



MYTHIC EARTH

Short Stories

In the beginning, when all that is and will ever be, was young,
in the very first era of time, The Ruling Children could still feel the soothing,
wisdom-bearing and life-giving energies flowing from the gods.

The Children could even see with their own eyes, not just with their souls,
the strong star-filled torrent flowing from the soul of the One who is eternal.

Most of today's Ruling Children will soon once again feel the touch and wonders
of the eternal winds as their souls become one with their flow.

The consciousness of the eternal manifests itself in the universe as an ever flowing
stream of wisdom.

When the Children open their souls to it by quieting their minds, they can perceive
its undulating waves of knowledge. And when the Children die, their souls travel
to the heavens, and join the eternal flow.

Together, they commune with the One.
This is The Way.

Children, forget not, that the beginning is the birthplace of the end, and that you are
all born to die and your souls will someday be born again. This is true for the entirety
of humanity.
This is The Way.

The spiritual stream that flows from every creature and everything in the universe
will ebb to a trickle and then flow strong again.
This is The Way.

Good night long life.

Sweet dreams, bitter lives.

Be not afraid.

Life is too short.

Living is too long now.

Love is pain.

Death is life again.

With all our newly found hatred and love
we now come to you at the very end. For we are the ever-present macahuitl of death.

Embrace us and breathe your last.

Balance is the only truth. This is our Way.



Tween and Twixt.

March 25, 2023

He was the second being on sacred Mother Earth to perceive the psychic apocalypse that now descended upon the world. This was destruction on a multi-dimensional level. Gods like him have always known that a storm of the spirit world is how the end of the Children's time on Mother Earth manifests itself.

That spiritual cataclysm is followed by a physical upheaval with the power of a million tsunamis rolling over the lands. All reality is overwhelmed by unstoppable chaos, transformation, and violence. This is how the end of an era has always brought finality to the ruling Children. When the cleansing (and for all practical purposes, that is what the end of an era is all about; a clearing of the old to bring in the new) was over, the Balance between the Ruling Children, the ethereal, and living beings that roam both the physical and spiritual places of creation here on Earth would be restored. This, Tween knew, was, and will always be The Way.

Thus, early on a fine spring morning, in the deep woods surrounding a Lenape village, Tween, one half of a divine pair, felt the change. Suddenly, from everywhere, everything, and all of reality came a great rumbling. A low and continuous roar coursed throughout every mortal and eternal soul, in every dark and light place, in known and unknown existence.

The ground shook, and the air began to sweat. The puzzle-piece clouds above furrowed their brow into an angry sweep of purple haze. Mother Moon struggled to see through the fog covering all the land.

The ancestor spirits became furious and exploded into a spontaneous and violent movement. If mortal eyes could see into the Crux as he could, they would see billions of the Children's ancestor spirits in raging motion. The ancestor's spirits were roiling like clouds within a universe-spanning hurricane.

Tween knew what this explosion of energy within the Crux meant. The end time of another era had come. Soon the Children who walked upon Mother Earth would be made to become part of the Eternal Balance again.

Tween looked over to his sister. Twixt had fallen asleep under the willow tree again. The tree's wet branches slumped above her. Dew drops gently landed on her thigh-length jet-black hair and soft cheeks. The drops stirred her from her slumber.

She opened her onyx-black eyes, slowly rolled over, and lay on her side. She started playing with some of the wet grass blades which grew all around the spot on the riverbank she had made into her sleeping place. She moved languidly and with great care, as if concerned that the grass would somehow be harmed by the simple act of her touching it. She twisted some grass blades around her fingers. She sang to the grass in her ancient voice. None of the Children had heard that particular song for many thousands of years. The grass and plant spirits all around her joined in the music. Their spirit voices rose all around Twixt as if a fog had rolled over the river waters and found her resting place. While in the Crux, the ancestor spirits were in chaos, here on this tableau by the river, nature was still at peace.

