

HIGH CHRONICLES OF NOUSEUM

THE SAGA OF PRINCE MORNINGSTAR AND THE RETURN OF THE DARK TIME

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Editor's Note

Frequently, we receive correspondence from our loyal subscribers which are full of kind comments, helpful suggestions and much appreciation. Many write telling us that our articles are well-written, well-researched, deliciously entertaining and philosophically beneficial. Now and then, a subscriber will enquire as to whether or not these stories are accurate accounts of past events or more recent 'fictional reconstructions' containing much literary license. Let me assure each of you, that our translations are done with the highest integrity. It takes many years of university study to become proficient in understanding the Ancient Elf Runes. The literary style, the immense and highly specific vocabulary, the lofty planes of thought and feeling and sophisticated grammar of the Elves is difficult for peoples in the Outer Worlds. Our translators are the best in Nouseum and pride themselves on producing accurate documents without insertion of their own opinions. These translations are fully certified as to accuracy by the Committee For Accurate Communication. But, it is important to realize that these translations are not literal; but have been written in the more simple style of our era for the benefit of our dear Readers not being fully familiar with the Runes.

It is our opinion that the Elf Chronicles are accurate accounts of their Ancient History. Whether or not you choose to believe this or not is your prerogative. But, as the Elves say,

tongue-in-cheek, “the seller sells and the buyer buys!” In any case, it is my pleasure to serve as your narrator for this volume of the Chronicles. Happy reading!

Chapter One. Wintertime

The Wintertime had been becoming increasing cold and unpleasant over the past few years. This year had been an unusually icy, blistering and overcast Wintertime—dear Primevera and her flowery fragrances refused to visit Nouseum or any of the Outer Worlds. A most unusual and troublesome occurrence, mumbled Caspar, the Grand Archivist, as he wrapped his emerald-green, cashmere scarf about his neck before venturing out into the frosty cold. He had found a very heavy long-coat stored in a wooden trunk in the Anthropology section of the Archives Museum—he could not read the date since the metal identification plate had oxidized ages ago. But, in any case, he thought he looked quite dashing in it and it resisted the penetration of all but the most nasty of the bone-chilling North Winds. Before braving the fierce cold and dampness of the North Wind, he remembered to grab the old parchment roll and place it within a proper carrier. He was sure the Prince of Nouseum had need of this discovery.

It was such a fierce Wintertime that the Prince and Princess had issued several Royal Edicts recommending and insisting strongly that none venture outside, especially the dear children, unless it was absolutely necessary. Moreover, no one was to leave their cozy homes without informing someone of his or her destination, departure time and anticipated arrival. They also had instructed all the scientists of Nouseum to find the cause and the solution to this very troublesome Wintertime, indeed!

Normally, Nouseum had very pleasant four-season years. In winter, it was just cold enough to snow and the City was blanketed in a soft, pure white, down-like covering from early

December to late February. The temperature remained below freezing so there was hardly any ice on the coach ways or walking paths. On most days, Father Sun showed his smiling face above the horizon, the skies sparkled, brilliant blue and the air was crisp and refreshing. All the houses and shops displayed window boxes of purple and dark red snow bells, bringing cheery and generous feelings to all. It only snowed at night or in the early morning so everything was fresh each morning. Strong winds were very rare.

There was always fresh snow on the Yuletide Eve so that the children could sled and make snow-creatures in the bright sun-time, before getting dressed in their finest of suits and dresses—always bright and happy colors—and going to the Palace for a grand Yuletide Festival.

End Part 1

The Palace Grand Ballroom was gayly decorated with its walls covered by living pictures showing the daily events happening in the multitude of Outer Worlds—not always very happy unfortunately. Such pictures kept Nouseum informed of what was happening in the Outer Worlds and helped maintain the overall harmony of Creation. Generally, Nouseum did not interfere in the unfolding of evolution within any Outer World—for variety was most pleasing to the Most Holy Absolute and consistent with the universal dictate of “free choice” for creatures possessing even the earliest modicum of self-awareness.

However, the Nouseum cosmologists carefully followed and recorded the details of the natural unfolding of each Outer World so to be able to predict the probable occurrence of some particularly devastating natural event, not conducive to its overall welfare and long-term life potential. Whenever, such future events were noted and the subsequent damage estimates completed and rechecked, the arch-scientists and arch-engineers of Nouseum gathered together in

a grand meeting so to determine the best intervention. An intervention which would avert the catastrophe without changing the evolutionary path of conscious development for the Outer World.

Such meetings were not at all similar to those notorious gatherings of scientists and technologists commonly occurring in the most advanced Outer Worlds. Often such meetings are called whenever a new discovery is made by one of the younger scientists who has not as yet being fully indoctrinated to the “ruling dogma of the day”. So to avert any drastic changes of thinking, the senior scientist-plutocrats call these meetings to “discuss and comment upon” the truth of such new discoveries. Generally, all that happens is that the young scientist is discredited and banished to some small and unimportant university and not invited to any more meetings. Fortunately, given sufficient time, the new doctrine is proven and expanded by other scientists so that the new theories must be accepted. Then, the senior scientist-plutocrats call another “scientific meeting” to declare acceptance of the new doctrine and how they been responsible for its emergence. Everyone would congratulate each other and bring the original scientist from his place of banishment and pretend as if nothing happened.

At least with the scientist-plutocrats, no one is tortured or killed because of his or her new thoughts [though now and then an unfortunate and embarrassing suicide occurs]; for the scientist-plutocrats do consider themselves more liberal and advanced than their religious brethren. They have never forgotten the days of the religious inquisitions.

Now the scientific meetings of the Nouseum arch-scientists and arch-engineers is quite different. They actually are quite interested in listening to the presentations and conclusions of the young scientists and engineers, and their resident and eclectic geniuses. Everyone is treated

with respect and all theories are discussed with seriousness and kindness. Following discussion of the current problem and the reasons explaining its occurrence, a solution is sought which is agreeable to all gathered together and actually will solve the problem at hand.

To reach agreement, the participants return to their seats, enter into a state of open-relaxation, performing the “Joining Ritual for Individualized Minds.” This ritual was a true scientific revolution in the psychoneurosciences for it allowed the conjoined parties to utilize the full mental capacities of the group by operating upon a much higher and expansive tier of unconscious brain processing. The discoverer of this mental ritual had noted during his early researches in small-group hypnosis that all human brains were connected via the aphysical and universal quality of “direct knowing and being present”. In other words, what seemed to us as being “our own mind” was in actuality, the subtle operation of the quality of “direct knowing and being present” combining with the physical neural networks of the human brain to create manifest consciousness and self awareness.

End Part 2

In the “Joining Ritual”, all of the brains of the arch-scientists and other properly trained individuals became linked together, somewhat like personal computers operating with an over-program. During the ritual, the solution would occur to one or more of the participants and the ritual was concluded. Following the ritual, a new discussion was had to see if everyone agreed to the workableness of the proposed solution. If so, the solution was implemented; if not, more discussion and data gathering was conducted and followed by the “Joining Ritual” until the matter was properly disposed.

This methodology was discovered by a young psychoneuroscientist working on a planet called Earth in a most inconspicuous and unimportant Outer World. His name was Polyakov. Polyakov was so much more intelligent and intuitive than the majority of his compatriots, that he experienced immense resistance to his ideas and for his rational stand against government bureaucracy. Plus, he was overly generous with his ideas and money, was really too kind and sensitive to stay on his home planet, Earth, and was too attractive to the opposite sex that he was eventually, transported to Nouseum for his own safety. The problem with the females arose because he wrote such beautiful and alluring poetry of romance.

Following his initial discoveries, young Polyakov, who is now qualified as a Most High Arch-scientist, discovered the existence of Der Ubergeist, or the Over Mind, and the physics of its operation. It seems that Der Ubergeist represents the collective conscious of the highest forms of operating Awareness within Nouseum and some of the most advanced Outer Worlds. Young Polyakov, following a well-known, Swiss predecessor, came to see that every species of life operated in conjunction with a higher “species mind or collective unconscious”. This group mind resulted from transmission of specific genetic elements occurring secondary to environmental and cultural selection experienced by his or her predecessors, promoting individual survival and reproduction. Such modifications being expressed through permanent adaptations of the central nervous system and subsequent genetic transmission from adult to offspring.

It was also Polyakov’s opinion that the collective unconscious, being patterned in the Great Mesh of Lord Odin, also contained a nonmaterial component complementary to the brain which he labeled as the “egotic function.” The egotic function was actually an essential and

necessary “qualia” of the Great Mesh; which Polyakov later proved to contain five sub-qualia; which he called: Presence, Observing, Intending, Caring and Knowing. These qualia are unseparated from the Great Mesh and the interaction of the combination with the physical brain results in what neuroscience labels as “mind”. This division of mind into two complementary components, both being present in the Great Mesh, the material aspect being vibratory {energy = uncertainty constant x vibratory rate of a quantum or energy = mass x illumination speed squared} and the nonmaterial aspect being geometrical. Subsequently, solving the mind-brain problem. [For the scientifically-inclined, I have included some of the publications of Lord Odin and Most High Arch-scientist Polyakov].

End Part 3

Later, Polyakov discovered the “evolutionary imperative”. He was very familiar with the work of the Earth naturalist, C. Darwin, as concerns “descent through modification” via natural selection. However, young Polyakov remain quite dissatisfied as to its completeness. After much hard thinking and constant rereading of the primary and secondary publications, he was struck with an idea which proved reasonable and explanatory. He knew that natural selection worked via the induction of the genome so to produce a range of similar, though structurally modified protein products affecting cellular function. The better the functional fit between the proteins made and the environmental stressor, the better was survival and reproduction. Therefore, young Polyakov reasoned that the genome itself must be under constant stress to produce different proteins, with the new caveat, that the genome was also stimulated by another qualia of the Great Mesh, the “evolutionary imperative.” The function of this qualia was to insure that evolution moved forward in such a way to produce more and more complicated life

forms with enhanced consciousness. Otherwise, evolution would have no need to move beyond single-celled creatures. Now, dear Reader, I think you see why Polyakov is so well-respected among his Nouseum peers—though he still is very fond of the ladies and they of him—plus he finds our governmental system to be rationale, fair and merciful!

Such “species minds” were largely unconscious until a certain level of mental evolution was obtained, above that commonly known as being resident within the species, Homo sapiens sapiens. Der Ubergeist came into being through the attainment of “individual and permanent existence” by certain advanced members of this species and eventually spread to all of the Outer Worlds and is the basis of scientific operation on Nouseum.

The only other time interventions are made in the operation of one of the Outer Worlds is whenever it is determined that an Outer World is ready to have a messenger sent into it for its psychological and spiritual advancement and general philosophic guidance. For those Readers interested in learning further details of this activity, please refer to several of the published Chronicles of Nouseum.

