Ancient of Days

An Honors Thesis (HONRS 499)
by

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Abstract
The few sample chapters of this novel, *Ancient of Days*, are only the tip of the iceberg of this creative project. Hours upon hours and days upon days of intensive writing sessions followed by extensive writer’s block periods helped to create this project as well as the unfinished portions of this novel. The intent was to create a novel that appeals to many ages on different levels: the younger can enjoy it as a pure fantasy/action novel, while the wiser can enjoy it both as that and a journey into the world of philosophy and religion. The ideas contained in the novel combine several philosophical ideas as well as numerous religious teaching and political theories. The book is meant to cause the reader to do some rethinking of her or his own ethical and political ideals.

Personal Acknowledgements
I would like to thank Dr. George Barker for giving me a firm grasp on so many things philosophical. I would also like to thank Dr. Laurie Lindberg for her literary perfection and editing ability. I would like to thank Jonny for his magical genius and Newby for his artistic inspiration. Thanks to Dr. Joanne Edmonds for putting up with my inane and often repeated questions throughout this journey. Thanks to Katie Gardiner for long walks late into the night comparing story ideas and helping to work out problems. Finally, I would like to thank Adam for the idea-sparking philosophical, political, and religious banter, and for being my personal inspirational source for beauty.

Thank you all.

Inspirational Acknowledgements
I would like to mention the following sources from which I learned so many wondrous ideas:

- **Movies**
  - *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* (Columbia/Tristar, 2000)
  - *The Matrix* (Warner Studios, 1999)
  - *Dogma* (Columbia/Tristar, 2000)
  - *The Fifth Element* (Columbia/Tristar, 1997)

- **Books/Readings**
  - *Ishmael & The Story of B* (Daniell Quinn, 1995 & 1997)
  - *The Celestine Prophecy* (James Redfield, 1997)
  - *The Holy Bible* (King James Version)
  - *Buddha, The Word* (Edited by Nyanatiloka)
  - *The Bhagavad Gita* (Translated by Sir Edwin Arnold)
  - *The Jain’s Death* (Patrick Farley, 1998)
  - *The Egyptian Book of the Dead* (Translated by E.A. Wallis Budge)

- **Music**
  - *Shanti Ashtangi* (Madonna, 1998)
  - *Everywhere* (Michelle Branch, 2001)
Author's Note

An artist’s work is never finished. Ask any artist, I’m sure almost all of them will agree. Although it is obvious from this sample portion of my work that I am not finished, I don’t even feel finished on the parts I am submitting. Chapters one and two have been written and rewritten and rewritten again, and that is all before even being submitted for editing. After editing some parts were rewritten yet again. The process was tiring and grueling and it is a process I both love and hate. Coming up with ideas is great; getting the right wording for them can be a painstaking undertaking.

I wrote a story that is a fictional exploration of philosophy and religion. It represents (to an extent) the way in which I believe the universe works. The whole story is about balance. I tried to set the storyline up so that chapter for chapter, it portrays the balance between the two main characters. To show that balance, I have submitted four chapters. The first two are, in fact, the first two chapters of the book. They describe the births of the two characters, Maia and Asia. The two chapters are meant to contrast the two characters. Maia is born in a serene, austere, clean environment at daybreak. Asia is born in a dirty, loud, painful environment in the middle of the night. Thus begins a journey of contrast that continues throughout the entire story.

The third chapter I have submitted is late into the story, after the two characters have finally met. In fact, this is the final battle between the two. This, too, is meant to show the equality and balance between them. The chapter caps off the book as the peak of excitement as the pair fights it out to destruction of both, thus completing the balance. If one exists, the other must too; if one does not exist, the other can not exist either. Otherwise, the general order of the universe would be out of balance.

The last chapter I have submitted is the very last chapter of the book. This one is almost exactly like the first chapter of the book. This chapter is intended to show that the same cycle continues, and implies that it has happened before and probably will continue to happen.

There are several reasons I have only submitted these specific four chapters. I wanted to show enough of the book to give a general idea of the writing style and touch on the concepts involved. However, I didn’t want to give away the meat of the book. Should the novel ever be published, I would want even those readers (and perhaps especially those readers) who have read this submitted project to still want to read the story in its entirety. In the chapters submitted as
well as the detailed outline following this introduction, I hint at some of the controversial problems facing the characters, hopefully just enough to intrigue the reader into wanting to know how these issues will be handled. When this novel hits the shelves in bookstores everywhere, hopefully there will already be people interested in how it turns out.

I guess I should, however, address some of these issues just a little. The main problem I think that society faces today is intolerance. Intolerance of differences in religion, status, opinion, race, gender, ethical ideals, and so on. In my story, part of Maia’s purpose is to teach her disciples, who seem to be unlikely disciples of a Goddess, the truth about the way the universe works. Once they embrace that truth and understand it, nothing else matters. She teaches them about, as I said before, the balance of nature, the unwillingness of humankind to understand and adhere to that balance, the Love of God, the great cycles of the universe, and the purpose of life. She draws together lessons from several great religious documents and religious doctrines and shows how the main parts are all the same, and because of differences in opinion, men have changed the minor rules to suit their needs.

Maia has purposefully picked a most unlikely couple to be her disciples so that she can teach them the truth and let them continue to spread the word after she is gone. Adam and Enoch are very skeptical about everything involving religion as they have been hurt and disillusioned by multiple previous experiences with religion. As she teaches them the way the world really is, and the new ways in which they can experience life, hopefully the reader, too, will think about Maia’s words and take some, if not all, of them to heart.

Also included at the end of the project are the handwritten notes, pictures, drawings, rough drafts, etc. which were used for inspiration, rewriting, and mutilation. I included them for the sole purpose of showing that a writer’s task is not an easy one. Hopefully, the end product makes it seem easy, but the process of getting there is not. The condition and content of some of the notes convey the angst, elation, and anxiety of writing.

I also want to point out that the chapters submitted take up only a small portion of the page. I took combined measurements from several other novels including font size, margin size, and text positioning to make these portions of my book feel and read more like a novel already in print.
Without further ado, I present to you *Ancient of Days*. Enjoy that which is here, and please keep checking those bookshelves in upcoming days (…months? …years?) for the full version, as well as (hopefully) more works by the same author.

~T.S.R. Nikolai
I. Section One—Dawn: Birth
This section is meant to describe the births of the two main characters. The section will set the stage for the vivid contrast between the two characters, which will hold true through the end of the novel. This will help to further enhance the sense of balance the story portrays. The section ends soon after both characters have been born.

A. Chapter 1: Girl
- This chapter describes the birth/emergence of the protagonist (Maia). The setting is far from civilization in an ethereal, serene forest. The chapter is supposed to give the reader a pleasant sense of calmness and tranquility. The chapter ends almost exactly like the end of the first day of Creation in the Bible, with the phrase “And the morning and the evening were the first day.”

B. Chapter 2: Boy
- This chapter describes the birth/emergence of the antagonist (Asia). Though as a baby, the child is supposed to look and seem every bit as beautiful and serene as the protagonist, the settings in which the birth takes place are meant to leave the reader feeling dirty and somewhat uneasy. The chapter ends with an echo of the end of the first chapter: “And the dusk and the dawn were the first night.”

II. Section Two—Morning: Growth
The purpose of section two is to describe the respective childhoods of the two characters previously introduced. This chapter will develop the background for upcoming events as well as provide more evidence for the balance of the whole story. As the section ends, the two are separated from their respective homes by opposing forces: Maia (unwillingly) loses herself to the roar of human emotion, and Asia (purposefully) loses himself to complete isolation from civilization.

A. Chapter 3: Goddess
- Chapter three shows the opposite of what we would expect from Maia. She is alone in the woods, and has no real guidance or purpose. She is still young and naïve, and has not yet left the woods. So, she plays with the power she has as a goddess, wreaking havoc (to an extent) on the forest around her. She doesn’t destroy it, but she changes it and plays with it like a child with a toy, not like a goddess caring for the earth. However, as the chapter continues, her powers develop more and more and she can begin to hear thoughts and voices of all the people on the earth. As the chapter draws to a close, she finds herself unable to hear her own thought over the din and becomes disoriented and unable to control what she hears and thinks. Maia loses herself in the sea of humanity flooding in through her.

