



Abya

Tierra de los Arboles Sagrados
y los seres de Inoronek



July 20, 2017

Translation from the Spanish original
pinkcat27 &DeepL26.9.2023

© CARLOS EDUARDO RAMOS GÓMEZ
ABYA, LAND OF SACRED TREES AND IMORONEK BEINGS.

ISBN paper:9789807938037
Legal Deposit: AR2021000134

Cover design and illustrations
Carlos Eduardo Ramos Gómez
Marisabel Solano Chirinos

First Edition: October 22, 2020
Second Edition: September 28, 2021
First Edition (printed): December 19, 2021



Editorial Editorial Fundación Grupo para la Investigación,
Transdisciplinary Research, Training and Publishing

Imprint: Fundación GIFET Editores.
Soublotte Street, El Faro Building, 7th floor, office 7B, Maracay, Aragua State.
Maracay, Aragua State, Venezuela.
www.fundaciongifet.wordpress.com

Printed in Spain by Bubok Publishing S.L.
All rights reserved. This work has been published by its author through the self-publishing system of BUBOK PUBLISHING, S.L. for private distribution. Its sale to the public is prohibited. BUBOK PUBLISHING, S.L. is not responsible for the contents of this WORK, nor for its distribution.

INDEX

Foreword	5
Beings of Imoronek	
I The promise of amaiyöi	7
II Ancient brightness, renewed hope	13
III The good seed is lost	25
IV A long journey	35
V Fire and wood	40
VI Trapped fish	51
VII Light and emptiness	55
VIII The awakening of the pirimoks	58
IX Booty, mutiny	64
Appendices	
Lost fragments	69
Notes on pronunciation	74
Map of Abya	75
Mayinapon	76

FOREWORD

I met Carlos for work reasons, immersed in the world of insects and photography. Little by little I was able to discover how the curious and diligent engineer could give shape to the ideas that so many times were captured in simple notes of work meetings. With a prodigious mind, he also demonstrated skills for programming, graphic design and many others, which left their stamp of excellence, while he was sharing spaces in our research institution. I must admit that I was unaware of his work as a writer. I was pleasantly surprised when he invited me to read the first edition of *Abya, Tierra de los Árboles Sagrados y los Seres de Imoronek* and I discovered that he also had an extraordinary ability to tell stories. His reading captivated me from the first moment.

With great simplicity, but with great meticulousness, this work places us in a fantastic world of magic and dreams, where it is difficult to separate the fantasy adventure from facts that might seem familiar to us.

It gives us a magnificent opportunity to reconnect with our experiences and values. To reconcile ourselves with our origins, honoring nature, our ancestors and our spirits. *Abya* brings to life a variety of characters that take us into the controversy of life with respect to courage, kindness and respect, but also delves into those moments that go hand in hand with rancor, betrayal and arrogance. With great actions or small details, a plot that grabs you from the first pages is drawn.

With an extraordinary sensitivity, together with an infinite love and respect for mother earth, the author of this story takes us through fabulous places where peculiar characters live together with unimaginable creatures, exuberant trees, majestic rivers and mysterious mountains. It is attractive to the reader, the infinity of sensory details that allow us to perfectly imagine the landscapes, characters and beings that coexist throughout the book.

Each chapter introduces us to a plot that does not stop, where warriors, spirits and inhabitants of the villages, intertwine their lives to allow the imagination to fly to infinity and make us think and rethink our own experiences and relationships with the environment, others and those planes that we do not see, but we know are in some dimension.

We live the birth of *Abya*, its evolution and all the consequences derived from the encounters of good and evil. There is no time for boredom or apathy. It is a story that can be read without interruptions and with the emotion of integrating oneself to the experiences of its characters, and that rescues the value of family ties and oral tradition as a means of keeping alive the origin of life.

In addition, *Abya, Tierra de los Árboles Sagrados y los Seres de Imoronek* is a prequel to another work that is soon to be published, as it has been developed for four years in a more interactive format: an expansion of an open-world video game, in which the reader of the book can become one of its characters and develop the story in first person - or in third person depending on the visual option chosen - until the outcome and resolution of the conflict. Thus, *Abya* offers us the

possibility of being part of it and that each one of us lives our own adventure to tell it; although the ending is the same, the journey and experiences are unique, just as they are in real life.

This second edition includes beautiful illustrations and some appendices that will allow a better understanding of this charming work. The construction of the names of the characters and places, are of a visual and sonorous richness that is worth understanding in its right dimension.

I invite you to read it, with the certainty that at the end of it, you will want to read it again! Abya, the Land of the Sacred Trees

Ligia Carolina Rosales A.

CHAPTER

I

THE PROMISE OF AMAIYÖI

Abya, the land of the sacred trees, is a territory dominated by enormous mountains and a great diversity of wild animals and plant species. Orchestrated by the immeasurable wisdom of nature, they were kept in balance since the beginning of time itself. That balance, now, was not such, because the arrival of the children of the kaärib, known as the pemones, which in our language would be something like "the people", had accidentally generated a rupture in that magical harmony. This story narrates the situations that caused this rupture, up to the present day of Abya, which coincides with the arrival of ka'ran, "the one who visits", to their lands.

It would be best to begin with the Pemones. The Pemones are a noble and peaceful people, who respect and worship nature. They lead a simple life. They have not developed much technology because they have been able to cover their needs only with the elements that the environment provides them. In terms of architecture, their habitats are simple tents made of wood and skins called ewük, which means "house or home". They make weapons, but not for war purposes, but as hunting tools.

They are distributed throughout the territory, forming small hamlets or villages. In each village there is a central ewük, where the elder of the region lives, who is the maximum local authority, and spiritual guide of all in the region. The Pemon dedicate their day to collective activities such as searching for and preparing wood for the fire, cultivating the land, tending their animals or fishing; or to the process of developing skills that will allow each one to define their class, and with it, the usefulness they will have for their people, whether as archers, shamana or warriors. Every day before sunset, everyone gathers at the bonfire of the central ewük to celebrate a ceremony of thanksgiving and petitions to the Sacred Trees. Then they sit and share stories and learnings until it is time to retire to their respective tents, while the fire slowly burns down until the next sunrise.

The Pemones received this territory as a legacy from the Kaärib who inhabited it at least a millennium ago, in an ancient era when it was called Apok Ewük, because there lay a dormant volcano that the Kaärib called Apok Wükimü or the Great Rock of Fire.

The Kaärib were a small people who came to occupy these lands, descending from their ancient abode; a giant tree that grew even above the clouds. Their gods, annoyed, but respectful of their decision, cut down the tree after they had all descended, leaving the base of the stem as a great rocky plateau. They were tall and strong women and men and became excellent warriors who won countless battles against a kind of demons they called "Oköyimü" because of their appearance of man and snake. Determined to dominate that land that the Kaärib chose as their home, they came in great numbers from the unknown lands of the north. The Kaärib managed to thwart each attempt, but it was the great battle of Ö'sököpan that finally convinced the fierce creatures that they could never defeat them.

The Oköyimü surpassed five hundred warriors, and they devastated the region making the few remaining kaärib retreat, taking the path towards the Usuk pass. Everything depended on this pass, since it was the gateway to the rest of the territory.

It was a sure victory for the demons. Fear could be seen on the faces of the Kaärib. It was there when a young man named Kaäre, stood in front of his brothers, and encouraged them with his word, igniting in their hearts and souls a reckless vital force never seen before. And without waiting for them to reach the top, he and six other warriors went down the path, confronting and defeating each demon.

The bodies of the demons began to roll down the hillside, creating confusion and bewilderment in the enemy, making them retreat. But noticing that only six reached the bottom of the path, the Oköyimü returned to face them again. Now only half of the invading troop was left, and they gathered in a block to face the heroes. Suddenly, a horn sounded and hundreds of whistles cut the air, arrows came from the top of the path and pierced the sky in search of flesh to pierce, so it was as the Oköyimü fell at the feet of the warriors before they could reach them with their claws or fangs.

Then it happened, the chief of the demons gave the order to retreat to his already reduced horde. The warriors went after them, but could not reach them, for when they reached the northern isthmus, they found it sealed with a deadly spell. A rarefied and poisonous atmosphere covered the whole place, making it impossible for a human to cross it. This was the last time they saw the Oköyimü.

The kaärib learned to live in perfect harmony, until they became the procurers of the balance of the place. However, a new danger loomed over them. It was not a demon, but an elemental spirit.

The oral tradition of the Pemons relates that this elemental spirit was fire, it was the volcano that awoke and declared the dominion of Apok Ewük and that it was his desire to destroy everything, although the kaärib ignored this, since they did not know how to listen to the voice of Apok Wükimü.

But other entities cohabited at that time with Apok Wükimü. Among them was a jungle spirit, Arawanya, the spirit of a sacred tree. A tree cultivated and worshiped by the Kaärib, for being the seed of the tree from which they once came and to which they gave the name amaiyöi. Arawanya provided its protectors with life, health and the greatest of virtues, wisdom.

Every so often, Arawanya would appear among them, speak to them and teach secrets of infinite time to their guardians. He taught them about kindness, love, truth, but also about courage, and the fight against injustice. This blessing endowed the kaärib with great longevity, however, they were still mortal, and before the threat of the volcano, Arawanya decided to find a group of strong warriors and give them the gift to speak with the rest of the spirits and thus hear the desire of Apok Wükimü. It was then that Arawanya told Kaäre, the strongest of the kaärib to summon his six warrior brothers, each from a different region of all Apok Ewük, for a meeting. The meeting would be in Wük Etek, a great solid plateau bare of vegetation, elevated to the clouds, with edges as deadly as the void to which they lead and home to unfriendly animals, the kind that like to live

among the crevices and nooks of the rocks; the kind that survive damp and cold climates. From that inhospitable place, far away and difficult to access for mortals, Arawanya observed and contemplated the whole territory, he liked to enjoy the music of nature, its silences, the soft murmur of the rivers and streams, the rustling of the fragile snow crystals at night, and the whistling of the leaves falling from the high canopies.

The Kaärib ascended to the plateau, and walked among clouds and rocks, and at the southernmost point, near the edge of dawn, they met Arawanya, in his abode The Crown of Rocks. From there they could see Apok Wükimü. And at its feet, the calm and misty, but imposing Paru-Tanno or Long River. Arawanya gave the Kaärib a substance to drink in a deep dried fruit shell, prepared with Actias Luna wings, mountain flower and mushrooms. After ingesting it, a buzzing sound stunned the kaärib and they began to hear thousands of sounds at once, every second the sounds began to seem articulate, it was like being in a crowded square and being able to hear and understand inside your head, everything that was being said by those present.

Thus they received the gift of understanding the spirits and could hear the grave decree of Apok Wükimü. The warriors could not believe and begged Arawanya for protection. Arawanya told the kaärib that his power could not contain him because he was already very powerful, Apok had begun his physical transformation, and for Arawanya, his spectral form left him at a disadvantage. His influence in the world could only manifest through spiritual and intangible gifts and gifts.

Some of the warriors despaired and covered their ears because they did not want to hear the wishes of Apok Wükimü. Others collapsed with worry because they did not feel the capacity to face this danger. Perhaps, for the first time the kaärib felt that they could not win a battle, and they were right. Arawanya looked at them and said:

- "Calm down, great warriors, I have brought you here, not to fill you with tragedy and unrest. On the contrary, I want to ask you to face and defeat Apok Wükimü. You possess the courage and strength to stop Apok.

-But how can we find him, if he is a spirit that lives inside the mountain?

-You must go in and stop him, and it must be soon, before he comes out. Like me, he is still an essence. He wants to take the physical form of the volcano so he can get what he wants. If that should happen it will be too late.

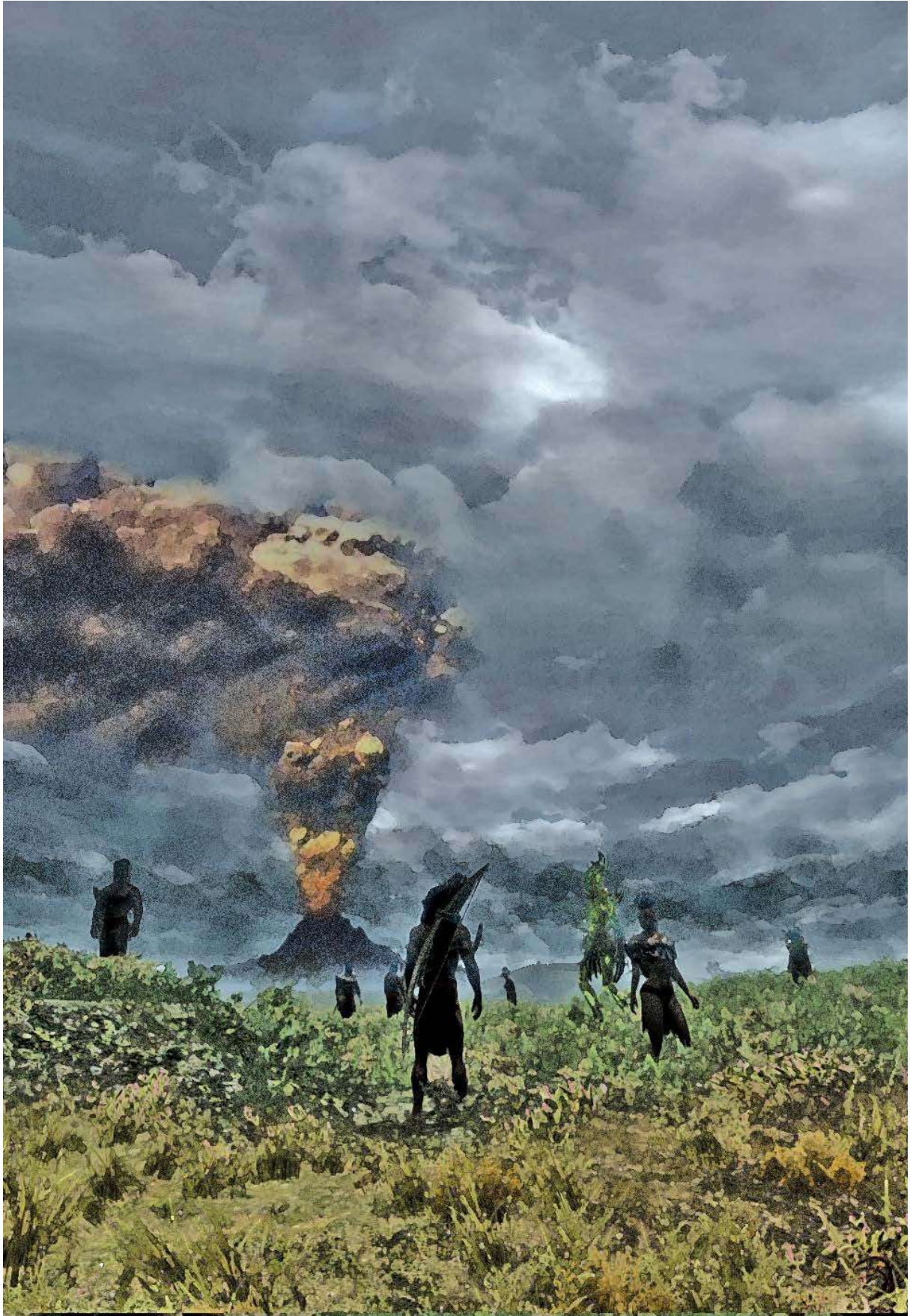
-What exactly should we do," asked Kaäre, guessing at the answer.

-What do you think, Leader Kaärib? You must become essence as well in order to face it.

-We will die.

-No, on the contrary, they will obtain a final gift: immortality.

The Kaärib did not hesitate to accept the task entrusted to them. However, they asked what would happen to their people.



-They will grow and flourish as a new people," said Arawanya, "and they will be prosperous, for the sacrifice they make at this time will ensure abundance forever. The people will remember you for your act of courage.

So it was that Arawanya gave the name "Pemon" to the new people by referring to them as "the people".

The fate of their people was what worried the warriors, so, without wasting time, they went to their regions, told what they had learned and then said goodbye, to head for war against Apok Wükimü. Only that was known, because none returned to tell what happened in battle. However, the elders, from inferences and their deep knowledge of the orography of the place, recreated part of the facts. This story tells that the brave kaärib, called then as the "last kaärib", went up the ancient Apok river, now known as Erichak river, a beautiful stream that was born from the sunset slope of the volcano and fed the Tanno river. It was bordered by a dense gallery forest in which lived an enormous quantity and variety of birds, responsible, according to the Shamans, for keeping the whole territory populated with trees, because when they fed they carried seeds in their beaks, and even in their bellies, and by depositing them here and there they preserved the beautiful collage of vegetation that even today makes Abya shine. Although, at that time, it was under enormous danger after the threat of Apok, a situation that forces us to return to the story of the Kaärib.

When arriving at the source of the river, it was necessary to descend towards the cold edge, and to walk always to the margin of the skirt of the volcano, until finding the way that allowed ascending to the summit. It was a long and dangerous path, which led to a small labyrinth, where they could end up lost if they did not take the right path, or break a bone if they stepped wrong. Finally, the most difficult step was at the end of the path, as it disappeared under their feet. It was a gorge, an abyss, which had to be jumped over in order to continue. Failing the jump and falling was certain death. In fact, you can still see this cliff from the lower part of the Tanno River. But, let's go again, to the top of the volcano where the warriors arrived.

The kaärib, say the Pemons, arrived exhausted, almost out of breath and found the mouth of the volcano smoking and giving off a hot steam; a small crack formed in the rock, through which they entered without even taking a break to find Apok Wükimü and defeat him in the very bowels of the earth.

After a fight to the death, the kaärib won the victory, they say, because the volcano was extinguished, but the kaärib never returned, at least in human form. The gift granted by Arawanya would allow them to sprout from the earth as an amaiyöi, a Sacred Tree. Days after that departure without return, one was born in each region, so each amaiyöi is today for the Pemon a kaärib turned into a tree.

Arawanya, the first amaiyöi, was known since then as "the old one", and since the birth of the sacred trees he did not appear again.

And so with the defeat of Apok Wükimü and the reign of the sacred trees, the Kaärib people fulfilled the omen of Arawanya, giving way to the growth of the people of "the people" and called

this land, "living land" or "blooming land", i.e. Abya Yala. Over time, as the oral tradition was passed down from generation to generation, the name derived to just Abya.

CHAPTER

II

ANCIENT BRIGHTNESS, RENEWED HOPE

Since the dawn of time, there are many creatures that have existed beneath the infinite sky, as well as spirit beings, and while they certainly share the same niche, they are kept apart by the planes in which they exist. The mutual exclusion of the planes is due, rather than to spatiotemporal dimensions, to elemental differences between the types of beings inhabiting each. The most important of these is that the former have not developed their sensory capacities, which, among so many virtues, would allow them to connect with other beings by less physical means. Thus, Arawanya, for example, could communicate with other beings with whom he was related, and this ability came in handy at this time, as he urgently needed to receive wise advice from his yöi brothers.

