

June 2020

## *Golden Halls*

J A. Howe

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mcircle>



Part of the [Children's and Young Adult Literature Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Howe, J A. (2020) "*Golden Halls*," *The Mythic Circle*: Vol. 2004 : Iss. 27 , Article 21.  
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mcircle/vol2004/iss27/21>

This Fiction is brought to you for free and open access by the Mythopoeic Society at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Mythic Circle by an authorized editor of SWOSU Digital Commons. An ADA compliant document is available upon request. For more information, please contact [phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu](mailto:phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu).

To join the Mythopoeic Society go to:  
<http://www.mythsoc.org/join.htm>



---

## Mythcon 51: A VIRTUAL “HALFLING” MYTHCON

July 31 - August 1, 2021 (Saturday and Sunday)

<http://www.mythsoc.org/mythcon/mythcon-51.htm>



## Mythcon 52: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien

Albuquerque, New Mexico; July 29 - August 1, 2022

<http://www.mythsoc.org/mythcon/mythcon-52.htm>

# Golden Halls

by JA Howe

It was late, very late, when it happened, and I was I believe ten. When one is ten, everything is magic, no matter who you are; you are just on the cusp of the real dangers of life, looking back through Alice's magic mirror. You are still young enough to dream, but not yet old enough to have your dreams bothered by thoughts of romance or the wild, harsh, adult world. The dreams dreamt in youth are those of pure magic, of the songs that spiders play upon their silken harps, and the words that the wind sings. This is true whether these dreams are dreamt awake or asleep, and certainly the borders between the lands of what is faerie and what is solid, cold earth are still very very fuzzy.

I still do not recall why I chose that night of all nights to stay up late. I recall lying in bed, listening to the crickets chirping in the brush, the bullfrogs singing to their ladies on the pond. I knew it was midnight after a while, for I heard the town clock toll, making a sonorous tone in the wilderness beyond my window.

By two o' clock, the frogs had settled down, and there was a cat fight in progress down in the yard. I got up to watch, but all I saw in the dim moonlight were shadowy shapes in motion.

The dawn came as I stood, looking at them. My eyes widened as I saw its approach.

Literally, the Sun came to my window.

It was he, as real as any picture in my fairy-tale books, or tales of the gods of the ancient lands of the Greeks or the Celts. I was entranced. He was tall, and he shone with an unbelievable brilliance. A great train of red and orange gold flowed about him, and his clothing was crimson, like blood. He came to my window at last, and we looked at one another with interest.

He held out a long, white-gloved hand to me. "Come," he said, "take my hand." I took it, as the world brightened.

The two of us walked over the sky. I saw the towers of Persia below us, domes of glinting gold, and I recognized the Eiffel Tower farther on. People awoke as we passed, and I watched the world begin its day. It was beautiful. Each country had its own very different colors and patterns of nature that hit my eyes in a kaleidoscope of color, during that second that we spent moving over the world. A polar bear jumped into the ocean, and a whale spouted to us. The trees that were golden with fall in one land were green with summer in another. We jumped far above them, from cloud to fluffy cloud, dancing in the air. I felt no fear.

Suddenly, then, that second was over, and we came to the very edge of the world, and his home. I stood on the last cloud of the Earth and looked back and saw darkness creeping towards me, the moon shimmering down. I could hear the soft sound of Sleep beginning. I turned away to the palace of the Sun.

Trumpets sounded, brass and bold, as we crossed the threshold hand in hand. It was all golden, this place. There were mirrors without and within that turned the spiraling staircases, the pearly floors, the chandeliers, into a dazzling prism, and for a while as he showed me about I danced laughing over and under a million rainbows.

Then we turned again and left the palace, went out onto a high balcony that encircled it. I could see other castles now, twinkling in the night about and I asked him what they were.

"Those are the homes of the Stars of the Universe," he told me. "Each of them reigns over a

world or many of their own, as I do. As we walked you did not see the others that I hold, did you?"

We went back inside then and the outer doors were shut. I was brought to a banquet hall and given food, though what it was I couldn't tell you now. I know only that there was music, and we were not alone in that hall, he and I.

We danced, as the music grew louder, more lovely. More people came in, with golden faces and cherubic miens, and we twirled about to the songs of a thousand gold harps. On and on we danced and I lost the time.

I cannot remember how it ended. Suddenly, though, the hall was bare and quiet save for the two of us. The Sun regarded me. "Would you stay with me, here," he asked then, "if you could?"

I wanted to. At that moment, I wanted more than anything to be his lady and live in his golden, brilliant palace. I wanted to be here when he returned from his daily walk, and I wanted to go and visit the other stars some time.

Then, thoughts of home began to creep in, and my dog's barking came faint to my ears. I wondered who would feed him if I were gone, and if my family would miss me. He saw the look in my eyes and nodded, sadly. "I will take you back, then," he said.

We wandered back over the world, and I wondered what day it could be as we passed over the Netherlands and Sweden. The clouds stretched out obligingly and soft to the touch. Finally we reached my window again.

He stood and held my hand for a long time there, and then he leaned down and kissed me on the cheek and the spell was broken: I was a little girl again.

I felt different in some way that I couldn't explain at the time, but I now know what it was. Alice's window had cracked and broken that night with my decision, leaving me on the threshold of adulthood.

Many times after that I have risen early to see the Sun rise, watching and waiting for him.

Most of the time I fall asleep, long before the crickets have quieted and there are less cars on the highway. Sometimes I do see the sun rise, and I sit and look at the brilliance outside, thinking of him. I can feel him then, and I know that he is still alone in his great palace beyond the length of the world.

He has never come back to me, and I do not think he ever will. I am older now, much older than ten, and the dreams of that age are only faint whispers in my mind. I wonder sometimes if my daughter will ever see him, and if he will succeed in taking her from me as he could not take me. I wish sometimes that I had stayed.

Then, I think of the frogs on the pond, and of rolling down grassy hills on summer afternoons, of making snowmen in winter and sharing an umbrella in the rain. I could never give these things up. I wonder who could.