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CASTODIS

-the Force Unknown-

by

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Out of the deep, rich and fertile soils grew millions of species of plants. Others sparsely thriving, and the rest forming thick, endless jungles. The jungles included two mile high, half a mile wide coniferous trees; trees that grew next to colonies of thriving shrubs which thickened the very jungles with the help of half meter high ferns, ginkgoales, and many other species of shorter plants.

All over the earth, walked, crept, and stamped millions of animals. Every species, from the monstrous, long necked, one hundred ton Argentinosaurus; to the sixty ton, a hundred foot long Sauroposeidon; and the medium trunked, plated back Titanosaurus.

Feeding on these giant plant eaters and other medium sized animals, were the fierce and deadly predators; which included the seven ton, large headed, stubby armed Tyrannosaurus rex; the sharp toothed, 'fingered hands' Giganotosaurus; and the long, nine ton, spiky back Spinosaurus.

Among these large and medium beasts, also existed other smaller creatures; like the 'horn-faced' microceratops, the pigeon sized nemicoloterus, and the fifty pound, dog-like pakicetus.

Surrounding the lands, were vast, endless depressions filled with immeasurable quantities of clean, fresh water; so vast and deep a collection of pools that an entire 'world' was well established under them.

There were huge sea creatures, such as the eighty foot long, snake-whale Basilosaurus; and smaller ones such as the turtle-like honodus; six foot long, fish like ichthyosaurus, and the tiny, colorful algae - all flourishing together with thousands of other sea creatures.

Into the sky, the lush vegetation released fresh air; cooling it with invisible vapor and creating conditions through which the six foot wide Pteranodons; the flesh eating, two hundred pound Alanqa; and thousands of other reptiles of the sky enjoyed flying through.

For thousands of years, The Guardian had ensured order all across this realm of life. He had observed, supervised, and ensured absolute balance. By himself, he was solely in charge of the entire planet; bearing full responsibility over it just like his 'brothers' - each of whom was also in charge of one among the other planets.

With great power over all the 'forces' within their planets, these Guardians were endowed by The Creator of the universe - empowering them with total authority over all his creation within the realms - enabling them to supervise as he went out into the darkness to continue creating.

None of the guardian brothers were jealous of the other, and none crossed into the realm of the other. They were all too busy keeping things in balance and maintaining order in their worlds.

Very clearly, they understood what their roles were - to maintain balance and ensure order - understanding that creation was The Creator's responsibility and theirs was to perform the tasks given.

And so as The Creator had wished it, Earth was the realm of life; just as Pluto was the realm of darkness, Mars the realm of 'blood', and Venus the realm of heat.

During that time, there was a negative force that emerged all across the universe - a force that was unknown; a force that sought to put all of creation out of balance; a force that emerged from creation itself and sought to destroy it. Where there was order, this force pushed for disorder; and where there was balance, it pushed for imbalance.

On earth, it 'pushed' the flesh eaters to reproduce at numbers great enough to wipe out the plant eaters; and the silt in the seas to rise and choke its creatures. It 'pushed' for the winds to shift and delay the rains; and for the skies to open up and let down the sun to scorch the plants.

It even tried to push the ice caps of mars to give off water and create life where The Creator had not wished it; and to heat up one of Saturn's moon to explosion. And so to counter this Negative Force, to keep things from getting out of balance and out of order, The Guardians were charged.

Throughout the days and nights, The Guardian of Earth had been working; moving through the thick woods, flying low over the colonies of bushes, and dashing across the skies. By himself, he had to observe all the beasts of the land - the monstrous and the tiny; all the creatures of the sky, and of the sea.

He had to control the winds, so that the rains were enough and came on time; watching so that the plants didn't dry nor the seeds drown in the soils. He had to ensure the sky let in just

enough sunlight to light and warm the world without scorching; and to make sure the tiny sea algae gave out enough fresh air to sustain life without interference.