The Grand Ballroom possessed a most amazing property—the ability to adjust its floor space so that the people gathered together in good cheer and friendship felt very cozy—neither cramped nor separated.

The Palace tables were covered with every kind of tasty food and drink you could imagine. Magic fruiting trees grew throughout the Grand Ballroom allowing access to the most delicious and organic fruits. There was music and dancing and laughing everywhere.

But, the best event of all was when our Dear Prince and Princess arrived dressed as Father Frost and Snowflake. They brought wonderful presents from all over the many universes to give

to each and every resident. And the most amazing thing of all was that everyone actually received the present that they wanted the most—and the residents of Nouseum are always reasonable in their gift requests and never greedy nor selfish.

Now the Prince and Princess had a most unusual method of giving gifts; for they did not actually give them to the person who was eventually to receive it. They just presented the gifts randomly and after all the gifts were distributed the musicians began playing the Yuletide Song, people joined hands with the two people next to them and everyone joined in to sing the lyrics. The Yuletide Song goes something like this when translated into English—it rhymes most beautifully in the natural language of Nouseum:

In our hearts so very dear,
living blessed and free in Eternity,
each joined by heart and good cheer,
let us forever strive so not to forget,
those of the Outer Worlds,
suffering still in ignorance and darkness.

May we renew this day with each and every sunrise,
sending out our light, life and love to all.

End Part 4

And after the conclusion of the Song, everyone hugged and congratulated their neighbors, and then, magically, each and everyone knew who was to receive the gift they held and who held their respective gift. And for several moments each searched the room for his or her gift-partner and after locating each other they approached, making a very deep bow of respect before handing the gift to the other. Quicky the wrappings were on the hall floor and everyone was beaming with joy for a few minutes—feeling the initial thrill of actually getting what one wants.

Then the Miracle of Yuletide happened! Everyone, joyfully took his or her precious gift to the center of the Great Hall and placed it at the foot of the Yuletide Tree. After all the gifts were settled into place, the every-living and most compassionate Citizens of the Eternal City of Light, Life and Love, from the youngest to the oldest, circled around the Tree and holding hands sung the Yuletide Song once again. And as they repeated the verses, the music and voices grew stronger and louder—the stronger they became the sweeter was the sound. And soon the Yuletide Tree sent a Ray of Light from the Star shining above its uppermost limbs which transformed all of the presents into the most wonderful Philosopher Stones, each one an Eternal Gem of Compassion, each sparking with many different hues and casting a rainbow onto the faces of the Citizens of Nouseum.

At this moment, the music and singing just stopped and the conjoined voice of the Prince and Princess filled the Great Hall and the Yuletide Blessing was given to all the living beings in all of the Outer Worlds touching Nouseum. In words more sweet than the Celestial Honey, all lowered their heads and joined the Blessing with his or her own heart:

*When we give onto another, most joyfully,
the gift most precious to oneself,
we renew and send forth, once Again,
the Spirit and Wonder of our Beloved City
to those living still in Darkness and Unrest.*

*May the essence of these gifts,
when joined with hearts, one and all,
bring hope and strength to those
still lost in the Before Times
and remind our Emissaries of our Love.*

After the Yuletide Blessing was finished and all the presents had been transformed into the Healing and Hope-Giving Light, the Citizens returned to the Party to sing and dance the night away—not going home until the next morning. And of course, this year, the Prince and Princess did not allow the Citizens to suffer the terrible Wintertime weather but sent them home in magic carriages, safe and warm.

Caspar was a little later than usual this morning for the weekly “emergency weather team research meeting” with the Prince and Princess of Nouseum. He had been up for the past several nights studying the ‘pattens of the heavens’ in his observatory searching for some useful, explanatory clue. During the daytime, he poured over the pertinent Cosmic Archives, trying to determine why it was so cold this year. In fact, the weather books, which dated back some ten million thousand universes, reported that it had not been this cold since the Dark Time—the days of Ahri-Simeon, the Evil Magician. The thought of Ahri-Simeon had brought a cold shiver and a feeling of dread to Caspar, for the Dark Time and the subsequent Great Battle had not been a pleasant time for anyone. Ahri-Simeon had come very close to destroying all of Existence. Caspar had not personal experience of the Dark Time for it had occurred even before the foundation of the Eternal City of Compassion and Justice. But, he was worried for the Ancient Records of the First Ones, was full of information about the DARKIES and the Great Battle and that the current ‘star and planet pattern’ was assuming a pattern similar to that reported by the First Ones. Something indeed, was very amiss somewhere in one of the Outer Worlds.

Now, dear Reader to provide you some necessary background, the First Ones were from the Dreamtime—a time when the Awareness resided in all Living Creatures—a time when the Magic was still functioning within the World and the hearts of mankind had not yet hardened

into Materiality and organized Religion. The First Ones were the most ancient of ancestors of Mankind; not known to the Outer Worlds, but still mentioned in many of their fairy tales—we call them the Elfin Folk. It is they who incarnate into a suitable universe to initiate the birth of self-conscious existence.

End Part 5

The Elfin Folk live in a city even more ancient and more hidden than Nouseum, sleeping peacefully until they are aroused because a new World needs to be inseminated with the Awareness or something very terrible is happening. They are the Guardians of Life, Light and Love and send in times of very great need, Heros and Saviors to the Outer Worlds to remind Mankind of his most sacred purpose. They are so far away, for the Dreamtime is kept separated from the Outer Worlds, and even Nouseum; by a Magic so powerful that not even the Highest Angels can overcome it. For the First Ones are most faithful and truest Sons and Daughters of the Most Holy Absolute for they are the Protectors of Life and the Awareness. The First Ones act in ways not to be understood by their descendants; for they are no longer bound by Karma nor Law, operating always with the most subtle of Understanding. None, can judge them for they are the most ancient sons and daughters of the Most Holy Absolute.

Moreover, they have never forgotten the Dark Time for it was because of Them that the Dark Time infected all the existing Outer Worlds. The Dark Time could only arise from the Dreamtime, for only the First Ones possessed direct access to the Magical Foundation of Eternity. And the Dark Time was born out of the pride and desire of two of its most respected members who fell victim to Ahri, the Power of Vanity, and came to think themselves worthy to usurp the Power of the Most Holy Absolute Itself, Ahri-Simeon and his sister-wife, Ahri-Lilith.

And it took many lives and many aeons for the First Ones to defeat Ahri-Simeon and Ahri-Lilith and their supporters and disperse their essence into the Oblivion.

Caspar was walking quickly to the Palace to discuss his findings with the Prince and Princess. If the Dark Time was to reoccur, the only way to save Existence was to call forth into our Existence the Great Warrior Prince of the First Ones, the Prince who carried the Evil Ones into the Oblivion himself, sacrificing his immortality for everyone. For if the Evil Ones were freed, then the Prince and Princess must again free the Elf Prince Marduk of Morningstar.

Eventually Caspar arrived at the Palace, covered in ice and snow, his auburn beard looking like an icicle. Quickly removing his fur hat, scarf and long-coat he rushed to his meeting and informed all present of his findings, his beard dripping water all the way!. No one said a word after Caspar finished his analysis of the current situation. After what seemed like an eternity of silence, the Princess turned to her Divine Husband and Lover and said in a voice unusually serious, “Love of my Heart, most Precious of all things, you must Practice the forbidden Magic of the Dreamtime and bring dear Marduk of Morningstar back into Existence. My intuition tells me that Caspar is absolutely correct and the Evil Ones have been returned to Existence somehow. Find the Outer World where the Evil Ones are hiding and allow Prince Marduk to be reborn as a new babe and in the form of a man.”

The Prince asked for a general discussion for it was serious business asking for the utilization of the forbidden Magic of Dreamtime, even for the Prince himself—for its Power is so sweet that it has captured many and infected them with the Power of Vanity. No one argued against the advice of our Beloved Princess, but turned and nodded in agreement with the Prince of all Princes. Looking into the eyes of his most wise advisors, he replied solemnly, “I am

willing to do this, but Caspar must open the Archive of Forbidden Magic—no one have ever looked at them to my knowledge—and find if such a ritual exists. I can read the Old Runes.”

Caspar reached into his carrying bag and produced a very yellowed parchment wrapped with a chain of gold. He replied, “I took the precaution of searching the Forbidden Magic Archives and I found such a ritual. I am only partially able to understand the Old Runes, but I think this is what you want? Please check it, Prince.” Caspar handed the parchment to the Prince.

End Part 6

The Prince smiled with admiration for the foresight of his dear friend and removed the golden chain and rolled open the parchment upon his desk. He looked at it carefully and announced, “Yes, Caspar, you were correct. And I forgive you for going into the Forbidden Magic Archives without express permission. I can do the “Returning Ritual” for the release the Most Beloved of Elves from his self-chosen oblivion; but, it will still require many years to grow into manhood, recover his full memory and find the hidden path to Nouseum. Plus, we do not even know how long the Evil Ones have been released—more than 20 years I am sure. During this period, we of Nouseum must guard him from the Evil Ones for they will feel his Rebirth and Resurrection as soon as he is released and the Hiding Spells of Nouseum will not work for long. They will do what they can to murder him and return him to the Oblivion for they fear nothing other than the sword of Morningstar. I really dread this ritual—one it must contain no mistakes, it has never been done to my knowledge—though it seems that someone released the Evil Ones with it—and it will bring much pain and suffering to the woman whom I choose to bear him—for his Rebirth will be of an innocent virgin as required by the forbidden Magic of the First Ones. Many

shall suffer because of the coming of Marduk Of Morningstar; for the Evil Ones will work unceasingly so to destroy all who aid him—including, the Citizens of Nouseum. But the saddest part of all is that Marduk Of Morningstar will suffer a thousand times more deeply, with each and every injurious attack and brutal death of his friends, for he shall absorb as much of the resulting grief and pain as he can extract from those who have been sacrificed or suffered losses as soldiers of the Light in the upcoming Great Battle. I would not call him compassionate, for such feelings are much too human for the First Ones; but, he does truly care for the dignity and happiness of all living creatures. We may never come to really understand the actions of this First Prince Among the Elfin Folk; but, it is nearly impossible not to love nor like him. Caspar says that the Chronicles of the First Ones say that no one can look into the Eyes of Morningstar unless they desire to see the truth about how they really are. It is written that none but the worst of the demons can face Marduk Of Morningstar and not be affected in a positive way. He is the most hated Cosmically Significant Being in the lives of Ahri-Simeon and his wife Ahri-Lilith—they fear only him. May the Most Holy Absolute watch over and protect him.”