B. Chapter 4: Unworthy
- Chapter four, again, reflects the opposite of the previous chapter. Asia is growing up and becoming more and more eager to be a civilized member of his community. He learns and grows very quickly, but he is always thought of as strange and people
are scared of him because of his mother's death during his birth. He tries harder and harder to fit in, but there are some things he just doesn't want to do. As the chapter continues, the reader discovers that Asia is from a war tribe, but he refuses to train as a warrior. He thinks fighting like that is silly and childish. As this chapter draws to a close, Asia has to make a choice to either train as a warrior or leave the tribe. Choosing the latter, he decides to go into the woods into complete isolation to "grow up" and seek the truth.

III. Section Three—Day: Adolescence
Section three is a description of the characters' respective experiences in their new worlds of self-discovery. Maia is basically locked in her head, trying to find out who she is and overcome the overwhelming outside influence. Asia decides what he thinks the truth is and seeks to attain eternal life and ultimate control.

A. Chapter 5: Woman
• This chapter is supposed to have a very confused and vague feeling. Maia cannot discern her own thoughts from the thoughts of the millions of people flooding into and invading her mind. She must lose herself completely and start at the beginning, learning all about who she is and why she is there. This portion of her life will be fundamental in explaining to Maia where she comes from and potentially where she may be going. The chapter comes to a close as she regains control over herself and reemerges into the world a new person, like a butterfly from a cocoon. She is ready to take on life at the end of the chapter.

B. Chapter 6: Man
• Chapter six is written to produce a very clear, determined feeling. Asia quickly discovers what he wants out of life and sets to work trying to become the man he wants to be. He intentionally brings harm to animals in order to see to what extent he can cause death or sustain life. He develops his own personal powers as well as physical and mental abilities, and decides exactly what he wants to do with them. The chapter comes to a close as he finally achieves his first transplant—of the life force of another being into his own body. At the end of the chapter, he is ready to take on the world.

IV. Section Four—Evening: Life
This section finally brings the two stories together. They have independently decided to join the rest of the world and search for their respective ultimate purposes. Maia chooses two "disciples" to be with her and also to help guide her in this new, unfamiliar world of civilization. Together they begin to explore the cities and towns as well as each others' lives and origins. Maia is fascinated at the strange customs and ethical whims of society. Her apostles are equally fascinated by her new approach to ethics and religion, to life and philosophy. She shares with them many ideas they have thought about before and never been able to express to others. Asia, on the other hand, goes into the world with the plan of taking it over. He will drain life from anyone he sees fit and add that life force to his own, always increasing his lifespan and power. The section ends when the two characters finally meet and it clicks that each one is the other's "destiny."
A. Chapter 7: (Untitled)
- This chapter starts from a different perspective. It describes a completely new scene. It starts with a happy couple, Adam and Enoch. Both of them have been having the same dream simultaneously for several nights in a row. They cannot figure out what it means, but they both figure it must mean something. As it turns out, the dream is a message from Maia, preparing them for her arrival. At last she does arrive, and this chapter begins a major comparison of the way things should be in society (Maia’s perspective) and the way things are (the couple’s perspective). Maia eventually tells them that they are to be her disciples if they accept. The boys feel they are unworthy to be disciples of a goddess. Each of them has been told all of his life that he is a sinner, unworthy, and an abomination, all for the way he lives. This has affected them both to the point of giving up much of what they had been raised to believe, leaving them in a constant search for the truth. This truth, as it turns out, is something Maia can teach them. She begins guiding them physically, mentally, and spiritually. The chapter comes to a close as Maia begins an explanation of the balance and the cycles of the universe, and hints at her purpose.

B. Chapter 8: (Untitled)
- This chapter starts with a description of a bigotted elitist group. These people are self-centered and have no interest in anyone outside of the group. One night, as they are conducting a secret meeting, Asia strolls into the group unannounced and unwelcome. He very quickly sees that these people can help get him to the next level of his quest. He demonstrates his power and the people suddenly respect him and fall in love with him. The members of the group start to become his “henchmen” because they are willing to do anything for him just for the possibility of joining him in eternal life some day. The chapter ends with Asia formulating plans to find his ultimate power source.

C. Chapter 9: (Untitled)
- This chapter brings us back to Maia, Adam, and Enoch. They are learning as much as they can from one another. Just walking through the city, the couple can point out images and instances of questionable practices and possible injustices in society, and Maia can point out answers to so many of their questions. They help teach Maia what the “civilized” world of today is like. She decides to take them traveling so she can see the world from different perspectives and different cultures. At the end of their traveling journey, Maia takes them to the forest in which she was born. As the chapter closes, she anoints them with a special holy blessing, securing her bond with the boys and with humanity before taking them back home.

D. Chapter 10: (Untitled)
- In this chapter, Asia has decided to travel the world in search of his ultimate power source. As he feeds off the people who get in his way, his power continues to grow. His followers make all of his travel arrangements for him at all times, and for that reason alone he keeps them around for the time being. In his travels, Asia decides to revisit his home village. His hatred for them has only festered all the time he has
been away, and upon slight confrontation, he ends up destroying the entire village. He even kills his own father, severing his last ties with humanity.

As Asia and his followers walk through the airport, headed back to "civilization," Asia and Maia brush into each other in passing. Stepping onto escalators moving in opposite directions, they turn to look at each other. When they brushed against one another, Maia felt an overwhelming darkness surge from Asia; Asia felt an incredible power surge from Maia. They stare at each other, suddenly realizing their destinies. The chase is on.

V. Section Five—Dusk: Destiny
As this section opens, Maia explains to the boys what has just happens. The entire section is comprised of a number of paralleling short chapters describing the similar experiences of Maia and Asia as they search for one another. The section comes to an end as they finally meet face to face outside a small temple in a village, prepared for the final battle. The whole series of chapters is supposed to present a very rushed, hectic feeling, much like a chase scene in a movie.

A. Chapter 11: City
   - This chapter starts with the flight back home, while Maia is explaining to Adam and Enoch what has just happened. She explains that they must keep their guard up, both mentally and physically, so that Asia does not find them before they find him. They land in the city and realize that he is close. Thus begins a night chase scene in which Maia is both the hunter and the hunted, trying to find Asia through bars, alleys, clubs, and stores.

B. Chapter 12: Close
   - Chapter 12 mirrors chapter 11. Asia, too, is trying to find Maia before she finds him. To make it easier for himself to hide (and also to add to his own power), he finally destroys his followers. During his entire search, he keeps taking life as often as possible so that he will be strong enough to make his conquest when he meets her.

C. Chapter 13: Town
   - In chapter 13, Maia and the boys have traveled outside of the city, headed for a smaller place where they think they can lure Asia in to them. It seems everywhere they go, he is either one step ahead or one step behind them, but they can’t seem to catch him.

D. Chapter 14: Closer
   - Asia is still on the warpath, mirroring (unintentionally) almost everything Maia goes through. He follows them to a smaller town, but still can’t seem to catch them. He decides, at the end of the chapter, to move to a small village to lure Maia in to him.
E. Chapter 15: Village
- The chase becomes more intense, as the trio ends up in the same village as Asia. Several sightings of him occur and there is a foot-chase sequence through a street market as Asia and Maia continue their game of hide-and-seek. At the end of the chapter, they finally run into each other face-to-face in front of a tiny temple at the edge of the village.

F. Chapter 16: Temple
- Maia instructs the boys to watch and be careful, but this is her fight. A somewhat heated dialogue occurs between her and Asia, and they decide to fight it out inside the temple. The space is cleared as the fight begins.