For over ten thousand years, The Guardian of earth had done these tasks and much more. And as it happened, he began to see that it was too much for him; for earth was so diverse and as a result, too random was the negative force. He had to counter it here and there at the same time; fly across the thick, enormous clouds, and under the seas to constantly keep watch.

And so by the power vested in him, The Guardian of Earth decided it would be best if he would 'have' assistants; beings resembling himself to help him with his great task. From a part of himself, he would 'conjure' them, like his father had conjured 'them'; and he would make them able to move over the earth and keep balance by giving them part of the power his creator had given to him.

And so into being, almost at the same time, he conjured them together - strong and powerful - barefooted with shinny, back flowing hair, and beards that were much shorter than the guardian's. And in long, thick, soft, white fur that was attached to their bodies, except on their arms and legs, both of their bodies were cloaked.

To the elder son, The Guardian gave half of his power, and part of his authority over all animals on the earth - everything that crept, flew, stamped, or swam in the seas. And as he transferred part of his power into his elder son, he observed as he became filled beyond breathing - like a cold, consuming, numbing breeze - with pupils of his eyes turning light red as he became able to 'see' all animal life across the planet.

And as the elder son 'calmed down', and looked at his hands, he became aware of himself and his strength; as his father, The Guardian, turned to the younger son.

In the same way, he transferred half of his power, and part of his authority over all plant life on the earth - everything that grew high into the sky from the fertile grounds, everything that bore cones, gave flowers, and 'nourished' the planet with air - and as he received his power, the pupils of his eyes turned green - making him able to see all plant life all across the realm.

To all The Guardians, The Creator had given staffs he had ‘forged’ with the purest gold on the furnace of the sun - tools with which they could bend the forces of creation itself if it was needed to restore order - and in the same way, The Guardian would empower his sons.

To each of them, he gave a staff of the purest diamond he had forged in the furnace at the earth’s core; enabling the elder to bend all the ‘forces of animal life’, and the younger all the ‘forces of plant life’ whenever it was required.

Out there in the fern clearing, The Caretakers were brought into existence, each a part of The Guardian but none his equal in strength or authority. And from that point on, they would become his assistants. Charging them with their tasks, The Guardian sent them off into the world, pleased that he was no longer alone on Earth, and that his task would be greatly lessened.

For over a thousand years, The Caretakers maintained balance and ensured order with their father; with the elder keeping an eye on the beasts that roamed the ground, the creatures that flew across the skies, and monsters that swam in the seas; as the younger watched over the trees that formed the jungles, the ferns that carpeted the lands, and the flowers that colored the earth. All as their father, The Guardian, supervised the waters, winds, and all the powerful forces that were responsible for allowing, or taking away life on Earth.

Thousands of years passed, and The Caretakers performed their tasks, lightening the responsibility from their father, and helping him ensure perfect balance. But as it were, ‘The Negative Force’ - which had never ceased to push - found a way into the soul of the elder Caretaker; and as it happened, he began to compare his task with that of his younger brother.

As time went by, the elder caretaker began to ‘see’ that he had more responsibility than his younger partner, and as a result, he began to feel that his task was much heavier.

He saw that he had to take care of the animals - beasts that were disorderly and needed constant watching - all across the lands, high in the skies, and deep in the seas; while his brother only had to take care of the plants. Plants that were calm and did not move, plants that weren’t

unruly or fierce and stubborn like some of the animals - and all he really had to do was ensure they didn't die out.

Over time, his way of seeing began to take hold; and he began to strongly prefer his brother's task over his own. And being his partner, the younger Caretaker became aware of his elder's envy.

And so one night, when the two Caretakers were resting at a green clearing surrounded by thousands of enormous, tall trees, the younger Caretaker tried to make his elder feel better about his own task.

"You take care of all the animals, big and small, fierce and docile. You take care of all that is full of life and exciting to behold." He said to his elder.

