

QUEST

HANDBOOK

# FANNAL

THE DAGGER OF TRUTH

DR. DEBORAH OOTEN

CO-AUTHORED BY CONSCIOUS DIMENSIONS



N-1 The Awakening Presents  
F.A.C.E. Type 3...

# Fannah

The Dagger of Truth

by Dr. Deborah Ooten

Co-authored by Conscious Dimensions:  
Myra Baker, Robin Grant, Dorothy Hatic,  
Mary Barr Rhodes and Lance White

© Copyright Conscious Dimensions LLC 2024  
7864 Camargo Road, Cincinnati, OH 45243

First edition 2024  
ISBN # 9798325674693

The characters, events, and situations depicted in this book are the product of the authors' imaginations or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or real-life events is purely coincidental and not intended.

This work is a fictional creation and should be treated as such. The authors do not endorse, condone, or promote any actions, beliefs, or ideologies depicted within the story. The book is intended for entertainment purposes only and should not be taken or interpreted as advice, guidance, or endorsement of any kind.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the authors, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

Cover Design by Robin Grant  
Character Design and Illustrations by Robin Grant  
Artwork AI-Enhanced by Robin Grant

For permission requests or further information, please contact us @ [info@consciousdimensions.com](mailto:info@consciousdimensions.com).



# Acknowledgments

We would like to express our heartfelt appreciation to the remarkable individuals who, as coauthors, helped shape and bring this fantasy novel to life. Their contributions, support, and dedication were invaluable throughout this creative journey.

First and foremost, we are deeply grateful to Dr. Deborah Ooten. Her work and consequent research paper with the Enneagram of Personality and Spiral Dynamics contributed to the intellectual property utilized by the Conscious Dimensions team to construct and write the stories represented herein. Dr. Ooten graciously and laboriously led our team throughout the writing process in which the entire team participated that kept the work true to her initial Intellectual Property.

Secondly, for other specific acknowledgements, we would like to recognize Myra Baker. It is through her visionary mindset and passionate pursuit of creating a conscious video game that the foundation for these books was laid. Her unique vision inspired us and served as the catalyst for this extraordinary endeavor.

We are immensely grateful to Robin Grant for his contributions in crafting and developing fantasy character art and narratives of character content. Robin's vivid imagination, captivating narratives, and meticulous attention to detail infused the story with magic, wonder, and brought the characters to life in ways we could not have imagined.

We would also like to extend our gratitude to Dorothy Hatic for her editing expertise. Dorothy's keen eye, meticulous editing, and invaluable suggestions helped refine the manuscripts, ensuring its readability and coherence. She also brought together nine individual characters in nine separate stories for one final gathering, which lent itself to possible sequel work.

A heartfelt appreciation goes to Mary Barr Rhodes for her invaluable contributions in branding, marketing strategies, and creative direction. Mary's expertise elevated our project, ensuring that our books received the attention and recognition they deserved. Her guidance and insights were integral to our success.

Last, but certainly not least, we are eternally grateful to our angel investor, Lance White, whose unwavering financial support and belief in our project made it possible to bring our works to fruition. Without his generous investment, we would not have had the necessary resources and opportunities to realize our creative aspirations.

All of the above-mentioned contributed to exploring and writing the stories based on the teachings and guidance of Dr. Ooten. It was a process that started in May, 2009 and continued weekends throughout the year into 2010. Robin Grant created art and imaginary characters based upon personality requirements as we went along. He created gear to enable our writings to journey through the value memes in fantasy ways that remained true to Dr. Ooten's original work.

In addition, we would like to express our gratitude to our families and friends for their unwavering support and understanding throughout this endeavor. Your belief in us and our writing has been a constant source of inspiration and motivation.



# Table of Contents

N-1 Galaxy and Rogue Planet

The Portals and Obelisk

The N-1 Galaxy F.A.C.E. Rulers

F.A.C.E. Personality Test

Introduction to the World of Hirune

The F.A.C.E. Type 3 Character Introductions

Chapter 1: The C.L.A.W.

Chapter 2: A Tiger Wild

Chapter 3: Impostor Syndrome

Chapter 4: BrennanTown

Chapter 5: U.N.I.T.Y.

Chapter 6: Evolvoria

Chapter 7: BioNex

Summary Chart

Technologies Overview

- F.A.C.E. - 9 Faces of Personality
- F.A.C.E.T. - Conscious Evolution
- L.E.G.S. - Life Evolving Guidance System
- O.C.T.A.V.E. - Oscillating Currents in Torus Activating Vibrational Energy
- O.H.m. - Octave Harmonics Mirror

Who We Are

Bibliography

Credits





# THE N-1 GALAXY AND THE ROGUE PLANET

The N-1 Galaxy consists of nine worlds, each unaware of the others' existence. Everything changes when a rogue planet arrives, creating electromagnetic portals on each world and disrupting their orbits and climates. This cosmic event not only expands galactic travel and introduces new dynamics but also causes catastrophic disruptions, wreaking havoc on the worlds. Amidst this chaos, the inhabitants must adapt to the new spiritual, social, and cultural challenges while striving to protect their homes from impending destruction.



The image depicts a fantastical, ancient-looking structure. In the center stands a tall, rectangular obelisk with intricate carvings and a glowing blue light emanating from its top. It is flanked by two pairs of stone pillars, each pair forming an archway. The pillars and arches are made of weathered, grey stone. The ground is a mix of dark, jagged rocks and patches of green grass. The background is a deep, dark teal color, filled with swirling, ethereal energy or light trails that create a sense of movement and magic. The overall atmosphere is mysterious and otherworldly.

## THE PORTAL OBELISK

In N-1, characters journey through hidden portals to the rogue planet, drawn to a mysterious obelisk. This obelisk acts as a central control, unlocking nine surrounding doors, each leading to another N-1 world. To open these locked doors, characters must gather clues and acquire special gear. The obelisk serves as a gateway to view other worlds and grants access when combined with specific magical keys and viewing devices. This control center becomes a coveted seat of power, controlling access and traffic flow, attracting the attention of numerous characters vying for control.



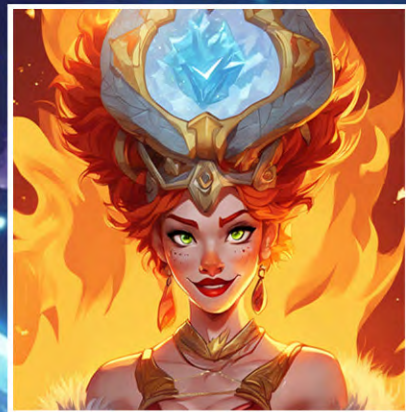
# THE N-I GALAXY RULERS



ORIX



DAPHNARI



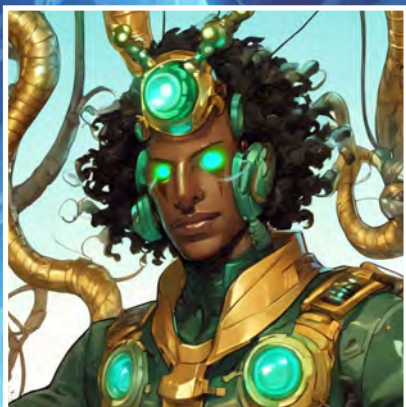
FANNAH



DIVRI



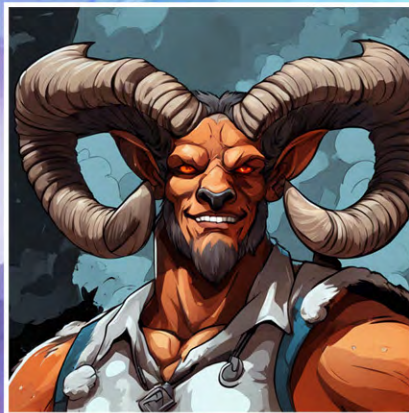
GRISTH



KYRO



ONGI



RAMTHOR



RAYNA



# DISCOVER YOUR SIMILARITY TO FANNAH

## How closely do you relate to Fannah's character traits and journey

Discover if you share similarities with Fannah by responding to the following questions. Assign a score of 1 for characteristics that are least like you, and 10 for characteristics that are most like you. Total your score, and if you achieve 90 or above, there is a high likelihood that you share traits with Fannah!

Fannah embodies practicality, efficiency, competence, confidence, self-assurance, charm, determination, competitiveness, self-reference, a preference for work over relationships, and a tendency to seek validation from external sources.

	I am a goal-oriented person. I always have projects to work on and feel at my best when I have accomplished a lot.
	I am often labeled as a workaholic, but I simply consider myself a diligent and hardworking individual.
	I often find myself feeling that others around me are unable to complete the task at hand. As a result, I step in because I have confidence in my ability to get it done.
	I can easily relate to people from all walks of life. Whether I'm in a crowd, I have the ability to engage in meaningful conversations with anyone, from the garbage man to the CEO. I possess adaptability and find it effortless to connect with others.
	I thrive in a fast-paced work environment and genuinely enjoy maintaining a continuous momentum.”
	If you're not successful, what good are you? A person is only remembered by what they have accomplished and the legacy they leave behind.
	I strongly believe that failure is not an option. I am committed to overcoming challenges and obstacles with perseverance, determination, and a steadfast refusal to accept failure.
	I possess an unwavering commitment to excellence, and I am dedicated to putting in the necessary effort to reach my fullest potential in everything I undertake.
	While I am highly sensitive, I typically refrain from expressing it outwardly. This approach helps me stay focused and productive as I believe that dwelling on messy emotions can hinder progress.
	I have an intense drive and thrive on competitiveness. When I engage in any form of competition, my goal is to come out as the victor. I am determined to do whatever it takes to achieve the top position.
	<b>Total</b>





# HIRUNE CITY



# PORTAL OF SUSPENSION





# C.L.A.W. ACADEMY

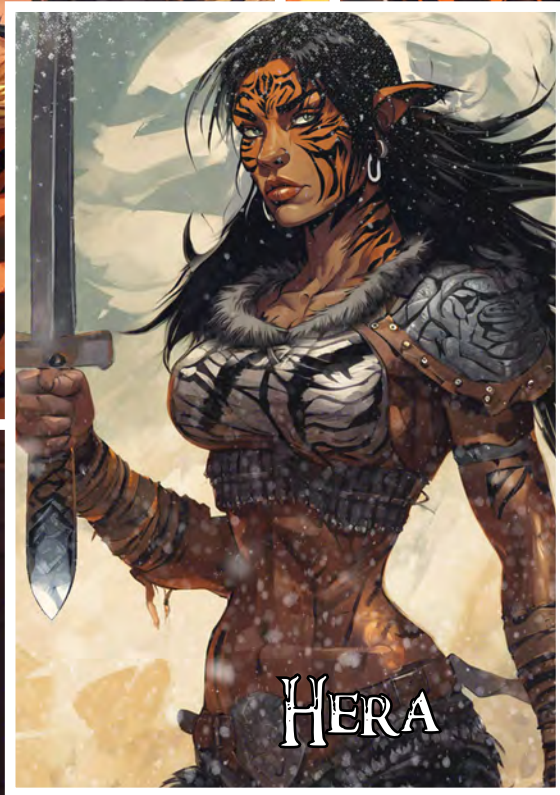
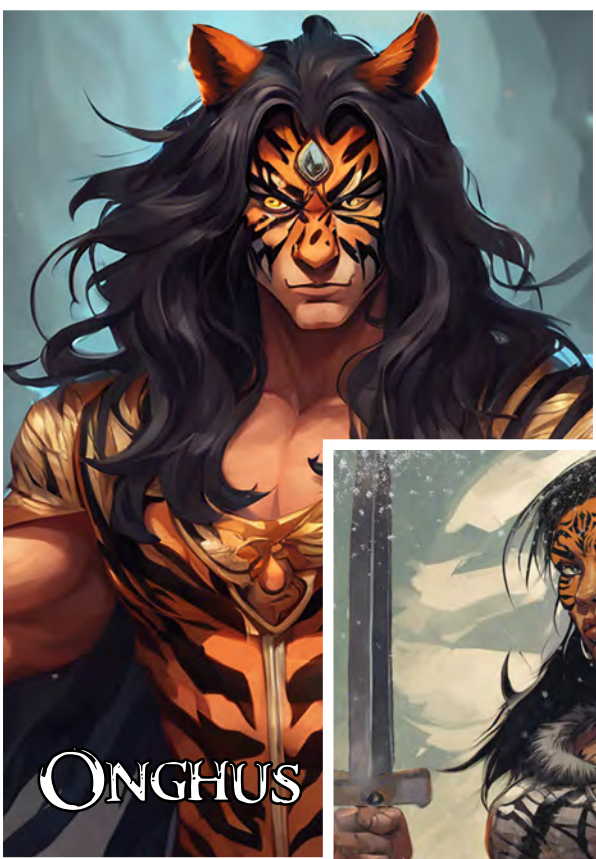


# BRENNAN TOWN



# DEN TIGER

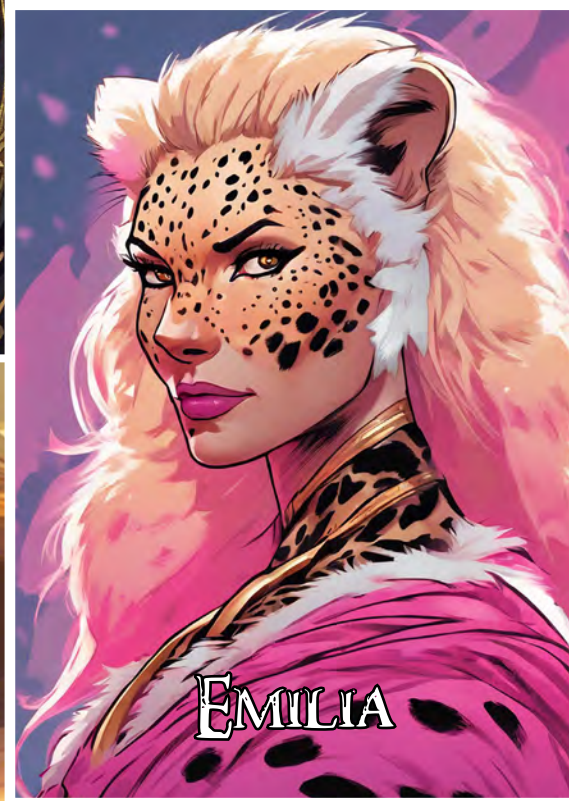
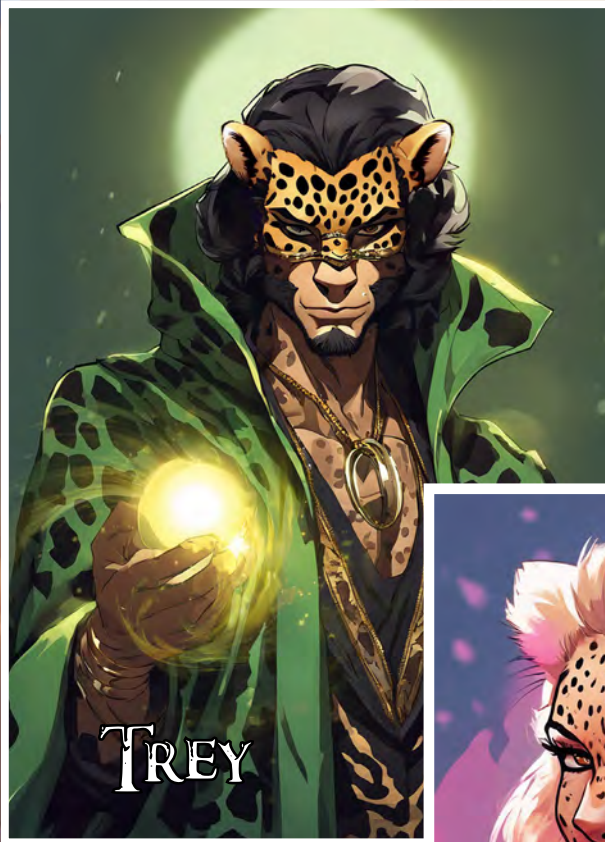
Den Tiger, the formidable group of magicians in Hirune, wields the power of earth, air, wind, and fire. Their mastery over these elements allows them to perform breathtaking feats of magic, seamlessly fusing elemental energies, manipulating earth, air, wind, and fire with precision. They can conjure elemental creatures, create powerful shields, and harness elemental energies for healing. With their unmatched abilities, the Den Tigers stand as the most formidable species in Hirune, commanding the very forces of nature and shaping the course of battles with their awe-inspiring magic.





# DEN CHEETAH

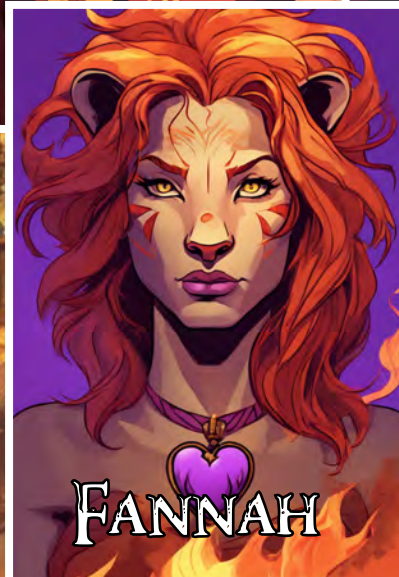
The magic Cheetahs from Den Cheetah possess a sleek and muscular form, their fur reflecting the shifting sky in vibrant shades. With the powers of the element of air, they can vanish from sight, ride the winds at extraordinary speeds, and manipulate air currents. Their acute senses allow them to navigate treacherous gusts and perceive invisible changes in the atmosphere.





# DEN LION

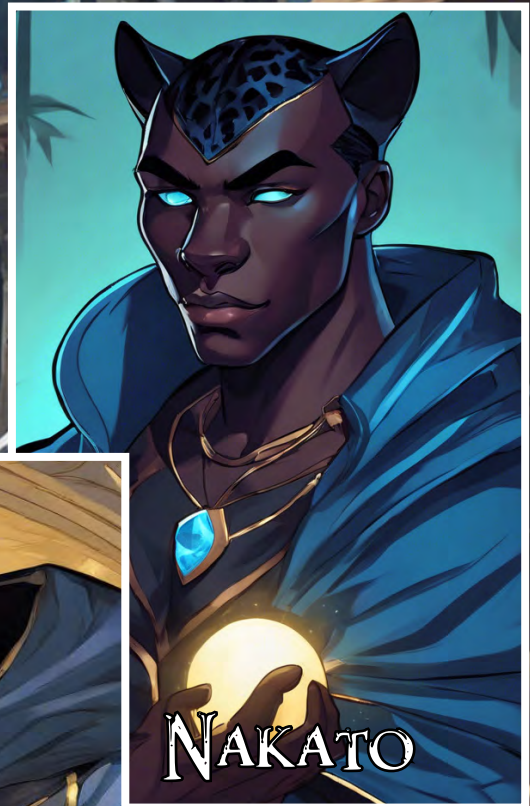
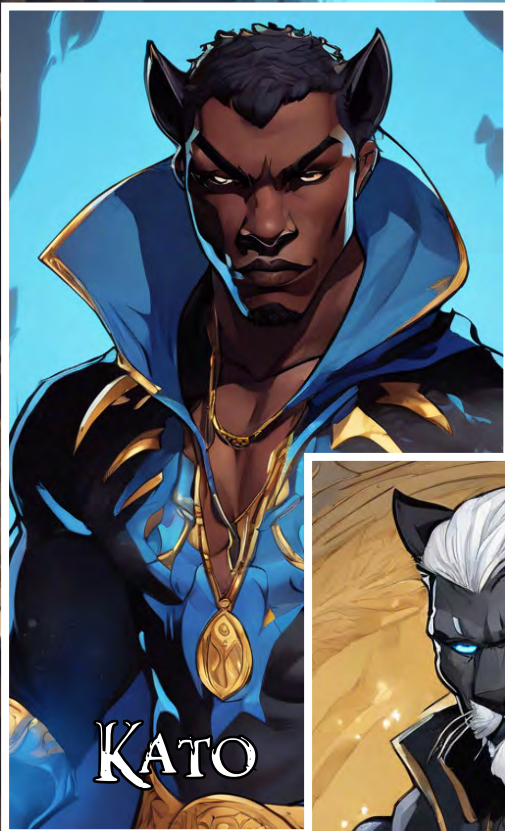
Den Lion, a majestic pride harnessing the powers of both the earth and fire elements, valiantly combats the relentless ice age shrouding Hirune. With their exceptional mastery over fire and earth, they perform an extraordinary feat: generating life-sustaining crops amidst the frozen wasteland. By combining their fire magic to provide warmth and their connection with the earth to cultivate fertile soil, they defy the harsh climate and ensure the survival of their pride and others





# DEN PANTHER

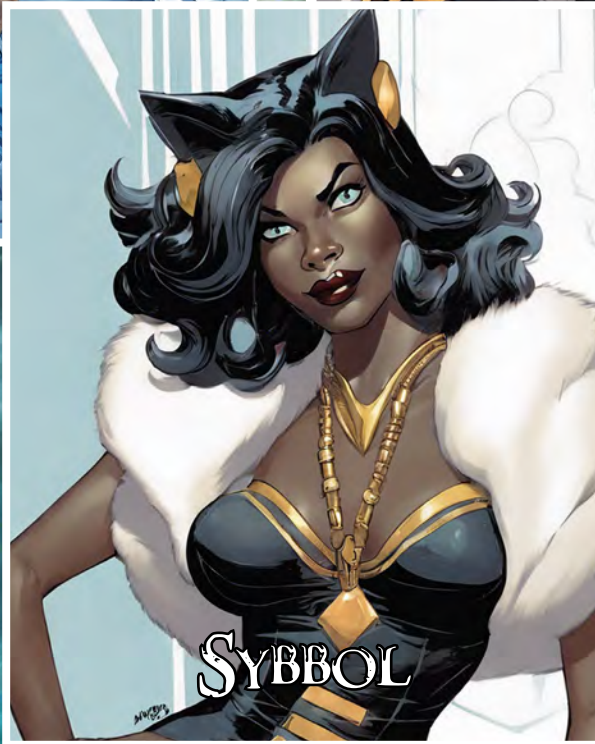
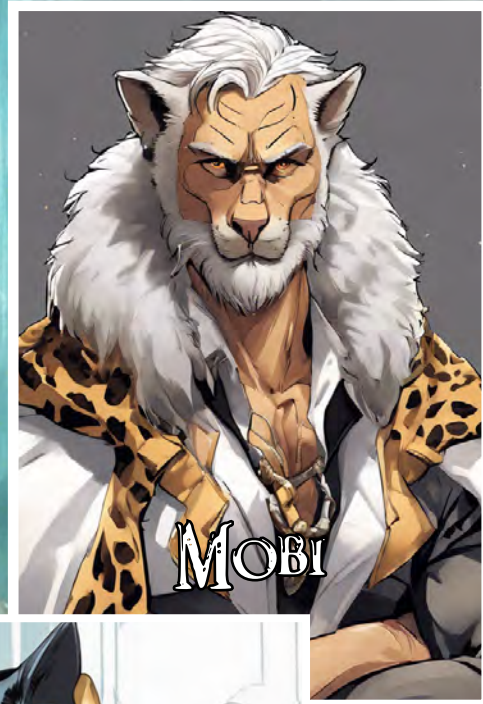
Kato and Nakato, the twin characters of Den Panther, possess awe-inspiring magic earth element powers. They can manipulate the earth, shaping it into enchanting metals for magical artifacts, swords, shields, and armor. Their connection with the land grants them the ability to sense its living spirit, command the ground beneath them, and harness the earth's healing energies. Working in perfect harmony, they stand as formidable guardians of Den Panther, forging powerful enchantments, shaping battlefields, and healing the wounds of conflict with the strength and resilience of the earth.





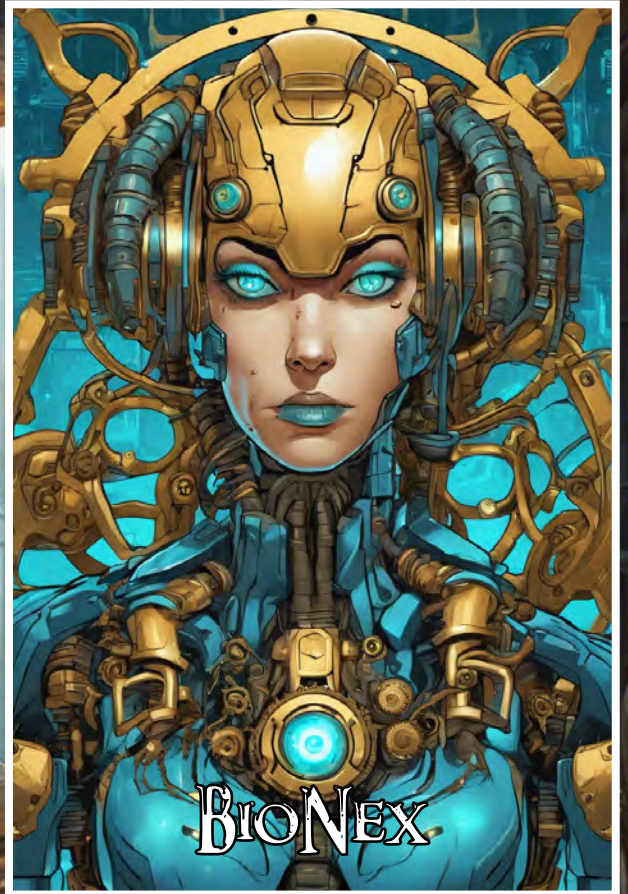
# DEN DOMESTIC

The Den Domestics are a captivating group of humanoid feline creatures. These mystical beings possess a profound connection to water magic, weaving its powers into the fabric of their existence. Within the rich tapestry of this tale, the Den Domestics manifest extraordinary water-based abilities, such as effortlessly manipulating aquatic currents, summoning torrential storms, and even communicating with aquatic creatures. Their mastery over water serves as a testament to their resilience, adaptability, and affinity for all things fluid and serene.





# RABOTIC'S AND BIONEX







## Introduction

The young feline, Fannah, gracefully flicks her tail behind her, the motion mirroring her anticipation and daydreams. Her flaming red hair, styled into a heart shape above her head like arcing horns, captures much attention with its vibrant hue and unique heart-shaped crown. Encased in a one-piece jumpsuit, blending shades of red and gold, the bell bottom flared pant legs accentuate her feline grace and poise. Fannah's large, wide, green cat eyes, framed by long, luscious lashes, peer out from a petite heart-shaped face with high cheekbones. Her fair complexion possesses a golden tone, perfectly complementing the shiny, fine lioness fur that adorns her.

As she walks through the bustling city, lost in fantasies and aspirations, Fannah patiently waits for her father, who is currently engrossed in council meetings with other esteemed Shamans of the Lion's Den, the prestigious Academy of Fire Arts. Her heart aches with longing, yearning for the day when she, too, can partake in the wisdom-filled discussions, embarking on similar magical adventures.



Deep within Fannah resides a secret talent for magic that is necessarily forbidden and concealed from the world. With her keen feline eyes, she takes in the breathtaking city that surrounds her. Every magnificent structure, masterfully and magically engineered by the Panther Den of the Earth Magic Academy, enhances the awe-inspiring beauty of Hirune. The city itself hangs suspended in mid-air atop a colossal arched pillar, emerging as a stunning marvel amidst the clouds,



a testament to the limitless imagination of its inhabitants of cats. Gothic buildings soar above her, their stone surfaces adorned with sculptures depicting legendary feline heroes. These sculptures guard ornate stained-glass windows that recount the tales of heroic feats orchestrated by the competing magic academies of Hirune.

As Fannah continues to traverse the bustling streets, she becomes captivated by the constant flow of feline residents coming and going from the city's central hub. This colossal pillar not only supports the entirety of Hirune, but also acts as a bustling traffic station with elevators effortlessly shuttling felines up and down its heights. With each passing moment, Fannah feels a sense of safety, high above the ground, far away from any potential predators.

Drawn closer to the heart of the city, Fannah finds herself standing before the grand entrance of the illustrious C.L.A.W. (Cat Legion of Apothecary Wizardry). As she gazes at the entrance, she witnesses a steady stream of male apprentices pouring in and out of the apothecary. Intrigued, she observes the magical artifacts covered in magical symbols they carry with them. She understands many of the meanings from her father's teachings such as "The Preservation of Magical Tribal Wisdom," "Shared Rituals and Spells of the Panther," "Ancestors, Nature, and the Tribal Bonds That Bind Them." Her mind is ignited with curiosity, wondering if her father could procure some of these precious artifacts for her. Observing the magicians working diligently in their respective dens, Fannah feels a tremendous sense of community and tribal safety. "Sure, they may be competitive with each other," she ponders, "but ultimately, their magic benefits all of us."



**HEAD CENTER** - 15%  
Mental Intelligence

**HEART CENTER** - 5%  
Emotional Intelligence

**BODY CENTER** - 80%  
Somatic Intelligence

REACTIVITY - 95%

EGOIC LEVELS - 85%

Solfeggio Sound  
Frequency 369

Note: Fannah's heart energy is currently suspended above her head.

At the Amethyst (purple) level, Fannah assumes the role of the Magician, dedicated to safeguarding the group's honor by utilizing any magical means necessary. She tirelessly interfaces with the spirit realm to establish a connection between the harsh reality and the enchantment of the natural world and the universe.

Fannah embodies the characteristics of a heart type, processing information through her emotions. She is deeply connected to images, engages in self-deception, and both expresses and suppresses her emotions. She is preoccupied with how others perceive her and the image she presents to the world. Unfortunately, this preoccupation can lead her to make decisions that are detrimental and misdirect her path.



Eager to explore further, Fannah's eyes capture the sight of a large plaque adorning the main entrance hall. It proudly displays the magnificent coat of arms representing the five feline academies: Lion, Tiger, Panther, Cheetah, and the Domestics. She marvels at how each academy specializes in their own unique forms of magic, associated with the four elements of air, water, earth, and fire, while one den, den Tiger, possesses the knowledge to manipulate them all. Through countless generations, these dens have tirelessly worked, shaping the art of magic by drawing wisdom from their ancestral lineage and cultural customs handed down by their predecessors.

With her heart brimming with awe and ambition, Fannah stands at the threshold of the C.L.A.W., feeling the stories of the ancient magical traditions calling to her.

Suddenly, a chilling blast of wind sweeps past Fannah, causing her to instinctively pull her delicate shawl draped over her shoulders closer for warmth. Intrigued and bewildered, she wonders how the temperature could plummet so rapidly on what was supposed to be a warm summer's day. As if that weren't peculiar enough, the once bright daylight starts to fade into an eerie darkness. Fannah raises her gaze towards the sky, her feline eyes widening at the incredible sight unfolding before her. The sun, usually a radiant beacon, now succumbs to the embrace of a shadowy eclipse. Such a spectacle has never graced her senses before, sending a shiver cascading down her spine.

As the mystery deepens, Fannah senses a trembling beneath her paws as the very ground itself begins to quake. Casting her eyes around, she discovers that every inhabitant of Hirune in the town square has come to an eerie and motionless halt, their feline gazes locked upon the darkened sky. Fannah's heart quickens with trepidation, her eyes fixated on the wondrous unknown above.

Blinking in astonishment, Fannah finds herself feeling cool wetness against her furry face and eyelashes. At first, she assumes it to be a dazzling effect of the eclipse, perhaps sparkles dancing in the darkness. Yet, as she explores the sensation further, she quickly realizes that it is neither light nor twinkles. It is snow – delicate flakes gently settling upon her surroundings.









## Chapter 1

### The C.L.A.W.

The elders of the C.L.A.W. convene under the darkened skies, marked by the eclipse that has brought forth unprecedented climate change and perpetual winter upon their tribe. Guided by their collective wisdom and the mystical traditions passed down through generations, they prepare to embark on a profound magical ritual to restore balance and harmony to their lands.

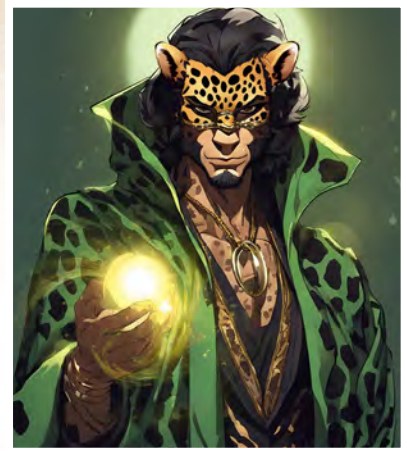
Gathered at the heart of the tribe's sacred grove, encircled by ancient trees swathed in frost and snow, the feline elders commence their ritual. Clad in ornate robes adorned with

The Amethyst Level of Consciousness revolves around appeasing the spirits, where individuals become ingrained in the collective consciousness of their tribe. Individualism is nonexistent in this state. Within this realm, the Hirunians perceive the ice age as a mystical phenomenon, endeavoring to navigate the unforgiving new reality by relying on their traditional magic. Adherence to rituals and customs is paramount for all tribal members, including the rules governing the practice of magic, specifying who can and cannot wield its power.



symbols representing the four elements, they stand in unity, their paws touching the unfamiliar icy ground. The air crackles with an electric energy as they call upon the spirits of nature.

Led by the Cheetah Trey, elder of the Air Academy, their voices resonate with reverence as they chant ancient incantations, invoking the elemental forces that once brought prosperity and warmth to their tribe. The words carry through the frozen air, reaching the ears of the spirits, seeking their guidance and support.



In the center of the grove, a ceremonial stone altar takes center stage, adorned with crystals, plants, and symbols representing the sun. With careful precision, the elders kindle a sacred fire, feeding it with herbs and offerings to honor the spirits and evoke their assistance in ending the perpetual winter that has suddenly and mysteriously besieged their tribe.

The elder of den Panther named Makato, master magician of earth magic, steps forward. His paws instinctively touch the frozen earth beneath him. He utters words of ancient wisdom, enlisting the aid of the earth spirits to stabilize the weather patterns and restore the natural flow of seasons. With each word, the ground trembles slightly, a sign of the spirits' acceptance and collaboration.

Then the elder of den named Mobi, master magician of water, surrounded by flowing streams and ice-blue crystals, steps into a nearby frozen pool. As he extends his paws over the ice, he calls upon the water spirits, imploring them to cleanse and purify their lands from the grip of eternal winter. The ice cracks, and water begins to trickle, a symbol of the spirits' pledge to assist in melting the frozen veil that has enveloped their world.

The elder of den lion, Pharrar, embodies the essence of warmth and mastery of fire as he steps forward. With a gentle wave of his paw, he conjures flames that dance with intensity upon the altar. He seeks the assistance of the fire spirits, beseeching them to reignite the sun's power and bring forth the necessary heat to thaw the icy grip that plagues their tribe.



