

The Rise of Hope

Book 4 of



By Charles W. McDonald Jr.

This is a work of fiction. All characters and events portrayed in this book are fictitious with the exception of historical public figures used to anchor the reader in reality. Any resemblance to real people, entities, or events is purely coincidental and only included for dramatic effect. This content does not represent the views, opinions, or positions of any real company, entity, or person—even those of the author.

The Rise of Hope © 2020 Book 4 of
A Throne of Souls®© 2020 Registration claim(s): 1-10005393641, and 1-10005393901
(www.copyright.gov)
ISBN 978-1-7324798-3-8 Available on Kindle

All artwork, illustrations, and maps have been filed as part of this associated copyright and are protected under USA Federal Copyright laws.

All rights reserved, including the right to reproduce this book, or portions therein (fair-use aside), in any form.



A THRONE OF SOULS® is a registered trademark (serial number 87178577) registered with www.uspto.gov and may not be used by any person, entity, or company without express written consent of the mark owner and only in association with this story. Any unauthorized use of *A Throne of Souls*, by title, content, or logo, will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Fair-use laws may be applicable.

Charles W. McDonald Jr.

Credits:

Very special thanks to the following for their feedback and contributions:

John Armond Howarth for the initial creation of Kellen, Goldenbow, Aaramus, Evanyil, Banthis, Rena Rectovich, and a few other characters important in the telling of this story. John helped awaken my creative thinking that further developed these—and other—characters, making the delivery of this work of fiction to you possible. With all my most sincere and best wishes, thank you, John.

The following Beta Reader(s):

Brandy L. M^cDonald
Charles W. McDonald Sr.

for their honest and constructive criticism in reviewing early editions of this novel.

Story by: Charles W. M^cDonald Jr.

Written by: Charles W. M^cDonald Jr.

Cover by: Larry Wilson

Edited by: Zora Alexandra Knauf

Proofread by: Kathy Russell & Jamie Parker

Cartography by: Charles W. M^cDonald Jr. and Shady Curi

E-Book Conversion by: Charles W. M^cDonald Jr.

Interior artwork by: Wes Rand, Anthony DiPaolo, and Shady Curi

Research:

- *Physics, Metaphysics, and Natural Laws:*
 - * *The Law of One (book series)* – Dr. Dan Elkins, Jim McCarty, and Carla Rueckert
 - * *The Connected Universe (film)* – Nassim Hamein
 - * *Uniformity Theory (unpublished 1954)* – Charles W. McDonald Sr.
 - * *De Broglie–Bohm Pilot Wave Theory – A study in field theory and a fluid dynamics as an explanation of the collapsing of the supersymmetry of the wave function.*
 - * “*The Amplituhedron*,” *Journal of High Energy Physics* – Nima Arkani-Hamed, Jaroslav Trnka, Cornell University
 - * *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences (PNAS)* – “SIMS analyses of the oldest known assemblage of microfossils document their taxon-correlated carbon isotope compositions” – J. William Schopf, Kouki Kitajima, Michael J. Spicuzza, Anatoliy B. Kudryavtsev, and John W. Valley
 - * “*Are Inventions Inevitable? A Note on Social Evolution*,” *Political Science Quarterly* – William F. Ogburn and Dorothy Thomas
 - * *The Schumann Resonance* – Winfried Otto Schumann

Charles W. M^cDonald Jr.

- * *Wisdom Teachings* (TV series) – David Wilcock
- * *Hidden Origins* (TV series) – Michael Tellinger
- * *The Sagittarius Dwarf Galaxy Origins of Our Solar System* – University of Virginia Peer-Reviewed Scientific Discovery: <https://skyandtelescope.org/astronomy-news/sagittarius-dwarf-galaxy-spans-the-sky/>, <https://www.space.com/25450-large-magellanic-cloud.html>, <http://www.viewzone.com/milkywayx.html> and <http://www.spaceref.com/news/viewpr.html?pid=12630> as investigated by: Dr. Steven Majewski, Dr. Michael Skrutskie, and Dr. Martin Weinberg
- * *Cymatics: A Study of Wave Phenomena & Vibration* – Hans Jenny
- * *Sacred Geometry: Deciphering the Code* – Stephen Skinner
- * *Dr. Robert Moon and his Geometric Nucleus Observations*
- * *Dr. Don Shemansky's study on the Local Interstellar Medium (LISM)*
- * *Arnold Sommerfeld's work on the Fine-Structure Constant (FSC)* https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fine-structure_constant and https://en.wikiversity.org/wiki/Physics/Essays/Fedosin/Fine_structure_constant
- * *"The Ionization of the Local Interstellar Medium, as Revealed by Far Ultraviolet Spectroscopic Explorer Observations of N, O, and Ar toward White Dwarf Stars"* – E. B. Jenkins, W. R. Oegerle, C. Gry, J. Vallerger, K. R. Sembach, R. L. Shelton, R. Ferlet, A. Vidal-Madjar, D. G. York, J. L. Linsky, K. C. Roth, A. K. Dupree and J. Edelstein, <https://core.ac.uk/download/pdf/25284170.pdf>
- * *"Solar System's 'Nose' Found; Aimed at Constellation Scorpius,"* National Geographic – Andrew Fazekas & Dr. Nathan Schwadron <https://www.nationalgeographic.com/news/2011/4/110407-sun-nose-scorpius-solar-system-nasa-ibex-ribbon-space-science/#:~:text=A%20NASA%20craft%20has%20uncovered,Way%2C%20a%20new%20study%20says,&text=A%20NASA%20spacecraft%20has%20uncovered,Milky%20Way%20galaxy%2C%20astronomers%20say>.
- * *"Solar System Sails Sideways Through Milky Way"* – Kerhan & Merav Opher, <https://www.space.com/3801-solar-system-sails-sideways-milky.html>
- * *"The Hierarchy of Metaphysics"* – Jordan B. Peterson, https://youtu.be/E_pWxnP9dvE
- * *"A Portal Special Presentation – Geometric Unity: A First Look"* – Eric Weinstein – <https://youtu.be/Z7rd04KzLcg>
- * *"Galaxy rotation curve"* – https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Galaxy_rotation_curve
- *Control System*
 - * *The Alpha / Omega Trust (Financial Framework of the Debt-Slave, Central Banking System on Earth):* https://youtu.be/Rfjc7_k4RPA
 - * *The Book(s) of Enoch (Apocryphal Texts of Creation):* <http://www.ancienttexts.org/library/ethiopian/enoch/1watchers/watchers.htm>
 - * *"Luciferase: Quantum Dot Tattoo & the Seething Energies of the Light Bearer,"* *The Unexpected Cosmology* – Noel Joshua Hadley, <https://theunexpectedcosmology.com/luciferase-quantum-dot-tattoo-the-mark-the-seething-energies-of-the-light-bearer/>
 - * *"Bioluminescence resonance energy transfer using luciferase-immobilized quantum dots for self-illuminated photodynamic therapy,"* *Biomaterials* – Chia-Yen Hsu, Ching-Wen Chen, Hsiu-Ping Yu, Yan-Fu Lin, Ping-Shan Lai, <https://www.sciencedirect.com/science/article/pii/S0142961212009477>
 - * *The Forgotten Books of Eden* – Rutherford H. Platt, Jr., <https://sacred-texts.com/chr/apo/index.htm>
 - * *"The Seven Tablets of Creation – Billy Carson interpretation,"* <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mraY-58OR4dQ>
 - * *Additional Billy Carson resources:* <https://www.4biddenknowledge.tv/browse>
 - * *Additional Seven Tables of Creation Sources:* <https://www.ancient.eu/article/216/the-myth-of-adapa/>
 - * *"The Father of All Men Is 340,000 Years Old,"* *NewScientist* – Colin Barras <https://www.newscientist.com/article/dn23240-the-father-of-all-men-is-340000-years-old/>

