

# **The Muña Breath**

## **Character Letters**

*From The Valley of Pacha Mama*

By Davilyn Atwood & The Apothecary Press

These letters are written as quiet reflections from the characters of *The Muña Breath*, gentle words meant to extend the story beyond the final page.

## **A Letter from Amaya**

There was a moment, early in the valley, when I realized I had forgotten how to breathe.

Not truly, not in the way the mountains ask you to breathe. In the city, my breath had become shallow. Quick. Careful. Like I was always preparing for something.

But here, the air moved differently.

The wind carried the scent of herbs and stone. The terraces stretched upward like quiet invitations. And somewhere between the first morning and the first shared meal, I felt something soften.

I did not arrive ready to stay. I arrived tired.

But the valley does not rush you. It waits. It listens. And slowly, it reminds you of who you were before you hurried.

If you are reading this, perhaps you, too, are learning to breathe again.

Stay long enough to listen.

— Amaya

## **A Letter from Mama Tika**

Child,

You do not need to hurry your healing.

The mountain has stood here longer than any of us. It has watched storms come and pass. It has seen seasons of drought and seasons of abundance.

Still, it remains.

Healing is like this. You do not force it. You do not rush it. You allow it.

The plants teach us this. Muña grows quietly along the stones. It does not demand attention, yet it restores breath and steadies the body.

You are learning the same way.

Sit with the land.

Listen to the wind.

Let your breath return slowly.

You are already on your way.

— Mama Tika

## **A Letter from Inti**

I have never been one for many words.

The valley teaches that silence carries its own language. Water moving over stone. Wind through terraces. Footsteps along the paths.

When you arrived, you carried the sound of the outside world with you, hurried, uncertain, searching.

But slowly, I saw you begin to listen.

You watched the irrigation channels. You worked beside the others. You sat quietly near the spring.

You did not notice at first, but your steps began to slow.

This is how the valley welcomes people. Not with announcements, but with space.

If you ever feel lost again, remember this:

There is always a place where you can begin again.

There is always a path back to breath.

You only need to walk slowly enough to find it.

— Inti

## **A Letter from the Valley**

You came to me tired.

I felt it in your footsteps. I heard it in your breath.

You thought you came to rest. But I called you here to remember.

I am not a place that changes you quickly. I am a place that softens you slowly.

You walked my terraces.

You listened to my wind.

You tasted the herbs that grow between my stones.

And slowly, you remembered.

I am not only the mountains.

I am the quiet that returns to you.

I am the breath you thought you had lost.

You can carry me with you now.

I will be there each time you slow down.

Each time you listen.

Each time you choose the long breath.

— The Valley

## **A Letter from Amaya (After the Story)**

I did not know, when I first arrived, that staying would become part of my healing.

I thought healing meant returning to where I had been before.

But the valley taught me something different.

Healing is not always going back.

Sometimes it is growing roots where you did not expect to stay.

Sometimes it is learning that the quiet life is not smaller, it is deeper.

I still take the long breath each morning. I still walk the terraces.

And sometimes, when the wind moves softly through the valley, I remember the woman who first arrived, tired, uncertain, searching.

I want to tell her:

You will find your breath again.

You will find your place.

You will learn to stay.

— Amaya

## Why I Wrote *The Muña Breath*

### An Author Reflection

By Davilyn Atwood

I wrote *The Muña Breath* during a season when I kept returning to one quiet thought:

We have forgotten how to breathe.

Not physically, but emotionally, spiritually, and in the rhythm of our lives. Everything moves quickly. Decisions come fast. Healing is expected to be immediate. And yet, the deeper parts of us do not work that way.

They unfold slowly.

*The Muña Breath* began as a story about returning, returning to land, to community, and to a quieter way of living. I wanted to explore what happens when someone steps away from urgency and allows themselves to listen again.

The mountains of Peru felt like the right place for this story. The terraces, the herbs, the sacred water, and the deep respect for land all hold a wisdom that mirrors what many of us are searching for, a way to live more gently, more intentionally, and more connected.

I have always been deeply moved by the culture and beauty of Peru, the mountains, the quiet villages, the warmth of the people, and the deep connection between land, tradition, and healing. There is something profoundly gentle and grounded in the rhythms of life there, where wisdom is passed quietly from elders, where plants are treated with respect, and where community is woven into everyday life. This story grew from my admiration and love for that spirit, a place where breath slows, healing feels natural, and the land itself becomes part of the story.

Amaya's journey is not dramatic. It is quiet. She does not arrive with answers. She arrives tired. And I think many of us understand that kind of beginning.

Through Mama Tika, I wanted to honor the quiet teachers, the people who guide not through loud instruction, but through patience, observation, and lived experience. Through Inti, I wanted to show that presence itself can be healing. And through the valley, I wanted to create a place that feels like rest, a place readers can return to when they need to breathe.

This story is also about protecting what matters. The land, the traditions, the slower rhythms, these are fragile in a fast-moving world. *The Muña Breath* gently asks what we are willing to protect, and what we might rediscover if we slow down long enough to notice.

More than anything, I wrote this book as an invitation.

An invitation to slow down.

To listen.

To return.

Because sometimes healing does not come from doing more.  
Sometimes it begins when we allow ourselves to breathe again.

Davilyn

## Author Reflection

There is something about the mountains that teaches humility.

They do not rush. They do not demand attention. They simply remain, steady, patient, and present. While writing *The Muña Breath*, I found myself drawn again and again to that kind of steadiness.

I wanted to create a story that feels like a long breath.

A story that unfolds gently.

A story that allows readers to rest.

In many ways, this book is about learning to stay, not just in a place, but in a moment, in a conversation, in a quiet realization. Amaya learns that healing is not something she must chase. It is something she must allow.

I believe stories can offer that kind of space.

They can slow us down.

They can soften us.

They can remind us that we are not alone in the process of becoming.

When I finished writing *The Muña Breath*, I felt the same quiet feeling that lives in the valley, not a dramatic ending, but a gentle settling. A sense that healing had begun, and that it would continue quietly beyond the final page.

That is what I hope readers carry with them.

A slower breath.

A softer step.

A quiet reminder that healing grows gently.

- Davilyn Atwood

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