VI. Section Six—Night: Death
Chapter 17: Together. This chapter shows just how equal the two opponents have become when it comes to power. Maia is very powerful, but Asia's power has grown enormously too. At last, however, Maia realizes her true destiny: if she destroys Asia, she will still exist, and the balance will not be restored. She must sacrifice herself in order to destroy Asia and restore the balance. Silently she sends Adam and Enoch a farewell message and instructions to spread the word. Then she seemingly gives in to Asia. He thinks he has won the battle and finally achieved the power he has been dreaming of, but suddenly something seems wrong. There is too much energy and power pushing behind what he's taking from her. He tries to stop the flow but can't, and it is too late; the pair explodes in a brilliant light show, leaving the two astonished boys standing and staring. The chapter ends as the two disciples plan to go out with their newfound knowledge and confidence and spread the good word to the world.

VII. Section Seven—Morning: Rebirth
Chapter 18: Boy. Although it has the same title as chapter two, it starts the same as chapter one. Everything is very much the same up until the form emerges from the lake. This time, it is a boy and not a girl. The chapter then trails off, implying that this entire story will continue again like a giant cycle, and possibly implying that it has happened before. The reader will hopefully finish the book with a sense of closure, knowing that although this story trails off, it will happen much like it did the last time, and much like it will the time after that. Hopefully the reader will be inclined to wonder at the delicate yet self-correcting balance of the grand scheme of the universe, and also begin pondering her or his own purpose in life.
Dawn: Birth

1. Girl

MIST was still churning thickly off the surface of the early morning pond as an almost silent plunk escaped when a small green-brown frog leapt in for a sunrise swim. Animals from throughout the woods gathered at the pool’s crystalline edge for a refreshing drink of this Holy Water to wash down their breakfasts. This was a special morning. The creatures of nature came unnaturally close to one another on this morning. The forest snakes were calmly coiled up next to rabbits and mice with no instinct to attack; flies and ants rested on newly spun silvery spider-webs like fans in a stadium, unregarded by and regardless of the suddenly hungerless spiders who had built them.

The Sun was still just under the horizon, and the edge of the sky reflected a purplish-pink predawn glow, eager to get the day started. Eager to get this day started. A static energy hovered in the air and the leaves on the trees shivered with excitement.

The sky became lighter and the whole forest held its breath. The wind stopped blowing, the birds stopped chattering, the crickets stopped chirping. Everything was completely still and silent and all eyes were on the pond. Ripened fruit and mature pine cones dared not drop to the ground yet.

As the fiery circle of the Sun crested over the horizon at last, the polished-mirror surface of the pond rippled gently. The center of the pool began to bubble, slowly at first and then more rapidly, heralding the surfacing arrival. In perfect union with the rising of the Sun, a form suddenly broke through the surface of the water and rose fully out of the pond. A Girl.

The water ran off Her beautiful figure and She raised Her eyes to meet those of the expectant crowd. All eyes were on
Dawn: Birth

Her, all thoughts were of Her, and all bodies were filled with Her presence.

She stood up tall, and confidently extended Her porcelain-white leg to take Her first step toward the land. As She glided step by step across the surface of the pool, the excitement in the forest mounted. She paused almost imperceptibly as She reached the point where the water meets the land. As Her tender foot came gently to touch the solid ground, the entire forest erupted into song. The orioles and warblers sang their most beautiful songs. The crickets and cicadas chirped in harmony. Mice chattered their own little tunes and the early-morning flower buds burst into full bloom.

The wind blew suddenly, bringing crisp, cool, clean morning air throughout the clearing. As though She had given life to it only just now, the forest was truly alive.

She could sense the being and energy She brought to the world. It was more than a sense, really. It was the feeling of the Life of the World that coursed through Her veins. She was the mother of this Life. She looked in wonder at Her Children scurrying to and fro around Her.

Call me Maia. Mother, She told them in the silent language that the whole universe can understand. And the warblers sang songs of their Mother in reply, and the crickets and cicadas chirped songs of their Mother in reply, and the mice squeaked songs about their Mother in reply.

Maia turned and walked back to the Holy Pond from which She had emerged. She stopped right at the very edge of the pool and peered down at Her reflection. The mirror-like surface of the water stilled itself to reflect a flawless image of the Girl. She gazed down at Her real body, and then at the reflected body, and back at Her real body.

Her beauty was supernatural. She was the most beautiful creature Nature had ever birthed. Every feature was placed exactly where it should be, every color of every feature divinely selected just for Her. Her eyes were deep, radiant blue pools, the same blue that God Himself used to paint the deepest parts of the Earth's oceans, and always glistening, mois-
Dawn: Birth

tened with the salt water from those same oceans.

Her hair was inspired by the rising of the sun: a bright glistening halo of almost lucid-white gold around Her head, like the golden jewels fashioned for the highest, noblest kings and queens. Her entirely unblemished skin was the color of purest porcelain, bright and pale white like a China doll.

The wind blew again and reminded Her that She was naked. Clothes, She thought to Herself, and the world at hand immediately understood Her need.

Instantly, the forest spiders came together, overcoming natural instinct and working together with impeccable delicacy to form a stunning silk garment, impossibly intricate and immaculately woven to be fit only for a goddess.

And that She was.

Though She didn't quite understand it yet.

In a matter of minutes, the gown was finished and presented to Her. She looked and saw that it was good. She slid into it and resumed Her wandering of the woods.

The trees around Her bowed in the wind to hail Her presence. Animals that had scurried back to their business still stopped in a solemn salute when She came near.

She wandered through the forest and stopped in childlike wonder at every new thing. She stopped to listen to the sounds of ripened fruits and pine cones dropping to the ground at last. She stopped to watch a single leaf float to the ground. She stopped to feel the grass growing under Her feet and around Her, and to feel the cool water of a nearby stream stir up a tiny breeze with its movement. Everything there was to feel was Hers to feel; everything there was to see was Hers to see; everything there was to hear was Hers to hear. She and the Earth were alive, one in the other.

A warm, refreshing, cleansing rain began to fall in celebration of the emergence of the Mother. Water fell down on Her from above and splashed up again from below and She laughed aloud. The Earth around Her trembled and shook happily with the sound of Her laughter. She ran through the clearing and danced in circles. She splashed in puddles and
Dawn: Birth

played under trees and ran all through the forest dodging raindrops one minute and reveling in the downpour the next. She celebrated the miracle of Life; of Her life and of the Life around Her. It was all so new, and at the same time so familiar, and She loved it.

At last, the Sun began to settle in the west and the forest became slowly dimmer. The daytime animals crawled back into their dens and nests to slip into blissful slumber for the night. Owls and bats began their nightly rituals, and crickets began chirping louder again, singing a sweet lullaby to the diurnal creatures.

The Moon rose and the Sun dropped below the horizon, and now the land was alive with a new kind of life, the night life. The rain stopped and the clouds drifted away in the night breeze, leaving the stars shining down on the forest and a glowing misty halo around the Moon. The night air became cool and calm and the fireflies came out to play with their Mother. She enjoyed them as much as She had enjoyed the rain, and still She ran and spun in circles and played in leftover puddles.

Maia stopped to take it all in again. She breathed in deeply. She placed Her hands on a huge majestic oak tree next to Her. She could feel the vibrant warmth of a hundred concentric rings of life emanating from the tree. It felt good to Her. It was Her Child. She knelt down and ran Her fingers through the grass and felt the new life and drew out the late-night-early-morning dew. She dug Her fingers into the soft upper soil and let the moist earth crumble between Her fingers. All around Her the dirt, the air, the water, the trees, the animals, everything was full of rich Life.

And the Girl looked around herself at Her beautiful garden in the ever brightening moonlight. And She saw that it was good.

And the Morning and the Evening were the first day.
Dawn: Birth

2. Boy

SMOKE was seeping from the loose seams in the tiny hut just outside the village and the low humming murmur of the villagers hung like fog in the thick, damp air. All of the villagers were gathered around the dirty hide-and-thatch shelter. Some whispered to each other while others sat or stood in somber, silent prayer for the transpiring event. Children played noisily despite the threats of punishment from their parents.

The full moon was high in the black sky, but ominous clouds were drifting in like soldiers marching to battle, obscuring the bright white glow and leaving instead a darker, orange disc with a soft halo surrounding it.

The sky grew darker and the villagers became louder. The fire popped and hissed, reminding the people that the rain would leave them in total Darkness.