- * "Eden Revisited: The Sumerian Version," *Ancient Origins* – Jim Willis, <https://members.ancient-origins.net/eden-revisited-sumerian-version>
- * "Conspirators' Hierarchy: The Story of the Committee of 300" – John Coleman, https://www.cia.gov/library/abbottabad-compound/4A/4A92FD2FB4DAE3F773DB0B7742CF0F65_Coleman.-.CONSPIRATORS.HIERARCHY.-.THE.STORY.OF.THE.COMMITTEE.OF.300.R.pdf
- *Deep State*
 - * "FBI Files: George H. W. Bush's Top Secret CIA Drug Running Empire," *The Impious Digest*, <http://impiousdigest.com/operation-eagle-ii-the-top-secret-cia-drug-running-empire-and-george-h-w-bush/>
 - * "BTM, Episode 2, The Fourth Reich," <https://youtu.be/uQdSB5VC4dU>
 - * "Ronald Bernard Long Interview 2+ Hours," <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JiQSpbvhc08> (Fast-forward to about 7:45 through 19:30, and/or 24:50 through 29:32 if you would like to shortcut to some of the more pertinent parts.)
 - * "The Hidden Government Group Linking JFK, Watergate, Iran-Contra and 9/11," *Global Research* – Peter Dale Scott, <https://www.globalresearch.ca/the-hidden-government-group-linking-jfk-watergate-iran-contra-and-91/5407542>
 - * *The American Deep State: Big Money, Big Oil, and the Struggle for U.S. Democracy* (War and Peace Library) – Peter Dale Scott (His conceptual definition of Deep State vs Deep Event)
 - * "‘SMOKING GUN’ PROOF THAT ILLUMINATI PLANNED TERRIBLE EVENTS MANY YEARS AGO TO BRING DOWN OUR CULTURE: Part 5 -- Natural Disasters Planned" (CIA U.B.L. Stash Taken From Abbottabad Compound), https://www.cia.gov/library/abbottabad-compound/02/0262763D5499ED278C2E18D68951A69E_Smoking.Gun.Proof.-.Illuminati.Planned.to.Bring.Down.Our.Culture..5.of.5.pdf
 - * "Funding and the Black Budget" – Catherine Austin Fitts, <https://youtu.be/w0mimIp8mr8>
 - * "Broken Mice, Epstein & the DISC, Bret & Eric Weinstein" (Eric Weinstein's Interview with Rebel Wisdom on Jeffrey Epstein), <https://youtu.be/MpGxOR50sn4> (Fast Forward to 27:39 and watch until the end.)
 - * Q Code Definitions – <https://qalerts.app/keys/>
 - * "OUT OF SHADOWS OFFICIAL" (Hollywood Insider Testimonial), <https://www.bitchute.com/video/ycDgMMaD1i83/>
 - * Jack Dorsey of Twitter Shows Us Who (and What) He Really Is – <https://twitter.com/jack/status/5081?lang=en>
 - * "FBI pedophile symbols" – https://wikileaks.org/wiki/FBI_pedophile_symbols
 - * "The Podesta Emails" (Search pedophilia code words, or "spirit cooking" or "Marina Abramovic"), <https://wikileaks.org/podesta-emails/>. Here's an example pulled out for you: <https://wikileaks.org/podesta-emails/emailid/15893>
 - * More Information on John Podesta – <https://thetruthrevolution.net/pedophile-code-words-found-in-john-podesta-e-mails/>, <https://www.thelastamericanvagabond.com/conspiracy/13-essential-data-points-pizza-gate-pedophilia-allegations/>
 - * "EXCLUSIVE: First-Ever Look Inside Epstein's Private Island" (Epstein Island Hidden Structures Below the Temple), <https://youtu.be/VmgSM7IWRts>
 - * "Conspiratus Remake – Conspiratia Illuminati – YouTube" (Luciferian Cult Activities – Bohemian Grove and the Cremation of Care Ritual – Banned from YouTube) – Christian Sandu, <https://vimeo.com/104746938>
 - * *Home*
 - * "L. Fletcher Prouty's Letter to Jim Garrison" (on the Five-Star Trust), *Turning the Tide: Shifting the Paradigm of Human Culture*, <https://riversong.wordpress.com/l-fletcher-proutys-letter-to-jim-garrison/>
 - * *Five-Star Trust* – <https://www.slideshare.net/ernesttrauthschild/five-star-trust-history>

- * “Fall Cabal Parts 1 – 10 The World Is About To Change” (Deep State summary) – Disclosure Library, <https://archive.org/details/BitChute-KMBcAvYH1f3L>, <https://www.bitchute.com/channel/ws4fMT-n6yNc7/>
- Deep Church
 - * The Papal (Paul VI) Audience Hall in the Shape of a Giant Serpent with Reptilian Eye Windows – <https://www.quora.com/Why-does-the-Paul-VI-Audience-Hall-in-Rome-Vatican-City-look-like-a-serpent-And-what-does-this-say-about-the-intentions-of-the-Catholic-Church#:~:text=Have%20you%20heard%20of%20the,known%20as%20the%20P...&text=The%20Pope's%20Audience%20Hall%20is%20a%20building%20designed%20to%20look,the%20head%20of%20a%20reptile.>
 - * The Disturbing and Blasphemous “Resurrection” Sculpture Inside the Serpent Hall of the Pope – https://duckduckgo.com/?q=snake+building+vatican&t=chromentp&i=images&i=images&i=images&i=http%3A%2F%2Fwww.newyorker.com%2Fwp-content%2Fuploads%2F2015%2F09%2F150914_r26989-1200.jpg
 - * “Viganò Warns Trump of Baphomet Inscription: Solve et Coagula and Infiltration of Deep Church” – Taylor Marshall, https://youtu.be/_4upHPYKtqE
 - * “SYNAGOGUE OF SATAN: THE ARCHITECTS OF INVERSION (Volume 2)” – Global Spiritual Revolution Radio & Media Group, <https://www.bitchute.com/video/QfVu1xoWPi3/>
 - * “THE GREATEST GLOBAL COVERUP IN HUMAN HISTORY (Special Guest On The Edge of Wonder Show - NY, NY)” (Deep Church, Deep State, The Boule Society, and the Sports Industrial Complex – Bishop Larry Gaiters) – Global Spiritual Revolution Radio & Media Group, <https://youtu.be/UkF4Dp1qcJ0>
- UFO
 - * The open source HAUC Patent by the United States Navy: <https://patents.google.com/patent/US10144532B2/en>
 - * “Hunted By Aliens: The Higdon Ordeal” (The 1974 case of the abduction of Carl Higdon), Mysterious Universe, <https://mysteriousuniverse.org/2012/01/hunted-by-aliens-the-higdon-ordeal/>
 - * The Black Vault: <http://documents.theblackvault.com>
 - * “UFO LEAK OF THE CENTURY. Richard Dolan Analyzes the Admiral Wilson Notes.” – Richard Dolan, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Dk7wWp7iL60>
- USAP
 - * Scalar Waves CIA Memo: <https://www.cia.gov/library/readingroom/docs/CIA-RDP96-00792R000500240001-6.pdf>
 - * FOIA Documents pertaining to the existence and role of the 4602nd Air Intelligence Service Squadron: <https://www.cufon.org/cufon/4602smpl1.htm>
 - * “Area 51 Testimony: Richard Doty, AFOSI” – Stephen Greer, <https://youtu.be/Y3xK5O7Iqo0>
- “List of Oval Office desks,” https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_Oval_Office_desks
- The Vatican Scavi Tour: <http://stpetersbasilica.info/Necropolis/Scavi-map.htm>
- The Holy Bible
- The Torah
- The Hebrew Bible
- The Holy Qur’an

Dedication:

For Dad...



For myself, my family, and you:

It is my intent, with these words I write here and now, backed by the emotions of Love and Courage, to speak and manifest into being a great and powerful shield of protection—completely impenetrable by negative entities and all manner of forces of darkness—around myself and my family for bringing to you this incredibly dangerous content, and all around you for consuming it...

—Adonai

Amidst the COVID-19 worldwide social engineering event and its New World Order/World Economic Forum ‘Great Reset,’ it is vital that we have the courage to see it clearly for what it is—free from the agendas of the Mainstream Media and their puppet masters seeking to control us by controlling our critical thinking abilities. It is vital to see the world we live in through a handmade lens of truth, built layer by layer of our own investigative pursuits—undistorted by a corrupt kleptocracy, technocracy, and globalist narrative who would try to buy, craft, and manipulate our consensus thinking. We hereby *patently* reject the Deep State’s ‘*New Normal*’ and will manifest into being our own future whether they like it or not.