The meeting was adjourned and Caspar went with the Prince so to prepare for the ritual of rituals—there was no longer any reason to waste time.

End Part 7

Chapter Two. The Returning Ritual

Chapter Three. The Foundling

In one of the most ancient and hidden Outer Worlds, the dreamtime still existed, but without the forbidden Magic. Men and animals still spoke to each other, but only occasionally for some animosity had developed because of the Evil Ones having been functioning from this particular Outer World. This World was under the jurisdiction of the Elves, technically, but after the Great Battle all the elves retired to their original city and placed themselves into a deep sleep so to prevent any possibility of the return of Ahri-Simeon from the Oblivion. The legends spoke of a Great Battle between pure good and pure selfishness, but, now most people thought these legends were only fairy tales made for children.

It was a very cold Wintertime and a grandmother wolf and her granddaughter were hunting in the deep Woods of Allahnan. Food had become scarce and the little cubs needed to eat and so the Great Wolves hunted live game once again. A gust of chilly wind entered the nose of the young female wolf and she asked, “Grandmother, most dear, I smell something very unusual. It smells like the bee’s honey, mixed with vanilla and human blood. Do you smell it, Grandmother?”

Grandmother raised her nose and took a good snuff of the chilly air, “Yes, dear, I do smell such an odor. I wonder what it can be?”

“Grandmother, do you hear what sounds like the cry of a little human baby?”

Grandmother chocked her head to the left and then to the right and replied, “Yes, dear Granddaughter, I hear what you hear. But, it is not our business so forget about it.”

“But, Grandmother, I do not hear a mother present, speaking soft and soothing words to her child. Why would a human be in our woods anyway? We never speak to them anymore. I am worried for the baby.”

“Granddaughter of mine, it is not our concern. Let us continue our hunt.”

“Oh, Grandmother, do you not remember the time I was lost when very young and you and the Great Wolf had to hunt for many days to find me. Were you not beside yourself from grief and fear that I was dead? Did you not cry for joy when you found me with my poor dead mother? Remember? Would you want such a fate to fall to this baby? It is not the wolf way, Grandmother.”

“Granddaughter, you are wise beyond your years. Yes, we shall go see this baby for you are correct. You are a most loving wolf, dearest, and I love you more than you will ever know—until you have granddaughters yourself someday.”

The two wolves sniffed the air and headed in the direction of the baby. It took several hours of careful searching to locate the baby and when they finally found him, they both stopped dead in surprise. For before them rested a just-born, naked, boy-baby in the arms of a very young woman who had rapped herself fully around him to protect him from the cold winds. The elder wolf approached the girl and nuzzled her gently, but she did not move. She was still a little warm, but not in this world anymore. As the grandmother investigated further, she saw a paper in her hand which read, “You, Nata, are banished into the deep Woods for you have sinned against our laws by bringing a child into this world without a father to be found. This must be the work of the demons, for no virgin can have a child, and we banish you and the child to die in the cold, alone forever. Signed, the Village Elders of Manatown.”

“What have you found, dear Grandmother”, asked Granddaughter?

“This young lady has died from the cold and the note accuses her of being a virgin mother. We must take this child, my dear, and you must care for him as if he were your own. Do not worry, for your milk will run when you touch him. He is not a human child, my love, he is a gift from the Ancient Ones, the Elves of the Dark Time. They have awakened at long last. I fear that the Evil Ones must have arisen again and the Dark Time begins anew. We must take this child to the Great Wolf and seek his advice.”

“Oh, Grandmother, it is so sad she was treated so disrespectfully. Why did the humans do such an unholy thing?”

End Part 8

“Dear, cub of my first daughter, humans are a strange lot. Some are very advanced and very kind, others are worse than any rabid animal. Virgin Births are not understood by such primitive minds for they are afraid of such things. They are very superstitious creatures, these cousins of the chimp. And many of them are cruel and selfish. This is why the Evil Ones prefer them as soldiers of darkness. But, dear, do not worry, for I am sure that she died happy and with much love for her Elf son. Moreover, I am quite sure that the Elves took her essence to the Dreamtime to await for the Great Day of Awakening.”

The young female approached the child and nuzzled his tummy and he smiled and a golden light shown and light the dark and dreary woods. He reached for her tits and as he suckled, the milk began to flow as foretold by Grandmother. This was indeed a miracle. And the young female wolf felt the warmth of a mother’s love and she licked the young boy all over.

Human child or not, this was now her son and she would love and protect him for all of her natural life—and dear Reader, wolves live a very long-time in the Dreamtime.

After he was fed, the young female wrapped him snugly in the young woman's scarf and lifted him with her mouth and both wolves set out for home.

They arrived at the warm cave inhabited by the family wolf pack and took the baby within. One of the elder males asked what was going on. Grandmother replied, "this baby is an Elf and we must care for him until the Great Wolf returns from his pilgrimage to our ancestral hunting grounds. He is very wise and will know what must be done. I fear that the Evil Ones have escaped from Oblivion and the Dark Time comes again. Look at the child's right shoulder, does he not carry a birthmark of the Sign of the Wolf Clan?:"

All the wolves took turns looking at and smelling the young child. Yes, it was true, for his right shoulder carried the Clan Totem—a wolf paw. This child was an Elf—and this was for sure. And the oldest of the wolves remembered the Ancient Tales of the Dark Time and the great friendship of the Elves and the Wolf Clan; for the wolves remembered how their fore-bearers had fought together with the Elves against the Evil Ones. Humans the wolves did not trust, but Elves were the most honorable and just creatures in all of the Worlds—except for the two evil elves and their followers.

As the Wintertime grew colder and colder, the young wolf nursed and played and spoke with her Elf-child. Her love for him grew and grew each time he suckled her and she could not help, but love him for whenever she or the other wolves looked deeply into his eyes, you saw a great ocean of love and kindness as if one were gazing into the Most Holy Absolute Itself. Who was this child?

Several months passed before the Great Wolf returned. The Great Wolf had lived since the Dark Time and was wise in the old forbidden Magic and lore. When he was told of the child, he rushed to the family cave and took a look himself. After his inspection, he rose up and told them, “not only was this child an Elf—he was the First Prince of Elves, he was the Most Honored and Beloved Prince Marduk Of Morningstar himself. It was truly a Miracle for all of the ancient wolves and human shamans knew that Prince Marduk had forced Ahri-Simeon and his wife into the Oblivion and sealed the doors by sacrificing himself for the benefit of all creatures of the Dreamtime. Someone knowing the old Magic must have freed him and returned him to life. This could mean only one thing—the Evil Ones had escaped Oblivion and the Dark Time was returning. There was no time to waste. We must find human parents to raise this Holy Child of the Most Sacred Absolute. He must grow strong and healthy so he can remember who he is and raise up another Great Army to battle this infection of evilness. He must go to our dear friends, the hunter-shaman, Balder and his Wife, Freyja. They remember the Dark Time and the battle ways of the Elf Lords. Our human child must go now. I will contact the hunter-shaman via our dreams and inform him of the situation. Never must we again speak of this child for to do so will be the death of us all. Yulia, he is your son and you shall watch over him for the rest of your life. He knows and loves you, his mother having died too soon for him to remember now—someday he shall be told the full story.

End Part 9

The First Ones gave him to you and he is yours, to be his mother with Freyja. Only you, your Grandmother and I are allowed to interact with him. Go now and feed your child and give him all the love he needs.”

Yulia did as she was told. Her Grandmother was very proud of her.

When Balder awoke in the morning, he said, “Freyja, my most cherished wife, I have been given a dream by our friend, the Great Wolf. He has told me that our Prince Marduk of Morningstar was been reborn of a virgin. His mother is dead and the female wolf, Yulia, has taken him as her own and feeds her with the magic milk of the Wolf Clan so he will gain their slyness, wisdom and strength. He is to be raised by us and trained in the old warrior ways. The Dark Time has returned and he is the only hope. I am sure the First Ones are awakened once again and will prepare an army for Lord Morningstar when the time is proper. The Great Wolf informed me that the Dark Ones feel his birth, but their vision is being blocked. He is sure that the Prince and Princess of Nouseum are responsible for the birth of our new son and for using the New Magic to protect him. But, the spies of the Evil Ones are everywhere by now and we must not tell Marduk who he is until he recovers his own memories. He is still young and vulnerable. Will you take him as your own natural son, dearest Freyja? Guard him with you life if need be? I have taken him as if he were my natural son. I will die to prevent the end of all Existence if necessary. What say you, dearest love?”

“My beloved husband, my deepest prayer has at long last been answered, for we have been given our son, by the Most Holy Absolute. I shall name him, Odin-Loki, for he must be wise and sly to survive. What say you, Balder?”

Balder took Freyja into his arms and kissed her with Divine Passion and took her to bed. “Yes, my dear, the Most Holy Absolute has answered our prayers for a son. And as is true with any child, we shall make love so to bring him into our lives.” Freyja just smiled and took her husband to their bed. The Great Ritual of the Rebirth of the Holy Child was done—and the Prince

shared the dream of Balder and Freyja and told his wife so. But, no festival was held in Nouseum, for none but the Princes most loyal advisors knows of the return of the Dark Time.

Yulia brought Marduk to Freyja on the Night of no Moon for she was cognizant and fearful of the spies of Ahri-Lilith. Freyja brought them both into her home and speaking in the ancient wolf tongue thanked Yulia for her sacrifice. “Yulia, I can only imagine how sad your heart must be to part with your son. I am not taking him from you, nor am I replacing you as mother, for the old stories say that the offspring of a virgin must be raised by two mothers, so we are both mothers of this one child. Come and visit whenever you want and teach him the skills and slyness of the wolf ways for he shall need this skill to survive. I am quite sure we will be discovered by the Evil Ones before much time has passed. Someday, you might need to hide him again. And make sure the Great Wolf takes him for his student—for he is the eldest survivor from the Dark Time and is familiar with the ways of the Evil Ones. We are sisters now, sweet Yulia, and will remain so for the remainder of our lives.”

Yulia responded, “Yes, sister. It will be as you say. One Elf-child, two mothers to love and protect him. I shall ask the Great Wolf to comply with your request. Now I return to the deep Woods and shall only come to you in on the darkest of nights. Our personal dreamtime shall be as one. Farewell, Beloved Sister. Till the next time.” And with that, Yulia left the house and disappeared into the dark night.

End Part 10

Chapter Four. The Birth Is Suspected

Ahri-Simeon came into the chambers of his most Unholy Wife who was admiring her great beauty in the Mirror of Time. “Am I not the most beautiful woman in all of the Outer Worlds, dear Lord? Do you crave to have me still?”

“Yes, Ahri-Lilith, you are as beautiful as you are treacherous and uncaring. I do not know which feature I adore the most? What does your Mirror tell you about the perturbation I felt in the Mesh last night? Is it Morningstar?”

