating key before them. Jane stopped her hand as she reached out for it and it reflected all the stones of the room. Her hand did not appear on it. She found her fingers moving through the strange magical metal. Enaj raised her hand and instead of touching it, her hand went inside. "I think the only way is for me to go back inside and become your likeness again." Jane looked at her with tears swelling in her eyes. "I wanted to know you more." Said Jane. "You already do," said Enaj. With that, she allowed her hand to be swallowed up and the rest of her image followed. Jane held tight to the giant key. "I love you," she said to her image. VAL'S REQUEST "Val? Is that you? What are you doing here?" Jane asked as she got out of bed and went to the window where the giant bird flew. It perched and cawed again. "Is Ray ok?" With that question, the vulture turned and glided across the field to the tree on the other side and waited for her. Jane slipped on her boots and her blue dress, then grabbed her knife and ran down the two flights of stairs. She pulled her wrap around her as the crisp air hit her and she saw Val still waiting for her, in the tall lonely tree at the end of the garden path. When she was close, the bird took off again. It floated further toward the village and paused for her in another tree; so it went on, until they were far past the last cottage. She could hear women singing in the distance. It was a melody of notes without words. She began running faster toward the songs. Val understood she knew where to go and flew on ahead and out of sight. The stones that met the opening gleamed with the campfire inside. She knew this place well. She had been to the cavern to seek the hags' wisdom. Jane stepped inside and saw Ray tied to a stake and unconscious. The three beautiful women turned to her and faded into the old women she recognized. "What are you doing here Jane? We are busy, come ask your question on the morrow." Val perched on the top of Ray's pole and sang his own song of mourning. "This is my lover and he sent me to help him." Jane said. The women looked at each other and began singing again. Jane felt nauseous and her skin bumped with the chill they beckoned, despite the fire near her. He was just on the other side, with the flame shadows dancing across his peaceful face. "Step aside now!" They stopped singing again and eyed her. They remembered the messages they had given her before and knew she would be hard to stop. "No men shall enter here. How shall we enforce this if one escapes impending death?" They said as one, for they always talked in unison. "You have my word he will never tell." They wished for her to remain their ally. Val continued his sad melody. One sister left the group and turned young before her, walking over to Ray. She rose up and blasted his head with energy and his eyes opened to white slits, then closed again with a drop of drool out of his mouth. She pulled on the ropes. They all untied and he fell to the ground. Val flew off into the darkness that lay beyond the stone walls. Jane ran to Ray and lifted him over her shoulder and struggled on her path to exit. "Keep your word Jane or their will be two impending messages promised upon you." they called after her. With that, everything disappeared including the fire. All that remained was the faint smell of burnt wood.

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Jane is a young woman on an adventure through a distant, magical world. Follow her and her friends on their travels as they help out those in need and fight off the unexpected.

Jane World is an enchanting, endearing and compelling compilation of short stories that will leave you constantly wanting more.

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