You *must* learn to do your own critical thinking. You *must* learn how to manage your thoughts, isolating the probabilities you wish to make real for the betterment of Mankind, backing them with the positive emotions of Love, Light, Courage, and Hope—to use your heart to broadcast that emotion-backed probability into the manifold lattice of reality. Many of you already have learned this technique and have already awakened to your own powers of Human consciousness. It is because of this Awakening that a powerful *Hope* is now dawning for the future of Man. Our *moment* is *now* and we will not be denied.

A Message for the Deep State:

We know *who* you are.

We know *what* you are:

“Solve et Coagula”

Soon, the sleeping peoples of Man will wake
and say unto you,

“Yea, I know Thee...”

“The end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time...”
—T.S. Eliot

“We are gods but for the wisdom.”
—Eric Weinstein

When all that is left of great miracles are the waning memories of distant accounts, now questioned by men, shall I come to you in the one undeniable breath of God that your tattered faith be renewed. For in the final moments, shall you need it.

Preface: A Reader's Guide to A Throne of Souls

Most of you already know the drill, but for those who chose to skip ahead, I'll leave this Preface in place.

The complexity of weaving the intricate plot lines of this story required the breaking of a *lot* of rules to bring this product to you. Some of those rules involve unconventional capitalization and emphasis strategies. So, for example, there are many reserved words in this story (Humanity, Creation, Man, Mankind, Humanoid, etcetera). Those reserved words will be consistently either capitalized or emphasized for this story and you might think *hey, that word shouldn't be capitalized*, but I assure you this is done with deliberate intent and should not be corrected to mainstream authoring standards.

The bottom line is this: I'm not here to write like everyone else. I'm not here to rigidly adhere to boundaries established by others. I'm here to bring you something truly new and groundbreaking—but in *my* voice and *my* style. If that troubles you, perhaps you should find something more mainstream to read. But you're not going to find anything this thought-provoking written in the mainstream in the voice of the status quo. Groundbreaking content doesn't follow the status quo; else, it wouldn't be groundbreaking. George Lucas had to invent new special effects methods and studio techniques to deliver the first Star Wars® trilogy because it was truly groundbreaking. This is the space in which I find myself when writing the story of *A Throne of Souls* for you and for me.

I have put a great deal of research—two-and-a-half years into *The Rise of Hope* alone—and a great deal of thought into this series and my hope is that you will learn a something from it that you might not have learned from other sources or content platforms, even though it is fictionalized story wrapped around a non-fiction latticework of the shared nature of our reality. What do I mean by that...? In short, what you can expect from this story is something far bigger, with much great reach, than just fiction. I intend to re-frame the lens through which you see reality. Nothing less...

This installment, in particular, required far more research than the other books in the series preceding it for these reasons: 1) this novel is explicitly about Earth in the 5+1-world story of Man; and 2) fiction, unlike non-fiction, has to actually make sense.

In that research, it became apparent that historical public figures needed significant dialogue in this installment. I'm talking about fly-on-the-wall, speculative interpretations of what would have been if I could travel back in time and hear these conversations firsthand. When I came to that realization, I started listening to every personal, private conversation of these historical public figures that I could find. I wanted living family members to say, if they were to read this, "That sounds like Jack" or "That sounds like Bobby" or "That sounds like Dwight. I could picture him having that exact conversation." I tried to use words and phrases they used in the manner in which they used them. I didn't want them to sound like an extension of me, as some of my characters do. I didn't want someone reading about

Eisenhower to think that he sounded like Damon, Kellen, Radin, or some other fictional character in the *A Throne of Souls*' pantheon.

For all of these reasons, you'll see dozens of research references that you can dig into in your own time. Research the raw material yourself. I believe you will come to similar conclusions as I have in this installment of *A Throne of Souls*...

I've warned readers before about how this series challenges their belief systems, and that warning still stands. In addition, in this installment of the *A Throne of Souls* series, you will be faced with truly diabolical and disturbing imagery (textually delivered). This book is called *The Rise of Hope* for a reason, but I have to show you what we're facing first before you can be shown the other side. This is a real, palpable, Luciferian reality here on Earth. Biblical in nature, scope, and scale. One cannot be told. One must be shown. The truth cannot be told—only learned. There will be several instances in this novel where I'm going to show you something because you need to see it. By the end, my hope is that you will be awake to its presence and know who and what it is so that you can protect yourself and those you love.

What to expect going forward as well as a fair, and last, warning... I don't say this lightly, but if you have a *firm* or *fixed* belief system, it is about to be severely tested by the final two books of this series. I'm not pontificating here and I'm not manifesting fiction as fact. I am merely positing some concepts and realities which may shake your current belief system to its very core.

I have invested a lot of research in this series, especially in the conclusion of this story in the final two installments. In my warning to you about how disruptive this content may be to your current belief system, it is my hope that you'll see that the connections I am making for you of these disparate concepts and theories is a fair and precise reduction without a significant distortion of their intended outcomes (I'm speaking of the disparate theories here). Please do not take offense that I have read—for the making of this series—material you may find offensive and/or blasphemous to your belief system. I have said from the very outset of this story that there is truth from many sources and ***that no one source has all the answers***—nor are disparate accounts necessarily mutually exclusive of one another. This is the very foundation of *A Throne of Souls*... If that offends you, find something more conventional to read and continue your life inside your little bubble and your echo chamber of sources. That is entirely your choice. However, I have always believed that there are many out there who want their belief systems tested—that want their understanding of the nature of our shared reality expanded, and who are passionate, intellectual truth-seekers. *This* content has been specifically architected for you!

The content I bring you in coda of this story is brought to you with the deepest love and affection, and I wish you nothing but love and kindness as my fellow brothers and sisters in Creation. I want nothing from you. I want everything for you. My hope is that you'll begin to see the coherence in my highly unconventional writing practices and begin to appreciate their uniqueness and why this story—apart from all others—required it.

If this installment—*The Rise of Hope*—is your first exposure to the story of *A Throne of Souls*, I would encourage you to read through the Glossary of Characters before you begin the Prologue. I’ve had others comment on how helpful that was for them and *The Rise of Hope* was their introduction to this series as well...

Other uncommon standards to this story involve handling of scene breaks. So, for instance, you’ll see the following types of scene breaks in *A Throne of Souls* to which I’ll try to stay as consistent as possible:

* * * *

The four-star mark (above) will be used denote a scene break of a brief period of time without switching locations or switching locations (roughly the same time) but staying on the same planetary body.



The preceding flourish bracket will be used to denote a scene break of a large time difference and/or a planetary body shift in location.

A simple carriage return of white space will be used to denote a change in perspective within the same scene. For example, in a large battle sequence, it’s important to understand the perspectives of multiple key players as they are engaged in the fight—to see the same event from multiple camera angles, if you will.

I want to be as assertive as possible here: ***please*** pay careful attention to the time and location markers when and where they are provided. It will greatly help you as the timelines begin to cross over one another asynchronously, and I promise it will contribute substantially to the whole story making perfect sense to you as the larger mosaic begins to fill. I’m not saying you *have* to take notes, nor have an eidetic memory. I’m just saying it will greatly help you deduce the clue drops and critical ‘ah hah’ moments I’ve woven into the story. And those who have gotten the most out of *A Throne of Souls* have had the trait in common of taking copious notes as they read the story. I’ve tried my best to standardize the following format for the time/location markers throughout:

(Specific Place, Planetary Body, Specific Time if Applicable)

I want to also comment on the timeline distortions and how these will impact your reading experience. There are going to be times when you read about a character who is beyond or behind “Present Day” and yet the time marker in the header clearly states, “Present Day.” Realize and remember when Damon first saved all those people on all those worlds,

Charles W. McDonald Jr.

he did so in the locale's "Near Future," bringing them to Eden's "Present Day," which at the outset of this book would be two-plus years forward in their timeline continuum. Please keep that critical piece of the story at the forefront of your thoughts as you continue reading because the continuum will become spaghettified if you don't.

You would have figured out some, or most, of the above as you read the story, but I thought it would be nice not to exhaust your effort figuring out mechanics of telling the story. Now, we can get to *A Throne of Souls*—Book 4...

