



The Lands III: Barra's Canvas of Memories

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The deep jungle grew quiet as Gani walked beyond the distant ridge, leaving young Barra standing beneath the towering canopy. In his small hands, Barra clutched a smooth piece of charcoal and a roll of tree bark that his mentor had gifted him. Though a sense of loneliness filled his heart, he knew Gani's teachings would stay with him forever.



Walking along the winding woodland paths, Barra listened closely to the rustling leaves and the hum of the morning breeze. He remembered Gani showing him how every sound in the forest tells a story waiting to be understood. Closing his eyes, Barra could almost hear his teacher's gentle voice guiding his footsteps through the shadows.



By the edge of a sparkling stream, Barra sat down on a mossy stone and opened his mind to the rich memories of their journey. He brought his charcoal stick to the bark, tracing the swirling patterns of the flowing water just as Gani had once shown him. With every stroke, the stream seemed to leap off the canvas and come alive.



As the afternoon sun filtered through the emerald leaves, Barra looked at the trees around him with new eyes. He began sketching the hidden shapes hidden in the gnarled roots and twisting vines, mapping the jungle's secrets. Visualizing Gani's patient instructions, he learned to draw not just what he saw, but what he felt.



Near a patch of glowing wild blossoms, Barra found a tiny forest creature lost and shivering beneath a fallen branch. Remembering the healing herbs and gentle techniques Gani had practiced, Barra carefully cradled the little animal and tended to its wounds. In that tender moment, he realized that Gani's lessons were about compassion as much as survival.



As golden twilight painted the sky, Barra discovered a grand, flat rock face hidden behind a curtain of hanging moss. Driven by a wave of creative inspiration, he decided to turn the giant stone wall into a masterpiece dedicated to his missing mentor. He began drawing grand outlines of the beasts, birds, and ancient trees of the wild lands.



Into the night, night-blooming orchids released their sweet perfume while fireflies danced around Barra like floating stars. Under the silver moonlight, Barra's hands moved with confidence, filling the stone with vivid scenes of his adventures with Gani. He imagined his teacher standing right beside him, nodding with a warm smile of approval.



The next morning, a group of curious young jungle animals gathered at the foot of the cliff, staring in wonder at the breathtaking mural. Barra stepped forward and began to explain the drawings, teaching them the wisdom of the forest just as Gani had once taught him. His heart swelled as he shared the lessons of survival, kindness, and art.



The young animals listened attentively, captivated by the stories woven into every line and shade on the stone canvas. Barra realized that through his drawings, Gani's voice was not lost, but amplified across the wilderness. The jungle was no longer a place of lonely departure, but a home filled with endless magic.



As dusk fell once more over the vast forest, Barra stood proudly on a hill overlooking the canopy, holding his chest high. He looked up at the evening star and knew that wherever Gani was, their bond remained unbroken through the art and knowledge left behind. With a hopeful smile, Barra prepared to lead the new generation into a bright tomorrow.