

THE SALSASTORY

Living a life where the entire universe is under your watch can be a pretty tall order. You must be observing constantly. Every choice may end up being your fault. This is the life of Totilla. She is a tall being of humanoid proportions. The soft, flowing hair on her face covers her kind eyes. This makes it easier to see her shy smile. Her long flowing dress is adorned with elements specifically made for her.

In terms of powers, Totilla can fly and turn invisible. She also has a cosmic staff that stores backup energy. Her favorite power, though, is the ability to change her vibrant colors at any time. She may be purple and pink one day and be green and orange the next. It is something she learns to do while traversing through the galaxies. It reminds her that she should be the bright light for those in need.

Created by the cosmos millions of years ago, Totilla protects the universe as a watchful goddess. Her eyes are always surveilling galaxies both close and far. Despite this, she does have limits. She must only spectate: An increasingly difficult fact for her since Totilla has seen many rash decisions be made. Fortunately, there is a certain part of her powers that brings that glowing joy back into her face: The youthful Planet Earth sits within her territory. She has grown fond of this particular planet. Its people never cease to surprise her. She particularly enjoys the spring season on Earth and always visits during this time.

This was simply routine for her; however, she had no idea that one particular Spring would gift her the greatest inspiration of her life. Totilla flew into a beautiful town as per usual. Its stone tile floors and bright brick buildings only make the surrounding gardens and lakes shine

even more. Laughter can be heard from the many homes in the area. "Such a friendly town." Totilla notes. It's such a serene scene. The canaries chirp while the children run around kicking a ball around the field. Just then, Totilla's eyes shift to a little girl that walks out of her home. She has seen her before.

In previous visits to the town, she often sees her with a big smile on her face and playing just outside an arcade shop trying to win toys from a capsule vending machine. It's definitely her. Her messy blonde hair and bright green dress make it easy to spot her. "Adorable!" Totilla thinks to herself. There is only one difference this time around. The child looks up to reveal her signature smile is nowhere to be seen.

The child is in tears holding what seems to be a plush penguin with a little tear on its side. Totilla can't stand such despair, especially from children. This is what frustrates her the most from her spectator role. She can turn the child's gaze towards the birds so that she may forget her worries for the moment. She may blow a soft wind that brings a ball to her feet so she can play. She cannot, however, fix the doll. She cannot speak with her. She cannot comfort her.

Suddenly, a woman joins the child. "This human looks just like me!" Totilla thinks to herself. It was true. The woman looks like the human version of Totilla. "Don't cry Sally. I can help Pinguito!" she tells her daughter while holding her sewing tools. "Oh! With magic mommy?" Sally asks. The mother nods her head and gives Sally a kind and reassuring look that sparks something in Totilla. She wishes she could have such a beautiful relationship with a family of her own. The mother and daughter go back inside side by side. As the child's giggles subside into the home, Totilla can only hear the name: "Sally."

Totilla decides to stroll around the town, walking this time around instead of her usual flight path. She has a newfound sense of joy. She is planning something big; however, she is not sure if she can pull it off. After watching the sunset and hearing as the roosters turn into crickets, she heads off into space. If she weren't in her invisible form, the people below would see her projected onto the bright moon.

Totilla makes it to the **Enchilox Galaxy**. Its red and green hues intertwine as the stars shine through. Floating in the middle of the vast space is a giant pearl mortar with a pestle serving as a tower and fountain. Surrounding the tall tower, glowing purple water splashes gently. The ripples glisten. "No place like home. I believe that is the saying," she thinks to herself as she slowly lands. She did love this place, which she named: **The Molcascade**. Its interior was full of replicas of fascinating items she has seen throughout her travels: Soda cans, Old TVs, keyboards missing letters, and stringless guitars can all be found here. Her trash, er, or treasures rather, sit on small pedestals all around the area.

After admiring her humble abode for a bit, she clamps her hands together and exclaims, "Okay, time for the family to grow!" She projects what appears to be a tiny capsule vending machine hologram from her hands. Totilla flies up and out of the Molcascade and launches the hologram right next to her home. The tiny creation then starts to materialize and expand by the work of her cosmic powers. "Perfecto!" Totilla shouts as she smiles at the new structure. The floating capsule vending machine and the pearl fountain look quite well together. "Now for a name! Let's see..." She ponders for a bit.