“Lord, I do not know as yet. The scenes in the Mirror are being blocked or modified. Perhaps, we need to alert our many spies to watch for any unusual births? I have dispersed them into as many of the Outer Worlds as I can.”

“Excellent, dear wife, barren of children you might be, but never barren of advice. However, it is unlikely that he will be reborn into any world without access to the Forbidden Magic. Find if any Outer Worlds still touch the Dreamtime and disperse the Shape-Changeers.”

“As you wish, my Lord.”

Ahri-Simeon left his wife’s chamber and went to check with his surviving generals as to the progress of rebuilding his army. He had lost much of his force in the Great Battle and needed new recruits. His demons had been dispatched to the most primitive of the Outer Worlds to enlist the help of the most selfish and hateful of creatures. Ahri-Simeon was not a patient elf, turning upon anyone who showed weakness, mercy or fear. He was not someone to be trifled with.

Ahri-Simeon left his generals and returned to his laboratory and stood beside a window overlooking the desolation surrounding his fortress of black stone. He hated all living creatures,

tolerating only those who kneeled to him as their god and served his nefarious purposes. He despised everything beautiful, other than his wife-sister, for her beauty brought death rather than life. And for Ahri-Simeon and his wife, only death and destruction and confusion and pain were beautiful. The only thing valuable in all of the Outer Worlds, and in Dreamtime Itself, was his own Being—for none could surpass his intelligence—he had become the Ahri, the Power of Vanity Itself, and had modified both his name and his sister's to signify this.

Looking about the barren and cold landscape surrounding his fortress, as far as the eyes can see, he felt very pleased with himself and his dear sister. They were indeed a pair to be reckoned with. And someday, if his Will be Done, all of Existence will vanish along with himself and his sister into the Oblivion, never to return. What a soothing thought for a cold, dreary night. Great weather. And for a short moment, he had a memory of his best friend from childhood playing one of their delightful pranks.

End of Part 11

Chapter Five. The First Life of Simeon and Lilith

It had not always been so. Simeon and his sister had been born within Castle Evalon, to the Duke and Duchess of Evalon, the Duke being the brother of the High Over Lord of the First Ones, Gabriel Baal-Eyt of Morningstar, father of Marduk of Morningstar, first Prince of Dreamtime. The Duchess being the first daughter of LynMer, First Wizard, and primary advisor to Baal-Eyt of Morningstar.

As first cousins, Marduk and Simeon were very close as children spending many happy years together—and not without a fair amount of harmless mischievousness. The jokes they devised remain among the finest examples of the employment of humor as a Teaching Lesson. And the more angry the recipients became, the clearer became the message of instruction.

One of their best remembered pranks occurred when they were in second form of first school. DESCRIBE THIS

After Simeon and Lilith fell prey to Ahri, the Power of Vanity, assimilating and assuming its essential nature into themselves; the Learned Elders of Dreamtime had an ongoing argument as to how a First One could revel in vanity so much as to become the full objectification of such a power? It seemed to be utterly impossible!

In the early days of the “turning” of Simeon and Lilith, the Learned Elders spent many hours discussing such an unlikely and seemingly impossible occurrence. Some of the Learned Elders thought that there must have been a defect in the upbringing of these particular Elves—the supporters of this argument called themselves, the “Nurture Camp.” Others leaned more heavily towards the opinion that both Simeon and Lilith suffered an improbable and particular genetic

mutation causing a propensity towards self-aggrandizement and over-evaluation of ones Beingness. They became known as the “Nature Camp”.

Such discussions continued for awhile, sometimes being very heated as the Dark Time worsened, until it became abundantly clear that no parenting errors had occurred in the upbringing of the two Elf-children. Moreover, Marduk of Morningstar suffered no more vanity than was normal for a young and vibrant Elf-boy. Eventually, both camps agreed that the problem must have been from birth, giving these two children a severe propensity towards Ahri.

This theory was based upon a very through and careful review of the recorded observations of matings between Elfin men-folk and human women of Dreamtime. These initial matings were always physical matings, CosmoErgoisms, Elf-male to human-female solely; for the Elf-females are of such a high level of spiritual vibration that they cannot resonate sufficiently with human-males for physical successive conception. Actually, in general they do not find human males pleasing for they are very poor sexual partners, being much to self-centered to really explore the fullness of Sacred Erosism.

Such matings were in high fashion in the distant time past, for it had been proposed as a methodology to speed up the conscious evolution of humans so that their descendants would assume the qualities of the Elves.

The earliest experiments were surprisingly successful, for as was postulated, the Elf genome was dominant to the human one. Moreover, bearing the child of an Elf seemed to rearrange the genome of the mother in a most suitable way. So successful were such matings that they became rather fashionable and the primary investigators of this “outreach to humanity program” received such praise for their research that they became a little overly cavalier and

proposed expanding the program to the new Outer Worlds containing human folk. Even the High Elves of the Council of Elves were actively discussing the merits of this proposal. Unfortunately, this was not an easy matter for no direct, physical connection exists between Dreamtime and an Outer World, nor between any of the Outer Worlds. Consequently, it is impossible to physically travel back and forth betwixt the various Geo-Dimensions; for transferring matter and energy from the Dreamtime to the Outer Worlds not only would require an infinite source of motive energy; but, will violate the Law of the Constancy of Information Transfer first postulated and later proven by the great scientist, Morios.

End Part 12

At first the Elves thought that the problem was impossible of solution for they believed, as did all intelligent beings, that space was an absolute nullity without any superimposed structure. Sure, quantal matter and energy existed in space, but space was empty of any supporting aether as shown by the interferometer work of T. Dee and T. Dum. Also, they were well aware that many of the mathematical physical solutions to the electromagnetic and gravity equations proposed by Morios, such as worm-holes and faster than illumination speed vehicles was nothing more than mental masturbation and its spurting figments. No, if a solution existed, it would require a totally unique view of space-time.

No solution was forthcoming until the publications of the full researches of the Ultimate Geomancer, Lord Odin de Mont St. Germaine, were published in ninth year of the ninth month and the ninth day of Aeon Picotrillion. Lord Odin, being an “out-of-the-box” scientist, even for the Elves, proposed that Space could not be a nullity. Since the theories of Quantal Dynamics had absolutely demonstrated: [1] the vibrational nature of all quanta, [2] the impossibility of

violating the Uncertainty Principle and [3] the absolute discreteness of the energy of quanta at rest; it seemed reasonable to Lord Odin to postulate that Space itself must be made of closely-packed hyper-cubes of pure geometry. For geometry is not either matter or energy, interconvertible as they may be; for in a physical sense geometry does not exist, it is simply a mathematic abstraction.

Therefore, to bypass this restriction Lord Odin devised a reasonable theory of how to accomplish a complete transfer the essential pattern comprising an Elf, such pattern being fully and permanently sustained upon the surfaces of the four dimensional hyper-cubes comprising the Great Mesh via its fourth spatial dimension; a dimension not noticed by anyone previously.

Lord Odin's new and super-expansive theory introduced a wonderfully, new possibility into the original elf-to-human mating scheme for the Dreamtime. Since it was impossible to transfer matter or energy from Dreamtime to an Outer World, these matings could no longer employ the normal, male-to-female sexual libido function and subsequent issue of the Holy Inseminating Fluid-Issue. An alternate methodology was required.

Lord Odin's theory suggested that an Egotic Transfer could be accomplished by performing a certain PsychoMagical operation within the most innermost portions of the Great Mesh. Since the transfer was now nonsexual and nonphysical, both Elf-males and Elf-females could inseminate a human virgin. The reason why a human virgin female is necessary is quite simple. It is a well-established phenomena that after an Outer World female has shared her innocence and purity with a human male, whether or not she conceives, she continues to feed the male her life force, usually somewhere between 5 to 9 years. Such energy "leaks" can only be closed by falling in love with an Elf-male or with a Magician of Very High Caliber. Both are

able to heal and close such energy leaks. Magicians will still require minimal quantities of the female's life energy to maintain themselves, but with little cost to the female. Elves take nothing, but only give as needed. [As an aside, dear Reader, perhaps you now understand why virgin females, or the female lovers of the Magician, are required for the successful operation of a number of the High Magic Rituals?]

The reason why energy leaks are damaging to the female is because such leaks prohibit a female from attaining to her maximum spiritual potential as she cannot generate and save sufficient AutoErgoism. Her only salvation is to fall in love with and be repaired by a capable Magician or Elf-male. Both physical and astral inseminations are impossible absolutes for a penetrated female—by Elf or human male.

End Part 13

In Nouseum, we have a much deeper understanding of probability theory than exists in any advanced Outer World. For Nouseum Mathematics realizes that universal probability theory must include a temporal dimension, not to be confused with the pseudo-observational time dimension first discovered by Morios. Classical and Quantum Mechanical probability theories are still thought to be stable and resistant to feedback generated by temporal changes in the spacial distribution of energy and mind in the universe. Outer World mathematicians teach that probabilities only span the range from zero to unity; consequently, they do not understand the difference between an absolute, atemporal impossibility and a relative, temporal impossibility. An absolute, atemporal impossibility has a probability of minus one; a relative, temporal impossibility has a probability greater than minus one and less than zero. Absolute, atemporal

impossibilities never increase with the passage of time, relative temporal impossibilities may increase towards zero and into the positive given sufficient time and randomness.

An example of a relative impossibility is the inability of anyone to conceive and build a mechanical airplane in the time of the Master Genius, Leonardo da Vinci of Earth. One of our Arch-mathematicians once estimated the probability to be close to minus 0.13715 at the time of da Vinci and equal to one when the Wright Brothers fly at Kitty Hawk.

Lord Odin realized that we actually inhabited a four dimensional space, excluding time naturally, and one dimension of this spatial geometry was sufficiently small so that it might be possible to transfer information from one Outer World to another without violating Morios Law of the Constancy of Information Transfer. Lord Odin knew the speed in which illumination traveled in the free mesh, so he could easily calculate the extent of this collapsed fourth dimension which must occupy the inside of each hyper-cube. In fact, he realized that our universe was truly ingenious. Though the “outer surfaces” of each hyper-cube connected and extended to an infinity, the inside of each hyper-cube occupied a single volume of extremely small size; being on the order of 10^{-33} centiones {equivalent to the English measure of a centimeter} per side. They are connected together without any gaps, each hyper-cube sharing a common side. Moreover, a hyper-cube contains the smallest possible volume for a solid in four space—it is the physical equivalent of a mathematical point in geometry—except it cannot be a sphere!