Then, lightning struck in the distance, and the sense of calm and contentedness her song had brought to those who could hear it, abruptly ended, and she jolted straight up. She opened her eyes wide, and those obsidian-black eyes suddenly came to life with the same violet electricity which danced across the stormy skies above. When she stopped singing her whispered song, the plants, and grass also ceased singing theirs, and all that remained was the heavy sound of thunder in the distance.

She looked up at the sky, and without notice, as if by instinct, she brushed a finger against the wolf fang dangling from her neck and reached for her brother, "Tween, wake up. It is time!"

She had not realized that he had not been sleeping but had been resting with his back leaning on the rough bark of the ancient willow. He pretended to be woken by her. Everything was a game for his sister. And in times of peace, he let her enjoy these playful distractions. Even if for just a short while.

She threw the warm deerskin blanket off his lap and shook him furiously. "Come on, I'm serious! I can't believe it's here, oh Spirits, I'm ready!" Her war spirit had been woken, and no peaceful song would come from her lips for many a year now.

"Twixt, I was sleeping," a small white lie, part of the game. "I just went to bed. Why is your hair so wet?" He held a few strands of her wet hair as he said this.

"I was talking to Mother Turtle and fell asleep," replied Twixt.

Tween chuckled and straightened up a bit to sit more upright, but he made no effort to get up. Twixt grinned and whispered into his ear as if to tell him a profound secret, "Brother, you've been asleep for 300 years; I think it's time to get up now." Tween laughed out loud this time, and the old willow shook, loosening every dew drop which had collected on the tree's branches and leaves. A short downpour of water dislodged from the tree branches above, and drenched brother and sister alike.

She yelled at him, "oh no, you got me all wet! What did you do that for?!" Tween stopped laughing. He knew he should now focus on his sister. She did have a short temper, and he did not want her to be angry with him. He calmly looked into her eyes and smiled, "Oh gods, Twixt," he groaned, "this better not be another one of your tricks." He knew it was not.

He rubbed his eyes, slowly rose from his deer skin sleeping roll, and looked up to the purple sky while gently pushing his toes into the wet ground. He turned to his sister and asked, "Did you do this?" He noticed he was no longer soaking wet and that the water was evaporating off his sister as well. In minutes she'd be bone dry. Her inner heat would begin to rise, and without his constant and gentle words, her power would become an uncontrollable avatar of chaos, fire, and destruction. He smiled and asked her again, "is this your doing?" as he pointed to the storm above and the roiling soul-storm in the Crux.

With feigned hurt feelings, Twixt denied having anything to do with the events now foretold by the angry sky and the Crux. "No, not this time, I promise! We're being called to battle by them. It is time."

Twixt set her back straight and puffed her chest out. She frowned, bent down, and stuck her fingers in the black mud of the riverbank. With her blackened fingers, she made two marks, one on each cheek, and then her eyes became orbs of purple flame.

“What on earth are you doing?” asked her twin brother as he looked at her now mud-painted face.

“This is my war paint. We are going to battle, dear brother. This is what the Children of the forest do when preparing to go to war. Some even use animal blood. Others ash. But no matter the type of marking, it is all meant to make themselves look more ferocious.”

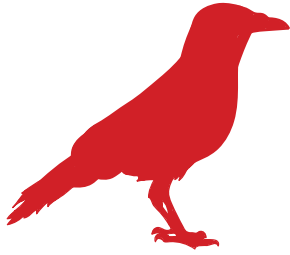
Tween laughed out loud again. She looked surprised. The flames within my eyes grew in intensity and went from purple to bright red.

She shouted at him; her voice contained the power of a burning forest. Tween gently grabbed her arm, “I think you could not be made to look fiercer by a few dashes of mud, dear sister. You are the most powerful destructive force which has ever walked upon Mother Earth. Any of the Children who saw you as you are now would drop dead from fright immediately.” He laughed again.

She looked even angrier for a moment. The grass around her began to burn, and the ancient willow began to crackle and pop as her heat evaporated any moisture covering its surface. And then she laughed as well. The laughter soothed her mood. Her face became calmer. The fire that had taken over her entire visage began to subside until it was confined to burning only within her eyes. “You play silly games to get me all worked up, brother. Have fun now. But soon, you and I will be on opposite sides of the Balance, and your games will end for good!”