Contents

PREFACE: A READER'S GUIDE TO A THRONE OF SOULS	12
MAPS:	20
PROLOGUE: REFLECTIONS OF THE SEED OF CREATION	26
CHAPTER 1: THE FINE-STRUCTURE CONSTANT	41
CHAPTER 2: UNIFORMITY – THE HARMONIC BOUNDARIES OF OUR UNIVERSE	44
PART 1: THE FABRIC OF OUR SHARED REALITY	48
CHAPTER 3: SOMEBODY OPEN MY EYES	49
CHAPTER 4: IRON BROTHERHOODS BETWEEN MEN	63
PART 2: SSP AND THE HIDDEN HISTORY OF MAN	69
CHAPTER 5: THE NEXT BRAIN DRAIN	71
CHAPTER 6: INDOMITABLE LOVE OF A MOTHER	74
CHAPTER 7: THE ART OF BEING PLAYED	81
CHAPTER 8: 17 AND THE BATTLE FOR HUMANITY	85
CHAPTER 9: THE TOWER OF BABEL	91
CHAPTER 10: DUALITY	94
CHAPTER 11: THE HIDDEN HAND	97
CHAPTER 12: THE DEEP CHURCH AND THE BATTLE FOR THE SOUL OF MAN	102
CHAPTER 13: THE MIDNIGHT MORNING	109
CHAPTER 14: THE BLACK ZEPPELIN	122
CHAPTER 15: THE POWER AND ORIGINS OF FEAR	131
CHAPTER 16: THE ONTOLOGICAL DILEMMA	138
CHAPTER 17: THE DESTROYER OF MEN – PART II	143
PART 3: THE DEEPEST SECRET	150
CHAPTER 18: ULYSSES	152
CHAPTER 19: THE DECEPTION OF MAN	162
CHAPTER 20: A TOTAL WAR ON THE TRUTH	168
CHAPTER 21: TANGO-SIERRA AND THE HUNDRED-YEAR PLAN	182
CHAPTER 22: THE X FACTOR	191
CHAPTER 23: A SYNTHESIS SO PERFECT	196
CHAPTER 24: THE LOOKING GLASS	204
CHAPTER 25: THE COMING OF THE CHARLATAN	213

CHAPTER 26: BLOOD STAINS ON BLACK MONEY	226
PART 4: FUTURE'S PAST	240
CHAPTER 27: THE MATTERS OF MAN	241
CHAPTER 28: FISH OUT OF WATER	244
CHAPTER 29: A WEIGHT OF WICKEDNESS	252
CHAPTER 30: BETWEEN INSTINCT AND REASON	270
CHAPTER 31: THREE WIVES; THREE LIVES	284
CHAPTER 32: ORIGINS OF DÉJÀ VU – PART II	297
CHAPTER 33: RECONNECTING TO ETERNITY	310
CHAPTER 34: THE PROVENANCE OF MAN	323
PART 5: THE REALITY OF TIME/SPACE	336
CHAPTER 35: A MEMORY OF A MEMORY	338
CHAPTER 36: THE ENTROPY OF DAMON – PART II	345
CHAPTER 37: FIGHT TO THE DEATH	352
CHAPTER 38: THE ARCHITYPE OF CREATION	363
CHAPTER 39: THE FALL OF HATE – PART II	373
CHAPTER 40: THE RISE OF HOPE	377
PART 6: THE DICHOTOMY OF THE VEIL	399
CHAPTER 41: UNIFORMITY – PART II	401
CHAPTER 42: THE COMING OF THE CHARLATAN – PART II	405
CHAPTER 43: THE FOREVER WIFE	418
CHAPTER 44: THE MARK OF THE BEAST	442
CHAPTER 45: BURNING OUT THE NEST	467
PART 7: HOPE DAWNS IN THE FLIGHT OF MAN	482
CHAPTER 46: MIDNIGHT DAWNS ON THE WICKED	484
CHAPTER 47: WAKING FROM THE CONTROL SYSTEM	491
CHAPTER 48: NONLOCALITY – PART II	498
CHAPTER 49: THE MONUMENTS OF CREATION – PART II	502
CHAPTER 50: THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF MAN	507
EPILOGUE: ORIGINS OF THE EYE	527
ABOUT THE AUTHOR:	534
GLOSSARY OF TERMS	535

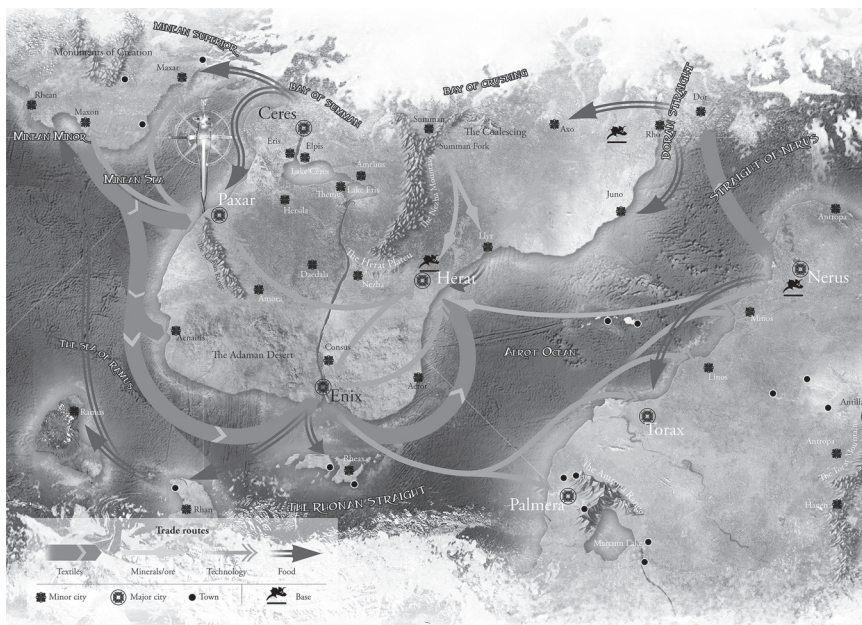
GLOSSARY OF CHARACTERS

543

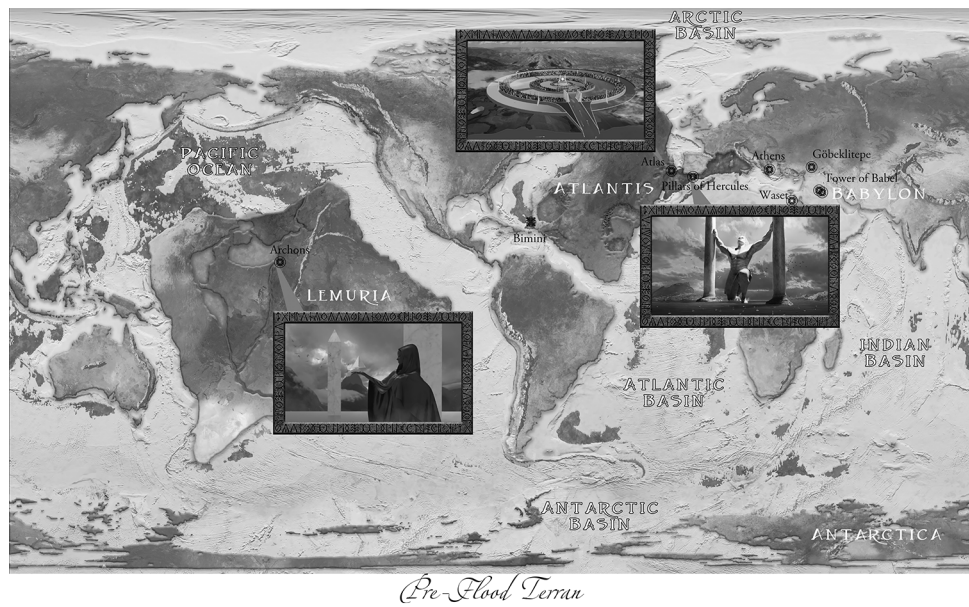
This Edition's Last Modified Date:
December 27, 2020



Nelion

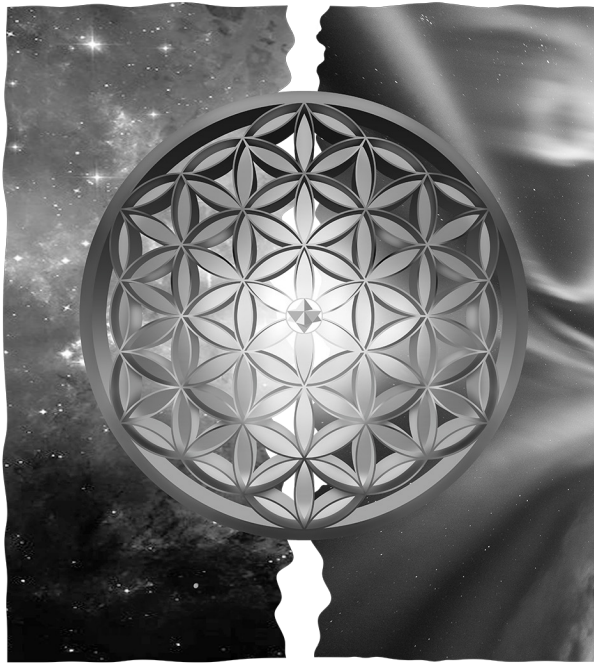


Truelon





Damon of Basrut, The Dark Knight of Magic



Prologue: Reflections of the Seed of Creation

(ex nihilo)

U—the two curvatures unioned to form one expression; one leg of the energetic sheet looked back upon itself before there was self. Seeing the seed was quiet but not entirely without form. Its four tetrahedron elements lay butted against one another in a macabre—amplituhedron—geometric shape in the void and at the center of all things not yet reality. But then, what was, is, or ever will be reality? Before the before of the lattice space/time or time/space constructs. Before the expression of self would explode into the magnificent beauty and celestial majesty to come...