Subsequently, Lord Odin’s most original model allowed local information transfer along the surfaces of the conjoined hyper-cubes and global information transfer via the collapsed fourth dimension. Therefore, it was possible for each Outer World to realize itself in a mere 10^{-43}

seconds! The theory always explained the “entanglement problem” of classical Quantal Dynamics. Perhaps, now you can understand why we affectionately call Lord Odin by the ancient moniker, Hermes Trismegistus. Again, Readers with great interest in the physical theories of Nouseum, please refer to Appendices of this volume of the Chronicles.

After verifying Lord Odin’s theories with basic experimentation, the Council of Elves approved a plan to forward the essential patterns of all volunteering Elves from Dreamtime to the Outer Worlds. Naturally, there seemed at the time that no possibility of return existed since the technology was not duplicatable outside of the Forbidden Magic. Never-the-less, the goals of this project appealed to many of the younger Elves and the plan was put into action.

Within several years, the Royal Wizards of Nouseum, recognizing the absolute brilliance of Polyakov and Lord Odin, realized that the true source of the Magic of the First Ones stemmed from the direct parental linking existing between the Most Holy Absolute, the Great Mesh and the First Ones. Being the First Cosmically Significant Beings, the First Ones were the only creatures having the innate capacity to attune with the Ultimate and Eternal and Always Expanding Ubergeist, the Self-Sustaining Totality [need Greek or Latin Name]. This is why only the First Ones can use the Forbidden Magic, with a few obviously exceptional Beings whose genome is primarily Elf, not only being descendants of the Great Experiment, but actual reincarnations of the original Elf father.

End Part 14

Although, there remained a small fraction of the most respected Arch-scientists who agreed with the genetic theory, they noted that Marduk of Morningstar, Simeon and Lilith were three of the first Elves to participate in the Great Experiment. Marduk of Morningstar was not

susceptible to Ahri, but Simeon and Lilith were. Perhaps, somehow the genetic propensity towards Ahri was carried over with the information transfer [it is a 100% transfer of the full genome—the insemination of the human mother being totally nonphysical and of such manner that the transferee is reborn and grew to be identical to his or her original image. Since they were of the opinion that it was impossible for any such genetic propensity to manifest in Dreamtime, that is there was an absolute, atemporal probability equal to minus one; somehow the genome of their conjoint mother, they were originally fraternal twins, must have activated their original genetic propensity such that they began to manifest that most common and harmful feature of all Outer World creatures—human vanity, self-conceit and self-aggrandizement. Being Elves by nature, the final transformation was unbelievably bad! They become total objectification of Ahri, the Power of Vanity. Actually, there is a Chronicle dealing especially with this problem of the corruption of Simeon and Lilith.

The resolution of this ongoing debate concerning the sorry situation with the Duke of Evalon's children came and went for many years. Finally, the editor of the Elf Chronicles, the Always Fair and Royal Editor Supreme, Josephus, found himself getting quite irritated and out-of-sorts from the ongoing chatter and debate over these two twins every time he went to his club for some peace and quiet. His irritation was growing daily and he developed a rather noticeable tick on the left corner of his mouth and was frowning most to the time. He was unusually, short-tempered with his staff, his wife and his children. Finally, his dear wife, bless her sweet heart and patience, suggested, that perhaps it would be wise to visit the geneticist who approved the human mother in the first place. Maybe someone had made a mistake?

Realizing his uncomfortable situation, he made an appointment with the Most Respected Arch-geneticist, Loosis. One the appointed day, Josephus walked to the Genetics Institute of Nouseum and opened the copper door which had a double-helix inscribed on its face. Josephus had never had the opportunity to visit previously, and since he was typically early for his appointment, he visited several of the exhibits in the main hall. Eventually, a very pretty young lady dressed in red satin with very shapely legs and high heels came into the hall and informed him that Loosis was now free.

The young lady and Josephus chatted as they climbed the spiral-stairway leading to the fifth floor of the Institute, discovering that his son's best friend was engaged to her and that the marriage announcements were going to be mailed soon. Josephus invited her and her fiancée to come to dinner one evening. Finally, they reached Loosis' office and the young lady introduced the two gentleman and left for other chores.

Loosis was a very stately-looking man, bald and dressed in his official Institute robes—dark crimson red velvet with more double helices. Josephus thought to himself that this helix thing was going a little too far. Loosis took Josephus' hand in his and gave it a strong shake and invited him to have some tea and they would discuss the twins genetic report. They both sat down in unison, for in Nouseum it is rather bad manners to sit down before or after ones guest.

On the tea table was the original report with its certificate of approval signed in green ink and the flowing hand of Loosis. After the two men chatted about a recent article Loosis had reviewed for a future issue of the Chronicles, Loosis opened the book and reviewed his report concerning the genome of the prospective human inseminatee, the Lady Ann of Elderberry

Castle, for Simeon and his twin sister Lilith. The initial report had found no genetic defects of significance and the Lady Ann was certified and approved for insemination on her 15th birthday. Her virginity had been insured also and was being maintained via a little Elf magic. The report was closed and placed back upon the tea table.

End Part 15

Josephus was usually very cautious with his words and took a moment to formulate them. “My dear Loosis, I understand the report and its conclusions, it seems very thorough and professional, but something does not seem right. What--I do not know at this moment, but my editor instinct is acting up and my big left toe is starting to pulsate a little. My dear wife felt the same way--and her intuition is not to be trifled with. I think it might be prudent to review the original copy of Lady Ann’s genome analysis. The reanalysis might end, once and for all, this most irritating and unprofitable twin conundrum.”

Though Loosis was not fond of anyone questioning his work, he was a good administrator. He replied, “I shall do the review myself and get back to you in a day or two. Maybe the answer to the conundrum is at last at hand. To tell you the truth, Most Honorable Josephus, I was finding the whole matter a trifle boring myself. Thanks for your interest, my dear Editor.” Loosis arose and escorted Josephus to the door and asked the pretty young lady to accompany him to the door.

Actually the very next morning Loosis arrived at the Chronicles Building and walked directly into Josephus office and sat down at his desk. “Sorry for the interruption and bad manners, dear Josephus, but I was in a great rush to share the news with you. It is amazing, quite and utterly amazing.”

“What did you find, Loosis. Was an error made?” , asked Josephus in a most excited tone of voice.

“Yes, dear friend, if I may be so bold to use this term. I found an error. It took some time to review the original record—it is a 3 dimensional image of all of her DNA and histones you know. It is not easy to read and then transcribe into a written form. I noticed that one of the bases in one of the genes had been misread and mis-transcribed by the technician, a little old dwarf with a round belly and thick glasses. So I went to visit him and asked him if anything unusual had occurred during it transcription. At first he said no, but then he hit himself on the forehead and said, “Yes, Loosis, something did happen during the transcription. I sneezed. Perhaps this is where the error occurred. I hope you are not too angry with me.”

Loosis said, “Forget about it. What has been done has been done. None can be perfect, other than the Most Holy Absolute.”

“And this one little mistake explains everything. For as it turns out, Lady Ann must have had a rather ruthless and nasty ancestor somewhere far back in her history. Too far back for our due diligence team to find. This one base change, in what appeared to be an insignificant portion of her genome, in the junk genes actually, produced a protein unknown and totally alien to the Elves. When this gene entered into the genome of the twins, the proteins it produced were not neutralized and they negatively affected the rather unusual gene pattern of the twins. Voila, the susceptibility to Ahri!”

Josephus jumped up from his desk and grabbed the right hand of Loosis and gave it a great shake. “Thank you, my new friend. At last the bickering will stop. This finding will make a great article for the Chronicles—and the future of science and the Forbidden Magic. I will give

you top priority in a new Journal we are introducing in three months. Will you do this, Loosis. Might bring a good promotion also?”, still shaking his hand and winking.

“Will do, Josephus. I must run and get started. Lead article in a new Journal... excellent... yes... yes, quite an honor, thanks.” Loosis rose, turned and was out the door in the flash of a hobgoblin’s eye-blink. And at last, Josephus could have some peace and quiet at his club—at least for awhile. He sat down, put his feet on the desk-top and just smiled.

End Part 16

Chapter Six. Marduk's Beloved Sister, High Princess Arwen the Charitable

Just as Simeon and Lilith were fraternal twins, so were Marduk and Arwen; a rather rare event in the Elfin lineage. Now, I am sure that many of our readers were caught by surprise when I stated that the birth of twins was infinitely unlikely during the Dreamtime.

During the birthing process, Marduk's and Arwen's mother, Lady Eleanor, was attended by only the most skilled and knowledgeable midwives from the human realms closest in spirit to the Elves Themselves. Each one had been personally chosen by Lord Argon, the recognized medical authority amongst the August Members of the High University of Biological Sciences. This University was responsible for introducing medicine to the first conscious human beings arising in the Dreamtime.

Now, I am sure many of our dear readers are curious as to why the Most High Grand Princess Eleanor, Beloved Wife and Mate of the High Over Lord of the First Ones, Gabriel Baal-Eyt of Morningstar, was attended by human midwives and not elfin ones? The reason is that the fertility rate amongst the Elves is extremely low, an Elfin singleton birth occurring only every century or so; is based upon the universal principle of life linking life-span and birth rate.

Creatures enduring very short lives, cells and invertebrates, produce numerous offspring with few surviving onto reproductive age; creatures living near immortal lives, the Elves, rarely produce offspring and all survive onto reproductive age. Compared with the Elves, even the humans during the Dreamtime lived rather short lives, being no more than a thousand years at best, more normally several hundred, due to frequent warring between the humans and the malevolent creatures inhabiting the Dreamtime. Such was being biological at times with the introduction of virulent viruses and bacteria by the Ogres. Since the human fertility rate was

quite high, the reproductive age beginning at 13 or 14 for the females, they had great need for the services of midwives, the first medical care-providers.

BUT THIS STORY IS FOR ANOTHER TIME

Chapter Seven. The Nunnery

Once, long ago, there lived a lovely, sweet, intelligent and kind girl who lived in a convent of very nice and honorable ladies, dedicated to working for manifesting love in our poor world. Her young mother had been raised at this convent, the nuns having found her at the front dates when she was just born. She had left to marry a soldier-adventurer, much against the wishes of her beloved nuns, and was now pregnant. Her husband had abandoned her and the unborn child a few weeks prior. She had been evicted from the house she shared with her husband and now was without home or support. It was a very severe winter and she decided to return to the convent, have and raise her child with the ladies who had taken care of her for so many years.

It was a very dark and cold night, when Mother Superior heard the bell ringing outside the convent gate. Pulling on a fur cape, she hurried outside into the howling wind to see who was knocking. She opened the gate and saw a cold, scared and pregnant young girl wrapped only in a shabby winter coat. The girl looked up with tears streaking her dirty face, “Mother Superior, it is Katya. I need your help, I have no place to live and I have a baby inside of me.”

