



The Night of the Ancestors

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LES ANCIENS



In a forgotten city far from the world's noise, the sun always sets faster than anywhere else. The golden light fades quickly, casting long shadows over the cobblestone streets as the day comes to an abrupt end.



As the sun disappears, a heavy silence falls over the city like a thick blanket. No lamps are lit and every window is shuttered, leaving the streets in a deep, living darkness that feels heavy with expectation.



A curious boy named Elian decides to stay outside despite the warnings, hiding behind a large stone fountain. He watches as the last sliver of light vanishes, his heart beating fast in the sudden chill of the evening air.



At the stroke of midnight, a gentle wind begins to swirl through the narrow alleys, carrying the scent of ancient dust. Soft murmurs rise from the shadows, sounding like thousands of voices whispering secrets from a time long forgotten.



The whispers grow into a chorus of stories, telling of the city's old kings and the people who once walked these very paths. Elian listens in wonder, realizing that the darkness is not empty but filled with the memories of the past.



Tall, shimmering silhouettes begin to emerge from the deepest shadows, their forms made of starlight and swirling smoke. They are not frightening ghosts, but majestic figures that radiate a calm and ancient power as they step into the moonlight.



These are the ancestors, the guardians of the city who return every night to watch over their descendants. They move with a slow and rhythmic grace, their eyes glowing softly with the wisdom of centuries.



The figures drift through the silent streets, placing spectral hands on the doors of the houses to offer protection. They remind the world that the living are never truly alone, and that the spirits of the past still care for the city.



Trembling with awe, Elian bows his head as a tall ancestor pauses to look at him with a gentle, knowing smile. He understands now that this sacred night is not meant to be seen by the living, but to be honored with silence and respect.



From that day on, no one in the city ever dared to challenge the night of the ancestors again. Elian grew up with a deep peace in his heart, knowing that while the sun belongs to the living, the night belongs to those who came before.