René Kaiser

Julian and the Guardians of the Elements

Book 7

The House of Unshed Raindrops



Book 7 · English edition

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Earth · Water · Fire · Air

Room for Different Feelings

Dear children and everyone reading aloud,

a mist window with two chairs appears inside Orin’s bowl. The next morning, it leads Julian and Lio to Runa, keeper of an unusual house. Memories lie in its drawers like shining raindrops.

Julian brings his experiences from six Elements adventures. A pebble, shell, clay shard and feather are his four little rune echoes. The reminder ribbon records connected paths. Orin’s bowl, meanwhile, is an ordinary bowl at which a route to the Mist House now appears.

There, Julian meets Tessa, who misses a friend who has moved away. Orin keeps a different place empty. Both may decide for themselves what to share. Listening does not mean making every feeling disappear.

The 25 chapters tell a complete house adventure and continue the series. Reading in order is recommended; important connections are explained again here. You may pause while reading aloud, leave a question unanswered or simply look at a picture.

Enjoy reading together!

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CHAPTER 1

A Window until after Breakfast



In the morning, the two chairs were still in the mist. Julian studied them from his room. Nobody sat on either. A silver hair shone on the left-hand seat.

“Breakfast first,” Lio reminded him.

Julian left the bowl on its firm mat. The little grey stone stayed in the other wooden bowl. An empty place did not need filling immediately.

After eating, he packed bread, water, the map and the four rune echoes. The reminder ribbon lay around the folded paper. Its four connections glowed steadily. The centre was still grey.

When Julian stood before Orin's bowl again, a face appeared behind the chairs.

A woman waved slowly. Then she put a lamp on the table so the other side was easy to see.

“Sira told me you might come. I'm Runa.”

Julian introduced himself and Lio. He asked where the doorway led.

“To the House of Unshed Raindrops. You may look first.”

He put the bowl on the rug. From the other side, Runa opened a broad arch of mist. Both sides remained visible.

Lio tested the firm edge with one paw.

“A door with a view. I prefer that.”

Together, they stepped through.

CHAPTER 2

The Second Chair



The house smelled of wood and warm rain. Folded cloths and a large white shell lay on the table.

Julian put Orin's bowl beside them. The mist arch behind him stayed open.

Runa wore a grey-blue coat whose silver drops shimmered in the light. She lifted the hair from the chair and brushed another from her sleeve.

“That's mine. I tidied up here yesterday.”

Julian smiled. Not every mystery needed a new spell.

He pointed to the second chair. “And that one?”

“A place for somebody who would like to sit at the table.”

Lio settled on the rug. “I request a place underneath.”

Runa moved her feet aside a little.

Through the windows, Julian saw more rooms. They all faced inwards. Open sky lay above a little courtyard, but he could see no route into the garden.

“Orin said the key to the centre is here.”

Runa studied his bowl for a long time.

“Then perhaps he wants to show more than a place where something is kept. But you don't have to solve anything here to go home again.”

Julian looked towards the open mist arch. Then he sat down and listened.

CHAPTER 3

Drawers That Need an Invitation



Behind the inner door stood many cupboards. Small labels belonged to the drawers. In one open drawer lay a drop as round as a glass pearl.

An empty playground was reflected inside it.

Julian was already reaching out. Then Runa held the drawer firmly by its handle.

“That memory belongs to somebody else. Without an invitation, we leave it closed.”

He drew back his hand.

“I only wanted a better look.”

“I understand. Even so, the person it belongs to decides.”

Lio turned his nose towards the wall. “I shall examine some excellent wood grain today.”

Runa carefully closed the drawer. The drops were memories of feelings, she explained. The house could keep them for a while. Nobody had to show their story or cry about it.

At the end of the passage, a grey fastening gleamed. A bucket stood beneath it.

“Orin's drawer,” Runa said. “I may keep the floor dry. So far, that's all he has allowed.”

She picked up a little cup. Julian asked if he could help scoop the water.

Runa nodded and first checked that the path was not slippery.

The water went into a jug. They left the closed memory in peace.