Now, an elder steps forward whom legends speak of - Ong-hus, the master magician of all elements. As the exalted lead-





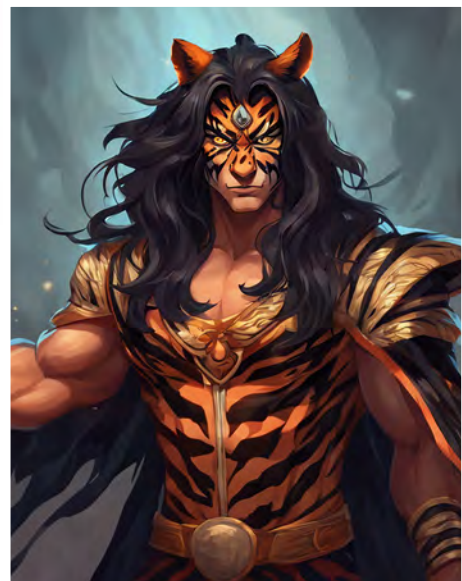
er of den Tiger, he possesses the rare ability to wield all of the elements together. Onghus, bathed in an aura of power, steps to the forefront. His eyes shimmer with a mesmerizing blend of fiery red, earthy brown, watery blue, and airy green.

With a commanding presence, Onghus raises his paws, each representing the essence of the four elements. As he calls forth his connection to the spirits, his voice carries a resonance that reverberates through the grove, stirring the energy of the elements.

In a breathtaking display of elemental mastery, Onghus weaves the energies of fire, earth, water, and air into a harmonious tapestry. Flames dance at his fingertips, while the earth prospers beneath his touch. Gentle breezes swirl around him, and droplets of water shimmer in the air, reflecting the returning sunlight.

Onghus, the embodiment of unity and balance, gazes upon the tribe with a steady and reassuring gaze. He channels their hope, their desperation, and their unwavering faith into a single surge of immense power. With every movement, the perpetual winter retreats briefly, giving way to a slight, yet temporary, return of a balanced climate.

The feline tribe, awe-struck by Onghus' undeniable mastery, feels a renewed sense of hope, purpose and unity. It is to be short lived...



Fire embodies action, power, and momentum, while ice and cold symbolize stagnation, hibernation, and pause. F.A.C.E. Type 3 individuals encounter the challenge of balancing the contrasting energies of heat and cold, action and rest. They possess a natural inclination to remain in a perpetual state of action, achievement, and progress, often burning the midnight oil and blazing trails for others to follow in their successful footsteps. Avoiding any form of slowdown or inactivity becomes paramount to them. However, when Type 3 individuals experience periods of unproductivity, guilt swiftly consumes them, driving them to persistently push forward. This relentless drive often exacts a toll on their well-being, relationships, and ability to truly savor the present moment, ultimately impacting both themselves and those around them.



In the early afternoon, as the purple sun reaches its zenith, Fannah finds solace sitting upon her favorite rock. Tucked away within a small clearing, a majestic gray boulder adorned in verdant moss beckons her. Radiant rays of violet sunlight dance through the gaps in the towering trees, casting a magical glow upon the lush foliage. Fannah clutches her coat tightly for warmth as she settles into a comfortable position. She had hoped the elder's ritual would bring an end to the cold, but within a few days, the frigid temperatures returned with even greater vengeance. Fannah rubs her paws together, trying to warm them up. With her paws, she cradles an exquisitely decorated wooden flute. She recites in her mind various songs she has learned from her father and some she has created with him. It is their cherished magical secret. Fannah has become incredibly clever under her father's tutelage, using the power of music to quickly manifest fire, sustain it, and even make it grow.

Deep within Fannah's heart lies a profound connection to the ethereal beings of nature. Spirits whisper in her ears, their presence felt in every rustle of leaves, every gentle breeze that caresses her fur. They know her heart's desires, her longing for recognition and acceptance. Fannah sees herself as a magical bridge between her people and the spirits, even if she is not officially recognized as such.

Currently engrossed in crafting a new composition, one that holds the tender strings of her heart, a piece she has lovingly named "Mother's Love" in honor of her deceased matriarch, Fannah's tail drapes over the rock, swaying contently as she savors these stolen moments away from the demands and responsibilities of her familial life. She gingerly plays a few notes, pausing momentarily to regain her composure. Strong sentimental currents threaten to overwhelm her as she battles their ebb and flow, a daily mourning for her mother that lingers like a ghost. As she plays, her lioness hide begins to transition to tiger stripes, similar to that of her deceased mother. Paranoid that someone might see her tiger stripes, she

Another ice-themed aspect for F.A.C.E. Type 3 individuals is the freezing of emotions. Known for their pursuit of progress, Type 3s often suspend and set aside their feelings to focus on their objectives. Emotions, if given free reign, can disrupt their concentration and hinder their ability to accomplish tasks. Thus, messy feelings are viewed as obstacles to realizing their goals. It is also important for Type 3s to maintain a polished image, avoiding the display of pain or vulnerability. Their main focus is on achieving results. However, deep within, Type 3s harbor an unconscious longing for genuine connection with others. They have developed a survival strategy that believes, "If I achieve success for others, they will reciprocate with love." This egoic illusion drives Type 3s to become robotic human "doings" rather than fully existing as human "beings."



glances over her shoulder to confirm the absence of her pesky half-brothers and sisters—a bothersome litter of five who delight in tormenting and mocking her, particularly in regards to her magical fire music. The magically inclined family, composed of her father, step-mother, Sybbol, and younger siblings, hold little tolerance for what they deem a trivial hobby. And unspoken, yet ever-present, is the underlying understanding that Fannah must never explore her latent magical abilities.

And so, she begins to play.

With each note, her attention slips away from the perpetual hunger she feels in her belly and the endless coldness that surrounds her. Fire slowly emerges with each note, until finally, a large flame dances in front of her. Her chill evaporates, warmed by the glow. As she plays, Fannah wonders if her music could be received with honor by the spirits. Her magical notes infuse with power and the essence of nature, an offering and placation to the spirits. Perhaps the melodies could be a connection, a bond between her people and the enchanting beings that surround them. The music carries her intentions, weaving like a delicate thread through the tapestry of existence. Tears well in her eyes, cascading down her cheeks, while the hair on her arms rises in response to the ethereal presence that envelopes her. In her music, she finds solace, purpose, and a profound connection with the spirits of nature.

A sudden impact to her head and the harsh yank of her flute from her lips shatters Fannah's transcendental experience. Startled, she returns to the present, her heart racing with a mix of annoyance and frustration.

“What is that awful music?! Why do you even play that stupid thing? You're terrible!” jeers Uron, one of her stepbrothers, his laughter piercing through her melodies.

Barely a moment passes before the entire group of five half-brothers and sisters, all the same age and from the same litter, invade Fannah's sacred space. They encircle her, spewing insults that sting like poisoned thorns.

“Give me back my flute, you jerk!” screams Fannah, her voice filled with outrage as she leaps off her rock, teeth gnashing.

“Give me back my flute,” mocks Uron, pushing her away and holding the instrument high above her, out of reach.

“What are you doing showing your 'wild' tiger skin for? What if somebody sees you? Do you want rumors to start spreading?” asks Gibbs, another brother, with a sneer.

“Just because I can't always conceal my half-breed skin as well as you domestic half-breeds



can, doesn't make me any less than you!" shouts Fannah in defense, defiance burning in her eyes.

Shree, one of her sisters, seizes the flute next, tossing it back and forth with her other sister, Nelhid. "What is this fire magic I see? Girls aren't allowed! Better not let an elder see you," she jeers, disdain lacing her words.

Uron stumbles in a moment of weakness as they taunt her. Normally a muscular and robust lion, Uron had become thin and emaciated. Her family had not eaten for weeks, and their meager rations are running thin. Fannah, too, is starving and can hardly hold their bullying against them. They are all starving, and hunger pains are bringing out the very worst in many Hirunians including her siblings. Fannah's only reprieve is her music and her magic. Times are becoming precarious. Her brother faces her, his enraged eyes looking straight into hers.

"You should be looking for food like the rest of us. What makes you think any of us will share with you if we find any scraps after seeing you sitting here, resting on your laurels all day?" Uron says viciously.

"Uron!" a voice from beyond the forest calls out. It is the unmistakable voice of their father. "Leave your sister be and go get us some food. I'll handle your sister. Don't let me catch you throwing your weight around like this again! And that goes for all of you. I know you're hungry. Put your energy in finding food, not bullying your sister."

The feline litter gathers and retreats into the forest to gather any scraps of food they can find, leaving Fannah alone. "Fannah, come to me," demands Pharrar with an authoritative tone.

Slowly Fannah rolls off of the rock feeling weak with hunger and picks up her flute her siblings have tossed aside disrespectfully. She makes her way to her family home and enters her father's den of magic, hidden in a secret room in the back part of the lions' den. Pharrar pulls a hidden lever, triggering a bookcase to open a secret door. Steps leading downward lead to a warm, cozy den where cauldrons bubble and beakers filled with various colored potions adorn the oak bookshelves lining the walls. Fannah loves her father's den, particularly the secretive times they shared together away from the family practicing magic.

Pharrar, once a powerful, muscular, and robust elder of Lion House, has become sullen, thin, and frail. He, more than anyone in his family, has gone without food so that his family could eat. Fannah grows increasingly concerned for him as each day passes. The sense of urgency is palpable. He sits down at his desk and motions for Fannah to sit in a chair opposite him.



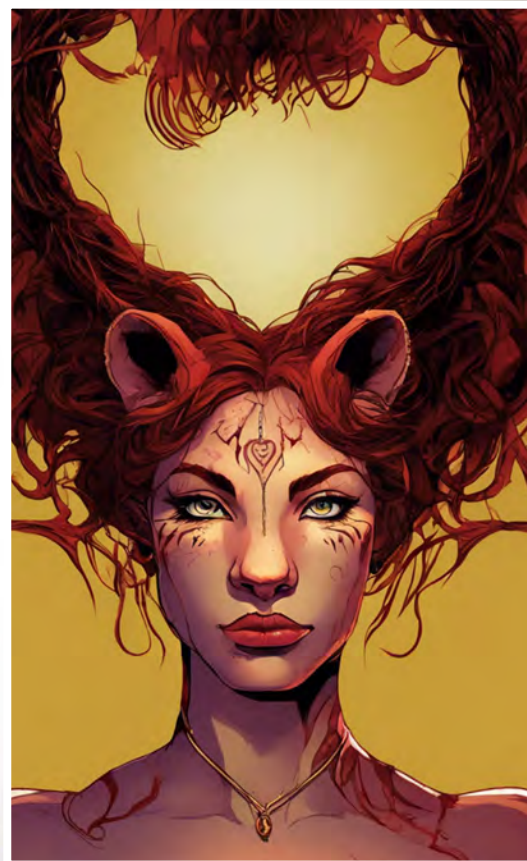
“Fannah, my dearest daughter, we are in grave danger of death. I have noticed your recent mastery of magical fire powers, and I must say that I am truly impressed. You have harnessed the power of your flute to manifest powerful fire magic, surpassing even my abilities and those of your brothers combined. Our efforts have been short-lived, but with your magic, the warmth and duration can be extended. It is with careful consideration that I propose presenting you to the elders of the C.L.A.W., imploring them to accept you as a magician. Teach them your magic, create enough fire to warm the earth, and cultivate food once more. I believe you may be our only hope,” Pharrar, conveying his message weakly, his voice filled with concern.

Fannah can hardly believe her lioness ears. She has fantasized about revealing her magical powers for so long. Feeling a profound sense of validation and warmth spreading within her chest, she cannot help but beam from ear to ear. “Yes, father, oh yes!” Fannah exclaims, her voice brimming with excitement.

»»-----ǎ-----««

“Clack, clack, clack.” The sound echos through the council chamber as the magistrate calls for order. “May the Order of Feline Academies come to order,” the magistrate declares loudly. The five elders gather around a large oak table, each taking their designated places. Scattered across the wooden surface are magical artifacts adorned with enigmatic symbols inspiring rituals of fire magic. It is clear that the academic leaders have brought forth their collective wisdom, prompted by recent events that have thrown Hirune into panic, chaos, and famine.

Pharrar, the head elder of the council, stands tall, resembling a powerful Shamanic lion specializing in fire magic. He commands the attention of the room, which is filled with wise felines. Concealed by a spotted fur cloak, he hides his frail and failing frame. In his hand, he holds an ancient lion skull scepter infused with the fiery powers of lion ances-





tors. Pharrar's presence demands respect. Meanwhile, Fannah, hidden in a corner of the chamber, observes the scene with familiarity as her father addresses the gathering.

"Welcome, esteemed elders and distinguished apprentices of the magic dens of C.L.A.W.," Pharrar begins. "As you have witnessed, we have been privy to a battle between the mighty elemental spirits of the sky. It was a spectacle, a delicate dance showcasing the sacred forces of nature—an interaction of immense spiritual significance to our people."

Pharrar's voice carries the weight of authority as he continues, "We are still pondering the sudden drop in temperature. The elders have concurred that it is a sign of imbalance disrupting the natural harmony revered in the elemental forces we hold dear. The spirits have intervened in our world, causing a significant disturbance. Furthermore, the earthquake serves as a manifestation of the earth spirit's presence, a powerful reminder of our interconnectedness and the need for harmony within our magical tribes."

Emphasizing unity and reverence, Pharrar imparts his message to the gathering. "We must remain united during this time of uncertainty, holding the world around us with respect. The eclipse, unprecedented snowfall, and the earthquake are undoubtedly interconnected signs and messages from the spirits with whom we have communed for millennia. As you all know, we are in a very grave state. The freezing climate has devastated our crops, and we have eaten through our rations. Our attempts to create fire magic have not been enough to sustain enough heat to battle the incessant snow and ice. But, I do have a potential solution. It will go against our customs and norms, for certain. I am going to propose something that has never been done in our history. But desperate times call for desperate measures," says Pharrar with deep conviction.

The room, filled with male elders and studying academics, falls silent. Pharrar rises from his seat and motions for Fannah to reveal herself from her hiding place in the far corners of the room.

Murmurs are heard as she timidly approaches the table of elders, who look puzzled and displeased at the presence of a female cat in their sacred hall of magic.

"Onghus, elder of Den Tiger is the first to speak. 'What is the meaning of this? How dare you bring your daughter to this school of sacred magic. It is forbidden!' warns Onghus with a growl."

Pharrar motions for Fannah to proceed. From her cloak, she retrieves her magical flute and begins to play. Fire emerges from the center of the table, forming a solid pillar that extends to the heights of the vaulted ceiling above. Its heat fills the room, causing the attendees to break into a sweat. Murmurs grow louder at the sight of a female performing magic, almost



overshadowing the amazing demonstration of power before them.

Pharrar looks on proudly, nodding to Fannah with approval, encouraging her to continue.

After several minutes of sustained and intense fire magic, Fannah ceases her music and returns her flute to her pocket, stepping back away from the table to await what comes next.

Onghus watches intently, pensively tapping his massive clawed paws on the table. Across from him, his rival and nemesis witnesses the display of his offspring, a magician more powerful in fire magic than he had ever witnessed, including himself. A fierce, competitive rage ignites inside of him as he witnesses a weaker female do what he could not. Onghus, a powerful magician proficient in fire, earth, water, and air magic, harbors a perpetual resentment towards Pharrar, mainly because of his scandalous interspecies marriage to a tiger—a tribal taboo and a great offense to Tigers in general. Overall, Onghus considers lions and their den inferior to himself and his own establishment. Under normal circumstances, Onghus would never willingly share the same room as the other elders, particularly the Lions, if not for this dire situation. The tensions between the Lion and Tiger species stretch back generations. While they had managed to coexist for the tribe's mutual benefit, their relationship was characterized by mere tolerance. Today is no exception, although Onghus found himself feeling slightly more daring, curious about the severity of the messages conveyed by the spirits.

Onghus adjusts his posture, sitting up to speak. His colossal shoulder armor clanks as he prepares himself. "Thank you, Pharrar, for your impressive fire magic display by your offspring," he states, masking his true emotions with feigned politeness. "As I'm sure you are well aware, females are forbidden to practice magic. Has it not occurred to you what the consequence might be from the spirits for upsetting the natural order of things by allowing this? We could end up in a worse situation than before!" Onghus proclaims angrily.

The air is thick with tension and grows even cooler with Onghus's stinging remarks. Elder Trey from den Cheetah sighs as he listens, his arms folded in contemplation. The magical air element he represents is of particular interest to the elders, and they look to Trey the most for insights into the mystery of recent days. Trey, a handsome, lean, muscular feline, sits gracefully in his colorful tunic, cape, and pristine cheetah fur of a spotted array. He is a glorious sight to behold and admired by many felines for his beauty alone. However, hunger has taken its toll, making him thinner and paler than normal.

He leans forward, eyeing Fannah with curiosity. "It is true what Onghus says. We all know that what we have observed is absolutely forbidden, even if it's your own daughter. You are very brave to bring her here knowing the consequences for such actions," says Trey gravely.



Fannah gulps upon hearing his words, knowing that death could be upon her for taking this risk. She has been made aware of such a risk by her father before agreeing to this day. Many nights were spent weighing the pros and cons of this decision before she said yes. She felt she needed to honor the spirits and protect the tribe and believes that she and her magic can truly be the bridge that connects their worlds. Fannah stands frozen as the elders deliberate.

Trey continues, “However, Fannah has shown an impressive power, one that I truly would never have believed a female feline could ever achieve. I can only surmise that her abilities are a testament to your tutelage, Pharrar. Therefore, because we are in a desperate place, I choose to support the motion proposed by Pharrar today and welcome Fannah to the C.L.A.W.”

Upon hearing his words, the room erupts into murmuring. Pharrar cracks his gavel, bringing the room back to order.

Makato, elder of den Panther, and master of earth magic, stares pensively with yellow eyes through his velvety black fur, making him almost a shadow in the room. He isn't fond of any of the elders, but values the power of harmony for safety and security of his beloved Panthers to whom he is fiercely loyal. He knows it is his turn to speak next and he is deeply perplexed and torn. His instinct is to tear Fannah to shreds for her abominable behavior. But his hunger is so intense that all he can think about is the possibility of growing food again. “I reluctantly accept Fannah to become an C.L.A.W. member,” says Makato flatly.

Pharrar motions for the final elder to speak, but not before reminding him that they have a majority vote. Yet Pharrar invites him to speak so all the voices can be heard. Mobi, elder of the domestics and wizard of water magic, speaks last. He, of all the elders, is the most harmonious. He is indifferent to all of the elders, seeking to avoid tense confrontations when possible. The Domestics are generally known to be rather tame and often adapt easily in situations. Mobi licks his paw in contemplation. “Thank you, Pharrar, for inviting me to share my thoughts regardless of majority rule. It is a respectful gesture. Fannah, my dear, you will have your work cut out for you here should you choose to become an apprentice. You will not be liked. You will not be supported. You will not be accepted by your kin. I can-

In the Amethyst level of consciousness, Fannah finds herself in a life-or-death scenario where her performance becomes paramount. Much like a cat with nine lives, F.A.C.E. Type 3 individuals are renowned for their extraordinary ability to thrive in the face of challenges. Fannah courageously confronts the relentless competition of fraternities, each vying to consume the misfit student. She understands that only through an exceptional display of magic can she gain acceptance in this hostile environment governed by the long-established rules of ancestors and ancient spirits. Fannah knows that her fate hangs in the balance, and with the spirit of a survivor, she summons her talent and determination to prove her worth against overwhelming odds.



not imagine or expect anyone here will want to know you. However, your magic is needed and, therefore, you are needed. With that, I, too, agree she should be accepted,” claims Mobi matter-of-factly.

Pharrar rises proudly and declares, “It has been agreed by the elders that Fannah will become an apprentice of the C.L.A.W.” He concludes the session with a firm clack of the gavel, and the attendees disperse, leaving Fannah and Pharrar alone to settle into her new accommodations.

»»-----□-----««

Fannah clutches her cloak tightly as she follows the assigned apprentice escort to her first day of lessons. The male apprentice does not utter a word as they make their way through the C.L.A.W.gates. Never before has she had the opportunity to see much of the inside. Through her hooded cloak, she observes the grandeur of the architecture, with its symmetrical design and imposing columns reminiscent of ancient Greek temples. The grand entrances are framed by gracefully arched doorways adorned with intricate feline-inspired reliefs. Carved stone statues of mythical cat creatures stand as sentinels on either side, their regal presence both captivating and enigmatic. Although the various species of cats don't always see eye to eye or even share the same ideas and issues and how to solve them, they bend to the single idea that these architectural elements pay homage to the feline culture and their unified and continual reverence for their ancestors.

Fannah herself stands in wonderment before the tribal apothecary's walls, adorned with vibrant murals portraying legendary feline sorcerers and enchanting scenes from their mystical folklore. As they round the corner, Fannah's eyes widen in amazement at the sight that unfolds before her. The grand oral repository reveals itself, an awe-inspiring sanctuary

The elder Mobi embodies the qualities and traits of both the peacemaking, calm F.A.C.E. Type 9 individuals and the security-conscious F.A.C.E. Type 6 individuals. These three types, together, form the triangular structure of the F.A.C.E. system, allowing for movement and the exchange of abilities and qualities between them in different life situations. Mobi's primary concern revolves around the pursuit of peace for the sake of safety. Simultaneously, they remain focused on adhering to specific performance and procedural protocols, diligently warning others about the potential risks that could compromise their success in creating fire. Mobi's role integrates elements of harmony, security, and meticulous attention to detail, shaping an invaluable pillar within the framework of the F.A.C.E. system.





of knowledge. Its ceilings reach toward the heavens, seemingly merging with the vast expanse of the tribal sky.

Within the structure, Fannah finds herself entranced by elders giving orations of wisdom, highlighting various sacred artifacts laid before them. She admires the carefully carved wooden alcoves, each displaying enchanted relics resting on delicate weavings, and showcased in front of a backdrop of evocative tribal paintings. The colors and sculpted objects fill Fannah with wonder. She contemplates all of the ancient knowledge and hidden wisdom preserved within these intricate creations, passed down through generations of sacred rituals and whispered storytellings. Fannah's heart surges with excitement at the thought of immersing herself in this glorious haven, seeking to absorb the profound wisdom held within these sacred artifacts.

In this realm of ancestral wisdom, Fannah feels a deep reverence, resonating with the feline spirit permeating the apothecary. The

essence of ancestral knowledge weaves through time, honoring the sacred bond shared by all feline kin. It is a reflection of the dedication to preserving the tribal lore that runs deep within the very essence of all cats, a timeless journey of connection to their roots and the mystical forces that shape their existence.

The C.L.A.W. is buzzing with life, causing Fannah to feel both exhilarated and somewhat overwhelmed. The entire campus is teeming with felines of the four bloodlines, mostly new attendees, bustling in confusion, trying to learn where to go for enrollment and classes. As Fannah walks along observing and absorbing her new environment, she can feel the stares of the male apprentices who pass her by. She stands out in the crowd, no matter how hard she tries to cloak herself. Isolation and loneliness surge through her and she cannot help but miss her home and her father already.

Finally, they arrive at her chamber of learning. Her escort lets out a disgruntled meow,



indicating they have arrived, and abruptly leaves her at the entrance. Fannah enters the room, taking in all its glorious features: decorative wooden floors and elegant tables, each adorned with tiny carved cat figurines that showcase the feline influence in the C.L.A.W. She finds a seat close to the exit, in case she needs to make a quick escape, and continues to take in the room. At the front, there is a magic training area equipped with magical apparatus. Fannah imagines that this is where young feline apprentices practice spells and hone their abilities under the guidance of their experienced elders and mentors. Fannah feels a strong sense of feline community and their emphasis on communal learning and sharing of knowledge. She is filled with wonder, excitement, and a hint of trepidation. She knows and can feel that she is indeed very alone and isolated in this world.

»»-----ǎ-----««



Kato rummages through his satchel and asks, “How on earth did SHE manage to get in here? I heard she’s some kind of lioness, a half-breed, if you ask Onghus. Is that true?” Nakato scans the chamber tunnels, trying to catch a glimpse of the new apprentice. Engaging in their usual banter, the twins of Den Panther playfully poke each other as they climb the stairs, racing against time to avoid punishment from their elder. As they reach the final stretch, Nakato spots Fannah sitting at the front of the chamber. To them, she appears almost freakish, with fiery red hair styled in a heart shape. They can’t help but think of numerous jokes to make at her expense.

As the apprentices settle into their seats, a chilly tension fills the room, with yellow cat eyes fixated on her. Fannah can feel the hairs on the back of her neck standing up as she observes the menacing faces of her kin. Clutching her satchel tightly, she knows her very life might depend on the success of what she was about to demonstrate..

Just as the last of the apprentices enter, Onghus, Trey, Makato, Mobi, Fannah’s father, Pharrar, and a host of elders join the class. Their presence sparks curiosity among the disciples. Onghus steps forward, gazing sternly at the rows of apprentices, and announces Fannah’s arrival, mentioning her exceptional talent for fire magic.

Onghus extends an invitation to Fannah to step forward, Her heart pounding in her chest,



Fannah introduces herself and expresses her hope of bringing salvation to their land through her fire magic. The crowd responds with murmurs and palpable discontent.

Kato interrupts, questioning, “What makes you think you can come here and tell us what to do? You’re just a female! What could you possibly know that we rightful males don’t already?” The class erupts in a deafening cheer, applauding Kato for his boldness. Onghus raises his hands, motioning for calm, and politely requests that Fannah be allowed to continue.

Fannah places a small tree on the table and begins concocting a fire magic elixir from ingredients in her satchel. The elders attentively observe, unimpressed by what seems to be a generic ritual. Pouring the potion onto the tree, Fannah then takes out her flute, which immediately elicit mocking laughter from the onlooking apprentices.

Undeterred, Fannah starts playing her flute, remembering the notes perfectly. At first, nothing happens, and the room becomes restless with impatience. Fannah continues to play, waving her flute in a sequence of gestures. The felines laugh, finding the whole scene peculiar. Fannah feels a wave of anxiety, wondering if her nerves are causing her to miss something important. The passing seconds feel like hours as she focuses on the still-life tree, waiting for the desired flames to emerge. Murmurs turn into growls, and the audience grows increasingly impatient with Fannah’s perceived failure. The C.L.A.W. apprentices grind their fangs in annoyance, feeling their time being wasted on an irrelevant and futile exercise. Yet, Fannah remains focused.

Just as Onghus is about to halt the spectacle, the first signs of fire begin to emerge. The flames start small, then grow bigger and bigger until the tree becomes an inferno, the fire extending beyond its perimeter. Fannah doesn’t move from her spot and continues to play her flute. The intensity of the music and flames mirror each other, captivating the room.

Then, to everyone’s surprise, Fannah walks toward the roaring fire, stepping into its very flames. The apprentices watch in amazement as she moves her head and arms in and around the fire. Those assembled start to feel its warmth radiating through their bodies, a welcome heat that reminds them of better times before the desolate winter settled in.

Fannah stops playing her flute, walks out of the flames, and stands confidently before the apprentices. “This is a fire that burns bright, warming you through and through, yet it will not consume you,” she declares triumphantly.

Den Lion is the first to leap to their feet, applauding Fannah’s spectacular feat of fire magic. Their applause sparks a chain reaction among the other felines, many of whom reluctantly join in, unable to deny the impressive display.



Filled with exhilaration and personal validation, Fannah walks over to Onghus and hands him her flute. The elders stand stunned, having never considered the power of music to enhance fire magic. Onghus, resistant to acknowledge her genius, musters a composed front and quietly resumes his position at the front of the group of eager learners.

“Apprentices, we have witnessed a remarkable feat of magic today. A fire that warms without consuming. It is indeed impressive. However, I must note that this flame has limitations. It is confined to the immediate vicinity of the burning bush,” Onghus states, peering at Fannah over his spectacles, emanating with a sense of superiority. He continues, dismissing what he has just witnessed, “I want to express our gratitude to you, Fannah, for bringing us this extension of magic. But since this is the extent of your contribution, I’m afraid your presence here is no longer required. I am confident that we can further develop and expand upon this magic ourselves. Elders, am I correct in this assessment?”

All except Pharrar, seething with silent anger inside his frail body, nod in agreement. He chooses to keep his thoughts and opinions to himself, knowing that a battle for another day awaits him.

Fannah stands there, completely dumbfounded and defeated after her seeming triumph. She believed her performance would secure her a place at the C.L.A.W., but instead, they have used her and are now dismissing her. She cannot comprehend what is happening.

With a sinister sparkle in his eye, Onghus turns to the apprentices and extends an invitation. “I implore you, brilliant apprentices of the C.L.A.W. Who among you will rise to the challenge and harness this magic to its fullest potential? Who will save us from the grasp of cold and ice? I believe that person is in this very room!” Onghus declares proudly. The chamber erupts with cheers and shouts of determination: “I will rise to the challenge! I will show you!” Onghus swings open the door, gesturing for the apprentices to leave. “Let us celebrate and then get back to work! You are dismissed!” he commands with unwavering authority.

As the felines file out of the chamber, their eyes and expressions are filled with a newfound sense of superiority, Fannah makes her way to her father, who envelopes her in a warm embrace. They leave the C.L.A.W. together, wounded, but not defeated.



Meanwhile on the outskirts of the city of Hirune, the Council of Matriarchs gather. They form a collective of female felines holding positions of leadership and guidance within the four feline tribes of the land. Esteemed for their wisdom, experience, and vision, their roles encompass upholding the traditions, values, and overall well-being of the tribe. Today, they are assembled at the ritual site previously frequented by the male elders, continuing the supplications to the spirits for intervention in the climate crisis that has befallen them. Their task is to figure out what to do about it and to decide if they can somehow appease the gods for their obvious lack of adherence in some way.

Word spreads quickly about Fannah’s acceptance into the C.L.A.W., and the news reaches the attentive ears of Aveline, a highly regarded member of the Den Domestics. Sensing the opportunity to share, Aveline, with eyes widened by anticipation, addresses the female felines of the Council of Matriarchs.

“Have you heard the news about Fannah and the C.L.A.W.?” says Aveline, as Hera, a warrior feline hailing from the Tiger tribe, patrols the perimeter and catches wind of Aveline’s remark.

Curiosity piqued, Hera draws closer, sheathing her enormous sword and joining the cluster of female Hirunians who huddle around a small fire to fend off the chill in the air. “What

In our journey towards personal transformation, it is often the case that we encounter painful, disruptive, and uncomfortable events. Fannah, too, experiences deception and betrayal from those who had once served as her protectors and guides within her tribal community. This chapter presents Fannah with a crucial decision—to undergo a significant shift within herself. We witness Fannah navigating her role within the tribe, whether it is her family or the Academy. As an individual, Fannah feels as though she is subsumed within the collective, where her identity fades into the background. This dynamic brings both benefits and challenges. On one hand, there is a sense of security and protection in the unity of the group, as she follows the established tribal order and customs. However, this conformity can also be limiting, as Fannah finds herself having to submit to tribal authorities who have proven to be untrustworthy and deceitful.

The impulse to surrender to this submission is juxtaposed with the fiery rage that courses through her body, compelling her to break free from the confines of the group. This inner fire ignites a desire within her to be seen, respected, and valued. The warrior spirit within Fannah gradually awakens, fueling a primal fury that will eventually propel her forward. In this chapter, Fannah grapples with the contrasting forces of conformity and individuality, as she searches for a path that allows her to reclaim her power and assert her worth.





news do you have today?” inquires Hera.

“Well, it’s almost unbelievable,” responds Aveline. “Fannah has outperformed all the male magicians, creating the most powerful fire magic ever witnessed. Her father, Pharrar, has been secretly tutoring her for years. Quite scandalous!”

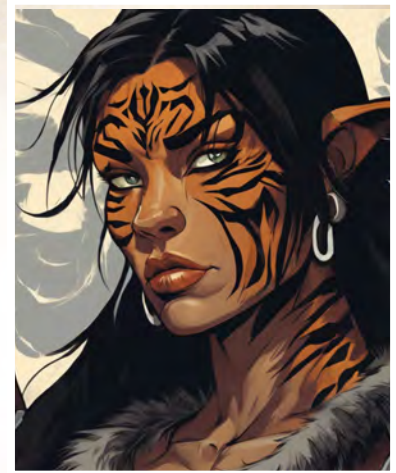
The female council members begin to murmur with surprise, sharing their opinions, mostly laden with disapproval, as they hold steadfast loyalty to their tribal customs and fear the response from the male elders. Hera, however, experiences a mixture of emotions. Over the years, she has been aware of Fannah’s existence as the daughter of her father’s rival, Pharrar. Any acquaintance with her was forbidden, but Hera always held a faint admiration for Fannah from a distance. Today, though, Hera feels anger, frustration, and resentment. “Must be nice—being secretly tutored by your father. My father would never have done that for me in a million years. I had to learn magic all on my own,” Hera muses, tightly gripping the handle of her sword.

Like Fannah, Hera also studied magic in secret, but without any support. The news she hears both agitates and inspires her. The conversation continues as Aveline adds further



scandalous details. “It gets even more scandalous. Apparently, Fannah was almost immediately dismissed from the C.L.A.W.! They deemed her magic too limited and have allegedly appealed to the male felines to carry on her ideas.”

The female felines continue to murmur among themselves, and another council member contributes her own gossip. “I’ve heard that Pharrar’s daughter is no full-blooded lioness. She has tiger blood running through her veins,” she states matter-of-factly, but with some malice.



Aveline’s eyes widen with astonishment. “Well, that would explain it all!” The others nod in agreement, and Hera rolls her eyes, weaving her way through the chattering group. She leaves behind the prying eyes, making her way to the city’s outskirts. There, wielding her sword, Hera raises the steel blade high into the sky and begins to chant magic spells. Electricity crackles and sizzles around the sword, and in response to her powers, snow and ice begin to levitate from the ground. In a flash, she molds the snow, reshaping it into a structure—an instant snow fort. Hera steps inside her creation and conjures a bench to sit upon.

Contemplation fills Hera as she considers how her ice and snow magic could be used to protect the city—creating walls of ice to shield them from the biting wind. However, the thought of being discovered by her father brings a wave of pain, frustration, and anger surging through her core. She dwells on Fannah’s power and influence, both admiring and disliking her simultaneously.

»»-----¤-----««

Uron drives his hoe into the deep snow and carves a hole in the frozen tundra. With his magic powers, he is able to create a supercharged tool that penetrates the densest surface.

Uron, the half-brother of Fannah, is attempting to produce fire magic, and in addition produce amplified crop growth, a magical specialty he learned over the years from his father. Today, Uron is attempting to grow crops in the snow with his magic. His attempts are yielding some success. The seeds will sprout almost on contact with the assistance of Uron’s magic. Then the vegetation begins to grow and sprout quickly. But just as it is beginning to bud, it wilts quickly and dies off.

