



CHAPTER 1

The Kingdom of Boxes

Mylandra's father and mother were angry at their parents, and they thought the world was unfair. They wanted to forget their miserable past and break free from their stories. They ran away from their hometown and from their country.

Mylandra was in her mother's womb then, unaware of what caused so much noise on the outside. Sometimes she could feel her mother cry, and then she would hear beautiful sounds silencing the sobbing. The music, like voices of angels, gave the woman peace.

Mylandra's father did not speak much. In the womb, the little girl often wondered if he was around.

On the road escaping their past, the father and the

mother found fields of green grass surrounded by currant trees. It was a nice land, and they decided to settle there. They dug the earth for rocks and built a castle made of quartz. They carved wood out of beech trees and erected palisades between them and the world.

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THEY BUILT A KINGDOM FOR
THEMSELVES OUT OF THEIR
HOPES AND THEIR PAIN.

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Over time, the hole was still in the heart of the woman and the cracks were still in the mind of the man. The kingdom's foundation had become unstable because the couple did not quite know who they were, nor how to repair it; they only knew how to escape. With cracks in the walls of the castle and a big hole in the main room, the castle looked quite cranky.

For you see, when the couple fled their past, they took nothing but a train full of boxes. They were the boxes of their memories: children's laughter and cries, unfulfilled dreams and disillusion, stories of powerlessness and fights. When the man and woman unleashed their boxes in their newly built kingdom, the boxes took flight, floating slowly and aimlessly above the ground. The boxes sometimes hit the palisades and pursued their strange wandering dance like abandoned balls rolling in the air. Some boxes

were small, and a child could barely fit inside. Other boxes were big like closets, and a few of them were as wide as the English garden of a hometown. Wooden boxes and boxes of metal, multicolor and dark ones, fluffy cushions and big urchins in the sky...boxes of all sorts ping-ponged randomly between the palisades.

The couple, expecting the girl in the woman's womb, thought they could escape their past. They had not thought this through and had carried the past within the boxes to their new kingdom. In trying to break free from the world, they created a prison for themselves and their child.

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THEY WERE NOW THE KING AND
THE QUEEN OF THEIR KINGDOM.
THEIR OWN PAIN WAS FUELING
ALL THEIR DECISIONS.

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The king and the queen cared more for their freedom than anything else. Though they did not know what freedom was, either.

When Mylandra was born, her mother, now queen of boxes, set a soft blanket in a cardboard box. She wanted her baby to feel safe and warm yet she didn't know exactly how to do that, for she had never received love herself.

Mylandra was born with only four fingers on each

hand. Her mother did not seem to care, but her father was horrified at the unwanted surprise. Tormented by the memories of his past, the king could not bear the vision of this child reminding him of the cracks in his mind.

The couple knew that eventually they would have to let the girl go into the world. The king told his queen that the little girl could never be loved nor find a place out there. Because of the hole in her heart, the mother did not hear what he said.

Mylandra, who was just a baby, felt the weight of her fate. As she grew from a toddler into a little girl, she did everything she could to make up for her missing thumbs. She never complained and never cried. She always obeyed her parents' every command.

Because of what her father said, a voice in the little girl's head told her she would never be loved. She did not want it to be true, and pushed away her fear of not being enough.

When Mylandra reached two years of age, her father told her to be very tough. As he felt it dangerous to have feelings, he set a new rule that no emotion was allowed in his kingdom. Therefore, no laughter and no tears were permitted around him.

The hole in the queen's heart remained. When Mylandra was near her mother, her love was only vacuumed by the hole.

The cracks and the hole did not fix themselves, so the king and the queen decided to have another child. They hoped this one would not be handicapped.

Another daughter was born. Elma had five fingers and five toes indeed, and her face was round like the moon. She was very playful. Mylandra, in comparison, was always serious, as she was afraid to do wrong.

The king decided to exile Mylandra from the castle. He kept Elma for distraction, and sent Mylandra off in one of the floating boxes.

Mylandra's box was the size of a small bedroom with a big desk and a small bed. There was a porthole in the wall from which Mylandra could see the stars at night. She felt a strong connection with the stars. Every night she tried to converse with them, asking what she was doing on this planet trapped in a box. She told the stars there had to be a mistake.

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THE STARS NEVER REPLIED;
THEY JUST KEPT SHINING.

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The king and the queen grew apart, as they had held on to each other out of misery, not out of love. As time went by, the king and queen could never agree on anything. They screamed and fought with one another, and the walls of the castle trembled.

Mylandra felt the earthquakes shaking the atmosphere from within her box. She thought of her sister alone in her room. She tried to see Elma from the tiny window, but Mylandra could never predict in which direction her window would face, or how she might move her box around. She would get a glimpse of her sister and tried to distract her as best she could, miming stories to make Elma laugh. But there was nothing she could do to rescue her sister.

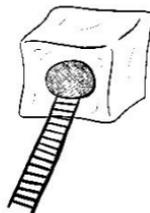
Sometimes, Mylandra felt envy that Elma received the love Mylandra would never have. But Elma was not protected and cherished like a little girl should be. From her bedroom, Elma hoped she wouldn't be so little, so that she could escape the castle to be with her big sister.

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MYLANDRA DID NOT FULLY
UNDERSTAND WHAT LOVE WAS, AND
SHE HAD FORGOTTEN WHERE SHE
CAME FROM.