He was in deep meditation, traveling hyper sensorially to other latitudes and continents that make up this planet called Pakca, broadcasting his request for help in all habitats and environments. It was not long when his call was answered from the distant Tierra de Hielo, on the other side of the ocean by a legendary yöi known as Taäbeb, a spirit very close to Arawanya, since both come from the Ainongib lineage. This yöi replied to Arawanya with a very encouraging anecdote.

The story began by describing a group of masters of magic, who were dedicated to healing the wounded and sick, and who had a kind of temple in a place called Cauce de Río Blanco, very close to the place where he had germinated. They began to be interested in him, and although they did not know how to communicate, they considered him a very special tree, for being a direct descendant of another called Ancient Shine, the longest living being in those lands. The wizards knew that he could hear and understand them and called him Auriverde. But then he became seriously ill and had very little hope of survival. Then, an inhabitant of that region, who did not belong to the group of wizards, agreed to help find a cure for the tree, showing nobility by taking on the task in a selfless way. This person had a special gift, which distinguished him from the rest of the population and this gift was linked to his soul. It could be said that he was a kind of chosen one, one of those who stop destiny and change its course. He had the lineage of a warrior class, capable of facing and killing enormous beasts and creatures, especially dragons that for a long time had been a myth, but now they were back with the intention of devouring the whole world. This person was nicknamed "the Soul of Fire".

Arawanya, in hope, asked many questions about the Soul of Fire, and asked Taäbeb to manifest himself to him to request his help. This request was rejected, because the imbalance of energies generated by the return of the dragons in that territory prevented him from doing so. The threat of these beings was beyond the intervention power of the yöi and abandoning his tree form would expose him too much. However, he offered him another option. One of the mages was much more interested in the spectral qualities of the yöi than the rest of his clan, and with whom he had

managed to communicate without having to abandon his tree form. This magician was called Tsagadar, and he had gone to live in Nerest, a place of frozen lands and where magic is mainly studied, in order to perfect his mastery in the school of conjuration. The magical activity in that school generated a certain energetic distortion around him that would allow Taäbeb to camouflage himself and thus he could safely present himself to Tsagadar as a dream or a vision, reveal to Tsagadar the situation of Abya and ask him to intervene to help by contacting the Soul of Fire.

One afternoon, Tsagadar was trying to enter the Library of the Nerest School of Magicians, called the Arch of Secrets, a room formed by a circular corridor and a small unevenness in the center, separated by segments of wall provided with arched windows, and under these, tables and chairs for the users of the library. Their goal was to borrow some books. That would not seem to anyone to be a problem, but Tsagadar had a developed ability to forget things, including returning books, which created the need to create a list of the names of students disqualified from entering the library. The list, in fact, showed only one person.

As usual, Urgro, the orc librarian regent of the Arc of Secrets, was taking his nap, which was quite long. After all, the library was his home. Tsagadar used every kind of magical artifice to diminish the noise and his presence.

Despite the appearance of this situation, it should be noted that Tsagadar's intentions were noble, for he only wanted to instruct himself in the conjuring arts, and he planned to take as many books as he could and then return them. In the library, the shelves are adorned with animal mounts: killer fish and stuffed crabs and heads of tiger wolves and bears arranged with gestures illustrating their aggressiveness in such detail that they appear to be alive. When he reached the shelves he found locks on the doors. He discouraged trying lock picks as a small gleam at the key entry told him they had been secured with magic. A misplaced key or contact with any metal could set off an alarm of loud whistles and explosions in the room.

He had to approach Urgro, who slept at his post, to find the key. It was hanging from his belt. He pulled three small spiders from his pocket and released them onto the table.

The cunning arachnids began to construct what could be described as a complex, miniature web of tensioners and pulleys with their web, from which one of them descended upon the bundle of keys. She wrapped each one in an elegant silk mesh, which prevented them from colliding with each other and suppressed all sound, and subtly lifted them free of the orc's belt.

Still with the delicate, but powerful silk webbing, he inserted the keys until he found the right one. The web insulated the metal and thus kept the lock alarm inactive.

He was able to open several bookshelves, starting with the one with the killer fish, followed by the polar bear and piling up several books, more than he could carry. He managed to move them to a table in front of the cave bear's shelf, and piled them up, even more than could be held in a tower.

Suddenly, from a group of books placed on the base of one of the windows, one caught his eye. There were two copies of it. He picked one up and upon opening it read in its title, "Tierra de

Fuego, Mysterious." He began to read and found the little introduction of the distant continent and its red and black dragons, ape-men, tiger-men and snake-men fascinating. Enraptured by the reading he leaned against what he forgot was a battered pile of books and mistook for a column.

The tower fell on a chandelier and it dragged several porcelain jars and chalices filled with wine straight to the floor. Urgro jumped awake and exclaimed, "For the love of Anmar, and now what?" Tsagadar also jumped up and exclaimed, "Stupid Tsagadar!" as he ran towards the door hearing all sorts of insults and expletives from the angry orc that it would not be wise to repeat.

He ran relentlessly, even after leaving the school grounds and looked back to make sure he was not being followed. He ran and ran through the icy thicket, through dry trees and bushes, until he crashed dizzily against a rigid, rock-hard surface, collapsing fainting on the tundra and ice.

Tsagadar felt dizzy, but noticed that the wall he had crashed into was gone. There was also no ice and the tundra had turned into lush vegetation growing over warm sands. He was lying on a rock full of moss and lichen and a blazing sun marked bright reflections on his face, as he approached the horizon defined by a vast and infinite blue sea.

Marveling at the strange landscape, he wondered:

-What beautiful place is this?" and in his head he heard an answer.

-A continent far away, in the mysterious Tierra de Fuego, a little known world, to the good fortune of its inhabitants," as that last syllable "tes" lengthened and mingled with the sound of the waves in the distance.

The magician rubbed his eyes, touched the sand, the sea, breathed, felt everything so real, however, he could not quite believe it all.

-It is real," said the voice, "and this beautiful place is in danger of being lost," he added.

Tsagadar immediately turned around because at first he thought he was answering himself, as people who are used to living alone usually do. This time he realized that someone was talking to him.

-Who are you? What do you want?" he thought of saying, but before he spoke the voice had already heard his thought and said, this time drawing the wizard's attention to the sun setting on the ocean horizon, leaving him dazzled:

-I am the Auriverde, friend Tsagadar," he said as he recovered his sight and could distinguish the figure of a spiritual being, whose skin had the appearance and texture of wood. With arms and legs as long as branches, slenderly turned and eyes illuminated with the light of purple and white fireflies -and I need your help- he concluded.

Tsagadar knelt down and bowed his head and said, "Sacred tree, I am your most faithful servant and protector, it will be an honor to help you," then the spiritual being approached him, raised his face and handed him a purple flower from his crown.



-Thank you," he said and blew gently on his face, making Tsagadar fall asleep again.

And although he seemed to say nothing to her, it was with bated breath that Taäbeb told her all that was happening. Tsagadar woke up in the middle of the frozen meadow, wet and freezing and with inexplicable and crazy idea to go to Cauce de Río Blanco and look for the Soul of Fire. Then he remembered the talk with Taäbeb and was moved by the revelation of the tree spirit. Suddenly, still sitting in the snow, he saw in his hand the only book he could get out of the library, "Tierra de Fuego, Mysterious", and was silent.

-Of course!" he exclaimed a little annoyed and at the same time disappointed, "It was all an illusion because of this book. What an imagination you have, Tsagadar!" and he sat up, shaking off the snow stuck to his robe and laughing despondently. And again his laughter stopped when he saw that underneath him all the snow had been removed, exposing hundreds of purple flowers, like the ones the spirit gave him, fresh, as if just cut.

Then his laughter became wild and merry as he shouted and jumped, pulling the eaves of his pointed hat down with his hands- Yes it is true! It is true! and then he remembered everything, stopped and hunched over like one who guards a precious treasure with his hands and body and said -White River Stream!- then he ran off at full speed toward the southwest.

The road was long, and night overtook him within the borders of the Pale Prairie shire, so called because of its perpetual snows, yet in spite of the severe frigid climate its trails are dominated by wild creatures. But not the kind of creatures of nature as in Abya, but bandits, sorcerers, and wraiths from other planes that could kill for mere leisure. So he made a stop at the Night Gate Inn for the night. This inn belongs to Harin, inherited from his father and his father's father and so on up to his great-grandfather. It is a family inn of a large common room with a bar at one end and a large fire in the center. There are three bedrooms on the main floor with stairs leading down to a large cellar where there is another room being rented long term by an orc, but that is another story you could possibly know.

While dining, he overheard a group of locals talking about the arrival in the ports of Blue City, a merchant ship that would be carrying an important cargo of goods to the mainland of Tierra de Fuego and they were offering a good amount of coin for being part of the crew. Tsagadar almost choked when he heard that information, so he paid more attention to what they were saying. The narrator of that gathering also emphasized that he would be part of the crew, in fact, he would be the last one to board, since the space was limited, so he was hurrying home to prepare what he needed for the trip, and then he did not give any more details. Then Tsagadar had an idea to get more details. He finished his dinner as quickly as he could, and called the innkeeper to pay.

-He said with the face of a nobleman, and the voice of a Jhane's counselor, which is like the governor of the region, to make a good impression on the man.

-Two coins, my Lord," he replied ironically, for the attire he wore, a brown robe, with long sleeves covering his hands and a shot that he dragged on the floor, the pointed hat on the table and the backpack and pocket full of small objects, gave away that he was unmistakably a magician.

Then Tsagadar pulled out a bag of coins, but instead of money, there were seeds, flowers, roots, and all sorts of ingredients.

-Oh! Give me just a second, I'm sure I have some here..." he said, while Harin looked at him, without making any gesture, because apparently the gesture of stubbornness was the normal expression on his face.

After a while of searching here and there, without managing to find a coin halfway through, he said, "Well, I guess I'm in a bit of a hurry, aren't I? However, I see that you are alone at the inn. And the merchant ship business has attracted a lot of travelers. I'll make you a deal. Let me pay you back by working for you.

-Well, you know that if you work, I must pay you something, it's the rules of the shire, and if the Jhane finds out that someone worked without pay, I will be sanctioned and they will close.

-No, no, nobody will find out. But anyway, to avoid that problem, let's say that my pay will be the tips people leave.

-Well, it's a deal, Sir..." Harin said as if asking for the wizard's name.

-Tsa, rad..." He stammered for a second, as he had not thought of a pseudonym. He was trying to arrange the letters of his name backwards, so as not to think too much; until finally that was the name he gave him.

-Well," said Harin, convinced that he could not repeat that tongue twister.

-Then start by putting water in the baths, then help me dispense the Vinomiel and the food.

-Perfect, thank you!

Quickly, he went to fetch water behind the inn and set his plan in motion. On a rock he began to brew a potion in a considerable quantity, this potion was an incantation of drowsiness and prolonged disorientation. He planned to give it with the honeyed ale to the person he claimed to be the last to board, but first he would get more information.

When he finished the potion, he went back inside with the water and began the tasks at hand. He had to wait for night to fall so as not to arouse suspicion. He stayed at the bar, thinking about the things that the spirit of the Auriverde had told him about Abya. Not as many as you already know, but important details, like Arawanya, the kaärib and what they did to save Abya, the amaiyöi, and endless things that made his mind wander for a while.

Tsagadar, traveled again, with his imagination, to that unknown place, remembering the incredible hypersensory experience. But he came back abruptly from that trip when a beautiful woman from Páramo de la Roca, with brown eyes and skin, sat in front of him at the bar and spoke to him:

-What are you writing, is it some kind of spell?

-No my lady, it's just a poem.

-Then it is a spell, because if it is a love poem, I will probably love you," she exclaimed almost whispering to the magician, in a very seductive way, "And why do you write poems? are you a wandering troubadour? are you going to declaim something for us? how about delighting us with your lyric in this beautiful evening?"

Tsagadar blushed at the gaze and the captivating words of the beautiful lady. Nerves made him answer yes to all the questions.

-I will accompany you with the Lute," said the lady, taking him by the hand and leading him to the center of the inn. Then she spoke aloud to attract the attention of those present.

-But what a beautiful night it is, isn't it?

The people, although they continued with their chatter, seconded the woman's motion with a chorus of "yes!".

-Of course they did. And I am delighted to be able to accompany you with my lute, to make this evening a pleasant one for friends, an unburdening one for the desperate, or a romantic one for those in love," turning to look at Tsagadar, but to beckon him to come closer. This woman was a troubadour who frequently entertained in taverns and inns and thus earned her living.

-Today I would like to introduce you to a fellow lyricist, who has captivated me with a couple of lines I have been able to read. Our friend...

Then Tsagadar took the opportunity to give himself another name, since it could be his artistic name -Kayarib... The troubadour- he said.

-Kayarib, the troubadour," exclaimed the woman, "Well, go ahead.

Tsagadar, he felt very sorry, besides, a voice was claiming in his mind now -To be the center of attraction when he should be unnoticed, the most ridiculous plan anyone could have imagined- he said to himself. But he had to play along to avoid failing the mission. He bowed to the woman, and then to the audience, and spoke aloud.

-I am going to tell you the story of Abya, the land of the sacred trees... this poem is called - leaving a stupid silence, to imprint some drama to the moment - "Abya, land of the sacred trees".

The silence was maintained, as those present were waiting for the usual introduction to the declamation, which is also usually said in rhyme. Then he continued:

-Inhabited by creatures far more fantastic, than in your life you have ever imagined- he culminated a bit showily with this rhyme, although it served the purpose; triggering the customary group of exclamations, applause and whistles from those present. It should be noted that being a magician gave him an added value to his role as a performer, for with a simple and slight illusion spell he made the interior of the inn darker and the color of the fire more intense, and his voice reverberated more than usual. The woman began with an arpeggio... she started with the chord Em, then G, then Am, then G, fast to D and back to Em....

The poem went something like this:

*Beneath the infinite sky,
there is a new world
Invisible to our eyes
By design of the fiery star
Hidden among the clouds
Though it is at ground level
Because an enchantment protects it
From destruction keeps it far away
Oh! would that I were a visitor!
Oh! To behold such beauty
And witness the miracle
Of mother nature
Of the rivers, of the plants
Of the creatures, of their rarities
Of the wild, untamed, but fragile world
That once endangered,
Because the ambition for power
In a spirit awakened.
Oh! who was a warrior of that time
Who for his dwelling was able to renounce
All that he had
For without honor and gallantry
Why did he need a home?
Oh, who was a warrior of that time
Who heard the call to war
With death as his destiny
In exchange for peace for his land
I am not that visitor,
I am not that warrior
I am the traveler who does not travel,
But who has visited you in dreams*

*Because I dream of treading
The sand of your sand dunes,
The rock of your mountains
To drink the water of your streams
Because it is a magical land
Protected by ancestors
Who have become trees
By design of the star of fire
There, there is a land
Far, far away
Where once, a tree
walked like a man
On the land itself
With his own feet
To protect life
And evil, defeat
There, there is a land
Far, far away
Where once, a tree
spoke as a man
Its sound was love
The truth, the speech
That is the land
Of the sacred trees*

At the end of the poem, everyone was astonished, even the troubadour had stopped playing, letting herself be carried away to that epic and fantastic place described by Tsagadar.

-She bowed again to the audience. And the whole room exploded in cheers and applause. Many came up to congratulate him for such an excellent performance.

The innkeeper, who at first was a little suspicious, was now very grateful to Tsagadar, for what had happened would bring great fame to the inn.

In token of gratitude, he said to him, "You are free of the job, you have already paid me. In fact," and he addressed the crowd in a loud voice saying, "A free round of Vinomiel for everyone," but Tsagadar insisted, "Let me help you serve anyway, you can forget about it.

-Well, thank you my friend, consider yourself always welcome in my inn.

Then the innkeeper walked away from the bar and it was at that moment that he would implement his plan.

He approached the keg of ale, poured a round to deliver them to the table where the man who would be traveling on the merchant ship was sitting and covering himself with his own body so that he would not be seen, he poured the potion into one of the beers. Turning with pints of the normal and the adulterated drink, the beautiful woman stood before him.

-Hello again, Kayarib.

-My lady," he greeted her with a nervous laugh.

-Let me help you with that," taking the beers from her hands, mixing them all together, and spoiling Tsagadar's intention. Then he took out again the flask with the potion, to pour another glass, but then it occurred to him to ensure the success of his plan, pouring the whole flask into one of the barrels. In this way they would all fall under the spell.

As he carried beer to the table of the target of his plan, he made comments about how little he would like to be a sailor or travel by sea of which, supposedly, there were several things he disliked, such as the unpleasant rocking of boats by the tide, or phobia of seagulls, in short, he considered himself the antithesis of a sailor. And in another round he began to ask her general questions, but with a disinterested tone, such as "Who is in charge?" or "How much is the pay?" or "Will it last long?" Each detail he would write down behind the piece of paper where he wrote the poem, and then show that information to the Soul of Fire.

Well into the night, he poured three glasses of beer. She filled two and placed them on the bar, and as she tried to pour the third, she noticed that the keg had run out. Then the troubadour came up to him with the two glasses in her hand and said

-Well, now I think we do have some time for us," extending the beer to him, but before he raised his hand to take it, the mug was suddenly intercepted by someone else.

-If you don't mind, I'll take it," said Harin laughing and walking away.

-No, not at all. I'll have another one, cheers, my good friend," the woman turned to the innkeeper with the intention of calling him back, but Tsagadar took her by the hand, and said, "Leave it, let's go outside for a while," he went to the bar and poured himself a beer from a different barrel.

The spell was prepared in such a way that the drowsiness effect would be activated when people went to bed to sleep or lay down to rest, making them immediately fall into a deep sleep for up to twelve hours. When they awoke, they would have their sense of direction totally reversed, that was the second property of the spell. So when they thought of going somewhere, they would take

the route or transport in the exact opposite direction. This would keep all concerned who were present at the inn away from Blue City and the ship for a while. Perhaps a week.

It was very cold outside, and Tsagadar and the woman were chatting pleasantly. She was interested in the place that Tsagadar narrated in his poem, however, he told her that such a place did not exist, it was simply a figment of his imagination, what was true, was his love and respect for nature and all forms of life. When the woman finished her beer, Tsagadar proposed to go to her room and she said:

-Or better yet, I'll go ahead and wait for you in mine- she got up and in the doorway she looked at him and said -I hope to see you soon- and crossed the door.

The magician saw her keeping a smile on his face, which disappeared at the same time she did, and said.

-No, I don't think so, my Lady.

