

ANCIENT ONES

The sAge

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Acknowledgement

I personally recognize and appreciate the powers that hold the heavens above the earth with no visible pillars, for granting me a chance to make this project work. I hope the same mercies come upon this work to make it and other works a success.

I appreciate all of my loved ones and the #WritingCommunity on Twitter and Instagram, including the Facebook writer's groups. Special thanks to my folks on Wattpad, Voyce.me, Webnovel, Starry Writing, Light Reader and Free ebook for their undying support, in building me up as a rookie writer.

I would love to give special thanks to Dr Kemi Wale-Olaitan, a great English lecturer in one of the great citadel of learning in Africa, the Obafemi Awolowo University Ile-Ife, Nigeria, for her thorough critique and encouraging words on how far the story will go if properly worked on.

I would also like to appreciate a classmate of mine at the University, in the person of Opeoluwa, who was one of the first to review the work and gave corrections where necessary...

Author's Note

This is my very first attempt at compiling a 'Novel Verse' series. The 2020 pandemic really did a number on my soul, and when loneliness caved in from the lockdown, I resulted to my only friend in pen, writing.

As you might have known by now, I'm a Nigerian Biochemist, which means that the English Language is not my strongest course. I wrote and edited this whole work on my Infinix hot 8 Android phone using the WPS mobile app and Grammarly keyboard. But all these won't matter cause you would have been teleported to my head and living there comfortably and rent-free.

If you're a fan of Quentin Tarantino movies and other great works of horror, mystery/thriller and historical fiction, welcome to a new idea that might shape your thoughts on books and style of writing for good. The full series move you through the lives of the ANCIENT ONES, the first settlers of Earth.

This work is a depiction of my wildest imaginations, made for entertainment purposes. So if you're a freak like me,

that loves to live in the beautiful world of their mind, then you've come to the right place. And if you are about to read this with the hope of reading a good book, well drop that idea, because you're about to watch a great movie play out in your head.

All these being said, you must trust me when I say, you've done the right thing by reading this work.

Cover art: Author

I dedicate this to you reading it...

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PROLOGUE

They say every generation is given the power to either save the world or help end it.

Since the Beginning of our world, civilization has been on an endless loop of rising and falling and nature always bring forth a driving force for this great effect. We have had the Spanish flu, The first world war, Hitler's world war, The witch trials and massacres, The great depression, and what have you...

It might seem insane to you when I tell you our world is slowly revolving to its end. We have risen too high and our fall this time might be greater than anticipated.

You might be thinking we have got science to save us from all the mistakes made in the past. But our fall will be made by science itself, the powerful people and first beings to have walked our world. The first woman created and her immortal children, an endless reincarnated soul, The Devil himself. A bang of powerful magic with a touch of Science will sting differently when the disaster that hit us will be fueled by our own hands. It might be the end of it all.

Sorry, this is the end for us all...

CHAPTER 1

Some year, the 15th of July...

In a military hospital, somewhere in Nigeria, West Africa. Echoes of unending screams filled out the totality of the stormy night. In one part of the hospital, was Aisha, a tall, slender woman, of the Hausa-Fulani descent, fair in complexion, with dark silky hair. she held tightly onto the sides of the bed, with all the strength she had in her. A doctor stood at the end of the bed, as well as three midwives, who were active participants in the hostile ousting of a living form whose head was beginning to appear, just below the depths of the agonizing woman.

"It is a boy!" Shouted the doctor. But the baby was mute, as it stood, it was a stillbirth. A vigorous struggle ends in distraught.

The medical personnel hazed about, trying their best to recuperate the baby, but all their effort was seeming useless, as the baby was not showing any sign of life in it, neither was it responding to their efforts to revive it.

The doctor pronounced the baby dead, placing its lifeless

body on the rack. He walked out and came back in with Abubak'r, a young military lieutenant, who was the husband and father of the child. The midwives hovered around the baby's mother, saying words of encouragement, in view to try in consoling her.