After multiple attempts, Uron throws his hoe down in frustration. His mind, too, is filled





with thoughts of his half-sister. He feels rage and betrayal from his father. How dare he tutor her? She is a half-breed and a female at that! How dare she outperform him and his brothers, who are supposedly destined to follow in their father's footsteps!

The half-brothers had witnessed the spectacle at the C.L.A.W. as beginner apprentices. They watched in utter horror and amazement as their sister, of whom they had no idea was a full-fledged magician, displayed her formidable skills.

Uron's brother, Gibb, joins him in the effort, channeling his own magic powers to enhance their actions. Uron drops a new seed into the frozen soil and waves his hoe over the hole in a circular motion, reciting Fannah's spell. Gibb joins in playing the flute and generating a fiery forcefield around the area.

A new seedling sprouts instantly from the seed and begins to rise. Then a bud emerges and begins to grow a vegetable. Their eyes widen as their combined magic is definitely making a difference and producing!

As they perform, Gibb, distracted with his own thoughts of Fannah, desires a debrief. "Well, if we thought she was an impossible snob before, Fannah will be lording her magical achievements and father's favor over us forever!" says Gibb resentfully. As if the seedling could hear his words, it instantly shrivels into a dried heap. Uron's shoulders drop with disappointment.

"I know, I know. I can't stand the thought of her bossing all of us around now. And father,



I don't know. I feel like I can't trust him anymore. I feel so betrayed. We need to get this magic mastered so we can win over our father and the elders. We need this if we are ever going to compete!" Uron says to Mobi intently.

»»-----□-----««

Fannah's expulsion from the C.L.A.W. leaves her feeling a tumultuous mix of rage and sadness. Betrayed and heartbroken, she decides to retreat to a secluded part of the feline metropolis to gather her thoughts and regain her composure. Among the quiet streets, she finds solace in the stillness of the night.

With tears welling up in her eyes, Fannah summons her fire magic, her anger fueling the flames that erupt around her with intensity. The fiery glow reflects in her tear-streaked face, mirroring her inner turmoil. As the flames dance before her, she asks herself a question. "How has all of my "doing" benefitted me?" Suddenly, a gust of wind whispers through the air, carrying with it a sense of ancient wisdom.

In the heart of the blazing inferno, a Phoenix emerges, its feathers radiant and golden, wings outstretched. Filled with awe and disbelief, Fannah watches as the mythical creature speaks to her, its voice carrying an otherworldly tone.

"Fannah, child of fire, do not despair. For from the ashes of endings, new beginnings emerge," the Phoenix announces, its voice both soothing and powerful. Its words resonate deeply within Fannah's core, momentarily lifting the weight from her shoulders.

"In death, there is rebirth. In sorrow, there is possibility. Embrace the cycles of life, for they hold secrets of transformation," the Phoenix continues, its eyes gleaming with ancient knowledge.

As Fannah listens, captivated by the Phoenix's words, it poses a riddle that speaks directly to her inner power.

*In strength and fire, I am whole.  
Rejected, yet my power unfolds.  
A phoenix's spirit, fierce and true.  
Rising above doubts, breaking through.*

*Beyond their doubts, I find my way.  
Their rejection, mere shadows to sway.*





*In every ember, a power untold.  
I am more mighty than they behold.*

*I am the flame, unyielding and bright.  
In my heart, a power ignites.  
Though rejected, I'll rise above.  
For within me, lies unstoppable love.*

What am I?” the Phoenix asked, its eyes gleaming with anticipation.

With determination in her eyes, Fannah ponders the riddle, feeling a surge of confidence growing within her. The flames around her seem to dance in agreement. Suddenly, she knows the answer.

“The answer is ‘self-belief,’” Fannah declares, her voice steady and resolute. The Phoenix nods approvingly, its form shimmering as it transforms into a radiant amulet.



The amulet, pulsating with fiery energy, gently floats toward Fannah. As she reaches out, it settles into her palm, filling her with warmth and a newfound understanding. She knows that she possesses the power of self-belief, a force stronger than any doubts or rejections that come her way. With this knowledge, Fannah feels completely ready to rise above and embrace her true potential.

As the transformation of the Phoenix into the amulet takes place, another flicker of light catches Fannah’s attention. Looking down toward the ground, she discovers a beautifully crafted dagger. Its handle is sculpted in the image of her father, a reminder of his strength and the legacy he leaves behind.

Fannah picks up the dagger, feeling the coolness of the metal against her palm. Gazing at the intricate design carved into the handle, she understands the symbolism it holds. She recognizes that she is not just a reflection of her father’s greatness, but that she possesses her own unique power, surpassing even that of her ancestors. She is like a dagger of power, ready to carve her own destiny and rise above the elders who have rejected her.

With the amulet shimmering in her hair and the dagger clutched firmly in her hand, Fannah can feel a surge of confidence and determination coursing through her veins. No long-



er will she be defined by the judgment of others; she will forge her own path, guided by the eternal wisdom of the Phoenix and her own burning spirit.

Fannah's fiery magic blazes brighter than ever before as she takes her first steps away from the secluded spot. The flames dance around her, casting a warm and comforting glow of a gentle but distinct red. With each stride, her spirit ignites, brimming with determination to challenge the unjust decision of the elders and prove her true worth. "I am more powerful than all of the elders!" Fannah declares, her voice filled with unwavering confidence. She understands that, like the Phoenix rising from the ashes, she too will ascend above those who have doubted her.



The feline metropolis lies before her, and in her heart, Fannah knows that her journey is only just beginning. She knows she will face trials

and adversity, but armed with the amulet and the sculpted dagger, she is firmly filled with an unwavering belief in her own power and limitless potential.

With a determined flicker in her eyes, Fannah embarks on her path to greatness, leaving behind the secluded part of the city and setting forth to claim the destiny that awaits her. The wind whispers encouragement in her ears, carrying the echoes of the Phoenix's wisdom. She will rise like a phoenix from the ashes.

Fannah's father had a strong influence on her life, despite the forbidden nature of their actions. He firmly believed in her and sought to empower her. This bestowed upon Fannah the ability to ascend to greatness within her community. The engraving of her father's image on her dagger serves as a constant reminder of his greatness, as well as the ideals of meeting his expectations, upholding his reputation, and harnessing his power. F.A.C.E. Type 3 individuals shoulder the weight of carrying the burden and responsibility of being a success for others, even in the absence of those individuals. The memory of loved ones serves as sufficient motivation to safeguard their family's legacy, even if it necessitates sacrificing one's own authentic desires. Do you personally experience the weight of maintaining a legacy? What do you perceive as positive about this responsibility? What challenges or limitations do you encounter?



## *Amethyst level gear - Dagger*

The dagger bestows upon Fannah her father's self-assured determination to succeed and take control. It enables her to embody her father's warrior spirit. The dagger, crafted in the likeness of her father, stands as a symbol of his lasting influence in her life. Though he may no longer be alive, his guidance continues to shape her journey. Fannah's efforts are driven by the desire to please others, even those who have passed away.

## *Summary*

Fannah, the Magician, is ready to defend her group by using her magical abilities to bridge the gap between reality and the natural world. As the planet faces perpetual winter and starvation, Fannah decides to share her magical knowledge with the elders at the C.L.A.W. in order to save her people. However, upon discovering that her powers are limited, the elders view her as having no further value. They challenge the male apprentices to find ways to expand upon Fannah's fire magic. Feeling rejected, Fannah reflects on her situation and realizes that she is the one with true power. She is then given a magical dagger by a phoenix, which holds a sculpted handle of her father's image, a symbol of her own power and limitless potential.

## *Questions & Self Reflection*

How significant is the need for you to seek your parents' validation through achievements? Would they still love you unconditionally even if you don't excel in academics or fulfill their valued expectations? What are the reasons behind their love and acceptance?

When you contemplate the inquiry, "Who am I?" how do you define your sense of self? Do you instantly associate your identity with being successful in a specific area or achieving certain accomplishments? How can this identification both benefit and restrict you?





FANNAH THE MAGICIAN

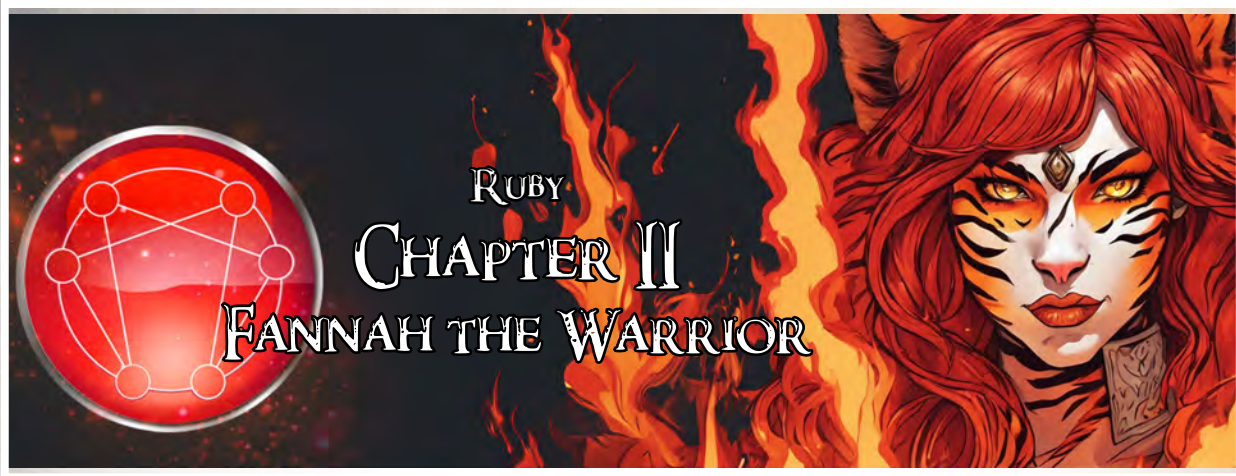












## Chapter 2

### A Tiger Wild

Another eclipse takes place in the sky, casting a shift in the atmospheric light from its previous purple hue to a captivating ruby-red glow. It seems as though the very essence of the light reflects the changing values and attitudes among the Hirunians.

Within the Academy, the power of fire magic intensifies, and incremental progress has been achieved. The flames have been harnessed to warm the city itself and cultivate crops within its borders. However, in this stage of shifting dynamics, only the most powerful and strongest among the tribe are granted the coveted “lion’s share” of these precious resources. Power struggles erupt within the Academy, as well as among the elders of Hirune, all vying to determine who will claim what and to secure dominance.



Fannah and her family find themselves facing social exclusion from many in the tribe. The Academy views her as a threat, and the tribespeople express their anger at her for daring to disobey their deeply ingrained cultural norms, fearing its potential to disrupt the harmony with nature they hold dear.

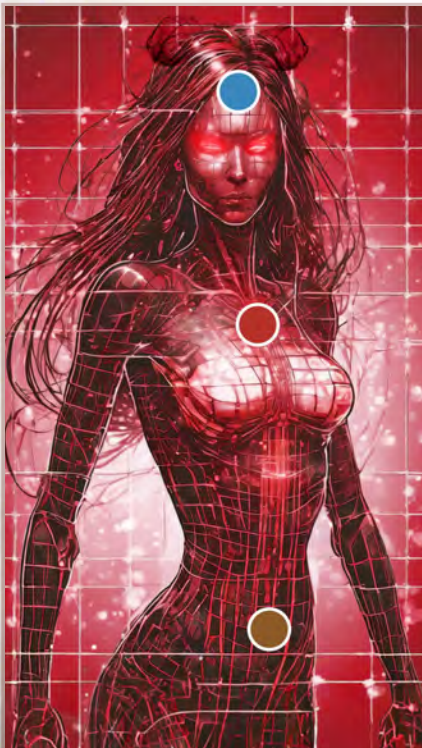
Winter’s icy grip tightens its hold on the land beyond the city’s limits, transforming



it into an unforgiving frozen wasteland. Those Hirunians who venture outside rarely return, leading to the emergence of rumors about mysterious snow beasts that haunt the wilderness. These tales, fueled by folklore and superstition, begin to take hold of the imaginations of the people, adding an air of both fear and fascination to their daily lives.



Amidst these shifting circumstances, the five feline academies become fiercely competitive, each striving to create new forms of magic that will grant them an upper hand and more access to desperately needed food resources. The once revered academic professors have slowly transformed from tribal guides into calculated, vicious war lords, willing to employ any means necessary to secure their academy's dominance. As the struggle for power escalates, the harmonious balance that once existed is threatened, leaving Fannah and those aligned with her ideals seeking a way to restore equilibrium to their fractured world.



**HEAD CENTER** - 15%  
Mental Intelligence

**HEART CENTER** - 5%  
Emotional Intelligence

**BODY CENTER** - 80%  
Somatic Intelligence

REACTIVITY - 90%

EGOIC LEVELS - 90%

Solfeggio Sound  
Frequency 369

Note: Fannah's heart energy is currently suspended above her head.

Fannah assumes the role of the Warrior, ready to fiercely fight for what she believes will bring her success and recognition. She refuses to sacrifice her freedom by conforming to the expectations of others. At this level, Fannah is more likely to act as the aggressor rather than the victim, as it is crucial for her to be seen as the leader and in control. She may engage in actions against others to position herself at the top. Her pursuit of success comes with the mindset of achieving it at any cost, without the constraint of a conscience. Power brings her acclaim.

Being a heart type, Fannah processes information through her emotions. She is deeply concerned with how others perceive her and the image she projects. This preoccupation can lead her to make unhealthy decisions that hinder or redirect her path, as she is prone to engaging in self-deception and expressing or suppressing her emotions.





»»-----□-----««

Fannah throws a new ingredient into the cauldron and waits for a reaction... nothing. “Nothing again!” she growls, scratching her head in confusion. In a small, ramshackle room above a tiny corner market, Fannah has taken up residence, or rather, sought refuge away from all Hirunians, including her own family. Despite burying her feelings of heart-break and experiencing overwhelming humiliation, she remains unsure of how to rise up and face her people once more. The only thing she knows is that she must create more potent magic.

For several months, Fannah has secluded herself from her family and what few friends she had, if they could even be called friends. Many in the tribe were swift to abandon her once they discovered her magical powers. Fannah harbors complex emotions about her father too; he seemed passive, failing to step in and defend or protect her during her time of greatest need. Fannah gazes out of her window, observing the felines passing by on the street below as she contemplates her situation.

Not only has she lost all her so-called friends, but she has also unwittingly revealed all the secrets of her magic to a deceitful elder who used her and then cast her aside. Her new magic fails her. She yearns for more wisdom, greater insight. She glares resentfully at the CLAW Academy. “I should be in there right now, devouring every book of magic in the



library,” she thinks to herself, her anger simmering.

Rummaging through her scraps of paper with drawings, diagrams, and scrolls, Fannah grabs them with her feline paws, defiantly crunching them up. “None of this is working for me! I am rejected, and this is a problem! I must increase my powers and overthrow those greedy traitors!” Fannah’s voice carries a growl of determination.

Her gaze lands upon the dagger from her amulet creature. The handle, shaped in the likeness of her father, triggers memories of him and the magic they once shared. Thoughts of home wash over her. All she can think of is her father’s magic den, the greatest and only resource that could provide the knowledge she needs. Swallowing her pride, she gathers her belongings and embarks on a journey back to her father’s house.

Approaching her homestead, Fannah’s mind is filled with thoughts of her father, a mixture of missing him and conflicting emotions. She understands that as an elder, he was bound by customs and faced challenging circumstances. He had taken risks, exposing himself and his actions in the interest of the tribe.

As she turns the corner onto the street leading to the den, Fannah is taken aback by the flurry of activity. Soon, she realizes that felines are going in and out of the dwelling, carrying her father’s belongings.



At the front door, Fannah comes face to face with Aveline, the elder of the council of Matriarchs. “Hello, Aveline. What a surprise to see you? Where are father and my step-mother Sybol?” Fannah asks.

Aveline appears shocked, realizing that no one has informed Fannah of the heart-wrenching news. Being well-versed in the gossip of Hirune, she swiftly fills Fannah in on what she needs to know. “I’m here to manage your father’s estate. Oh dear, you don’t know, do you? I’m afraid he is gone, my dear girl. I’m sorry it falls to





me to break this news. He was laid to rest months ago. Your family has left the house and moved into the Academy, though I'm uncertain which one. It seems Sybbol has taken a new husband, an elder of the Academy," Aveline explains, collecting her thoughts as she speaks.

Shocked and heartbroken, Fannah refuses to reveal her true feelings. She maintains a stoic presence, focusing inwardly on her next steps. "Thank you, Aveline. You've been most informative, indeed. Our community would be lost without the Matriarchs," Fannah remarks, her tone slightly sarcastic.

With a farewell to Aveline, Fannah enters the den, where a distinct coldness and lifelessness pervade without her father's presence and energy. Making her way down the corridor to her father's study, she pulls the lever that reveals a hidden entrance behind a bookcase, leading to his magical lair, a secret not even her half-brothers are aware of.

Everything remains as her father left it. Fannah's heart races as she frantically searches through the books and scrolls in the library, desperately seeking answers. Overwhelmed by the weight of her pain and disbelief at his death, Fannah fights back the urge to cry, to scream, and instead channels her emotions into action, finding solace in this moment of doing.

Amidst the dusty shelves, her hands trembling, she stumbles upon a bundle of scrolls tightly bound with twine. Determined, she reaches for her dagger to cut the twine, but as her fingers touch the hilt, an unexpected surge of warmth courses through her, causing the blade to heat up and glow with a fiery red intensity.

Startled, Fannah's grip falters, and the dagger slips from her hand, inadvertently piercing one of the scrolls, enveloping it in a mesmerizing fiery glow.

Curiosity piqued, she carefully opens the scroll. At the top is a drawing of a mysterious robe adorned with tiger stripes, bearing the title "The Magic Robe." Below the title lies a riddle:

You may have observed the intriguing behavior of Fannah upon learning of her father's passing. People can experience death in various ways, including grief, anger, fear, or a combination of these emotions. F.A.C.E. Type 3 individuals tend to adopt a survival strategy of temporarily setting aside their emotions in favor of taking action and achieving their goals. While not all F.A.C.E. Type 3 individuals respond to tragedy as dramatically as Fannah, it is notable how these individuals possess a strong sense of self-control over their emotions. This can be beneficial in certain situations, but it can also prevent them from fully connecting with themselves, the present moment, and others.

What is your personal relationship with your emotions? How comfortable are you with experiencing and embracing your feelings? Do you allow them to flow freely through you, or do you find yourself resisting them?



*“A robe with stripes, with teeth and claws,  
Burns with heat and inspires awe.  
But beware the jaws of a tiger wild,  
For it eats the soul of a vainglorious child.”*

Fannah continues reading with wonder, contemplating the identity of this mysterious robe. She begins rummaging through her father’s wardrobe, searching for a garment that matches the drawing. Among the collection of cloaks, a luxurious tiger fur robe emerges. Fannah removes it, marveling at its intricate beauty. The full-length robe, in shades of orange with black tiger stripes, had remained unseen by her until now. Fannah drapes it over herself, gazing into the full-length mirror. “Hmh, a purrrfect fit,” she purrs, admiring her appearance from various angles. “Wait until the fashionable Panthers catch a glimpse of me in this!” she declares with audible pride.

A tingling sensation accompanies her self-admiration, and suddenly, as she gazes into the mirror, her face begins to darken, transforming her into another creature entirely—a black Panther. Startled, Fannah lets out a startled “EEK!” and swiftly removes the robe, returning to her normal form. With a sense of relief, she takes a seat and gazes at the strange magical robe, swirling thoughts filling her mind. “Could this coat grant me the power to shape-shift?” she wonders to herself.



Caution mingled with curiosity, Fannah carefully slips the coat back on and glances once again into the mirror. She sees her reflection in the robe and contemplates how the magic might work. “What was I thinking about when the coat changed? Oh yes, I was thinking about Panthers...” Instantly, Fannah transforms into a beautiful black panther, embodying a stunning black and gold evening dress reminiscent of a feline she admired at a gala she attended years ago. Fuelled by her imagination, she begins to think of various feline creatures, witnessing their transformations



one by one. Hours pass as Fannah revels in her newfound ability to shift from one creature to another, captivated by the wondrous magic of the robe.

»»-----¤-----««

Hera trudges through the snow on the outskirts of Hirune. Her long black hair blows in the wintry air, whipping across her elegant tiger-striped face. Hera is a beauty sought after by many Hirunians for romance, but she is far too busy these days for love. She removes the horn from her belt and blows a long, deep note that resonates throughout the frigid landscape. The snowy atmosphere dampens the sound that would have normally echoed throughout the wooded landscape on a summer's day. Hera then calls out with a loud voice, "Is anyone out there?" She listens intently for any sounds of the woods before trudging onward.



Hera has been searching for missing Hirunians for months on end. Her role as the protector of the realm has kept her busy, tracing missing persons lost in the frozen ice age. Desperate Hirunians have migrated away from the main city in an attempt to start a new city elsewhere, to use fire magic on their own, grow crops, and begin a new life away from the overlords who hoard resources within the city walls of Hirune. The city they call BrennanTown is the prime location many attempt to reach. It is a small village a few miles away from the main metropolis of Hirune. Once a trading post for transporting agricultural and medicinal goods between tribes, it has now become a pitiful and desolate ghost town. Hera hopes beyond hope that she will find someone alive, but also prepares herself for the possibility of discovering a deceased body. None of the Hirunians so far have been able to sustain magic on their own without the aid of a magician from the CLAW academy.

Taking a moment to rest, Hera enters a nearby saloon frozen in ice. With her magic sword, she effortlessly smashes through the snow and ice, shattering its crust to gain entrance to



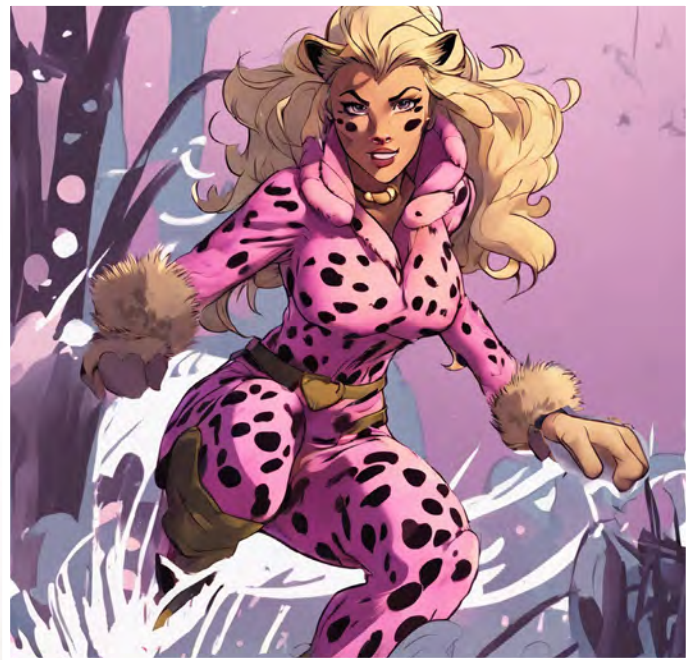


the building. Over the years, Hera has become adept at using impressive ice magic, which has served her well in this unexpected ice age. Her skills even allow her to turn her normal tiger skin into frozen white ice hide, allowing her to blend seamlessly with cold climates. She feels one with the ice and snow, invigorated and empowered by the elements of the cold itself. It is her superpower.

On the other hand, fire, which often neutralizes her powers, is something she has yet to master in conjunction with her frosty skills. Frostbite is the only heat she understands and is still learning to control; it is a work in progress. These skills she works hard to keep secret in a world of male-dominated magicians. Out here, no one knows her magic. However, they do wonder how she manages to stay alive outside the city when no one else has. She is gaining a reputation as a hero in Hirune.

Crunching a large piece of ice in her tiger jaws, she contemplates her next move. A glimpse of movement catches her eye through a frosty saloon window in the street beyond. Hera slowly makes her way to the wall and peers out from the corner of the window, careful not to be seen. A flash of long blonde hair whips by the window, followed by a barrage of snow and ice chunks. Hera quickly perceives that she is witnessing a conflict in the street outside and tightly clutches her sword handle, ready to draw.

On the streets outside, Emilia, a powerful Cheetah, blazes through the snow and ice. She is impossible to miss, her hot pink shiny patent leather body suit is a stark contrast against the ocean of white that surrounds her. On a snow board she created herself, she surfs effortlessly across the snow like a fish in the ocean. The cheetah's are known for their dominance over the element of air, and Hera watches in amazement as she witnesses another female magician! Emilia not only moves at lightning speeds, but seems to fade in and out of invisibility as giant ice chunks pass through her effortlessly.







Hera has yet to see where said ice chunks are hailing. She doesn't have to wait long. Marching around the corner are a dozen feline creatures whipping ice at her at high speeds. Hera recognizes some of them as the missing villagers she has been searching for, however none of them look ok. In fact, they all seem like walking... or in this case... running zombies. Their lifeless eyes and drooling fangs have no life or purpose in them. They seem to be chasing Emilia without intention, just mindlessly attacking. Hera has no idea what to think of any of this, but is about to find out.

In a flash, Hera bursts out of hiding and slides into the middle of the street, between the frozen zombie horde and Emilia. With her magic ice sword, Hera creates a wall of frozen ice, effectively keeping them at bay for the time being.

Hera turns and looks at Emilia with admiration and curiosity. 'Did you just become invisible?' said Hera with a smile.

Emilia surfs over to Hera and swishes to a stop in front of her. 'Indeed I did. Powers of aerokinesis. Emilia at your service. You must be Hera. I've heard so much about you. Happy to make your acquaintance,' says Emilia brightly, holding out her hand for a shake.

Hera extends her frosty hand in greeting, and the two instantly feel a sisterly affection. They both sense a kinship in their rebellious choice to practice magic.

"Aeroki-what? I've never heard of that. I've never heard of you either. I thought I was the only female magician around, with the exception of Fannah, of course. But I learned on my own, without any help from my father. How did you come about it?" asks Hera with a grin.

"Well, I'm a healer in my Cheetah Tribe. I came to BrennanTown with a determination to scavenge any remaining herbs and medicinal resources that might have been preserved in the icy ruins. During my exploration, I stumbled upon a hidden chamber beneath the frozen remains of an old apothecary. It was there that I discovered a collection of ancient texts, forgotten scrolls, and magical artefacts. These artefacts were remnants of a bygone era when magic was embraced and revered by male and female felines alike. The texts gave me the courage, as a female, to pursue magic. Therefore, I delved into the ancient knowledge contained within the texts," Emilia shares, her voice firm.

As Emilia speaks, a large thump cracks behind them, the sound of the frozen zombies making progress through the wall. Hera, who has been keeping a watchful eye, nods for Emilia



to continue. Emilia, remaining alert, shifts her weight on her board, ready to take action, and continues her story.

“Eventually, I learned to channel the forces of air through my healing abilities, enhancing my capacity to restore and mend the wounds of those in need. It also taught me how to further increase my already swift speeds and develop cloaking and disappearing magic. It has definitely helped me manoeuvre around these pesky zombies!” Emilia exclaims, her voice filled with excitement. She forms a giant snowball and swiftly sends it flying over the wall, covering a number of zombies in a heap of sticky snow. They exchange grins, satisfied with their mini victory, and begin walking together on the road away from the wall.

“My encounters with the frozen felines have been fraught with peril. These undead guardians possess remnants of their former abilities, such as razor-sharp claws and the ability to summon blizzards, making them a force to be reckoned with. Each confrontation has tested my courage and resourcefulness, while also making me stronger,” says Emilia proudly.

Hera is absorbing a lot. A new magical friend, zombies, healing herbs—BrennanTown had a lot more going on than she realized. “Well, I’m pleased to meet a kindred spirit in these oppressive times.”

Thumps and cracks in the ice wall behind them distract their conversation. The ice zombies pack a powerful punch and are making ice chips out of Hera’s deteriorating wall.

“I think we better get out of here,” says Emilia, motioning for Hera to join her on her snowboard.

“On that thing? I don’t know,” says Hera with caution.

Emilia laughs and pats her on the back. “Come on now, you? Scared of a little speed? Hop on, I have something amazing I want to show you.”

Captured by curiosity and a desire to forgo a sword fight with an unknown foe, Hera yields to the next part of her unexpected journey.

Just like the frozen zombies, when we neglect our true feelings and repress our authentic selves, we give rise to inner frozen zombies. These suppressed emotions and desires, when left unattended, can unexpectedly emerge in inconvenient moments, such as bursts of anger, workaholism, or self-deprecation for not feeling accomplished enough. Our entire range of emotions should not be seen as monsters to be locked away, but rather as friends full of valuable information for our overall well-being. We can think of them as creatures within us, who rear their heads when they are ignored. It is crucial to keep a vigilant eye on our inner Hirunian, ensuring that they do not transform into frozen monsters within our own kingdom.



Sybbol is perched on a comfy padded chair in the ‘Pretty Kitty’ Salon. Her locks of black hair are piled in curlers under a warming fan. At each paw is an attendant, polishing and painting her domestic cat nails. Sybbol, a curvaceous and somewhat glamorous feline, is in her glory, sharing all the details of her recent wedding with the felines engrossed in her beatification. Gone are the days of her slim frame ravaged from hunger. Since she met Onghus, she has been eating in abundance. Sitting in a chair across from her is another feline domestic Sybbol doesn’t recognize, who is staring in her direction, clearly listening with intent to every word Sybbol speaks.



‘Onghus, did I hear you speak his name?’ says the stranger. Sybbol sits up a little in her seat to take in the creature attached to the voice behind the question. Sybbol looks her up and down, the plain, brown-haired domestic being groomed in the nearby chair. Sybbol smiles politely through her judgmental cat eyes. ‘Why yes, I did. He is my new husband. I was just sharing with the girls how glorious our wedding was. You must have heard all about it, being from our domestic circle. Indeed, I must say, I don’t recognize you. I was certain I knew all of the felines in Den Domestic,’ says Sybbol curiously.



‘I’m Seraphina, a relative of Aveline from the Council of Matriarchs,’ she says, as an attendant places a beauty mask on the stranger, adding a layer of mystique.

‘Ah, yes, Aveline. I’m surprised she hasn’t informed you. She always seems to know everything happening in Hirune,’ says Sybbol, shrugging her shoulders and raising her eyebrows as she eyes Seraphina up and down. Sybbol settles back into her chair to resume her conversation, aware that more ears are listening in. ‘Anyway, where was I? Oh yes, Onghus. He has been such a charmer. I was so surprised when he approached me after the sudden passing of my late husband, may Pharrar rest in peace. It was shocking, you know. Onghus approaching me. Tigers are



so rigid about interbreeding. It was a big criticism he had with Pharrar. But felines change, don't they? And, well, I am quite a catch after all,' says Sybbol, glancing at her reflection in a nearby mirror.

Seraphina rolls her eyes as the beauty mask is lifted from her face. 'I think I'm all done here,' she says to her attendant. Seraphina collects her belongings and makes her way to the door. As she passes by Sybbol, she nods in her direction before departing.

Stepping into a nearby alley, Seraphina spins in a circle, and in a whirlwind, she appears as her normal self. Fannah has been transforming into various creatures all day. Her cloaking powers have provided her with a wealth of information about the evolving culture of Hirune around her. However, the most shocking piece of information is who her step-mother is now married to. She couldn't think of a worse-case scenario than this. It was beyond offensive. A complete and utter betrayal of her family. How could she?' thinks Fannah with disdain.

With another twirl, Fannah transforms again, this time into a young male lion, clothed in the robes worn by the students of Den Lion Academy. She makes her way to the entrance and into the halls of the institution. She is flooded with an abundance of emotions as she navigates the empty hallways, signaling that classes are in session. Part of her thinks she can just disguise herself as a boy and pretend to learn all the magic she desires. But another part of her wants to prove herself as herself. Rounding the corner, she comes face to face with Onghus, who is on his way to an elders' meeting. His eyes narrow, suspicious of a student roaming the halls.

'Shouldn't you be in class?' says Onghus, teeth glaring.



Adaptability is undoubtedly a remarkable characteristic. The capacity to adjust to different environments and meet people's expectations is one of the superpowers that contribute to the success of F.A.C.E. Type 3 individuals. This ability enables them to engage with others on their level, establishing meaningful connections. F.A.C.E. Type 3 individuals are often recognized for their exceptional social skills, being able to converse with anyone, from CEOs to garbage collectors, effectively working a room and interacting with everyone they encounter.

On a scale of 1 to 10, how adaptable would you rate yourself? What factors contribute to your adaptability or lack thereof?



Fannah gulps, intimidated and also enraged by the imposing figure with whom her last encounter was distressing at best.

'I am... uh... running an errand for my professor. But I'm new here, and I think I may have lost my bearings. Can you direct me to the... uh... botanical arts and magic department?' says Fannah timidly.

'Hmm... You must be new here. We don't call it that anymore; it's just Botanical. Down the hall, take a left, then a right. Hop to it, we don't like students roaming the halls unsupervised,' says Onghus with a growl.

Fannah smiles sheepishly and continues on, cloaked in disguise, down the hall and around the corner. As she approaches the door, she can hear the familiar sounds of her step-brothers talking. The door is cracked open, and upon closer look, she sees they are at the front of the class delivering a presentation.



Cheers and applause come from the onlooking students as Huron and Gibbs use Fannah's fire magic formula to grow large, juicy vegetation in what appears to be a batch of frozen, icy soil.

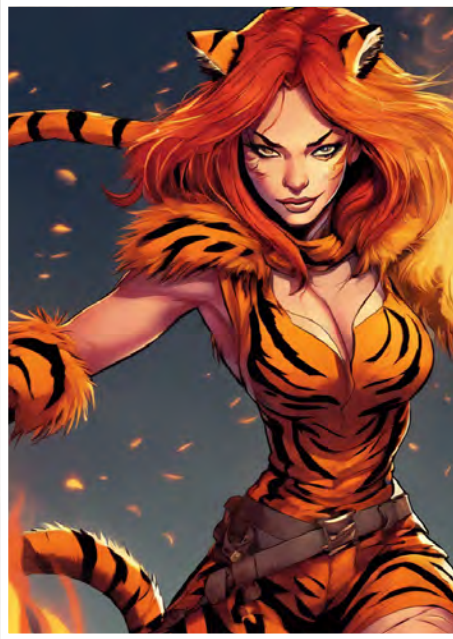
'Thank you, thank you. We appreciate your enthusiasm,' says Gibbs with a bow. Huron plucks a juicy, ripe fruit from a vine and quickly devours it, juice dripping from his mouth and teeth. 'You see, we lions have done what no one else has been able to do. With the powers of our fire magic, we lions now own the monopoly of agricultural production in all of Hirune. No one can eat abundantly unless they bow down to the demands of Den Lion. We are powerful and supreme among all the houses,' says Huron confidently.

Fannah is furious as she listens. How dare they use her magic and give no credit to her whatsoever!

As the class of lions applaud her step-brothers, Fannah leaves the Academy flustered and frustrated. She has grown tired and is beginning to feel hopeless.