Tsagadar, almost did not sleep that night waiting for the first rays of sun to rise to leave in haste in search of the Soul of Fire. He could not continue on foot, so he took one of the horses that were in the stable. After all, their owners would take a week to find them.

But having a horse gave him a chance to detour to Blue City and see the ship. It was somewhat removed from the dock. Still, he was able to observe a few things, such as her dark sails, and a huge white mark on the main sail.

At last, he arrived at Cauce de Río Blanco, a fairly busy city, with a lot of economic and social activity, surrounded by a wide prairie and favored with good weather, some rain at certain times of the year, but no perpetual snow. She paid a visit to her friend Dania in the temple of that city. And they talked about the Auriverde. However, he did not mention anything about his current mission, at the request of the yöi himself. She took advantage of the temple to rest a little from her journey and while she slept she hoped to communicate with the spirit of the tree.

And so it was, for this one appeared to him in a new vision and said to him:

-Tsagadar, we are grateful for your help.

-Wise Auriverde spirit, it is an honor to be of service to you!

-Taäbeb, is my true yöi name. However, there will be time to discuss these matters.

-That is true. I have excellent news.

And then he told him about the ship and its destination and his mission to find the Soul of Fire and tell him all about Abya, and Taäbeb found that event timely. Then he told Tsagadar what he had to do emphasizing that the time he had was very little. And he took his leave.

Tsagadar, got out of bed, and ran out to look for Soul of Fire, he asked some guards, but no one gave him much information. Others made reference to the fact that he was a person of little talk, and he was rarely seen. There was only one thing left to do, go to the inn of that city, known as El Corceldel Honor, because it is in those places where you can find information of all kinds.

Besides, he needed to have a drink. Talking to the inn keeper, he asked her about the person he was looking for.

-The Soul of Fire, you say? Well, it's curious. You're the first person to ask about him who doesn't look like a murderer. He lives in the little house in front of the hunter's tent." Tsagadar ran away before she finished speaking, and stopped when he heard her say, "but he hasn't been here for about four months.

Then Tsagadar shrugged his shoulders, went back to the bar, crestfallen, exhausted, and took out of a pocket of his suit one of the pieces of paper to wipe the sweat from his forehead.

The Inn attendant motioned to his forehead to indicate that instead of wiping he was smearing himself with some kind of ink. Tsagadar looked at the paper and saw that it was where he had written the poem, with the ink running from the wetness, and then turned the paper over. Then he made that face again when an idea occurs to him that enlightens his understanding.

He looked up at the inn keeper and said, "My lady, just by any chance, do you have a pen and paper?"

CHAPTER

III

THE GOOD SEED IS LOST

It has been related that the Pemón consider the amaiyöi, mother spirits that live in a tree. Mothers, because in one way or another, the existence of every Pemon is linked to the trees, since their ancestors, those who saw the last kaärib leave for the volcano, became the first Pemons, and had a second chance to live, after the defeat of Apok Wükimü.

On the other hand, they considered the direct descendants of the last kaärib as fruits of the trees. These maintained their lineage and their offspring maintained it by half, together with their strength, gifts, abilities and longevity. Thus there were semikaärib among the Pemon for several generations. At the upper edge of Abya was the Ö'sököpan region. An extensive sandy coast, bathed by the ocean to the north, or "the Paruimü" as the Pemon called it, and populated with palms, mangroves and other aquatic trees resistant to the salinity of the sea. There lived To'Keurume, daughter of Kaäre, the warrior kaärib of that region who confronted Apok. This fruit, from the now Kaäre'yöi, made a family with a man of the new Pemón people and they had two sons, Ye'keurun and Tse'keurun. The brothers studied healing and magic and being descendants of the latter, they knew the tradition and were obsessed with it. One day they tried to invoke the ancient one, as they wanted to learn from its infinite wisdom, but that story of the promise made by the amaiyöi to the Kaärib, had really awakened in one of them, Ye'keurun, the ambition to possess immortality.

As they invoked the spirit of the tree, they reached a very high level of concentration. In his trance, Ye'keurun could hear a voice that was not human, nor was it a good voice. It sounded hoarse, gurgled and rumbled only in his head. But he understood what it said in his heart. These were not the exact words, but it said something like:

-You are kaärib, and you have the right to be immortal. Your heart desires it, does it not, and has the will of your kaärib heart become as insignificant as that of a pemon?

He wanted to answer and confront him, but he could not speak. The voice did not hear him, it only drilled those words into his soul, until he no longer felt like answering what he should. Before he awoke, he heard one last whisper as if the sound was coming from his ears, like steam from the mechanisms of a locomotive, and the voice never spoke to him again.

Tse'keurun never knew of his brother's strange experience, and no one knew what happened to him until what never crossed their minds occurred. While everyone slept, Ye'keurun arose, late in the dawn, with his faceguard on his back. He took the path to the Usuk Pass at the base of the mountain range, and stopped in front of Kaäre'yöi. He knelt in front of the tree, but never looked up or opened his mouth to utter a word. He frowned and clenched his fist to take what he brought with him, a kaärib axe, made of wood, skin and sharp stone like glass, left by Kaäre, as a souvenir before going for Apok and being turned into the Sacred Tree of that region.

With this axe, Ye'keurun, in a trance, brought down the tree that was his ancestor and master of the weapon. As you may be thinking, it was the voice, who poisoned his heart with greed and greed engendered evil in his soul. Before the sun rose at dawn, Kaäreyoï was pieces of wood torn, crushed, shredded. With each blow, its leaves, golden as the sand of the shore, fell like tears of a silent weeping. The last branch fell, and generated a frightening noise in the ears of the Pemons, although it did not really sound anything, for it was the voice of Arawanya from the great rock, which made them wake up. Ye'keurun also awoke from his trance and realized what he had done. He was elated and filled with fear from the strange taste of hatred in his mouth, and the pain in his veins from the cold in his blood; for his heart had stopped. As his consciousness returned, he could feel in a second that his heart began to beat. He knew he was dead, but it was the essence of the voice that spoke to him, that took him as being. He saw the axe on the ground next to the pieces of wood and understood what had happened. He took the axe and ran to explain that it was not him but the voice.

Nobody believed him, only his brother, for he was a Kaärib, and if there is one thing the Kaärib have, it is words. Then, over the remains of that amaiyoï, a light suddenly appeared, so intense that it hurt the eyes, they could not keep them open. They all heard a serene voice, but it sounded a little sad, it was Arawanya.

At last Ye'keurun and Tse'keurun had achieved what they wanted, to invoke Arawanya, but they would not like what they were about to hear. Arawanya addressed all the Pemon present and said:

-A hidden desire in the heart engendered by ambition has drawn an evil essence to Abya and caused Ye'keurun to betray his ancestor. The one who one day gave his life for you.

In the midst of the request Ye'keurun thought of escaping the hatred of his people, and ran towards the ascent to Usuk Pass. His brother tried to stop him, but wounds subdued him. Ye'keurun ran without turning around, he thought only of his betrayal, and that, moreover, because of him his brother would die.

Ye'keurun's figure was last seen crossing the Usuk Pass, the only path that takes you into the heart of Abya, unless you skirt Lake Usuk to the western shore called Rak-Anek, the drier side of Abya, and walk the coast of a long mountain range devoid of paths or passes, until you find an open flank to enter Abya in the cold south. Or sail some distance along the north coast towards dawn and find the steep trail that takes you up the Paruimü Pass to Lake Takariwüa, a landlocked lagoon and home to large, aggressive black bears, from which there will be no way to pass unseen. But we will talk about the Abya regions later.

Ye'keurun was wrong about his brother for he did not die. After the commotion, Arawanya took the axe, turned to the Pemon and said in a kind voice.

-Only you can keep this evil essence at bay. Rage, evilness, greed will serve as food for it to grow and become matter. To destroy the world as we know it. Forgiveness and kindness will drive it out; benevolence and love will banish this being.



Arawanya turned to Tse'keurun to tell him more, but he felt he had already said too much. Tse'keurun wanted to interrupt him to apologize for his brother, but Arawanya spoke first.

-Each carries his own burden, each must conquer his own being. This is not your burden. You have not yet found your essence, see that it does not defeat you when you find it.

After these words, Arawanya extinguished his glowing light, which mixed with the rays of the morning sun.

The stricken Tse'keurun tried to get up, but collapsed powerless and weeping, and a feeling of great trepidation overcame his soul. He also felt that his people would never forgive him, despite Arawanya's words. As he lay on the ground, drowning in his sorrow, he saw a shadow envelop him. He looked up, but could not see whose face it was, for the sun blinded his vision. An outstretched hand and the figure's gentle voice lessened the poor man's pain and despair.

-Forgiveness and kindness drive out the evil being.

It was a young woman, modest and sincere, that is, she did not let herself be influenced by the general opinion, but preferred to listen and draw her own conclusions. She was the only person who did not leave the place immediately, but waited to speak with Tse'keurun. The name of this woman was Aätaura.

Aätaura bent down a little and took Tse'keurun by the arm, put hers around his neck and lifted him up energetically, and with a little smile and eyes as clear as the rays of the morning sun and a look as warm as the rays of the cold morning sun, she said to him:

-Let us banish this evil essence from this land," and they walked slowly away.

Tse'keurun made a life with Aätaura; who with her noble and true love freed him from those nights of terrible and repetitive nightmares in which he found his dead brother hidden under rocks near a giant four-headed serpent. For him this dream was always inexplicable.

Both thought that good wishes and love, what they called "good seed", would drive away the essence, they thought that forming a family would not contravene that warning enunciated by Arawanya, and in a way, they were right, as long as there was no evil in the hearts, there would be no way to attract the essence. And so it was from this love that two children were born.

Life for Tse'keurun made sense again. It was Aätaura and the family that was on the way. When Aätaura was pregnant, Tse'keurun would lie beside her to talk to her children still inside their mother's womb. More than anything else, he wanted to see them, to play with them, to teach them everything a father should teach and to form good leaders for the people. He would sing them a song to invite them to be born.

What are you doing in there?

Let's go play

*in the river, the meadow
butterflies to catch
How many can you catch?
How long can you resist
underwater without breathing?
What are you doing in there?
Come now, come now
Higher up are the clouds
That don't stop walking.
With this magic bag
We'll also catch.
And on moonless nights
We'll also go for a walk
And our friends the cocuiös
Will light our path.
Let's go out to explore
Impatient here I wait for you.
What are you doing in there?
Come now, come now.
And before daybreak
we'll be back home
full of adventures
of stories, of memories.
And you don't have to worry
because we'll release them
the little traveling cloud
and the vain butterfly,
and as we say goodbye
we'll watch them fly
And also the cocuiö
with its luminous tail*

*that never stops shining
it will climb and climb very high
until it can't climb any higher
and it will be confused with the stars
impossible to count
What are you doing in there?
Come on, let's go play.
I've told you that out here
there's a world waiting for you,
What are you waiting for?
I already want to meet you
to wait, I despair
What are you doing in there?
Come now, come now*

First a girl was born, whom they named Naärael. Tall in stature, with golden skin, almost as bright as the sun, or as her mother's enamored eyes at the sight of Tse'keurun. From a very young age she showed great intelligence, speed and strength. As she grew up she devoted herself to the wielding of magic, and bow and arrow defense. Twelve moons later, Yekeërel was born, a child very skilled with his hands, a creator of useful things. It is said that it was he who invented the pots seen in the villages of Abya, using fire and clay. He is an inveterate dreamer and explorer. Travel and discovery were part of his daily routine. Since he was a child, he used to follow hunters on the sly in order to reach more distant places. However, the stories told by the elders about the Kaärib warriors excited him and when he was old enough he dedicated himself to learning how to handle an axe.

They were two prodigious children, who would fill any village with pride, but not Ö'sököpan; they never looked upon them favorably. Although, this was not the only calamity they had to go through. While still infants, they had to face the hardest of times, the loss of their parents. They died of a strange affection that made them fall in bed, consuming little by little their vital force. The shamans tried everything in their power, but were unable to restore their health. In the region, it began to be heard among the inhabitants that the origin of the illness was disobedience to Arawanya's command, and that those responsible for his death were his children Naärael and Yekeërel.

However, the semikaärib children counted on the protection of Parahuul, brother of Aätaura, who came to love them as much as if they were his own. Parahuul was their main teacher, he taught them from Abya the history that he lived and that their parents told him. He told them about the beauties of Abya, its regions, the Nosan River and its waterfalls, the Tanno River, vast and with waters as gentle as they are dangerous, the long western wall that makes the night come faster. The southern ear, mountainous, with a deadly cold climate and home of the Morok Island, dark and little visited because it is only rock covered by snow and sea. The House of the Sun, a vast, desolate, dry and hot region east of Abya.

He told them of magnificent stories of the great rock, the plateau of solid, imposing, indestructible rock rising to the very clouds between the two great rivers of Abya and protected by a dense forest of huge, ancient and strong trees in the region of Wu'ta-Müik, the most fertile and full of life of all, the very heart of Abya.

Also about Mount Apok-Erichak, the Great Dead Volcano, of which you already know its history and its relation to the origin of the sacred trees of each region and their goodness, and how they helped to maintain the balance and health of Abya and its living beings.

All these wonderful places were found ascending the Usuk Pass, but their home, their ewük, was Ö'sököpan, the region to the north, of extensive sandy coasts, populated with palm trees and succulent bushes, of waters that harbor fish of all kinds that constantly supply them with food. This settlement was established at the base of a basin, formed by the great western wall, from the Usuk peak, and the convergence of the mountain chain that extends along the entire northern end from east to west. Mountain peaks rise at this convergence, tearing the clouds, and stealing a few raindrops from them before dropping them. The rocks guide this crystalline spring to a well, the Kak-winü well or sky well, and then descend into a waterfall called the Waröpo Pass Waterfall. This gives rise to a small well and the Ö'sököpan stream, the only source of fresh water in the village, which ends up flowing into Lake Usuk.

Although Parahuul told everything he knew, he preferred to leave out some topics, such as, for example, the remains of a tree near the Usuk pass path, the existence of a paternal uncle and the words of Arawanya, about the Kaärib lineage.

That the children's curiosity would be aroused was a matter of time, it was inevitable, for every account of the regions, the creatures, the landscapes, fed the desire to see those places for themselves, especially Yekeërel. Fortunately, his distracted mind, traveling in dreams to those regions of Abya, kept him longer away from what happened with the amaiyöi of Ö'sököpan. Naärael, on the other hand, much more observant and analytical, even at a very young age, was able to sense that something was missing in the stories, that there were loose ends.

One day while they were fishing offshore in the Paruimü, she asked her uncle:

-Parahuul, you always tell us about the sacred trees, about Arawanya and the last kaärib, and the amaiyöi, but you never tell us about what happened to ours. Who and why did he bring it down? Why don't you ever tell us about it? Parahuul was on the end of the kanwa, his back to her. Fortunately for him, she could not see his face, for she would have noticed the great astonishment

on his face when he heard that awkward, but expected question. However, he did not turn to look at her.

-It's late," he said, "we should go back.

Doubts, uncertainty, conjectures, hypotheses, dreams, nightmares accumulated in a second in Naärael's mind during Parahuul's bestowing silence, until she heard -In ewük we can talk.

Parahuul knew it wouldn't make Naärael forget his unknowing, but it would buy a little time, while he organized the ideas.

Arriving home, they were in time for the "Eremuk", the daily gathering of the region around the main village fire, in which they perform songs of thanks to Abya. This also served Parahuul to buy more time. Although Naärael did not protest as she is the one who helps the elder guide during the meeting, which for her is an honorable and beautiful responsibility.

When the meeting ended, they all retired to their ewük, Naärael tried to bring up the subject:

-Uncle, what happened to our amaiyöi? I want to hear.

But Parahuul needed more time to think about everything, what he had to tell -Wait,- he told her sharply -keep your restlessness. Whatever you wish to know, you shall hear. But your brother must hear too," as he sat down by the fire.

Parahuul took the fish and began to prepare them, quietly. Only the crackling of the burning wood interrupted that silence, but the glow in Naärael's eyes was more intense than the volatile sparks of the fire, and they burned, with more scorching force than the incandescent wood, Parahuul's patience.

It became late and Yekeërel still did not arrive. Naärael and Parahuul were now inside the ewük, without uttering words. Naärael's questions and certain suspicions crushed his peace. Her uncle's silence made her nestle more doubts. She would not wait any longer, she knew that some of what he was going to tell her would not be to her liking, and although Parahuul ordered her to wait, she was going to ask again with more forcefulness.

At the instant Naärael takes a breath to raise her voice, a sudden shadow was cast over them. It was Yekeërel, arriving from the summit of the basin, where he climbed almost daily to observe the distant lands of Abya, and even visit them with his imagination.

-They arrived early. Was it bad fishing?

Now a chill in Parahuul's thought numbed his thoughts. He could only think that at last the day had come.

-It is necessary to sit down now, to hear an important part of the tradition.

Naärael took a deep breath, Yekeërel did not understand the tense atmosphere and the nervous tone of his uncle's answer. Nevertheless, they followed Parahuul and sat closer to the fire.

Parahuul told the young ones what you already know, the event known in Abya as the betrayal of Ye'keurun. What you must know now is the reaction that Naärael and Yekeërel had to the fact of being descendants of Kaärib, something that excited them, however, it was not enough to counteract the pain of knowing they were the blood of one who, for ambition, betrayed a sacred being, besides feeling deceived for having been denied, for so long, that truth. This was the longest night for the sibling.

Naärael understood in part, the hatred of the people towards them, then, another great unknown invaded her soul: the relation of the death of their parents with that curse.

Parahuul told them that it was almost impossible to obtain answers, since the only one who could know was Arawanya. From there, Naärael got into her head, the idea of finding him and asking him. Yekeërel was invaded by a feeling of guilt, of rage for what that essence did to his family; he felt like taking revenge, so his happy, creative soul, full of imagination, turned to a single idea, to fight against evil, as in the past, his ancestors faced Apok Wükimü. Then he decided to go in search of this essence, but he did not mention it out loud.