Suddenly, a spark of lighting from the thunderstorm outside filled the room with an almost blinding light, followed it shortly, was a thundering cry. The baby jerked, as though it had been woken up with fright, from a supposed sleep, by the sound of the thunder, it screamed loud and the sharp, deafening cry of a newborn, filled the cold air as everyone in the room watched in amazement at the event that just unfolded. The mother, in a flash, picked up her child, with tears in her eyes, named him "Muejizhan" meaning "Prodigious" in Arabic.

* * *

It was a huge celebration at the home of Abubak'r whose wife was delivered of a miraculous child seven days back. A naming ceremony was in place for the newly born (as it is a law in Islam to name a child seven days into its birth). Family, friends, and well-wishers were all present at the

event to share in the new bundle of joy of the Abubak'r's family.

The ceremonial rites were concluded at the early hours of the morning. Aisha, the mother of the baby, took the child upstairs in her room to get some rest and change up for the after-party, slated for later that evening. The room to which she and the baby was, suddenly started to grow dark, it got a bizarre covering from a dark, cloudy shape. The baby followed suit and cried out uncomfortably.

Downstairs, Abubak'r, in a fulfilled spirit, was entertaining guests when the voice of his wife, from upstairs, screamed for help horrifically. Dropping everything, he ran upstairs like his clothes were on fire. The door to the room the screaming came out from, shut close immediately he got near it, keeping him and few others who ran up with him out. he shouted frustratingly for his wife to come and help open the door.

Inside, an ugly, demonic, shadowy figure appeared close to the baby's nursery. Aisha on seeing this monstrous apparition, quickly shouted at the ugly demon to stay away from her baby, as she ran towards the child's location, she

carried it in her chest and started chanting Arabic prayers, asking God to protect her child. The whole place became silent. Shortly, several sharp, scratch marks and cuts began to manifest on her body. She screamed in pain and chanted some more Arabic prayers, requesting for her child to be saved. A strange light illuminated the room and It all became quiet.

The door to the room came wide open, as the baby's father, their first child Zainab (an eight-year-old girl), other family members rushed into the room, only to see Aisha sitting on her bed carrying and petting her child. All looked surprised, with some asking "What happened Aisha?"

She quickly waved her left arm, dismissing them with a mild laugh saying, "Nothing. I just got scared when the baby started crying funny. You know the experience during his birth is still getting me all shaken up."

The room became lively with laughs and funny murmurs, all started to head back downstairs, taking along Zainab, the first child, leaving the couple and their new baby.

Aisha dropped from her bed, walked to the child's nursery, and placed the baby in, as he was now sleeping soundly.

"Are you okay honey?" asked Abubak'r, as he walked up to Aisha.

"Yes, I am." She sharply answered, faked a smile, and properly covered the wounds on her body with the big scarf she had tied around her back.

Abubak'r, now standing behind his wife, turned her around, so her face could meet his, he smiled at her and held her close to his arm in a loving hug. "I promise you, after all these, I will take you, Zainab, and the baby out on a tour to any country of your choice. Who knows, we might come back with you carrying our third child." He said jokingly.

Aisha, still under her husband's arms, just hummed. She raised her head towards his face, "You know I love you and our kids right? I will always love you..." She managed to confess with tears in her eyes. She then hid her face back in his arms.

"I love you too dear. But why are you crying?" Abubak'r asked, as confusion painted on his face. "Was it because I said you'll be carrying our third child when we come back? That was just a joke. I'm contented with the three of you, You are all I have in this life." He added humorously, with a

huge smile of content on his face.

"I know and I'm very glad and lucky to have met you in this lifetime." She confirmed, holding him tightly.

Abu'bakr exhaled hard, kissing her on her head, and said emotionally, "I'm the lucky one."

* * *

That same night, at the Abubak'r's home, his wife Aisha woke him up at around 11:15 pm. They've gone to bed early due to the stress from the celebrations they had earlier that day.

"Sweetheart! Sweetheart!" She called softly, tapping Abubak'r gently on the shoulder.

Abubak'r fumbled on the bed for a while, scratched his sleepy eyes while stretching his body like a snake. He sharply took up a sitting position on their bed on seeing his wife holding their baby with tears in her eyes. "Honey?! Is everything okay?" He asked, with fear in his eyes.