Tween suddenly looked sad. “Yes. You are right, of course. We will fight once again. Together we will create such havoc.” He paused and then, almost in a whisper. But loud enough for her to hear, “we will kill. We will die. We will live as One. We will become two again. Balance is the only truth. This is our Way.”

Her only words in response were a whisper, “this is our Way.”



Red Crow knew the Wendigo was there. That neither of its intended victims realized their imminent peril was not surprising to him. He had the advantage of being able to perceive the immense murderous flow of anger and rage energy that gushed out of the Wendigo's black soul. While in his spirit animal form, Red Crow could easily see another spirit's soul glow. But with a Wendigo such as the one he was spying on, even an inexperienced apprentice Soul Walker would sense its presence.

Every soul casts a shadow in the other dimensions that parallel our physical universe. As an expert Soul Walker, Red Crow could sense hidden shamans or creatures that traveled through and out of those hidden dimensions. The soul shadow of this particular Wendigo was immense and red hot with hatred for not only his intended victims but for all of the Children.

Wendigos were ancient shape-shifters. This is why the young couple, now walking up the path that wound towards their village, remained blissfully unaware of the death dealer now stalking them. The Wendigo was currently in the shape of a large dog. An old dog; sleeping on a patch of long grass that bordered the path. If he wanted to save them, Red Crow had but scant moments to somehow intervene. But doing so would expose him to great danger. A Wendigo such as this one would not accept interference and would instead turn his attention towards the most threatening presence in what would soon become a murder tableau; him. He could not take that risk because he knew it was a fight he would most likely lose.

Yet Red Crow had to act. These two young warriors were crucial to his plans for the upcoming battle against the Everliving. Having decided to save the couple, he burst into loud screeches. Louder than most normal bird calls. Loud enough so that the young couple stopped their slow stroll and turned in his direction. He had succeeded in getting their attention. But with one glance at where the old dog had been laying, he suddenly realized that he had also managed to warn the Wendigo, and before he could fly down to their aid, the Wendigo had shape-shifted out of his dog form and appeared behind the couple.

In a matter of seconds, the Wendigo had decapitated the man with his massive left hand while with his right, he had grasped the woman by the head in such a way as to make it impossible for her to scream or even do more than lay limp in the massive beast's grasp. Then, with the ease of a child killing an ant, the Wendigo squeezed her skull into the consistency of bear dung.

Red Crow knew the Wendigo could just as easily shape-shift now and come after him. Yet the Wendigo remained by the corpses. The massive shape-shifter looked up directly at Red Crow and stared at him for an eternity. He then looked away and licked his hands. Both hands. Very delicately too. Surprisingly so for such a massive beast. Without another glance in his direction, the Wendigo shifted back into his true soul shadow walker form and stepped into the shadow world beyond this mortal realm. It was as if the massive creature had never existed. The silence was all around the now bloodied path.

Only then did Red Crow realize he had been holding his breath all this time. Though the couple's execution could not have taken more than a few seconds, his chest burned as if he had been holding his breath for hours. Clearly, things were now getting very hot, as it were. The Everliving were stepping up their attacks, and now they were becoming more brazen in their aggression against the Everchanging.

It was clear that something had happened to drive them into such reckless actions. It was time to find out what. But before leaving, Red Crow decided to take a closer look. Maybe it was morbid fascination, perhaps he just wanted to see the result of the Wendigo's handiwork, so he flew down to the dead couple to look at their headless corpses. It was then that he saw that the Wendigo had, somehow, without Red Crow ever seeing him do it, removed the spinal columns of both of his apprentices. Their spines and rib cages were no longer in their mutilated bodies.

Such savagery. Red Crow understood that, in the end, the Wendigo also had needs. It seemed the creature wanted to satisfy his hunger away from prying eyes.

The Wendigo had allowed Red Crow to remain alive to witness this brutal act of double murder simply because the shape-shifter wanted to deliver an unambiguous message to him, and his people "Be warned. We are coming for you all."

To be continued...