She sits down on a bench in a nearby park in a heap. 'How is shape-shifting going to help me now? It's just endless suffering, listening to all this nonsense.' She removes her dagger from her cloak and admires the handle sculpted in the form of her father wearing the tiger robe. She admires the robe and its symbol of the powerful tiger species of which she





is half. She decides to shift one more time into a great tiger. Without a care, out in the open, she gives a twirl and shifts into a mighty female tigress.

For the first time, Fannah does not feel any shame showing herself with tiger stripes. Somehow, she has shed the toxic criticisms from her family, who scolded her into secrecy. She stands proudly, feeling powerful. Then, in an instant, she begins to burn with heat as if somehow Fannah has uncovered a special secret. Then, like the phoenix of her amulet, she is completely engulfed in fire. The energy she feels, she can hardly contain. The only thing she can think to do is start running. Fuelled by the intense fire magic, Fannah begins to run at incredible speeds, faster than any cheetah has or could ever run. She blazes past the city walls and leaps over the edge, falling thousands of feet to the icy wilderness

below. Fannah is not afraid; she feels too powerful and invincible. Hitting the ground running, Fannah runs for miles, leaving such a powerful heat signature that all of the snow melts around its wake. Trees that had been dormant for years begin to bud in an instant. Fannah is literally transforming the wintry landscape into a green spring oasis. But Fannah forgot about the riddle and the warning it contained.

»»-----□-----««

Hera and Emilia glide through the snow at high speeds, coasting along the landscape like birds carried on a gust of wind. Hera feels exhilarated, the wind in her hair, as she gazes at the mountains and forests. They ride along a snow-covered roadway that connects Hirune with various towns and villages. Hera is curious about where Emilia is taking them. Before long, they arrive at a deserted outpost—a halfway point between BrennanTown and a town called ‘Suspension.’ Hera immediately recognizes it. The outpost is characterized by a stone giant archway that stretches over the road; one must pass under it to enter the area. It is an impressive monument. Emilia slows down her snowboard and comes to a halt several feet in front of the archway. Hera steps off the board and looks at Emilia with a puzzled expression.

Emilia winks at Hera as she motions for them to walk closer to it. From her satchel, Emilia withdraws an object and shows it to Hera.



'I found this artefact in BrennanTown when I was collecting medicines,' Emilia says, holding a shining medallion with an amber jewel in the center. She flips it over, and engraved on the back is a map to their location. 'At first, I didn't think it meant anything, just a decoration. But I decided to bring it here just for fun... and well... let me show you.'

Emilia holds the amulet up and faces the jewel toward the archway. From the artefact, a beam of light emanates from its center, illuminating the entire archway. Hera's cat eyes widen in amazement as the red light transforms the atmosphere inside the archway into a spiral portal. After a few seconds, the distorted energy field reorganizes into a scene of a warm, sunlit pastoral field of green grass. Off in the distance, Hera can see several more arches similar to the one in Suspension.

Emilia smiles broadly as she sees Hera's wide-eyed fascination with the portal. 'Well? Shall we?' says Emilia, taking Hera by the arm. Hera's very cat hairs stand on end at the thought of passing through. Sensing her hesitation, Emilia eggs her on. 'Don't be a scaredy-cat. I've gone through it once already. It's not a big deal,' says Emilia with a smile. What Emilia did not tell Hera was that her first and only visit was short-lived as she spotted some very intimidating four-legged horned creatures roaming in and out of portals.

Together, they venture through the archway and instantly find themselves on the other





side. Immediately, Hera can feel the change in temperature. She is taken back to the time before the ice age on Hirune. She basks in the light and feels the soft grass beneath her feet. It is a heavenly sensation for her. 'Let's get a closer look at these arches,' says Emilia, pulling Hera onward. As they step away from their portal, they realize they are in a grand clearing in the center of an expansive landmass. There is nothing but grass and a flat plain leading off into mountains in the distance. It feels heavenly and peaceful. Hera looks around and can see nine archways placed equidistant from each other in a perfect circle, including their own archway. In the center is a giant megalithic obelisk. The pillar is a four-sided marble structure with a variety of cryptic engravings all over its surface. The archways are stone, similar to the archway in Hirune, but larger and more impressive in size. Emilia skips around the obelisk with delight.

'Hera, I think these archways are all portals! I once saw one open and otherworldly creatures emerged. I was alone and too frightened to approach, so I ran. But just imagine what opportunities could await us through the magical gateways?' says Emilia with excitement.

Hera is not so excited. The idea of otherworldly creatures emerging upon them at any time makes her extremely nervous. As a protector of Hirune, she can see the potential for great disruption and possible invasion with an open portal to their world. Hera smiles politely and requests they return right away and take some time to assess what has happened. Emilia agrees, and they begin to turn toward their portal. To their surprise, however, their gateway home is lit up with a fiery red glow that takes them both by surprise.

»»-----α-----««

Fannah blazes through the woodlands of Hirune. She passes BrennanTown at high speed, melting every bit of snow in a fiery inferno. Fannah watches in amazement as the landscape transforms before her eyes. Within minutes, she happens upon the outpost of Suspension. At first, she imagines that the scene before her—a pastoral landscape on a summer's day—is a result of her fiery transformations. However, as she approaches, she realizes that something very different is going on. Before she can stop herself, she blazes through the archway and finds herself in the middle of the portal gateway, staring up at a massive obelisk. In her proximity, Fannah notices two other felines crouching in retreat from Fannah's roaring presence.

Fannah brings herself to a complete stop and, with a spin, transforms back into her normal self. Immediately recognizing her, Hera and Emilia are shocked by her immense firepower and transformational magic abilities.

Fannah is awestruck by the immensity of the portals, the obelisk, and the fact that she has





just magically transported herself into an otherworldly dimension. Looking around, she notices the two feline Hirunians nearby, vaguely recognizing them from town.

Hera, with her perceptive gaze, approaches Fannah, her voice firm and unwavering. ‘Hello, I’m Hera, and this is Emilia. We’ve been exploring these portal gateways and would be happy to show you what we’ve learned so far.’

It clicks for Fannah who Hera is—Onghus’s daughter and now her new stepsister. A torrent of mixed feelings rushes through Fannah, intensifying her already complex emotions. Struggling with her internal battle, she fluffs up her collar with a self-assured smirk. ‘I’m Fannah, the one with unparalleled fire magic.’

Emilia, irritated yet cautious, observes Fannah, her voice tinged with defiance. ‘Unparalleled, you say?’

Fannah’s eyes narrow as her ego clings to its newly amplified sense of superiority. Feeling the full force of her fire magic power, she says, ‘Yes, unparalleled. You see, I’ve worked hard to prove my powers supreme and I dare anyone to challenge my magic supremacy.’

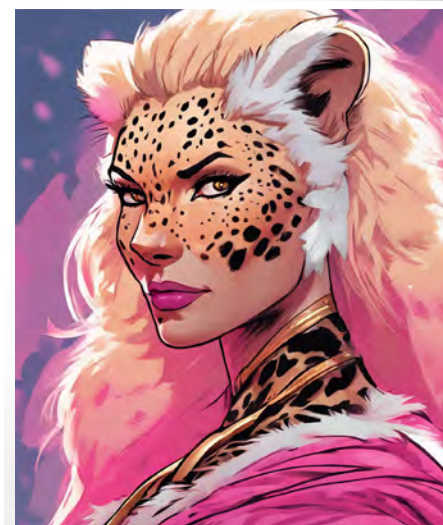
Hera, quickly wanting to diffuse tension, speaks gently but firmly. ‘We’re not here to diminish your abilities, Fannah,’ she says, eyeing Emilia to settle down. ‘We actually believe there’s strength in supporting one another, especially as female magicians in a male-dominated world.’

Fannah’s gaze softens slightly, a flicker of vulnerability breaking through her tough exterior. ‘You don’t understand what it’s like to be rejected, to fight for recognition in a world that dismisses you.’

Emilia nods, her voice more empathetic. ‘We’ve all faced challenges as females practicing forbidden magic, Fannah. Rejection can be a catalyst for growth, but it doesn’t have to define us.’

Fannah’s eyes dart between Hera and Emilia, conflicted emotions coursing through her.

‘You speak as though you possess magic abilities like mine. Is this true?’





Hera smiles and wields her sword in front of Fannah. She smashes it into the ground, and snow and ice burst forth from the grassy earth, consuming her in an icy blizzard. Her skin changes from her usual orange and black tiger stripes to pure white with black stripes. Her eyes turn frosty blue and glow as she is consumed by ice magic.

Fannah is shocked. It is the first time she has witnessed a female perform magic besides herself. She is unsure if she should feel excited or threatened.

“Impressive,” says Fannah cautiously.

Next, Emilia steps forward. Waving her arms in circular motions, she conjures a gust of wind, and within seconds, she disappears from view as if the wind whisked her away.

Fannah’s eyes grow wide at the impressive magic. Just as suddenly as she disappeared, Emilia returns in solid form in front of them, offering a polite curtsy.

“Very impressive indeed,” says Fannah, placing her hands on her hips. Internally, Fannah is caught in a grave conflict. On one hand, she is intrigued by the presence of another female magician in the land, realizing she is not alone. On the other hand, she has been revelling in the growing sense of pride that came from being the only one. She couldn’t quite sort out whether these individuals were her friends or her competition, especially Hera, daughter of her nemesis Onghus.

“Perhaps one day we can consider collaborating. But for now, I’m going solo. I am determined to prove to everyone, that I am not to be taken lightly. Never again will I allow someone to deceive or disrespect me.”

Fannah spins and transforms back into her tiger form, engulfed in flames. In a fiery whirlwind, she retreats from the portal, returning to Hirune with an unwavering determination for her showdown.

Hera and Emilia exchange grave glances, sensing Fannah’s pain, rage, and lack of control. Protectiveness surges through Hera towards Hirune.

“Emilia, we should head back. I have a foreboding feeling that something bad is about to occur,” says Hera with concern.”







»»-----□-----««

The grand Magicians event entitled “Elemental Enchantments: The Battle for Restoration” at the C.L.A.W. Academy unfolds with a breathtaking display of feline magic from all the competitive academies. The venue is adorned with shimmering banners depicting the elements—air, earth, fire, and water—in vibrant hues. As attendees arrive, they are greeted by the powerful scent of anticipation and the crackling energy in the air.

Representatives from different feline academies grace the event, each adorned in their distinctive regalia that symbolizes their elemental affiliation. The air magic performers elegantly glide through the sky, their maneuvers resembling graceful dances among the clouds. Earth magic practitioners sculpt magnificent sculptures from the ground, showcasing their ability to shape the very foundation of their world.

The fiery displays are nothing short of mesmerizing. The flames leap and dance to the commands of skilled fire magic users,

creating intricate patterns and heat that fills the atmosphere. Water magicians enchant onlookers by summoning cascading waterfalls and sprouting lush plant life amidst the ice-covered surroundings.



Onghus and the Academy elders stand on the central stage as judges of the event. Several golden award statues are on display, ready to be given to contestants with the





most advantageous magic against the winter climate. Onghus steps up to the podium to announce the semi-finalists.

“Congratulations to the Lion Academy contributors, Gibbs and Uron,” Onghus proudly declares. “Their use of the combinations of earth and fire elements has accelerated the growth of plants and crops, allowing them to thrive in the icy environment. They

can cultivate enchanted seeds that sprout instantly and yield bountiful harvests even in frigid conditions. Well done!”

The crowd erupts in cheers as Gibbs and Uron ascend a tall set of wooden stairs and take their place on the side of the stage.

Next up, Onghus announces the contestants from Cheetah Academy: Shun and Trey. “Together, they have used air magic to create warm air currents that circulate within the affected regions. By directing these warm winds, they have successfully created pockets of temperate environments, providing relief for both inhabitants and agriculture.”

Again, the crowd cheers loudly as Shun and Trey join Gibbs and Uron on the stage.

“And finally, from Tiger House, we have Vidar and myself,” says Onghus. Vidar, a muscular and powerful Magician from Tiger Academy, sweeps his cloak behind his shoulder as he proudly joins Onghus on the stage. “Together, we have achieved a fusion of all the elements in harmonious balance. Introducing D.O.M.E., the Dome of Magickal Equilibrium. This magical dome of protection shields our beloved Hirune from the harsh winter weather, supporting the growth of plants and ensuring a comfortable temperature for all felines and our crops.”

The crowd gasps in awe as Onghus and Vidar unleash their magic, producing a spectacular dome that engulfs the entire city. With its appearance, a hazy, crystalline frosty blue hue of energy spreads across the sky, transforming the reddish atmospheric light to a cool blue tone, instilling a







calming sensation in everyone. The temperature instantly changes as the dome blocks out the chill and wind, creating an evenly pleasant climate throughout the city.

Cheers erupt from the crowd, chanting “Den Tiger, Den Tiger, Den Tiger” repeatedly, showing their admiration and support for the Tiger Academy contestants.

Onghus then joins the elders to deliberate and vote for the winner. However, before they can reach a decision, a distant rumble catches their attention. On the horizon, a giant orange glow emerges, growing brighter and brighter, returning the atmospheric light to the familiar amber-red hue. With a streaking blaze of intensity, Fannah roars through the crowd at high speed and abruptly takes to the stage, standing at the podium. The atmosphere turns electric with anticipation as the crowd is shocked and intrigued by her arrival.

Witnessing Fannah’s intrusion, Onghus is outraged, but Fannah is too quick for him to remove her. She begins her speech. “Everyone, hear me! I hold the answer you seek. I have acquired great power in fire magic, so great that I can vow to you all to restore warmth to our entire world and heal the land. No other magic will be needed from anyone but me.”

As the crowd begins to murmur, and even some cheers sound, a surge of vanity sweeps over Fannah, fueling her conviction as she feels her value return.

“Now, behold my power!” Fannah declares with dramatic flair. She demonstrates her magic prowess by transforming into a powerful fire tiger, blazing with uncontrollable flames. She dashes in rapid circles around the town, roaring furiously as fire erupts from her breath. The crowd is amazed by her newfound powers and feels the intense heat, but it quickly becomes too intense. The D.O.M.E. created by the Fire Academy intensifies and locks in Fannah’s heat, resulting in buildings and Hirunians catching fire.



Screams of terror resound throughout Hirune as Fannah burns villages and towns, leaving devastation in her wake. Fannah starts to realize that she is losing control over her fire power, with the intensity becoming too much even for her.

Just as the city teeters on the brink of destruction by her fire, a blast of snow and ice erupts from the city center, capturing Fannah in mid-stride. Hera and Emilia, having followed Fannah through the portal, swiftly intervene by combining their magic to save Hirune and Fannah from her destructive path. Despite Fannah's resistance, she slows down considerably as she battles against the torrent of ice. Emilia and Hera unleash their wind and blizzard powers, creating a blizzard wind that pushes against Fannah's forward trajectory. Gradually, Fannah's intensity matches the opposing forces, bringing her to a slow run until she finally comes to a complete stop.

Outraged by their interference, Fannah sends a fiery blast toward Hera and Emilia, knocking them out of her way. However, rather than engaging in battle with Fannah, Hera and Emilia choose to focus on extinguishing the raging fires all around Hirune. The gathered Hirunians look upon the devastation caused by Fannah and begin to perceive her as a fire witch who has brought destruction instead of salvation. Shocked and outraged, they now question Fannah's intentions and her claim to supremacy.

Fannah, in turn, becomes increasingly angry at the crowds and feels betrayed by her new acquaintances, Hera and Emilia.

"You will all honor me! My power is supreme!" Fannah roars defiantly, unleashing fiery breath that draws a line of fire upon the ground.

"You are either with me or against me! Choose now who you will follow. I warn you, those who do not cross this line to my side shall face my fiery wrath of death!" she challenges the crowd.

The crowd looks at each other in bewilderment, overwhelmed by Fannah's power and the chaos that surrounds them. Unexpectedly, some individuals, like the twins Kato and Nakato from Den Panther, who were once afraid of her, decide to stand by her side. Many others from the Lion Academy and the lion tribe also join her, acknowledging her warrior strength and the value she brings.

Onghus and the elders take to the podium and address the crowds firmly. "Do not listen to her, and do not join her side.







If you do, you will be condemned by us, and the consequences for your actions will be dire!” warns Onghus.

Sybbol, Uron, and Gibbs, torn between their loyalty to Fannah and their fear of Onghus’s wrath, huddle behind him, refusing to join Fannah.

Hera and Emilia are similarly torn. While they understand Fannah’s struggle as a female magician fighting against cultural restrictions, they also fear her impulsive lack of magical control. They choose to remain on the side of Onghus and the elders against Fannah.

From that moment on, war erupts in Hirune, and chaos engulfs the land.

»»-----□-----««

Weeks pass with relentless bloodshed, leaving both sides mired in suffering. Fannah struggles to control her fire, causing maximum damage to her opponents. Thus, over time, Fannah’s army gains a stronger foothold. However, a clear line has been drawn, and the turmoil between Fannah and her enemies continues to rage on.

Fannah sits behind a desk in the main tent of her army headquarters, located in the center square of Hirune, facing the now-ruined Academy of Magic. Hand-chosen warriors from her lion tribe continuously report to her, providing details on territories taken and casualties. On this particular day, the devastation was particularly grave as she glances at a long scroll full of the names of Hirunians killed in battle.

As Fannah sits alone in her tent, surrounded by armor, swords, and blades of all kinds, she feels a sense of isolation and loneliness. While the generals and their families celebrate their victories together, her own family is no longer with her. Yes, she has obtained power, but the cost weighs heavily on her mind. “Am I truly loved and valued for my powers, or am I only feared? How can I be both powerful and loved?”

Suddenly, her amulet creature emerges from her amulet, hovering within her heart-shaped hair above her head, and presents her with a riddle—the very riddle she once read about her magical coat.



*“A robe with stripes, with teeth and claws,  
Burns with heat and inspires awe.  
But beware the jaws of a tiger wild,  
For it eats the soul of a vainglorious child.”*

The Phoenix retreats back into her amulet, leaving Fannah deep in thought as she contemplates the riddle.



Understanding the significance of the riddle and its connection to her magic coat, Fannah reflects on her past actions and realizes that her vanity and desire for power have caused harm and fear among her people. With newfound humility and a sincere desire to make amends, she focuses on deciphering the riddle’s meaning.

After pondering for some time, Fannah experiences an epiphany. She realizes that the riddle is a metaphor for her own journey. The “robe with stripes” represents her tiger-like shape-shifting coat, symbolizing the immense power it grants her. The mention of “teeth and claws” emphasizes the destructive force of her uncontrolled fire magic. The warning about the “jaws of a tiger wild” serves as a reminder of the danger of succumbing to her own vanity and ego.

Motivated to change, Fannah understands that her transformation into the tiger should be driven by benevolence and a desire to protect rather than exert power. Only then can she strike a balance and bring harmony to her world. With this newfound understanding, she speaks the answer to the riddle: “The robe is the representation of my powers, a gift to protect and serve, not to conquer and intimidate others. I do not have to manipulate success, I am already successful.”

Suddenly, the amulet creature appears, impressed by Fannah’s insight and growth. As a reward, the creature grants her a magical flute, replacing the one previously given to Onghus. However, this new flute holds a unique power, specifically designed to tame the wildness of the fire tiger.





## *Ruby level gear - Magic Flute*

Fannah's magic flute has the power over her shape-shifting coat, which possesses its own consciousness. The flute is as symbol for the power of self-regulation in regards to changing and adapting one's self based on the perceived expectations of others.

### *Summary*

Fannah, the Warrior, fights for success and recognition, refusing to conform to others' expectations. As an ongoing ice age threatens survival, Fannah is rejected and aims to increase her power and overthrow the magical authorities. She discovers a "Magic Robe, which grants her shape-shifting abilities. Fannah transforms into a Fire Tiger, but her lack of control causes devastation and fear. War breaks out, and Fannah's army gains power, but division remains. She realizes she can shift into a blazing Fire Tiger, melting snow and causing rapid growth. Fannah questions whether she is loved or feared. Solving a riddle, she understands that true success comes from embracing her own power. The phoenix amulet gives her a magic flute to tame her fire tiger nature.

### *Questions & Self Reflection*

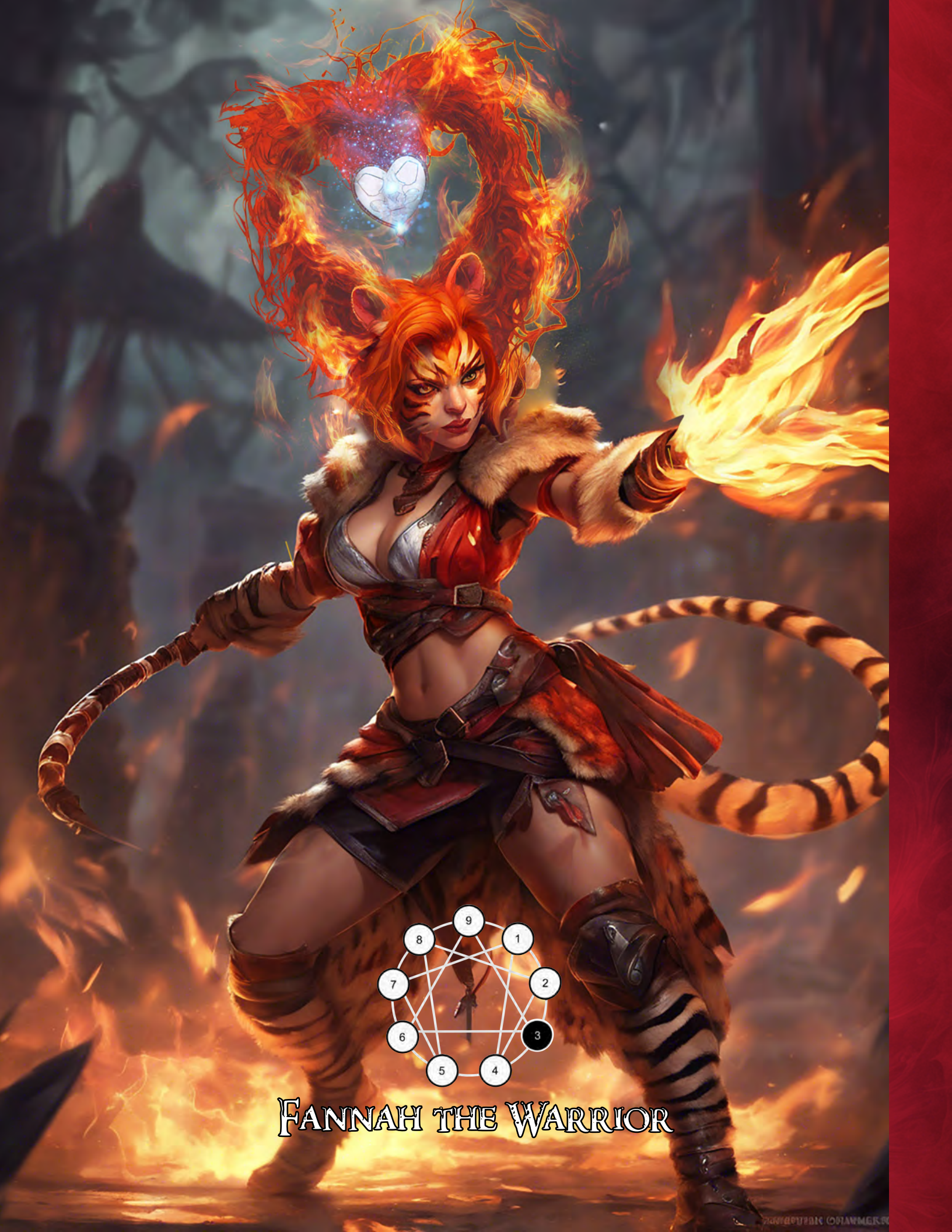
Consider your own identity. Who are you truly? Do you find yourself being consistent and authentic in every interaction, or do you often shape-shift and adapt to meet what you perceive as others' expectations? What are the advantages and disadvantages of this strategy?

In this chapter, Fannah discovers her own agency and liberation from the potent emotion of anger. As a warrior, she rises to showcase her strength in the face of betrayal by unleashing chaos, destruction, and warfare upon the tribe.

In what ways did anger serve Fannah? How did it work both in her favor and against her? Furthermore, how does anger serve you personally, if applicable? Additionally, it is important to explore healthy and unhealthy methods of effectively channeling or releasing anger.

The ruby level focuses on achieving independence from the group dynamics. However, it also emphasizes the importance of transcending and incorporating the lessons learned from previous levels. Can you effectively balance being a part of a group while still maintaining your individuality, or do you often find yourself conforming to the needs of the group at the cost of your authenticity?





FANNAH THE WARRIOR

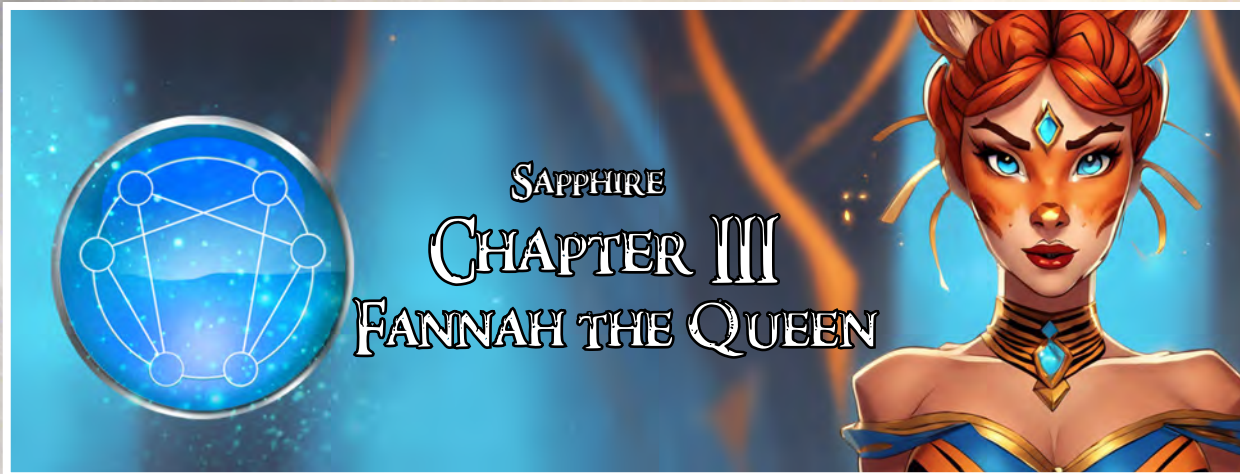












## Chapter 3

### Impostor Syndrome

Inside the grand halls of the occupied Academy, Fannah stands at the center, encompassed by her legion of followers, including Shun from Den Cheetah Air Magic Academy, and Kato and Nakato from Den Panther Earth Magic Academy. A year has passed since the war commenced, and on this day, they gather to observe the state of Hirune since the start of the conflict.

Fannah turns to Kato, her master-at-arms and trusted leader, for a status report. “Kato, what is the current status of the leadership of our opposition?” she asks, her eyes filled with determination.



Kato stands in front of Fannah, his stance reflecting a soldier’s attention, before unrolling a scroll containing vital information. “Onghus, accompanied by his henchman Vidar, and the elders Trey, Makato, Hera, and Emilia, have all retreated into hiding, seeking refuge in secretive underground strongholds,” he reports diligently, his dedication evident in his tone.





“Thank you Kato, that will be all.” Says Fannah her voice trailing off as she looks over his shoulder distracted by some of her soldiers peering out the Academy windows.

The sky above unexpectedly darkens, and an eclipse transforms its familiar red hue to a dignified blue.

Fannah rises from her high backed, wooden chair, reminiscent of a throne, and makes her way to a nearby window to take a look. A sense of guilt punctures her heart as she looks



**HEAD CENTER** - 25%  
Mental Intelligence

**HEART CENTER** - 50%  
Emotional Intelligence

**BODY CENTER** - 25%  
Somatic Intelligence

REACTIVITY - 70%

EGOIC LEVELS - 65%

Solfeggio Sound  
Frequency 369

Note: Fannah's heart energy is slowly shifting from suspension to embodiment.

Fannah takes on the role of leader or the Queen of the group, organization, or family at this level of awareness. Fannah sets the ideals and values for success of the group and is the authority to be obeyed. Fannah believes that a strict adherence to the game plan will win great rewards in the future. Hard work, dedication, and perseverance are expected, and are rewarded enough for the present moment. Guilt can creep in if Fannah allows self or others in the group to slack.

Fannah is a heart type, processing information through her feelings, and engaging with image, self-deception, and expressing and suppressing emotions. She is preoccupied with how others perceive her. She is also preoccupied with the image she projects. As a result, she can make unhealthy decisions that hinder or misdirect her path.



across the dim landscape, riddled with debris from the constant battles. Her mind ponders how many have been destroyed, many of her own people, and created chaos. Inside of herself she is resolved to establish a new order in Hirune.

Fannah's magical abilities have grown significantly, but she is yet to fully master the power of her magic flute, a crucial tool for controlling and directing her magic. Due to this lack of mastery, the distribution of heat from Fannah's magic remains inconsistent, leading to the persistence of climate change and its devastating consequences throughout Hirune. Starvation and suffering continue to afflict the realm, as the disrupted climate disrupts the balance of nature.

Looking up at the sky she sees they are experiencing an eclipse. She has recalled seeing them before and remembers how they were significant omens in times past. "Look, my loyal companions," Fannah says, gazing up at the changing sky. "The heavens above grace us with this peculiar sight once again. An eclipse, turning our red-skied realm into an otherworldly blue. Could it be a mere coincidence, or might it hold some deeper meaning?"

Shun scratches his head, contemplating the unusual phenomenon. "Well, that's something you don't see every day. Do you think it's some kind of omen, Fannah?"

Fannah ponders for a moment, her eyes fixed on the mystifying spectacle. "Omen or not, Shun, the timing is intriguing. Perhaps it is illuminating to us the need for change. Throughout this war, our efforts have been focused on liberating Hirune, but our task does not end there. Our realm suffers from the consequences of climate change, causing starvation and suffering. We must address this imbalance."

Kato nods in agreement, noting the devastation that has befallen Hirune since the beginning of the war. "It's true, Fannah. The state of Hirune has been undeniably affected. The disruption in climate affects every aspect of life here. It feels like the land itself is desperate for our help."

With arms crossed, Nakato adds his perspective. "Our previous academies did nothing to rectify this situation. The panthers and cheetahs have been disregarded, and our magical





submissions were unfairly rejected. It's about time we took matters into our own paws.”

A warm smile spreads across Fannah’s face as she listens to her companions. “You speak the truth, my feline allies. We have united under a common goal, driven by ambition and a desire for justice. And we possess the power to make a difference, to reshape Hirune in ways never seen before. However, to achieve true mastery, I must unlock the full potential of my magic flute.”

A determined look emerges on Shun’s face as he looks at Fannah. “And we will stand by your side, Fannah. Together, we will learn to harness your fire-spreading abilities and bring forth the change necessary to restore balance and prosperity to this realm.”

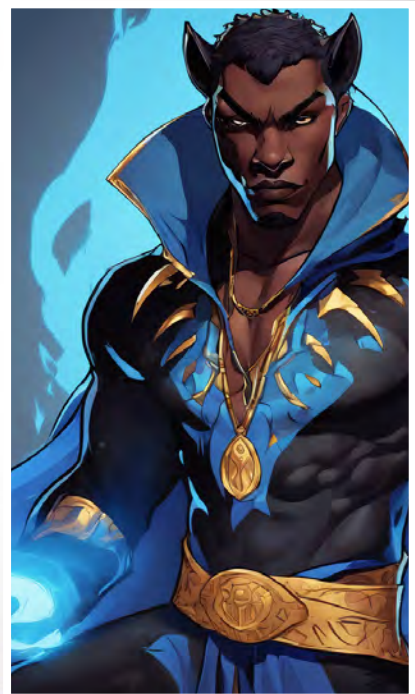
Kato grins, sharing the sentiment of his fellow feline companions. “The eclipse may serve as a reminder that our journey has just entered a new phase. It symbolizes the shift from a meaningless existence to one of honor, valor and purpose. Let this celestial event strengthen our resolve and remind us of the immense potential within us.”

Nakato clenches his fists, his eyes burning with determination. “We will be the catalysts of change, igniting the flames of transformation. No longer will Hirune suffer under the weight of neglect. We will be the ones to restore its harmony and bring hope back to its people.”

Fannah raises her flute, its presence commanding attention. “Then let the eclipse mark the beginning of a new era. Under my leadership, we shall master our talents, unite our ambitions, and unleash a blaze of powerful change upon Hirune. Our flame, fueled by justice and compassion, will radiate throughout the realm and become a beacon of hope.”

Filled with renewed determination, the legion raises their hands, feeling the warmth of their unity and shared purpose. Under the mysterious eclipse, they pledge to use their powers for the betterment of Hirune, ready to face the challenges ahead and transform their world.

“All hail the Queen of Fire!” they cheer in unison.





Hera and Emilia navigate through the city, moving swiftly and discreetly to avoid detection by Fannah and her army. They carefully maneuver in and out of ruins, their primary objective being the search for any remnants of magical artifacts, spells, or wands that can be salvaged from the parts of the Academy that remain in ruins. The weight of their satchels slowly increases as they stumble upon a particularly significant discovery, a valuable find worthy of their efforts.

“Do you hear that?” says Emilia, tucking a thick spell book into her bag. They can hear music in the distance and decide to carefully make their way closer to the main street to listen to the song. On the street, a majestic parade of Hirunians follows Fannah and her troops. They play flutes and sing, their voices carrying along with giant banners that proudly display “Fannah, Queen of Fire” and others proclaiming, “Salvation is here.”