She spins in place and then turns to the new house with confidence: "Welcome to the Orbula Vendis! Yes, that sounds about right. *Spectacular work, Totilla...Thank you Totilla!*" Slowly, she flies near the entrance of the Orbula Vendis. The metal plate where capsules fall out from works like a garage door. As it rises, Totilla enters the opening into a narrow corridor. It leads to a giant open space. Above her, thousands of capsules fill up a separate glass case. It truly is a super-sized capsule vending machine. It even has toys already stored within the capsules themselves. This reminds Totilla of the next important step. She leaves the Orbula Vendis for now to go back to her home, The Molcascade.

The ability to create objects comes quite easily for the colorful goddess. Whether it's replicating random objects for her collection or creating The Molcascade & Orbula Vendis, Totilla knows no bounds...except one. For as long as she's lived, never has she tried to create an organic, living, breathing creature...*until now*. "Judging by my frequency to complexity ratio for my creation power, I should be able to do this...I hope," Totilla murmurs to herself as she tries to work up the confidence to complete this task. "After all, this is what *I* want. Nobody is telling me to do this. Am I even allowed to?!" The many thoughts and questions continue to pour in as she paces the entrance hall of the Molcascade.

Suddenly, she remembers how she felt back on Earth earlier that day. She has seen many families in her time, but seeing the bond between Sally and her mother felt unique: Almost as if it's a depiction of her life in a different universe. As Totilla wonders, she puts her hands together without noticing. They begin to glow. "What is this?" She opens her hands to see they are both glowing and radiating many colors at once.

This amount and vibrancy of colors could easily blind a person, but Totilla can take it. She looks at her hands as if she had just discovered them. Her curious gaze then turns to a bright light growing in between her hands.

Instinctively, she places her hands below the light to try and hold it. The bright light starts to morph. Yellow streaks of light shoot outward and retract. Green bubbles rearrange as blue sparkles shimmer within. "This is...beautiful." Totilla is in complete awe. The yellow streaks string together into spaghetti-like strands of hair. Smooth skin starts to take shape within the glow. The green bubbles stitch into a soft fabric. The blue sparkles swirl to form a gigantic pair of eyes that look up, down, and all around. A child! Totilla has created a child! It's a historic moment for Totilla.

Her hopeful heart guided her powers for this accomplishment. "Yellow. Green. Blue. Adorable!" the Mother thinks to herself. In fact, those colors start to seem familiar to her. "Sally!" Totilla realizes her subconscious played a part in this act. Meanwhile, the baby looks at her as if she understood something. Her long eyelashes flutter as she blinks, covering her glistening blue pupils. Totilla looks at her feeling ecstatic, but before she can say anything else, a new voice speaks up. "Sal...sa" Totilla's eyes water. "How could you speak? So soon! My little...Salsa!" The child looks back and smiles.

Thus, Salsa was born.



A new chapter begins for Totilla. Being a mother brings many new challenges. Salsa turned out to be quite high-spirited and playful by nature. What makes everything more difficult is the fact that Salsa shares many of her powers. So, some days Salsa would be hiding on the ceiling. Other days she would be flying all around the Molcascade using the walls for propulsion. Sometimes she would even hide underwater just to not eat some of her space veggies.

Despite all the challenges, Totilla loved every moment of it all. She never felt more alive. Plus, all of Salsa's games and mischief came from an overactive and joyful mind. Her heart is pure.

Every now and then, before bed, Salsa would look out from her room and see the Orbula Vendis floating nearby. "Mommy, why don't you take me there?" she asks. "Don't worry, my sweet Salsa. Soon, I will show you all around that magnificent place. I created it for you, you know?" Totilla notes. "For now just rest a while, because we have a big day tomorrow." Salsa nods and grabs her tortilla blanket. "Goodnight Mommy," she says with a yawn. "Goodnight Salsa," Totilla says as she gives her a kiss on the cheek. Salsa swiftly goes to sleep. Totilla prepares to rest herself, "I should clean up the Orbula Vendis for when I show Salsa. I hadn't realized how much time had passed since I last visited." She stretches her arms to the sides with the thought in mind.

Morning time. Salsa opens her eyes to see the colorful rays of light coming into the room. It appears she overslept, because Totilla is not in her bed. Usually, they get up together. Was there a surprise? Maybe Totilla is planning a party. Or perhaps she was playing hide-and-seek. In reality, it was actually earlier than usual. Totilla had gotten up to check on the Orbula Vendis and hoped to return before Salsa woke up.