"Yet you take care of all the plants, tall and short, plants that soften and color the earth, plants that are silent and peaceful." The elder replied.

Feeling that his elder's envy had taken hold in him, he tried to console him.

"Our existence is not our own my brother." He said while gently holding his shoulder as they stared eye to eye - with his staff straight in his right hand's grasp. "We are here merely as guardians. We take care of that which is simply entrusted to us." He added as he lowered his hand from his elder's shoulder - who was more wounded than eased by the words; for he felt that his father had been unfair by entrusting him with the harder of the two tasks, that in a way, his father had more favor towards his younger than towards him.

And as the younger Caretaker turned and walked away, he could feel his elder brother's jealous gaze on his back; but feeling assured, he knew that he would regain control of himself - as he walked on into the trees and jumped away.

Like a stubborn, unstoppable leech, his feelings continued to eat at him; consuming him beyond his own understanding. They had been taking hold for thousands of years, increasing in intensity with each passing day; and that night, they were finally getting to the best of him.

The elder caretaker 'realized' that he would never be free from how he felt as long as his brother remained alive; for he would continue to see him and feel a now overwhelming envy; that he would continue to see the unfairness of his father and feel less desired.

And in that way, the negative force had gotten to his very soul - pushing him out of balance without his own knowledge. All his being unconsciously wanted to do at that point, was to get him back into balance. And in order to do that, The Caretaker 'realized' that his brother would have to cease to exist, there was no other way; a fact he knew he had keep to himself since his consciousness felt that it was wrong by its very nature, yet necessary nevertheless.

One moonless night, the younger Caretaker was looking over the trees; when he came upon an unusual, dark clearing deep in the two mile-high trees. And from his long jump, he landed on the clearing and began to inspect it. All vegetation around it had been removed, leaving only black, barren ground.

And as he went down on one knee, with his staff held straight in his right hand, he began to closely observe the black soil - it was as if it had been darkened by blood - and as he observed, his ears caught the sound of 'something' approaching fast up ahead.

Very slowly, he raised his head to look in front; as all the corners of his eyes picked up hundreds of red-glowing eyes in the blinding, dead silent darkness between the trees. Without looking, he realized he had been surrounded by hundreds of Spinosaurus, Giganotosaurus, Tyrannosaurus rex, and many other fierce beasts - all watching him very, very keenly.

For a moment, he stared right ahead at the beasts that did not move, and realizing that it was unusual beasts were all around him just as he landed to check on the mysterious clearing, he waited a while in total silence - sensing that something was terribly wrong.

In a split second, he turned around half circle to jump away, as he unexpectedly faced a roaring, Tyrannosaurus Rex just a few meters away already in mid air charging towards him; with its giant mouth, lined with spear tip teeth, opened wide enough to devour him whole.

Holding his staff with both of his powerful hands, The Caretaker bowed under the beast's claws; and tightening his grip with all his muscles, he charged one end of the now glowing staff into the belly of the beast. With all of his strength, he lifted the nine ton Tyrannosaurus Rex off the ground and over his head, crashing it on the clearing and breaking all the bones on its side.

Immediately, all the other predators charged out of the trees and into the clearing to attack him; and just before they could crash him between their all powerful jaws, he managed to jump off unprepared.

But from his low jump, The Caretaker landed unwillingly deep in the dark woods. And as he landed, he instantly saw that more and more such predators were charging towards him from all over directions: dozens of the three fingered Giganotosaurus - breaking smaller trees as they stomped towards him; tens of strong jawed Tyrannosaurus Rex - rushing through the bushes after him; working together with hundreds of other deadly monsters to attack him relentlessly.

Through the trees, The Caretaker dashed; jumping here and there between the stems; dodging left and right - dashing through as more Spinosaurus, Allosaurus, Giganotosaurus, and other predators converged on his position from all around the forest.

In their thousands, they continued to pursue him; and dodging their crashing teeth and missing their snapping jaws, he did his best to escape.