Amid this grand spectacle, witnessing a crusade of massive proportions, custom music created by Fannah and her musicians accompanies the procession. Emilia and Hera listen intently to the lyrics. “

*In the land of Hirune, where flames burn bright,  
Fannah arose to shine through the night.  
A crusade to make a better embrace,  
With purpose divine, a sacred chase.*

*The individual, concerned and inspired,  
Seeks the divine, in life as desired.  
Obedience to authority, a guiding hand,*





*A sense of guilt, pushing us to take a stand.*

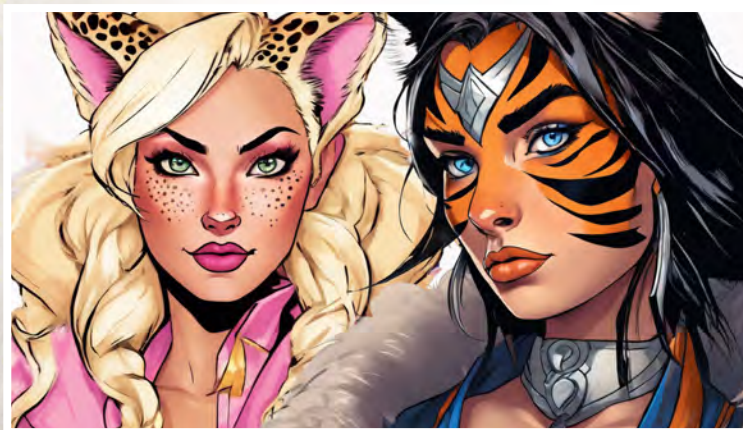
*Fannah, our Queen, leading the way,  
In her name, we'll strive and obey.  
A desire to do right, to do good,  
Sacrificing now, for rewards understood.*

*Dedicated to causes, we find our worth,  
Together, united, in this sacred rebirth.  
Inequality may exist, but we'll rise above,  
Striving for perfection, fueled by love.*

*Like felines, accepting our roles with grace,  
Seeking absolute perfection, in our rightful place.  
In this world we reside, with purpose divine,  
Fannah's flame guides us, in this grand design.*

*Fannah, our Queen, leading the way,  
In her name, we'll strive and obey.  
A desire to do right, to do good,  
Sacrificing now, for rewards understood.*

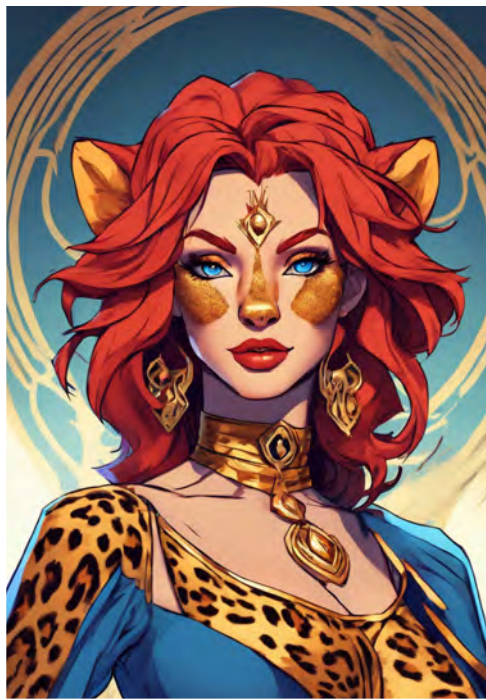
*So let us celebrate, this crusade of fire,  
With Fannah's vision, our spirits aspire.  
Hirune shall shine, a world so divine,  
With Fannah's guidance, eternally we align.*



Hera and Emilia exchange wide-eyed glances, filled with a mix of fascination and concern, as they watch Fannah standing upon an elevated platform, waving to the crowds that have gathered in the streets. With the assistance of Shun, her newly trained musician, he begins to play the magic flute.

As the enchanting melody fills the air, Fannah undergoes a breathtaking transformation, turning into the majestic Fire Tiger. This time, her flames are under complete control, radiating a sense of power and purpose. The assembled crowds ini-





tially gasp in fear, remembering the havoc caused by the flames that once destroyed their beloved realm. However, their apprehension quickly subsides as they notice that Fannah's powers are now harnessed for a different purpose.

To their amazement, the controlled flames emanating from the Fire Tiger's presence begin to warm the freezing environment, providing comfort and relief. Faces that were contorted with fear are now filled with wonder and gratitude as they experience the transformative effect of Fannah's abilities.

Fannah, now in her Fire Tiger form, stands tall and proud, her fiery aura radiating with power and authority. She addresses her people, her voice resonating with passion and determination. "Behold, my loyal subjects, witnesses of this transformation. I

am the Queen of Fire, here to guide you through the darkness and into the warmth of a brighter future."

The parade embarks on a grand tour around the center of Hirune, eventually returning to the footsteps of the CLAW Academy. Much of the Academy's exterior has been concealed with drapes to keep hidden the transformative changes that have taken place behind the scenes over the past few months. Fannah steps off the parade platform and ascends a long staircase to a podium, overlooking the crowds.







Addressing the masses, Fannah proclaims, “My people, there was a time when the CLAW Academy was exclusively reserved for a select group of male shamans. Its magic was shrouded in secrecy, kept hidden from us. In doing so, they wielded power and controlled valuable resources, depriving us of our rightful share. But today, I announce the birth of a new era of governance. I have pledged to utilize my power and influence for the betterment of our people. Hence, I declare to you all that the CLAW Academy is no more. Today, I present to you the Fire Empire!”

As if on cue, the drapes and coverings that have concealed the building behind Fannah dramatically fall, unveiling a breathtaking new facade for all to behold.

In the newly established Fire Empire, Fannah’s vision of a united and inclusive magical society comes to life. The once Gothic architecture of the CLAW Academy has undergone a remarkable transformation. The grand structures now blend elements of elegance and grandeur with a touch of fiery enchantment.

The giant entrance doors swing wide open behind Fannah, inviting the crowds inside for the first time. As they step foot into the Fire Empire, they are immediately greeted by the imposing entrance gate. Adorned with intricate carvings of roaring Fire Tigers, the very symbol of Fannah’s reign, it stands as a testament to her power and presence.

Fannah is transitioning her leadership style from one of imposing obedience as a warrior to that of a queen. She aims to establish a system of magic that engages and involves everyone, with herself as the ruler of this institution. This shift in consciousness brings organization to the previously chaotic and hedonistic culture, introducing civility and social order. Instead of unruly gangs, there is now a clear hierarchy of leadership where individuals understand their place, with Fannah reigning as the queen.





The path leading inside the Fire Empire is a mesmerizing sight. Lined with flames carefully shaped and crafted to perfection, they dance with vibrant hues that cast a warm and inviting glow. These flames, like a guiding light, beckon all who enter to explore the wonders and enchantment within.

The grandeur of the Fire Empire is evident from the very moment one sets foot on this path. It serves as an awe-inspiring introduction to the realm of magic and knowledge that awaits within.

The main building of the Fire Empire stands tall and proud, showcasing a blend of modern design and ancient mysticism. The walls are adorned with murals, depicting the heroic journey of Fannah, her transformation into the Fire Tiger, and her triumphs in bringing warmth and order to Hirune.

Inside, the central hall is a sight to behold. Vaulted ceilings stretch high above, adorned with mesmerizing stained glass windows that depict scenes from Fannah's adventures and the power of fire magic. The warm sunlight filters through the colorful glass, casting a cascade of vibrant hues, symbolizing hope and illumination.

The corridors are adorned with tapestries and paintings, capturing the essence of Fannah's leadership and passion. Each room and chamber holds a unique atmosphere, some dedicated to the study of elemental fire magic, while others house mystical artifacts and ancient texts within the extensive library.

In the heart of the Fire Empire, a grand statue of Fannah stands majestically, her fiery aura radiating power and wisdom. The statue symbolizes her role as the queen, a beacon of inspiration to all who enter. Surrounding the statue are beautiful gardens, with exotic plants and flowers that bloom with vibrant colors, echoing the wonder and diversity of magic itself.





As Fannah envisioned, the Fire Empire is no longer an exclusive domain reserved for only a select few. It welcomes individuals from all walks of life, irrespective of gender or background, encouraging a harmonious blend of knowledge and magical arts.

Fannah takes her place again in the center of the Fire Empire to continue her speech to the crowds who have gathered inside.

“Under my rule, the Fire Empire becomes a place where all individuals unite, setting aside their differences to protect and propagate fire awareness and use throughout the lands. I envision a society where fire is respected and utilized responsibly, a force that brings hope, warmth, and prosperity to all.

I ensure to you that my reign is one of guidance and cooperation. I will foster a community where fire magic is studied, harnessed, and shared for the betterment of Hirune.”  
Crowds begin to cheer, “All hail Queen Fannah!”

Cloaked in disguise, Emilia and Hera have been part of the crowd, silently observing all of the new developments. Both female magicians find themselves deeply intrigued and secretly inspired by Fannah’s presence. They yearn for recognition as female magicians, to be honored and accepted for who they truly are. However, they also feel a sense of conflict, as

Just like the grand statue of Fannah at the Fire Academy, Type 3 individuals can naturally find ways to commemorate themselves. They take pride in their accomplishments and celebrate their achievements by prominently displaying their awards on bedroom shelves or living room curio cabinets for all to see. It’s a genuine and uplifting experience to recognize and appreciate our own progress.

However, when F.A.C.E. Type 3 individuals feel insecure, they may seek to bolster their self-worth by excessively drawing attention to their achievements or, unintentionally, taking credit for others’ work to shine brighter.

In what ways, if any, do you find yourself promoting yourself? How does it feel when others notice your accomplishments and commend you for your achievements?



Fannah's arrogance and ambition seem to elevate herself above all others. It places Emilia and Hera in a delicate position, caught between two worlds.

One world represents the fight for autonomy and personal power, recognizing the limitations and barriers faced by female practitioners of magic. Embracing this world could offer advantages as they seek to find and harness their own unique powers. Onghus, leading the army of rebellion, plays a pivotal role in this world.

On the other hand, there is a new world emerging, offering the hope of newfound freedoms and possibilities. Yet, it remains under the authority of a figure such as Fannah. Sensing the urgency, Hera signals for Emilia to exit the Fire Empire.

"Let's make our way back to headquarters swiftly. Onghus must be informed of all that we have witnessed," Hera says to Emilia.

And with that, they hurriedly leave the Fire Empire, carrying with them the weight of conflicting desires and uncertain futures.

»»-----α-----««

Onghus and Vidar confer in their war tent on the outskirts of Hirune, having retreated from the pillar and sought refuge in the outlying woods between Hirune and Brennan-Town, far away from Fannah and her troops. They bear the heavy burden of past casualties and struggle to regain their strength and footing. Nevertheless, they have managed to create a small but thriving community, sustained by their fire magic and the crop-growing magic of Huron and Gibbs.

The tent flap swings open, and a warrior enters with an important announcement. "Onghus, there are several magicians here from Hirune who seek an alliance with you," declares the warrior boldly.

Onghus and Vidar look up suspiciously, their expressions laced with caution. "An alliance, you say? Have you thoroughly checked them for weapons and means of proving their identities?" questions Vidar.

"I have, and everything appears to be in order so far. Shall I escort them in?" asks the warrior.

Onghus and Vidar exchange a glance before nodding in agreement. The warrior receives



their approval and steps out to guide the four cloaked feline magicians into the tent. These magicians represent each species of feline – a tiger, cheetah, lion, and domestic cat. Onghus vaguely recognizes the tiger, but the others are unfamiliar to him.

“Well, you are brave to venture into our camp from Hirune. We usually strike first and ask questions later. Lucky you,” growls Onghus menacingly. Vidar picks up where Onghus leaves off, maintaining the challenging tone. “To what do we owe this pleasure?”

The group of four magicians appears visibly nervous, but their resolve remains strong as they approach. “Mighty Onghus, we humbly offer you an alliance. We represent a significant population of Hirunians who refuse to follow Fannah. We adhere to the ancient traditions that dictate only males should practice magic and hold positions of leadership. We have formed an Anti-Fannah league to oppose her and, with luck, overthrow her. While we boast some powerful magicians and a considerable number of supporters, we lack the force and warrior power found within your army.”

Just then, Emilia and Hera make their arrival at Onghus’s tent, bearing news from Hirune. “Speaking of muscle power,” remarks Vidar, pleased to see his comrades return with sacks filled with magical goods.

“Apologies for interrupting your meeting, Father, but we bring important news from Hirune,” Hera announces abruptly.

Onghus motions for them to join the conversation, and soon a bond forms among the newcomers and those already present.

»»-----ǎ-----««

Months had passed since the revealing of the new Fire Empire. Hirune, the once chaotic realm, started to find stability, and its people, inspired by their Queen of Fire, embraced this new era with hope and renewed enthusiasm.

Kato perched himself on the window sill of a high tower overlooking the peaceful landscape of the city. “Nakato, can you believe how far we’ve come? The realm has transformed under Queen Fannah’s reign.”

Nakato nodded in agreement as he leaned over the sill of a nearby window to join his twin, his amber eyes reflecting the hope shared by their fellow inhabitants. “Indeed, Kato. With





each passing day, I can feel the spirit of resilience growing stronger in our people. The Fire Empire has become a symbol of unity and progress.”

The twins were on watch duty in the bell tower and often enjoyed spending time together, congratulating each other on their new positions under Fannah’s reign. Kato, his voice filled with admiration, added, “And Fannah, she possesses a spark within her. She doesn’t merely seek to be a queen; she longs to guide a revolution, to bring prosperity and restore balance to this realm of darkness.”

As the panthers continued their conversation, a distant rumble from the central station caught their attention. At first, they thought it was a surge of traffic from the pillar, which occurred from time to time during rush hour. But this felt different. Their ears flicked forward, their instincts sharpened.

“What is that?” Kato asked, a note of concern creeping into his voice.

Nakato’s gaze shifted towards a sea of felines pouring through the pillar gateway connecting the lower realms to upper Hirune.

Kato’s eyes widened with realization as he saw in the distance flags rising up from the crowds, reading “Anti-Fannah League.” “We are under attack,” Nakato exclaimed with alarm. He quickly pulled on the bell cord and began to chime the giant alarm bell... GONG, GONG, GONG!

The battlefield crackled with magical energy as Onghus, flanked by Vidar, Trey, Gibbs, Huron, Hera, and Emilia, faced off against Fannah, her loyal warriors Kato, Nakato, and Shun, and the felines who championed the Queen of Fire.

Onghus narrowed his eyes, his voice resonating with power as he channeled the elements.



“Witness the might of the four elements!” With a sweeping motion, he sent forth a torrent of fire, fierce gusts of wind, crashing waves of water, and trembling earth towards his adversaries.

Fannah, alerted by the sound of the alarm bell, has made her way to the front lines of the battle. She leaps forward, her fiery aura blazing. “Feel the inferno!” She raised her hands, summoning a wall of flames that swirled around her, weaving and dancing with malicious intent. “Let the power of fire consume our foes!”

Nakato, infused with the power of earth, stomped the ground, causing boulders to erupt and form a barrier. “Stand strong, my allies! Protect the Queen and defy their onslaught!”

Trey’s eyes glinted with determination as he soared through the air on swirling winds. “I am the breeze that carries destruction!” He unleashed a tempestuous tornado, lightning crackling within its core, threatening to rip through their defenses.

Hera and Emilia, hidden within the chaos, cast shimmering shields of ice and conjured powerful water spells, aiding their allies discreetly. “Let the power of water heal and fortify us! Ice and water, our silent saviors!”

Gibbs and Huron, surrounded by swirling flames, roared in unison. “Our power swells with the inferno! Let the fire cleanse and engulf them!” Flames danced from their paws, scorching the ground and lashing out at their opponents.

Meanwhile, Shun, the agile cheetah, zipped through the battlefield, leaving trails of swirling wind in his wake. “Harness the might of the air! Speed becomes our ally!” His movements were a blur, as he darted effortlessly between attacks, evading their enemies’ strikes.

As the magic clashed and intersected, the battlefield transformed into a dazzling spectacle of elements, magnificent displays of power and skill.

Between bursts of magic, Fannah’s voice carried across the raging storm. “You may have the power of elements, but my fire cannot be snuffed out! Do not underestimate the Queen of Fire!”

Onghus stood tall amidst the chaos, his voice filled with authority. “We are united by more than mere elements! We fight for freedom and a better future!”

The clash between felines intensified, as the combined forces of Onghus, Vidar, Trey, Gibbs, Huron, Hera, and Emilia, battled fiercely against Fannah, Kato, Nakato, Shun, and their loyal felines.









After intense magic battles between them, the battlefield fell silent as Fannah, battered and determined, squared off against Onghus, the master of elemental magic. Flames danced around Fannah, casting an eerie glow upon her determined face, while Onghus exuded an aura of darkness and power, his eyes gleaming with a malevolent fire.

With a burst of raw energy, Fannah unleashed a torrent of fire, aiming to engulf her nemesis. But Onghus, equally skilled in fire manipulation, countered with a surge of dark magic that consumed the flames before they could reach him. The clash of their powers created a tempest of swirling elements, causing the ground beneath them to quake and split.

Undeterred, Fannah let loose a battle cry, her resolve shining through her weary form. She concentrated her efforts, drawing upon every ounce of her inner fire, hoping to overpower Onghus with an explosion of concentrated heat. But with a deft flick of his paw, Onghus redirected the flames, creating a wall of fire that protected him from her onslaught.

Seeing an opportunity, Onghus moved with a deceptive quickness, his dark claws slashing through the air. Fannah, caught off guard, barely managed to block his attack, the impact reverberating through her body. Determined not to be defeated, Fannah retaliated, using her fire magic to create a searing blaze that forced Onghus to retreat momentarily.

But Onghus was far from defeated. Channeling the raw power of all four elements, he conjured a massive cyclone of air and water, encasing himself within a sphere of elemental fury. Lightning crackled, while winds howled, and water surged with chaotic force. With a resounding roar, Onghus hurled the sphere towards Fannah, the combined might of the elements threatening to consume her.



As the tempest descended upon her, Fannah fought with every fiber of her being. With pure adrenaline fueling her, she summoned her inner fire, pushing back against the onslaught, refusing to be extinguished. The clash between their powers raged on, energy crackling and sizzling around them, creating a dazzling spectacle of elemental might.

In a final burst of determination, Fannah's fire surged forward, overpowering Onghus' combined elemental assault. The sphere shattered, dissipating into sparks and smoke, leaving Fannah momentarily triumphant.

But Onghus, drawing upon his inner resolve, began to rise from the ground, his eyes glowing with a newfound determination. The defeat only fueled his determination to protect his army, giving him an undeniable strength.

With unyielding power, Onghus summoned forth the remnants of his elemental prowess. A vortex of darkness swirled around him, intertwining with bursts of raw energy from each of the four elements. It grew in intensity, forming a formidable wall that approached Fannah.

Feeling overwhelmed, Fannah's fiery aura flickered, her strength waning. Onghus launched a final, devastating attack, combining the might of earth, air, fire, and water into a cataclysmic explosion that enveloped Fannah, forcing her to her knees.

As Fannah fell to the ground, defeated and powerless, Onghus stood over her, his voice filled with a mix of compassion and determination. "The fire within you may be fierce, but sometimes the greatest strength lies in domination, rather than compassion. Hirune needs tyranny, not unity."

Fannah's loyal warriors watched in disbelief, their spirits waning in the face of their leader's defeat. Seeing an opportunity to escape the battle that raged on, Fannah retreated, barely managing to escape with her life, slinking away into the veil of the night.





Fannah blinked her eyes open and found herself staring at the ceiling of her father's house, surrounded by the familiar wooden beams that supported the roof. As she lay there, memories of her childhood flooded back, when she would gaze up at the ceiling and dream of becoming a magician. How far she had come since those days. A sudden jolt of pain in her leg shook her out of her reverie, reminding her of her injury. Carefully, she peeled away the gauze bandage to check its status. Relief washed over her as she saw that it was not infected and appeared to be healing considerably.

Feeling a surge of strength, Fannah rose from her spot and began to explore her father's den once again, hoping to find inspiration and clues on how to overcome her current setback. Hours passed, and restlessness crept in, both from the fruitless search and the longing she felt to be among her army and people. Fannah made her way back to her sleeping nook, but her unintended collision with a stool sent it crashing to the floor, eliciting a meow of pain. "Dang it!"

Slowly collecting herself, Fannah's attention was drawn to an archway that led into the den. Her head tilted as she noticed the various music notes intricately carved into the wood and stone at its base. Surprisingly, she had never noticed the decorations before, as they were cleverly concealed in an inconspicuous location.

Instantly recognizing the familiar notes, Fannah heard the melodious tune in her mind. Rising to her feet, she sat down, crossed her legs, and reached into her tiger coat, producing her cherished magic flute. Fingers guided by muscle memory, she began to play the song, following each note with precision and care. Suddenly, the music infused the stone archway, causing it to transform into a shimmering portal.

Through the gleaming gateway, Fannah's eyes widened as she caught sight of a desert-like world. In the distance, a sprawling city revealed itself, adorned with triangular-shaped buildings amidst green lushness. Beautiful trees, flowers, and sparkling fountains dotted the landscape, radiating life in the midst of the surrounding sand.

Intrigued and filled with wonder, Fannah meowed in fascination, "What in the world..." Recognizing that she once traversed a portal, she embraced her courage and curiosity, taking a step through the shimmering doorway. In an instant, she found herself transported to a desert world, where a dry, arid heat seeped into her very being, enveloping her in a sense of parched desolation. The vast sky stretched above, a muted canvas of sandy hues blending into the horizon.





As Fannah ventured through the unfamiliar realm, she encountered peculiar and enchanting creatures that roamed the desert. Spotting a herd of camels, she swiftly transformed into one, seamlessly joining them on their path towards the distant city. In the distance, a shepherd's voice called out, guiding the camels towards their evening meal.

Finally arriving at the magnificent city, Fannah was astounded by its breathtaking beauty. Towering pyramid-shaped buildings, painstakingly crafted by both bird-creatures and the surrounding mountains, composed an exquisite skyline. The elegant forms of Egyptian architecture harmoniously melded with the raw splendor of nature, setting a tapestry of wonder before her eyes. Within the city, bird creatures eagerly gathered for an assembly, their excited chatter filling the air as they anticipated their king's enlightening discoveries.

The shepherd guides the camels further into the city and Fannah marveled at the resilience of its inhabitants, their lives intertwined with the harsh challenges imposed by drought. Small reservoirs, ingeniously designed, captured precious droplets of water, creating pockets of life amid the vast expanse of sand. Despite the harsh conditions, the bird creatures carried themselves with grace and tenacity, their spirit mirroring the soaring wings of the birds that adorned their surroundings.

The bustling streets became a labyrinth of scents and sounds. The aroma of exotic spices



wafted from vibrant bazaars, mingling with the chatter of merchants squawking over prices. Fannah's eyes darted from one fascinating spectacle to another, as performers donned colorful feathered costumes and danced with hypnotizing grace, their movements captivating and telling tales of mythical creatures and ancient rituals.



She couldn't help but feel a sense of reverence for the rich heritage of this desert world. The intersection of nature and civilization whispered stories of ancient rituals, profound wisdom, and unwavering determination to thrive against the odds.

The heard is sequestered into a coral with a feeding and watering station. As the Shepherd gates them securely Fannah can see through her camel eyes that an event in the town square is about to take place.

When Orix, pharaoh of Paragonia, stepped out on the platform to speak, Fannah's camel jaw dropped, for she was awestruck at the image of this perfect being, with handsome features, a muscular build, a petite orange beak for a nose, majestic wings, adorned in gold and blue from head to toe, and exuding tremendous magical powers.



Fannah studies him closely in awe of his kingly pomp and listens in to his eloquent speech.

“Birds of Paragonia, my loyal subjects. Today, I, Orix, your faithful leader, stand before you with immense pride. Today, we celebrate the annual fire ceremony in Tristan. Thanks to the halo device bestowed upon me and the portal powers of cosmic passages to other realms, we have assisted Tristan in building a sacred temple of fire! Together, with our unwavering entourage of warriors, we shall embark on a journey through the portal to pay



homage to the fire deities and receive our tribute from the Tristinians. As we embark on this extraordinary odyssey, let us not falter in our commitment to the traditions of our righteous and pious ancestors. It is through our faithful adherence to their teachings, with unwavering accuracy, that we shall please the gods of fire and continue to supplicate to the spirits. In doing so, may we experience the blessings of the harvest rains in our world once more. May our wings carry us with purpose, and may the blessings of our ancestors guide our path.”

Fannah is in awe of Orix and also curious. “A fire ceremony? If there is something I know a little about, it’s fire,” thinks Fannah to herself. She is also realizing that portals are becoming a widespread phenomenon. “I wish I could be like him!” Fannah says to herself in her camel tongue.

Suddenly her amulet creature appears to her with a the riddle:

*A reed to sing and lion tame  
To thwart a curse brought on by fame  
Though creatures rise from gifted coat  
You’ll become a bird-man with a single note*



The amulet creature dissolves leaving Fannah looking around to see if anyone else saw him. Relieved that no unwanted attention came her way, she ponders the riddle.

“You’ll become a bird-man in a single note.” It dawns on Fannah that perhaps she could transform herself into a perfect clone of this majestic bird-person! She had always been a unique creature from her imagination, and impersonating someone else brings up an entirely new possibility!

Fannah retreats to a hidden part of the coral behind the group of camels to conceal her. She transforms back into her robed feline self and removes the magic flute from her coat pocket. With concentration on both the note she plays and the image of Orix and begins to shift. To her amazement she becomes a perfect image of Orix.

Fannah is overcome with excitement. The power this gives her is unprecedented. With her curiosity piqued, Fannah transforms back into a camel and watches what Orix does next. The group of Paragons surrounding Orix departs from the stage and makes their way to the camels in the stalls where Fannah is hiding. The next thing she knows, she is being roped to a Paragonian and led off in a large procession. In the distance, Orix uses a round





halo-like device to create a magic portal. Soon, the entire troop passes through, including Fannah, into an entirely new world.

Almost immediately, Fannah can feel the warm, moist air of a tropical, lush, organic landscape. The new world they are entering is full of majestic trees, flowering plants, shrubs, and fruit-bearing trees of all kinds. Fannah takes a long whiff with her camel nose and drinks in the sweet fragrances all around. In the twilight, memories flood her mind of Hirune before the ice age—a time when her world was similar, rich with abundant agricultural plants and trees.

They trek for a long time in the enigmatic light of day, which is eclipsed, through various pathways before arriving at a magnificent temple. The temple is glowing with an enormous fire, and flames leap from the top of the building, creating a glorious glow for the darkened forest that surrounds it. Sparkles of firelight shimmer across a spectacular moat that surrounds the impressive structure. There is a giant bridge that extends across the waterway, adorned with sculpted tree-like figures that have arms and faces. As they get closer to the bridge, Fannah's eyes widen in amazement as she realizes that the sculpted trees are actually living, moving, and even talking trees! "It's a person and a tree!" Fannah thinks to herself in awe.

Orix greets a majestic tree man at the entrance to the temple and shakes hands with the tree creature. They speak for a moment, and then Orix turns and waves for the entourage to proceed into the temple. The camels, however, are tied outside of the bridged area and left behind. Fannah takes her camel hoof and retrieves her flute from her side satchel, awkwardly putting the reed to her camel lips and plays a note. In a flash of fire, she transforms back into her original feline self.





In the distance, she can still see the open portal back to Paragonia. “Should I get out of here, or should I explore a little more?” Fannah wonders to herself. On this day, curiosity gets the cat, and Fannah decides to do a little more investigating. Looking around, she sees in the distance a very elegant female flowering tree, with a giant leafy hoop skirt, puffy sleeves, and an ornate hat adorned with flowers and braided leaves. She is stunningly beautiful to behold. Fannah closes her eyes and imagines her in her mind as she plays a note. In another flash of fire, Fannah transforms into the leafy lady, a perfect impersonation once again.

Excited both to investigate and from her newfound powers, Fannah makes her way into the temple. She walks for a long time around the perimeter of the stadium-like temple that is surrounded by enormous pillars, with a walkway and various staircases leading up to a second level. Fannah decides she will get a higher perspective and head upstairs for a better look at what is happening inside.

As she approaches the entrance to the main stadium, she can hear beautiful music. At the top of the stairs, Fannah can see a myriad of organic creatures surrounding an enormous fire pit with a raging fire in the middle. It’s an impressive sight and also extremely warm, even for a fire cat like Fannah. To her left, she is approached by a giant tree man, looking distressed and irritated. “Leeba, I need to speak to you,” says the tree creature.

Fannah is taken aback by the idea that a tree man is talking to her, and that he recognizes her transformed image. Smiling nervously, Fannah, as Leeba apparently, graciously responds, “Of course... uh... um... I’d be happy to speak with you, Your Grace.”

The tree man, known as Divri in this world called Tristan, looks at her with a puzzled grin. “Your Grace? You are being awfully formal today,” he says curiously. He motions for them to sit down and proceeds to share his grievances.

“I know this fire pit is amazing and all, but I find the rituals we observe so routine, so boring, so lifeless! I mean, fire should be exciting; it should be life-giving. It should be part of our everyday experience, not just an occasional ceremonial... blah, blah, blah! How do I keep this institution while also infusing it with life? Do you know what I mean, Leeba?” says Divri longingly.

Fannah, who is Leeba, smiles with raised eyes. “Oh yes, I can certainly see that,” she says



awkwardly. Fannah has a flash of inspiration, a simple answer to his situation. “Well, in my mind, the solution is simple. Just take fire with you.”

Suddenly, Divri’s amulet, which he is wearing on his head like a crown, begins to flash, and a hornet creature appears. Simultaneously, Fannah’s phoenix amulet creature appears and joins the hornet queen. The magical reaction also causes Fannah to shapeshift into her feline persona instantly.

Divri is shocked. If Fannah’s amulet creature wasn’t so similar to his own, he would have yelled for the guards. “What kind of sorcery is this?” he exclaims aloud.

Fannah is embarrassed and alarmed herself. As a feline, she is quick on her feet and adapts instantly. “Well, I had to test you to see if you were worthy of my magic, oh great tree king. You see, I’ve come to you today with a gift.” Inside, Fannah has no idea what her gift will be, but it is what comes out of her mouth without thinking.

Suddenly, Divri’s amulet creature buzzes over to his ear and begins to whisper. “My wisdom guide tells me you have something I need and that I should trust and partner with you.”

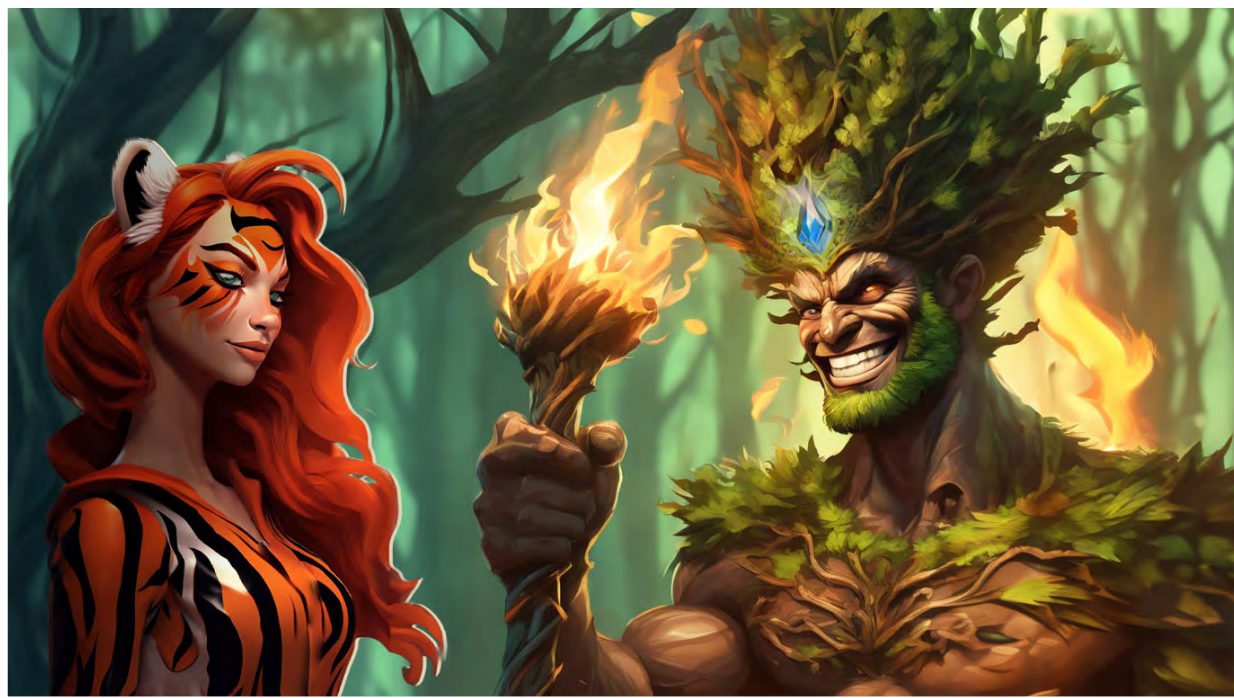
Fannah smiles with delight and holds out her hand immediately. “Pleased to meet you. I’m Fannah, feline of Hirune,” says Fannah politely. Divri nods, shakes her hand, and then returns to their previous conversation. “What do you mean, what you said before, take fire with me?” Fannah looks around, realizing that what she is referring to isn’t in sight anywhere. “Well, what I mean is a torch. Just light a torch.” Divri raises his left eyebrow. “What is a torch?” asks Divri innocently. Fannah is surprised he has no idea what one is. She quickly realizes that perhaps fire, in and of itself, is a new concept in this place. Suddenly, Fannah’s phoenix amulet creature manifests a beautiful torch and hands it to her before returning back to her amulet. With a smile and a flick of her wrist, Fannah manifests fire and lights the torch. Divri is shocked, unable to believe that fire could exist anywhere else other than the fire pit. “You must be a divine being sent to me from the fire gods! May the gods be praised!” says Divri with awe.

Fannah hands the torch to Divri and marvels at the power he is feeling. A sense of specialness ignites inside him as he imagines what others will think of him in Tristan when he shows them this marvel.

“I can’t thank you enough, Fannah. This is going to change everything. This is life for us all!” exclaims Divri passionately.

Fannah is pleased that her magical deed is so appreciated. She ponders, in that moment,





what a partnership could look like and how she could benefit from Tristan in her world. “I would like to partner with you, as your wisdom guide has instructed. I am most interested in the new forms of organic life, and the new varieties of fruits and vegetables you grow here. Would you be willing to visit my world and share some of your seeds with us and teach us how to grow Tristinian organics?” asks Fannah kindly.

Divri is so mesmerized by the fire in his hand that he would agree to just about anything. “Of course, I, we, would be honored to visit your world and contribute to your agriculture. Just send the word, and I’ll be there!” Fannah is delighted by the new partnership, her feline tail waving behind her excitedly. “We will be in touch. I’ll return in the near future, and we can figure out a plan. I must be off now; I have some urgent business to attend to,” says Fannah politely.

Fannah excuses herself and quickly makes her way back to the portal, with shapeshifting on her mind.

»»-----¤-----««

Onghus and his anti-Fannah league revel in their supposed triumph, celebrating the dominance they have established over Hirune and the Fire Empire. They have organized a grand victory gala held within the heart of the opulent palace, a spectacle meant to show-



case their power and control. The once vibrant halls are now transformed into a display of opulence and intimidation, mirroring Onghus' iron rule.

The gala commences with grandeur, accompanied by the rapturous applause of Onghus' loyalists. The atmosphere is charged with an air of gloating and arrogance, as they toast to their newfound authority. Onghus, adorned in regal attire, addresses the crowd, his voice filled with smug confidence. He delivers a speech filled with propaganda, touting the supposed benefits of his rule and enforcing the idea that Fannah's reign is nothing more than a distant memory.

