

The story of Hoshi and Tsuki



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1. Beginning

Once upon a time, high above the mortal world, there was a shimmering kingdom where angels lived among the stars. In this heavenly realm, there were angels of all ranks and duties, but none were more revered than the Seraphims, God's most loyal servants. Among them was a gentle and graceful angel named Hoshi.

Hoshi was born with hair as blue as the evening sky and a heart as pure as the first snowfall. From the moment she took her first breath, it was decided that she would follow in the footsteps of her family and become one of God's personal attendants. A great honor, they said. A destiny worth devoting her life to.

But Hoshi had a secret—a dream she dared not speak aloud. While her kin found joy in their heavenly duties, Hoshi longed for something else. She had heard stories of the human realm, of lands far to the east, where cherry blossoms danced on the wind, and ancient temples whispered tales of old. She had read of bustling markets, steaming bowls of fragrant noodles, and mountains that seemed to touch the heavens themselves. The idea of traveling to these places filled her heart with wonder.

Yet it was forbidden. Seraphims were not meant to dream of the mortal world, let alone set foot in it. Hoshi's duty was to serve, to remain in heaven for eternity. And so, she hid her longing, tucking it away like a pressed flower in a book.

But there was one who knew her secret: Tsuki, the mischievous red-haired angel.

Tsuki was Hoshi's childhood friend, a boy with a laugh as bright as the sun and a knack for finding trouble. While Hoshi lived by the rules, Tsuki delighted in breaking them. As an Archangel, he was tasked with guiding humans, which gave him far more freedom than his blue-haired friend. Freedom he used to sneak down to the human realm whenever no one was looking.

He would bring back stories of his adventures—tales of football matches, street food stalls, and lively festivals. It was Tsuki who first placed a book about Asia in Hoshi's hands, igniting the spark of her forbidden fascination. He understood her in a way no one else could, and he couldn't bear to see her dream go unfulfilled.

So, when the time came—when only a year remained before Hoshi would take her eternal vow—Tsuki hatched a plan.

One starry night, while all of heaven slept, Tsuki crept into Hoshi's chambers. Quiet as a shadow, he scooped her up, tucked her into a soft bag, and flew down to the human realm. The journey was long, but Tsuki was determined. He would give his best friend the adventure she deserved.

When morning came, Hoshi awoke to the sound of waves crashing against the shore. She blinked, disoriented, and found herself not in her celestial room but in a strange and dazzling world.

The sand beneath her was warm and golden, the sea stretched endlessly before her, and the sky above was painted in hues of pink and orange. Confusion filled her as she looked around, the familiar gleam of heaven nowhere in sight. Then, her gaze landed on Tsuki, standing nearby with a triumphant grin.

Shock turned to disbelief as she realized where she was. The human realm—a place she was never meant to visit. Panic rose within her as the weight of what had happened began to sink in. Tsuki had taken her from heaven, away from her duties, away from everything she had ever known.

But before she could be overcome with anger or fear, her eyes drifted back to the scene around her. The world she had only read about now stretched before her in vivid color. The waves sparkled under the sun, and the scent of salt and flowers filled the air. She could hear laughter in the distance, the hum of life that existed far beyond the bounds of heaven.

Her heart wavered. This was the dream she had kept hidden for so long, and now it was real. For a moment, the fear melted away, replaced by a quiet awe.

Tsuki, always one to understand without words, knew her hesitation wouldn't last long. He had seen her gaze at the human realm with longing too many times to doubt what she truly wanted. This was her chance, and he was determined to make sure she took it.

Hoshi knew the risks. She knew the rules she was breaking and the punishment that could follow if they were caught. But with only a year left

before she was bound to an eternity of servitude, the temptation to live her dream, even just for a little while, was too strong to resist.

And so, together, the two angels began their secret adventure. They would travel through the lands of Asia, discovering its wonders, cherishing its beauty, and savoring every fleeting moment under the mortal sky.

It's the beginning of a story about dreams, friendship, and the courage to chase the impossible.

2. The Okinawan rush

The day began on a serene beach where the soft, golden sand stretched along the shoreline, and the gentle murmur of the waves filled the air. The early light painted the sea in subtle blues and greens, and every detail of the scene sparkled with quiet beauty. As they walked along the water's edge, Tsuki began with a lighthearted tone, "Now that everything is decided, let me show you my..." His words were left hanging in the salt-kissed air, for Hoshi's eyes were fixed on the captivating scenery before her.