While dashing through, he came to the conclusion that it was not a random occurrence; that the clearing was a trap set so that he could bring himself to harm's way; and that the beasts had been summoned to attack him.

Gathering enough momentum, he leaped and jumped off - up above the trees - with the cold night wind blowing against his face, as he descended and landed in a fairly open part of the endless forest with a force that caused the small vegetation to lean away from his point of impact.

Even before he could stand up straight, he could still hear the trees breaking and feel the ground shaking; as thousands of predators kept converging towards him from all over the forest. And in a matter of seconds, they were close around him ones again; charging right towards him with an unstoppable desire to tear him apart.

Up from the ground, The Caretaker stood and held his glowing staff with both of his hands; and with all the strength in his arms, he struck the right side of the Tyrannosaurus Rex that was first to attack; so hard was his strike that it crashed all its massive bones and sent it shaking towards the ground.

And turning around half circle, he quickly held the staff at one of its ends with a tight grip; and while 'pulling' it all the way back to his right side, he bowed low and struck the massive hind legs of the attacking, forty foot long Giganotosaurus - sweeping it off the ground and causing it to crash it's eight ton body on its side with a tremor.

And while turning around half circle ones again, he leaped into the air while raising his staff all the way to his back; as he continued to rise in the air towards the oncharging Spinosaurus; and with a mighty strike with his glowing staff, he gave out an angry groan as he cracked the predators head into half; landing back onto the ground as it stumbled out of control and came thundering down before him.

While down on the ground on one knee, and holding his glowing staff vertically with his right hand, he prepared to jump away; as he realized that he would not be able to make a proper jump since more beasts were already all around him ones again.

In that instant, he became certain that the attack was his brother's doing; certain that only he had the motive and the power to summon all such beasts to conspire against him.

Seeing that he would not be able to individually fight off all the charging predators just few meters all around him, and all the other thousands that he could feel approaching from all around the forest, he decided to employ more of his power.

With an anger of betrayal rising in him, he leaped straight up into the air while gripping his staff vertically by its centre; and straight down at the small space at which the predators were still converging, he charged with a loud roar - sticking the ground with the lower end of his vertical staff and causing 'a quake' that cracked up the ground and pushed all the surrounding beasts away.

About two miles all around The Caretaker, the circular, outward force of his strike cleared a circle by uprooting all the vegetation. And as it proceeded to sweep through the woods,

it pushed the clumsy beasts to fall and roll over with tremors - breaking many heavy trees and rolling them onto the predators' necks and backs - burying several of them and keeping the rest back for at least three miles all around him.

Standing up straight at the centre of the circular clearing, with the anger of betrayal still rising in him, he called out his brother's name with a painful, thunderous roar; so loud that his father, who was checking on the swamps far in the east, heard the echoes of his call. Around he turned as he wondered what it was for.

Back in the jungle, the younger Caretaker was still standing with his staff vertically gripped in his right hand; as his ears picked up the sound of a force descending fast behind him, and with his intuition, he knew exactly what it was.

Half circle, he turned in a split second while raising his staff and holding it with both hands horizontally; blocking with a blasting contact the strike of his elder brother who was descending from a jump at top speed. With such brutal contact, their staffs clashed in a cross manner; sending outwards a sea of sparks all across the clearing and into the dark trees; with an outward force that scraped off the barks of trees that had survived the sweeping strike.

"Stop this!!" The younger caretaker shouted at his elder in a manner to calm him down; as the elder raised his spear all the way to his back and brought it down on him with great force. Horizontally, the younger held up his staff and blocked in the same way, as he was forced down on one knee by the power of the strike.

For yet another blow, the elder raised his staff ones again; and just as he brought it down, the younger, who was still on his knee, managed to turn and pierce one end of his staff into the elder's thigh; dodging his strike in the process and sweeping him off his feet.