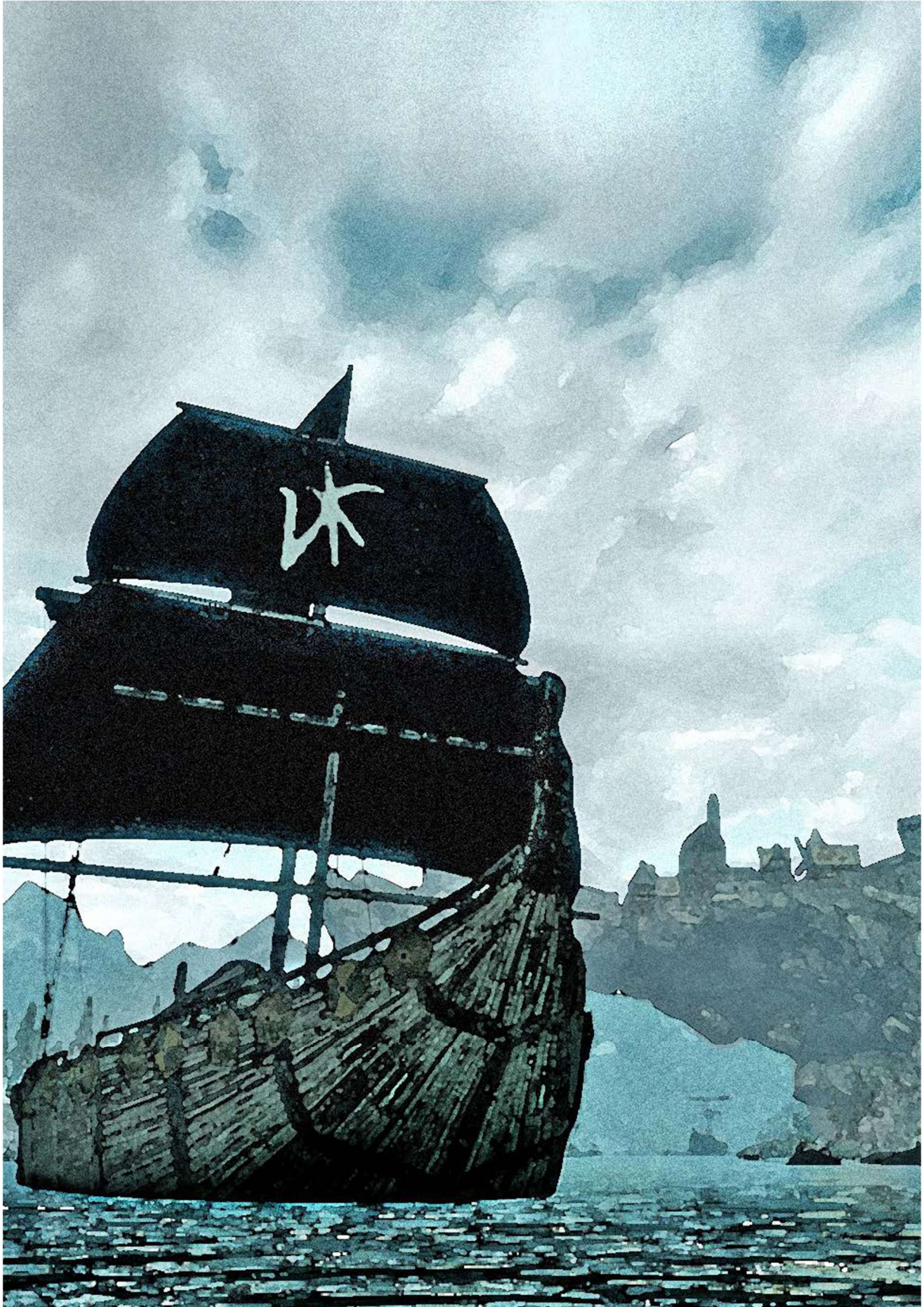
He knew that his sister would prevent him, or she would try to accompany him, she would not stand for something bad to happen to him. So he waited for them to fall asleep. He took his axe, his skin tent and left in total silence.

He also knew that they would be looking for him, so he decided to wait near the top of the basin, from where he would observe who would come out to look for him, they would have no trail to follow and would be disoriented, so he would have an advantage to take his course to the bowels of Abya.

Dawn arrives a little late at Lake Usuk, as the mountainous walls that form the basin make the sun visible at mid-morning. This, in addition to the torrent of feelings, ideas and conjectures that kept Naärael's mind awake, made her wake up very late.

When she did, he was gone. Neither was Parahuul, in fact, all the men and women hunters were gone. They were trying to get Yekeërel.

That day, the campfire was not lit in the morning as usual, there was more silence than usual. Naärael stood, looking toward the Usuk Pass, her eyes filled with tears. She felt afraid that she would never see her brother again. She felt that all was lost and she had the terrible feeling that her only option was to go to his rescue.



CHAPTER
IV
A LONG JOURNEY

It has been said that Abya is a gigantic and fascinating territory, however, Abya coexists with other territories as big or bigger than itself. In the farthest west and north of Abya, a mountain range rises and is lost between the sky and the sea, with this same northwest course.

No Pemon have ventured into this region, in principle because it does not interest them. Everything they need is in Abya. Most of them have not imagined that after those mountains the world continues.

For them, the world is surrounded by the Paruimü, or great lake. Among the oral traditions they pass on to their youngest children is the creation of the land that is their home:

*In the beginning, there was only the infinite sky
and the lake (Paru)
that joined there at the ends,
far away where the sight gets tired.
From his house Weyu left, and on his journey he saw everything.
Everything below,
everything above.
Until he began to get confused
because below and above were the same
"paru rora, kak rora" said Weyu,
he didn't know which was which
because everything was blue and flat
everything, even though it was there, was infinite and empty.
So in order not to get lost anymore
I would grant one something that would differentiate one.
And Weyu said:*

*"Only the sky will be infinite,
because there I and other spirits live.
Paru will be different because a great rock
I will raise in its bosom,
Non(earth) will have for name
And I will be able to say now Non po, (down).
And I will cease to be confused,
There I will arrive, it will be my home too.
And if heaven is my home and the home of others,
Non, it will be home to others too.
Paru will no longer be infinite, but everything will occupy
Here and there, down below, inside the stone;
Paruimü, now it will be
For there is nothing else there".
And so it was that all kinds of beings
all kinds of beings began to appear,
plants, animals, spirits
because Weyu said that
Non would be the home of all.*

Although, some of the same elders who told this, believed that Abya was part of something bigger and that the sun and stars are not only seen by them.

That something bigger is the continent Tierra de Fuego, which in turn is part of Pakca, as you may well remember.

Far to the west of Abya, several moons' journey away, is Tierra de Hielo, another vast continent, much more heterogeneous in life forms and civilizations; from very primitive, to the most organized. Although, along with civilization, conflicts, wars, betrayals, invasions, confrontation and divisions have come, it also gave rise to the formation of noble fellow citizens, warriors, merchants, farmers and masters of different arts such as alchemists, blacksmiths, magicians, to which they dedicated their lives without harming anyone.

Among these noble warriors, there is a very particular one, a hero, so to speak, who, as if predestined by a prophecy, arrived by chance to save Pakca from a danger of apocalyptic magnitude. Surely you have heard of the world-devouring dragons.

Now, this hero is a rare individual who was born with the blood and soul related to the dragons, but with the body of a mortal. That is, he is in appearance a normal person, but with certain special qualities granted by his gift, such as absorbing from a dragon defeated in battle all its power with the devastating effects of what this means, because his breath becomes a lethal weapon, capable of launching from a great blazing flame, to relentless blizzards of colossal force that lifts heavy beasts like bears and trolls into the air. But of this I am sure you have heard some tales, just as you have heard that this person is known as the Soul of Fire.

Alma de Fuego lives in the shire of Cauce de Río Blanco, famous in Tierra de Hielo for its privileged central location, which gives it an advantage from a commercial point of view. It is an obligatory passage for merchants of all kinds. The economic life has allowed it to develop and become a very pleasant city.

Here, a modest property belonging to this mystic character, although it is not his only property. He also has a small house in Ciudad de Roca, and another in Colinas del Viento and a mansion in Ciudad Azul, for as you can imagine, a hero has to travel a lot and his heroic exploits have generated him a certain fortune.

One day, while he was away from Cauce de Río Blanco, a messenger arrived, knocked on the door, but got no answer. So he left the missive underneath and withdrew.

The Soul of Fire, at that moment, was returning from one of his many adventures. He was returning from the west, from the shire of City of Ruins, a rocky area, with many mountains, sharp cliffs and great canyons. There you can find several dwarven ruins, which is very good, because it is very easy to enter and get valuable pieces made of pure gold, even find ingots, but it can also be very bad, because to reach those objects you must go into corridors infested with traps and deadly automatons or animunculi. So, getting out alive is already good pay.

But the Soul of Fire did not return empty-handed, in fact, he brought with him a good loot, although that is what was always believed; it was not known for sure how much he brought in his backpack, because he did not discuss it with anyone, which is obvious to do. Perhaps for that reason, in the village he is considered to be someone of few words, although to be honest, the inhabitants of Cauce de Río Blanco also find him a bit strange and extravagant, and dangerous for the Shire.

He had to go to Colinas del Viento, but first he would sleep in his quarters in Cauce de Río Blanco, to rest, of course, and also to keep his treasures at home.

Arriving at the citadel, he stopped at the stables, dismounted Atheor, his beautiful and giant black horse, left him and continued on foot with his things, going up towards the main gate.

The guards at the gate remain assigned there for several weeks. But Fire Soul is absent for longer than that, and always finds new guards, usually new arrivals, to whom, his companions, used to give references of Fire Soul as a violent dragon-slaying warrior, who ate them for their strength and immortality.

As Soul of Fire approached the door a guard intercepted him and said:

-Wait, I know you, you are the Soul of Fire, right? Hey, is it true that you absorb the power of dragons when you defeat them?

Soul of Fire doesn't answer him, and lowers some of the things he was carrying. The helmet he was wearing darkened his eyes, which made his attitude more expressionless. Then suddenly he reached into his bag, and the guards were alerted, but in vain because what came out of that bag was a dragon bone.

The guard, a little frightened by his sudden movement, felt intimidated, but abusing his confidence, he joked with him again and extended his hand as a sign of wanting to take the bone. When Fire Soul was handing it to him, the guard removed his hand, letting the bone fall to the ground.

-And what do you do when you are assaulted by bandits on the road? Do you sprout dragon wings and fly away? Ha ha.- The other guard, who did not agree with what his arrogant friend was doing, did not laugh at his joke and took a step back as he thought that Fire Soul would demonstrate his draconic power and tear him to pieces, because he had heard that the cry of Fire Soul could make you fly up to several tens of steps.

Fire Soul, without mediating a word, or making a gesture, bent down to take the bony piece, which caused a strange star-shaped amulet containing magical crystals, known as the Purple Star, to peek out of the steel armor. They are magical because these stones can absorb the energy residing in the vitality of living beings, such as animals and even dehumans, through the use of black magic.

The braggart guard knew about this and upon seeing the Purple Star, he felt completely frightened and regretful of his behavior, but not as much as when he noticed that Fire Soul's left hand emitted a purple glow similar to the color of the star's gems and at the same time as the star.

The insolent guard now stared at the star, scared to death, and felt the steady gaze of Fire Soul, his eyes illuminated by the rays of light from the amulet and his hand. The man could not move with dread, so the fearsome sorcerer continued on his way, opening the great gates to enter the citadel of Cauce de Río Blanco.

Once the gate was closed, Soul of Fire raised his left arm to the sky, opened his hand and a huge firefly flew out. She smiled for she had fooled the guards. It was all a trick of illusion that she cast upon them, which made the piece of bone look like the amulet of the Purple Star and blended the glow of the firefly with the purple hue of the sunset of that summer solstice day.

As soon as she opened the door, as soon as she crossed it, she dropped the bag she was carrying full of gold, jewels, pieces and ingots of different materials and many other things that made it very heavy. He went on, but he did not notice a letter that was on the floor a few inches away, he stepped on it with his left foot, with his steel boots full of the mud of the Fort Boscoso region still fresh, which made the letter stick to his foot. He picked up a green apple that was on a small table and lay down on a chair in the living room near the fire as he always used to do. He likewise threw his boots into the fire in the fireplace in order to kill any disease he brought with him in his boots.

He took off his right boot and threw it into the flames, near the center, leaving space for the other boot to enter. Then he did the same with the other boot, but as soon as he released it, he realized that something was stuck to the sole. Realizing that it was some kind of paper, he released the half-finished apple into the air, put his hand into the fire, pulled out the metal boot that was already burning his hand, and blew to extinguish the flame that was consuming what he could see for sure, a sealed letter. Fortunately the mud kept the fire at bay; so much so that the sealing wax seal did not melt. However, the fire lingered around the dry edges and could burn much of the information. Suddenly, Fire Soul's hand turned white and began to condense into a mist that quickly became very dense. Ice crystals formed, and the fire was extinguished and the letter and boots crunched in a "cric" and were covered with icy frost. Then he dropped the boot and the ice cracked, separating the letter from the frozen slush.

Then he picked up the letter and looked at the seal mark. He didn't recognize who it was from, but knew immediately that it was a naval merchant, then guessed what it was, an offer of employment. He got it absolutely right, but grimaced in disgust when he saw the apple lost on the floor on muddy remains, all for a simple job offer.

The contents of the letter read:

Kind regards,

I am Captain Vjelkr, a naval merchant with a historical family tradition of more than eight generations in this business.

I am putting together a crew of brave men and women to undertake a voyage over the Pacific Ocean, to the other side of the world.

Our mission is to move goods and valuables entrusted to us across the dangerous sea. The destination, the continent of Tierra del Fuego. It is a two-month voyage if the sea is good, so the pay is excellent.

I offer 8,000 septims on arrival at destination.

If you are interested, look for me at the Blue City Inn.

C. Vjelkr

Fire Soul closed the letter and looked at the seal trying to understand the figure in low relief on the sealing wax.

-It's a long trip," he said sighing, "Two months at sea, or rather four considering the return, good pay," he thought as if looking for plus points.

-What can go wrong?

CHAPTER

V

FIRE AND WOOD

Now, turning our attention to Abya, events were unfolding there that were long withheld behind a hidden truth. Yekeërel managed to outwit the commission that went out in pursuit of them, for it was he who was after them, just as he planned. As they left Usuk Pass, a group descended towards the village of Paru-Nosan to ask if they had seen him. Another group turned south, although speaking in Abya terms, we should say towards the Cold Rim. This was the path Yekeërel needed, so he went after that group, hiding among the vegetation which became denser and lusher as they reached the limits of the fertile heart of Abya, the region of Wu'ta-Müik.

The pace was very slow, as the Ö'sököpan Pemons made a radial check of the surface every few steps. They practically progressed three steps and retreated two. They stayed like this for four days and when they found no trace of Yekeërel, they felt exhausted and confused, so much so that the idea that he became a cloud and flew away with the wind was the most logical explanation for the lack of success in their mission.

As night fell, the Pemon set up camp, and Yekeërel knew they were going to return to Ö'sököpan. So he stealthily left the group. Hiding in the canopy, jumping over the strong branches of the trees, he followed their path, leaving them far behind in the thick jungle. Yekeërel sensed that he would not return to his village, but in reality it would not be the last time he would see his people.

The height of the trees gave him a better view of what lay ahead. So it was that he could see some activity in the jungle. It was the setting up of another camp. -It can't be," he exclaimed, "My people couldn't have gone ahead," so he raised his guard and moved more stealthily through the branches. In truth, he was somewhat annoyed because he wanted to get down from the trees and move through the thicket. He approached the crowd and knew immediately that they were not pemons.

he knew immediately that it was not Pemon, when he saw how they were knocking down some trees. Their branches were cut into pieces and thrown into a large bonfire. This Dantesque scene of fire and wood caused astonishment in Yekeërel, but he was even more amazed to see the strange creatures that were destroying everything in their path. They were eneks, and it was the first time anyone had seen one of them.

Among the eneks he could distinguish two types, one of them, the most numerous, was small in size, they looked like dwarfs, macabre looking, eyes bulging out, but small, they did not seem to have a nose, and when walking they had a hunched posture and their skin looked decayed, rotten. With long fingers and sharp nails, fast, but coarse. There was also another type of creature that was much taller and slower, but seemed to have more strength and command there. It was difficult to describe as its body was covered with branches, rags of skin and a prominent skeleton

on its head, an elk skull, which covered its face. Based on these characteristics, he gave those things a name, thus, he called the dwarves Makoi ikö, which in your language would translate to "rotten devil", while the tall one he named Nek Potori, which means "chief of the animals".

Yekeërel, felt a little fear and at the same time satisfaction because his search had borne fruit earlier than he expected. He sensed that these things were related to the essence, because they definitely did not belong to Abya.

In that he had been right, although he was unaware that this encounter was part of a trap set by this evil entity called Imoronek, the master of the eneks. Imoronek could sense the presence of the bearer of the very blood of the one who once brought him to the physical plane, through the anger that fueled his desire for vengeance, since the day he left Ö'sököpan. So he resolved to send "easy signs" to lure it to him. He summoned these creatures and ordered them to set up three camps in Abya. The troop of eneks set out from the island, heading north. Of these, a small group stayed at Erichak Pass, so called because of its proximity to the headwaters of the Erichak River that you surely remember, and the rest continued on their way to other destinations in the heart of Abya. Now you know what the Eneks did in that region.

As Yekeërel watched, he planned what he was going to do. He moved towards a neighboring tree that was about to be felled and dropped down with the tree cushioned between the branches. Amidst so much noise and things falling, he was able to pass unnoticed. A group of wraiths approached the fallen tree to pluck branches and stems for the fire and suddenly, without warning, a sharp, glass-cutting blade ripped through their necks. As every Abya hunter knows well, that blow must generate a deep cut that reaches the vocal cords, in order to prevent the prey from alerting the herd with a shriek. In addition, he would grab the creatures by the feet (or paws) and pull them forcefully through the branches to leave no trace.

As you will see, these eneks were not very strong, but they were numerous. And in large numbers they could be a danger. Yekeërel's plan allowed him to lower the enemy ranks by half, before they noticed his presence and although the number was still considerable, he was sure that it would not be a problem for a semi-kaärib.

The enek were all attacking at the same time, but the speed of Yekeërel's axe was greater. Nek Potori was the most difficult to defeat because of his long arms and claws. It would have been easier to have a bow and arrow support, especially his sister Naärael, with whom he made an excellent team. However, the enek's height and weight were his disadvantage and being able to surround him and attack him from behind was the way he managed to defeat him.

It could be said that he won the victory easily in his first battle, but when he knocked down the last specter standing, he was left breathless. Then with the help of a branch, he separated the embers of the bonfire to try to extinguish it, so as to prevent the company that was looking for him from noticing that signal and luring them to him.

As he was doing this, a still-living wraith rose stealthily, and leapt upon the unsuspecting Yekeërel. Hugging him tightly with his legs behind his back and choking him with one arm and trying to snap his neck. He grabbed Yekeërel's axe and threw it into the remaining fire. Yekeërel

was about to free his arms when the specter cleaved its teeth, covered with its own poisonous and evil blood, into his right shoulder. Yekeërel felt that bite like a terrible burn, melting from the middle of his face and down to the hand of the wounded arm. At last he freed his arms and opened the creature's jaws and threw it to the ground.

