



I am finding where I am, by understanding
where I was.

And everything I was, is linked to the island of
Must - the refuge.

And I must know where they were as well. My
heritage, my people, my family.

My Father, the prisoner of the hidden and the
revealed. Raised by Ji ana who hid the truth. Then
raised by Gehr, who revealed the truth. But Ji ana
hid for love, and Gehr revealed for power.

Mother too, nothing more than a slave to what she
knew and what she felt, Taught by Gehr to write what
she knew, Then taught by Ji ana to write what she felt.
But Gehr's teachings imprisoned her, and Ji ana's
teachings freed her.

And in the end, through the hidden and revealed,
through the known and the felt, through the good and
the evil, through the gods and the devils - they came
together. Together they came: Father floating and
mother caring, Father knowing and Mother feeling,

And my Great-Grandmother Ji ana watched,
and my Grandfather Gehr fell.

And so began our path of pain.

Ji ana was called the destroyer, but she brought
them together - and lived with them on Must island.

Father could not keep Must simple - new
structures and new Ages he brought. Mother could
not keep Must solitary - two new sons she brought -
my brothers - Irrus and Achenar. And they grew
up strong, and hungry, and lustful, like their

Grandfather Gelm - unable to control the power of

Books - the power of writing Ages.

And as a result all became prisoners. Prisoners in
their refuge.

I will never return to that place.