A great and powerful voice rang out, and its resonance vibrated, shaking the borders of that geometric shape and its four components into tensile-strength life, with each side of each tetrahedron pulsating—a great chord just struck across all the void, bringing into being a great multitude of cascading reflections of that quantized seed. Adenine, guanine, cytosine, uracil—each RNA tetrahedral component of the amplituhedron geometric seed—rang like a gong at the sound of the grand voice of Creation that called out with both intelligent direction and intent as the Universe, in the throes of birth, looked back upon itself, one ever-expanding leg observing the other origin, and willed itself into being. The beginning begat the beginning...

Charles W. McDonald Jr.

“The Father of the Beginnings Created the Elohim, The Heavens, and all things living and not—all things physical and metaphysical, for both are the same and not. And The Void rang out in its reply of obedience to the Father of the Beginnings. And The Void was barren no more.” The voice of Creation boomed everywhere and in all times, heard as vibrations of music in the void, but obeyed nonetheless.

Explosions begat explosions in detailed, recursive, self-similar mathematical reflections of the *Seed of Creation*, and suddenly there were elements of hydrogen, helium, beryllium, boron, carbon, fluorine, silicon, iron, palladium, and on, and on, and on, as the infinite became reality at the sound and behest of the voice of the Creator or Logos and all instantiated reflections of its consciousness who would come thereafter and before.

The primary forces of nature, electromagnetism and gravity, shredded the nascent sheet of energy that was the membrane of the virgin Universe, casting wave into particle and particle into wave. Gravity poured into the new membrane from adjacent and ancient branes all around like unto a great waterfall of Creation, ever flowing in search of the Creator, forming the lattice of matter that would make the structure of life possible—even if only in holographic form. For the hologram was the most efficient way to create—from thought alone—life connected, even if it was least efficient in its use of space, causing those connections to all be of great physical distances. But great physical distance mattered not. A living cosmos designed to create life everywhere, in every corner.

But, in all this, the seed was *not* lost...

It still shook from the voice of the Father of the Beginnings as its tetrahedral, pixelated reflections became new elements and new forces in this new Universe of self-similar reality. It was not lost, for it was there, in every proton of every element. Its pixelated reflection called back out to the Creator in obedience and Love of the Life that sprang forth, connecting all things back to the Creator and his primal, universal consciousness, loving act of Creation.

And, The Father of the Beginnings said, “Let there be Light...”

Gasses immediately coalesced, and electromagnetism caused their different polarities to twist in their dance of life with one another—one polled one way and the other polled the other way as the shearing forces began to work upon the equator of the sphere that would become the first star. Shear forces built in an exponential cascade until the equator of the sphere finally yielded, allowing the forces of stress to explode in a tremendous coronal mass ejection in the blackest of nights. And, suddenly, there was Light as the first star was born in the primordial night of the new Universe birthed from Love.

And the seed was *still* not lost...

It was there deep inside every photon emitting from the new star—its geometric shape a fractal reflection of the *Seed of Creation*. All things made of Light and Love and their reflections in the darkness that was no more.

These reflections blossomed into twenty amino acids including isoleucine, alanine, methionine, phenylalanine, glutamine, and so on, and so on...

The most basic elements formed the most easily and stable, for The Father of the Beginnings wanted it so... Covalent bonds yielded oxygen, and its eight protons manifested around the eight corners of the geometry of the cube cube—the perfect symmetry for its two pairs of shared electrons—though the amplituhedron was at its heart. Pixelated and infinitesimally small—but still there...

Silicon and its fourteen protons manifested around the octahedron—the perfect symmetry for its eight shared electrons—though the amplituhedron was at its core too. Iron and palladium also found their natural symmetry in the node points, or corners, where their protons similarly collected—though the amplituhedron was there as well, if only in a slice of its phase-shifted reflection. Undeniable evidence of the intelligent fingerprints of the Creator. It, the *Seed of Creation*, was inescapable because it was all things and none—a vibrational, pixelated reflection of a reflection of a reflection infinite in scope and scale, self-similar and recursive in nature—a very intentional product of Consciousness most intelligent and profound.

And *still*, the seed was not lost...

As the bacterial elements of Creation radiated from the new star in waves of galactic dust, freeze-drying these basic elements of life to cast upon new worlds yet unseen via solar winds, The Father of the Beginnings smiled, knowing *it had begun*...

A thought of an image backed by Love and Light manifested the pond of Creation veiled in sheets of brilliant white so powerful and radiant as to make one look away for fear of blindness. The physical manifestation of Paradise came into existence in real coordinates of the membrane of the new Universe. Gilded silver—like unto molten metal—flowed to and from the pond of Creation in rippled waves forming streets, artifacts, and a mighty throne. *Hope* born—The Father of the Beginnings, after all, required a magnificent and proper home to look out upon his Creation and for his Creation to, in self-similar, individualized seeds of consciousness, look back upon him and Creation itself.

Yet, as the *seed of Creation* promulgated by its self-similar, recursive reflections upon reflections, so too was *Hate* born, leaving the question: was The Father of the Beginnings the embodiment of *Hate*, or *Hope*, or *neither*, or *both*?



(Warwick, New York, Earth, Late Spring, Recent Past)

As Life left Michael's mortal coil and his light body strained against tendrils of ethereal construct unseen by Man, a thread of Creation was burned out of existence. The whole body of the Universe knew...balance had been unbalanced.

To the naked and untrained eye, nothing had happened save that of a good but reckless man meeting his imminent fate. But Damon could see the fingers of his magic snarl Michael's soul, pulling it into the *Stasis* gem, where it was locked away... For safe keep-

ing! And for the Master Plan, of course!



(Xal, Perion, Some Twenty Seasons Ago)

Vosh panted and sweated violently with comely, round, high cheekbones and glowing silver eyes squinting at the life threatening to tear her apart from the inside. Two middle-aged midwives worked under blood-soaked white sheets between her legs, one with her right hand inside her, twisting the baby to make it through the birth canal—the other steadying and bracing Vosh for the final push of Life that would bear her son into this world.

As the head gave way to palm, rotating just slightly to bear the canal's shape and form, Vosh pushed with her last big gulp of air. She felt the energy of her body extend—for the very first time—far beyond herself yet still connected. Her newborn son landed safely in the hands of the first midwife, who turned him over—his stomach against her palm—to spank his bottom, forcing life-giving air into his lungs for the first time.

“What will you name him, Your Majesty,” the first midwife asked.

“Let the Creator determine that,” she choked, searching to replenish her spent energy as her body still heaved in the throes of labor.

In parts and planes of her bedroom unseen by the naked eye of Man, a war was raging in search of the soul that was not there and yet should have been. For time was not linear—all moments existing at once... Yet conscious souls were finite. Warrior souls even more so. A gasp from the newborn babe as it struggled to open eyes yet not allowed for its soul, and consciousness was not yet fully downloaded...

Betwixt the *Throne of Souls* and the *Stasis* stones, limited numbers of great warriors dwindled as the newborn babe reached out into Creation for the matter to be settled.

(High Orbit, Terran, Tens of Thousands of Years Ago)

Electrogravitic field propulsion diverted gravitational fields into low-performance modality as the tactical FTL starship dropped out of warp, now in high orbit over the southern hemisphere of the Terran world below.