Yekeërel took a stake to finish the specter, but another intense pain shook him. This one was like sharp, cutting thorns running through his bloodstream, spreading through his body and spreading the pain everywhere, this time with a deadly coldness. It was so sharp that it made him succumb and fall to his knees near the creature. This one did not fight anymore and even though it knew it was about to be eliminated, it did not stop showing a sinister smile, which then turned into laughter. However, it did not last long laughing.

Having finished putting out the fire, Yekeërel continued on his way, with the idea of reaching the highest part of the Paru-Tanno basin. There he would rest and could have a better view of what was happening in Abya, since that region is part of the shortest path linking the north with the south.

The desire for revenge fired his heart, made him draw strength from where there was none and keep up the pace. However, the fatigue of the battle left him exhausted. The wound did not stop bleeding, it was as if the poison was taking all the blood out of Yekeërel's body to take its place. His vision became blurred. He could barely make out the path in the gloom.

At that moment he had gone farther than he had ever gone before in his life, but not far enough to reach the hill he had hoped for. Suddenly he felt he couldn't breathe, his breath came out, but he couldn't suck in any more air, his legs began to give out. -It's the poison. I am poisoned," he said in his thoughts.

As if he were submerged under water, he began to feel suffocated. The strange poisoning of that wound took effect and Yekeërel fell on the vegetation and fainted until he became unconscious, plunged into a deep sleep.

The sun rose, and Yekeërel was still lying on the ground. The warm rays of the morning reflected on his face. He felt he should wake up, but his eyes did not open. He seemed possessed by sleep. He saw himself on the steppe and stretched out his hand to grab his arm and wake up. Suddenly, the warm feeling on his face turned cold and sharp as if it had become night again and an intense pain in his foot made him open his eyes. He saw that he was being dragged down the hill with great force, as he came to his senses, he could tell that a huge four-headed snake had caught him with one of its jaws.

Uselessly he tried to grab hold of vegetation, branches, trees, rocks; everything was passing beneath him at great speed. The snake reared up with Yekeërel grabbed by one foot, lifting him from the ground a considerable number of meters, head down and facing the whitish, scaly belly of the beast. Although he was in a far from comfortable situation, Yekeërel, could notice that the rest of the snake's body was hidden in the Tanno River, so he did not know how big it was. He also noticed that on its left side there were three heads. He thought it was the end of him, for it seemed impossible to defeat that animal after he had lost his stone axe.

Then, he noticed something moving on the ground. It looked like a pemon, he could not distinguish if it was a man or a woman, both because of the distance and the diffusion of that figure, but it was definitely someone helping him; which gave Yekeërel encouragement. This someone was waving from below as if to attract the monster's attention, and was holding some kind of weapon, a small axe, perhaps too small in front of the colossus, for Yekeërel's criteria, which discouraged him again. The stranger faced the beast and gave such a strong swing that Yekeërel could hear the whirring of the axe cutting through the wind and the thunderous blow on the belly of the snake, which split it in two, plummeting vertiginously from the sky, straight into a large rock.

An instant before hitting the rock, he awoke and jumped to his feet, shaken, out of breath, as if he had been running non-stop since Ö'sököpan. Bewildered, and disoriented because it had all been a dream. He no longer felt pain or suffocation, but exhaustion. He did not know how long he had been unconscious, but it was still dark, so it was important not to waste any more time and to find a place to hide and rest. He found a shelter at the base of the western mountain range, stretched out a skin and lay down.

From there he could see the Paru-Tanno, huge, majestic, meandering towards the House of the Sun until it was lost in the jungle, reflecting the stars of that absolute night, which in turn seemed to flicker to the rhythm of the " croak, croak " of the frogs that inhabit that wetland. The cold began to intensify, and the water in the air began to condense on the stones until it began to drip. Yekeërel untied from his wuaiüko, a bag made of leather with a wooden stopper, removed the lid and placed it under the drip of pure water, with the freshness of a morning and enriched with the minerals he collected from the mountain as he slid over the rocks. This water would serve to keep him from fainting on his way. He settled into his sleeping skin and let himself be lulled by the " ploc " of each drop stored in his canteen. But his sleep was not peaceful, it was murky. His thoughts were focused on finding the essence, but also on the fact that in broad daylight, or as they would say in Abya, under the gaze of Weyu, he should move more cautiously so as not to be seen and reach the upper part of the Paru-Tanno basin.

Precisely that place was the destination of the caravan of wraiths. However, Imoronek did not know that, on that same path, another strange creature at Abya had been dwelling for a couple of days. This creature is not of the ghoulish and evil type that have been encountered recently; nor of the animal and beast kind that dwell in this wilderness, but rather of a type that is surely more familiar to you than to any of the inhabitants of Abya. She has the appearance of a feline or kaikuse, but who walks like you and me and talks like you and me, though to refer to herself she does so in the third person Her name is K'athia Ma'. About her, very little is known, for she is not much of a talker, and is seen less. She is skilled in the arcane arts, specifically the school of conjuration, however, like all Kaikuse, she possesses the innate gift of stealth, making her a dangerous and silent deadly weapon. She arrived a long time ago to Tierra de Fuego aboard one of those ships that brings merchandise from other territories to the kingdom of the Monkey-Men. But only a few moons ago he arrived in Abya through the northern isthmus, an unpopulated territory covered by an intricate cloud forest and shrouded in a perpetual fog that is not visible from the coast, and inside it is impossible to distinguish what is in front of you a few steps away.

Perhaps his developed senses and night vision, typical of the Kaikuse, allowed him to overcome this obstacle.

When she reached Abya she took the road to Rak-Anek, and it was there that she met the first Pemon. They called her "ka'ran", which means "the one who visits". And as is the custom of this people, those who come in peace are welcomed as if they were at home, with a roof, bed and food. She was also grateful to those who helped her; she shared with them and told them about what was beyond the sea, which for the Pemon was infinite. However, K'athia Ma' did not want to abuse the hospitality of the Pemon, so she left immediately. Now, I am probably guessing your thinking and I am probably right if I say that, you may ask, how is it that she could talk to the Pemones if they had their own language. Well, it's true, and I'll tell you how. She was able to do this thanks to a strange drink prepared by the Pemon elders called aähuaska, which gave whoever drank it the gift of understanding the Aärekunai. In spite of this, K'athia Ma' did not tell them about his past, nor the reason why she was in Abya. Once she left Rak-Anek it was difficult to see her again, for she chose to live a solitary life in the thicket of Abya. The time will come to learn more about K'athia Ma', so let us return to the story that has brought us here.

As said, Imoronek was unaware of K'athia Ma''s presence, for some reason he could neither see nor feel her. So, he had unknowingly sent his platoon straight to the least indicated place. K'athia Ma' had been settled for some days near the source of the Paru-Tanno. In a clearing surrounded by several rocks, she pitched her skin tent. During the day she would go out to explore the region. In the evening she would return, with some game to eat. Although she had some gadgets and spells, she always preferred to use conventional methods. She enjoyed making use of the "magic that lives in things" such as the implacable force of water when it freezes, or the sparks that sprout from metallic ores when struck, and the magnetism they acquire afterwards, or the light of fireflies that illuminate moonless nights. One day, late at night, while looking for rocks to make fire and prepare food, she heard a distant noise, dissipated between the thin fog and the soft whistling sound generated by the wind rubbing against the treetops.

It was like a " crack ", but slow, very slow, something like " craaaack " and then a momentary silence. As if a void had occurred, a missing treetop, a tree that didn't whistle anymore. Her ears twitched towards the direction of the noise, or rather the silence and she decided to go check it out. She abandoned the task of the fire and picked up her sword.

-It must be an old tree that fell. Now that's an unusual occurrence in these parts," she thought; however, she did not let her guard down and continued cautiously up the hill.

There was another noise, louder, and this time she was surprised by a flock of birds fleeing from the south, frightened by the disturbance. K'athia Ma', changed her course, more to the west, to circle the area and observe better. Her developed sense of smell was able to pick up a nauseating odor, not at all common in that pristine place. She noticed the crushed vegetation and several trees with shredded stems. -What kind of beast is this," she wondered with some concern.

She quickened her pace and reached the rocky base of the mountain. She climbed a little and resumed the path southward until she approached the source of the noise. From the top of the cliffs she was climbing, she could feel the tops of several trees shuddering to the ground. And

there she stopped, to begin to descend cautiously, for considering the diameter and strength of the tree trunks, that beast, or thing, was very powerful. The scenario worsened if he considered the possibility that instead of one there were several of them.

The truth of the matter was that the commotion was created by another group of eneks, while they were setting up camp due to their usual and remarkable clumsiness in doing things. They were tearing down trees to create a large bonfire.

These eneks were similar to the ones Yekeërel saw and defeated, but for K'athia Ma' it was the first time she saw something like that.

She lay down on a cliff sloping downward, clung to small ledges of rock and crawled a little to the edge, silently, to watch, but this was still far away. Below the edge of the cliff was one of the tall-sized eneks, the one with the face covered with the elk skull. Besides not having the view from up there, she also failed to understand what they were saying; and although they spoke in a language unknown to K'athia Ma', to her it sounded like a song, with a tone not at all pleasant, in fact, the melody inspired a mournful thought. The song went something like this:

*We were less than the shadow.
Behind the light, we were sent,
from this world, banished, submerged,
execrated to the void.
Into the cold underworld.
No more!
We have returned!
To bring at last the days
Of the end of the kingdom of life
And now let the dead reign
For selfish life
only imprisons the energy
within the bodies
and makes it alien to us.
What is the use of these trees
disgusting, loathsome trees?
Only to accumulate
universal energy?
No more!*

For they will burn, they will burn!

In the fire that liberates.

It is time to return.

It is time to rise again.

We are here, we are back.

It is time for the world

The dead reigns

There are no barriers, no borders.

We will also be free

to expand our domains

there will be no being to stop us

from fulfilling our designs

The flesh, to the bone.

The essence, to the fright.

The wind, to the storm.

The river and the lake, to the mud.

It is time to return

to resurface, here we are!

We are back!

It's time for the world

the dead reign.

This seemed very strange to her because the aähuaska was supposed to give her the ability to connect with the language spoken in Abya, unless that language was not from Abya, and apparently it was not from Pakca either. So she risked sticking her head a little further over the edge of the cliff to try to hear better, but the rock, moistened by the condensation of the water, made the hand she was holding on to slip.

She began to slide uncontrollably, chest first against the rocky surface. The thick layer of moss made it impossible to hold on to any ledge. She was going to fall on the strange beings if she did not stop. It should be mentioned that the narration of this unfortunate situation for K'athia Ma', gives the sensation of having happened slowly, but, in reality, everything happened in a fraction of a second; then, suddenly she saw a large rock from which she could grab hold of. She reached out her hand and missed it, but before she got her whole body in front of the rock, she stretched

out her leg and reached the protrusion with her foot, so she was able to avoid her descent. Unfortunately, what she could not avoid was that small fragments of the rock followed its path due to the effect of gravity and fell right next to the Nek Potori.



The place where she stopped, allowed her to glance down. The tallest one seemed to command the company. He made something like a very low growl, which attracted three of the Makoi ikö, and they began to communicate with each other. The leader retreated and two of the dwarves went off in opposite directions and while another stayed behind.

K'athia Ma' thought this was her chance to go down and defeat the one left alone, but before she could move, she felt a pain in her foot, something had grabbed her and pulled her uphill. One of the Makoi ikö had discovered her. With the same impulse with which she was pulled upwards, she was thrown towards the stone wall, against which she bounced and fell disoriented to the ground.

She rejoined as quickly as she could, seeing the approaching enek, and suddenly fell from another, higher rock, another one right in front of her. She thought about backing up a bit, but she would run into the stony wall. The foul-smelling enek was threatening her with its huge teeth and long claws, and was about to leap at her. As she did so, K'athia Ma' ran to the wall, braced herself with one foot and leapt backwards turning her body over her head and the enek's head, so that, as she fell, her back would be to the enek and as she flew, she drew her dragon bone sword, and touching the ground with a graceful and light touch, she thrust the sword hard into the back of the horrible creature.

As you may remember, the eneks attack in groups, the problem for them is that they only attack that way, so the one that was farthest away from K'athia Ma', ran out to the cliff to warn the rest with a horrible high-pitched screech. She ran behind and before the call was finished, another shriek, but of mortal wound was heard, the eneks stopped making the bonfire and looked towards the cliff now illuminated by the fire and saw the head fall first and further back the body of the creature.

The eneks collided, broke branches, hit the ground with their feet and fists, but they did not know what they were facing and seeing the decapitated body of their companion they doubted whether to face it or not, but then the Nek Potori gave another bloodcurdling scream ordering them to go up to the cliff immediately.

Suddenly, a purple sphere was generated at the base of the ledge, it was a portal of Oblitur opened by K'athia Ma', to bring an Anach, a storm elemental being, a rock golem that has the ability to wield electric lightning as powerful as the lightning bolts of the most devastating storms. This golem was linked to K'athia Ma', she was his mistress, and obeyed him from thought.

The appearance of this being with his body covered by electric discharge, caused on all the wraiths, including the chief, a nervousness and collective hysteria that caught the attention of K'athia Ma'. The eneks became more aggressive, showed their teeth, growled, but none dared to be the first to attack the Anach.

Immediately K'athia Ma', threw herself off the cliff and fell next to her elemental bond, her sword drawn and full of black blood, and checking the wounds received by the creature. And though she was almost certain it would not understand her, she spoke to them:

-K'athia Ma' does not know what the thing is, but she does not like them at all.

The leader of the eneks pointed at her and immediately four eneks rushed at her, but the golem struck its fists and a fulminating lightning bolt came out and went through the body of all of them in a concatenated manner, generating an incandescent light that blinded the rest for a few seconds, while electric shocks and shrieks of death could be heard everywhere. The leader, upon recovering his vision, saw his entire company dead and when he turned to escape through the thicket he found K'athia Ma' running straight towards him with her sword in her hand.

As you might think, the enek leader's fate was no different from the rest of the troop. Imoronek could feel all that battle and of course the bad taste of defeat in that small part of his plan. The moment K'athia Ma' opened Oblitur's portal, Imoronek understood that he was facing a master of conjuration, with more power than any other being in Abya, and he did not like it, because it was something he would have to deal with or resolve for good.

CHAPTER
VI
TRAPPED FISH

At dawn, Yekeërel sat up, but remained seated, he looked out over the Tanno River, and the meanders that makes its serene crossing to the southern delta. He thought that the strange and inexplicable dream he had was linked to the specters he saw the night before, the poisoning caused by the rotten demon's bite and that it was certainly all caused by the essence.

Then, as in a single moment, the size of a spark appearing between two rocks hitting each other, he turned around while asking a question, because for that instant, he thought of his sister Naärael, and that he was close to her.

-What do you think...?" he fell silent when he realized that he was speaking to the stone wall and concluded the sentence, "...this dream means, sister..." He put his hands to his head, and regretted not having been able to bring her. He remembered her great intelligence, her ability to interpret dreams, connecting them with logic. He thought that at this moment she would be the perfect companion for the mission, but the loss of her parents was enough grief to carry; he didn't want to lose the only thing he had left. However, she kept the memory in her mind, and continued to speak as if she were with him.

-So, Naärael, what do you say, think of a snake, describe it now," he said to himself, sitting looking eastward, facing the great Tanno River, as he drank some water.

-Well, a snake is long, it crawls along the ground, very slowly. Its body moves like ripples in the water- as he gestured with his arm, undulating it like a snake, but the pain in his shoulder, reminded him of the wound.

-What now, sister?" he continued, "Do you want me to remember things I've seen in the shape of a snake? I see. That is difficult, for I have not seen four-headed snakes, sister. One, or two, but never four," she replied jocularly.

Then he stopped joking, closed his eyes and wanted to really concentrate, to connect with his sister's memory.

-Heads, spikes, spears, four weapons? No, that's not related to anything. Again, heads, beginning, four beginnings, four beginnings, origins- and perhaps because of the proximity to the river, the word "Naciente" came to his mind, which is where a small watercourse originates and gives rise to a river -four nascents...- and he had the sensation of having something. The rising sun in the east shone directly on his face. He opened his eyes and saw the star moving away from the horizon, gaining height, and its reflection on the Tanno River.

-Long, meandering body, four springs... it is... the Paru-Tanno, is it possible, sister?" he said, impressed with himself for the finding. He stood up and contemplated the small streams that spring from the earth and join at one point to give life to the Tanno River.

Although it seemed crazy to him, he decided to go take a look; after all, he was calmer because he knew he wasn't being chased, so he could deviate a little from his original route.

He remembered from the dream, the rock he almost crashed into. From the top of the basin, he could see the four tributaries forming, however, he also saw a lot of rocks, and he became discouraged.

-What am I doing? It was just a dream, it doesn't mean anything," and he turned around to resume his course.

But then he thought it over and said to himself, "What if I don't?" So he walked towards the first tributary on the left side, to keep the connection with the dream. He looked closely at several rocks, but they all looked ordinary, except one that looked like a shelter, wider and deeper than the one he had found to sleep on. It had the appearance of being the den of a gray beast. An animal the size of a pemon, in fact, it walks on its two legs, like a pemon, but it is very aggressive and dangerous.