Meanwhile, the child slides down the stairs to reach the entrance hall. Just as she plans to start her search, Totilla enters through the main door. "Salsa! Oh, you woke up early today." She says fixing her hair. "Hi Mommy. I found you!" Salsa shouts with her arms raised. "Yes you did," Totilla chuckles, "and because of that you get a prize!" Salsa's eyes open wider than they already are. She jumps up and down and claps rapidly with glee "Yay yay yay!" Totilla holds out her hand in front of Salsa.

What could it be? She places a round item in the child's tiny hands. "It's a ball! Yay! Thank yo-oh, there's something inside!" It was a capsule. The orb popped open to reveal the true gift: A purple ocarina.

Salsa runs around with the ocarina in hand. Of course, she has no idea what it is. She just loves how colorful it is. "I am glad you like it, Salsa. I picked it especially for you. It is one of a kind actually," Totilla tells her as Salsa continues to fly around and roll in the air. Just then, Salsa notices the sounds it makes with the air passing through it. "Oh look Mommy, I can use it for sounds!" She puts her mouth on the ocarina and begins to play. The notes she plays are moving for Totilla, who places her hands on her face.

It's a truly beautiful moment. "Wow, my little Salsa, you play like you already knew how." Totilla lifts her up for a hug. "You know, that isn't the only surprise I have for you today." Salsa looks at her with intensity. "Ho ho, that precious look. It appears you may already know what it is." Salsa shouts in excitement. "Yay! We're going to that house with the bubbles!" She was right. And so, Totilla took Salsa to the Orbula Vendis. Walking hand in hand, they enter through the metal door.



A long hallway greets them to bring them into the large open space. Above them, the thousands of colorful capsules shine bright with the reflection of the surrounding stars. During all of this, Salsa won't stop hopping around and giggling. She claps her hands together and starts running all over the place. "Come on Mommy, let's run around! Let's see who can fly and touch the top the fastest! Oh, we can play hide-and-seek here!" Salsa's forever playful attitude reminds Totilla of the most important part of the day. "Salsa, wait. Come over here for a moment." Salsa tries to somersault all the way back to her mother.

Reaching her, she looks up with a curious gaze. "Salsa, you love to play. You have so much energy. Sometimes, I feel I am just not the best at keeping up with you. Especially, since I have to keep looking over our universe. I mean I am glad I can do that from home, so I can spend all my time with you. It is just that I feel you deserve more. The early years are so precious and you need to enjoy them to the fullest. I guess what I am trying to say—" Totilla pauses. Salsa looks at her intently. She most likely didn't understand everything, but she sure did know one thing: "I love you Mommy." She hugs Totilla.

This is one truth about Salsa: She definitely loves to frolic and play, sometimes even pulling harmless pranks, but her most defining trait is her pure heart. Totilla knows this and it is why she continues in saying, "Salsa, how would you like to have a sibling?"

The word rings a bell. Sibling. She has read it in a story where a little pink ghost is trying to solve the mystery of her missing sister. In the end, they reunite and sound so happy together. It's Salsa's favorite book. "Yes! I want a sister! I want a sister to play with!" She goes back to hopping, this time around Totilla. "Then it's settled," she says with a smile.

“Why don’t we head back home? It’s getting a little late.” Totilla hops into a skip, leading the way out of the Orbula Vendis.

“Goodnight Salsa.” Totilla caresses her child’s sleepy face as she heads out into the living room of the Molcascade. “Maybe I should wait until tomorrow...NO! I have to do this. I know I can. Salsa’s going to be so happy. Okay, focus. But, what if–” Totilla’s overthinking gets the better of her once again, but soon gets a hold of herself. “Hoo, okay!” She claps her hands on her face and shakes out all the worries. “Here we go!” Closing her eyes, she imagines two Salsas playing together. Then she imagines three. Then four. Her hands glow as they did the first time.

There’s a stronger power coursing through Totilla. “I need to focus. Salsa’s sisters– I mean brother, I mean–Okay okay, One sister...” Her own thoughts are drowned out by the loud energy moving through her body. She doesn’t realize her entire form is glowing. It’s a light show.

Meanwhile, Salsa squirms in her bed. She dreams of a lone tortilla chip. It hides around from what appears to be some sort of army of lava blobs. It makes no sense, but wacky dreams are just part of Salsa’s life.