Scans ran as a matter of practice, returning impossibly unforeseen results. *That should not have happened.* Surely, the *Eye* knew all things...

If the Sentinel had eyebrows, they surely would have furrowed as the results returned one by one across its transparent console in hues of green, red, blue, and yellow. Graphs lit up with intelligent, conscious, bipedal lifeforms abound. *That wasn't supposed to be... That wasn't the plan!*

It tried to isolate the different types categorically to better understand and deter-

mine whether the mission should be aborted. Height and skeletal strength varied by several standard deviations between the mixed races of bipedal lifeforms. And there was more... Technology. It was difficult to immediately tell origins of the varying technologies because it was all over the place both from a technology spectrum and a geographic spectrum. Some appeared in the form of crash-landed craft from other worlds, and others appeared as both above- and below-ground civilizations, whether native or transplant. Nearly all of the technology was unlike anything it had ever scanned before—deep beneath the crust, buried within continents and beyond—some millions of years old. One such example had great staircases leading up to perfectly shaped pyramid-type structures buried inside massive rocks submerged and floating deep inside freshwater reservoirs. Mana, bodies, gold, and technology scattered all throughout the massive underground structures. *That should not be! Something was terribly wrong!!*

Some technologies scanned, and their frequencies seemed all-too familiar!

As it tried to call out to the hive-mind to ask guidance from the *Eye*, something clamped down on the ship and all of the energy field around it. Nothing was getting out nor in. It had been completely cut off from the *Eye*! By something...

Yellowing amber eyes flashed red as the perimeter alert system sounded off—the Sentinel started to rush toward Adamian's family staged in the transport pad for materialization to the surface.

Adamian's face reflected his recognition of the end, as the hard lineage lines of his cheekbones constricted inward—his mouth forming a thin, hard-pressed line. Blackness!

His consciousness thought he witnessed the Sentinel's material shredded from existence as the big yellow ball in the sky above now tried to wrangle his thoughts into the present. White sand beaches as far as the eye could see met him and his family as magnificent ocean tides of white, crisp, and foamy peaks crashed against the rocks and sand before them. Handcuffed, he was without the power to free himself, but surely, he could find a way... At least he was alive. At least his family was with him. He couldn't say the same for all his brothers. That had been the gravest of all wrongs done upon them. But at least he was alive. Beautiful green-gold eyes of his loving wife stared back at him. Her cuffed hands gripped a delicate wooden box the length of her forearm. Both of them knew its contents were meant for them and their descendants. He wished for the box not to have survived the trip, but there it was regardless. At least they were alive and together to face whatever may come of this place and this time... That was something. And this was a new start for them all. *But, where were they...?*

Scanning the sky, the light of day didn't allow him to see stars, but something told him he would not recognize the constellation patterns at all—save for what he'd been allowed to see from *Durial's Eye* before they were captured on his homeworld.

Wherever they were, it was warm... A look behind brought into view a large mountain range in the far-off distance. There were no structures in sight, but that didn't mean they were alone. Even cuffed, his senses could feel the presence of others. Durial had

been right, and they were at least somewhat prepared for this moment. He knew where they had to go next—if he could just free himself and his family. *That's not the right mountain range*, he considered, looking at a series of peaks off in the distance. The place he knew of was not by the water and was but the tallest peak in a majestic, garden-like valley. His senses told him 'twas not on this continent at all.

* * * *

Fiery blue-green energy projectiles ripped the tactical FTL ship apart along its mid-section, all the way down through engineering—where the reactor extracted unlimited amounts of energy from the manifold of space/time itself— and propulsion, where that energy was coalesced into directional, electrogravitic waves. Limitless energy from engineering interacted directly with space/time, blowing the tactical ship into oblivion, and all remaining onboard with it. The resulting great fireball akin to a micronova in high orbit above the seemingly virgin Terran world.

* * * *

They weren't even fully off the beach yet, heading in a direction Adamian thought most promising as the daytime-sky erupted high above them in an explosion that could be seen across the entire continent and beyond. It didn't bring him a smile, nor comfort—only more resolve to do what had to be done. And right now, that was freeing himself and finding the others he knew to already be here.

There was much work to do. They had a plan to execute. And he was going to do his part...



(Kaleion, Basrat, A Very Long Time Ago)

The moisture-laden drear of the Basrat sky mirrored his mood with billowy, low-hung clouds of gray-green portent and fortune. The atmosphere looked as if it was about to be ripped end-to-end by hailstones and sheets of rain, yet only mist fell betwixt Damon and purpose. Mist that felt as dense and opaque as his future, as all the deaths he was responsible for—already—weighed heavier on him than his conscious mind would allow. Abel and Keirill, among so many others; they began to pile atop one another like bones in an unmarked, mass grave of his own blackened Humanity. *What does it even mean to be human...?* He wondered in dark, bleak thoughts as his black boots hit damp cobblestone mused with dirt on his way to a place he thought would hold answers for him—even if those answers he feared more than death...

He didn't know if they would even accept him so young and undeveloped—raw but

powerful. *What would it mean if they do?* He didn't deserve to live let alone become *more* powerful. He certainly didn't deserve to be out in the wild of the world with his burgeoning powers visceral in all their untrained glory.

Charcoal long-sleeve shirt and pants played off his all-too serious look with forlorn brow and shimmering black bangs over his face, making others turn away from him—even those many multiples his own age of fifteen. Even at the event horizon of his own puberty, he didn't look a boy—more a young man...a *dangerous* young man!

Completely dwarfed by the matte-black iron gate before him, he wasn't in awe of it, yet trepidation filled his soul, causing his feet to hesitate to allow his body to move any closer. He felt the weight of something far greater than himself upon him as he looked upon the massive structures beyond the gate—The School of Invocation. Knowing just how unprepared he was, he considered turning back. *Am I **solely** a killer? Is that all of who I am? Is that what I was born to do?* Thirteen was far too young to lose the guidance of both his parents. Everyone close to him died—usually by his own hand. His gut felt heavy at the darkened introspection, but his soul felt deeper than that—more than just a murderer. Something told him he was more than the darkness he'd seen in others, but the evidence of the recent past begged to differ as he grappled with the turpitude of his memories before the great gate of The School of Invocation.

Guards noticed him staring—standing before the great gate as one of them began to approach. The sky ripped open in sudden downpours of heavy sheets of rain where it had been but a misty annoyance before. Damon watched the gruff middle-aged man with patches of greying beard closing the deluged gap between them. Damon wanted to move, but his feet felt the quicksand of his indecision, holding him fast to the soaked cobblestone square street below.

Now in arm's reach, he felt the touch of a rough, weathered hand upon his scar-laden shoulder, and his mind plunged into an abyss of memories unexplained and a scalar life not his own.

To the outside world, fire exploded around Damon in hemispherical, concussive, and recursive waves, one atop the other, ever outward—some fifteen in all from where he had stood all the way to the iron gate of The School of Invocation. Damon was devoured in fire as the guard was leveled to ash beside Damon's unconscious and unbreathing, naked form on the cobblestone of the square. His clothes burned clean off his body, completely unscathed, as if made of metal or stone—not flesh. There was more to this young vessel than merely mind, body, and spirit; it was as if the body itself was forged of dragon's teeth with raw arcane as the connective tissue to each the mind and the spirit.

* * * *

Delicate feminine fingertips traced the glossy raven locks of Damon's youthful hair as consciousness crept back into the foreground of his thoughts.

Am I lying down? On what? Where am I?

Confusion melted ice to flame as his black eyes darted around the room, which looked to be a rather large office of dark, heavy wood. It didn't have the appearance of being stained dark but rather a legitimate and organic dark hue with heavy vein structure—like unto bloodwood.

"I know you to be the one they call Damon. Though, I suspect that is not your real name."

Her voice was supple and rich—perhaps rich with age, but he couldn't immediately tell. He knew their lifespans to be...lengthy—these great magi of Kaleion. His eyes focused on what he could see of her stomach-down on her office sofa—that being a slender waist and shapely legs hidden behind pleats of grey-green robe with gold-gild piping. A shift of his body had her backing away from him, but only slightly and not apparently in any concern for herself—more like she was trying to give him the space her instincts said he would require.

Am I wearing different clothes...? A shift of his right hand felt the simple white linen shirt he now fashioned. Did she change me out of my clothes?

