

THROUGH THE LOOKING SPHERE

The Grotto of Reflections

*Moonlight
AND
Mermaid
Veils*

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Chapter 3: The Grotto of Reflections



The beach was alive with laughter, gull cries, and the scent of salted cake. AnnaBella had never seen anything like it. Streamers made of sea-glass ribbons danced in the breeze, and a long driftwood table sagged under the weight of presents, glowing bottles, and hand-folded lanterns. Music shimmered from a conch-shell speaker, and children wove between tidepools chasing bubbles that never popped.

AnnaBella stood barefoot in the sand, her toes pressing into the warmth of it, grounding her as her eyes scanned the scene. It was a birthday party just one birthday and yet all of BellaVille seemed to be celebrating. She smiled softly. She had never had a birthday party. Not even once.

Her hand drifted to the rim of a large globe resting in the center of a coral-draped table. Inside it shimmered a miniature ocean world shells, floating pearls, glints of crystal fish. Were those mermaids? Did she just see a seahorse dart through a castle of pink coral?



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She leaned closer, hypnotized by the gentle swirl inside. The music dimmed. The breeze stilled. And in that moment, she was swept up—into the globe, or through it. She couldn't tell. Her breath caught as her feet met soft planks of bleached wood, and suddenly she stood at the threshold of a delicate seaside shop: The Siren's Stall.





Shell-chimes whispered from its archway. Moon-dyed silks fluttered across the doorframe. A perfume of salt, rose, and remembrance hung in the air. Inside, the light was soft—like moonlight shining through the shallows. Bottles of all shapes and colors lined the walls, each glowing faintly as if holding a secret. Garlands of sea-thread and pearl looped overhead. A spiral altar of baubles turned slowly in the center of the space. And then she saw her—Lunara, the Veiled Siren of Memory.

She stood behind the counter, draped in lavender veils that shimmered like jellyfish glow. Her eyes were gentle and endless. Tears hung on her lashes like waiting pearls.

"You came," Lunara whispered, though her lips barely moved.

AnnaBella stepped forward.

"I think I've always been on my way," she said.

Lunara turned, lifting a silver pearl from a velvet nest.

"The tide remembers."

The globe on the table behind them pulsed once. The door to the Grotto had opened.

AnnaBella took a breath and stepped through.





It was not a cave, but a dome of living water. Bioluminescent light danced on coral. Mirrors lined the walls, but reflected no image—only feeling. Her breath caught as a tear slipped down her cheek and bloomed into a crystal.

"Welcome to the Chamber of Choice," said the waters.

Three figures emerged:

The Hermit of the Hill – a quiet woman cloaked in moss and candlelight. "The world within you is wide enough for all your answers."

The Tide-Walker – a liminal guide with sea-silver robes. "You are of two realms. Communion is your path."

The Mirror Singer – translucent, shimmering, her voice a vibration. "You will sing what others have silenced."
No pressure. No judgment. Just resonance.



AnnaBella reached toward the MerMemory Spiral once more.

A voice—not Lunara's, not the waters—rose like a tide:

"You are not being asked to become anything. Only to remember what already lives in you."

A shimmer passed through her. The baubles glowed. The Grotto held its breath. And somewhere in BellaVille, the waves whispered:

"Even sorrow leaves behind light," Lunara said. "This is how the sacred remembers."

And so, AnnaBella lingered—surrounded by the soft hush of water, the presence of possibilities, and the stillness of a choice not yet made.



AnnaBella blinked and she was back on the beach at the party.