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The king and the queen visited Mylandra in her box from time to time, but rarely together. To do so, they would lasso the box from the ground, tether the rope to a branch or rock, and climb up on a scale.

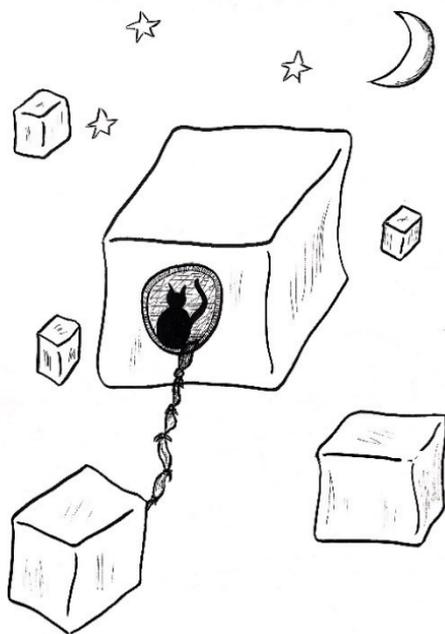


As Mylandra grew, she found a way to get into other boxes floating nearby. She fashioned a lasso of her own

with pieces of fabric collected over time. All she had to do was lasso a box and twist it until its window faced hers, and then she could slip into the other box.

A few times, Mylandra scared herself when she failed to properly secure the fabric rope, although she was not afraid of heights and wanted to be free.

Out of all the floating boxes, there were two she particularly loved. One was filled with classical music, pine trees, lavender and butterflies. The other was filled with tales and a cat, and she made a dear friend with the cat.



Mylandra loved to be hugged by the music and tell tales to the cuddly cat. She also carried with her a doll, and every time she was afraid, she told the doll not to be scared; everything would be okay, and would get better.

On occasion, Mylandra got close enough to the castle to launch her fabric lasso to her sister. She sneaked into Elma's bedroom as often as she could, being careful not to play or laugh too loud. As soon as the king or the queen found her, they would return her back to her designated box. Rhaaa!

Mylandra craved to be free to go where she wanted to go and do what she wanted to do. She managed to keep her lasso well hidden, and her parents never discovered how she got into the castle.

As Mylandra grew up, her father got bored of his kingdom. In fact, he was often nowhere to be found. Rumor had it that he was sneaking out of the kingdom at night for illegitimate business. When he came back, he was always upset. Everyone and everything around him seemed to be a painful burden.

The king had moods. When this happened, he would visit Mylandra and force her into terrible boxes. What happened in there had to remain a secret. Because of the hole in her heart, the mother was unaware of the terrible things Mylandra was going through.

Mylandra was used to being alone; her only friends were the cat, the birds, and the stars. She tried very hard to forget what happened in the terrible boxes. It was easier that way, since there was no one she could talk to, anyway.

Mylandra was frightened of the king, and knew there was no way she could get out of the kingdom unless the king let her go. So, it became an obsession.

“Why am I here?” she asked the stars.



Her frustration grew so strong, she was eventually unable to hear the answers whispered in her heart. She prayed to the stars for answers. At some point, because she never got a reply, she gave up trying. And then, one night, something changed. Mylandra closed her eyes, breathed slowly, and let go of all her expectations.

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SHE HAD NO WORDS TO SHARE,  
BUT SHE STILL HAD HER VOICE.  
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So, in the silence of the boxes, Mylandra began to sing. Her voice made the cat purr and the butterflies dance. The stars above and the velvety night sang a silent song in unison with hers. The fear was going away, and the loneliness, too.

In her heart, Mylandra knew she had a mission of light and love to accomplish on this planet. She could not picture how this might happen, especially with all the prohibitions the king inflicted on her. It was like a cry in herself, calling for her to be strong and patient.

She wondered why she was so isolated from the rest of the world and why the king wanted to control her so badly. If only she knew—he was envious of her light.

ABOUT

ANNA CLEY

Anna Cley is a transformative artist, opera singer, and artistic director who is passionate about growth, empowerment and transcendence. She believes that individuals who overcome their limiting beliefs and dare to follow their heart can find true happiness and freedom, allowing them to care more for others and to make the world a better place.



PHOTO CREDIT: Joseph Fraia @jrfstudio

Cley's work revolves around daring to be, and daring to become. She rejoices in a meaningful lifestyle and in co-creating a better world for tomorrow. She creates music, inspiring content and empowering courses for old and young alike.

A native of France, Anna Cley has performed on the stage of Carnegie Hall and in the title role of Carmen, after a successful career in rocket science. Driven by her spiritual quest, she grew a strong relationship with nature and wild-life.

In search for meaning and of her place in the world, Cley developed an eagerness for astrophysics as a child. The same sense of service for humanity pushed her in recent years to found the nonprofit Vocalise to empower those who experienced trauma. In addition to her college degrees, Cley has a certification in hypnosis with a particular interest in humanist hypnosis.

Mylandra, Unique, and *The Journey of the Heart* appeared to Cley in a vision while she traveled through Canada alone one snowy winter. It took her almost seven years to shape and finish the story. The song and meditation of *The Journey of the Heart* can be found on the website of the book.

www.TheJourneyoftheHeart.com

www.AnnaCley.com

www.vocalise.org

The Journey of the Heart

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