Pushing himself up onto his elbows, he could see her better now. Not beautiful—not like his mother's radiant red-haired glory—but fair and seemingly ageless in a way, with gold locks that almost perfectly matched the piping of her soft robes. Robes that looked more of felt or some other exotic fabric rather than wool or cotton.

"You're lucky to be alive. How did you survive such a unique *Fireball*?" She paused, looking at his unique black irises. "I don't know many professors here that would have survived that." Pausing again, "...And why would you cast upon yourself like that?"

"I didn't." He was still struggling to understand. He knew enough to be dangerous when it came to magic, but he knew very well enough to know that it wasn't him who had cast.

"I beg to differ, Dearheart. It most definitely originated from you, and I can prove it."

"Who are you? And what happened to my clothes?"

Blinking, her hazel eyes turned gold as she drank Damon in. She smiled, and her fairness turned more to beauty. She did have a lovely appearance when she smiled, as if it were the natural position of her cheekbones to elevate like that—taking her face from one of rounded to one of more vertical symmetry, more in alignment with her slender neckline, clavicle, and frame.

"We cannot start our relationship built upon falsehoods nor deception, *Damon*. And now that I see you, and I see into you, I see that is not who you are, though I fear it is who you desire to become." She paused, sitting down beside him as she physically nudged him to move more to the inside of the sofa so she could sit on the edge beside him. "As for your clothes, you were naked on the street—unconscious. I doubt your clothes could have survived your magic, so I had new clothes brought for you. My name is Sofia, and I am the

dean of this college. I wondered whether you would come see us before I sent someone to find you."

"What?" He didn't bother repeating himself but thought, *the Fireball was not magic. 'Twas not arcane.*

"Come now, Damon. You don't think anyone that can cast would escape our knowledge? Especially not someone like you?! Especially not here in our very back yard—so to speak!"

"Someone like me...?"

"Someone with both innate skills and skills manipulating arcane..." She paused, smiling at him again nonthreateningly, taking in the vitality and youth of those glossy black gems staring back at her. "No, I was going to send someone for you, but I wanted to give you a little more time to come to me. To us," she corrected herself with a mirroring correction of the expression on her face.

"What is your real name, Damon? What is the name your mother gave you? The name Seren gave you...?"

She knew a great deal about him, and he was at a disadvantage. He hated that! But...he knew that would be the case for a very long time—especially here. His first instinct was to obfuscate... Then he considered what she'd just said, who he was looking at, and the valuable lessons of his father—however wrongfully imparted upon him.

As he righted himself on the couch a bit more, pondering his response, he could see something was very different now. Now, he could see something—a force or energy—extending out beyond the shell of Sofia's fair skin that he'd never seen before the explosion—on anyone. "My given name was Kaylan, but I never use that name. I'm not that..." He paused in search of the word but instead chose to leave it open-ended, "...I'm not that anymore. Please call me Damon and please do not share that information with anyone else." He paused, looking her directly in the eyes with a firm and serious formality. "Please."

"You have my word, Damon. You will hence forth be Damon and ever Damon to me and anyone I introduce you to. But...you are not yet a full-grown man. Is Damon who you wish to become?"

"I'm confused by the question. I thought I just said I wanted to be called by Damon."

"No, Damon, I asked if Damon was who you wished to become? The man you want to grow into...? The man you will be at the end of all things..." She paused, seeing the confusion still rattling around in his brain through the darting of his eyes. "Names are important, Damon. Critically so. They shape our being—our very essence of who we are and who we will become. They can shape the limits or boundaries of our own conscious reality. In essence, they lay the cobblestones of our destiny's path that we choose to walk upon."

He thought about it for a long moment as they continued to share ever-lingering looks deep inside one another via the portal of their own eyes and what lay beneath and

behind. It was a lot to process as he tried to remember how the name he now carried like a burden slung about his scars had come to him in the first place, asking the only thing that could come to his mind—yet he felt more pushed into it, “And what does Sofia shape of you and your future? What destiny has it brought to your doorstep? That it would bring me, in this time, to you?”

“That is not the question of a fifteen-year-old. I think that explosion has awakened something in you—,” she cut herself off. He wasn’t ready to hear that, but he was very astute as his question—and the understanding behind it—illustrated. Turning her slender frame more toward him to address him more directly—more akin to a peer, she tangled her hands with his own, pulling him a bit closer to her in deep deliberation of the question just posited to her by a mind and soul she was trying to understand. At the delicate scraping of the sides of her fingers with his, she saw a flash in her mind’s eye, causing her to smile broadly at Damon. “Sofia is a soft, measured name of balance, love, light, honor, spirit, wisdom, and truth. That is the container of my essence.” She paused, adding, “...but it is not the sum measure of all that I can be. There are always exceptions, my dear Damon. Always.” Claspings his hand with hers at the word ‘always,’ she considered revealing more but held back.

“And what exceptions would you see applied to your own being?”

Again, another piercingly intellectual, pointed question from a soul older than the boy-become-man... She had to push down the thought she had a moment before to process his latest query. “I see the hurt behind your eyes, Damon. I see the great and gaping need in you for an ally and a friend more than any need of money, or power, or anything else. I’m going to be that for you, Damon. I’m going to prove to you that you are not alone and that we are stronger together. Always. We are stronger together. Tandem in our energy and aligned thoughts.” She was trying to give him a powerful and profound life lesson she hoped would be with him all the rest of his days—however numbered. That was part of it—what she’d suppressed, but not the sum total of the message he needed to hear as much as she needed to express.

“I wish I could believe you, Sofia. I want to believe you.” *But, I don’t.* He hoped his eyes had not shouted that sentiment back at her as loudly as it reverberated in his mind. She was so kind, so pure, and so rare. He did not want to push her away, but he was afraid of destroying her, as destroying her seemed the only possible outcome for a life as shadowed as his own. And any life that ever promised him *hope*. “You think you know me, but you don’t. You don’t know the bleakness that follows me everywhere and touches everything around me—everyone around me.”

He could see it better now than ever before—the shapeless blackness creeping in all around her aura, very nearly touching at the frayed edges of her body not flesh. It wouldn’t last long, and neither would she now that she had declared her intentions pure. He could see the very limits of her soul—the very limits the name Sofia had placed upon herself—and he knew he didn’t want such limits upon himself. Thus, Damon he must ever be...

Her eyes still locked on his—reading them... *Could she see her own end in his thoughts and in the blackness of his eyes...?* The same end he saw for her. *Why did she not run from him? Why did she still accept him? **Still hold onto him...***

Clutching his hand in hers ever tighter, in desperation she breathed into him, “There is going to come a time when you believe you are all alone and in great pain, Damon. Hurting. Desperate. In the greatest of despair. At the end of all things. Remember me. Remember my words. Remember my soul... And remember this moment. You will be a great and powerful student of the soul—a Grand Master. And, in remembering me in that moment at the end, will we come to you so that you are not alone. And know that you never were.” She paused as she felt the first stabs at the frayed edges of her aura as the blackness began to sharply cut all around her. To the naked eye she was cringing at nothing, but to his awakened senses he could see a powerful bleak energy pinching in around her, squeezing her soul out of existence right before his eyes.

He wanted to cast but knew nothing of what to do. He had no formal training, and this was not magic he was witnessing. He was certain of it. This was...something else entirely.

She tried not to wince as her light body was pierced hither and thither by gnarled fingers of shadow, now very aware of the pain of being snuffed out of existence. The anguish akin to phantom limb amputation pain, she balled up, trying to make herself as small as possible as the blackness consumed the room and her with it.

Before Damon could blink again, Sofia’s shell of flesh was gone. Not even her clothes remained as the blackness swirled into a misty vortex in the floor of her office, carrying Sofia into oblivion. And he knew. *No one* would ever survive him... He *was* death—*The Destroyer!*



(Damon’s Manor, Eden, Some Hours Ago)

Radin was right! It was always about Mira—and ever about Mira. Damon’s mind marinated as Radin’s departure left his thoughts twisted in knots. Well, not his departure, but the subject of Mira. His soul was tormented and bitter. He was truly alone—for the first time in a very long time... Alone.

That one word—‘alone’—rang in his consciousness as memories upon memories flashed in his mind.

