



ARIELLA ASHIRA

TO SPAIN  
WITH A  
*Rainbow Cake*

*Destiny Awaits:*  
*Love, Secrets, Adventure*



# *To Spain with a Rainbow Cake*

Ariella Ashira





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# Important

All translations for the Hebrew words and phrases as well as slang are found under the glossary.

**#2SWARC** is the hashtag for To Spain with a Rainbow Cake across all social media platforms

# *Dedication*

**To the Creator**, whose divine narrative guided Ava on an epic journey unlike any other.

**To Gabriel**, and to every **remarkable soul** you will encounter along this extraordinary adventure. This book is also dedicated to my steadfast friends and family members who walked alongside me on the arduous path of life and writing. Your unwavering support and unyielding belief in me have made this dream a reality.

**P.S.: Uncover** the secrets, the triumphs, and the heartaches that shaped this novel by following me on Instagram and TikTok under **ariella\_ashira** on Instagram and **aetherion\_architects** on TikTok. Dive into the full scoop of the behind-the-scenes magic of living and writing “A Rainbow Cake Affair,” a tetralogy that promises to captivate and inspire.

# *Acknowledgements*

Thank You Hashem, the Creator of the worlds for bestowing it upon me to write this book, despite it being unorthodox.

Thank you, avid reader, for picking up my book to read. May it fill your heart with joy and satisfy your reader's hunger.

Thank you to my first writing mentor, Serdar Ozkan, who pushed me into writing. Little did I know that it would take 7 years and 9 months to get here! But you taught me well: patience, perseverance and persistence.

Thank you to my second writing mentor, Sarah Bullen, for teaching me the ruthless discipline a writer needs to have in order to succeed. Our writing sprints over the weekends were catalysts in getting an exciting book!

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Thank you, Ima and Aba, for absolutely everything that you have done and continue to do. It hasn't been an easy ride having me as your daughter.

Thank you to my dearest and oldest friend who's also a film producer, Charles Dombek, who's been with me from the start



of my writing journey, even from 2015. Charlie, the impact you have on my life transforms me and your energy, love, support and care truly make me feel encouraged to keep going after my dream. You've helped me remain loyal to my big burning desire that God placed in my heart.

Thank you, Gabby Bernstein, my dear friend and soul family, who has also shown up perfectly on time in my life. You've helped keep my faith in the universe to assist with my greatest dream of having avid readers read my book.

To all the critics who remain anonymous, thank you for your honest feedback.

Thank you to a very special human who walked into my life unexpectedly, who remains anonymous. Your expertise with writing and getting my book to the standard it needs to be for the readers gracefully guided me to make the right changes. Thank you for your help.

Thank you to all the readers who have given me positive reviews on Goodreads and Amazon. Every review is a win in the spiritual world!

## *Author's Notes*



*Greetings, dearest soul,*

My name is Ariella Ashira. I am an author of bi-fiction, fiction and nonfiction books. I am passionate about bringing timeless, engaging, mystical, profound and thought-provoking stories to life that speak of the hidden truths of this universe.

I was born in Namibia, Windhoek, on the 29th of May, 1990. My star sign is Gemini, my moon sign is Leo, and my rising star is Scorpio. I love celebrating the birthdays of my three dominant star signs.

My nationalities are South African and Israeli. In 2017 I chose to follow my heart into my soul's journey to find that I was destined to become an architect not just with buildings and interior designs, but also words. I opted to work for myself as an architect and began to dabble in DJing for fun, amongst all the various exercises I do to stay fit and in shape. You can find everything I do on my **Instagram** page under Ariella Ashira and on **Tiktok** under Ariella Ashira. I'm pretty transparent about my life and love to share everything that I do.

I reside between various locations in South Africa, as I am an "adventurist" and traveller of the magic in this life, always humbly restless to explore the hidden depths of my soul and this world.

My official **writing journey** actually began on the 11th of November 2016 in San Francisco when a vision appeared to me

about writing a novel, which confirmed a psychic dream that I had while being hospitalised in September 2015. Since then, I've pledged my life towards creating novels based on real events in my life that captivate, inspire and bring hope. There are more to come balancing life between architecture, writing, exercising and DJing!

## TRIGGER WARNINGS:

I must warn you about a couple of situations that could put readers off. After all, not every book is for everyone. As for this one? It's for open-minded, authentic individuals who love unique and different adventures with unpredictable events!

There is a **sex** scene quite early in the book, as I honoured to write the true event as it played out.

There are also scenes that take place towards the end of the book that include the use of a very particular psychedelic **plant medicine** called Rasparia.