With the elder now on the ground, the younger raised his staff and brought it down towards his head with no intention of harming him - and as he had expected, the elder raised and held his staff horizontally - blocking the blow just close to his face.

“Do not do this!!” The younger shouted down him, but because the elder was full of jealous anger, he had become hardened to reason and was much stronger. With a loud groan, he managed to push the younger off to the side and crashing into the standing trees; and getting up off his back and onto his knee, he jumped off into the trees after him.

With his back sunk horizontal into a log, the younger caretaker had crashed. And spotting him from the air, the elder raised his glowing staff as he descended fast towards him.

Off to his side, the younger caretaker’s staff had fallen, and he realized he would not grab it on time. Quickly, he raised his hand and tightened a fist, and with his power, he caused the ‘standing’ trees to crack very loudly and smash together; causing the fallen ones to roll over and pile up; and together, create a barrier to stop his on-coming brother.

As he reached over and grabbed one end of his staff, his brother struck through the tree-barrier like a splitting thunder and came down towards him with full force.

Picking up his staff in good time and holding one of its ends with both of his hands, the younger caretaker leaped into the air towards his on-coming brother, whose aim had been distracted by the tree-barrier.

With an unpleasant groan, the younger caretaker struck his elder with the other end of his staff at the left side of his waist - so hard that he crashed through the woods; and after him, he dashed through the trees, and between the dead and dying bodies of the predators.

As he moved fast and tried to locate him, the elder caretaker abruptly emerged from behind a huge tree; suddenly striking him hard with his staff at his chest with such a loud roar; pushing him back through the trees for about half a mile and charging after him.

In that darkness of night, the two caretakers struck each other with their glowing staffs for miles through the trees; filling the air with lighting sparks and blinding flashes. They clashed so severely that all the beasts which were hunting, hiding, or sleeping under the jungle began to flee in all directions.

Across tens of miles, they clashed through the dense, deep forests that went on forever; as they approached the side of the earth that was under early sunrise; battling as they jumped around and interfered with the resting animals. Through the homes of the four foot long, hind-legged, lizard-like abrictosaurus, they battled; destroying the nests of the two-foot-winged, bat-like jeholopterus; and dashing through the short, crowded conifers.

All the while, the younger hated the battle. He hated striking back at his brother; who was striking deadly to kill him and he had to strike back to stop him and defend himself. Towards his elder, he felt the anger of betrayal, and towards him, the elder felt only the hatred of jealousy.

East towards the rising sun, they fought through the orange, morning mist. And because the elder had prepared for the battle and was full of hatred, he started to overpower him.

“Stop this!!” The younger tried to reason with his elder - whose desire to take his life was rooted so deep in him that it controlled him beyond his reason. And because his will to kill his younger was too strong within him, it gave him enough power to counter his power and finally strike him down.

Into the misty colony of thriving, well spaced, mile tall conifers, the younger caretaker came crashing on his back with a shockwave.

With his staff raised highest to his back, the elder came down towards him; and as he raised his staff horizontally to block, it broke into half with a blinding flash as a result his elder’s powerful strike.

While panting, the younger watched as the two pieces of his golden staff ‘glowed out’; slowly lowering them as he looked into the eyes of the equally panting, elder brother; whose face was filled with hate as he slowly stood straight, and raised his staff with both of his hands.

“Please.” The younger caretaker pleaded, “Do not take my life.” He begged, “I am, your brother.” He reminded him; watching as his elder raised his staff, and with all of his strength, brought it down and sent it through the middle of his chest - Gazing into his terrified eyes as he watched life depart from him.

For a while, he stared down at his younger brother's eyes - waiting for 'something' to happen - before realizing that he was not feeling any better. His jealousy was indeed gone, but in its place, was a much worse, confusing feeling of anxiousness. He had expected that the act would free him totally, at least in a way, but it hadn't.

And as the anxiousness continued to take hold of him, he began to feel a deep remorse for himself. He felt much worse than he had expected.