“No,” he thought aloud. “I can’t let you die again.” *They always die.*

Staff busied themselves cleaning up the formal dining table after Radin’s departure as the maid closest to him intentionally cleared her throat to make her presence both known and felt. It wasn’t at all unusual to hear Damon talking to himself, but that didn’t make it

any less unnerving—being this close to him.

His fists clinched at the distraction of the clacking of plates and heels on black-marble tiled flooring as she hurried to get out of his presence as fast as possible.

His memories from so long ago... *Could they still be trusted?* He hadn't thought of her in so long. He considered the possibility of it never happening—that he had imagined it. Death from nothingness. A soul crushed out of existence by something even more powerful than magic.

His entire life had been a study of the soul and yet *could I not recognize the one soul who had first set me on that path? Was I really so blind? Or, was it so long ago that I had given up on her?*

"You can't take that chance!" The fulsome declaration rang heavy in the air of his dining hall. "If there's even a chance, you have to." He paused, looking at the staff in the archway between rooms. "I have to."

With a thought his form disintegrated between worlds—some would think an act of higher-level magic—but some would be mistaken.



(The Shoreline Alongside Damon's Manor, Eden, Very Shortly After)

The all-too-serious commitment "Marry me" still hanging in the air in a pregnant, unanswered moment, Mira felt the pulse of Damon's blood surging through his palm and into her own—their bloodstream melding as one as her own pulse took on the adrenalized pace of his.

"I can't," she answered hastily after a long pause. "What about Banthis? What about Illirian? What about Dallia? Fuck, Damon! You're way too goddamn complicated for me. I can't marry you. I can't," she lied to him—and herself. *What the fuck are you doing,* she chastised herself.

Her eyes blinked in synchronicity with his in the weight of the moment not going the way either had planned.

"You're right. I don't deserve you."

"Don't play that game with me, Damon. Can't you see I'm overwhelmed here?" She paused, realizing she needed to put the brakes on her cavalier tone and her usual profane way of communicating as her fidgeting right foot had gone into overdrive, about to tap a giant hole in the ground beneath her. Damon was allowing himself to be vulnerable—for her, for them, for whatever future they may yet still have. "I'm sorry. I'm not saying 'no.' You're more than anything I could ever ask for. I just..."

"Wasn't ready for this...?" He smiled, trying to disarm her and defuse the moment. "Surprise is kind of baked into the whole proposal concept."

"Fuck you!"

"That too."

“Fuck you!” She smiled this time, knowing he was right, but still... This wasn’t a time for being a smart ass. This was serious shit, goddamnit!

The biggest problem being that they were too smart for each other. If they could find a way around that—to let their souls do the talking—Damon knew their fate as unbreakable as the Universe itself. What he knew didn’t register to the front of his consciousness nearly as much as the need he felt for her. Deep in his soul, he felt the aching for her she had so eloquently described of him not long ago that brought her in contact with her future self. “I believe you said it best: ‘This is far more than love for me. I ache for you.’”

He didn’t know if this move, if matured to fruition, would unravel the Master Plan or unravel his own existence any more or less than the move he’d made to snatch her out of time to save the last original version of her, but his mind was following the forged lead of his soul and a profound moment from so long ago. A soul that dovetailed with Mira in bonded orbits of their own destinies.

“You fucking plagiarist! You stole that line from me!” She smiled, still hating the coherence of his memories as something deep within her began to stir at his words unspoken yet nonetheless felt. She felt his unspoken words of ‘need’ and ‘urgency.’

“Not a plagiarist if I credited you.” His smile was warmer than the Eden star of his own making behind him, backlighting his raven hair in other radiant strands as he reached much deeper into their shared memory. “We are stronger together, are we not?”

Her mind rang and shook in concussive waves at Damon’s words as buried memories collided violently with the present—a feeling akin to the most powerful *déjà vu*, causing Mira to visibly ball up both fists against the sides of her head. Whiteout conditions all around her as thoughts teleported across the chasm of time where all moments were and are and ever will be one. “Always,” she whispered in pause, not knowing or understanding the source of that ‘feeling...’ Her fists still balled up against her ears. “Remember me.” Her hesitation at the cloudy memory evident as her eyes blinked in some form of recognition, though still not knowing or understanding the source or being of the waterfall of information inflowing into her soul.

“You are everything to me, Mira. My beginning and my end. Meant for me in ways neither of us may ever understand. When I’m not with you, I feel you across time and space, and my hope is that you can feel me too.” Damon’s consciousness shared, via broadcasting on emotional waves between them, one of his oldest memories, hoping it would guide this moment.

“I do,” Mira simultaneously answered his question and accepted his proposal across the ages, feeling something from him she’d never felt before; something she felt could fill in the gaps in her consciousness without knowing how or why...

Rising to his feet, he unclenched her hands, taking them and interlacing them into his. Damon leaned into her soul, remembering the way Sofia’s hands felt against his. He shared that unspoken memory soul-to-soul with Mira as the tears of his ancient memory fell upon her collarbone.

Mira still struggled with memories both hers and not, shared across some ether between Damon and her. She nuzzled her face into the side of his, breathing into him as her tears fell upon his neck. “How is this possible?” Mira hadn’t fully connected with Sofia, except to know and feel something/someone was there at the edge of her consciousness, telling her things she couldn’t possibly know.

“I don’t know, but it changes everything for me. We can find out together. What it means. And, where we go from here...”

He didn’t know if it was the clarity he’d felt since his burden of *hate* he carried with him everywhere had been lifted off him by the *hope* of Seren. He didn’t know if it was his ever-growing understanding of the shared nature of reality and of life itself that had tuned his thinking to the possibilities previously shut to him. Whatever it was, he was seeing more clearly and far deeper into timelines past, present, and future than ever before—as if a bird in flight high above, simultaneously looking over the horizon both forward and back. And he needed all possible levels of Mira to help him understand and unpack the moment before him and how it would evolve the Master Plan. He didn’t know, for certain, Mira’s true identity, save that he’d seen this moment long, long ago and knew her in more ways than she knew herself. And, for that reason alone, their fates were tied in a knot of shared destinies whether married or not.



(The Eye of Time, Setinon, Time Neutral)

The visions from the frayed-edged viewing portal shocked and horrified Radin, and yet little malice could surprise him. The *Eye* was ruthless and without constraint of emotion or forbearance. Any and all paths to victory were all-consuming for it. And fully justified.

He watched as the beautiful Lis was erased from existence—captured by Banthis and the *Throne of Souls*. He heard the great chord struck across all existence and all possible outcomes of all continuums as the viewing window shifted again, showing him ever more.

Radin watched as those souls accumulated and all that was Damon’s Master Plan executed, elevating Banthis to the great Dragon of Darkness—now seeing into the future.

His compass of thoughts and emotions—his knowledge of right and wrong—fought with him. He could tolerate seeing no more and rushed the platform to destroy the mighty *Eye*.

Now inside its energetic aura of *hate* and *genocide*, Radin looked into all of time and all possibilities—seeing the god-like, omnipotent nature of this thing for the first time. Colors flashed before him in translucent blue, green, red, orange, purple, and yellow inside the slipstream of a great multitude of governed continuums and quantized probabilities as he tried to discern the one coupled to the agenda of the *Eye*.

Looking down into the waterfall of time, Radin saw inside the womb of Elise,

watching as God the Creator ruthlessly murdered his only son. These were not the actions of the *Eye*. That was clear to him now. They were separate and distinct from one another. They were at war with one another, each with their own agenda for Man, with Humanity in the balance—or what remained.

His actions froze at the horrific sight and ethereal senses of his child being crushed and yanked from Elise's womb in an abhorrent act of supposed Love for Man as he considered what he'd been sent to do.

He remembered Damon's coaching and his urging: "The *Eye* is the architect of lies and the father of our genocide. You must never hesitate!"

"Yea, I do know Thee," Radin proclaimed at last, reaching into both the waterfall of energy above and outwardly to all the power necessary to destroy the *Eye*, and in doing so—himself. With both his hands raised high overhead and palm up, the flash came across his mind's eye as the words escaped, almost involuntarily so, "Show me, Great *Eye*... Show me and seal your fate."

Auras shifted as timelines crossed over one another, and Radin witnessed the *Eye* snuff out a fair woman in an office when Damon was but a child—crushing her soul out of existence with its own conscious thought. Radin was, for the first time, afraid as he cast with everything he had into the slipstream, directing it all at a specific object illustrated alongside other possibilities and events both known and potential.