You might find portions of the book "**unorthodox**," meaning that there is a transcendence of religion into spirituality, with one scene in particular dealing with **spiritual warfare** against demons. It is not my intention to judge any religion as wrong or to cause any blasphemy. What has been written is what Ava went through, showcasing how she battled through this spiritual warfare.

You will find songs along the way that I wrote based on what Ava was experiencing. All the lyrics are my own, as well as the melodies. As a DJ, it is my duty to turn these songs into soundtracks! More on that to come.

My novel falls primarily under the genre of **romance**. How could it not, given one fine gent Gabriel? There is a lot of **self-discovery** as well along the way and elements of **spirituality**. On top of that, because of the use of Rasparia, there is an element of the genre

**magical realism (fantasy)** at play. Nonetheless, the story takes place in real life with real people that Ava met and who will know who they are when they read this book.

I hope you have a lot of **fun** reading this novel, as I myself enjoyed writing it so much that I might as well have been creating a house or DJing!

Thank you for taking the time to read from beginning to end. I love you very much with all my heart, mind and soul.

Much love, light and peace always,

# *Glossary*

Mikre chirum, zeh mikre chirum! Emergency, it's an emergency!

Hashem - God

Eishet chayil - a woman of valour

Yud - Jew

Chaver - boyfriend

Yasher koach - may you be blessed

Neshama - soul

Toda raba - thank you very much

Me'guyar - convert

Shabbos - Shabbat, the Sabbath, the seventh day of the week

Hashgacha Pratit - Divine Providence or coincidence

Frum - religious

Halacha - Jewish law

Le chaim - cheers

Balagan - madness

Yalla balagan - let's party

Ha za'yin sheli - Yes, my dick

Ken, beseder - yes, fine

Tehillim - Psalms

Sebaba - Cool

Eizeh yofi - how great

Bereishit - Genesis

Devarim - Deuteronomy

Chutzpahnik - daredevil

Im titkarev, ani etkasher la-mishtara - if you come closer, I will call the police

Giur - conversion

Behatslacha bechol zot - best of luck anyway

Shalom - Hello

Ma nishma - what's new

Tetrachek mimeni! - stay away from me, Gabriel

Bo - Come

Ken - yes

Zeh maspiek - it's enough

Ma zeh, haya? - What was that now?

Zeh nigmar - it's over

Eize shande - what a scandal

Mikveh - ritual bath

Chiyuch me'ozen le'ozen - a smile from ear to ear

Ein lanu zman - we have no time

Oy vey - oh, woe (used to express dismay)

Beit Din - rabbinical court in Judaism

Zehirut - caution

Bimah - a raised platform in the shul from which the sacred texts are read

Rov - Rabbi

Betach she yodea - absolutely

Shkei'ach, Rov - nice one, Rabbi

Schnorr - sponger

Ani lo ma'aminah et zeh - I don't believe this

Elohim tazor lanu - God help us

Mazel tov - congratulations

Pozzie - slang for place

Baruch Hashem - blessed be God

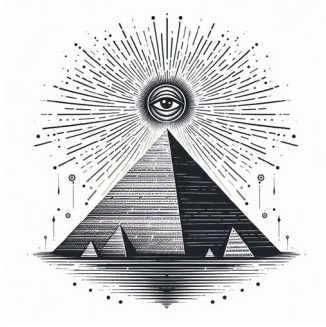
Shema Yisrael, Adonai Eloheinu, Adonai Echad - Hear, O Israel,  
the Lord our God, the Lord is One

Ein be'ayah. Hi achat me'itanu - there's no problem. She's one of  
us

Gehenna - hell



## *Interlude*



“This morning I’m going to talk to you about a particularly virulent and dangerous form of divine madness, which is called falling in love. Well, now really, when we go back then to falling in love and say it’s crazy, falling. You see, we don’t say rising into love. There is in it the idea of the fall, and uh, it ... goes back as a matter of fact to extremely fundamental things that there is always a curious tie at some point between the fall and the creation, taking this ghastly risk, uh, is the condition of there being life.

So, actually, therefore, the ... course of wisdom, what is really sensible ... is to let go, is to commit oneself, to give oneself up, and that’s quite mad. So we come to the strange conclusion that in madness lies sanity,” Alan Watts.

*Prologue:*

*Midnight*

Ava is unexpectedly thrust forward, her body hurtling through the air. Her face crashes onto the cold and unforgiving cobblestone, the impact jarring her senses.

“Ouch!” She cries out in agony. She glances down, touching her body in disbelief, bewildered to find herself in her white tracksuit with blood dripping from her hands and nose and a sharp jabbing in her stomach with blood gushing out.

*What the hell is going on?* Ava thinks to herself. *Why am I bleeding?* Ava’s mind has done her in. Hadn’t she just been... somewhere else? She swivels her upper body, scanning the surroundings. She clutches her head, her breath quickening. She has no memory of how she got here.