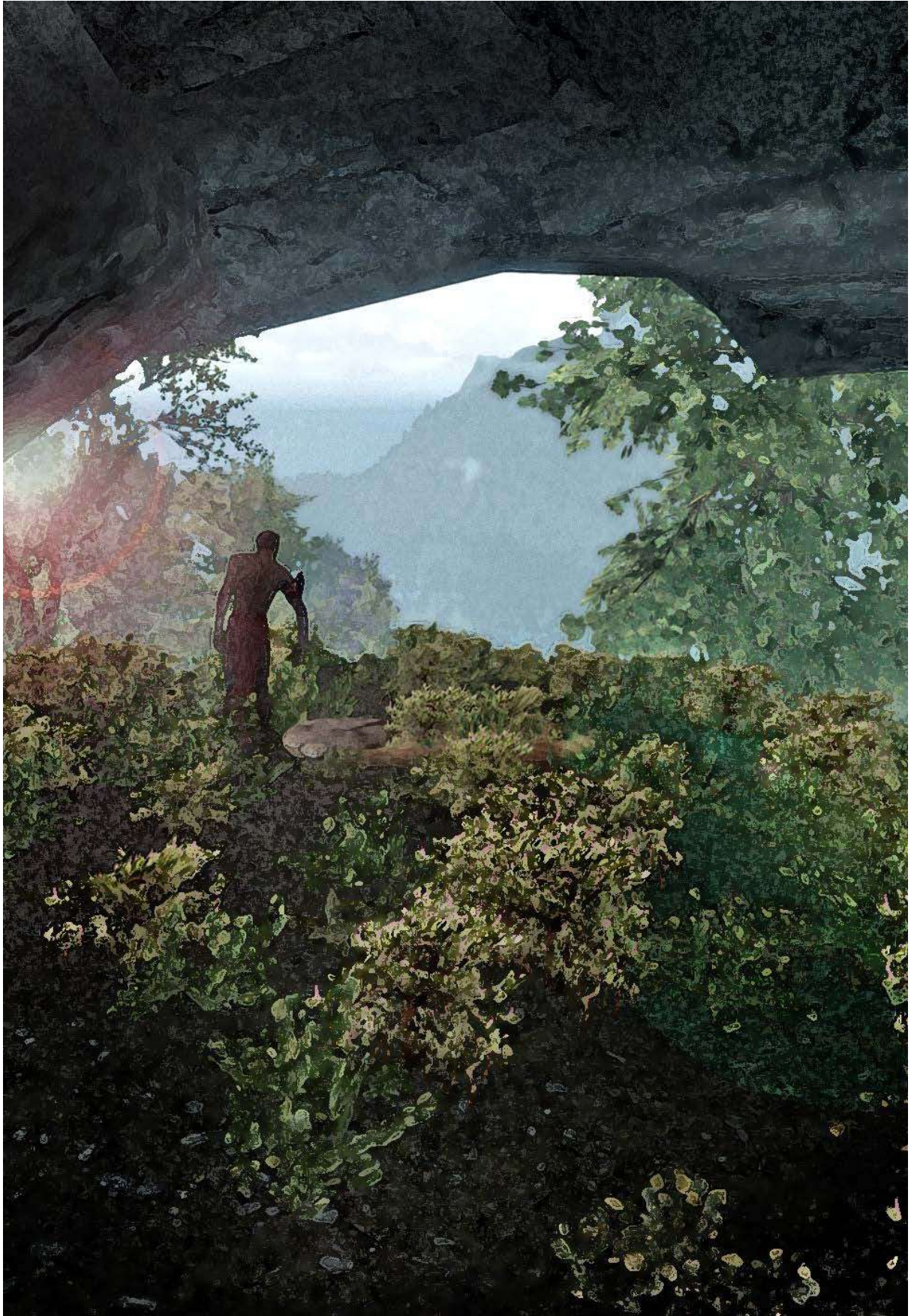
Then he was convinced that this was the shelter of this animal when he saw some remains of bones, very deteriorated, perhaps they were from the same beast already dead because the place seemed abandoned for a long time. He bent down to closely examine the bones. He also found the remains of another animal's skin, like those of a deer or tiger.

Its edges were cut in perfect straight lines, that indicated that the skin was clothing, then he thought that perhaps they were the garments of some hunter in the area who ended up being the beast's food. Afterwards, he felt stupid, believing that he could imitate his sister's intelligence when it came to interpreting dreams. -Enough wasting time," he said to himself, and got up.

As he took a step, he tapped his foot on a heavy but mobile device. It rattled under the thin, but dense, tangled vegetation growing on the floor of the shelter. He reached out to pull it out, but the vines held it to the interwoven mat of creeping stems.

He had to use both hands to pull the plants out, and he pulled so hard that when he released the thing, he fell down sitting with the object in his hand. He could not have had a better find at that moment for what he had found was a stone axe, a bit big for his taste, but it was better than having nothing at all.

-Thank you, brother or sister, whoever you were, for now you will be family," as if showing respect to whoever owned the weapon. The objects and possessions of the Pemon are very valuable because, even if they are inanimate, they are linked to their bearer. These keep their memory and can even serve as a link with them, even after their death, so the objects are kept between families and passed from generation to generation, and thus keep loved ones united forever.



Suddenly, a sudden weakness seized Yekeërel, his legs faltered, and he felt again the horrendous pain of the wound received and had to kneel down, but a few seconds later, he was able to catch his breath, to continue. He also took the clothes as they would serve as warmth in the nights, but as Yekeërel said, it is necessary to resume the path, also so the main story. Now Yekeërel felt that everything was getting better. Despite the wound in his shoulder and the general fatigue in his body, he felt that the mission had a better perspective.

As he approached the highest point of the basin, he caught a whiff of ash, earth and water. The atmosphere was rarefied with a smoke that irritated the throat. They were traces of fire, and he remembered the camp there. So he went with great caution and with his weapon drawn. But as you may know, he found nothing. The big fire seemed to have been extinguished a couple of days ago. This from the compact texture of the ash, the dampness of the night and the absence of live embers in the wood.

Quickly, he concluded that it had been a previous camp of the group he had faced. This gave him an idea of where these creatures might be coming from. And so it was that he unknowingly took, like a fish, the bait set by Imoronek. Yekeërel felt anger and accelerated his pace to continue searching. His hatred was growing and Imoronek could feel that this hatred was making him stronger.

CHAPTER
VII
LIGHT AND EMPTINESS

Imoronek longed to face Yekeërel, and his plan to lure him to him was working, perhaps with some casualties, as you may already know, but in the end, it seemed a balance in his favor, for the semi-kaärib was getting closer, and killing him, would grant him greater power to intervene in Abya, beyond appearing in dreams, or manifesting as elemental forces such as water, fire or air; Yekeërel's energy would allow him, besides creating his own army, to become a physical being.

Meanwhile, he would incorporate into his ranks other types of explorers with greater magical and combat abilities. The fangosas, specters with the appearance of diabolical old women, with iridescent skin, and carrying bones and skulls of people. They appear in streams, rivers and other bodies of water. They are very slow and rough, but they are still dangerous, because they can defend themselves with magic if they detect you from a distance, and with their poisonous claws when fighting melee, and they can also attack you underwater. The fangosas would be sent with the aim of poisoning with evil magic, the original source of life, water, and thus spread like a disease systemically throughout Abya. Similar to when a mosquito, feeding on your blood, infects it with a virus.

The spread of Imoronek over animals, plants and even the earth itself would become inevitable, the animals would become more aggressive, they would kill for pleasure and the balance would be broken, the edible plants would become toxic and the air would dry up the trees. It would be perfect chaos for Imoronek. Along with the muddies he would send sturdy and strong eneks armed with a piece of wood, of greater agility than the muddies, tasked with defending them if attacked.

He would then place other wraiths for self-defense. Eneks that are able to mimic the landscape, with the task of keeping any intruder at a distance while he summons the last members of his legion of warriors with the rest of the energy he would steal from Yekeërel's life force to kill him.

Seven wraiths that would march to strategic points of Abya to attack and conquer it. The mission of each would be to take down an amaiyöi, in order to unprotect Abya from the magical bond that kept Imoronek weakened, go out and command the invasion on Abya. They were all powerful creatures, with mastery of the art of battle and sorcery.

He would first send three of them to hide in the border regions of Abya, Rak-Anek, E'ma-Komik and Wei-Ewük, to attack the lunar amaiyöi, and thus weaken the protective power preventing Imoronek's troops from entering Abya. In Rak-Anek, Taäbiyöi will be attacked by Anwona, a bird-like witch. She is a powerful fire sorceress, who can easily incinerate you with incandescent and explosive projections and transmit deadly diseases with her poisonous claws. To the east, in Wei-Ewük, where another moon tree, Waäreyöi, dwells, a creature with the appearance of a wild

boar, but three times its size and strength, will arrive. This huge beast will seek to run head-on towards you to run you over and send you flying through the air and over you as you fall. And to the south in E'ma-Komik, Piaimü, a giant with long arms and legs will bring down Simaäreyöi, the last of the moon trees, with his bare hands, heavy as solid rock mallets.

When this is accomplished, it will be the turn of three more wraiths to infiltrate the central regions of Abya: Paru-Nosan, Wu'ta-Müik and Paru-Tanno, to attack the restoring amaiyöi, and thus weaken the regenerative power of all living beings, especially the moon trees. And thus keep the doors open.

Oköyimü would attack the tree of Paru-Tanno, Gaäreyoi. Oköyimü is a serpent-like sorceress who dominates the dark fire; with sharp fangs and four arms armed with deadly claws. On the other great river of Abya, the Paru-Nosan, will be Aramari, another snake-like sorceress, an undead creature, who makes anyone tremble with her horrible shrieks and capable of throwing a kind of poisoned acid that can leave you paralyzed and suffocate to death. It will go straight to hide in the thicket, waiting for its master Imoronek's order to attack Saämeyöi. And among the rocks at the base of Wük Etek, Taputapu'k, an enek hunter, will hide. With the appearance of a human mummy, armed with a powerful bow and an ebony mallet, to bring down, at the right time, the amaiyöi of Wu'ta-Müik, Baäriyöi.

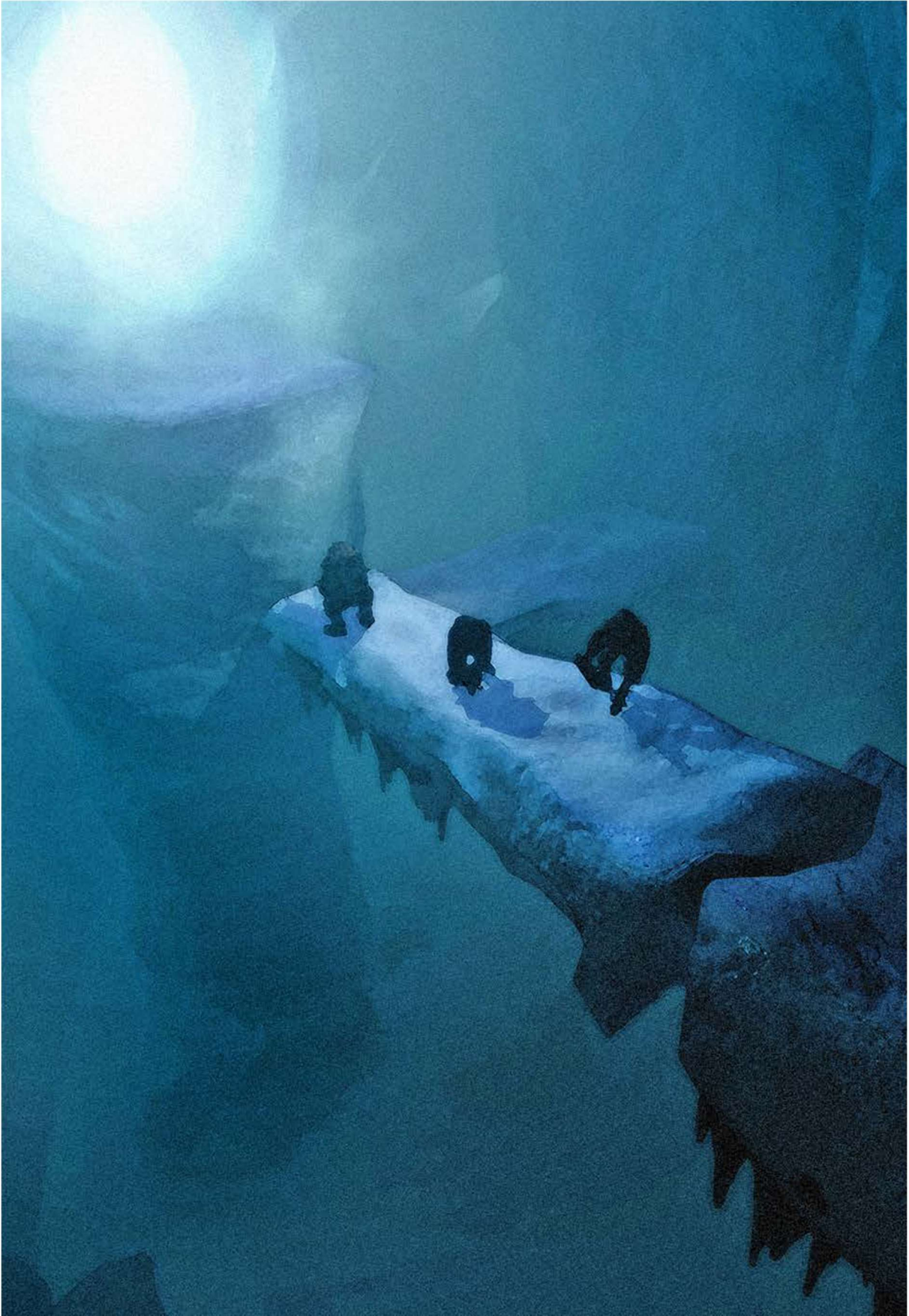
And then, it will be the right moment for the essence to leave its dungeon and emerge to reclaim the defenseless territory, and absorb all the vital energy of the beings that inhabit it.

Imoronek, looked triumphant in all this plan. He looked like the conductor of the orchestra of the apocalypse of Abya, sounding every evil harmony designed to destroy that beautiful place. But a couple of elements caused noise to his plan. One of them was the axe with which the amaiyöi of Ö'sököpan was felled. This weapon had been touched and enchanted by him and thus had the power to kill him. Even a non-descendant of the one who summoned it could use it against him and defeat him, if he managed to survive and master the axe. After Ö'sököpan's betrayal, Imoronek came very close to seizing it, when Ye'keurun confronted him at the source of the Erichak River. However, he lost the opportunity to snatch it from him because, mortally wounded, Ye'keurun was able to escape with the axe. Imoronek, even being weak in essence, tried to pursue him, but the trail of Ye'keurun's life force vanished before he could find it and after he was forced to flee far away, due to the magical forces of the sacred trees.

----- lost fragment

The other element was that, even if he defeated Yekeërel, his closest enemy, there would remain on Abya, blood descendant of the one who summoned him: Naärael and with it the possibility of being defeated. However, he thought that, together with his army, the pieces on the board would be in his favor, and it would be easy to obtain victory.

----- lost fragment



CHAPTER

VIII

THE AWAKENING OF THE PIRIMOKS

It was said that Imoronek had set his attack on Abya in motion, and as time passed, he was accumulating forces originating from the expanding evil. However, he still had another matter on his mind that required more time and energy. Once he had summoned the six eneks that would confront each sacred tree, he would beget the most powerful of all eneks. His name was Mawari and he would bring him with the object of being the commander of his conquering army and carry out two important tasks.

The first was to gather, besides the Eneks, other wild creatures such as the brown and white beasts, which seem to hate the Pemon above all things, especially because they steal their food when they hunt, or the Arai and the Aruk, giant and poisonous arthropods, the former with eight legs and huge fangs and the latter winged and armed with a deadly sting. It was necessary to increase their ranks to execute the final phase of the annihilation plan. Mawari would hide at the source of the Erichak River, and from there send scouts to the central regions to recruit new members, then they would look for a cave and hide under the mountain somewhere in E'maKomik.

At the appropriate time, part of the battalion would gather at Erichak Pass to march and conquer the north; and the rest of the host would accompany Mawari to perform the other task; to defend the ascent of the volcano. The only access to the top of Apok Erichak; a place where there are still residues of the evil of the spirit of Apok, with which Imoronek would complete his transformation from essence to a physical and powerful being.

Their job was to guard the path, place some traps and sentries along it to eliminate any threat of interruption and thus guarantee Imoronek the necessary time to become a being.

One of these threats was the Pemon village in that region, so it was the first target to be eliminated. Part of his troop would be sent to raze them to the ground, surprising them from the ascent to the volcano. But to do that they had to be on top first. So they would take another route, breaking through from the source of the Erichak River, over the bordering mountain peaks between E'maKomik and Paru-Tanno to the labyrinth at the base of the mountain, where they would settle and prepare for the descent and attack on the Pemon village.

All this was going on in Imoronek's mind, of course; however, as now told in the traditions recounted by the elders, Mawari eventually gathered his army and managed to make his way from the source of the Erichak River through the mountain peaks to reach the mountain labyrinth. But what Imoronek could not see was the presence of other beings as ancient as Arawanya, invisible to his observing power due to the deep sleep into which they were plunged that reduced their life force to almost zero. Time allowed plants, fungi and minerals to colonize their bodies, giving

them the perfect camouflage, so they were undetectable even when facing one of them, making even the Pemon, who saw them in the past, believe that they were extinct; on the contrary, they still existed, scattered throughout Abya, even in the foothills of the mountain, however, their numbers were small.

These beings were the pirimoks, a giant arthropod class, as tough-skinned as the heart of solid rock. As strong as the eneks and very aggressive, endowed with huge pincers in their mouth and tail, capable of cutting you in two with a single claw. But they are also very skilled with magic. The Pemon say that they were created by Arawanya, after the betrayal of Ye'keurun, to keep the Pemon away from him, making clear his displeasure for what happened to the sacred tree. However, as the Pemon did not want to bother Arawanya, and never sought him out. The pirimoks were disappearing.

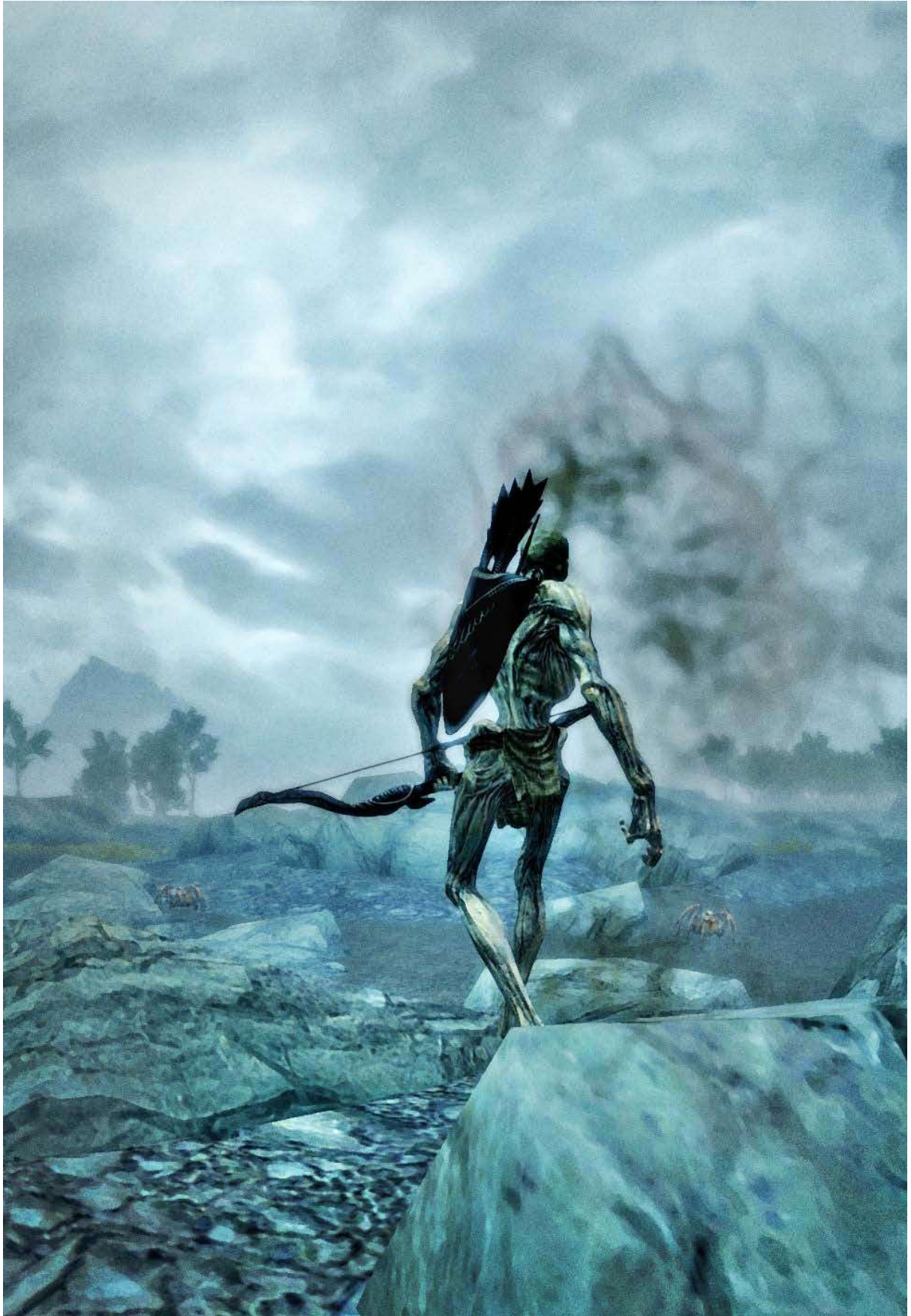
This was not entirely true, for you see, they did not disappear, they only slept. When they felt the threat of Mawari on Abya, and therefore on Arawanya, they began to wake up. The first thing that came to their minds was that the appearance of these new specters was a relapse of the Pemon in practicing dark arts. They regretted having been in lethargy for so long and having failed Arawanya in the task entrusted to them. Their magical abilities allowed them to detect that the source of all that energy anomaly was coming from the south side, and they thought that the inhabitants of the village of E'maKomik were responsible for it all. But there was no time to investigate the situation, the pirimoks living at the base of the mountain gathered and confronted Mawari, and despite their strength and the resistance of their hard armor, the pirimoks were much smaller in number than Imoronek's legion, so they succumbed hopelessly to the infestation of spectres. Many of them gave their lives so that their fellows could escape. Thus, Mawari conquered the path of Apok. It was the victory of evil over good in that battle.