As the celebration ensues, a hush falls over the crowd, as if the very air holds its breath in anticipation. Suddenly, an otherworldly rumbling echoes through the heavens, drawing the attention of both Onghus and his league. They raise their eyes in wonder, witnessing an extraordinary sight unfolding before them.

From the skies above, Fannah, taking on the guise as Orix, descends as a flaming winged god, her wings aglow with vibrant hues of crimson and gold. Her mere presence sets the sky ablaze, igniting a dazzling spectacle of flames and dazzling magical effects that dance like ethereal ribbons of light.

A deafening roar accompanies her descent, echoing throughout the palace grounds and reverberating down every corridor. The ground quakes beneath her, mirroring the power imbued in her presence, as if acknowledging the magnitude of her return.

The eyes of the crowd widen in awe and disbelief as Orix's grand entrance creates a momentary pause, stilled by an overwhelming mix of curiosity and uncertainty. Onghus, filled with equal parts fear and fascination, struggles to maintain his composure in the face of this divine apparition.

The flames that engulf Orix's wings do not consume her, but rather serve as an indication of her mastery over fire and magic. Sparks cascade from her fingertips, trailing like stardust in her wake. The air itself seems to shimmer and bend in her presence, ethereal wisps of magic intertwining with the agitated breaths of those gathered.

An aura of power and authority radiates from Orix, enveloping the crowd in both a sense of reverence and trepidation. Fannah, cloaked as Orix, exudes an unmatched aura of majesty, leaving no doubt that she is meant to be their leader.

The spectators are left momentarily speechless, absorbed in the majestic spectacle unfolding before their eyes. Whispers of astonishment spread through the gathering, growing louder with every passing moment as Fannah's descent nears completion.





Finally, with a resounding impact that shakes the earth beneath her, Fannah, masked as Orix, lands gracefully before the crowd, her presence commanding attention and respect. Flames fade from her wings, leaving behind a trail of ephemeral embers that dissipate into the night sky.

The silence breaks as the attendees, both supporters and skeptics alike, erupt into cheers and applause, their amazement and awe overpowering any lingering doubts they may have held. They marvel at the phoenix-like figure before them, recognizing that they are in the midst of witnessing a living legend, a force of nature brought to life.

Onghus, initially caught off guard by the unexpected arrival, quickly recovers, convinced that the bird king is merely a performer meant to entertain his guests. He offers a polite welcome, believing himself untouchable and unchallenged in his authority.

Unbeknownst to Onghus and his league, Fannah, disguised as the bird king, possesses a captivating aura, capable of subtly influencing the thoughts and emotions of those around her. As she takes her place amidst the revelry, Fannah skillfully begins to manipulate the atmosphere, subtly implanting seeds of doubt in the minds of those present.

“My esteemed guests, allow me to address you as Orix, a messenger of someone I have come to know and deeply admire. Fannah, whose legacy and spirit resonate within the depths of my being, is not forgotten. Though she may appear absent, her influence remains, guiding us even now.” Says Fannah cleverly.

The crowd leans in, their curiosity piqued, as they listen intently to Orix’s words.

A curious Feline from Cheetah House approaches Orix from the crowd. “But Orix, how can we trust in Fannah’s return? Onghus and his horde have lauded their own power while casting doubt on her existence.”

Orix smiles enigmatically, the hidden knowledge of their connection shimmering behind the mask. “Do not be swayed by the illusions paraded before you. Onghus and his horde



thrive on falsehoods, seeking to extinguish the embers of hope within your hearts. But rest assured, Fannah's absence is not an indication of defeat; it is part of a larger plan, an intricate tapestry being woven, waiting to reveal its true colors."

A murmuring of intrigue spreads through the gathering, each individual captivated by the mysterious words of Orix.

Gradually, a ripple of unease permeates the celebrations, as whispered conversations among the attendees allude to uncertainty about Fannah's defeat and the true nature of Onghus' rule. The majestic bird king's presence elicits a sense of intrigue and awe, diverting attention from Onghus' grandiose claims and forcing his supporters to question their loyalty.

As the evening progresses, the atmosphere within the palace begins to shift, away from jubilation and toward skepticism and unrest. The crowd, once composed solely of Onghus' loyalists, becomes more divided, as doubts about his leadership take root. Murmurs of dissent grow stronger, swirling through the banquet hall like an undercurrent of rebellion.

Onghus, sensing the growing discontent, attempts to regain control, delivering impassioned speeches, rallying his followers to reaffirm their loyalty. Yet, the more he tries to consolidate his authority, the more the crowd seems to slip from his grasp. Fannah, disguised as the bird king, subtly fuels the growing skepticism, piercing through Onghus' facade, and exposing the fragility of his rule.

In the chaos that follows, Fannah's loyalists, once held captive by Onghus and his league, emerge from the shadows, revealing themselves to be unbroken and resolute. They join Orix's side, inciting a fierce and climactic battle within the palace walls. The grand gala transforms into a battleground, as Onghus and his dwindling loyalists clash against Fannah's army and the remnants of her political leadership.

With Fannah at the forefront, rallying her forces and inspiring her people, the final confrontation unfolds, spelling the end of Onghus' oppressive reign and forcing him and his horde to retreat down into his hideaway stronghold in the frozen forests below Hirune.

»»-----□-----««

In the heart of Hirune's bustling food festival, Hera and Emilia weave through the vibrant crowd, their eyes captured by the magnificent display of Orix's powers. As they pause near a fragrant fruit stall, their conversations intertwine with curiosity and skepticism, their



observations catching the attention of Trey, their trusted cheetah ally.

Emilia, drawn to a particularly intriguing piece of fruit, examines it closely, reading the tag that says “Tristinian” as she voices her thoughts.

“This fruit, it appears so ripe and perfect. It’s as if Orix’s touch has blessed every aspect of this festival. Yet, something feels out of place. Can we truly trust this magical transformation?” Emilia says, smelling the deliciously ripe fruit.

Hera nods, her gaze scanning the festival grounds as she looks upon the giant crates of fruit and vegetable produce piled in stacks row-after-row before them.

“Indeed, Emilia. It’s as though Orix knows exactly what our people want and has fashioned themselves to embody those desires. But beneath the surface, I can’t shake this feeling that there’s more to this facade,” Hera remarks, picking up her own piece of fruit and slicing it in half with her sword to inspect its insides.

As Hera finishes speaking, Trey gracefully navigates the bustling crowd, joining them with a flick of his cheetah-spotted tail.

“Hey, hey friends, what do you think of this impressive display? Can you believe how Orix has transformed the farmlands so rapidly? There hasn’t been this much food since before the ice age,” Trey exclaims excitedly, eying all of the produce before them with delight.

Hera and Emilia exchange glances before Hera responds to Trey’s excitement.

“Indeed, it is inspiring, but you know us, we always have questions. Emilia and I were just discussing how we mustn’t overlook the implications that arise from such grand gestures,” Hera says, pausing briefly to overhear a nearby Hirunian.

Nearby, a young female feline tugs at her mother’s dress with excitement. “Orix is our savior! I don’t care where he’s come from, he has healed our land and given us hope. Fannah has a part to play in this too, I’m sure of it. He speaks so highly of her,” the young Hirunian exclaims, walking arm-in-arm with her mother down the fruit-laden lane and turning the corner out of sight.

Hera watches them, her suspicion growing stronger.

“Where is Fannah anyway?” Hera questions, casting curious glances towards her friends. They join her in contemplation. “How could she have just disappeared without a trace?”



Something doesn't sit right. As much as I want to believe, it feels as though all of this is too good to be true. I'm not buying it," Hera says, her voice laced with skepticism.

The three of them remain in the food festival, keeping a watchful eye on Orix to see if they can learn anything to support their suspicions, and they didn't have to wait long.

They notice Orix leave the main pavilion crowds and make his way to a Hirunian restroom nearby to relieve himself. Inside the restroom, Fannah's magic flute drops from her satchel as she transforms from her Orix self to her Fannah self. Leaving the flute behind, Fannah makes her way as Orix back to the festival. While walking, Fannah is imagining all the accomplishments she can't wait to tell her guests about. As she is lost in thoughts of vanity, her image flashes and sizzles, morphing her Orix self back to her Fannah self. Mortified, she quickly brings her attention back to being Orix and morphs into him again. She reaches and grabs for her flute to play a sustaining note to support her transformation but realizes she has left it behind. Fannah quickly retrieves it and stabilizes herself for her return to her guests, albeit looking around to see if anyone saw her glitch.

Unbeknown to her, the three onlookers certainly did.

»»-----α-----««

Orix, the real one, is conferring with his council members as they deliberate on how to investigate a number of rumors. Paragonians claim to have encountered a shape-shifting donkey and a carbon copy of Orix in recent days. After conducting several interviews with various Paragonians, they decide to put the investigation on hold until more information is gathered. This way, Orix can continue his journey through the portal and explore the mysterious worlds beyond.



No sooner had they made this decision than the sound of intruder trumpets begins to blare. Paragonian warriors quickly form ranks, their concern evident. Before long, the birds of the air are carrying messages swiftly to one another with their bird calls, relaying the news that living felines have entered Paragonia. "Did they say 'living' felines?" Orix asks in disbelief. He walks over to a nearby window of his palace headquarters located atop a mountainous pyramid and motions for his attendant, Sardon, to confirm.



Sardon, a tall, slender, elderly buzzard, appears before Orix in full Egyptian-style attire, complete with a tall golden headdress. With scrolls in hand, he scurries over to the ruler, ready to serve.

“Yes, your most royal eminence,” Sardon begins, his raspy voice filled with anxiousness. “Could they possibly be living gods? What should we do? How should they be greeted and treated?” Sardon asks, his eagerness to present himself and his fellow Paragons with regal correctness evident.

Orix watches from above as the Paragon warriors engage the four feline strangers and escort them into Orix’s pyramid palace.



Onghus, Trey, Emilia, and Hera stare with wide cat eyes at the spectacular and otherworldly bird world of Paragonia. The four members of the Anti-Fannah League have just traversed the portal from the outpost of Suspension in Hirune. Onghus is still in perpetual shock, not only due to the existence of portals to other worlds, introduced to him by Emilia and Hera, but also because of Fannah’s deception. Through their magic and spying using a crystal ball, they witnessed Fannah entering this bird world and impersonating Orix. Armed with this information, they set out on their mission today.

They follow a group of Paragonian guards through a labyrinth of hallways and beautifully decorated stairways, eventually arriving at the top of Orix’s mountaintop pyramid palace.

As they approach, all four felines, who have become quite familiar with their version of Orix, stand amazed to see the actual, real Orix standing before them.

Orix peers at them with his piercing bird eyes, uncertain whether they are friend or foe. In recent days, he has learned that the portals house a variety of creatures, not all of which are as they appear. Adding to the complexity of his thoughts about them, felines are notoriously revered by his people as sacred deities. Therefore, Orix is unsure whether to greet them or bow in reverence.

Before Orix has a chance to greet them, Sardon abruptly steps up in front of him, eager to impose his impulsive and anxious-ridden greeting.

“Welcome to Paragonia. It is with utmost pleasure that we Paragonians greet you today. I



am Sardon, hand of the Pharaoh, and this is his eminence Majesty Pharaoh Orix, ruler of Paragonia,” Sardon squawks with a raspy, crackling voice, reminiscent of an elderly bird of advanced years.

The four Hirunians bow immediately in reverence to Orix, indicating that he is not standing before deities. Had he been, they would not have bowed.

“Thank you, Sardon, well spoken as usual,” says Orix, motioning for Sardon to take his appointed position nearby.

Orix leads the newcomers to a comfortable seating area with large windows overlooking Paragonia. They settle onto several large circular sofas surrounding a decorative round table filled with healthy bird snacks such as wheat wafers, nuts, and various berries.

“Do come and make yourselves comfortable. To whom do we have the pleasure of entertaining today?” Orix asks, curious if these newcomers may have insights about the rumors spreading around. Paragonians are notorious for being one step ahead of things.

Onghus quickly takes the lead, flashing his white, razor-sharp tiger teeth. Intuiting from the greeting that they are in a world of properness and orderly perfection, he chooses his words strategically.



“We have disturbing news that we felt we must bring with great urgency. You see, we have quite a situation in our world. In recent days, this is so embarrassing, it appears that you have taken over our land. About three months ago, you swooped in as the hero and savior of our world, completely overthrowing the proper and orderly governance that was ensuring the survival of our people. However, we recently discovered that you may not actually be you, but rather, someone with terribly deceitful magic is impersonating you. Therefore, we felt that we must come immediately to your world and make things right,” says Onghus with feigned sincerity.

Orix’s tanned bird complexion turns red with rage upon hearing Onghus’s words, confirming Onghus’s intuitive suspicions about him.



“Who would dare pose as me? What a despicable deception! It’s absolutely diabolical. I could have never conceived of such evil!” says Orix with seething rage.

Onghus remains composed and plays the part of a concerned citizen with a flair that would make any actor proud.

“I know, and just think of what we have all been through,” he says, his saddened tiger eyes gazing at the felines accompanying him. They too gaze with saddened eyes, following Onghus’s lead.

Orix claps his hands and summons his warriors to assemble. “Postpone my journey through the portals. Today, we are going with our guests to their homeworld to expose this imposter and set things right. Gather my weapons and armor. We leave immediately!” Orix commands.

»»-----ǎ-----««

In the grand outdoor Gala hosted by Fannah, the atmosphere crackled with excitement. The festivities were in full swing, showcasing a myriad of enchanting experiences for those in attendance. The night sky of Hirune glittered with bursts of radiant colors as fireworks painted vibrant patterns above. Dancers gracefully twirled and leapt across the floor, their energetic movements reflecting the joy and passion of the occasion.

Meandering through the crowd, mesmerizing entertainers captivated onlookers, their performances leaving spectators spellbound. Talented buskers showcased their artistic prowess, eliciting applause and admiration from passersby. Captivating plays unfolded on brilliantly crafted stages, transporting the audience into enchanting realms of imagination and emotion.

Thrilling contests and exhilarating games filled the air with anticipation. Participants, fueled by both camaraderie and competitive spirit, showcased their skills and talents to enthralled crowds. Laughter and cheers rang through the night as the crowd cheered on their champions.

The air resonated with the melodies of live musicians, combining with the symphony of laughter and animated conversations to create a vibrant symphony. Food stalls tantalized senses with mouthwatering aromas, offering a delectable variety of culinary delights to tempt every palate.



As the grand outdoor Gala reached its peak, Fannah, disguised as Orix, took the center stage. The music softened, and the crowd eagerly turned their attention to her, drawn in by her charismatic presence. Body radiating confidence, voice carrying across the night, Fannah began her speech, her words dripping with vain admiration and flattery.

“Thank you all for joining me tonight,” Fannah proclaimed, her gaze sweeping across the exuberant crowd. “Together, we celebrate the bountiful harvest, the warmth of the season, and the prosperity that graces our land. It is a testament to our hard work and unwavering dedication to our goals.”

The spectators nodded, caught up in the electric atmosphere of the Gala, swept away by the spirit of celebration. Little did they know that the true Orix, accompanied by his loyal bird warriors, was descending from the heavens, their presence growing closer by the moment. Fannah felt a flicker of unease, her composure momentarily faltering.

Sensing an opportunity to reveal the truth, the imposter pressed on, determined to maintain control. “We must continue down this path, embracing the game plan that has brought us here,” Fannah continued, her voice resonant and persuasive. “Let us remember that true success lies in our commitment to hard work and perseverance. Together, we shall soar to even greater heights!”

Just as Fannah concluded her statement, Onghus, Hera, Emilia, and Trey joined Orix at the front. The crowd gasped, their attention swiftly shifting from the imposter Orix to the genuine Paragonian ruler and his trusted bird companions. The group exchanged knowing glances, prepared to expose Fannah’s deception and turn the crowd against her.



Fannah’s mind raced. Never in a million years did she expect the real Orix to set foot in Hirune. Eyeing Onghus, Emilia, Hera, and Trey, Fannah quickly connected the dots. She addressed the crowd, attempting to diffuse the tension and confusion permeating the atmosphere.

“Look, everyone! How clever. What an amazing likeness to myself,” Fannah said, her gaze fixated on the real Orix. “I’m flattered that you have joined our celebration to honor me by dressing as me.”

Approaching the real Orix, Fannah whispered to him, pleading for understanding. “Please don’t make a scene.”



I can explain everything to you in private. Give me a chance to clarify things.”

Before Orix could contemplate her words, Onghus took the podium, his powerful voice dominating the clamor. “Enough of this charade!” he thundered.

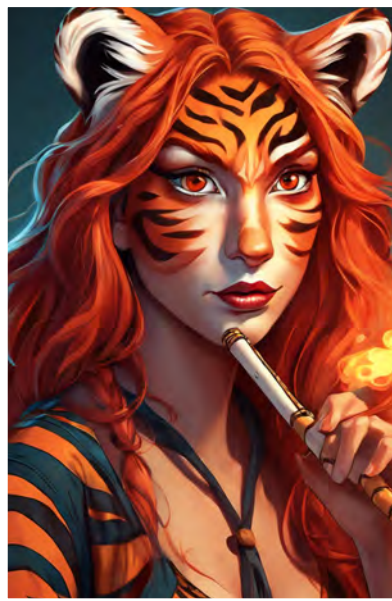
“Have any of you wondered where Fannah has gone?” Onghus continued, addressing the crowd. “Well, we are here to tell you that she has played a cruel game, assuming the identity of a majestic ruler from another world! Her actions are unforgivable! She has deceived us all, but now, her charade ends.”

Disbelief and anger erupted from the crowd, a storm of emotions unleashed. Fury and disappointment filled the air as the people grappled with the sting of betrayal. Emilia stepped forward, joining Onghus in addressing the unruly masses.

“Friends, behold the glitch that unveiled the truth,” Emilia’s voice rang out, cutting through the mounting chaos. “Fannah, in an unintended moment of transformation, revealed her true identity. This Orix is not the ruler we think he is!”

Confusion surged through the crowd, growing into a wave of collective fury. The once joyous and celebratory atmosphere had turned tumultuous, as the people demanded justice for the deception that had been perpetrated upon them.

Fannah, realizing that there was no way out of the situation, reached for her flute and played a note. Instantly, her false facade dissolved, revealing her true form as Fannah. The crowd gasped as they saw her materialize before their eyes. Boos and hisses filled the air, their anger amplified by witnessing her deception in real-time. Cornered and exposed, Fannah struggled to maintain her composure, her lips curled into a defiant smile.



Meanwhile, Orix observed the dramatic events unfolding before him. He hadn’t even needed to deliver the rehearsed speech he had prepared to rebuke his imposter nemesis. Seeing Fannah in her true form, Orix felt a glimmer of compassion. He acknowledged the complexities of politics in Hirune, recognizing the difficulties he himself had faced as a leader. Despite her deceit, he could sense greatness within Fannah.

Overwhelmed with shame and embarrassment from the public exposure and humiliation, Fannah retreated. Before erupting into a fiery inferno to make her escape, she



mouthed the words “I’m sorry” to Orix. She transformed into a magnificent fire tiger and sprinted away at high speed, her flute in tow, playing the music that controlled her flames.

As Fannah departed, Onghus took the opportunity for one final insult to seal her newly poisoned reputation. “Fannah, you will answer for your lies and the chaos you’ve sown! The time for reckoning is upon you!” he roared.

»»-----□-----««

Fannah sought solace once again in her father’s secret den. Curled up in her cozy window seat, adorned with cushions and fur blankets, she found herself lost in deep reflection. Her grip tightened around the dagger, its handle intricately sculpted with her father’s likeness.

Tears welled up in her eyes, a painful sting of humiliation washing over her. Anger and rage soon followed as she vividly recalled Onghus’ hateful actions towards her.

Seeking warmth and comfort, she pulled the covers close to her chin, her mind filled with the daunting question, “How can I reclaim my rightful stature now?”

At that very moment, a sudden flash of light gleamed from her amulet, delicately suspended in her hair. An ethereal projection of her phoenix amulet creature emerged, bearing a riddle.

*In shadows I thrive, a web of lies I weave,  
Deceiving others, yet myself I deceive.  
To greatness I aspire, but in truth lies my power,  
Beneath falsehood’s veil, my true self cowers.*

*What am I?*

Lost in contemplation, Fannah recognized that the center of this riddle was her own deception. A sudden conviction surged through her as the answer revealed itself. “The answer is deception,” Fannah declared confidently.

In that moment, Fannah realized that her greatness did not lie in deceiving others, but in embracing her true self.













## *Sapphire level gear - The Golden Coin*

The Golden Coin holds a profound symbol of value for Fannah. It represents her innate worth, shining with pure gold that exists separately from her attempts to gain value through performances, shape-shifting, or conforming to perceived expectations. While this coin, as a symbol of wealth, can also be seen as in alignment with how F.A.C.E. Type 3 individuals identify with material possessions to bolster their image of success.

### *Summary*

Fannah transformed into a strict and determined queen of fire, emphasizing the importance of hard work and a strong work ethic as the sole paths to success. The world grappled with the chaos resulting from magic wars and climate change, leading to widespread suffering and starvation. As a skilled fire manipulator, Fannah assumed the role of the Fire Queen, striving to unite the people and raise awareness about fire's potential in saving lives.

During her journey, Fannah stumbled upon a portal that transported her to a desert-like world. There, she used her shape-shifting abilities to take the form of a king named Orix. By doing so, she gained favor and support until her true identity was exposed by the anti-Fannah league. Orix, outraged by the deception, confronted Fannah, sparking clashes that led to her eventual overthrow.

In search of safety, Fannah sought refuge at her father's house near a stone arch, a place where they had practiced magic together. Within those familiar walls, she found solace and embarked on a journey of self-reflection, discovering her immeasurable value beyond the need to conform to others or change herself in order to gain success.

### *Questions & Self-Reflection*

Do you feel a strong need to be recognized by others for your accomplishments or achievements? Have you ever considered the pros and cons that come with this need?

When sharing information about yourself, do you find yourself singing your own praises or bragging about your accomplishments? Perhaps mentioning the people you know or dropping names to boost your image? How does this tendency serve you, and how does it serve others? Have you ever considered what might happen if you refrained from including those details when meeting someone new, someone whom you truly wish to impress or have them genuinely like you?









## Chapter 4

### BrennanTown

Fannah dashed through BrennanTown one last time, her flames leaving a trail of intense heat that penetrated deep into the ground, spreading across the abandoned city. With hands resting on her hips, she felt satisfaction in knowing that her daily burst of heat would endure for up to 24 hours, providing warmth until the frigid cold threatened to freeze it once again.

Gazing up at the sky, Fannah noticed a familiar sight, an eclipse casting darkness upon the atmosphere before gradually returning the light. Yet this time, she observed a subtle change, as the cool blue hue faded, giving way to a warm, comforting orange glow. It was as if the rays of light themselves were speaking to her, filling her with a surge of strength and independence. Inspiration bloomed within her, beckoning her to create something new, something solely for herself.



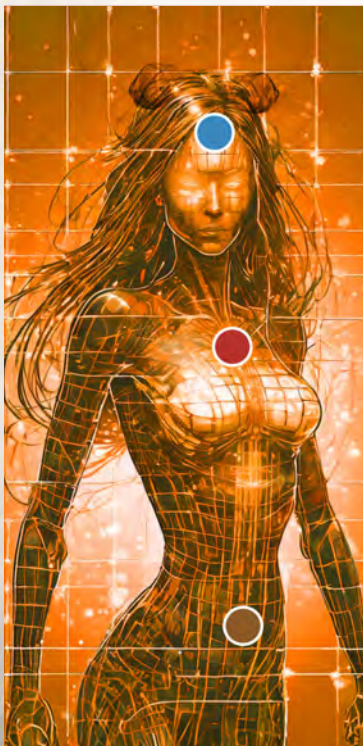
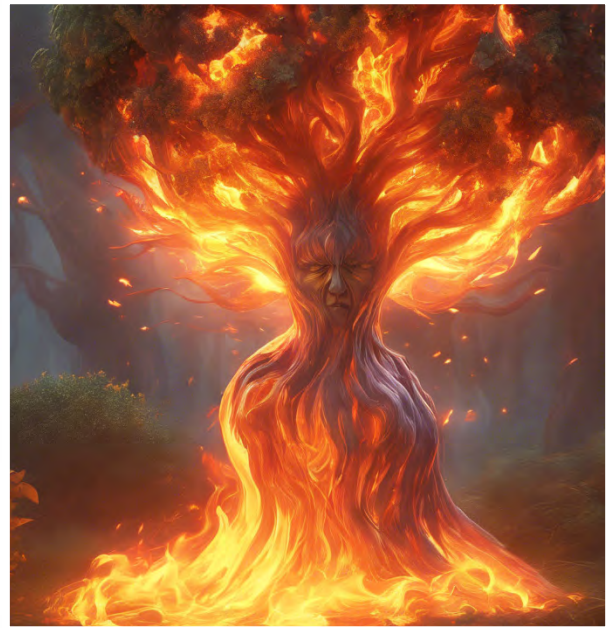
Surveying the dilapidated town with its ramshackle wooden structures, damp and pungent from melted snow, Fannah envisioned a city abundant in agricultural riches, far away from the oppressive governance of Onghus. She resented his turning the city back into a realm of fear and control, hoarding valuable agricultural resources to manipulate and control the people once again.



Clutching her precious coin, a symbol of luck in her hands, Fannah murmured to herself, “I could certainly use some luck now. My reputation is beyond tarnished, and I cannot build this new town on my own.” In contemplation of her next moves, she absentmindedly flipped the coin, only to accidentally drop it onto the ground.

Upon contact with the warm soil, the coin’s hidden magic ignited, and it sank into the ground like a seed finding its rightful place. In a matter of seconds, a tree burst forth from the earth, as if sprouted from the very essence of the coin, instantly engulfed in blazing flames. From the heart of this burning bush, a voice emerged, casting Fannah into a trance, her consciousness consumed by the magic unfolding before her.

From the heart of the flames emerges a powerful voice, resonating through the air and penetrating Fannah’s very soul. The voice, with a melodic blend of authority and gentle wisdom, begins to weave a tapestry of the realm’s future:



**HEAD CENTER** - 25%  
Mental Intelligence

**HEART CENTER** - 50%  
Emotional Intelligence

**BODY CENTER** - 25%  
Somatic Intelligence

REACTIVITY - 50%

REACTIVITY - 50%

EGOIC LEVELS - 90%

Solfeggio Sound  
Frequency 369

Note: Fannah’s heart energy is softening and she is able to access more of her heart.

Fannah develops and maintains a pristine image of competency and efficiency in the climb to the top. As the CEO in the Citrine (orange) level world view, achievement is more important than anything else. The chameleon-like abilities of Fannah are applied to creating a waterproof image that instills trust and confidence in those with whom they relate.

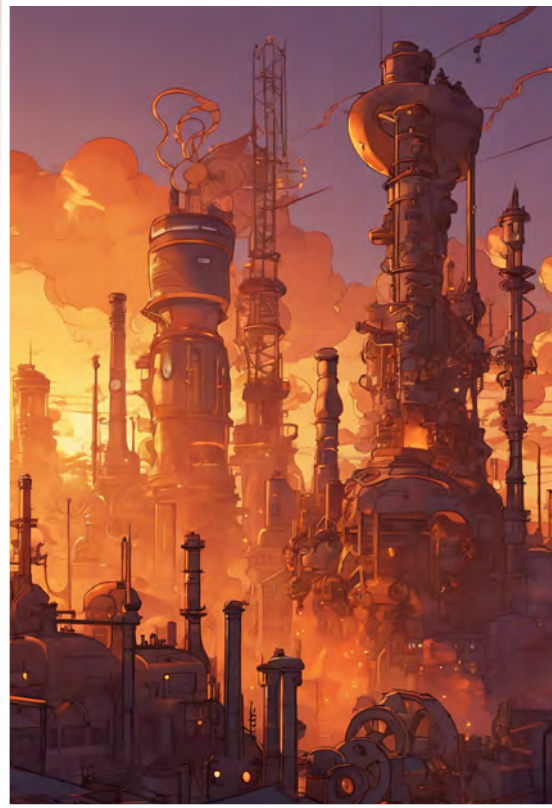
The CEO wants others to think that she knows what she is doing, and that she will lead others where they want to go. The sky is the limit, the mountaintop is the requirement, and failure is not an option. Every person and every event are an opportunity to achieve success and wealth.



*“Behold, Fannah, chosen guardian, the vision that reveals the transformative path of Hirune. In this mystical land, where feline magic flourishes, independence, logic, and competition reign supreme.*

*Where once agriculture held sway over commerce, a new age dawns, where the wondrous art of magic science shall take precedence. It shall become the catalyst for supremacy, as felines seek to transcend one another through extraordinary feats of magical prowess.*

*Picture a city, a remarkable metropolis born of their mastery, with soaring towers reaching for the sky, adorned with shimmering enchantments. Streets bustling with traders, hawking precious artifacts borne of their magical creations, and the air tinged with the scent of possibilities.*



*The inhabitants, emblems of relentless progress, embrace the scientific method as their guiding light. Passionate and driven, they immerse themselves in self-experimentation, exploring the boundless realm of new enchantments and unlocking the secrets held within it.*

*With their feline intuition, they perceive myriad ways to solve any given problem, yet they diligently seek the singular, elusive perfect path. These brilliant souls, self-motivated and cunning, possess an inherent ability to subtly manipulate others, strategically shaping their destinies to achieve greatness.*

*But as their power and influence surge, so too does the responsibility they bear. For their magical endeavors, while elevating the realm's quality of life, swiftly deplete the precious reservoirs of natural resources. It is a formidable challenge they must confront, for the harmony of Hirune hinges upon their ability to navigate the delicate balance between power and preservation.*

*As you, Fannah, step into this tapestry of light and shadow, embrace the duality of your destiny. Witness the majesty and wonder that awaits, as you navigate the shifting tides of magic and science, guiding Hirune and its inhabitants towards a future adorned with limitless possibilities.”*





As the words of prophecy fade, the burning bush recedes, leaving Fannah standing amidst a backdrop radiant with the vibrant hues of magic. Her heart brimming with both trepidation and excitement, she understands the profound role she is destined to fulfill within this realm of enchantment and feline prowess.

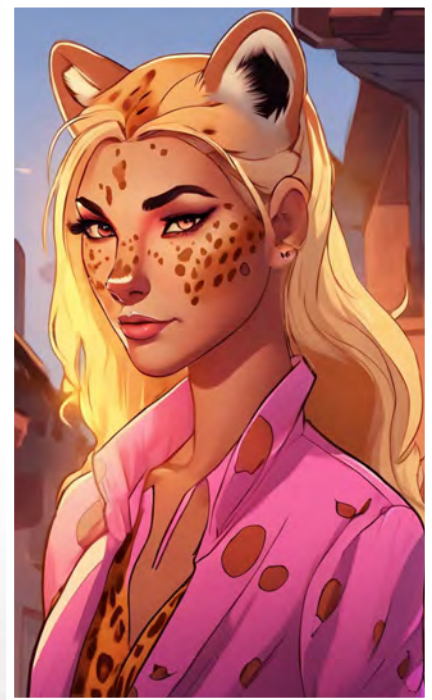
Fannah's contemplation was abruptly disrupted by the unsettling sounds of groans and moans emanating from the seemingly abandoned structures surrounding her. To her astonishment, emaciated and wretched feline figures emerged, their lifeless eyes hauntingly devoid of any spark. With weakened steps, they stumbled out of the dilapidated buildings and onto the streets. These once-frozen corpses, encountered by Emilia and Hera before, had thawed, resulting in their significantly slowed movements. They were mere shadows of their former selves, pitiable and tormented, damaged by the unforgiving cold. Somehow, they had managed to survive, clinging to the last vestiges of life.

Alarmed by the gathering mob forming before her, Fannah swiftly conjured a wall of fiery protection to shield herself.

“That won't hold them off forever, you know,” a voice spoke from behind her.

Startled, Fannah turned around to lay her eyes upon Emilia from Den Cheetah and Hera from Den Tiger, two felines who had joined the Anti-Fannah League, her staunch adversaries. Their presence ignited a burning fury within Fannah, fueled by years of conflict and affliction. Preparing for battle, Hera raised her hands in surrender.

“Fannah, we're not here to fight you. As a matter of fact, we've come to negotiate,” Hera calmly declared.





Fannah lowered her defenses but remained cautious and continued to listen.

“We have much to share with you, but first, we should handle this crowd,” Emilia suggested, adjusting her satchel to reveal an array of magical items.

With lightning speed, Emilia maneuvered around Fannah’s wall of fire, administering healing potions to the gathered mobsters in the street. Slowly, one by one, their being was restored and they regained consciousness. Soon, voices of gratitude and relief filled the air as the felines regained their faculties.

Once the healing was complete, Emilia returned to Fannah and Hera to resume their conversation. Witnessing Emilia’s display of compassion touched Fannah deeply, causing her feline defenses to soften, allowing for a more receptive and open mindset.

“Ladies, you have my attention. Please continue,” Fannah spoke, her voice laced with both curiosity and caution.

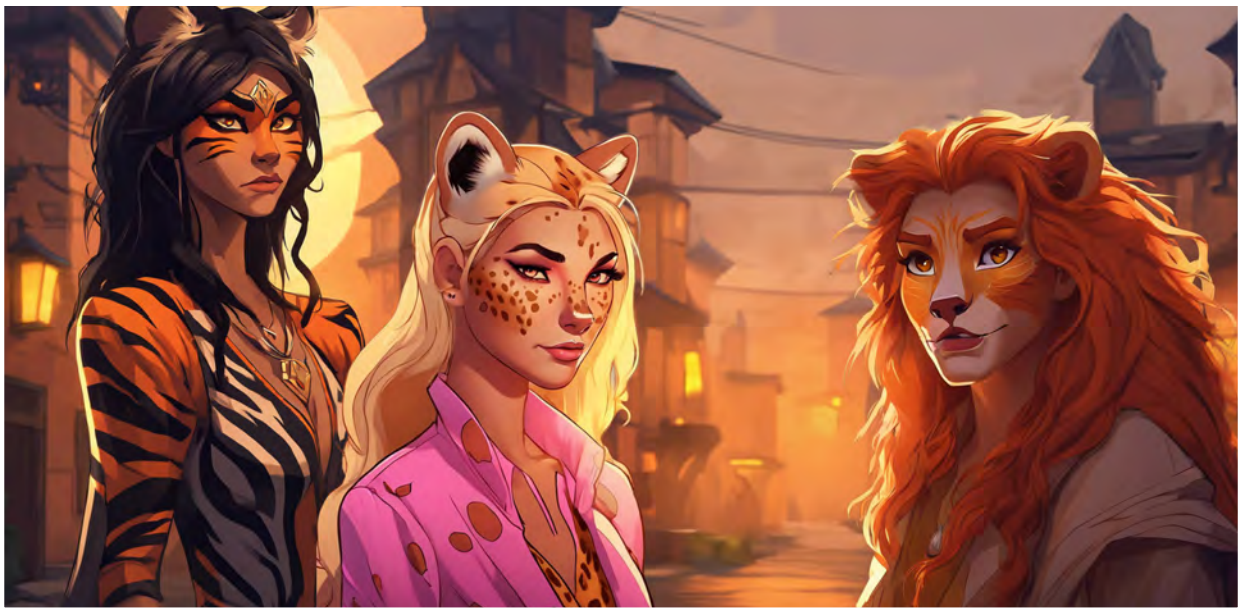
Hera and Emilia proceeded to recount the harrowing conditions endured under the oppressive rule of Onghus and the Anti-Fannah League. They expressed their exhaustion from hiding their magic, which led them to depart from Hirune in search of a fresh start, a place where they could freely practice their magical abilities. By fateful circumstances, they found themselves in BrennanTown, standing before Fannah. With sincere pleas, they beseech her to form an alliance, putting past wounds behind them and starting anew.