Back to the glowing goddess, it appears she can’t hold all that energy at one time. She needs to rest so she heads off to her room. It feels like every nerve in her body vibrates with every step she takes. “This is...too...much! I can’t” Her eyes open wide. She sees a red and pink aura before slumping down into a deep sleep. Thankfully, her bed is right below. Salsa sleeps through all of this. She still dreams of the chip, only now it seems it’s dancing with one of the lava blobs. It’s a strange night for all, that’s for sure.



Salsa wakes up the next morning to a crackling sound nearby. She looks towards her mother who is still in bed. It's not common for Totilla to sleep in so late, but Salsa thinks she must just be extra sleepy today from yesterday's fun. She must be having a restful dream, as she wears a blissful smile. So, Salsa gets up to check what made the sound. Nothing seems out of place; however, after taking a look towards her small dresser, she notices her ocarina is gone. Quickly, Salsa runs out of the room and down the stairs into the main living space. She looks around. Nothing. The only noise comes from the water splashing outside.

Just then, a shadow exits the home. "Aha! There you are, you fiend!" She got that line from her mystery book. Salsa makes way for the door, but pauses. She has never left the house alone, but...this is an emergency! So, she heads out to where the sparkly purple water abounds. There, close to the edge, she sees her target. It looks like she is just a small girl just like her. "Hey! You should be careful! My Mom says to not walk out here without adult superstition." The ocarina-carrying kid turns to look at Salsa. "Huh?" The girl looks just like Salsa!

Her bright pink eyes have the same playful glow. Her poofy red hair is just as messy. They look at each other, equally as confused. "Who are you? Why do you look like me? Is that a wig?" The girl just stares. "Oh, and could you please give me back my instramin? It's a gift!" It seems she understands, as she slowly walks towards Salsa. "Hi!" She says softly. "I am sorry I took your instermin. I was going to hide it so we could play, but when I saw you get up I got scared and ran." Her pink eyes twinkle. Salsa quickly answers, "Oh, that's a great idea! Let's go play. Hide it and I will find it as fast as I can."

The both of them giggle and run back inside the house. "Soooooo, are you my sister?" Salsa asks, realizing the possibility. "I think so," she answers. "All I remember is waking up next to the warm, colorful lady. She was sleeping, but I got bored so I got up and saw the purple thingy...and I took it...and then you woke up and then you were chasing me." They both keep running and giggle some more.

It's exciting to have someone new to play with for Salsa. She does worry for her mother, though. It was lunchtime and she still wasn't up. So, they go check on her. There was Totilla, lost in a faraway dream. The smile on her face puts Salsa's worries to ease. "Okie dokie, Mommy looks happy. Let's go play!" Salsa whispers. Her sister nods and they both run off to play for a while.

The children play a game of catch downstairs. Salsa's red-haired sister looks at her with a pondering look: "So, what is my name?," she asks, "I like yours! Can I be Salsa, too?" she continues. Catching the soft rubber ball, Salsa thinks about that for a bit before answering, "Sure" as she throws the ball back at her sister. It seems she doesn't realize how that may be confusing, but it doesn't matter to them. They just keep playing for another hour. The only reason they stop is because their empty stomachs say so. Their gurgling tummies lead them to the kitchen.

Salsa hovers up to the counter to grab some marshmallows. Next to the bag she sees a shiny boombox. "Sometimes Mommy uses this blue box to make nice sounds," Salsa thinks to herself. She looks down at her sister who looks back at her eagerly. Salsa feels like she is in charge, and all she wants to do is make sure her sister is happy. Usually, Totilla plays some music for Salsa to enjoy. So, she turns to the boombox. "I am sure she is going to like this!" she says softly.

Her little finger presses the play button. Soothing music starts to play. It sounds as if an Aurora Borealis could sing. "Woooooow! What is that? Is that like your instermin?" Salsa's sister asks. "I think Mom calls it a byoom box" Salsa says as she sways to the rhythm. Again, she is mimicking her mother's mannerisms. There they stay, eating some marshmallows and cookies listening to the relaxing sounds.

Meanwhile, unbeknownst to the Salsas, Totilla wakes up. "Oof, well that was a strange dream," she says to herself. Looking around she notices Salsa is gone, but she hears the music from downstairs. She smiles. As she stretches her arms to get ready to get up, she notices something peculiar: She is still glowing! Quickly, she walks up to her vanity to see she is changing colors at a dizzying rate.