Realizing that his words had gone unheard, Tsuki called her name softly to capture her attention. Suddenly, Hoshi, without turning her head, asked, "Where exactly are we?" The unexpected question caught Tsuki off guard, "Okuma Beach, Okinawa."

At the sound of that name, Hoshi's eyes lit up like twin stars. Without a moment's hesitation, she swiftly approached Tsuki and, almost as if in a trance, grabbed him tightly by the shoulders. In a rush of excitement, she peppered him with questions, her voice trembling with anticipation: "You mean that Okinawa—the one famed for its beautiful beaches, clear waters, and lush landscapes? That Okinawa?!" Tsuki, clearly startled and a bit embarrassed by the sudden proximity of her radiant face, stammered, "Y-Yes... that Okinawa—."

Hoshi's smile broadened from ear to ear, and without pausing, she seized his hand. "Let's go!" she declared with joyful determination. Taken by surprise, Tsuki asked, "Where?!"

With a gleam in her eyes, Hoshi replied, "You've been in the world of humans so many times before, so lead me, Mr. Guide." And with that, their adventure into the heart of Okinawa began.

They wandered first into a quaint fishing village where weathered wooden boats bobbed gently in a small harbor, and the air was rich with the briny scent of the sea mixed with freshly caught fish. The narrow lanes were lined with traditional houses, their faded facades telling stories of generations past. From there, Tsuki led Hoshi to a bustling market. Here, stalls overflowed with vibrant tropical fruits, handmade crafts, and the lively chatter of vendors. Hoshi marveled at the colors and sounds, each moment stirring memories of the books she had read about this enchanting island.

Their path then took them to a centuries-old temple nestled among towering trees. The temple grounds were a quiet sanctuary, with stone steps worn smooth by time and a gentle stream murmuring in the background. As they strolled along, the soft echo of ancient prayers seemed to blend with the rustle of bamboo leaves, inviting them to pause and absorb the calm.

The journey continued along winding roads that revealed hidden coves where the crystalline water met dramatic cliffs, and ancient ruins whispered secrets of bygone eras. Every new sight deepened Hoshi's awe, and every step affirmed her belief that this was indeed the Okinawa of her dreams.

As the afternoon mellowed, Tsuki and Hoshi found a modest bench on the beach. The sun was slowly descending, casting a warm glow over the sky in brilliant shades of orange and pink. Tsuki, looking terribly tired—nearly lying on the bench—sat wearily beside Hoshi as they each held a cool ice cream that provided a welcome respite from the heat.

"It's been a great day," Hoshi remarked softly, savoring her treat. Tsuki, barely managing a smile through his fatigue, replied, "I'm happy to hear that."

After finishing her ice cream, Hoshi leaned closer and said, “You were trying to say something on the beach, weren’t you?” At the mention of her words, Tsuki’s eyes flickered as he remembered something important. With a small, bashful chuckle, he reached into his bum bag and pulled out a neatly folded list and a carefully marked map. “I prepared a map and a list of towns and cities we will visit within a year,” he explained, his voice carrying both excitement and a hint of wistfulness.

The moment Hoshi saw the list, her eyes shone with delight. With barely contained enthusiasm, she stood up abruptly, grabbed Tsuki by the hand, and began tugging him along, eager to set off for the next city. “Let’s go now!” she exclaimed.

Tsuki gently held her back and said, “Calm down. Look at the time—it’s getting dark already.” Hoshi paused, truly surprised at how time had quickly ended. “It’s so late already?!” her excitement mingling with a touch of regret for the passing time.

Just then, Tsuki added, “I did see a place nearby where we can stay for the night. Let’s go there.”

Hand in hand, they followed a winding path until they reached the charming ryokan. Its traditional wooden façade glowed warmly under the soft light of lanterns, inviting them to step into a world of quiet comfort and culture. At the threshold, Hoshi’s eyes sparkled with excitement. Without hesitation, she grabbed Tsuki’s hand and pulled him inside, eager to explore every corner of this new cultural haven. In that moment, as he stepped through the doorway, Tsuki silently hoped he would be able to keep up with her boundless enthusiasm.

And so, as the day slipped quietly into night, their secret adventure continued—a story of discovery, wonder, and the enduring magic of travel in a land where every moment felt like a cherished dream.