*Mikre chirum, zeh mikre chirum!* Ava thinks in Hebrew, all the while she’s feeling an outside-of-body experience. A sudden, piercing ring shatters the silence. Ava jumps onto her feet and gasps, her heart pounding as the sound reverberates through her ears. Her phone’s alarm has just gone off. She spins around to pick it up.

*Midnight.*

“Noooooooooooooooooo!” Ava shudders. “I’m too late!!!!” The alarm on her phone is so amplified that it might as well have been a grand clock converged at the top of the bonnet, a deep, resonating chime echoing through the air.

“How the hell did this happen?!” She exclaims, her voice trembling, as a few people lurking around give her questioning stares. She counts their heads. Six men, all hovering under a lamppost.

Ava’s eyes begin to dart back and forth in confusion, her eyebrows knitted. She is as puzzled as a sailor navigating without a compass. She looks around from left to right. Those six men begin to prowl under the lampposts, staring long and hard at her. One she recognises.

“Isaac?!” She blinks, squinting her eyes, locking her gaze on the one familiar face.

“Isaac!” She shouts, her feet glued to the paving. “Where is my husband?!” She shouts once more. Thunder roars and the earth shakes as a Boeing flies over her head. She looks back at her feet, finding herself off centre.

“Oh my God, I’m gonna throw up!” She gasps in panic, her stomach churning violently. As she doubles forward, the pendant around her neck flicks off, falling to the ground unnoticed. “I’m gonna throw up!” She yells, unable to control the urgency as she retches on the cobblestones. She instinctively wipes her face, smothering her face with blood. “Yuck!”

Ava suddenly feels a tug from behind. She looks over her shoulder as a man’s hand forcefully grips her arm.

“Stop!” Ava yells, trying to jerk her arm away only to find her face meeting the cobblestones as the man pins her down. “I command you to STOP!” Ava screeches, trying to turn around, when the man begins to drag her body. “Nooooo!” Ava roars, trying to kick her way out of his grip, peeking over her shoulder, witnessing her toes graze the surface. The scenery around her rapidly transitions into blurry lines.

“Isaac!” Ava cries out, looking over her shoulder, her voice breaking. Next, she feels a tingling spike in her arm, and the world alters to utter darkness, as if a sketchy, ominous cloud has swept across her peripheral view.

As the man drags her, Ava instinctively tilts her head down, scanning her neck, only to find the absence of the familiar weight of the pendant. Her heart thunders in her chest, slamming against her ribcage as if trying to escape. Her pendant—her lifeline, her connection to her husband—is gone. She twists and turns, trying once more to slither her arms out of the man’s grip. It’s too late; she is powerless. There is no way of getting to Isaac.

Does her reality evaporate into an abyss? Can she make it out without losing her mind?

Everything that you are about to read is the truth, except the parts that aren't.

***Chapter 1:***  
***The Past Beckons***

*“There is a voice that doesn’t use words. Listen”*

*Rumi*



Ava's eyes feel heavily weighted as she frantically peers through the slits of her eyes. As she turns her head to the side, she catches a glimpse of her reflection from the window. Empty, dark emerald-green eyes stare back at her while the sun distorts her chestnut-auburn hair.

A crowd of warped, zombie-like figures hover around her bed, glaring at her. She feels suffocated by a pungent, lingering smell emanating from their bodies. The sun's rays are sliding slyly down the white wall, casting abstract shadows.

It is so quiet that she can hear her heart beating in her ears. She doesn't recognise the bed. She feels as though she's been folded into this white, sterile bed, like an origami. She's unable to move a finger, pinned down like a magnet on a fridge.

Ava is very easy on the eye with her toned body, spending many hours training to sweat the demons from her pores. Yet, as much as she radiates beauty on the outside, within her, a tempest rages like a storm sweeping across the ocean. Her heart is throbbing painfully. Her mind feels fragmented. She can't help feeling that she should be anywhere else but here.

*When your mind has done you in and you've lost momentum on realising your dream, there is only one place you can go to find the way back home, and that's within; for the only way out is the way back in,* Ava thinks to herself.

Refusing to acknowledge the gloomy surroundings, she shuts her eyes to let her mind drift back in time. Perhaps taking a trip down memory lane will help her understand where the hell she is.

\*\*\*

The year was 1994, and my name at the time was Emily—the name that my parents had chosen for me at birth. Emily means “rival” or “hard-working” in Latin.

My family and I lived in a town called Bloemfontein in South Africa, which is south of Johannesburg, and one would most certainly pass it on your way to Cape Town.

Today was going to be a unique day at kindergarten. My kindergarten resembled something straight out of a fairy tale. All that was needed was a sprinkle of fairy dust, and it would have transported you into a real fantasy world.