Up in the east, it was daytime. And The Guardian was patrolling the vast, red-yellow flat lands - full of wells which gushed hot water and steam into the air. And as he was walking around with his staff in hand, he felt a strange 'heaviness' come upon his heart - something he had never experienced throughout his thousands of years of existence - it felt as if something very important had left him.

He continued his task in an attempt to shake it off, but he couldn't help but experience it. It was a felling of loss so mysterious, and incredibly unpleasant, something he just couldn't put off. And unexpectedly, from within himself, he became aware of what it could be. The loud call his younger son had made to his elder brother came back to his mind; and instantly, he 'knew' that something was seriously wrong.

Up into the sky, he leaped and dashed just under the thick white clouds - charging across the air westwards away from the light of day towards the direction he knew his younger son had been patrolling. As he flew across westwards towards the morning, the vegetation under him continued to intensify; increasing from the short, scattered stalks, to the scattered coniferous bushes, to the closer pines, and eventually the taller coniferous trees.

Flying swiftly above the trees, his eyes picked up the orange, early morning light that had bounced off a piece of the diamond staff; and down towards the reflection, he charged.

With a mighty tremor, The Guardian landed in the open part of the misty forest. With his golden staff in hand, he searched for the source of the reflection. As he was stepping through the concealing ferns between the trees in the light mist, he came upon the clearing that had been created by his younger son's falling.

“No.” He sadly and slowly said to himself as he approached the remains of his son. Coming close, he saw the hole that went straight through his chest. And when he confirmed that he had no life in him, The Guardian slowly went down on his knees with great mournfulness.

He placed down his staff and looked at the lifeless body, as he became overwhelmed with a great feeling of unhappiness and a deep sorrow. In disbelief and confusion, he touched his son’s body and confirmed that he was indeed no more. And in his soul, his grief was increased beyond his bearing.

Out of his eyes, painful tears rolled down - Something that had never happened before. They were such bitter tears that they burnt out trails on his skin as they rolled down. And with such overwhelming grief, he mourned his son because had been a part of himself.

He felt his cold face and cried out his pain - scorching his cheeks with burning tears - and in that moment, for the first time in his ‘being’, pain was all he knew. A part of him had left and he knew it was not coming back.

With emotional pain, The Guardian’s face eased as his tears ceased in anger; as he looked at the hole upon his son’s chest and saw the pieces of his staff. And because his other son was a part of him as well, he ‘knew’ what he had done. Without caring to know why, he closed his heart towards him, as an anger consumed him.

With a thunderous cry, The Guardian called out his elder son, as his face folded in a terrifying anger and his body tightened in intense grief. He picked up his staff and stood up from his younger son’s body, as he ‘felt the vegetation’ which showed him the path through which he had fled.

Immediately, The Guardian gathered his energy and thundered through the woods following the path shown to him by the plants. And as he passed, the force of his angered movement bent the vegetation on either side of his trail.

Out loud, he called his elder son as he approached him from a distance; as all the animals cleared themselves out of his path with the unlucky ones perishing upon it. Up ahead, his son

was jumping high up above the pines. He couldn't fly, but he did his best to jump highest and furthest. And up after him, The Guardian 'shot' himself.

While in mid air, he thrust towards him; and with one end of his golden staff tightly held in his all powerful hands, he swung the other to his side as he approached him; and with a loud, painful groan, he struck him to the side far into the air like lightning.

After him, he thrust again with a groan, as his son turned uncontrollably while falling through the rough air high above the canopies for about an entire five miles.

Off the sky, the elder son finally fell and plunged into the middle of the sea with a wave. And up above the sea, The Guardian hovered as he looked into the waters for him.

Towards his elder son, The Guardian felt no affection or compassion - he too had become blinded by grief and consumed total anger.

