

VICTORIA HORYZON

ELA VESTE NUVEM

Once upon a time, in a city where the sky changed colors as if it had feelings, there lived a girl with electric-blue hair, named Victoria Horyzon. She lived only with her mother — a strong woman, made of love and storms. There were days of light laughter, soft as a cloud, and days when everything turned into thunder inside their home. Her father was far away. From time to time, letters would arrive with just a few words in firm handwriting. But there was always one word they all shared: “Saudade.” Victoria read them alone. Then she would climb to the rooftop and gaze at the horizon. — “That’s where the letters come from,” she thought. — “From that deep and mysterious blue.” And it was there, one day, that she saw something different. A heart-shaped balloon floating slowly across the sky, coming from the same direction as the letters. It looked like a sign, a silent alarm of protection and exploration, as if it whispered: — “Something is waiting for you. Far away.” Victoria didn’t know what she would find. But her chest knew before her mind: it was time to leave.

She was quiet, gentle, and had a strong bond with nature. The birds trusted her. And so, one day, she committed a grave crime: she set the king’s birds free. The king cared well for the birds — he gave them fresh seeds, shelter, and affection. But he kept them in golden cages, so they would sing for him each morning. Victoria looked into their eyes and said: — “You weren’t born to sing only for a king. The open sky belongs to you.” And then, she opened all the cages. The birds stretched their wings and flew free. And that day, their flight-song was the most beautiful ever heard. — “Let the wind carry the secret.” But a servant betrayed her: — “Your Majesty... it was Victoria who freed the birds.” The world around Victoria shifted with the king’s wrath. The sky, once a mirror of emotions, now seemed covered in holograms. There was no horizon anymore. A futuristic loop — cold, calculated, and uncomfortable. Then, as she climbed the tallest building, she saw something else. A gorilla street artist, with gentle eyes and a rebellious expression, was grafting onto the concrete the image of a girl running after a balloon.

In his final act, the gorilla threw the spray can at the mural. The paint hit the balloon — and something magical happened. The balloon grew. And grew. Until it detached from the wall. It floated. Red. Impossible. Victoria, with her eyes fixed on the balloon, took off her Kanga and lassoed the balloon, clinging to the fabric. She floated naked in the sky. Gliding above the waters, she entered a state of lightness. And as always when she felt this way... she sang and danced beneath the silver moonlight. She did not realize yet, but she was drifting closer to a jungle land. Then, the gorilla reappeared — a primal leap from the invisible — and launched himself at the balloon. The impact was strong. The balloon burst — and in the same blast, the gorilla vanished with it. Victoria began to fall — but gently, as if the very air embraced her, as if she was wearing clouds. She landed softly in the open sails of a ship. On the deck, a man was waiting: “Captain Horyzon”. He said reaching out his hand. And on his arm... a tattoo: saudade. Victoria smiled. Because now she knew: the horizon had come back to find her. The End.