The woman inside the hut clenched her teeth, biting into a piece of bark in an effort to endure the Pain. Her husband tried to soothe her with his gentle brown eyes; he was not permitted to speak, by instruction of the Medicine Man. The young woman's Pain could be felt by everyone. She screamed in agony, and another bead of sweat loosened itself from her brow and followed the same path as the previous droplet down her forehead and into her thick, matted, black hair.

At last the woman screamed so loudly that it seemed for a moment the whole world would hear. The hairs on her husband's neck stood on end as a single tear ran out of the corner of his eye and down the side of his face. The young woman gasped suddenly and the hand that was squeezing the life from her husband's hand fell limp. All was quiet. And then the baby was crying. A Boy.

Steam filled the room as the Medicine Man poured water
Dawn: Birth

over the fire that had heated the room to an almost unbearable temperature during the birth. He then stepped out through the dusty animal-skin flap to meet the expectant crowd. All eyes were on Him, but everyone was distracted by the crying baby and the puzzlement of why the child's mother had suddenly become so quiet.

The Shaman appeared calm and confident stepping out into the torchlight. Far across the midnight plains, lightning could be seen. The air was thick with a pre-rain heaviness. The villagers became restless and began their murmuring, this time about the rain, about the suddenly chilling wind, about the crying child in the hut, about the father holding the baby, and about the mother who lay still at his side.

The Shaman cleared his throat again and looked around nervously at the crowd as it became silent again. Staring eyes burned holes right through him, and he prayed silently for the Answer he was seeking. Thunder rolled in the distance, and He ducked back into the hut briefly. Moments later, he re-merged, holding the Child up to the sky. The father followed close behind. The Medicine Man's voice rumbled again, echoing the distant, thunderous voice of the Gods he had heard moments ago.

"Asia," he said somberly. "We shall call this child Asia, for he is the Resurrection of his mother's life." The people remained hushed.

He handed Asia to his father, who held the baby close to his own body. Then the Doctor began to sing a hymn, heralding the new arrival and lamenting the recent passing. The sung rose up into the night sky like a wisp of smoke on a gentle breeze. The baby was quiet now, and the villagers soon joined in the Holy Song. The first spattering droplets of the storm came falling from the sky. The fire and torches started popping and hissing. The dirt was rinsed from the villagers and the Shaman and the Child and his father. Everything was being cleaned, but would soon be even dirtier from the mud paths between the huts. The Child squealed at the rain, and again the thunder rolled.
"Dawn: Birth"

The glistening, wet, naked baby was beautiful, like a tiny golden Idol. His big, round, earth-tone brown eyes were open as wide as possible as he absorbed everything he saw. His tiny mouth suckled at the air and he grabbed his father's finger with his perfect little hand. But no one took notice of his beauty now. All of the people were running for their own huts in order to take refuge from the huge storm that was now moving in on top of them.

Asia watched the frenzy in awe. Every movement, every noise, every scent held some new fascination for him. His father just stood in the rain, watching the Medicine Man who continued to rumble his deep, sorrowful song for the young mother who had died in childbirth. The rain fell harder, the wind blew colder. The torches and the bonfire finally gave in to the relentless downpour and hissed their last goodbyes as they sputtered out. Mud splattered up from puddles onto the father and the Doctor and the hut, but Asia remained clean and happy. The thunder crashed loudly and he laughed aloud. Such a small, newborn baby laughing so soon after birth caught the Doctor off guard. He shivered, reminding himself to clothe the child. He ducked back into the hut and was overwhelmed with the feeling the recent Birth and Death had left behind. He grabbed a special blanket that had been tucked away for several years and covered the young mother with it. Then he took the special cloth he had tailored for the infant, and drew the father and child inside and clothed the baby.

They sat in silence as Asia looked around the hut. Various jars and bottles and bundles of herbs were on shelves and in pots and sitting in special corners or on special tables. The Shaman rekindled the fire he had extinguished earlier and began making a mixture of herbs to roast to soothe the spirit of the recently deceased. The father just kept staring at the child and could not speak.

At last, the rain began to slow. The temperature rose again and the air became even thicker than before. Breathing became difficult for the two men, trying to draw hot muggy air into their lungs. Asia just laughed.
The first lights of the new dawn could be seen creeping over the horizon. Weary and sleep-deprived, the father looked over at the Shaman.

"The child must sleep here tonight. You may go or you may stay," he told the father.

"I will stay."

"Then get some rest, tomorrow is an important day."

"Yes...indeed..." The father trailed off as he stretched out and made himself comfortable. He held the child next to his body and whispered Asia over and over until he finally drifted off into blissful slumber. The baby sat watching every movement of the Medicine Man as he prepared for the funerary rites of the upcoming morning. He watched as the Shaman mixed together several pots of herbs. He watched as the Shaman lit candles around the figure lying on the table. He watched as the Shaman uncovered the figure and sprinkled a mixture of spices all over her and sang a barely audible prayer. He watched as the Shaman covered her back up and fed more wood to the fire. He watched as the Shaman put some dried herbs on the fire and filled the small hut with a sweet smoke that seemed to chase all of the Pain away. Then the infant began to feel tired and yawned a tiny baby yawn. He blinked a few times, then closed his beautiful eyes and was soon fast asleep.

And the Shaman looked at the Boy and his mother and father, and sighed a melancholy sigh. Then he whispered his Prayer to the Morning and stretched out on the floor, drifting into his own dreamworld to commune with the Gods.

And the dusk and the dawn were the first night.
17. Together

THE EMPTY temple had been so serene. The glassless windows were clouded over with hanging vines and creeping, deep-violet flowers from the surrounding gardens outside. The air in the room was refreshing and clean, not like that of a musty old chapel or stale cathedral. Holy trinkets decorated the walls in carefully selected placements, leading any onlooker's eyes toward the large shrine opposite from the entrance. The shrine, too, was elaborately decorated with statues and offering dishes and beads and cloths of gold, silver, bronze, in a variety of arrangements praising God or the Gods. It could have been a perfect place to meditate and discover inner peace and enlightenment. It could have been perfect any other day.

Maia and Asia stood in front of the shrine, staring at each other, poised for battle. The divine collectedness and serenity of ancient wisdom stilled the air around the Goddess, while the air around the Man buzzed with the excited, heated rage of a lifetime of hatred. And still they stood motionless, sizing each other up, Yin and Yang coming together at last.

Adam and Enoch stood motionless near the entrance, eyeing the combatants nervously. They could almost feel the opposing Forces grating against each other, each waiting for the other to make the first move or first mistake. Matter and Antimatter. Love and Hate. Life and Death. Adam took Enoch's hand, squeezing softly. "Should we help Her fight?" he whispered, leaning close to his shorter counterpart.

No, came the familiar, silent answer. This is My destiny. I alone was meant to fight this battle. Just watch and wait.

Suddenly, faster than the eyes can follow, Asia had his sword out from under his shirt and was swinging toward Maia.

- 20 -
Night: Death

With perfect timing and precision, She dodged every slash and stab by mere fractions of an inch. No matter where he swung, She knew exactly where the blade would be.

Asia swung around full-circle for a forceful blow, and as he did, Maia launched Herself up and back through the air. Time practically stood still as Asia stopped himself to reevaluate the situation and Maia landed next to the wall. She quickly grabbed a wooden staff from the ornaments on the wall, and instantly the fighting resumed.

Maia maneuvered the staff like a sword as though She had been swordfighting all Her life. She blocked and countered just as fast as Asia. Like fluid, Her body flowed gracefully and effortlessly through the motions. She wielded the staff in such a way that the sharp edges of the real sword could not and would not slice though it. Asia chopped and sliced and stabbed and could not make his sword fulfill its purpose.

All of this was happening so fast, the two boys by the door could barely follow the movements. But it was obvious that this fight was not determining anything. Both fighters displayed expert authority in their fighting skills; they fought on and clanked back and forth relentlessly and still neither could get an edge over the other.