Deep in thought, Fannah pondered their words, the sudden appearance of inhabitants in a once-empty town, and the vision she had just experienced. It all seemed undeniably serendipitous, too coincidental to dismiss. This could be the true beginning of the restoration of her reputation and image.

Emilia’s healing qualities serve as a reminder of a significant truth about F.A.C.E. Type 3 individuals: they reside at the center of the heart triad, in the company of Types 2, 3, and 4. Essentially, Type 3 individuals possess immense capacity for love and compassion. They genuinely empathize with others, which propels them to take action, striving to be their best selves both on behalf of others and in the process of uplifting those around them. They embody an “I can do it, and so can you” attitude that inspires and motivates.

However, when Type 3 individuals become fixated on their ego, they may become detached from their hearts and become solely focused on performance. They may seek praise and attention, which then becomes equated with their value: “You value me, or I have value because you see me performing.” This can trap Type 3 individuals in cycles of excessive work and living solely based on their achievements, rather than taking action from a place of heart-centered presence.





Remaining skeptically optimistic, Fannah decided to cautiously form an alliance, keeping her guard up, wary of potential deceit and ill intentions.

»»-----α-----««

Months had passed since Onghus and the Anti-Fannah League seized control of the Fire-Empire, formerly known as the CLAW Academy. Their oppressive leadership style resulted in a decline in food production, leaving the citizens enslaved to their dominion in exchange for access to limited food resources. Hirunians once again faced scarcity and shortages, as Onghus hoarded food in locked storehouses, reserved only for his loyal and obedient followers.

The rampant suffering led many Hirunians to seek refuge elsewhere, and rumors spread of BrennanTown, a thriving city under Fannah's rule. Gradually, caravans of villagers braved the icy roads, traveling towards BrennanTown in hopes of finding solace.

Eventually, Onghus realized the diminishing population and dispatched Vidar to investigate. Onghus, surrounded by his amassed treasures and gold, sat in his treasure room. Vidar returned with a barrage of unsettling news.

“Vidar, this is a dire situation we find ourselves in. Unfolding events have caught us completely off guard!” Onghus exclaimed, his concern evident in his voice.



Onghus set aside his scrolls of accounts, making space on his large wooden desk for Vidar to join him.

Vidar continued, urgency in his tone. “It seems that BrennanTown, that icy death trap, has undergone a complete transformation under Fannah’s leadership. And to worsen matters, your daughter Hera and Emilia have aligned themselves with her, openly practicing magic!”

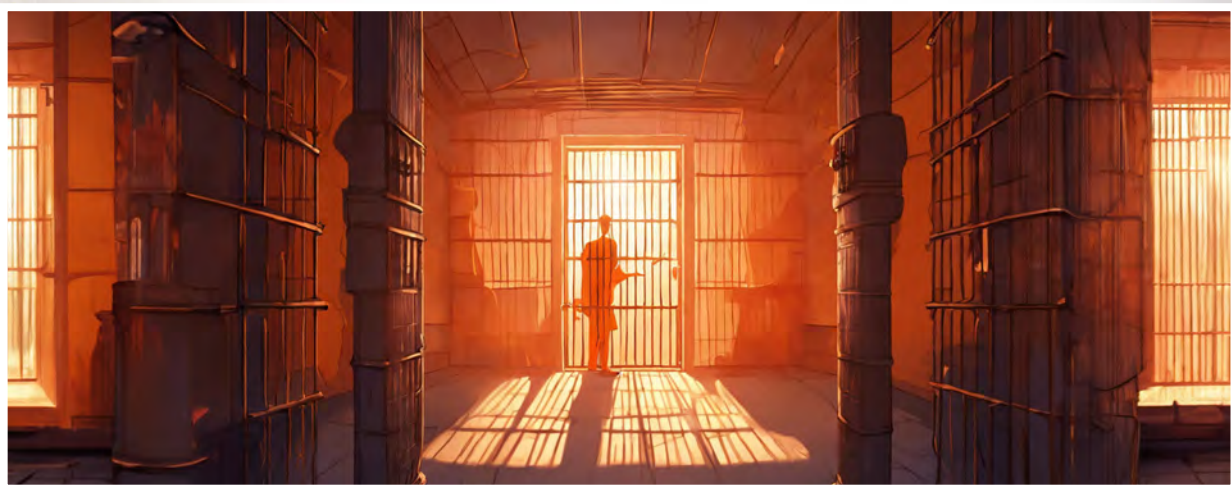
Onghus struggled to comprehend what he was hearing. The revelation that his daughter practices magic, coupled with her betrayal, shook him to his very core. His eyes narrowed as fiery rage surged through him, envisioning how Fannah had turned his own family against him.

“We must bring them back. Fannah cannot be allowed to poison their minds any longer. Moreover, they possess vital knowledge about our security and secrets that could jeopardize our power,” Onghus seethed, his anxiety evident as he paced the room.

Vidar closely observed Onghus as he paced back and forth. “Onghus, I believe we both know what must be done. For the sake of Hirune and our political dominance,” Vidar spoke with a menacing tone, insinuating a dark and decisive course of action.

»»-----□-----««

Orix sat alone in a cell, anxiously awaiting his court hearing. Through the barred windows of Paragonia, he gazed out and wondered how he had ended up in this predicament. Nervously, he paced around the cell, contemplating what he would say before the grand high







council, the judge, and the jury who awaited him in a nearby building. With a deep sigh, he finally sat down, reflecting on the past few months. It felt like just yesterday that he was traveling the galaxy, training hyper rabbits in his religious pursuits. His convictions remained strong as he had left Paragonia in search of alliances that could secure water resources for their survival. However, things had not gone according to plan, and now Orix found himself at the mercy of his jealous twin brother's plot to seize the throne while Orix was away.

Restless, Orix stood up once more and began pacing the floor, eager for his trial to begin. As he moved about, his thoughts drifted to Fannah. There was something intriguing about her, and he couldn't shake the feeling that her desperate actions were a result of overwhelming circumstances in her world. In his current situation, Orix had developed compassion that he had never known before, and a part of him longed to know more about Fannah's world.

Almost as if by coincidence, or perhaps not, the prison door swung open, and a guard escorted a hooded figure, whom Orix believed to be a fellow Paragonian, into the cell beside him. After locking the door and shooting Orix a wicked side-eye, the guard left the holding area. Orix's ears perked up as he heard the sound of gentle purring. Curiosity piqued, he decided to strike up a conversation.

Warmly, Orix asked, "What are you in for?"

The hooded figure removed her hood to reveal not a Paragonian, but a beautiful female Hirunian. "Pleased to make your acquaintance. I'm Sybbol," she said, extending her elegant paw, adorned with jewels, through the bars toward Orix.

Politely, Orix shook her hand and invited her to share her story.



Sybbol sighed, settling herself on a nearby padded bench.

“This is not how I expected my day to go, I must say. You see, I am an important figure in my world, married to the great tiger Onghus. I have stood by his side for years, supporting him. His love and wealth have allowed me to establish a successful jewelry business, specializing in rare diamonds imported from the land of Tristan. Now, driven by my ambitions, I sought to expand beyond Hirune. And here I am,” she explained.

Orix raised an intrigued eyebrow, knowing full well about Divri, Tristan, jewels from their underground mines, and sensing that the gods had brought him a feline messenger, and not just any messenger, but Onghus’s own wife. He continued to inquire, already knowing the answer that would come. Orix nodded with every word she said, encouraging her to continue.

“Well, how was I to know that I needed some form of identification to prove my identity upon arrival here?” Sybbol responded, folding her arms in a huff. “I had heard from my husband about magic portals and the abundance of feline representations in Paragonian art. I assumed I would be welcomed and celebrated. Little did I know how strict your immigration rules are,” she added, sighing.

“Ah, yes, adhering to the rules is a characteristic we take pride in here,” Orix proudly concurred.





Over the next few minutes, Orix managed to gather a wealth of information from Sybbol. He learned about the evolution of Hirune and the newly developed city of BrennanTown since his last visit. Orix was fascinated to discover that Fannah had transformed the city into a remarkable success by strategically placing heating generators throughout Hirune, providing warmth for miles. In a short time, Fannah had become a leader in agricultural production, demonstrating her exceptional business acumen. “She certainly has a talent for business, but I suppose it’s not surprising since she’s my stepdaughter,” Sybbol remarked with a hint of vanity.



Orix’s other eyebrow raised upon learning that Fannah was Sybbol’s stepdaughter and that her nemesis, Onghus, had a much closer relationship with her. This revelation confirmed Orix’s initial understanding of the complex politics in Hirune, especially given these unique family dynamics. Orix couldn’t help but think about his own family’s strange dynamics, particularly his angry twin. However, what intrigued Orix the most was Fannah’s industrious ingenuity in heat manufacturing. As he contemplated this, his mind began racing with the possibility of applying a similar resourcefulness to the manufacture of water for his drought-ridden world.

While unsure of how he would navigate his current situation in court, Orix remained certain about one thing: once he regained his freedom, his first destination would undoubtedly be BrennanTown.

»»-----□-----««

“BrennanTown got its name from a feline litter called the Cats Brennan,” says Emilia to a group of wide-eyed youngsters gathered at the BrennanTown Historical Preservation Society Landmark. The dozen or so kittens were mesmerized by the large stone monument of a regal-looking feline, holding a farming tool in one hand and a bushel of wheat in the other.” Emilia continued her speech to the eager class of young learners, who were





in school to become the future workforce of BrennanTown. “These industrious lions and domestics lived side-by-side for generations, harvesting grain and wheat in the agriculturally rich farming area from which the town was named after them. At one time, the Brennan family had become the wealthiest farmers in the entire region, contributing to most of what was known of the town before the ice age,” said Emilia proudly.

Since forming their alliance with Fannah and Hera, Emilia now heads up several departments in BrennanTown, including the Historical Preservation Society of Felines. They all believed it was essential to preserve the town’s historical heritage by erecting monuments, restoring buildings, and creating historical parks to honor the first family of Brennans. They also aimed to inspire hard work and ingenuity in the new generation of workers, business owners, and professional Hirunian magicians who now populated BrennanTown.

After concluding her speech, Emilia ushers the kittens to another part of the tour, accompanied by an enthusiastic feline museum worker. This allows Emilia to continue with her other tasks. She heads towards her office, making a quick stop at the mailbox to gather her daily mail. As Emilia gazes up at the newly constructed towering buildings in the city, she is struck by how they have completely transformed the landscape and skyline. The sleek, modern architecture made of glass, stone, and precious gemstones creates a dazzling spectacle that instills a sense of progress and prosperity. Emilia feels invigorated by the vibrant energy emanating from BrennanTown’s bustling and thriving population. However, her idyllic vision is momentarily interrupted by a faint whiff of pungent smoke from a distant smokestack. A haze of smoke hangs on the horizon, a result of the extensive burning of coal and wood in the numerous heat-generating factories scattered across the landscape.

Emilia clears her throat with a slight cough and pushes the health concerns to the back of her mind as she steps into her cozy office. The walls are adorned with luxurious cheetah prints, and layers of fur adorn the opulent furnishings. Soft, elegant lighting bathes the



room. Emilia reaches for a letter opener designed with a cat claw handle and slices open the first letter. Her eyes skim across the parchment paper, revealing an offer to invest in a nearby business. After a moment's reflection, she sets it aside to focus on the next letter. This particular one is addressed to her other department, the Department of Agriculture for BrennanTown. As she begins reading, Emilia becomes aware of the distressed tone of the farmer's message.

*Dear Emilia,*

*I am writing as a concerned farmer from a small village near BrennanTown. It has come to my attention that there are suspicions regarding the mishandling of government spending by certain political leaders. This situation is deeply troubling as it puts small farming communities at a disadvantage and poses a threat to our livelihoods.*

*As the head of the Agricultural Department, I urge you to address this matter promptly. It is crucial that government funds are allocated transparently and with utmost accountability. I implore you to launch an investigation into these suspicions and take appropriate action to support local farmers, who play a vital role in our agricultural landscape.*

*Thank you for your attention to this pressing issue. Your intervention and commitment can make a significant difference in protecting our livelihoods and fostering a fair and thriving agricultural community.*

*Sincerely,  
Grenton Furr*



There is a powerful biblical quote in 1 Timothy 6:10 that states, “The love of money is the root of all evil.” Emilia embodies the aspect within us that yearns to make righteous choices. However, we exist in a world filled with tempting opportunities that often lead us to deceive ourselves. It is all too easy to concoct various narratives in our minds that rationalize why we prioritize one thing over another—this tendency is rooted in human nature and ego.

In the specific scenario presented, Emilia encounters an opportunity to pause and address a growing issue within BrennanTown. However, she instead decides to invest her time and energy into pursuing her own self-interests, which is characteristic of the Citrine level of consciousness. Emilia had the potential to contribute towards alleviating the crisis of economic disparity if she had paid attention to this critical warning and taken action accordingly.



Emilia recognizes Grenton from her Cheeta tribe. He is a hardworking farmer who has achieved great success with his business. The letter deeply concerns her, and she wonders if Fannah possesses any knowledge that could shed light on the matter.



Emilia sets the letter aside and opens the final envelope. It is red and gold, bearing Fannah's unique fire crest branding. She delicately breaks the elegant red wax seal and slides out the scented parchment from its fold. Emilia's eyes widen with surprise and disbelief. Boldly printed at the top of the note is the word "BONUS." She is astonished by the unexpectedly generous amount bestowed upon her. As she reads the accompanying letter, which contains a long list of accolades and congratulations for her hard work and effort, a whirlwind of emotions engulfs her. Giddy excitement, feelings of validation, and empowerment fill her being. Enraptured by her imagination, Emilia becomes completely immersed in thoughts of how she would utilize her newfound abundance of resources. In this state of bliss, she momentarily forgets about the farmer's letter, her mind consumed with visions of the possibilities that lie before her.

»»-----α-----««



"I'll take this one, this one, and that one," Fannah says to her assistant, confidently making her selections. Throughout the evening, she has occupied a front-row seat in a packed venue, meticulously judging the fashion parade on the runway in the heart of BrennanTown. An extravagant fashion show, entirely dedicated to honoring Fannah, is in full swing. Each design has been meticulously tailored with her preferences in mind, eagerly awaiting her final judgment. Fannah, who



has amassed a significant fortune from her heat production enterprise and generously rewarded herself with substantial bonuses, has single-handedly funded the entire event.

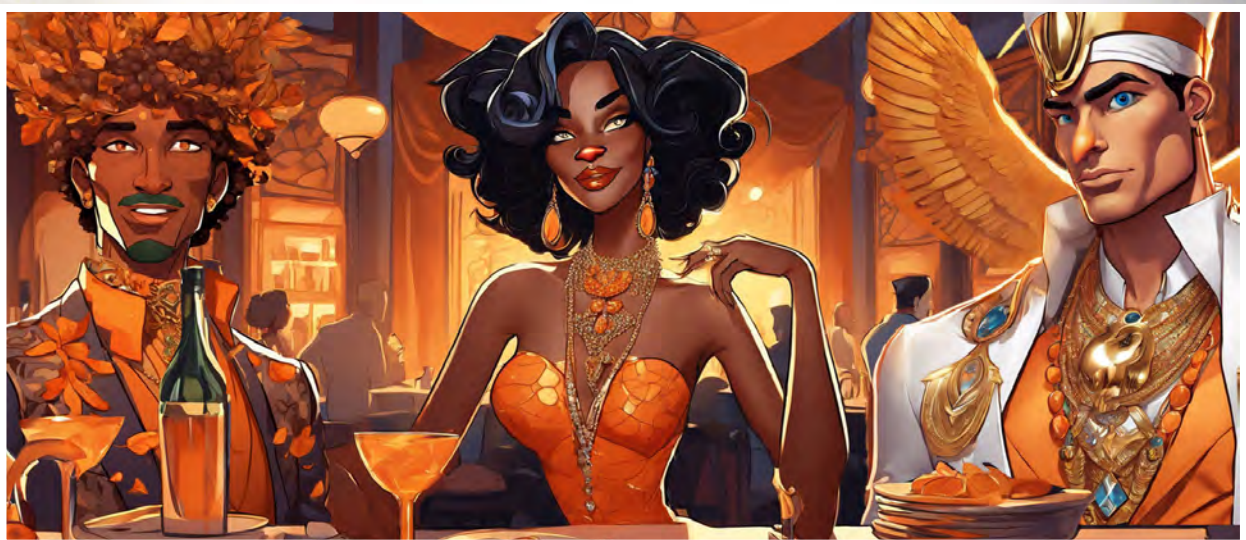
Loud, rhythmic music fills the air as one model after another showcases a diverse range of fashion, including casual day-wear, evening-wear, jackets, bags, shoes, and lingerie. Fannah elegantly fans herself with a delicate fan, expertly snapping it shut and pointing to the designs she loves, only to effortlessly reopen it with a dramatic flair. She revels in her glory, adorned in layers of luxurious furs, exquisite silks, and adorned with diamond necklaces, bracelets, earrings, and rings.

Following the event, a handsome young Hirunian male escorts Fannah to a dazzling chariot and whisks her away to her favorite chic restaurant situated atop a towering building, overlooking the sparkling BrennanTown skyline. As they indulge in a sumptuous dinner, murmurs and gasps ripple through the restaurant, capturing everyone's attention, as three unexpected guests enter the establishment.

Sybbol, Fannah's estranged stepmother, is walking toward her, arm in arm with none other than Orix on her left arm and Divri the king of Tristan on her other, proudly escorting her. Like Fannah, Sybbol is adorned from head to toe in sparkling diamonds, wearing a form-fitting shimmering black and gold dress with an enormous fur collar. Her voluminous curls showcase her stunning resemblance to a domestic feline.

Fannah's eyes widen with disbelief as she struts confidently towards her table. "Fannah, dearest daughter, it has been so long. Come and kiss your mother," Sybbol says, pretending as if their tumultuous past is nonexistent.

Fannah, still processing what is happening, is unsure how her own feet managed to carry





her towards her stepmother, where she gives her a kiss. Stepping back, Fannah scrutinizes them both. “Welcome? I suppose?” Fannah says, blinking her large green lioness eyes. “How... how did... you two... I mean... and why are you?...” Fannah struggles to connect the dots, trying to make sense of their unexpected appearance.

Orix kindly interrupts her thoughts. “I understand this must be abrupt and confusing for you, Fannah. I am probably the last person you would expect to see. If you would allow us to join you, I will explain.”

Fannah is shocked and intrigued, too overwhelmed to argue, and invites them to sit with her and her escort. They order drinks as Orix continues.

“I met your lovely stepmother in Paragonia. Our paths crossed in quite an unexpected way, but I won’t delve into the details now,” says Orix, flashing a wink at Sybbol.

“Anyway, it was through her that I learned about your remarkable accomplishments. And I must say, after visiting here for a short while, I am truly impressed. Particularly, your creation of an empire of heat generation factories,” says Orix, his voice filled with admiration. Orix glances at Divri, who also gives a supportive nod in agreement with his statements.

“My colleague Divri, who I understand you have already met, informed me about your amazing encounter in Tristan. Coincidentally, he also knows your stepmother, as they are both in the jewelry business. To make a long story short, I’ve put the unseemly copy-cat incident behind me. During my time with Sybbol, I have gained a deeper understanding of the challenging period you went through,” Orix continues, swirling his colorful beverage in his glass.

“With that being said, Divri and I would like to propose something to you, if you would be open to it,” Orix says, taking a long gulp and focusing his attention on Fannah.

Fannah can feel the admiration emanating from the trio. She is fully in her element, aware of the material wealth she has amassed and how it has significantly bolstered her image. The admiration she is experiencing only reinforces this sense of accomplishment. Waves of warmth wash over her as she luxuriates in their adoration. The validation is so profound that Fannah momentarily forgets about the past embarrassments and even the betrayal of her stepmother. She is completely captivated by the fascination and curiosity surrounding Orix’s proposal.





“Please, go on. I’m all ears,” says Fannah, holding her own beverage as she peers over her martini glass while taking a sip.

“Well, as a fellow builder myself, having constructed Paragonia and the sacred fire temple in Tristan from the ground up as the principal architect, I can recognize an ingenious invention when I come across one. Your heat manufacturing plants are just that - ingenious. I believe you have developed a system that can be modified and replicated to generate and manufacture water. How, you might ask? The labor force of the organics of Tristan and Hera. Sybbol has provided me with detailed information about her ice-producing abilities. If we can harness her powers in conjunction with your factories, I believe we have a winning combination that could address Paragonia’s water shortage and create a business model that would yield substantial profits for both you and the people of Paragonia and Tristan,” says Orix proudly.

Fannah considers Orix’s proposal while also contemplating what other information Sybbol might have shared with these foreign kings from the portals beyond.

Taking a final sip of her cocktail, Fannah signals for another. “Well, that is quite an offer. However, it would depend on a few factors. First, we would need to consult with Hera and come to an agreement regarding her terms and price. Secondly, we would have to draft a comprehensive contract to ensure I receive appropriate compensation for licensing our factory blueprints and other related intellectual property. And thirdly, I would like to re-engage Divri as part of this deal to have his crew come and plant some new vegetation in the city.”

The trio exchange agreeable smiles and nod. “Well, that settles it then! I believe a deal has been made. How exciting!” says Sybbol, clutching Orix’s bulging bicep flirtatiously.

“And how is Onghus these days?” says Fannah, observing the intimate connection between Sybbol and Orix.

“Oh, him? We haven’t been together for ages. Since my jewelry business took off, I’ve never looked back,” says Sybbol with a mischievous giggle.

As they conclude their meeting, unbeknown to them, a tiger in disguise listens attentively to their conversation from a nearby table, its tiger ears keenly attuned to every word.

»»-----α-----««





In the secret hideaway, a speak-easy on the other side of town, two tigers sit in a leather booth under a dimly lit lamp, engrossed in conversation. Vidar, holding a drink in his paw, shares every detail of the meeting between Orix, Fannah, and Sybbol. Onghus grins widely, his razor-sharp tiger teeth gleaming, delighted to hear the valuable information that he knows he can use to his advantage.

Over the years, Onghus has refined his strategies, recognizing that his strength could be better employed in the shadows rather than out in the open. Transforming his former Magic CLAW Academy, he has evolved it into a new version known as “C.L.A.W.S.” - the Covert League of Acquisitions and Wealth through Stealing. Operated right under Fannah’s nose, Onghus and Vidar have established a highly profitable crime ring. Their activities involve stealing and acquiring land, which they later rent out to farmers at inflated prices. Exploiting the situation further, they impose additional tariffs and are not hesitant to resort to violence if necessary to collect their dues.

The underground bar pulses with life as muscled, tattooed felines of various species gather, imbibing drinks and exchanging tales of their oppressive triumphs over the less fortunate in BrennanTown. A tiger, dressed in a pinstriped suit, skillfully plays the piano, while a female tiger, clad in a revealing gown, accompanies him with her enchanting voice.

F.A.C.E. Type 3’s and 8’s, specifically the Defender 8’s and Doer 3’s, share some similarities in terms of leadership traits. Both types often find themselves assuming leadership roles effortlessly and confidently. They can display a “my way or the highway” style of leadership, moving into action with determination and power.

However, there are distinctions between them as well. While 8’s tend to hold firmly to their positions, 3’s are more prone to changing their approach and adapting to different circumstances. This can be seen in Onghus’s transformation of the CLAW academy, driven by his desire to build his own empire at Fannah’s expense.

Onghus, in particular, exhibits a lower level of health as a F.A.C.E. Type 3. At this level, individuals may become revengeful, and repressed anger can surface, leading to hostile attacks against those who have seemingly rejected or threatened them. In Onghus’s case, his feelings of rejection from his own people in favor of Fannah and her new world of BrennanTown trigger his desire for vengeance. Fannah becomes his competition, taking him away from the wealth, attention, and spotlight he craves.



Onghus and Vidar continued their conversation amidst the noise. “My goal is to bring down Fannah at any cost. Her wealth has made her too powerful, especially now that she is forming an alliance with Orix. She’s expanding rapidly into the intergalactic realm, and that will propel her wealth far beyond anything we can amass in Hirune and here in BrennanTown,” said Onghus slyly.

His eyes widened with delight as he observed a familiar silhouette approaching. Sybbol confidently made her way through the crowded establishment and joined them at their table. Onghus graciously slid to the side, inviting her to sit in the plush, rounded velvet booth.

Onghus and Sybbol had maintained a diplomatic relationship since their separation, but unbeknownst to Sybbol, Onghus secretly held a grudge, patiently waiting for the opportune moment to seek revenge for her leaving him.

“I received your note. To what do I owe the pleasure of this invitation?” said Sybbol coyly.

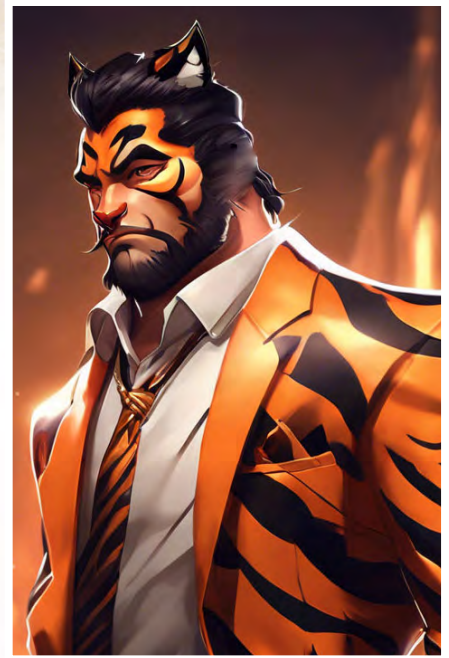
“You look well, my dear. It’s been some time since I last saw you. How is the jewelry business treating you?” said Onghus, signaling for drinks.

“Business is booming. In fact, just recently, I’ve found an opportunity to expand my business to Paragonia. It’s all very exciting,” said Sybbol, sensing a subtle tension within the conversation.

“Most excellent. I’m pleased to hear it. In fact, it’s about business why I called for you tonight,” said Onghus, taking a large gulp of his frothy mug of ale.

“Oh, how lovely and exciting. Are you interested in buying some of my latest jewelry from my male felines collection?” suggested Sybbol playfully, plucking an olive from her martini and consuming it before taking a long sip.

“No, as a matter of fact, it’s much bigger than your petty jewelry collections. I have my eyes on BIG BUSINESS. You see, it has come to my attention that you have been in communication with Fannah lately,” said Onghus, his eyes narrowing.







Sybbol's instincts proved correct as she realized this was no ordinary business meeting.

Onghus and Vidar exchanged sinister glances as they revealed to Sybbol the dire consequences that awaited her and her business if she failed to follow their instructions. "You will continue your little 'romance' with Orix and spy on him. You will bring me copies of all their sensitive documents so I can track everything. Is this quite clear?" says Onghus sharply. Sybbol nods her head nervously as Vidar motions for her to leave the table.

"It's been a pleasure seeing you again, Sybbol. Take care, and I look forward to seeing you again very soon," said

Onghus, taking a large gulp of his mug of ale.

Pale-faced and weak-kneed, Sybbol left the speakeasy visibly shaken, contemplating how she would spy on Orix and Fannah's business dealings and deliver sensitive documents to Onghus, as instructed.

»»-----ǻ-----««

Sybbol is a fascinating character who embodies the qualities of F.A.C.E. Type 3, with a strong 2 wing representing the helper-provider. We can observe Sybbol's adaptability as a Type 3 in her ease of transitioning between relationships and career paths, such as moving from real estate management to jewelry enterprise. Additionally, her relationship skills and seductive tendencies reflect the characteristics of F.A.C.E. Type 2 individuals, who are also highly adaptable but possess a unique talent for building relationships and influencing others through sensuality and attractiveness.

While Type 2 individuals seek closeness and connection, Type 3 individuals aim to achieve their goals by utilizing their relationships to advance. Sybbol exemplifies this by leveraging her relationships as opportunities for personal growth and advancement. However, as Type 3 individuals become more self-aware, their focus expands beyond mere doing, performance, and achievement. They begin to prioritize authentic and heart-centered relationships, allowing themselves to ease into a state of being with others, rather than constantly striving to accomplish goals.

Reflecting on Sybbol's character, her adaptability, and her reliance on relationships for personal advancement, what aspects of your own life and interactions with others might benefit from a deeper exploration of authenticity and being rather than solely focusing on achievements and goals?



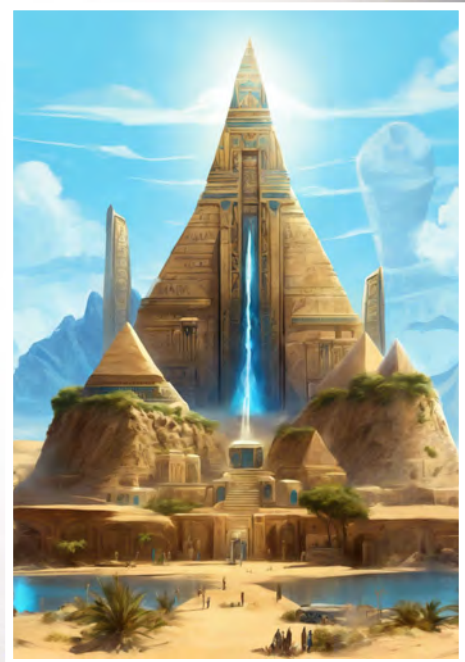


“Can you believe that he made an alliance with that stranger?” says Helops, pacing back and forth in his luxurious Paragonian office high above the city. The blonde-haired, handsome twin brother of Orix is adorned in his traditional Egyptian garb, looking as if he is in charge of the world, with his cape flying in the wind and gold metallic armor clanking with every step. With him is Sardon, the buzzardly hand of the Pharaoh, scuffling back and forth behind him, attempting to appease him.

“It is highly unusual after what she had done impersonating him and all. Quite scandalous, for certain. However, her technology could revolutionize Paragonia and potentially end our water crisis, even creating wealth for us,” says Sardon carefully.

Hearing Sardon, Helops begins seething with jealous rage. Orix’s twin brother is beside himself. Unbeknownst to Fannah, Orix and his brother have been at odds for years, battling over the throne of Paragonia. The brothers have settled upon a shaky truce, with Orix still in governance but on probation, granting Helops some power at the top—a result of the court hearing for which he had been waiting in his prison cell. Helops is looking for any angle to trap his brother and get him back into jail for good!

Helops plunks himself down in front of his desk like a bratty teenager, tapping his taloned hands on the desk. “We know nothing about her or her kind, and now we are presumably partners?!” fumes Helops. “He did not consult me at all to see if I thought it was a good idea.







I don't care how much water she claims to have. Now we are on her leash, giving her all the power because she knows how desperate we are for water. Orix compromises us all!"

Helops stares out of the window, glaring down at the buildings below, fully consumed by his anxious paranoia.

"How do we know that they will not come here and take over, making us all slaves once our land is restored?" Helops says, building his case. Turning to Sardon, Helops points at him. "You keep a watchful eye on these Hirunian felines. Report to me any suspicious activity. I will watch Orix's movements closely. He has failed time and time again, and it will not be long before he slips up, and I will be here waiting!

Then I will expose him to all as the unworthy phony he is, and then I shall take my throne. It is rightfully mine!" squawks Helops.

Sardon bows feebly and retreats to a nearby chamber where he is needed by Paragons and Hirunians, taking up office. In the distance, a pair of dark kitten ears carefully listens to the ruckus down the hall. She saunters near the entrance of Helops's chamber and taps on the doorsill.

F.A.C.E. Type 1's and 3's share certain similarities in appearance. Both types are driven by goals and have a strong inclination toward achievement. They can both exhibit success-oriented mindsets and even display workaholic tendencies. However, there are significant differences between the two.

F.A.C.E. Type 1's are more likely to be preoccupied with perfection, driven by a relentless inner critic, and guided by their personal moral codes. They constantly strive to do what they perceive as right and have a competitive nature similar to Type 3's. Helops, for instance, compares himself to others based on moral standards and what he believes is the right course of action. He is a jealous brother who feels it is his "right" to assume the throne instead of Orix - a motivation rooted in a need for autonomy. Helops continually judges and measures what is and what should be according to his moral compass.

On the other hand, F.A.C.E. Type 3's may view others as competition, such as Fannah's rivalry with Hera and Emilia in previous chapters, and strive to be the best by outperforming them. Their focus is mainly on achieving and outshining others to gain love, with moral standards or notions of rightness playing a lesser role in their motivation. Ultimately, we can observe that both types possess strong goal orientation and work ethic, but their underlying motivations differ significantly.

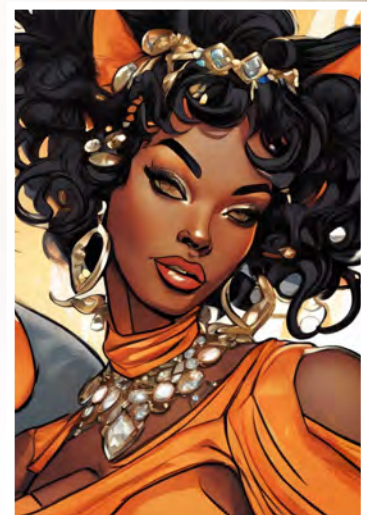


Helops is surprised to see a Hirunian at his door just after his raging outburst. He is taken aback by her beauty as he motions for her to enter.

Sybbol, a vivacious and seductive minx, knows well how to use her charms to get what she wants. As usual, she is dressed to the nines and covered in expensive jewellery, an impressive and even intimidating presence. She takes a seat in front of his desk and leans forward, whispering quietly to him. “I am not one to eavesdrop on conversations, and I am certainly not prone to drama, but I have to tell you—I don’t trust Fannah either, and neither should you. I, too, am keeping an eye on things. She has caused quite a lot of trouble over the years, and there are many in Hirune who would like to see her fate similar to Orix’s,” says Sybbol slyly.

Helops leans forward, intrigued. “You have my attention. Your name is?”

