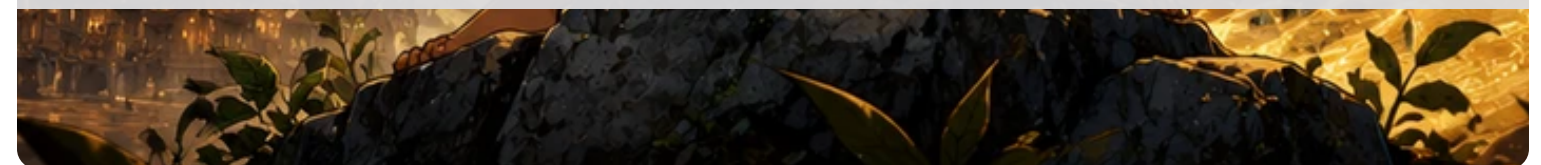




The Girl Who Wove the Morning

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In the ancient land of the islands, the sky was a canvas of endless violet dusk where neither sun nor moon ever rose. Young Tala stood by her family's nipa hut, watching the silver mist roll over the silent rice fields and the unmoving trees.



The villagers moved like shadows through the dim light, their faces etched with a weariness that came from living in a world without morning. Even the roosters remained silent on their perches, for they had long ago forgotten the call of the dawn.



While searching through her grandmother's old wooden chest, Tala discovered a shimmering piece of golden cloth that pulsed with a faint, warm heartbeat. It was a remnant of the Great Weave, a legendary fabric said to hold the essence of the very first light created by the gods.



Tala brought the glowing cloth to the village elder, who whispered ancient stories of the Bakunawa, the giant serpent that had swallowed the celestial lights. He told her that only a heart full of courage and a gift of light could find the path to the sky's hidden hearth.



With the golden cloth wrapped safely around her shoulders, Tala ventured into the deep, emerald forest where the giant ferns stood as still as stone. The bioluminescent mushrooms cast long, dancing shadows across the mossy floor as she followed a trail of faint stardust.



She reached the banks of a mirror-still river where the water didn't flow but hummed a mournful, low tune. As Tala dipped the corner of her golden cloth into the water, the surface began to ripple with sparks of forgotten fire, lighting the path forward.



In a clearing filled with ancient stone spirits, a graceful Diwata appeared from the mist, her wings tangled in thick, thorny vines of shadow. The spirit's eyes were dim and clouded, reflecting the sorrow of a world trapped in an eternal, eerie evening.



Tala used the glowing golden cloth to gently unravel the heavy shadows, each thread of light cutting through the darkness like a warm summer breeze. As the vines dissolved into smoke, the forest breathed a great sigh of relief and the air began to tingle with new energy.



The grateful Diwata rose high into the air, taking Tala's golden cloth and spinning it into two magnificent spheres of light that climbed toward the heavens. One sphere burned with a fierce, warming gold, while the other glowed with a gentle, protective pearly silver.



For the first time in generations, a brilliant golden sunrise broke over the nipa huts, painting the world in vibrant greens and deep, joyful blues. Tala watched from the hilltop as her village woke up to the warmth of the sun and the beautiful promise of a brand new day.