The Sun was beginning to settle over the western sky and deep undertones of indigo were seeping through the breaks in the clouds. The first evening star could be seen next to the late afternoon summer moon. Nighthawks were beginning their evening songs and the crickets began chirping again. The noise from the market outside grew softer as the vendors and merchants packed up their belongings and started for home. Everything outside was growing soft and quiet and calm.

Inside the temple, the fight continued. Clanking and stabbing, slicing and slashing, the thok thok thok of wood against metal could be heard constantly against a sea of whooshing and the low resonating hum of the razor-sharp blade. Asia yelled out occasionally while Maia continued in silence.

- 21 -
Night: Death

At last they both swung around with all the physical force they could and the blade sliced cleanly through the wooden staff. Throwing the pieces aside, Maia continued Her graceful blade-dodging dance. Neither opponent seemed to be tiring, neither seemed to be losing or gaining any sort of advance. The boys stood motionless by the entry gate still, watching in awe.

In a final effort to finish his opponent, Asia flew into an even faster, complex sword rampage. As he came through a full spin, swinging the weapon wildly right for Her delicate neck, Maia opened Her mouth and let out a tiny burst of Voice. The instant before Her flesh would have been broken by the metal, the sword shattered into a million pieces of dust, scattering into the now stirring breeze. Undaunted, Asia continued the battle by hand.

The fight continued as before but was even harder to follow because the two were so close now. Enoch and Adam simultaneously squeezed hands. They were anxious and nervous, not knowing what to do or what would happen next.

The Sun dropped closer to the horizon. It seemed the fight would never end. Suddenly, as the last bit of the Sun dropped below Earth's distant curve, the last part of Maia's life was revealed to Her. Full Enlightenment. Realization.

Adam. Enoch. This is it, the End. Continue living as I have taught you. You are both wonderful creatures, and you need to teach your Love to your friends, and their friends, and spread it worldwide. Life is yours to have, embrace it now. Now is the moment. You will find Me again. You will recognize Me. I will remember you.

They looked at each other in confusion. "What's going on?" Adam whispered. The fighting continued.

I am completing the Cycle. Restoring the Balance. The fighting continued.

Suddenly, Maia stopped fighting. Asia stopped, wary of what tricks She might have waiting. She stepped toward him, offering Herself to him. He took her in his arms. Smiling, unbelieving, he embraced Her form and began laughing. He
Night. Death

pressed his lips against Hers and began to drain Her energy, Her power, Her Life. He could feel Eternity rushing into his veins and all through his body. He was becoming invincible, immortal. He was fulfilling his lifelong ambition, becoming the God who in his mind he deserved to be. The boys stared in disbelief.

"NOOOOOOO!" they shouted in the suddenly quiet temple. Their screams could not be heard in the vacuum of energy that was now taking place. Everything was growing blurry, the room was spinning, and as Maia's body grew weaker and weaker, Asia's seemed to glow brighter and brighter. And then Asia's smile of success changed, subtly at first but then all at once into a frown. Something wasn't right.

Asia could feel the power now filling him, now encompassing him, and now overwhelming him. He was realizing that it was too much for him. Maia had more power than his human body could handle, even as strong as he had made it. He tried to stop the power surge. It continued. He tried to push Maia away, but She held tight. They were locked together and no longer was Asia taking Her Life. Now She was pouring it into him. Filling him. Overflowing.

Asia's eyes grew large as the surge of power increased. Maia had realized in the final moments of the Battle that it wouldn't have been enough for Her to destroy Asia. The Balance would still be broken, because She would still have existed. The fight would end when they both were gone; She had to sacrifice Herself in order to destroy him.

She locked Herself to him tightly and he knew suddenly what was happening. He continued to struggle as they rose from the floor slowly, like a warm cloud of steam. Maia poured Her Heart and Her Life and Her Power into Asia. Time stopped and the only noise heard was the sudden gasp from the two boys, and then a blinding light erupted from where Maia and Asia had been hovering. The boys were blinded and thrown backwards onto the ground.
Night: Death

And on the Seventh Day, Maia ended Her Work which She had made; and She rested.

Adam and Enoch got up and dusted themselves off. No trace of the recent events could be found save for two broken pieces of a wooden staff. There was no way to tell how much time had passed, but the Sun was already beginning to rise in the east. The couple embraced and held each other close, suddenly sniffing. Enoch couldn’t contain his feelings and began to cry.

“She had to restore the balance. Just like She taught us, Enoch, the Universe is full of cycles and balance, and Her purpose was to meet Asia and restore balance,” Adam said softly, trying to soothe his best friend.

“I know,” Enoch finally choked out, “but I’ll miss Her so much. She was so good to us and I learned more from Her than from anyone else, ever!”

“Well, then we have to do what She wanted us to do. We have to get out there and spread the Word. Teach the world about Maia and the things She taught us. The love, the balance, the respect, everything.”

“Okay. Let’s go. But before we leave this Temple, can we do one thing?”

“Yes, I think we should.”

And Adam and Enoch blessed the Seventh Day, and sanctified It: because that in It Maia had rested from all Her work which She created.

And They headed home with the Anointing She had given Them, ready to Take on the responsibility She had left Them.
1. Boy

MIST was still churning thickly off the surface of the early morning pond as an almost silent *plunk* escaped when a small green-brown frog leapt in for a sunrise swim. Animals from throughout the woods gathered at the pool’s crystalline edge for a refreshing drink of this Holy Water to wash down their breakfasts. This was a special morning. The creatures of nature came unnaturally close to one another on this morning. The forest snakes were calmly coiled up next to rabbits and mice with no instinct to attack; flies and ants rested on newly spun silvery spider-webs like fans in a stadium, unregarded by and regardless of the suddenly hungerless spiders who had built them.

The Sun was still just under the horizon, and the edge of the sky reflected a purplish-pink predawn glow, eager to get the day started. Eager to get *this* day started. A static energy hovered in the air and the leaves on the trees shivered with excitement.

The sky became lighter and the whole forest held its breath. The wind stopped blowing, the birds stopped chattering, the crickets stopped chirping. Everything was completely still and silent and all eyes were on the pond. Ripened fruit and mature pine cones dared not drop to the ground yet.

As the fiery circle of the Sun crested over the horizon at last, the polished-mirror surface of the pond rippled gently. The center of the pool began to bubble, slowly at first and then more rapidly, heralding the surfing arrival. In perfect union with the rising of the Sun, a form suddenly broke through the surface of the water and rose fully out of the pond. A Boy.

The water ran off His beautiful figure and He raised His eyes to meet those of the expectant crowd. All eyes were on
Dawn: Rebirth

Him, all thoughts were of Him, and all bodies were filled with His presence.

He stood up tall, and confidently extended His porcelain-white leg to take His first step toward the land. As He glided step by step across the surface of the pool, the excitement in the forest mounted. He paused almost imperceptibly as He reached the point where the water meets the land. As His tender foot came gently to touch the solid ground, the entire forest erupted into song. The orioles and warblers sang their most beautiful songs. The crickets and cicadas chirped in harmony. Mice chattered their own little tunes and the early-morning flower buds burst into full bloom.

The wind blew suddenly, bringing crisp, cool, clean morning air throughout the clearing. As though He had given life to it only just now, the forest was truly alive.

He could sense the being and energy He brought to the world. It was more than a sense, really. It was the feeling of the Life of the World that coursed through His veins. He was the father of this Life. He looked in wonder at His Children scurrying to and fro around His.

*Call me Manu. Father,* He told them in the silent language that the whole universe can understand. And the warblers sang songs of their Father in reply, and the crickets and cicadas chirped songs of their Father in reply, and the mice squeaked songs about their Father in reply.

Manu turned and walked back to the Holy Pond from which He had emerged. He stopped right at the very edge of the pool and peered down at His reflection. The mirror-like surface of the water stilled itself to reflect a flawless image of the Boy. He gazed down at His real body, and then at the reflected body, and back at His real body.

His beauty was supernatural. He was the most beautiful creature Nature had ever birthed. Every feature was placed exactly where it should be, every color of every feature divinely selected just for Him. His eyes were deep, radiant blue pools, the same blue that God Himself used to paint the deepest parts of the Earth’s oceans, and always glistening.
moistened with the salt water from those same oceans.