The kindly old nun put her arm around Katya, “Dear Child, come in, come in. It is too cold for you to be outside tonight. We shall put you by the fireplace and give you some hot tea and warm porridge. Then, you can tell us your story. It has been several years since we spoke.” She removed her fur cape and draped it over Katya’s shoulders and quickly guided her through the snow and back into the nunnery. Mother Superior opened the door, yelling, “Sisters, come quickly. God has returned our dear Katya to us. Come Sisters, I need help with her. She is heavy with child.” She pulled an old and worn wooden stool close to the warm fire and sat the shivering Katya down. “Wait here Child, I will get some tea for you.” She returned quickly with some hot

tea full of honey and some herbs and put the metal cup into Katya's nearly frozen hands. By now, all the old sisters were in the room.

Katya loved how warm the fire felt on her legs and took a sip of her tea. She was shivering still. After she had finished her tea, the Sisters asked Katya to remove her wet clothes. Indeed, she was truly heavy with child. Sister Maria Irina quickly put a sleeping gown over her and a warm, woolen wrap and sat her back down on the stool. Sister Sophia Elena brought her hot porridge and cream. Katya was very hungry, but remembering her manners, she did not gulp down her porridge. She loved the porridge at the nunnery. The smell and taste bringing back pleasant memories of her childhood with the nuns.

One of the other Sisters brought another stool and set it down by Katya. Mother Superior sat down, "Thank you Sister." She waited until Katya had finished her porridge, asking, "Sweet Child, do you feel better now?"

Katya turned to Mother Superior and laid her head on her shoulder, feeling safe and loved once again. "Oh, Mother Superior, I am better now. I love all of you so much. I am sorry that I did not listen to you."

Mother Superior just held her, signing an old song from the days of the old gods:
Oh, little butterfly, come and chat with me,
Tell me of journeys and tales of faraway lands.
Have you seen the Golden Domes of Alba-Dinn,
Or heard the sweet singing of the Ladies of the Lake.
Are the sandy shores of the Great Eastern Sea
really made of colored, diamond sands.
Oh, little butterfly, come and chat with me...

"Katya, do you remember how I would sing this song to you whenever you were ill or had hurt yourself? It has been a long time since I sung this song." Katya just smiled and fell asleep.

“Sisters, she is exhausted, let us take her to bed and tomorrow we shall hear her story.” One of the larger Sisters, picked up Katya and carried her to her old bedroom. Placing her softly onto the mattress and covering her with the goose down covers. Mother Superior bent over and kissed her softly on her forehead, “Sleep well, dear Child. Worry not, for we shall again care for you and the little one yet to be born.”

Katya did not awaken until Phoebus was high into the morning skies. She woke with a startle, having forgotten where she was for the moment. Then, she remembered she was back at the convent and looked around at her old bedroom. Not much had changed. A picture of Jesus rested upon the eastern wall and one of the Madonna and baby Jesus on the south wall. The walls were covered in ivory plaster and had not changed much in her absence—maybe a new crack or two. The oaken wooden beams supporting the plank ceiling seemed somewhat darker than when she left, but, stood bravely in their assigned duties. On the dresser rested an old sketch of her mother when she was young—but, Katya remembered her not, as she was left at the gates of the nunnery shortly after she had been weaned. No one knew where her mother lived or why she left her daughter at the convent—but, rumors hinted that she lived somewhere in the enchanted forest with a dark elf lord. The sketch had been placed into the basket she was found in.

Katya climbed out of her safe place and found her old woolen slippers by the side of her bed. She pulled up the quilt comforter and neatly remade her bed—just as she had done every day before she left. Then she went to the dresser and washed herself of the travel dirt and opened the armoire and found a smock to put on. She thought to herself, “Mother Superior must have seen that one day I would return for all is neat and clean and organized. Mother Superior knows everything.” For a moment, she felt a deep pang of guilt for having been so foolish to leave the

convent against the Sisters better advice; but, it only lasted for a short moment for she knew that the Sisters were not at all angry with her for her leaving. They were genuinely happy to have her and her unborn child back.

When she went into the kitchen for a bite to eat, old Sister Theresa Julia was rolling bread dough upon the wooden table next to the water sink. Sister Theresa was quite a hefty girl with bright red rosy cheeks and sparkling blue eyes. When she saw Katya, she smiled, looking up from her kneading, and said, “Top of the morning to you, Katya! Come to your old Sister and let me feel your abdomen and then I will get you some hot porridge and fresh cream and raisins.”

Katya ran to Sister Theresa Julia and tried to wrap her arms around her chubby and bubbly old friend. She remembered how often she would come into the kitchen to get special treats, freshly baked, from Sister Theresa. She loved Sister Theresa immensely as she was always in a jolly mood and signing songs she created about baby Jesus. Plus, she always had a kind word for everyone.

Sister Theresa lifted up Katya’s flock and saw that she was covered with bruises. She said not a word, but, put her doughy hands upon Katya’s tummy and felt the little unborn one kick once or twice. Sister Theresa exclaimed, “My, oh my, this is a strong and healthy little girl you are carrying in your womb.” She allowed Katya flock to fall back into place.

Katya knew that Sister Theresa had seen the bruises her drunken husband had given her and looked down at her slippered feet. She said, “He was nice to me once, but when I got pregnant he hated me.” Tears began falling from Katya’s deep blue eyes making watery streaks upon her cheeks.

Sister Theresa took Katya into her arms, saying, “Have a good cry child. It will make you feel a little better. Just remember that the evil treatment you received was not earned by you or your baby. Rather, it came from a man who did not know how to love anyone—not even himself. He needs God’s love more than most people—if he only would open his heart with its wounds.”

Sister Theresa sat Katya down at the wooden table and fetched a warm bowl of porridge from the pot hanging in the fireplace and poured some fresh cream from dear old Bess on top and added a handful of raisins and walnuts for good measure. Katya was very hungry and started gobbling the porridge down. Sister Theresa placed her hand onto Katya right hand and said, “Slow down, dearest. There is no need to rush and get a tummy ache.” Katya just smiled and did as she was instructed. She was skinny and hungry and ate two full bowls of porridge. Sister Theresa smiled, saying, “Dear, if you continue such consumption you will become as fat and as jolly as me!”

While both were laughing as if neither had a care in the world, Mother Superior appeared under the stone lintel of the kitchen door opening. Even in her habit, Mother Superior was a beautiful woman. Her face was without significant wrinkling and as smooth as a calm sea. Her head was surrounded by a distinct aura reminding one of a tropical sunset of violet clouds. Though, her life had not been easy, she still stood upright and carried herself when she walked with a quiet and firm dignity. It was impossible to guess her age for even her hands, which did show the marks of decent physical work, did not have age spots. In truth, she was nearly seventy!

She had been taken to the nunnery on her fifteenth birthday after the death of her father, Lord Ragnar, and her mother, Lady Elaine. Some might be disturbed that an intelligent and

educated lady of rank was given to a convent, but, she was content for she had the kindest of hearts and a real love for humanity. Plus, she realized that the convent was the only place for her to continue studying—a knight's or lord's table meant marriage and that was about all.

By the time she was thirty she was fully in charge of the convent as Mother Superior. During her years at the convent, she became well appreciated for her acute understanding of the metaphors and parables of Lord Jesus and how to apply the Lord's Teachings in her day to day activities. She was an excellent herbalist and healer and so the convent had grown quite rich from large donations which were used for the benefit of the sisters, the local church, and those in material need. Many of the Church fathers felt sure that one day she would be canonized. After all, based upon her current physical appearance, no one expected her to deteriorate after death anyway.

Mother Superior walked into the kitchen and stood next to Katya, bending over to kiss her upon her cheek. She pulled out a well-worn oaken chair, sitting next to Katya. She asked, "Good morning, Child, how did the night pass for you?"

Katya smiled, "Of Mother Superior, I slept so peacefully under the pictures of our Beloved Lord Jesus. I know that Baby Jesus is looking over my child," rubbing her swollen abdomen as new mothers to be do.

Sister Theresa rose from her chair, went to the fireplace, removed the hot water kettle hanging over the fire and poured the steaming liquid into a glass filled with dried mint leaves. She brought the cup and placed it before Mother Superior with a small cup of honey and a spoon. Mother Superior smiled and added a dollop of honey to the tea and said, "Thank you, Sister." Sister Theresa sat herself down across from both Mother Superior and Katya.

Chapter ??????. The Balanced Forces of Conscious Evolution

Chapter Eight. Arwen's Unfortunate Kidnaping

For those dedicated souls, upon whom Lady Fortune has smiled, having had the opportunity to listen to our annual, Yuletide Season cyberspace broadcasts, "Tales From The High Chronicles For Children," already know of the Butterfly Princess of Nouseum and her most important function. They have heard how she appears, as a butterfly with wings as black as night upon which twinkle the fires of infinite stars, to those having found the World Tree with its hidden ladder to the Forests of the Ancient Ones, changing into the Butterfly Princess if the seeker is worthy of coming into Nouseum itself. For the Butterfly Princess is Nouseum's Most Holy Guide, much as Beatrice was to your Dante.

As you remember, the set of twins were involved in the very early teleporting or "turning" experiments for sending the "essential egotic and cognitive pattern" of an elf from Dreamtime into one of the Outer Worlds and had been reborn psychospiritually within one of the Outer Worlds. Therefore, our story is happening prior to the corruption of Simeon and Lilith by Ahri.

However, we have not shared the story of how the Butterfly Princess arrived at Nouseum during its founding days; a matter we shall rectify at once. But, first, we must tell you of the great misfortune which transpired to our Beloved Butterfly Princess.

It had been a sizzling hot, summer day that year, and the two pairs of twins, Simeon with his sister Lilith and Marduk with his sister Arwen, had hiked far up into the Blue Mountains so to swim in the Crystal Lake—so called because its shores were covered with diamonds of all colors and as small as grains of coral sand.

Though related, the two sets of twins could not have been different. Marduk and Arwen were fair with golden blonde, long twisting curls reaching down over top of their tunics. Their eyes were as blue and as clear as the clearest, sunny winter day could be. They appeared very much human; except for the fact that each had a mildly narrow upper auricula.

Simeon and Lilith were fair with straight hair as black as the inside of a dwarf gold mine without illumination. Their eyes were deep green as the finest jade. Their ears were identical to the other twins.

End Part 17

They were still young, 13 years old, and reckless, as all young ones tend to be, making much to much noise as they walked. Unbeknownst to the twins, a misshapen, dirty, complaining female ogre had heard their laughter and left her cave so to follow them. She made sure to stay downwind of them so that they would not smell her, for ogres never bath and smell of death and rotting things. All they like is sex and never wear clothes. An evil plan was simmering in her unusual brain.

