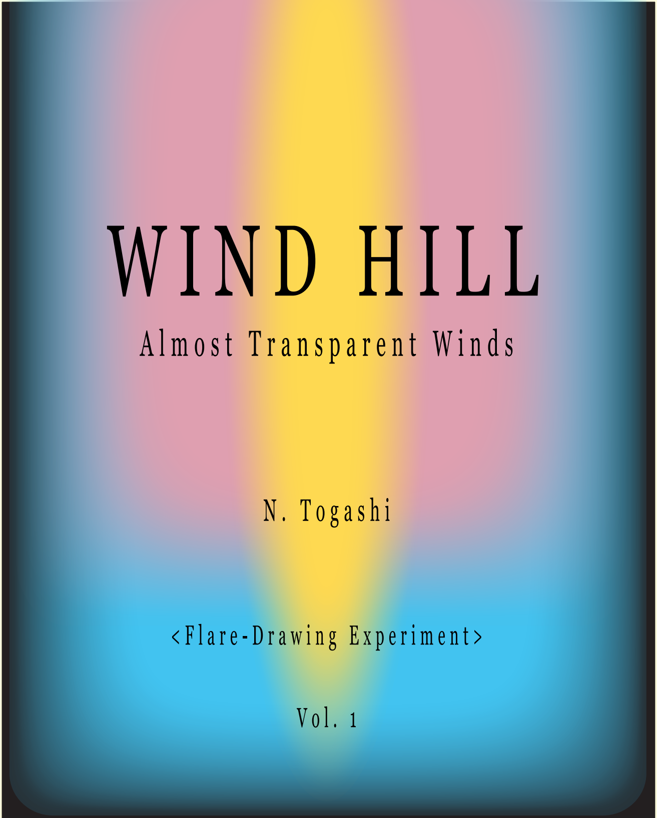


WIND HILL

Almost Transparent Winds

N. Togashi

<Flare-Drawing Experiment>

Vol. 1

0.2.2

A small bar in Miami.

PROLOGUE

You and I are inside a small bar on the outskirts of Miami.

We are floating a foot above the floor.

We see a light.

The small light becomes stronger and larger.

Soon the light fills up the entire room.

We get blinded by it.

It takes a few moments for our eyes to adjust to the light.

Do you see the faint light reveal a man's hand covering his face?
He holds his hand on his forehead.
He has dark brown hair.
He rests his elbow on a table.
Wearing a blue flannel shirt, worn jeans, and a pair of black
sneakers, he sits at the small round table.
The slight light outlines his entire body.
Like a cocoon to protect his body.
The light looks like it comes from his back.
As if he carries a candle behind him.

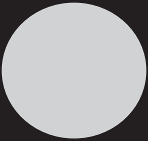
If you see
a young man
covering his face
with his hand
in a faint yellow light,

the ceremony is over.
You and I are now granted
the ability
to see flares.
It is a simple ritual,
but the only other person
who sees flares,
besides you and I,
is the man
who we are looking at before us.
No one else sees them.
And be aware of the flares.
They are usually very faint.
So you'll miss them
unless you are careful
to focus your eyes.
And to tune your heart
into them.

Now, you and I look down at ourselves.
We realize that we have become two invisible white lights.
We cannot be seen by the people in this world.

But don't get overly relaxed.
I still see you.
I see you wearing a brighter round light than I do.

And you still see me.
Though I wear a less bright round light than you.



Can you see me smiling at you?

This is the beginning,

we hear a deep-toned male voice say.

Now we give our awareness to flares.

The man in the yellow flare is Kane Scot, 27.

He is right before us, sitting at the small round table.

We hear a man's voice, which seems to wear a rose flare:

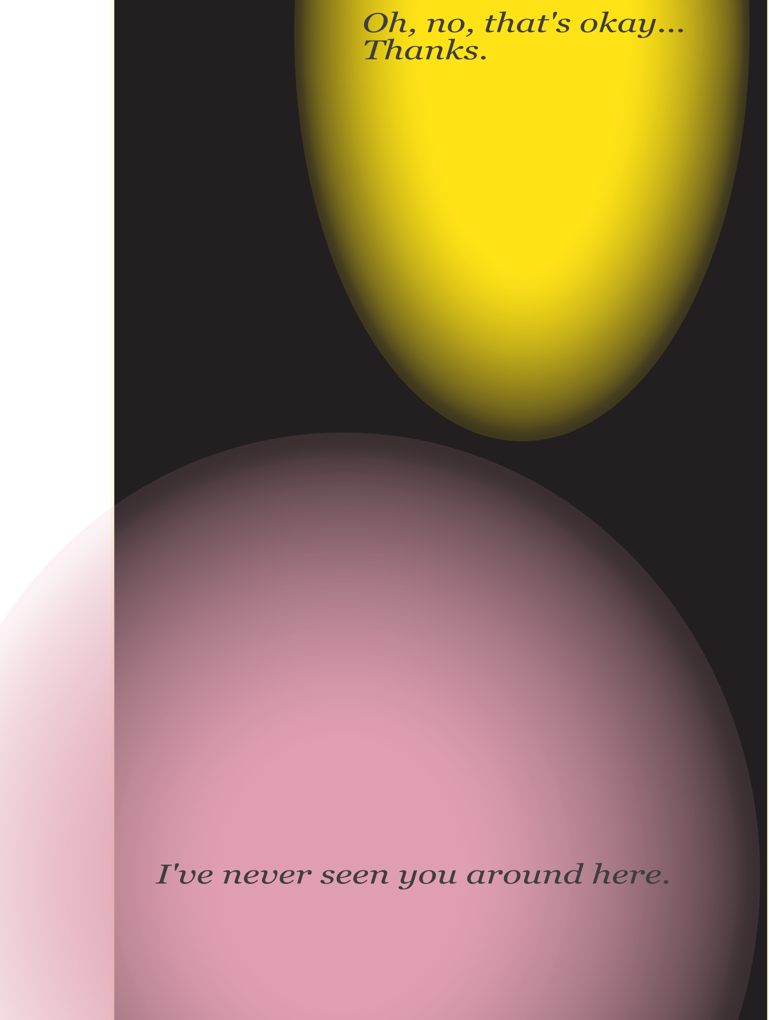
How about a drink, buddy? My treat.

Kane turns around and looks up at an African-American man.

The middle-aged man in a brown corduroy jacket smiles on a high stool at the small counter.

He has a powerful physique, but wears a rose flare.

Kane says,


Oh, no, that's okay...
Thanks.
I've never seen you around here.

Yeah...I'm just passing through.