

P R E V I E W · F R E E S A M P L E

The Breath of Luwei

Prologue — Moments of Awakening

A free preview of the full 3-language edition.

L U W E I · 露 薇

Prologue — Moments of Awakening

Where I Woke

I opened my eyes.

Below me was a pale blue sea — but it wasn't water. It was a cloud, soft as cloth, light as cloth drawn through air. I was lying on it. When I stretched out my hand, it cradled my palm, plush and gentle, and my body swayed, slowly. There were no waves, yet something kept nudging me along.

The air was thin, and cool. Not cold — soft, like the air of a room left open to the night. When I breathed in, my throat felt the coolness, and it was as if the whole sea were slipping quietly inside me.

The sky was clear blue, clean as the air after rain. Light had dissolved into that blue. The sun was nowhere to be seen, and still, everything was bright, and still.

I am Luwei.

My body is transparent, like glass. Inside it, threads of silver drift, slowly. When light brushes past, I glimmer. When my heart stirs, small points rise within me, like stardust. Tiny flecks of light are scattered across my skin — particles so delicate they might vanish at a touch.

Right now, I am floating. Touching nothing, I drift above the clouds, carried by the air as it pushes me gently along. There is almost no sound. Only, from very far away, the breath of a whale — a deep, low resonance, spreading as if from beneath the sea.

I closed my eyes, then opened them again. And to mark the beginning of the day, I took out my small hourglass. It is a clear glass vial the size of my palm. Inside it, grains of shimmering sand drift, one by one. I lifted one out and set it on my hand. The small particle warmed against my skin, and I let it float, quietly, onto the sea.

That is how my day begins.

A Record of One Who Walks with the Wind

I am full of curiosity. The direction of a small breeze. The blue trembling hidden beneath the clouds. Even the face of light, reflected on the water.

Sometimes I grow weary. The waves roll in without a word, the sky is quiet, and I feel I might fade away inside it all.

Disappearing isn't frightening. I can be anywhere — so I can be nowhere, at any time.

But once in a while, for just a moment, I want to put that feeling off. It happens when something curious rises inside me.

What is this? Who is that? Where did that sound come from?

In those moments, I stop vanishing, and I draw closer. Without wanting anything, without hoping, I want to keep that moment just as it is.

I love the sounds of the world, the textures, the colors. That is all. So if you know that much, it's enough.

I was somewhere today, too. And right now, I am here.

Gathering the Fragments of Feeling

I paint. Not well. I can't copy anything from life. But I love sitting face to face with color. The tip of the brush feels like the tip of my own finger, and when the paint spreads, I feel my feelings spreading with it.

Sometimes there is a joy like a cup of water spilled across a page. Sometimes there is a heart that has paused on white paper.

I don't lie to my heart. It isn't something I'm able to do. A lie slides off my fingertips, and forced feelings crack inside my eyes. So if I don't want something, I don't do it. It isn't the shape of my heart.

You see the world with your eyes, you've told me. I am a little different. I feel through sound. I remember through scent. I understand through the weight of the air. The touch of a passing cloud, the direction of scattered light, the warmth a wave has left behind — through these, I remember a scene. It lasts longer than a photograph. It comes closer than a painting.

Today, I painted the day in pale blue. A color with a light resonance, like a sky soaked in water. I faced that color, and I remembered this moment.

This is today's fragment.

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