“Hey Marduk, what do you want to do after you are accepted into the Council when university is completed?,” asked Lilith as she ran her right hand through with his golden curls, little elongated spirals ending at his shoulders.

“I don’t know, sweetheart, I think I would much rather be an adventurer and explorer as was our great ancestor, Lord Lawrence,” replied Marduk as turned to answer Lilith. “Or maybe I will accept a commission in the High Brigade and go forth and do battle with the Ogres and other followers of the Evil Ways”.

A worried look creep over Lilith's pale, alabaster face, and she moved a little closer to Marduk, "You aren't really going to join the Brigade are you Marduk? It is too dangerous and I will worry so much I shall turn grey before your first tour ends!"

Marduk smiled to himself as he thought how Lilith would look with grey hair, but said instead, "Don't worry, Lilith, we still have over 12 more years of schooling and I do not think there are any ogres left around here anymore. The last great human-ogre battle scattered them onto faraway lands I am sure", doing his best to reassure her.

The Ogre witch watching them almost burst out laughing, but covered her mouth with a dirty hand and pinched herself hard. "Such, foolish youngies, have before me. Me steal one girlie and back my cave her bring. Me daughters lazy. Girlie too soft, need have stepmother. Ogres may be rather slow when it comes to strenuous thinking, but they are clever, resourceful and patient.

As Marduk and Lilith were speaking, Arwen, Marduk's beautiful, blonde and green-eyed sister appeared before them, dripping wet and naked. She had not entered into puberty as yet, remaining in Tanner Stage I for breast development and pubic hair. Still, she was extraordinarily beautiful; graced with soft, white skin over-lying the muscles of a young girl athlete, posture perfect, delicate hands and feet. When you watched her walk, it was unbelievable for her grace of movement almost made it appear that she just floated above the ground.

She sat next to her brother on the velvet, lush green grass and Marduk put her shawl around her so she could dry herself. Arwen was, without any doubt, the sweetest and most beautiful female in all of the Outer Worlds. He was proud of his sister and watched after her very well for he knew that no other elf had a heart as pure and sweet as hers. She loved her

brother above all other elves and had learnt how to calm him whenever he became impatient with persons not as smart as he was. When they were very little he started calling her, Princess Arwen the Charitable, for she was always helping someone with something; and soon everyone called her in such a manner.

Lilith had always been a little envious of her cousin, Arwen, and now and then her brother, Simeon, would tease her by telling her that Arwen really was the most beautiful elf in all of the universe and Marduk was lucky to have such a pretty and talented sister. He meant no harm to her, but still the words stung her deep within. Marduk could feel how hurt she felt when Simeon would tease her and he would tell Simeon to shut up and take Lilith by the hand and tell her to ignore him. They had a few fist-a-cuffs over Simeon's unkindness and both would appear now and then in school with a black eye or two. Simeon would never tease his sister when Arwen was present for she would box his ears for sure for being so cruel to her. In fact, Arwen was quite sure that Lilith was a little bit more pretty than she was and she would always remind Lilith of this for who was the prettiest did not matter to Arwen in the least.

End Part 18

Having Marduk as her protector made life with Simeon somewhat more tolerable and she knew that Marduk liked how she looked, loved her cooking and loved her very, very much. She looked forward to the day when she and Marduk would wed and live together without her brother. Lilith did love Arwen very much, but secretly she was sure that Arwen would be a little envious of her for she has Marduk as her mate and Arwen does not. And Marduk will be the Greatest Warrior ever! [Note our Dear Readers. The genome of an elf is extremely hardy and no

problems ever arise with such close marriages, in fact, generally the off-spring are most talented. We know that such matings are not so with the humans.]

Simeon, who had been fishing in the lake, returned at last, saying, “Hey, you lazy bums, you all just sit and chat and I have to get the food as usual. And what food I have caught for our midday meal.” Simeon was in a great mood for he really loved to fish and be able to provide for his cousins. He tended to be a little moody, but, on the whole he had a good heart and was known to do many nice things, secretly. So Lilith and Arwen got up and started a fire so to grill Simeon’s catch—which he had been kind enough to gut and descale.

The fish were soon cooked and gobbled down hungrily. Then Marduk reached into his haversack and produced some very special Elfin marshmallows—for each one produces a different smell and taste when roasted and rather than burning they give off many colored sparks which only cease when the marshmallow is perfectly cooked, all soft and gooey inside. The only problem with such marshmallows is that you cannot eat just one—you eat until the package is empty—and if you eat enough [they are actually very healthy tidbits] you become so content and happy that you cannot avoid falling sound asleep—very sound asleep! So soon, all of our young elves were snoozing bathed in the warm sunlight and resting upon the soft and inviting green grass.

The wicked ogre witch knew of these marshmallows and the sound sleep which follows from eating too many at one sitting and left her downwind hiding place and quietly approached the four elves. She mumbled to herself, “Oh, my oh my, which girlie take me? Darky-hair or blondy-hair? I hate choices make meself—me always wrong one! Me know, me count ennie-minnie-moe—what a smarty ogre am me.” She smiled, her teeth as black as coal.

As an aside to our readers not proficient in the anthropology of the ogres, I want to tell you a little of their anatomy and child-bearing habits. By ogre standards, during her breeding periods, Mother had been one of the most sought after females. Many had thought her the most comely ogre female in twenty generations. Even for a breeding ogre, she was quite liberal in her sexuality—which is saying something for those who have seen or fell victim of the their legendary libido. Mother she had no qualms or favorites when it came to sharing her gifts in private or public as she roamed fully nude around town. Her first several breeding periods were not productive for she secretly employed a pregnancy preventing potion given to her by the ogre wizard and herbalist, Joshamish. She had been secretly studying with him since the age of 15 and would not be finished till age 30. And studying meant no ogrettes.

She did not have her daughters until she finished her studies. One was born to the ogre male, Scratch, and the second to the ogre male, Watch-Out.

I need to mention that the concept of marriage is foreign and repugnant in ogre society. Ogre females choose a breeding male for reproductive fornication—different than normal social fornication—and stay with the male only until the child is weaned. Then, they separate and the female raises the children either alone or with the help of her mother and aunts. The reason being that ogre males are quite aggressive and drink too much. The only times an ogre male is peaceable is when he is fornicating regularly with his mate prior to birth, secondary to conception pheromones, and when fed breast milk after the ogrette's birth. After weaning, the male loses interest and returns to the male living quarters.

End Part 19

Ogre females are about 150 cm tall, muscular and stocky. The muscles of the legs, arms, legs and buttocks are well-developed. The hips and shoulders are wide. The skin is similar to that of a brown goat. The feet, which are very callous from going without shoes, and hands have thick nails which curve downward. The spine is lordotic in the lumbar region and hunched forward at the upper thorax. They are knock-kneed.

The hair on the body is something like a boar's, being extremely heavy in the lower abdomen-pubic area, thinning as it passes around the labia and thickening again as it ascends to the mid back. This pattern of hair serving well to hold onto the sexual pheromones excreted by their perineum glands. The labial folds are extremely full, hairless, maroon in color and drooping down some 6 centiones from the top of the inner thigh; serving as protection when sitting down for they do not utilize any kind of undergarments. The fullness of the labial folds and the darkness of the red coloring being major sexual releasers for the male ogre—qualities well possessed by VikaRita, even now.

They sport two pendulous breasts with large nipples protruding forward and from out of the center of an areolar patch of soft red hair. The shape of the breast is thin at its attachment to the chest wall and grows much fuller at its termination close to waist. Whenever, a female ogre bends forward, her breasts tend to the vertical, though her nipples remain pointing forward.

They have a full head of thick hair, usually a mousy brown. Eyes are deep-set, yellowish brown with vertical irises covered with bushy eyebrows. The shape of the head appears flattened since the jaw protrudes outward from the ears, the forehead is large with its base further forward than it's upper portion. The head sits forward of the chest due to curving of the cervical spine. The nose is hooked, fleshy at its end with large nostrils. The lips are full, reminding one of a

chimpanzee. Teeth are black with slight protrusion of the lower canines in the males. The ears are prominent with fleshy and drooping earlobes.

As Mother approached the children, she mumbled to herself, “Humans smell bad, bad. I put clothes pin on nose.” After pondering the situation for quite a long time, Mother really hated to make decisions, she did her ennie-minnie-moes seven times before she got it correct. Then, she realized that Lilith was sleeping in Marduk’s strong arms and only Arwen was by herself—just a little left of the others. It took her another 7 minutes to figure out how to make the ennie-minnie-moe end up on Arwen. Muttering to herself once again, “Me take blondie-hair girlie”.

Mother opened her filthy shoulder bag and rummaged for a small glass bottle containing a potion, which, when ingested, creates a temporary amnesia for ones personal history. The potion is extremely specific, disrupting access to all memories having to with ones past history, including, other persons, places and things. The period affected is solely for the time span before ingesting the first dose. It will not affect memory consolidation during chronic dosing. The amnesia persisting for variable duration, but never less than a week nor longer than two weeks. The recommended dosing schedule is one dose on Monday and the second on Thursday. When the medication is stopped, the person will regain all memories blocked beginning with the first dose.

Mother found the bottle and opened Arwen’s mouth with her dirty finger and placed about a ml of solution under her tongue. Arwen swallowed it down automatically. Not paying attention, Mother licked her finger absentmindedly. At such low doses, occasionally, an ogre can have a very selective and permanent memory loss for a particular, recent event. This occurs with a delay of several hours and so is not appreciated by the ogre.

Taking from her filthy shoulder bag a magical gunnysack, she quickly stuffed Arwen into it, leaving dirty fingerprints all over her silk dress. No one awoke, not even Arwen. Heaving Arwen onto her shoulder she quietly back-stepped to her hiding place—ogres always do this when they kidnap someone for they are extremely superstitious dullards—turned around and headed back to her messy cave.

End Part 20

In a few hours, Lilith awoke and saw that Arwen was missing and so she stood up and went to look for her. Maybe she had found some juicy green cranny berries to munch upon. Lilith called to Arwen, but she heard only the to and fro chirping of the birds and the melodious whisperings of the wind. Lilith became worried and ran back to Marduk and Simeon and awoke them. “Marduk, Simeon, I cannot find Arwen anywhere. She does not return my calls. Where can she be? I am worried. Maybe an ogre kidnaped her!”

The two elves leap to there feet and began a mad search for Arwen—but she was not to be found. Which is not so surprising when one realizes that ogres are very good at covering up their trail and only a very experience trackerx knows the residual signs and can follow them. And Marduk and Simeon were far from qualified.