The effects get to her as she starts to feel faint. "No! Whatever this is, I have to get through it. I have to be there for Salsa. I have to show her the galaxies and the planets. She has to meet Sally, too!" Totilla shakes her head and puts her hands together. With a deep breath, she takes in all the energy she feels. A ray of light sparks out of her body and begins to wrap around her like a barrier. This barrier of endless color shines brightly. As the spectacle happens, Salsa and her sister still dance around the kitchen. It appears it is too loud for them to hear the crackling sounds of the light rays hitting the room upstairs. Totilla closes her eyes and lifts her hands up.

The barrier implodes, seemingly going back into her body. She lets out a sigh as a final wave of energy passes through her, causing a small quake. The Salsas are able to feel this and quickly run upstairs. As soon as they open the door, their jaws drop. There was their mother, but she was not alone! Hundreds of Salsas sit next to her.

Totilla gives the confused kiddies the biggest smile she could. "Salsa. It looks like you have some sisters to play with," she giggles. The Salsas run to hug their mother and new sisters. It's a wonder they all fit in the same room.

Once again, a new chapter begins for Totilla. Now, she was mother to thousands of Salsas. They all live happily at the Molcascade. There is never a dull nor quiet moment. The Salsas can get pretty loud when they are all together. They all enjoy heading out to the Orbula Vendis to play. Totilla lets them all choose a toy capsule from the giant vending machine. Some Salsas get building blocks, while others get a camera. Some lucky Salsas even find stickers, glasses, and earrings in their capsules. It's a fun time for all.

After some months pass, the mother figures it is time to grant them the greatest gift she can give. The Salsas are all outside playing in the Molcascade front yard. Totilla looks at the children playing and running around without a care in the universe.

It makes her feel warm inside to see them so happy. "Salsas, I have a question for you all!" Totilla says loudly. They all turn to her. "How would you like to travel with me?" An uproar of 'yays' and 'yahoos' accompanied by hopping and wiggling ensues. "I'll take that as a 'yes'!" Totilla laughs.

Salsa walks up to her mother. "Mommy, where are we going?," she inquires. "We are all going to protect the universe, my little Salsa." Totilla tells her. "There is nothing more beautiful than helping others." Salsa grins. "Let's go Mommy!" "I want to help! I want to help!" Totilla picks up Salsa and holds her closely. "I am sure you will all be able to make a difference in this universe. You know, I am not allowed to act. I am only supposed to watch and guide from afar. *But!* Nobody said anything about

my children not being able to help.” The mother says with a fulfilled smile. “Mommy that’s sneaky!” Salsa jokes as they both start to laugh.

The light from the surrounding suns shine on the Salsa family. It’s the time of day when the Molcascade looks the prettiest. The purple water sparkles like a rainbow and the vibrant grass flows with the wind.

After having something to eat, Totilla leads them all back to the Orbula Vendis. The children skip joyfully beside her. “Okay Salsas, it’s time!” They all approach their respective toy capsules and sit inside them. This is the best part of the orbs: Not only do they have fun little knick knacks, but they are also mini aircrafts. The capsules float. Totilla stands in front of them all. “Let’s go Salsas!” She twirls and flies out of the Orbula Vendis. Thousands of Salsa-filled capsules follow her closely.

Totilla feels she has fulfilled her purpose. Flying side by side to her many children, she sees the love they all carry within. Their innocent and pure hearts guide them on this journey. They head for Planet Earth, Totilla’s favorite. She can’t wait to see the happiness the Salsas will bring to all. Noticing the beautiful smile on her mother’s face, Salsa giggles in her mini-capsule ship. “Hee hee! Here we come!”





As Totilla and the Salsas fly through the vast reaches of space, the Molcascade floats in silence. It hasn't been this quiet in months with all the energetic Salsas always playing and singing. All is normal...or so it seems. The colorful front door shakes a bit before opening just the smallest amount. A tiny head peeks outside before quickly shutting the door once more. It appears someone stayed home, but this isn't a Salsa: Totilla would have noticed a missing child. The hat-wearing figure runs upstairs into Totilla's room and locks the door. The kid takes off the hat and decides to sleep for a while. Hopefully, Totilla and the Salsas will be back soon!