His hair was inspired by the rising of the sun: a bright glistening halo of almost lucid-white gold around His head, like the golden jewels fashioned for the highest, noblest kings and queens. His entirely unblemished skin was the color of purest porcelain, bright and pale white like a China doll.

The wind blew again and reminded His that He was naked. *Clothes,* He thought to Himself, and the world at hand immediately understood His need.

Instantly, the forest spiders came together, overcoming natural instinct and working together with impeccable delicacy to form a stunning silk garment, impossibly intricate and immaculately woven to be fit only for a god.

And that He was.

Though He didn’t quite understand it yet.

In a matter of minutes, the robe was finished and presented to Him. He looked and saw that it was good. He slid into it and resumed His wandering of the woods.

The trees around Him bowed in the wind to hail His presence. Animals that had scurried back to their business still stopped in a solemn salute when He came near.

He wandered through the forest and stopped in childlike wonder at every new thing. He stopped to listen to the sounds of ripened fruits and pine cones dropping to the ground at last, He stopped to watch a single leaf float to the ground. He stopped to feel the grass growing under His feet and around Him, and to feel the cool water of a nearby stream stir up a tiny breeze with its movement. Everything there was to feel was His to feel; everything there was to see was His to see; everything there was to hear was His to hear. He and the Earth were alive, one in the other.

A warm, refreshing, cleansing rain began to fall in celebration of the emergence of the Father. Water fell down on Him from above and splashed up again from below and He laughed aloud. The Earth around Him trembled and shook happily with the sound of His laughter. He ran through the clearing and danced in circles. He splashed in puddles and
played under trees and ran all through the forest dodging raindrops one minute and reveling in the downpour the next. He celebrated the miracle of Life; of His life and of the Life around Him. It was all so new, and at the same time so familiar, and He loved it.

At last, the Sun began to settle in the west and the forest became slowly dimmer. The daytime animals crawled back into their dens and nests to slip into blissful slumber for the night. Owls and bats began their nightly rituals, and crickets began chirping louder again, singing a sweet lullaby to the diurnal creatures.

The Moon rose and the Sun dropped below the horizon, and now the land was alive with a new kind of life, the night life. The rain stopped and the clouds drifted away in the night breeze, leaving the stars shining down on the forest and a glowing misty halo around the Moon. The night air became cool and calm and the fireflies came out to play with their Father. He enjoyed them as much as He had enjoyed the rain, and still He ran and spun in circles and played in leftover puddles.

Manu stopped to take it all in again. He breathed in deeply. He placed His hands on a huge majestic oak tree next to His. He could feel the vibrant warmth of a hundred concentric rings of life emanating from the tree. It felt good to Him. It was His Child. He knelt down and ran His fingers through the grass and felt the new life and drew out the late-night-early-morning dew. He dug His fingers into the soft upper soil and let the moist earth crumble between His fingers. All around Him the dirt, the air, the water, the trees, the animals, everything was full of rich Life.

And the Boy looked around himself at His beautiful garden in the ever brightening moonlight. And He saw that it was good.

And the Morning and the Evening were the first day.
This story is about balance. There is a balance to everything, and the natural balance is understood by everything "natural" in the universe. Man, however, has set himself aside as above nature. In the story, I try to show how offsetting the balance can be destructive and chaotic. The protagonist of the story understands that everything in nature is a balanced cycle while the antagonist is the epitome of the unnatural imbalance man desires. He wants to rise above everyone and everything to take control of the universe and be all-powerful.

Nature will do everything in her power to restore balance to the universe. From the start, the two characters balance each other out. Maia is born far from people and civilization, in a nameless, timeless Garden. Kade is born in the middle of a village with villagers all around. Maia is born with the rising of the sun; Kade is born in the dead of night. Maia emerges silently into a silent world which only breaks forth into song after she sets foot on solid ground.

Kade's birthing is accompanied by the murmuration of the villagers as only when he screams upon full emergence does the village become quiet. Finally, Maia is born directly into life; as she touches the ground, the forest around her explodes into full bloom and full song. Kade's mother does giving birth to him; her father sheds a tear and the Medicine Man who delivers him is unable to speak.

This kind of parallel balancing continues throughout the story. Each chapter about Maia is paralleled by a following chapter about Kade's life. Section 2 is about their growth in their environments. Maia becomes more and more accepted as Mother of the
nature around her, Kade becomes less and less accepted as a member of the tribe. Section three is their respective passages into adulthood: Maia gains the ability to hear the thoughts and words being spoken all over the world. She loses herself to humanity, succumbing to the overwhelming din of thought and speech. Kade, on the other hand, excludes himself from the world after he is ousted from the tribe for not being warrior enough. He runs off into the wilderness to build his own power.

The first three sections are mainly written
Steam was still damping thickly off the top of the pink-morning pond as an almost silent placid except for the point
where a small green-brown frog leaped in for a Europe.
A bear from the woods, caught at the pond's crystalline
bountifully she must have caught. The creatures of
their nature were, naturally, close to one another in this nature of
the forest, spokes were cuffed up. They reared on evenly
and serenely of the shadowy, hungerless spiders who
willed them.

This was a perfect, pink, placid day, a day to reared up. The
blue eyes of the black and white, forest hill
silently, the winds on the trees, blown with excitement.
The sun's beam, blown to the ground, yet
still was all eyes, were on the pond. Reared on fruit and
bavior, the pool's water surface, the sun. A cool breeze
and oozed a fully out of the ground. All eyes
were to meet those of the participating头脑.
were on her, all thoughts were of her, and
As they travel back to the city, they walk through the airport. Asia brushes past Maria. Stepping onto oppositely traveling people-movers, they turn to stare at each other. Maria felt the darkness from Asia. Asia felt the power surge from Maria. They stare at each other in realization that each has found their destiny. The chase is on.

V. Section 6 - Dusk: Destiny

On the plane home, Maria explains to the boys what has just happened at the airport. She tells them that they must be very careful and keep their guards up, mentally and physically, so that Had does not find them before they find him. They begin travelling again searching for him. This section is comprised of a number of parallelizing short chapters describing the similar experiences of Main and Asia in search of each other. The section comes to an end as they finally meet outside a small temple in a small village and prepare for the final battle. The whole series of chapters is supposed to present a very rushed, hectic feel like a chase scene in a movie.

A. City - Bar / Alley scene
B. Close - Bar / Alley scene
C. Town - Various stores, streets, buildings
D. Close
E. Village - travelling again, to villages - street market
F. Temple - it turns out they're in the same village and meet face to face in front of a tiny temple. They enter the temple and begin the fight.
VI. Death

This chapter shows just how equal the two opponents have become in a physical battle. At last, however, Jaina realizes her true destiny: if she destroys him, she'll still be here, leaving the world unbalanced. She must sacrifice herself in order to destroy Asia. Silently she gives the boys a farewell message and then seemingly gives in to Asia. He thinks he has finally conquered, but suddenly something is wrong. There is too much energy, too much power behind what he's taking. He tried to stop the flow, but it is too late; the pair explodes in a brilliant light show, leaving the astonished boys standing there. The chapter ends as they go out with newfound confidence and teachings to spread the word.
Somewhere a woman is screaming. The tribe gathers around the outside of the hut. Only three people are allowed inside. The woman, her husband, and the medicine man. The husband's hand is in pain from the woman squeezing the life out of it, trying to alleviate her own pain. She is giving birth to their child.

The husband gives his young wife a piece of bark to bite down on. He looks at her saying. He can almost feel her pain; it fills the room and seems to suck the life out of the very air they are breathing. Another bead of sweat loosens itself from her thick, matted black hair and follows the same path down her face that several other drops have taken.

The medicine man is worried. The woman has more strain in her face and more tension in her muscles than the other woman whose births he assisted. Something is wrong; the shaman fears the worst for the mother-to-be. But he simply continues to soothe her with his lulling words. The plants he roasts on the fire fill the room with a sweet smell and for a brief moment the sense of pain vacates the room and everyone in it. But this is a complicated birth and the pain quickly overpower the magic invoked to stifle it.