I had the glorious chance to wear my favourite white dress, adorned with frills edging the hem. My long brown hair swept the floor while I was sitting cross-legged, and my green eyes were bigger than most, supercharged with deeper levels of curiosity and questions of existence than most four-year-olds.

“Emily, come take a seat in the middle,” said the tall, slender teacher in her mother tongue, which was Afrikaans. I promptly stood up and plopped myself on the floor where she had pointed.

My heart tingled as all the eyes in the room fell on me. The teacher placed a sparkling, plastic, golden-plated crown on my head, making me feel like Cinderella. A beautiful cake emerged with all the colours of the rainbow. It was like no other cake I had ever seen; the colours became more vivid as the candles were lit. My mouth watered uncontrollably as I stared at the most mesmerising and enchanting cake before me. My appetite was as hearty as that of a lioness. If it were up to me, I would devour the entire cake all by myself.

I suddenly felt the presence of someone else come to sit next to me. When I turned my head to the right, a boy I had never seen before with dark brown hair and gentle chocolate brown eyes plonked his tiny body right by my side, brushing my right arm, smiling from ear to ear.

*Wow!* I felt my heart drop a beat so hard I could feel it thump against my chest. Instantly, my cheeks grew warmer. The little ambiguous boy kept smiling at me. He wasn't alone; I saw his mother bend down to whisper in his ear. She had short blonde hair, brown eyes, and sharp features. I wondered where they had suddenly come from.

*He's here just for me!* I thought, feeling my heart run six octaves on the piano, soaring like it was playing a sonata for all of humanity.

The little boy nudged me, and he began to giggle. I felt my cheeks turn bright red like strawberries. The class sang Happy Birthday. All the eyes in the room were focused on the two of us. I felt even more cherished because he was celebrating with me.

The class sang with lots of vigour, and of course there was a lot of giggling. Some kids pointed at us, as if to insinuate that we would go to a tree house and get caught KISSING.

After blowing out the candles, the cake was sliced open, exposing all the colours of the rainbow with some multi-coloured M&M's erupting out.

*Wow!* My heart rejoiced as a magical world within the cake opened up to me. What a joyful surprise! A world within a cake? *One day I want to explore a world like that,* I thought to myself as slices of cake and M&M's were handed out to the kids eagerly awaiting.

Amidst the laughter and excitement of the cake that distracted me, I turned to my right to discover that the little boy and his mother had vanished!

For a long time, I wondered about him because his energy somehow clung to me like a shadow at the edge of my memories, whispering of a future yet to unfold.

\*\*\*

Still lying half paralysed on the unfamiliar bed, Ava jilts back to reality, at least for a spurious moment or two. In that overly white and creepy room, the only thing that she can make sense of is that she needs to go on a quest to find the ingredients for a most quizzical rainbow cake. She has to explore its hidden world.

*I simply must go back in time, Ava thinks. This can't be my reality.*

It wasn't so much the cake as the feeling it gave her when she first saw it and the boy—one true happy emotion that resonated with her into adulthood, an emotion that left an indelible mark on her heart. Would fate intertwine their paths in the future?





Ariella Ashira is a multifaceted South African author known for her compelling works of fiction, bi-fiction and non-fiction. With a rich background in architecture, Ariella masterfully balances her dual passions for architecture and writing. Since embarking on her literary journey in 2017, Ariella has worked on eight books, four of which are deeply personal and based on her own life experiences and form a tetralogy.

Beyond the written word, Ariella leads an adventurous and vibrant life. She explores the world through travel, expresses her creativity as a DJ, connects with new people, and embarks on a path of spiritual growth. Her dedication to fitness sees her training at the gym, swimming, running, and occasionally indulging in yoga. Ariella Ashira is not just an author; she is a dynamic and inspiring figure whose life and work continue to leave a lasting impact on her audience.

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After a life-altering experience in the hospital, exotic and ambitious Ava, a South African with an Israeli twist, embarks on a turbulent yet exciting quest. Her journey of self-discovery and spiritual awakenings leads her to an Orthodox Jewish wedding, where she meets Gabriel, a mysterious Israeli who lures her into a new world, awakening her to a dire need to discover her calling.

As Ava delves deeper into discovering the calling imprinted on her soul, venturing further into a new world, she begins to realise her path might be predestined and that the answers are found in her connection with Gabriel.

Hidden truths and unseen enemies threaten to turn her world upside down, forcing Ava to decide if her pursuit of her calling and connection with Gabriel are worth fighting for, or if the harsh truth will shatter her dreams.

Will Ava find what she's looking for? Or will her plans be sabotaged and desecrated? Embark on Ava's adventure of life, love and truth.

