

Cabrata UG
Lotus by Roberta Dieci
Fantasy - Jung Adults
Tentative translation of some pages.

Chapter Beta

On leaving school Bianca had to push her bike to the athletics field and, in order not to be late for practice, she did not pass by the house.

She ate quickly the sandwich bought in the bar in front of the school while her instructor checked the condition of the wheel.

Gianni was a handyman who was about the same age as his father and whom she really considered a second parent. Without raising his eyes from the wheel, he gave the verdict through his moustache: "Nothing serious, I can fix it for you in no time, just let me get my tools. In the meantime, change your clothes and start warming up. The others are already on the track."

Bianca breathed a sigh of relief: moving around the city without her beloved bicycle would have been really complicated.



(Lotus. Le anime di Aoroa, cap. beta, pag. 13)

That afternoon, in addition to her usual long jump and triple jump training, Bianca tried the 4x100 relay changes with the rest of the team. The gearbox was the most delicate part of the race, because even a few seconds could make a difference.

Bianca ran in third, which was in the corners. She liked that position very much, it allowed her to grab her studded shoes, drawing strength from the red track below her, to bend over, to throw her team-mate Giulia on the final straight, acclaimed by the cheers of the stands.

In the race they would have used the pre-seat area, so as to speed up the passage of the baton even more. The regional races in May were a decisive event: the girls knew very well that on that occasion they would play for access to the Italian championships. Bianca had come very close to qualifying for the long jump, because in several races she had come close to the "minimum", the distance, that is, to be equaled to be admitted to the national competitions, but without being able to overcome that wall that seemed impassable to her. The regionals were an excellent opportunity to qualify for national competitions and she did not want to waste it.

(Lotus. Le anime di Aoroa, cap. beta, pag. 14)

Chapter Omicron

"Well, now take the bow," continued the English boy, facing Bianca, "shoot the arrow. Now hold the string using only these three fingers" and, so saying, he touched her index, middle and ring fingers. "Hold the forearm parallel to your shoulders, and stop when your forefinger touches the corner of your mouth." Bianca performed the movement with the strange feeling of knowing exactly how to do it.

She, uh... felt it was right.

"Perfect!" he exclaimed. "Now relax your shoulders and shoot the arrow and release the rope with a sharp blow."

Bianca quivered with muscle tension and the whirlwind of emotions she felt. She felt like she was born for that, she only wanted to do that one shot, feeling at one with the bow and arrow. They were one thing: the extension of a whole.

She threw the dart without hesitation.

Almost out of breath with agitation, Bianca lowered her bow, without taking her eyes off the target.

Bull's-eye. That was perfect.

(Lotus. Le anime di Aoroa, cap. omicron, pag 106)