Somewhere a baby is crying. So is his father. The shaman emerges from the hut into the anxious crowd. He knows an announcement must be made, but he feels a darkness in his
This is no ordinary child that has come into the tribe.

He stares blankly into the expectant crowd and wipes the sweat from his own brow, smearing dirt across his forehead in the process. He looks disheveled.

Inside the hut, the thin smoke of herbs drifts toward the window. The man holds his newborn son in one arm while holding the caldron, a lifeless head of his wife. She didn't make it through the birthing process. The baby cries.

The man too, cries. Silently.

The chill of night has come upon the tribe. The clouds above hide the moon and stars in a sea of pure black. Torches and bonfires cast strange shadows on the people of the village, lighting only parts of their faces with eerie orange glow. Still the medicine man is silent, and still the people wait patiently for the news.

As dawn the news was ready. The medicine man had prepared his heart to pour out to the people. "He shall be the child that has been born through the giving of his mother's life. He shall be called 'Phedias.'" The special one for he was born from life and be the giving of life and they shall be added unto his name that he may live longer and more free.

"Beloved Phedias."

(write on porch)
Preliminary outline of My Novel ~ Ancient of Days

I. Dawn: Birth
   A. Birth of a Goddess
      * description of her emergence
      * description of her beauty
      * description of her wonder at the world
   B. (Death of a Nation?) Birth of Evil
      * description of his birth (mom dies in childbirth)
      * description of sense of impending doom for Shaman

II. Morning: Growth
   A. The Goddess discovers her own ability
   B. The bad-guy is an outcast of his own tribe

III. Day: Coming of Age/Adolescence
   A. Goddess sinks into a trance during which she learns
      to control her own power and learns her purpose
   B. Bad-Guy chooses to be ejected from the tribe rather
      than become a warrior. Goes into solitude to begin
      building his power.

IV. Evening: Life
   A. Goddess realizes her purpose and awakens from her
      trance to seek out her followers
   B. Bad-Guy realizes how he can live forever; leaves solitude
      to seek power sources for life-sustaining

V. Dusk: Destiny
   A. Goddess meets Bad-Guy, realizes her end-purpose
   B. Bad-Guy meets goddess, realizes his ultimate goal
§ IV. Night: Death
A. The final battle between good and evil; balance is restored by the deaths of both

§ V. Dawn: Rebirth
A. Birth of a God (a boy this time)
B. Birth of evil (a girl this time)
A. Chapter 7

This chapter starts from a different perspective. It describes a completely new scene. It starts with a happy couple, Adam and Enoch. Both of them have been having the same recurring dream for several nights now. They can not figure out what it means, but know it has to mean something. As it turns out, the dream is a message from Maia, preparing them for her arrival. They meet at last, and thus begins a comparison of the way things should be (Maia's perspective) and the way things are (the perspective of the couple). The two feel they are unworthy to be disciples of a goddess. They have been told each of them has been told all of his life that he is a sinner, unworthy, and an abomination. This has affected them both to the point of giving up what they had been raised to believe, leaving them in constant search of the truth. This truth is something Maia can teach them. She begins training them physically, mentally, and spiritually. The chapter comes to a close as Maia is explaining the Balance and Cycle of the Universe and explaining her purpose.

B. Chapter 8

This chapter starts with an elitist group. These people are self-centered and have no interest in anyone outside the group, until a night during their secret meeting, a woman (Asia) strolls in. She very quickly sees that these people can help get him to the next level.
in his quest. After a few demonstrations of his power, they fall in love with him as do the
members of the group because "leaders" for his purpose. He expresses no interest in the well-being of anyone, including those in the group, which makes the members love him even more. The chapter ends with Asia forming plans to find an ultimate power source.

C. Chapter 9

This chapter brings us back to the trio, learning as much as they can from one another. Just walking in public teaches the-couple to have confidence and teaches Maia what the "civilized" world is like. She decides to travel the world with them and learn as much as she can. In the end, she takes them back to her birthplace and teaches them about serenity. As the chapter closes, she annunciates them each with a special blessing securing her bond with the boys and with humanity, then takes them home.

D. Chapter 10

In this chapter, Asia has decided to travel the world in search of his power source. Feeding off of the people that get in his way, his power grows and grows. His followers make all of the travel arrangements for him at all times, and for that reason alone he keeps them around for the time being.

In his travels, Asia decides to revisit his home village. He ends up killing everyone in the tribe, including his father, severing the last ties he had with humanity.
Chapter 17

The empty temple had been so serene. The glassless windows were clouded over with hanging wires and deep violet flowers from the gardens outside. The air in the room was refreshing and clean. Trinkets hung on the walls in carefully selected spaces, all leading any onlooker's eyes toward the shrine opposite from the entrance, decorated with statues and dishes of gold, silver, and bronze. It could have been a perfect place to meditate and discover inner peace.

But now, Maia and Asia stood in front of the shrine, staring at each other, both poised for battle. Their collectedness and serenity of ancient wisdom still filled the air around the Goddess while the air around the Man buzzed with the excited energy of a lifetime of hatred. And still they stood motionless, sizing each other up, Yin and Yang coming together at last.

Adam and Enoch stood near the entrance, crying the combattants' names. They could almost feel the opposing forces grating against each other, each waiting for the other to make the first move or first mistake. Matter and antimatter. Love and hate. Life and Death. Adam took Enoch's hand, squeezing softly. "Should we fight too?" he whispered.

We came the street familiar silent answer.

Faster than the eye can follow, Asia had his sword out from under his shirt and was swinging toward Maia. With perfect timing and precision, she avoided
every slash and stab by only a fraction of an inch. No matter where he swung, she knew exactly where the blade would be.

Asia swung around full circle for a forceful blow, and as he did, Mai'a launched herself up and back through the air. He stopped himself to reevaluate the situation as Mai'a landed next to the wall and grabbed a wooden staff. Instantly, the fighting resumed.

Mai'a maneuvered the staff like a sword, but in such a way that the sharp edges of the real sword could not slice through it. It was all happening so fast, and yet the fight was not defining anything. Both fighters displayed expert authority in fighting. They clanked back and forth interminably and never still could not get an edge over the opponent.

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And on the seventh day, God ended his work which he had made and he rested.

And the evening and the morning were the sixth day.

And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it.

Look up Gen. 3:6

Look up Gen. 3:6
creation of the universe
chapter 5
pants for chapter II
Once every year the Diva sings for the Universe

This event is considered the ultimate extravaganza.

DIVA
Maia

like this, but black hair for chase scenes

Ch Yu
She / He
Books by the Same Author

KINGDOM OF CHILDREN

Royalty has always been believed to be an "inherited trait," but this book tests those beliefs as a young boy is taught to pass as royalty and ends up creating an empire.

SACRED FAMILY

Families know to protect their members and support one another to survive. In the grand scheme of things, we're all part of the same family, and the Sacred Family is made up of those who can protect our family the best.

NEVER CLOSE ENOUGH TO TOUCH

In this heartfelt biography, a young man's life is changed forever. Ethics and religion are turned upside-down for everyone involved.
Ancient of Days

or

English III Vivace

or

Belphebe

AN ENDEAVOUR BOOK
Not Yet Published
GOD IS LISTENING

She moved slowly toward him, stretching her arms out in front of her as though she were going to grab his head. As her hands came closer, his heart began to race. He could suddenly hear whispers fluttering around him in the dim room. He glanced around nervously, realizing he was hearing the thoughts of the others around him. More voices were added. He could hear the voices of telemarketers five stories up in the office building above them.

Her hands came slowly closer.

It seemed he could hear the entire city; speaking, shouting, whispering, thinking. He could hear foreign voices. He could hear prayers of dying countries and shouts for help from dark alleys. The sound was getting louder, overwhelming.

Her hands drew slowly closer...
Mama desires for everyone to be a “follower” of her ways; she warns everyone to understand the balance and order of nature.

Pride is on a quest to be a supreme being. As he enforces himself, “My People are a God who seeks not followers. I am care about myself and doesn’t care for the rest of humankind or nature or anyone.
I think I switched from past to present.