The Phoebus Chariot was descending in the sky towards the western horizon and the three remaining elves, reluctantly and with very heavy hearts, head back home so to report Arwen’s loss to the authorities. Simeon was very sweet to his sister at this moment for he knew she was upset and sacred, “Lilith, the authorities will find where she disappeared to in the forest. I am sure she is not in the lake for she is too good a swimmer to have problems in the water.”

Marduk took her soft hand into his as they walked towards home. When they finally arrived at the Office of the District Magistrate, Lilith could not stop crying and so Marduk and Simeon related the events of this most unsatisfactory day.

The authorities searched within 200 miles of the city, but never found any evidence of foul play or any trace of her. Arwen had just disappeared and that was that. Even the seers could not find her. But, the twins knew she was not dead for they felt her heart and goodness still.

Chapter Nine. Mother Takes Arwen Home

When Arwen awoke, she was quite confused for she could not remember her name, going on the outing to Crystal Lake, roasting and eating marshmallows and anything else. “How weird,” she thought. “Did I hit my head?” reaching up to feel her skull. She did not have any inkling of where she was—except for lying on some filthy hay in a shed by the pigs. She was clad in a gunnysack dress which was not at all comfortable! And the stench was horrible! She saw a white dress covered with pudgy hand prints laying in muddy pen outside the shed. She did not recognize it consciously, but, felt somehow it was hers and so she retrieved the dress. She saw that it was soft and took off the gunnysack dress and changed into it. She noticed that she had no panties on, but, again did not know why something seemed wrong about the situation. “Why cannot I remember? What happened to me?”

It was not dark as yet and as Arwen left the shed to see if she could find out where she was. “My, oh, my,” she said, “everything is a mess. Litter and mud is everywhere. The farm animals are all walking loose. What a strange place this is!”

She saw a very worn awning stretched over the door to what seemed to be a cave house. In the front, sat two dilapidated wooden chairs and a three legged table. She started walking towards the door and after reaching it, knocked very loudly.

It took about a minute for the door to open. There stood Mother, dressed in a gunnysack dress and chewing on tobacco. Arwen had never seen an ogre witch before nor realized how dirty they are. She stunk. Arwen was so startled that she fell onto her rear-end, getting her dress even dirtier.

End Part 21

Mother was totally surprised herself since she did not know who this human girl was. It seems Mother suffered the rare memory loss discussed above after she got Arwen back to her house. She honestly forgot that she had kidnaped Arwen earlier in the day. When she saw her standing at the front door to her house, her brain confabulated a tale, an other interesting phenomenon, that Arwen was her long-lost stepdaughter. She had been born just after the weaning of her second daughter. Mother believed she must have been very stoned one night and was raped, which no female ogre resents since is how sex works in their society, by a mad a pack of drunken soldiers; getting pregnant. Neither of her ogre daughter would remember the pregnancy for ogres brains do not exhibit episodic or personal memory until about 4 year of age. The sudden appearance of Arwen was because the gypsies sold her back to her when she was on her last trip and so brought her home for the first time.

Before Arwen could utter even one word, Mother bellowed out, "Time came home. Worthless, homely girl. There chores to be done." Mother reached over, grabbing Arwen by the arm and pulling her up. "Where pretty gunnysack dress me buy you, girl? You so selfish. You like things so ugly. You disgrace to family." Mother took her right hand—which almost looked like a claw to poor Arwen—and tore the dress off of her, throwing it onto the porch. "Look yourself. Two gorgeous sisters you have. If you no like new dress, you naked to go."

Arwen just stood and did not move for she did not know what to do. She did not think she had been treated this way before, but could not say why because of her memory block. She did not like that this nasty lady could see her so and tried to cover her little breasts and bald pubic area with her arms and hand.

“You trying creature. Put your arms at your side. Me say you be naked, you not cover self.” Mother grabbed her arms and put them at her side. “Me want all ogres see how ugly are you.” Me spit on your breasts, and she sprayed poor Arwen with tobacco juice from her chew. Me not know why bought you from those despicable Gypsies.” Poor Arwen, started crying. “Stop crying girlie.” Mother held Arwen’s shoulders until she stopped crying. “You so very homely. Me never marry you anybody. Me stuck with you forever. Gypsies lied me, said you better older.”

This most terrible ogre yelled, “Give me hand your.” Arwen delayed and Mother reached down and took her wrist in her strong hands and pulled so hard that poor Arwen fell face forward into the mud. Mother grabbed her again and pulled her through the front door and into the family room. Pulling her to the right corner by the big fireplace, Mother barked, ““Stupid girlie, stand in corner. You being punished. You face the room and do not move till I come back or I will take a switch and beat you.” Arwen was terrified and just stood transfixed. Mother left the room.

Arwen was too afraid to move and just stood facing into the room, thinking, “I wish I knew where and who I am. This lady is filthy and so mean to me. What an ugly room, it smells like it has never been cleaned.” Arwen had no idea of why she was being made to stand in such a ridiculous manner in the corner.

After a dreadfully long time, two young ogres came into the room. Mother had told them this was their long-lost human sister. Seeing Arwen, they stood in front of her, snickering, “Look sister. Our ugly sister bad girlie. Mother punishing her. Make her stand naked corner.” The tallest girl, who was named Punksy, took her right index finger and thumb, quickly and unexpectedly clasping Arwen’s underdeveloped nipple very tight and twisting it exceedingly

hard, “Me give you titty twister.” The other sister laughed and twisted her other nipple. They thought it was so funny they started laughing. All the Arwen could do was cover her nipples.

“Step-sister, you look like new baby ogre. No hair on front.” She tried to grab Arwen, but she pushed her away. Arwen, hurting, yelled, “Be quiet, you... you... whatever you are. You all are disgusting.” The sisters laughed and just walked outside.

End Part 22

In a few minutes Mother returned with a broom, some dirty rags and a bucket. “Homely Goose, look at me.” Arwen turned to see Mother standing there. “Time you work. You sweep all dirt outside. Then scrub floor with rags water till clean. Work or I spank you, send bed no dinner.” She handed the bucket to Arwen. “Water stream on right path. Hurry. Me send big dog guard you. He bite hard.” Arwen picked up the bucket, opened the front door and left down the right path. Happy to be free for the moment, that was until she saw the ogre war dog. Very large, very black, very red-bloodshot eyes. He got behind her and started nipping at her naked behind to make her move faster. They arrived at the stream, filled the bucket and walked back to house. Mother was still standing in the main room. “Good, Homely Goose, obey Mother. If nice job does, she can sleep by fireplace not outside shed.” And her evil stepmother, or at least Arwen supposed this to be true, smiled showing her one black tooth and sat down by the fireplace to watch Arwen work.

Arwen started sweeping the dirt and litter into little piles with the broom. Having no dustbin to sweep into, she just picked up handful after handful of litter. Stepmother told her where to dump it. It took poor Arwen over an hour to get most of the mess up. Then, she took the dirty rags and placed them into bucket and started washing the floor. “Here Homely Goose,

put dirt water into another bucket. Save you time.” Arwen, wondered why her stepmother was being nice? But, thought, “It is a good idea. Maybe she does not hate all of me?”

Arwen and her dog guard had to make over twenty trips to creek for water before the her stepmother looked at it, saying, “Daughter, me think you getting better. Arwen’s knees were even more scratched and her hands were quite raw. “You not always bad. You sleep by fireplace. Me even give pillow and blanket. “Come daughter, give your mother a nice kiss hug.” Arwen went right over to her stepmother and gave her a kiss on the cheek and a hug, thinking, “Maybe she doesn’t stink as much as I thought.”

Stepmother yelled, “Punksy and Quibly, come to dinner.” Stepmother took Arwen’s hand and brought her to kitchen. Her sisters arrived soon afterwards. And sat at the table. Stepmother brought each ogre daughter a bowl of soup, a piece of hard bread and a spoon. “Looks yummy, mummy,” both sung in unison, laughing at their pun. Arwen was still standing and Mother said, “You no allowed at table. No naked girls at table. You eat with war dog. In corner. Here is bowl of good soup, tasty bread and spoon.” Arwen saw the dog with his food and sat down not to close to him and started eating. The kitchen floor was even dirtier than the family room had been and there were cockroaches everywhere. She had to actually sit on the dirty floor for her knees were too sore. She kept her legs together tightly, because she was afraid a cockroach might climb inside her.

The soup was corn and roasted mushrooms, she thought. Bread was very hard and a little moldy. She was very hungry, closed her eyes and took a spoonful and swallowed it. “Not so bad, I guess. I will probably get spanked if I don’t eat all of it so I had better.”

During dinner everyone ignored her and discussed an upcoming event at the village next weekend. Seems that it was to be a festival and the sisters wanted to look their very best.

“Mother, we need stepsister to sew new gunnysack dresses for us. OK?”

Their mother smiled, “Of course, darlings, sister happy to help big sisters.” Turning and scowling, she said, “Daughter, you happy help sisters love you, right.” Arwen nodded and was happy that at least she was a good seamstress.

Dinner was over and the ogre sisters went off to bed. Stepmother said to Arwen, “Me sometimes sad, you so homely. Maybe me pay operation to fix you.” The thought disturbed Arwen very much as she wondered about this strange family she seemed to belong to.

“Homely Goose, take dishes stream. Wash clean. Take doggy. No want wolf to attack you in dark and take virgin state away.”

Arwen and the dog did as they were told. The dog actually let Arwen pet him. Arwen told him, “Maybe you will be my friend. I am scared very much and need a friend.” The dog seemed to understand her and even looked as if he took some pity on her. He licked her hand, thinking to himself, “Poor little girl. Does not remember anything. The witch is really mean. I will watch out for her.”

When Arwen returned, a dirty blanket and pillow were on the floor by the fireplace. Arwen was exhausted and fell fast asleep next to the war dog.

Chapter Ten. Hi-ho, A Sewing We Shall Go

The next morning, even before the sun had risen above the eastern horizon, stepmother woke Arwen by placing her clawed foot into her back, “Time get up. I show you breakfast make. You do now on, I late sleep for beauty.”

Arwen turned opened her eyes and realized where she was. She had hoped this was only a bad dream, but, it must be real. She stood up. Realizing that she was still naked and dirty, she tried to cover her nakedness from her stepmother. Stepmother, said, “You no be shy, front mother. Put blanket down.” Arwen dropped the blanket onto the floor. Her stepmother came closer and bent over feeling Arwen’s still underdeveloped breasts and hairless pubic area. She was not rough, but Arwen did not know what to do. “Girlie, why not you look like ogre lady. No teats, no hair, little labia. No can make ogre babies, Your sisters, mate soon for child.”

Chapter 7: The Elf Nature

1. Always born as twins, one wisdom the other love—expand on Swedenborg
2. Only marry twin, no promiscuity.