"I want you to hold our baby and listen very carefully," Aisha instructed, stretching out the child to her husband.

"Some people are born lucky, some are lucky to be born but few others like our child, the world is lucky they were born," She continued. "Our child is one of the three prodigies, born on the same day, saddled with the responsibility of deciding if our world should keep existing or be destroyed. According to the prophecy, they are called the Unholy triplets." She spat, as Abubak'r held the child, listening like he was being told the secret to immortality.

"Abubak'r, we are blessed to have this particular child. Earlier today I lied when you all ran up upon hearing my cry for help, while I was inside with the baby. Something tried to attack our child. The reason being that, amongst all three of these said children, ours is one of the ancient beings that has lived beyond humanity itself, she has gone through an endless cycle of life after life Since The Beginning of life itself."

"She?" Abubak'r cut in sharply as he looked, in shock, at the child in his arm, to be sure he's still holding the baby boy his wife gave birth to.

"Yes, She!" Aisha confirmed, "You know how I told you that some people are blessed with the ability to be reborn after

their death?" She asked and Abubak'r shook his head in agreement to him remembering the question.

"Well, certain members of my family are blessed with such ability to come back as many times as they want. And just as my mother had earlier said, our child is the reincarnation of my grandfather, my grandfather was the reincarnation of his grandmother who was the reincarnation of her grandmother, and so on. The truth is, that chain of reincarnation traced back to one of the first beings on earth, one of the first witches in history." She narrated.

"Witches?" Abubak'r cut in again, this time, looking more confused. "Look I know you always mock and talk about how there are witches in your family and mine as well. So what's all this tonight, Aisha? Look can we just sleep? We'll continue this joke tomorrow He said and laughed hysterically.

"Abubak'r!" She called furiously "This is not a joke. I'm trying to tell you our child's life is in danger. I traded my life to keep him safe for now, because he has to live to save the world from destruction. Listen to the following instructions cause I won't live past tonight. So I want you

to promise me you will ensure to keep him and Zainab safe." she said, bursting into tears.

"Aisha! what are you talking about?" Abubak'r asked, now feeling scared of his wife's reactions.

"You are wasting precious time which we don't have. So just listen." She sternly instructed.

She then started to whisper to him some words while he listened.

* * *

"Those are exactly what you must do through the course of our children's life. You are going to have a fun-filled life with them. You'll be blessed from this day till you breathe your last. Too bad I won't be there to share all these with you all." she said, after instructing him on what to do while patting the head of their baby in Abubak'r's hand.

Abubak'r burst into tears and his wife followed suit.

"You'll be fine and I will always be here with you all the way, I promise." She assured, exhaling hard with a smile.

"Go get me Zainab. Let me hold my kids one last time," she

demanded, collecting back the baby from Abubak'r.

He hurriedly rushed out, came back in shortly with ZAINAB on his shoulder, and laid her close to his wife, who was now on her back, with baby Muejizhan on her chest.

"Come over here and hold me too," Aisha said to him.

Abubak'r laid closer to his wife, putting his hand over Zainab and the baby, as he drew himself close to his family and sobbed like a deprived child.

"I will miss you all till we meet again." She stuttered, closing her eyes with a smile on her face.

CHAPTER 2

Years later...

Two females and a male, on hooded cloaks, were on their knees, in a dark room illuminated by candles, decorated at strategic places like an altar. They were chanting a spell to find someone. Their hands were interlocked, outstretched towards the picture of a map placed on the floor, in front of them. Blood dripped from their interwebed hands onto the map.

Shortly, an airy breeze filled the room, blowing out all the lights from the candles.

"Santafey Texas. Found her!" Said the male voice.

"Let's get going." Answered one of the female voices.

The three individuals slowly stood up, still holding hands, as they chant a word and vanished.

* * *

Somewhere in Texas, at a hospital facility at night. Gloria, A young light-skinned, very beautiful, red-haired female doctor of about twenty-five years, walked out of the

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