He looked to the giant sea monsters, and they showed him where his son had fallen. And with all his might, he thrust down towards the middle of the sea - plunging in with a six mile high wave so enormous that it spilled over the coasts and swept all the animals that were grazing in the pines along them.

Under the water, The Guardian descended fast past the sea monsters and other fish - landing on one of his knees at the sand filled bottom with a tremor that extended and intensified the outward wave.

With his son, who was now before him, he clashed with such intensity that more intense waves spilled over and drowned the shores.

Through the water, The Guardian chased his escaping son. Dodging the enormous sea animals and dashing swiftly through schools of thousands of smaller fish and other sea creatures.

While escaping, The Caretaker glanced back and didn't see his father. Taking advantage, he decided to descend to the bottom for a jump out of the sea. He put his effort into it, and as he

was just about to jump, the side of his eye caught the sight of a seventy ton sea lizard 'falling' fast towards him.

With a tremor that echoed across the water, the enormous lizard crashed where The Guardian had thrown it; and paying close attention, he noticed that his son had moved aside, and was just jumping off out of the water.

After him, he jumped as well - above the water and swiftly towards the land. Folding and charging a fist, The Guardian called out his son's name ones again; and as he approached him, he struck him so hard that he crashed off the sky and into the ground on which scattered pines thrived - creating a bowl shaped depression upon his impact. Up from the sky, The Guardian charged down and crashed into his son - widening the depression.

In anger, he raised his golden staff in a thunderous roar to take his life, but as it quickly happened, his son managed to roll over, leap out the depression, and jump away.

For a moment, The Guardian stopped himself and thought, as The Caretaker jumped and dashed away. He didn't bother following since he was well aware he wasn't going to get far - he had no power to fly.

So in that moment, The Guardian managed to think through his rage, seeing all the outcomes in his mind: If he let his elder son live, he would have to bear the hate towards him for all coming time - because he knew he would never be able to forget what he had done; if he killed him, he would have to bear the loss of both sons for all coming time - because both of them were a part of him.

Whatever he thought to do, he realized that it would end only in endless pain; pain that he would have to take responsibility for, and bear for thousands of years.

But after quick and careful thought, he came to a decision that weighed heaviest on his heart; but even though it was so, he knew that it was the only thing he must do if he was to end the 'nightmare'.

Ones again, he took off into the air after his elder son, who was jumping about the place as high and as far as he could.

While moving above the trees, The Caretaker happened to quickly look to his side; from which his father, moving swiftly, managed to suddenly grab him and cause him to drop his diamond staff in the process; as he held him close with the help of his golden staff.

‘Locking’ him as tightly as he could, The Guardian thrust in an upwards curve - high through the air and into the enormous, milky white clouds. And through the clouds, he continued to push his speed - rising faster and leaving behind a trail of sparks and lights across the sky.

“What are you doing!!” The elder son asked while trying to get loose from his father’s tight arms; as up above the enormous clouds, they continued to rise towards the edge of the sky.

Up there, at the edge of the sky, The Guardian turned with his son in a half circle back towards the earth - charging forward with all his strength for a sharp descent.

With his son still fighting to get free, he kept increasing his speed with all his power; descending so fast that their bodies began to catch fire as a result of brushing against the air - leaving behind a trail of fire that kept enlarging as they sped up their descent.

Down on the ground, all the animals that were hunting, grazing, or resting looked up into the sky, and watched as the ball of fire continued to enlarge as it came down towards the earth.

So terrifying was the speed of descent that the elder son gave up his struggle.

“Absolve me father!” He begged with tears; as The Guardian, who was still increasing his speed, wetted his open eyes with remorse. For a moment, he forgot that his entire body and that of his son were being incinerated with a white heat that was surrounded by a fire which trailed behind them. He felt deeply saddened by what he was about to do; feeling rueful that it had come to that and that it was his fault. He hated the fact that he had failed The Creator.

Above his eyes, his tears hang as he approached the ground at which he stared.

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