Among the pirimoks that managed to escape, they went in search of the biggest and strongest of them, his name was Tök; however, they did not know his whereabouts, so they would take different routes in order to gain time and at the same time gather the pirimoks they found on the way. Even if they did not find Tök, they agreed to meet at the third sun at the Erichak Pass, to try to take the labyrinth of Mount Apok from the source of the Erichak River. Although it seemed illogical to take the same path as the enemy, this way there was a greater chance of encountering less resistance, as it was certain that the enemy would place traps and sentries on the edge of the path.

The number of awakened pirimoks took a significant number again on the second day of the search. As they went deeper into the regions they had encounters with other wraiths and realized that the problem had reached a significant magnitude.

Naädök, one of the pirimoks was on the ascent to Wük Etek, he thought of approaching Baäriyöi and lying down to heal his wounds and replenish his life force, with the power of this restorative tree. Suddenly he detected another source of energy approaching. He had been followed by Taputapu'k, the hunter enek, who was hidden among the rocks at the base of the great rock. And before he could observe him, a huge ebony arrow was thrust into his back covered with luminous fungus. Naädök let out a loud cry of pain into the air, for in addition to the wound, the arrow

was poisoned, and I am sure you will remember what the poison of a wraith feels like when it reaches the blood. This cry awakened another enek who was at the entrance to the Wük Etek chasm. Naädök knew he had to finish climbing, perhaps between the mist and the rocky



appearance of his body he would manage to confuse the enek. So he climbed up in a hurry, taking advantage of the time Baäriyöi gave him by generating a protective wall that the specter could not pass through.

But the strength of the Enek was superior, and it ended up knocking down that container wall. Besides, he did not come alone. A large group of Arais, recruited in the lowlands were commanded by Taputapu'k, and helped him to inspect the plateau. Despite the lack of vegetation, it was the perfect place to hide a pirimok. Up there, the wind and the rocky edges and edges maintain an eternal whistling that helped to hide the sound of footsteps, the height condenses the water and keeps a veil of mist in movement confusing the little observer, because it can give the impression that the rocks at a certain distance disappear or change place.

However, Taputapu'k, as a good hunter, was not intimidated by the environment, his magical gifts also allowed him to see beyond the physical. He saw that his prey was behind a rock, lying on the ground, perhaps in agony from the first arrow. So he took another arrow and poisoned it, spitting it out, as he cautiously climbed the rock. He drew the bow and from above aimed straight over its head. But the moment he released the arrow, he was flung several meters away from Naädök as he received the strong pigtail of the other pirimok that had awakened, causing him to miss the shot.

After hitting the enek, he launched himself downward and fell in front of his badly wounded friend, opening his huge pincers in a threatening posture towards the specter. This pirimok was different; besides being huge and lacking camouflage, he had some inscriptions on his armor and they were as bright as starlight; in fact, it is said that what these inscriptions express, only the stars can read, because these beings come from them and are full of that light and energy, it is also said that this is the reason for the hardness of his skin, because no other body could have contained the energy of a star. But at another time there will be time to relate things concerning the pirimoks. This pirimok had a name, it was Tök, the leader of these creatures.

The Arais approached as a group to ambush the powerful Tök and jumped on him, but before touching him, a strong explosion of air was generated that expelled them far away. Without further ado, Tök pounced on the specter, falling on him and trying to cut off his head with his large pincers. Taputapu'k drew his war mace, and placed it crosswise between the jaws. With his feet he lifted it up and threw it away from him causing it to fall on its back. They both got up and continued the battle until the sun went down behind the western wall. Exhaustion and the unfair fight against several weakened Tök. Only two Arais and the hunter remained. Then the Arais pounced on Tök and he seized the first with his tongs, quickly turning and striking the other to knock them out, but when he faced Taputapu'k, he found him swinging his war mace, striking him with a dangerous club from below, falling several meters away from the hunter. Tök was exhausted. He was in a very unfavorable situation. The specter drew his giant bow again, drew it with extreme force and aimed at Tök's chest, the arrow flew dizzyingly, but out of the mist jumped Naädök and intercepted the arrow in his side. Tök understood the enormous sacrifice of his companion and even if they used some kind of language like us, the deep sadness for the loss would lack words to express it. Tök sat up and cast a spell that momentarily drained the wraith's life energy. The hunter fell to his knees, weakened, and began to retreat, calling out

to other Arais. But Tök did not attack him. He knew he did not have the strength to defeat the enek because something was energizing it from somewhere else, so this specter was not the real enemy, he had to attack the source.

Before leaving he had the opportunity to approach Naädök and found him still alive and thus knew the place and time of the encounter. Then Naädök's life force faded away. Tök, swore to avenge his death and was about to leave, but in a few seconds the place was infested with a great number of Arais. And this was the last help he would receive from Naädök, a sudden explosion that generated a huge expansion of energy very similar to electricity, knocked down the approaching Arais. Tök was able to escape, however, he was trapped on the plateau and his life was in great danger.

CHAPTER
IX
BOOTY, MUTINY

Registration, Day 48

Not much to record. The Vjelkr is traveling at 15 knots, 147° Azimuth, good weather and calm seas. The pákcico ocean is welcoming us kindly. I hope it stays that way. With these conditions, we will make it to the destination in the stipulated time.

End of entry.

So recorded Vjelkr in his logbook. Things have been very calm, perhaps a little slow for those who were not used to long sea voyages, like Soul of Fire, who expected a little more action. The thrills or tensions experienced inside dungeons and dungeons, dodging traps and deciphering dwarven riddles and runes of old, was more "his thing". Here the closest thing to a dungeon was the depot, at the back of the ship. However, he found the vastness of the sea admirable and sometimes he would go out on deck and sit by the base of the mast and listen to the sound of the great ocean.

The chores were routine and tedious, once a week it was time to prepare the food, another day to clean the junk, another to remove the water that seeped through the old and deteriorated hull of the ship down in the tank, to stand watch at night, to clean the sleeping area and one day to rest, although almost every day the captain asked them to check the sails and the lines that held them.

The crew group was quite heterogeneous, apart from Alma de Fuego, there was a Beraten, three Norse, among them an old man, and a woman from Páramo de la Roca called Aonia. They did not seem very sociable, as they conversed very little with each other until the fourth week of their journey; in that current week, they began to extend the time they stayed at the table after eating, chatting in a low tone of voice. Fire Soul, as you know, was definitely unsociable, and always ate at another table without a companion. However, from there he could hear, amidst the whinnying of the wood of the twisting ship, that they were mentioning the warrior of igneous spirit, and slyly some of the group were looking at him.

But he paid no attention to these things. Thus the days continued to pass. And although the boring and monotonous routine persisted, some things began to change, and not for the better.

One morning, on the 16th day of the month, the captain went to the bow and with his spyglass scanned the horizon. He went back inside and checked the navigation table, verifying the compass reading, the lines on the map, something was not right. He had been at it for a few minutes and was beginning to get irritated.

-I don't get it," he said to himself. Lieutenant Svard, who was reading a book from the upper library, went down to his room to give the captain more privacy.

-But, for the hell of it," he said, and banged on the navigation table. Then the compass began to rotate and its point stopped at 180° Azimuth. The crew heard the blow and approached the ladder, and saw the captain coming down with a very long face and without uttering a word, not even the usual "no dawdling" that he always told them. He went to his quarters, called the lieutenant and took out his log book.

Registration, Day 79

The good progress we had made has been completely lost. For 19 days ago we should have sighted dry land. However, towards the horizon we see only water, and today particularly a dense wall of gray clouds rising from the surface of the sea and extending from the bow to the entire left flank and interwoven with lightning and flashes of lightning. The clouds are advancing towards us. It is no ordinary storm. I have also just found the cause of our deviation. A malfunction in the compass caused us to change our course about 33 degrees more, making us go straight south. I will instruct the lieutenant to take a course 90 degrees until we sight mainland Tierra del Fuego and skirt the coast on a predominantly northerly course until we find the Golfo del Tamo. I will have to somehow reward the crew, who have begun to grow impatient. I want to reach the mainland soon before they lose their sanity. A mutiny on board is the last thing I need.

End of entry.

The crew ate breakfast, while Svard and Vjelkr discussed the matter. The old man had his ear pressed against a glass and the glass against the wall to try to hear and what he caught of the conversation he related to the group.

Aonia then motioned for all the faces to move closer to the center of the table and said

-We are lost, this floating dump is sinking, and its captain has lost his way. Do you know what that means? This cargo has already lost its buyer. Surely another ship will have arrived 19 days ago and will have covered the needs. So if no one pays for the goods, this old sailor won't be able to pay us.

-And what do you propose," said the beraten.

-To take what belongs to us at once," emphasized the woman at once, and then added, "for it is also probable that the crafty old man has a place to unload the chests, and leave them guarded. The best place to get them is here. Where we are more than he is.

-But the chests, they have a very strong lock. And they're all locked.

-That's right, but I did some research on this Captain Vjelkr. He comes every two years to the Blue City. And talking to other people who have been his crew, they have revealed to me that somewhere in his chamber there is a universal key that opens all the chests.

-And how do you plan to obtain it? Do you plan to borrow it?



-I already have a plan for that; you see, the weather, it's getting worse and it's not going to get better. By tomorrow a gale will have hit us, and I really don't think this boat will take a beating from the wind. Then, when things get rough, and he's more unprepared, trying to keep his junk floating, we'll act.

-Will we kill him?

-No, if he's not wanted, it won't be necessary. Taking control will be enough.

One of the young Norsemen, seeing Soul of Fire lying on his bed out of the corner of his eye, said to the woman.

- There is still one missing - and he points with an eye movement to where to turn.

-Well, if he doesn't cooperate, we'll have to get him out of our way.

They all got up from the table to go about their daily chores, as if nothing had been said. They had in mind to change the course of the ship. But they were unaware that it was the course of their destination that had been changed by another one a few nautical miles before, without them noticing the difference.

This story was completed on December 21, 2018.
The expansion for the video game was four years in development
and was released alongside this edition.
Special thanks to Adner Blehor
for his contributions to this edition.

In the econido, Maracay, Aragua.
Bolivarian Republic of Venezuela.

APPENDICES

Lost Fragments

The missing fragments are segments of the story that will be hidden from you in order to safeguard the sense of the quest during the video game. Therefore, the reader-player is challenged not to read these fragments consciously and/or to read them after having completed all the quests in the game. However, in the future they will be added to the game in volumes that will appear in Skyrim as books written by Tsagadar, who will become the chronicler of Abya, through the power of connection that exists between him and the yöi.

Fragment N° 1

While Imoronek planned and perfected his attack, Yekeërel advanced relentlessly towards the island. Upon reaching the cold shores he walked along the edge to find the closest point between the mainland and the island. The goal was to expose himself as little as possible to the icy waters of the Paruimü in the south, as he could freeze to death before reaching the shore.

You can get an idea of how difficult it was for him, considering that he swam the entire strait with only one arm, keeping his clothes out of the water, so that he could put on a dry coat and gain warmth when he got out of the water, since he knew that the cold would be more intense on the island.

When he reached land, he placed the recovered clothing in his coat and left the axe strapped to his waist. The ground was partly covered with snow, but where it was not, it was completely stony. The vegetation was sparse, but the withered branches of the bushes could cut the skin. It was very uncomfortable to move forward. Some animals naturally live in that region, such as seals and sea lions, but also giant freezing Arais and white beasts. That is why Yekeërel had to go very cautiously, in a place as small as that island, confronting one would attract the attention of all the wild animals. However, to his surprise, he found some, but dead. With deep wounds made by claws and bites, and he remembered again his wounded shoulder. That finished convincing him that the origin of the evil was in that place. So he just followed the trail of death.

The signs that served as his guide led him to the entrance of a cave. The Morok cave. As a child he had heard that name, but no elder mentioned that place, in fact, until that moment Yekeërel knew that, in Abya, there was only one cave or path through the bowels of the earth, as they called it, the Waröpo Pass, at the source of the Ö'sököpan stream.

If you can imagine the sensation experienced an instant before achieving something very difficult to do, like a race, a marathon, climbing the top of a mountain, where fatigue, pain, but also the satisfaction and the energy of being alive, that is how Yekeërel felt standing in front of the mouth of that dark hollow. He also felt uncertainty and nostalgia and concern for the fate of his sister if he did not succeed in his venture, but he could no longer return. Taking the next step was the most difficult of the thousands he had to complete to reach that place.

A smell emanated from the cave that irritated his nose, and the wind generated discomfort in his eyes. The cave entrance expelled cold, dry, burning air. It was definitely not natural. Then, Yekeërel took the final step to move inward.

The narrow entrance descended a few meters, and then opened into a large room with cliffs on the ceiling and floor, stalagmites and stalactites were typical of caves, but these were so large that they built real walls that almost touched each other. These walls crisscrossed and formed an enormous labyrinth inside the cave.

Somewhere in the ceiling of the cavity, there were cracks that let in small rays of light, and the ice surface that formed on the rocks replicated and redirected the light in all directions, giving a faint but sufficient illumination that allowed walking without any problem.

Yekeërel did not want to venture into the labyrinth, but noticed a wider clearing to the right side of the entrance. He approached very cautiously, and found a cliff, a deep precipice full of sharp rocks at the bottom. He tried not to make noise, but the silence inside the cave was overwhelming. He could hear the echo of his own breath as it crashed against the far walls and back. The temperature seemed to him to increase in that direction, that he interpreted as a further sign of the anomaly. At the edge of the ridge projected a frozen rock platform like a bridge resting on a large stone column at the other end. He saw it desolate, but from where he was he couldn't see if there was any way down, so he decided to cross to investigate.

Suddenly, he felt a wave of heat that made him stop, and a purple sphere that radiated a lot of light began to appear floating on the stone column. The light produced the same discomfort in Yekeërel's vision that he perceived at the entrance. Drops of water were falling on Yekeërel from the ice on the ceiling of the cave, thawing from the heat emanating from the thing. The ice on the platform also melted completely, leaving the rock dry and brittle.

Then the intensity dropped, and Yekeërel was able to open his eyes. A deep voice began to rumble from all the walls of the cave.

-Do you know who I am?" a long hiss stood out in this voice, in the words containing the "s" sound. Yekeërel turned nervously to all sides, he never thought that this manifestation could speak. But he recovered himself and remembered what Parahuul had told about his ancestor. He thought of not answering or heeding the words of the essence so as not to fall under the spell.

-I am the one who will kill you, essence," said Yekeërel in a trembling voice.

-Significant, do you think I am not already inside your mind? Do you think it will do you any good to ignore me? Yekeërel was surprised to hear the essence repeat his thoughts.

-I brought you to me because you have something that belongs to me. Your blood. Too bad you did not bring your sister with you, what is her name," Yekeërel tried to keep his thoughts away from mentioning Naärael's name in his mind.

-It is useless for you to resist, at some point you will give in. Yekeërel only remembered everything he had experienced in the last days, the eneks, the battle in the first camp, the snake, the Tanno river, and suddenly, as when he dropped something valuable to a cliff or in a very

narrow place from which he could never recover, the memory of Naärael that morning in front of the Tanno river escaped him. His face lit up and his skin as golden as the rising sun.

-No!" he cried disconsolately, falling to his knees.

-Ah... There he is... Naärael. You see? I do not need to use any spell, I am a curse in essence- and the purple sphere turned red with greater incandescence -I am Imoronek, Lord of the Eneks!

-I will be the one to banish you from Abya," said Yekeërel, sitting up with fury in his eyes.

-Being insignificant, even if you are the descendant of the one who summoned me, you do not stand a chance. The power of a kaärib is not in his attire- Yekeërel looked at the clothes he was wearing, but did not understand what he heard -I could have killed you a long time ago, but you breathe because you are still useful to me. All your hatred has nourished me, and I needed to get the information you just gave me. Now the time has come for you to give me your blood," and the essence moved towards Yekeërel at full speed.

-Come and get it, Imoronek- Yekeërel reached inside his coat and pulled out the axe he had obtained. Imoronek seeing the axe vanished in a big explosion in front of Yekeërel before touching it, which left him very confused.

The sphere condensed again on the platform, but acquiring different sizes and colors in a disorderly manner.

-Ye'keurun's axe!... Where did you find it?" Yekeërel could not believe what he heard, but this reassembled his courage and confidence, and he would use this token to his advantage. He understood that the outfit and those remains belonged to his ancestor. That he was helping him to defeat Imoronek.