Tense in the middle? Our.

Smoke was seeping from the seams in the tiny hut outside the village. Villagers were gathered all around the hut, murmurings to each other and some in silent prayer. Inside the hut were three people, the woman, her husband, and the Medicine Man.

The woman's teeth are clenched, biting into a piece of buck in an effort to alleviate the Pain. Her husband tries to soothe her with his eyes; he is not allowed to speak by order of the Medicine Man.

The young woman's pain can be felt by everyone. It sucked the life out of the very breath they were breathing. She screamed in agony, and another bead of sweat leapt itself from her brow and followed the same path as the previous droplet down her forehead and into her thick matted black hair.

The Shaman remains calm, but he knows this is no ordinary childbirth. He sings her with his enchanting songs, but her screams of pain are distracting and overwhelming. He takes another bundle of herbs onto the small fire and the room fills with a sweet smell. The sense of pain and disturbance vacates the tiny hut and its occupants for a brief moment, but this is a complicated birth and the PAIN (the sound of the villager quickly overpowers the magic invoked to stifle it) and encompasses everyone again.

The murmur grows louder from the expectant crowd outside. Villagers were clustering excitedly under the glare of the torch, trying too hard to ignore the screams coming from inside the hut.

At last the woman screams again, this time so loud that it seems for a moment the whole world will hear. The hairs on the husband's neck stand on end as a single tear rolls out of the corner of his eye and down the side of his face. The young woman gasped and suddenly and the hand that was squeezing the life from her husband's hand fell limp. Suddenly all was quiet. And then a baby was crying.

The Doctor emerged from behind the dusty slay covering the doorway. He looked exhausted and was covered...
with dirt and sweat. His attempts to wipe the sweat
from his brow only smeared the moistened dirt across
like war paint.

The crowd outside the hut was completely still
and quiet. They watched anxiously, waiting for the
doctor to announce the new arrival. The earth
seemed to be standing still and the wind had stopped blowing.

The only noise that could be heard now was the crackling
of the bonfire and torch fires and the muted crying
of the baby. Though the summer night air was hot and
dull, the doctor shivered and looked up at the sky. Dark,
following clouds were inching their way across the heavens
swallowing up the small amounts of star and moonlight.
The sun was shimmering gold on the early morning pond, steam still churning thickly from its surface. An almost silent plant escaped as a frog leaped in for a sunrise swim. Animals from the woods gathered at the pool’s crystal edge for a drink of this holy water to wash down their breakfasts. The creatures of nature came unnaturally close to one another on this morning. Snakes coiled up next to robins with no natural instinct to attack; flies and ants rested on newly spun silvery spiderwebs like fans in a stadium to watch. The sun was just under the horizon and the sky reflected a purplish-pink, anxious to get the day started. Anxious to get this day started. There was a static energy in the air and the leaves on the trees shivered with excitement.

As the form of the Sun broke over the horizon, the polished-mirror surface of the pond rippled anxiously. There were bubbles in the center of the pond gently gurgling a herald of arrival. In sync with the rising of the Sun, suddenly a form broke through the surface of the water and rose fully out of the pond. A Girl. The water ran off her beautiful figure and she raised her eyes to meet those of the anticipating crowd. All eyes were on her, all hearts were with thoughts of her and she stood up tall and boldly extended her left leg and took her first step toward the edge of the lake. Step by step across the surface of the pool, the excitement built. She paused almost imperceptibly as she reached the edge of the water and then, as her porcelain white foot came to touch the solid ground, the entire forest erupted into song. The birds sang their most beautiful songs as the crickets and cicadas chimed in harmony.
The flowers bloomed!

The wind blew suddenly, bringing crisp, cool-warm morning air throughout the clearing. The forest was truly alive now, as though she had given birth to it only just now.

She could sense the life she brought to the world. It was more than a sense, really. It was the feeling of the life of the world that coursed through her veins. She was the mother of this life.

She looked around in wonder at her Children scurrying to and fro around her.

Call me Maya, Mother, she told them in the silent language they could all understand.

Maya turned and walked back to the pond. She crept up to the edge and peered down at her reflection. The mirror-like surface of the pond shilled itself to display a flawless image of the Girl. She gazed down and inspected herself. She was beautiful. Her face hovered over the face of the waters.
The door opened, letting the multi-colored glow of electric lights spill into the midnight-dark alley. Broken bottles ed like windchimes as a scraggly, mangy, starving cat skittered by. The two boys glided out into the darkness. Maia followed immediately behind. Sleek, silent, somber, and dressed to kill. Her skin-tight black pants showed off her rippling muscles beneath. Her The matching shirt made her nearly invisible in the alley, save for her beautiful porcelain-white arms, neck, and face.

Her white-blonde hair shimmered in the last ray of club light as the door swung quietly shut behind the trio. They stood silently for a moment in the sheer darkness, then simultaneously turned toward the brightly lit street.

Maia stopped suddenly and glanced to her left. In the same instant, three shadowy figures scurried around them as a fourth figure stepped in front of them, a black silhouette against the streetlights at the end of the alley.
The door opened, letting the warm glow of electric light spill into the midnight-dark alley. Some glass tinkled in a dark corner and a scrappy, mangy, starving cat scurried by. The two extremely attractive boys glided out into the darkness. Following immediately behind was Maia. Silent, somber, and dressed to kill. Her skin-tight black pants only showed off the sleek muscles beneath her skin. The matching black shirt she had donned (......) Her white-blonde hair shimmered in the last ray of club-light as the door creaked closed behind the trio. They stood silent for a moment in the sheer darkness. Then they simultaneously turned and headed for the road at the end of the alley. Maia stopped suddenly and looked to her left. At that instant three shadowy figures scurried around them as a fourth stepped out of the shadows, pointing a pistol at Her face. She didn’t flinch. “Well well well, what a nice stroll,” the pistol-bearing leader of the pack said in a raspy, grim voice. “You seem to be all dressed up...ladies who dress like you must carry a lot of money. Especially if they’re going to a club like that one.” He gestured toward the building they had just exited. “And with two pretty boys who probably want each other more than they want you.”

As he finished saying this, the three other weapon-wielding thugs emerged into the half-light of the alley and held their weapons pointed at the boys. The leader stepped closer and put the gun directly against Maia’s chest. “Now...what kind of cash can you fork over, or what can you give me in lieu of money?” He smirked.

Maia twisted slightly left at the torso and reached across with her right hand as though reaching for a wallet. In a split second, she snapped around and brought her left hand straight up through the pistol, breaking it into two pieces so quickly that the would-be thief had no time to react. He was left standing with the handle to the gun in his hands and a stunned look on his face. Maia gracefully swept her arms around through the
Dawn: Birth

air and took a ready-to-fight martial-arts stance. The boys followed suit.

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The alley was well-lit by timed city street lights, but as Kade stepped out from the club, the timers switched the lights off. Bathed in darkness, he shook the smoke-dust from his jacket and started for the street. Suddenly a dark figure jumped in front of him. "Get your f*cking hands in the air, fag!" Out of the corner of his eye, Kade saw three other figures come up behind him.

"You think I don't know what kind of club that is? And you came out of it just in time, I've been lookin' for a little—"

"Excuse me, I was in there searching for someone. I have no business with you. Get your f*cking gun out of my face" Kane replied calmly. The thug's eyes grew large in disbelief that a man would be so bold with a pistol pointed between his eyes.

"I said get your f*cking hands in the air or I'll blow your f*cking brains out!" he whispered hoarsely.

Kane raised his hands slowly into the air and bent them at the elbows. In a move too swift for any of the group to react, he took hold of his sword hiding under his shirt and swung it up, down, and around, chopping the thug's hands off cleanly mid-forearm and turning to face the others who had crept up behind him. The sword shimmered in the dark, still resonating a low hum from the attack.
The moon was high in the sky, but incoming clouds obscured its bright white glow, making it a darker orange disc with a soft halo surrounding it.
Beings celestial praise thee, being terrestrial praise thee.

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