-My ancestors are with me, I see that you know who gave it to me, and I come to finish their work. Death," he shouted as he pounced on the sphere - he swung the axe at Imoronek and although the rays burned Yekeërel's skin, he clung on as best he could as he hit the essence hard again and again.

The essence was able to shake him off with a shockwave that sent him tumbling over the edge of the platform, about to plummet towards the precipice. The purple sphere compressed into a small point and exploded again, which shook the entire cave, sending chunks of ice and rock falling all over the place. Yekeërel stood up again on the icy platform and tried to return to the cliff to be in a safer area, but a large blue flare cut him off. And from the other end rose another flare that began to drag like a magnet to the metal, debris that had fallen from the roof. These began to cluster in the air and take on a particular shape, first a torso, then arms, head, and finally legs. A huge frozen rock golem rose from Imoronek's evil blue fire.

Yekeërel wielded the axe again and faced the ice golem. The power of this specter far surpassed that of the demons he had faced near Paru-Nosan. The axe could barely contain a direct hit. Moreover, this beast was capable of casting a spell with its breath that could freeze whatever it touched, turning it into fragile glass. The battle was not easy, however, he managed to bring

down his enemy, but when he was about to defeat the white demon, it launched a last freezing scream, straight to the ground near his own feet and fell to its knees.

Yekeërel became confident thinking he had failed, exhausted, and moved in for the final killing blow. The golem raised both his fists and smashed them hard on the platform just below them, making it shatter into thousands of fragments, and bringing to the deadly rocky bottom both himself, and Yekeërel.

It was death for Yekeërel. But then something unexpected happened. Yekeërel's spirit rose from what was his earthly body. Although disoriented and desperate to see himself dead on the floor, he understood that he still had to fight.

Dozens of wraiths gathered around Yekeërel, blocking all escape routes. Imoronek, appeared again with his essence aspect to take his energy, floating over him like a luminous sphere increasing its size. Yekeërel was trying to take the axe, but his hands were no longer more than a specter. The sphere was approaching and the intense blue light was burning him, he felt it was tearing his skin and pulling him inside. Then, full of courage and willing not to be taken by the lord of the eneks, he stretched out his hand towards the axe and shouted -e'napo kaimi!- and it literally happened as he said in that shout. His soul seemed to return to his body and he to his physical form and thus his hand could wield the axe. Imoronek was surprised with concern, and knew that the threat of this semi-kaärib was greater, so he ordered all the specters to attack him and at the precise instant that his fingers touched the axe, an explosion of energy consumed all the spectral beings and expelled Imoronek against one of the walls, making him dissipate in the perpetual darkness of the rock.

Yekeërel fell to the ground as a specter again, and knew then that he must flee.

End of Fragment N° 1

Fragment N° 2

Imoronek's confidence grew much more after the encounter between Yekeërel and the specter for he defeated it and although he failed to take its energy, he obtained from Yekeërel something he did not expect, Ye'keurun's axe. Having possession of the axe of the kaärib that summoned him gave him a tremendous advantage in his endeavor. There was no weapon that could defeat him. Taking Yekeërel's energy was only a matter of time, but even for one wraith, finding another was no easy job. So he turned his attention to the remaining source of energy in human form, which would allow him to reach his goal, Naärael.

Even so, for safety's sake, he had to wait a little longer, since he was still an essence, without physical form, without the capacity to intervene on the earthly plane. That also prevented him from destroying Ye'keurun's weapon, so he decided to include three new wraiths. Powerful xyclops, who would be in charge of disassembling the axe in three parts, and guarding them until he became. They would also have the objective of eliminating the last drop of kaärib blood that remained on Abya and take his energy to complete the transformation. To the largest of the three

he handed an enchanted ice dagger from the Morok Cave, as icy as death itself. This dagger was to be plunged into Naärael's heart. The heat of the blood would melt it and they would mingle, and as it spilled into the ground down to the aquifers, it would be available to be absorbed by Imoronek. During the confrontation with Yekeërel, Imoronek was able to enter his mind and discover where Naärael was.

The march of these three giants would head for Ö'sököpan, and they had the order to eliminate all the inhabitants of that region. Imoronek was in the lead and now Abya was in danger.

End of Fragment No. 2

Notes on pronunciation

The words used for names of characters and places are based on my minimal knowledge of one of the variables of Pemón, achieved by consulting different documentary sources for the video game project. The most significant is the work of Garcia (2008), cited at the end of Mayinapon.

However, it is important to clarify that it is not Pemón at all, it is a fictitious language called Areëkunai inspired by it, and some characteristics of its pronunciation are mentioned below:

The nouns, when they have a closed vowel (a, e, o) it is usually repeated. The second of them has an umlaut that represents a special pronunciation; this is an [i] or [y] between the two vowels, example:

aä [aia]

eë [eie] eë [eie]

kaärib [caiarib] kaärib [kaiarib]

Yekeërl [Yekeyerel].

Naädök [naiadoc].

If it is not preceded by the repeated vowel, its pronunciation corresponds to the normal pronunciation of each vowel

Amaiyöi [amaiyoi] Amaiyöi [amaiyoi]

Tök [toc] Tök [toc] Kapüy [capui] Kapüy [capui]

Kapüy [capui] Kapüy [capui]

Wük [guk] Wük [guk]

When [u] and [i] are repeated, they do not have the umlaut.

Parahuul [Paraul] Parahuul [Paraul]

When the combination aese is present, the e is pronounced. This case occurs in the name Maeigard [meigard] and Areëkae [areyeké].

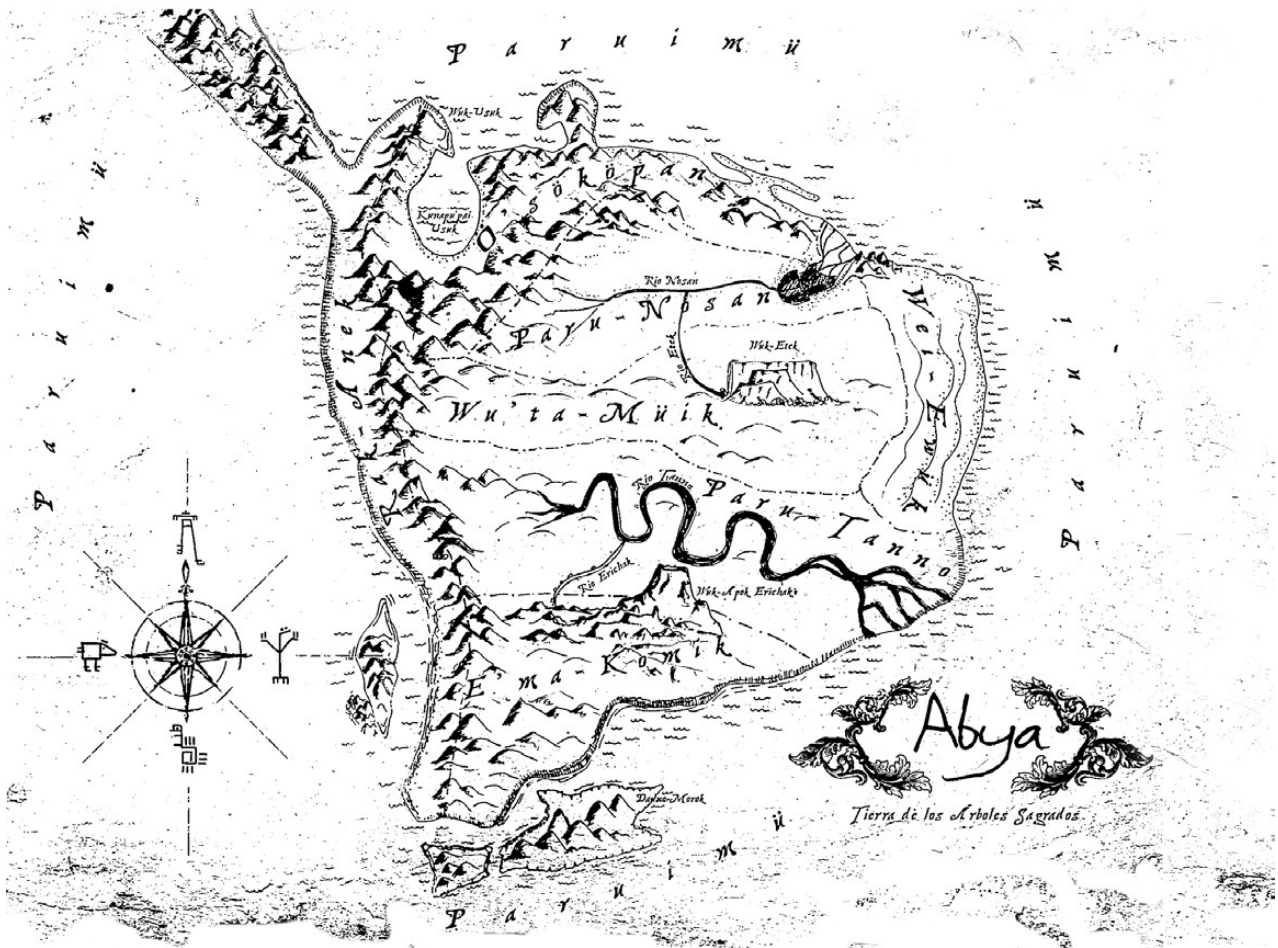
The apostrophe ['] indicates an extra extension of the vowel preceding it, it applies to consonants whose name is pronounced with two letters, such as [k] or [y], . The vowel is pronounced repeatedly as in "LEER".

Ka'ran [caaran].

K'athia Ma' [caatia maa].

Ye'keurun [yeekeurun].

Abya, land of the sacred trees and the beings of Imoronek



MAYINAPON

Words of Abya

Aähuaska: Special drink that allows the Pemon or whoever ingests it to understand the Aärekunai.

Aärekunai: Dialect of all the beings of Abya. The Pemon speak a type of Aärekunai, but the beasts and even the rocks handle an Aärekunai that in the past the Kaärib could understand.

Aätaura: Woman of the Pemón people, mother of Naärael and Yekeërel.

Abya Yala: "Living land" or "blooming land".

Actias Luna: One of the butterfly species of the universe of Nirn. Their wings are used in alchemy to create potions.

Ainongib: A race of ancient yöi, magical trees, with lilac or yellow flowers. They usually bloom before their deciduous leaves sprout again.

Soul of Fire: Warrior of the igneous spirit, is the person destined to face and defeat the dragons of the end of time. He is capable of absorbing the vital power that resides in the dragons he defeats.

Amaiyöi: Mother tree, each of the sacred trees of Abya. They keep within themselves the spirit of the last kaärib that sacrificed themselves facing and defeating Apok Wükimü.

Anach: Storm elemental golem from Oblitur, which is generally hostile. They can be found free in the Tierra de Hielo, although only on rare occasions.

Animunculi: Automatons left behind by the dwarf race of the Tierra de Hielo.

Apok Erichak: From the Pemon [apok]: fire || [erichak]: dead. The Dead Volcano. Name that Apok Wükimü received, after being defeated by the kaärib.

Apok Wükimü: From Pemón [apok]: fire || [wük]: hill;|| [_imü]: suffix denoting greatness. The great Peñón de Fuego. Name given to the volcano located in the southern center of Abya before it was extinguished by the Kaärib.

Arai: From pemón [arai]: spider. The arai of Abya are large in size. Their wingspan ranges from the length of a human to twice the length of a human. They inhabit rocky areas or caves, other species live in icy areas and their exoskeleton is white.

Arawanya: The oldest of the amaiyöi of Abya. It was the tree spirit that left its vegetable form to defend Abya from Apok Wükimü.

Arch of Secrets: It is the room that serves as the Library of the School of Magicians of Nerest, in the Tierra de Hielo.

Areëkae: Elder of the region of the House of the Sun. Scholar of the tradition of the way of the moon and everything related to the kapüyapon.

Aruk: Hornets, adapted from Pemón [arukimü]: big bumblebee.

Auriverde: See Taäbeb:

Atheor: Name of the Horse of the Soul of Fire in Tierra de Hielo.

Bääriyöi: Amaiyöi of the region of Wu'ta-Müik.

Dania: Priestess friend of Tsagadar, of the temple of restoration located in Cauce de Río Blanco, in Tierra de Hielo.

Enek: From Pemón [Enek]: animal. Among the beliefs of the Pemón is that all living beings (men, animals and plants) have souls and that in the jungle and the tepuis dwell the "enek" spiritual beings, enemies of man, whom they fear and respect.

Eremuk: From the Pemón [Eremuk]: Song

Purple Star: Magical artifact of Prince Azra, ruling spirit of the lunar light, has the ability to capture the souls of wild and elemental creatures. These souls can be used to enchant and recharge magical weapons.

Ewük: From Pemon [yewük = ewük]: house, home.

Imoronek: Evil essence released in Abya. Mythological being of the Pemón culture. Also known as Rato.

Jhane: Title of the main ruler of a Shire in Tierra de Hielo.

Kaäre: One of the last Kaärib, from the Ö'sököpan Region. It was he who commanded the defense against the Oköyimü during the last invasion attempt, as well as the battle against Apok Wükimü.

Kaäre-yöi: Sacred tree of Ö'sököpan.

Kaärib: First inhabitants of the territory now known as Abya.

Kaikuse: From Pemón [kaikuse]: tiger.

Kaimi: From Pemón [kaimi]: soul.

Kanwa: From Pemón [kanwa]: canoe, boat.

Kapüyapon: adoption of the Pemón [kapüy]: moon || [kapüyda-pon]: almanac.

Ka'ran: from Pemón [ka'ran]: guest, pilgrim, traveler. Name given to travelers who visit Abya.

Makoi ikö: From Pemón [Makoi]: devil || [ikö]: rotten.

Mawari: The most powerful enek summoned by Imoronek to command his invasion army. Mythological being of the Pemón culture that lives in the hills and under the stones and among the clouds. It generates hurricanes.

Morok: From Pemón [morok]: fish, fish.

Naädök: Pirimok that accompanies Tök and saves him from death during the attack of the hunter enek.

Naärael: A Semikaärib, the first daughter of Aätaura and Tse'keurun. Sister of Yekeërel.

Oköyimü: From Pemón [oköyimü]: rainbow. Mythological being of the Pemón culture that has the form of a snake. Human and snake-like beings that inhabit beyond the northern lands of Abya, within the continent of Tierra de Fuego.

Ö'sököpan: From Pemón [ö'sököpan]: sandy.

Parahuul: Brother of Aätaura, who took care of his nephews.

Paruimü: From Pemón [paru]: sea, creek, river || [_imü]: suffix denoting greatness. Refers to the ocean that surrounds Abya.

Paru-Nosan: From Pemon [paru]: sea, ravine, river || [nosan]: high. Rio Alto Region. Northernmost of the three regions that comprise the heart of Abya. It is crossed by a river that stands out for having many small waterfalls along its course.

Paru-Tanno: From Pemon [paru]: sea, creek, river || [tanno]: big. Rio Largo region. The southernmost of the three regions that make up the heart of Abya. It has the largest river in Abya.

Pemón: Inhabitants of Abya. Children of the Kaärib. It is the name given to the inhabitants of Abya, after the Kaärib defeated the Apok Wükimü volcano. It means people or person. Aboriginal ethnic group that inhabits the south of Venezuela and north of Brazil.

Pirimok: From Pemón [pirimok]: devil's horse.

Shamán: Pemón of Abya dedicated to magic. They are mainly women.

Svard: Lieutenant of the merchant ship known as the Vjelkr. Second hand the Captain Vjelkr.

Taäbeb: Yöi who dwells in the Tierra de Hielo in the shire of Cauce de Río Blanco. Also known as Auriverde.

Takariwüa-Paru: Small lake of the central northern region of Abya, without exit to the sea.

Taputapu'k: The hunter enek sent to bring down Baäriyöi in the region of Wu'ta-Müik. Mythological being in the Pemón culture, who has a red nose, is a good hunter.

Tierra de Fuego: Continent of Pakca located to the east of the Tierra de Hielo, crossing the Pákcico Ocean.

Tierra de Hielo: Continent located to the west of Tierra de Fuego. This territory has most of the races of humans and creatures known in all Pakca. It is divided into units called "shire", the most populated are the northern shire. The most politically important in the region is the Blue City and the most commercially important is known as the Cauce de Río Blanco.

To'Keurume: Daughter of Kaäre, mother of Tse'keurun and Ye'keurun.

Tök: From Pemón [tök]: stone. Lord of the pirimok, who woke up when they felt the presence of the army of Imoronek moving through Abya.

Weyu: From the Pemon [weyu]: light || [wei]: sun, day, mythological name with which the sun was known in the early times. It is the creator God of everything that inhabits Abya, under the infinite sky.

Wuaiüko: Garment of the Pemones of Abya, loincloth.

Wüketek: From Pemon [wük]: hill || [etek]: stone. The great crag of solid rock. It is the name of the formation with aspect of plateau in the region of Wu'ta-Müik.

Wu'ta-Müik: From Pemón [wu'ta]: The Great Savannah || [müik]: fertile land. Region of the Heart of Abya. Land where the Wüketek stands and where the Etekmerü, the highest waterfall under the infinite sky, is located.

Tsagadar: Wizard of Nerest, scholar of the Auriverde and to whom the Auriverde is presented as yöi.

Tse'keurun: Brother of Ye'keurun, the semikaärib who overthrew the amaiyöi of Ö'sököpan.

Usuk: From Pemon [usuk]: species of bird. Ancient being of Abya, in the form of a giant bird. It inhabits near the Paruimü pass, it is the only one of its species.

Vjelkr: Captain of the merchant ship of the same name. He travels across the the Pákcic Ocean as a transport of goods and parcels. Between lands of Ice and Fire.

Waröpo: From Pemón [waröpo]: dark. Siphoning cave located in the upper part of the Ö'sököpan ravine.

Yekeärel: A semikaärib, second son of Aätaura and Tse'keurun. Brother of Naärael.

Yöi: From Pemón [yöi]: tree, stick. Elemental spirits that inhabit trees to which they grant magical abilities such as protection and healing, some are able to take human-like form.

Source: 2008. García Ferrer, Donaldo J. Pemón-Spanish pilot dictionary. Degree work presented at the University of Zulia, Faculty of Humanities and Education, for the degree of Magister Scientiarum in Linguistics and language teaching. 227pp.

The dark desire in that heart attracted an essence with the eagerness to destroy everything. An elemental spirit that lives inside a tree will bring whoever can stand up to it face it, while the last descendants of the lineage of the one who committed the treachery against the sacred trees, is willing to face the fate bequeathed, although no success is in sight.

Abya, Land of the Sacred Trees and the Beings of Imoronek is an epic story inspired by a Pemón belief that contextualizes the entire environment and situations of another story written and developed since 2017 in an expansion of the video game *The Elder Scrolls V: Skyrim*, by Bethesda Game Studios.