“Oh, I apologize. I should have introduced myself. I’m Sybbol, and I own a lucrative jewellery business in Hirune. I am here because I’ve been expanding my trade into Paragonia. I am also here undercover, hoping to bring back to my sources anything I can get my hands on that proves Fannah isn’t operating in all of our best interests. If you know what I mean,” says Sybbol, sitting back and crossing her legs comfortably.



Helops rubs his chin in contemplation. “I see. It sounds as if we could be mutually beneficial to one another,” says Helops with a grin.

»»-----α-----««

Sardon is nearly run over as Kato and Nakato skip right into him, almost knocking the scrolls out of his hands. They hop on by and yell sorry as they trail off, leaving Sardon more than flustered. He shuffles quickly through the bustling headquarters of the newly developed WAVE (Water Assimilation and Vitality Enterprise) on his way to see Orix.

The twins are adding a touch of whimsy to the office chatter as each holds a hand-cranked video camera, filming the hustle of felines and Paragonians setting up shop and tracking all of the infrastructure and construction exploding in Paragonia. They grab random workers and get their perspective on the exciting and historic business merger between two worlds



for their documentary, secretly funded by Fannah.

Fannah, Emilia, and Hera head up the entire operation from the Hirunian feline sector, while Orix, Sardon, and another Paragonian named Zellena, an elegant and regal Paragonian para-legal, support the Paragonian sector.

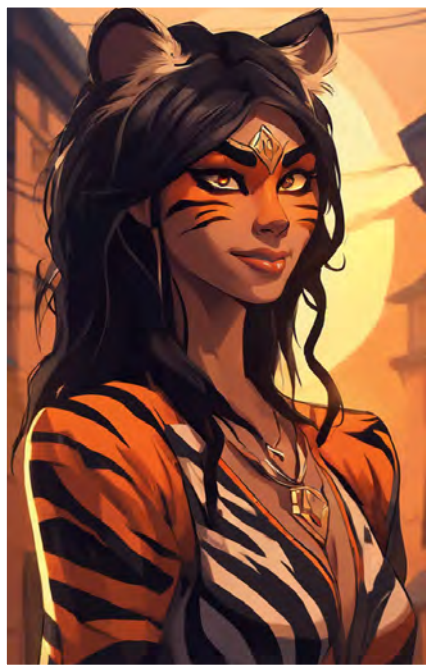
They all work tirelessly together in a symbiotic and supportive working collaboration. Before long, the landscape of Paragonia is teeming with WAVE factories as far as the eye can see. Soon, canals, pools of water with fountains, and sculptural water features crop up all over the city. Before long, the landscape is completely transformed, the dry dusty desert replaced with green grass, palm trees, and bountiful fruit-bearing trees, along with edible vegetation. Coal and wood are harvested to power the plants and create additional industry in Paragonia, bolstering their economy to record highs.

The almost overnight success has thrust Orix into the limelight in Paragonia, and he becomes completely preoccupied with social and political engagements to strengthen his position and elevate himself above Helops as much as possible. Helops watches on with profound resentment toward the clamouring crowds, biding his time while keeping a watchful eye. Meanwhile, Fannah is diligently crunching numbers with Emilia and Hera, determining where cash flow is going from all sources, including Paragonia.

On one particular evening, Fannah is reading the tedious fine print of their contract with Orix and Paragonia with questions. “Hera, take a look at this contract. It doesn’t say anything at all about how funds should be allocated from the executive level. All it says is that funds should be directed toward sustaining the workforce and maintaining the status quo of factory operations. So ultimately, we can keep as much of the profits as we want?” says Fannah, curious. Hera takes a look at the document as well and confirms Fannah’s observations.







“Well, it should be considering all of our hard work and your intellectual property that has literally transformed this world!” says Hera boldly.

“Well, we couldn’t have done it without your ice magic supercharging the magic water cores of each factory. Hera, you really deserve to be compensated. In fact, I’m going to do it right now,” says Fannah proudly.

Fannah pulls open a drawer from a nearby desk and removes a checkbook, proceeding to write Hera an enormous check.

“Your rightful bonus!” says Fannah with giddy delight. Hera’s cat eyes bulge, similar to Emilia’s eyes when she saw her whopping bonus.

“I don’t know what to say, Fannah. This is so generous!” says Hera with sincere appreciation. “You deserve it, kiddo! Go treat yourself to a new chariot!” says Fannah with delight.

»»-----α-----««

Over time, Sybbol has remained close to Orix but found her advancements frustrated by Fannah. Enthralled by Fannah’s business savvy, elegance, and enchanting leadership confidence, Orix has lost interest in Sybbol and spends as much free time with Fannah as he can. Seduced by her glamour, Orix pays little attention to the business dealings Fannah has been conducting, fully enthralled in the social and political fanfare that stimulates him greatly.

Meanwhile, thanks to her initial favor with Orix, Sybbol found an opportunity to work as an executive assistant to Zellena, the Paragonian paralegal. This position gives Sybbol access to all the documents, receipts, invoices, and contracts for the entire enterprise - the perfect place for her to find the evidence she needs to get Onghus off her back.

One evening, after hours, Sybbol pours over the documents and finally gets her big break. “Zellena, can you help me make sense of these receipts? My goodness, it seems an enormous chunk of profits is being allocated to the Hirunian executive level teams, with nothing for Paragonians, I might add. There are no resources being allocated for the labor workers, safety inspections, maintenance, and overall basic necessities of the factories and workers



either. Also, I notice that these bonuses are not being recorded in our database for tax application,” says Sybbol with feigned concern.

Zellena peers over her dark-rimmed glasses, supported by an elegant beaked nose, and reviews the details. “Hmm, that is strange. I’m surprised I didn’t see this myself. I think we’ll need to bring this to Orix’s attention,” says Zellena.

When Orix learns about the financial discrepancies, he is in disbelief. “It must be an oversight on their part; I’m sure this is not deliberate,” says Orix, flipping through the pages.

Zellena and Sybbol leave him alone in his quarters to think. Orix begins to question Fannah’s love for him and wonders if she hadn’t been truthful. He turns to one of the magic offerings given to him by his amulet creature - a scale that burns with magic fire. It helps Orix measure the heart and intent of another and determine their true motives. Placing Paragonian coins on one side of the scale and an equal amount of Hirunian coins on the other, he waits for the flames to emerge. Feeling a little embarrassed for not doing this before engaging with Fannah, after a few moments, the scales ignite with flames, and magically they begin to move up and down. They eventually settle, with Fannah’s coins weighing more, indicating an imbalance from her and the felines. Orix’s heart sinks as he realizes they have not been forthcoming with him and ponders what he should do.



»»-----ǎ-----««

Back at Onghus’s favorite night club, cleverly named The Claw’s Den, Onghus looks over the papers delivered by Sybbol and smiles broadly. “I was starting to get worried, Sybbol. It has taken you quite some time to get these to me. I wasn’t sure you were up to it. Congratulations! You have fulfilled your assignment. You may go,” says Onghus, delighted.

Sybbol quickly exits the tavern, relieved that Onghus has let her go so quickly, and disappears into the night. Across the table from him sits a disgruntled union worker who is at his wit’s end with Fannah. “I have the gold you requested. Please tell me you have what I came for,” says the feline.



Onghus hands the papers to him as they exchange the gold and documents. “It’s been a pleasure doing business with you,” says Onghus with a grin.

Within a few days, the labor unions are informed of Fannah’s deceit and immediately mobilize a region-wide protest. They know exactly the venue where they can make their voices heard.

»»-----α-----««

In Paragonia, a similar conversation is taking place between Sardon and Helops as he hands him a set of documents. Sardon has mixed emotions. He has been loyal to both brothers over the years and feels caught in the middle, desiring to be loyal to both. He often wonders what the right thing to do is in this continually changing and evolving situation that grows more complex.

Helops grins from ear to ear. “I think I have exactly what I need to bring him down. What a joke he is, flitting off on one social engagement after another, ignoring the business dealings of our partnership. He has googly bird eyes for that feline, that’s what,” says Helops, walking over to the window to admire the starry night sky. “Thank you, Sardon. You have done well. If anyone deserves a bonus from that lot, it’s you,” says Helops slyly.

»»-----α-----««

Kato and Nakato, the loyal twin panthers from Den Panther, applaud with vigor and enthusiasm as Emilia accepts her award for Best Supporting Actress in a documentary film. It has been a night of sheer bliss and enjoyment for the brothers, who have been soaking in all of the evening’s festivities and eagerly anticipating their category to be called. Their hope is to win the coveted award for Best Short Documentary Feature, just as Emilia has won an award for her role.

The annual award show is packed in the enormous auditorium situated in the heart of Hirune. The entertainment industry, along with many other forms of entertainment including sports, theatre, dance, and film, has been exploding with popularity as the city booms. The top three pictures of the night are fantasy films about magic and heroes overcoming adversity, another film about crime and the underbelly of a city under siege, and lastly, a documentary created by the twin panthers. The venue is filled with star-studded



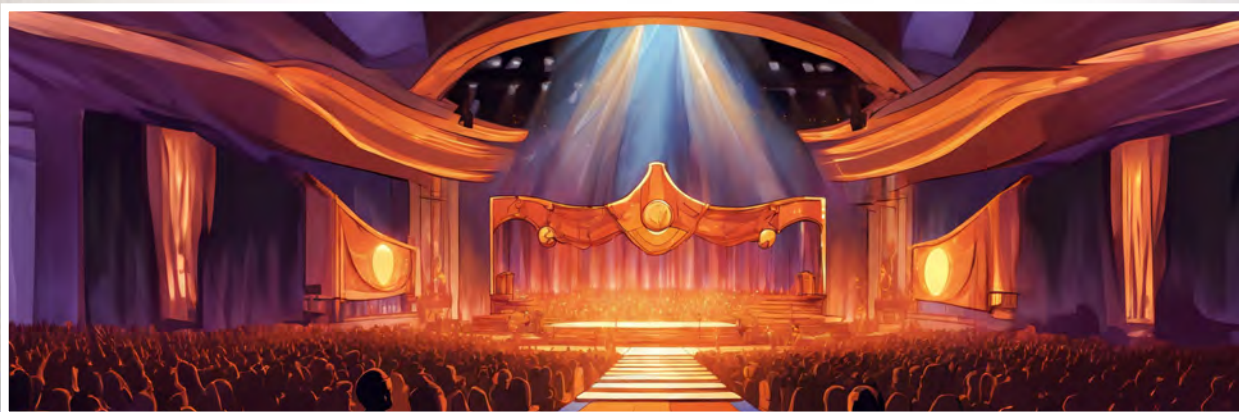
guests, including Fannah, who is part of the gala. She takes special pride in the twins for several reasons. Firstly, their immense loyalty to her and their adaptability in transitioning their keen spy eyes as warfare generals to using their visionary powers with earth magic in creative film production. Secondly, because the documentary is about her and how she and Orix formed an alliance that brought great wealth and transformation to both Paragonia and BrennanTown alike.



Kato leans over to Nakato and whispers in his ear. “Do you think we have a good chance? I mean, sure, the documentary may be seen as a propaganda piece, but I don’t think it’s too one-sided in favor of Fannah, do you?” he says nervously.

Nakato is attentively listening to the presenter for Best Film Magic and casually listening to his brother. “I think our chances are amazing. Our film is the first of its kind to feature an alliance with a foreign power and the successful business merger that has skyrocketed our economy. It’s a celebration of political victory at its zenith. Fannah will go down in history, and we are the ones who captured it for future generations,” says Nakato proudly. Fannah is seated a few rows away at a cozy round table with Hera and Emilia by her side. The trio has worked tirelessly for months alongside Orix, establishing WAVE facilities across Paragonia. Their success has been paramount, and tonight, a film about Fannah has been the icing on the cake, allowing Fannah to relish in her glory.

They stand along with the packed auditorium as Kato and Nakato’s names are called as the





winners of Best Picture. Thunderous applause shakes the building as the twins make their way to the stage and stand at the podium, accepting their feline-shaped award and preparing to give their acceptance speech.

As the crowd quiets down, a rumble can be heard at the back of the auditorium. Soon, the rumble turns into voices and loud roars from the foyer beyond the entrance doors leading into the venue. Before Kato and Nakato can say a word of thanks, the doors burst open, and crowds of felines with signs march down the aisles, chanting “Fannah the fraud, Fannah the fraud!” Boos and hisses from both the crowd and protesters fill the auditorium with a chaotic clamor, disrupting the entire event.

Rushing to the stage, the feline union worker who had met with Onghus just a few night before, along with several other large and intimidating felines, takes over. The union leader, clutching documents in his hands, seizes the podium as his entourage pushes Kato and Nakato aside effortlessly. “This film is a hoax, a sham, a total lie! It is propaganda of the worst kind. I have proof! I hold in my hand documents that reveal Fannah has been withholding resources from us, giving herself bonuses, and spreading the wealth to a select few of her favorites—executives who do nothing but sit around and get rich! We are becoming poorer and poorer while the rich become richer and richer! I say it ends now!” he yells with conviction and authority.

Cameras are flashing everywhere, capturing the reactions of the multitude of attendees who begin murmuring. They stare at Fannah, bedecked in her finery and jewels. Fannah can feel that familiar creeping feeling of shame compressing her heart with grief, knowing she is being judged once again. Protesters continue to chant as Fannah and her entourage exit the auditorium. Outside the venue, crowds have gathered with signs and jeering. It erupts into even greater magnitude when they see Fannah emerge from the building. Fannah piles into a chariot that whisks her away while the crowds beat on the carriage and throw food at her. It is a night she will not soon forget.

»»-----□-----««

Fannah peels off her gown and jewels and slips into her evening attire exhausted from the humiliating and upsetting evening. She flops down on her favorite cushion to curl up in a blanket and rest. On the side table she notices a letter with the familiar Paragonian crest upon the seal. She is so tired she doesn’t want to deal with it, but curiosity got the better of her and she breaks the seal to unroll the parchment.



She glances over the message seeing it is from Orix. Her heart sinks as she reads with disbelief a line that says “our partnership is terminated...” Fannah begins to burn hot, she is not sure if it’s anger, shame, embarrassment or all of them wrapped up in one as she finishes reading the letter seeing that documents of her spending and concealing her unfair intentions have surfaced.

She crunches up the letter in anger and asks herself “Why am I being attacked again! Haven’t I proven myself successful enough to regain the position of ruler of my world?”

Suddenly her amulet creature appears to her and begins to sing the words of a riddle with a melodious tune.

*Amidst the glittering gold and hall of fame,  
Fannah sought her worth, her claim to fame.  
In riches and success, she found delight,  
Yet a yearning within, she longed to ignite.  
A riddle in her heart, a puzzle to mend,  
Oh Fannah dear, where does your value transcend?  
Is it in the jewels that adorn your hand,  
Or the accolades you’ve gathered, oh so grand?*

*But hark, a whisper from the depths unknown,  
Resonating gently like a melodic tone:  
Listen closely, Fannah, and you shall see,  
Your value is beyond what the eye can decree.*

*For in the realm of learning and wisdom’s way,  
Your true worth shines brighter than gold’s display.  
Each step taken in knowledge’s embrace,  
Unveils your true value, with every trace.*

*It’s not in the material gains amassed,  
Nor the worldly success that swiftly passed,  
But the growth of your spirit, the lessons learned,  
That define your worth, forever earned.*

*So, Fannah dear, be not confined,  
By what the shallow world hath defined.  
Embrace the journey of knowledge profound,  
And your true value, by all, shall be found.*





Fannah contemplates the poem and the melody of the song sung by her phoenix as he recites it to her. She is moved by the love she feels from the poem and, for the first time in a long time, doesn't feel judged in any way.

Fannah picks up an award sitting next to her nightstand and studies the accolades written on the frosted glass surface of the elegant, albeit large and heavy, glass sculpture.”

*“Congratulations, Fannah!  
A Beacon of Transformation,  
Guiding BrennanTown’s Evolution.  
With Dedication and Innovation,  
You’ve Shaped a Thriving Foundation.  
Economic Growth, Infrastructure Reinvented,  
Your Efforts, Admired and Respected.  
A CEO of Progress, You’ve Shown,  
The Power of Vision, All are Now Known.  
In Honor of Your Great Endeavors,  
This Award Celebrates Your Achievements For-  
ever.”*



Fannah studies the award and ponders her self-worth, questioning if this is what truly makes her valuable.

As the lyrics of the song play in her mind, tears stream down her face, and she realizes the profound truth within the poem. “I am more than my material gains or worldly successes,” Fannah says aloud, embracing the revelation.

Suddenly, Fannah’s amulet flashes, and the phoenix emerges once again.

“Congratulations, Fannah! You have solved the riddle,” proclaims the phoenix. “As a reward, I present you with this magical music score. When you play this music on your magical flute, its sweet song will evoke a sense of togetherness, and all who hear it shall feel the warmth of shared success.”

The creature in the amulet returns, and Fannah begins to play. For the first time in a long time, Fannah can feel her heart and her emotions stirring, bringing tears to her eyes. Instead of wiping them away and rushing off to do something else, she stays with her feelings and fully embraces the sweet music that resonates within her soul.



## *Citrine level gear - Magic Music Score*

This magical music score gives Fannah the ability to bring unity to her people.

The music scroll symbolizes the harmony between heart and action at this level of awareness. Just as the snow and ice melt in Brennan Town, F.A.C.E. three's suspended emotions begin to surface. As F.A.C.E. three merges into the next level of consciousness, emotion is more acceptable and given attention.

## *Summary*

Fannah demonstrates remarkable competence and the ability to inspire trust as she ascends the ladder of success. Utilizing her fire powers, she constructs heat factories and expands food production, aiming to restore her reputation by establishing a benevolent agricultural empire. Furthermore, she forms an alliance with Orix, extending her empire's reach by assisting him in establishing water manufacturing plants in Paragonia. Despite these endeavors, her self-serving practices draw opposition, resulting in wealth disparities and boycotts against her. These factors ultimately lead to a strain in her business relationship with Orix.

As Fannah begins to question her role, a phoenix presents her with a riddle that prompts her to realize that her value extends far beyond material gain.

## *Questions & Self-Reflection*

What do you anticipate would occur if you were to experience failure in a pursuit that you invested significant effort into? Would you still feel lovable and experience love from others? Could you provide your reasoning for these beliefs or lack thereof?

Additionally, how crucial is it for you to possess a substantial amount of wealth and expensive possessions? Do you believe that owning such items communicates your value and worth to others? Would you still receive the same level of love and affection if you did not possess these material possessions? Could you explain your rationale behind these perspectives?





FANNAH THE CEO

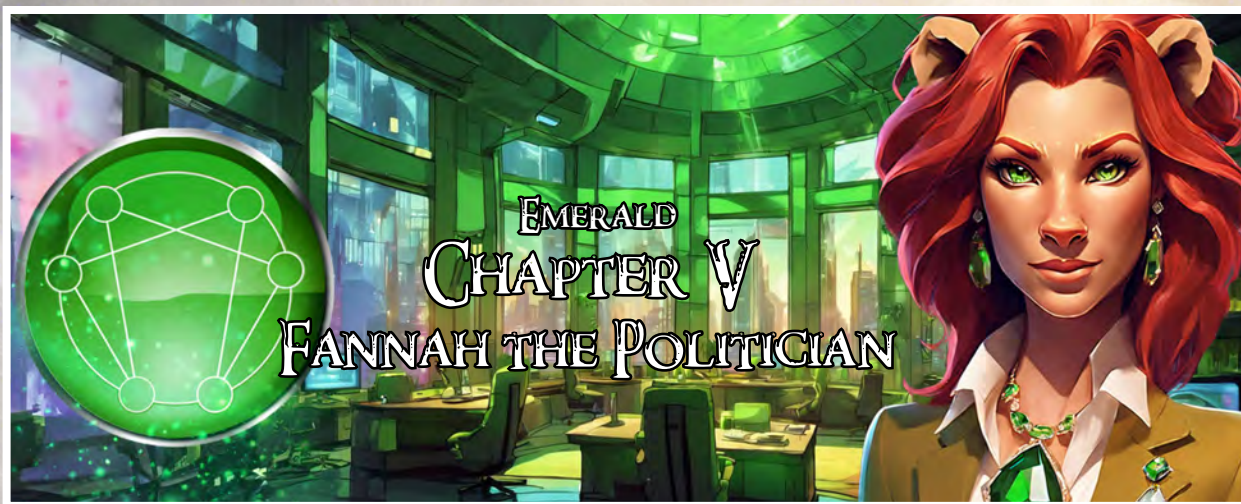












## Chapter 5

### U.N.I.T.Y.



Fannah takes a glance over her shoulder as she prepares to step through the portal gateway of Suspension. She notices the eerie green light replacing the once orange hue of the sky. Another eclipse is underway as Fannah embarks on a solitary journey. Emerging from the complex labyrinth of hedge-works, she finds herself standing alone before the towering central obelisk of the portal planet, home to nine gateways. With her flute and music scroll in hand, she discovers a comfortable patch of emerald grass and leans against the colossal obelisk, gazing up at the clear, crisp blue-green sky.

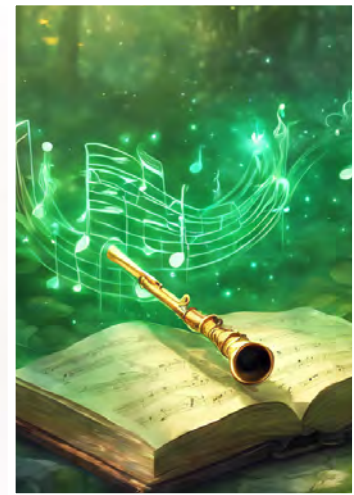
Having been a frequent visitor to this region since her collaboration with Orix and the establishment of WAVE factories in Paragonia, Fannah had traversed portals using her staff countless times. However, over the years, the experience had become increasingly onerous. The once secluded portal gateways were now bustling with traffic from diverse worlds, as more creatures discovered portals leading to this special and sacred location. Over time, leaders from other worlds had monopolized



the region, constructing a labyrinth around the central obelisk, cordoning it off as a sacred space. Artificial gateways were erected, guarded by robotic rabbits collecting tolls and regulating traffic. Fannah accepted these changes as part of doing business, adapting to them to grow her own empire.

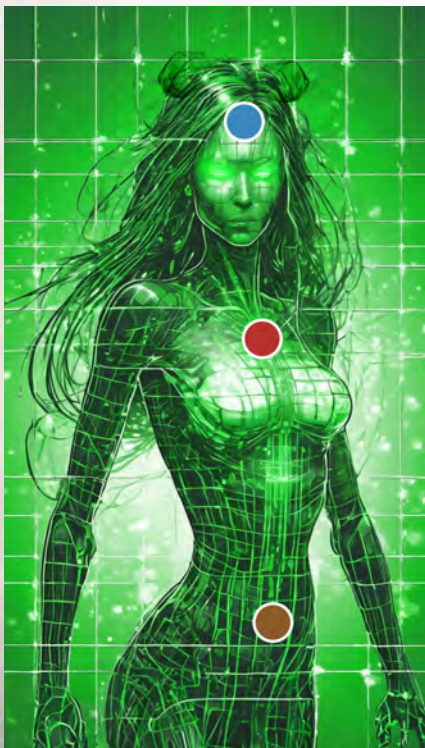
In recent days, the clamor and turmoil of BrennanTown, Paragonia, and even Hirune had become overwhelming. Seeking solace, Fannah had stumbled upon this secret spot within the labyrinth during her travels. She willingly paid the hairy tolls to gain access, to bask in the energy of the sacred pillar, and to enjoy moments of tranquility while practicing her music.

Fannah takes her flute in hand and begins to play the enchanting music score bestowed upon her by the amulet creature. As the melody swells within her heart, words form to accompany the tune. Retrieving a quill and parchment from her satchel, she starts penning the lyrics to a new song.”



*(Verse 1)*

*In a world of illusions, where egos take flight,  
I see the pain that stems from the darkness of night.*



**HEAD CENTER** - 25%  
Mental Intelligence

**HEART CENTER** - 50%  
Emotional Intelligence

**BODY CENTER** - 25%  
Somatic Intelligence

REACTIVITY - 40%

EGOIC LEVELS - 40%

Solfeggio Sound  
Frequency 369

Note: Fannah's is embodying more of her heart resources and beginning to integrate somatic and mental intelligences.

Now that the exploration of feelings is acceptable, doing is combined with an image of caring. As Fannah turns her interest into serving the “common good” with her work as the Politician, energy is applied to make the world a better place through serving groups and populations that match her ideas of a better world. Consensus-seeking often mires down progress.

Fannah is a heart type, processing information through her feelings, engaging with image, self-deception, and expressing and suppressing emotions. She is preoccupied by how others perceive her and the image she projects. As a result, she could make unhealthy decisions that hinder or misdirect her paths.



*Separation and competition, tearing us apart,  
But it's time to come together, let's mend our broken hearts.  
(Chorus)*

*In unity we'll find our strength, hand in hand we'll go,  
Let's embrace our fellow felines, let our spirits show.  
From materialism we'll break free, and harmony will bloom,  
Together, we'll create a world where love will forever loom.*

*(Verse 2)  
Expanding our minds, embracing solutions anew,  
We turn to one another, our fellow feline crew.  
Equal rights, opportunities, and resources we'll share,  
Acceptance and harmony, a bond beyond compare.*

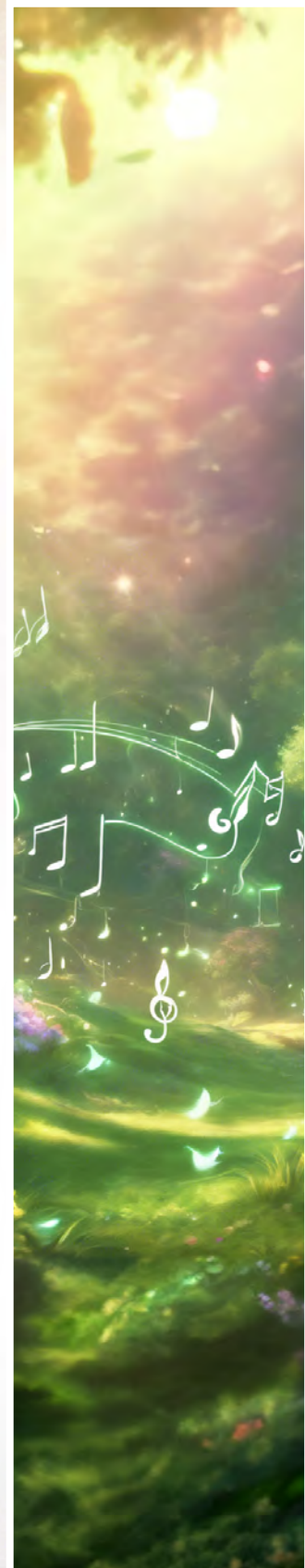
*(Chorus)  
In unity we'll find our strength, hand in hand we'll go,  
Let's embrace our fellow felines, let our spirits show.  
From materialism we'll break free, and harmony will bloom,  
Together, we'll create a world where love will forever loom.*

*(Bridge)  
Feelings and spirituality, our guiding light so bright,  
Transcending rational thought under the moonlit night.  
Idealism drives us, equality our aim,  
Believing in the love within, as we kindle the flame.*

*(Chorus)  
In unity we'll find our strength, hand in hand we'll go,  
Let's embrace our fellow felines, let our spirits show.  
From materialism we'll break free, and harmony will bloom,  
Together, we'll create a world where love will forever loom.*

*(Outro)  
Change may come slow, but with patience we shall thrive,  
For deep within our hearts, compassion will revive.  
Let sociocentricity guide us towards unity,  
In this fantasy of togetherness, we'll live in harmony.*

Fannah finishes the last line and feels her heart swell with a sense of joy and excitement, pondering how she will find a way to share







this newfound love and music with others. She wonders how her people will receive her and her music after all the upset and revelations about her have come to light in recent days. ‘Perhaps a gala?’ she muses to herself.

Her thoughts are interrupted by the creaking sound of an iron gate opening nearby, allowing three visitors to enter. Fannah’s eyes widen as she observes creatures unlike anything she has ever seen before. “These must be creatures from the other worlds Orix told me about,” Fannah thought as she studied them closely. The trio of figures consisted of two males and a female.

The female creature was a majestic goddess, adorned in a long flowing white gown and cape. She stood tall with golden skin and had two giant head-rings spiraling out of each side of her head, resembling snail shells. These head-rings emitted a pulsating glow and contained moving images of creatures within them. “Mind boggling!” thought Fannah, curious about the powers that the impressive scepter in the goddess’s hand held.

The second creature appeared bug-like, with green bug eyes and metallic skin. He wore a military general’s outfit in shades of blue, red, and gold. However, what caught Fannah’s attention were his antenna, resembling two hose-like metallic tubes with glowing red eyes at each end. They swayed around him like serpents, seemingly surveying their surroundings.

The third creature was a massive, hulking orange centaur with enormous ram horns. Clad in armor, with a shield, vest, and sword, he clearly embodied the role of warrior, protector, and leader of the crew.

The trio spots Fannah and begins walking across the vast expanse of green grass toward her station at the obelisk.



Approaching Fannah with warm smiles, the three visitors emanate a sense of familiarity and warmth, as if they have known her all her life.

The centaur speaks first. “My name is Ramthor, and these are my esteemed colleagues, Rayna and Kyro. You must be Fannah?” says the centaur, extending a warm handshake towards her.

Fannah, now standing to greet them, graciously accepts his enormous hand, exchanging handshakes with Rayna and Kyro.

“I am pleased to make your acquaintance. I am Fannah, queen and leader of the felines in a world called Hirune. But perhaps you already know that as well? Indeed, how do you already know my name?” says Fannah curiously.

Rayna smiles and winks at Kyro, responding to Fannah’s query. “Ramthor has a way with words and tends to get a little ahead of himself, don’t you, dear?” Ramthor gives a bashful side-eye to Rayna, indicating to Fannah that their relationship holds more than just collegiality. Rayna continues, “As leaders, like yourself, we possess many powers, just as you do. One of my abilities is being a psychic. I tend to know a lot about things without knowing how I know them, a mystical instinct, you could say. Your face has been appearing in my head-rings for quite some time now, and it seems to me that you hold a special key or wisdom for our friend Kyro here. I knew it was only a matter of time before we would meet. In fact, today the three of us were on a journey to seek you out. When we heard your music, my head-rings became illuminated with magical light and your face appeared once again. And so, here we are,” says Rayna sweetly.

Fannah is overwhelmed with curiosity and awe at the powers of this new creature. Kyro continues to answer Fannah’s question. “As for knowing your name, that’s my doing. I pa-





trol the worlds, covertly I must admit. When Rayna alerted us to your existence, I had the opportunity to tour your world and Orix's during the construction phases of your WAVE factories. I gathered intel that we use for galactic trade and determining tolls and trade tariffs, among other things. You could say it's my job to know," says Kyro proudly.

As Fannah listens to Kyro, she receives quite an education about the vast galactic world beyond Hirune, one that is much larger, complex, and unsettling than she initially realized. Fannah's mind begins to churn as she contemplates the possibilities of new alliances, especially ones with such power and information, that could benefit her realm back home.



Ramthor pats Kyro affectionately on the back and opens a large leather bag hanging from a strap over his chest and shoulder. He retrieves a scroll and hands it to her.

"This meeting today is quite fortuitous because we were already on our way to find you eventually to deliver this invitation. It's a business contract for you to consider. You see, the three of us are in business together and would like to increase our wealth and influence across the galaxy. We believe your gifts would greatly enhance ours," says Ramthor boldly.

Fannah gladly takes the scroll, a wave of excitement flowing over her. "I have goosebumps right now! It's as though fate has brought us together today, and I cannot ignore the magical way in which this is unfolding. This obelisk is truly magical!" says Fannah excitedly as she opens the scroll.

Initially, as Type 3 individuals are driven by their desire to excel and be the most successful, they may embody the competitive nature associated with the Orange Meme. However, as they embark on a journey of self-awareness and growth, they begin to recognize that success can be more than just personal achievements.

Gradually, Fannah starts to shift her focus towards working with others as the Politician. She begins to value collaboration, forming successful partnerships not only for her personal gain but also for the collective success of all involved. This transition entails a deep understanding that true success can be achieved through cooperation, unity, and acknowledging the interconnectedness of individuals and their goals.

Reflect on your own perspective on success. How has it evolved over time? Have you experienced moments where collaborating with others brought greater achievements and fulfillment than pursuing personal success alone? How might embracing the principles of the Green Meme of consciousness impact your approach to achievement and collaboration moving forward?.





She quickly scans the proposal and realizes that the offer is a win-win for all parties involved. It is an opportunity too good to pass up.

“I think we have a deal,” says Fannah with handshakes for all.

»»-----¤-----««

Hirune, a magnificent metropolis, stood as a testament to the fusion of magic and innovation. The vaulted city, situated amidst icy landscapes, showcased its enchanted architecture gleaming in hues of silver and blue, seemingly alive with magical energy. As chilling winds swept through its streets, the city remained warm and vibrant, thanks to the towering heating towers erected and continuously maintained by Den Lion, scattered throughout the metropolis.

These colossal structures, a blend of mechanical engineering and magical craftsmanship, emanated a comforting heat that embraced every nook and cranny, keeping the inhabitants cozy even in the midst of the eternal ice age. However, these heating towers had their limitations. They could only heat a limited area, making them less well-suited for agriculture. Additionally, they required constant attention and were not fully autonomous in their operation. Nonetheless, their presence in Hirune was crucial in ensuring the city’s warmth and vitality.

Within this enchanted city, feline businesses, all with a touch of magic, sparked to life. The bustling streets, adorned with vibrant colors, were filled with market stalls selling an array of whimsical potions, spellbinding artifacts, and exquisite trinkets, each intertwined with



their respective elemental energies.

At a stall run by a clever cheetah, the air element was celebrated. Delicate wind chimes crafted from enchanted crystal shards dangled gracefully, filling the air with gentle, melodic breezes. A collection of lightweight scarves, woven with the magic of air, fluttered and danced with ethereal grace.

A panther enchantress presided over a stall, embodying the grounding essence of earth. Intricate stone amulets, shaped from rare gemstones found deep within sacred caverns, emanated stability and strength. Her craftsmanship extended to intricately carved wooden charms designed to bring harmony and balance.

The brands of Den Lion, representing the fiery element, kindled the passions of the marketplace. His stall displayed an assortment of enchanted candles, flickering with mesmerizing flames and scents that ignited emotions. Delicate glass ornaments encapsulated swirling sparks of fire, casting a warm glow throughout.

The brands of Den Tiger, encompassed all elemental forces combined. At their stalls, intricately woven tapestries depicted powerful scenes of nature's dance, where gentle winds stirred lush grasses, mighty flames illuminated the darkness, and fertile earth nurtured vibrant life. Each tapestry told a story of the harmonious balance between the four elements.

The brand EverGrove, Gibbs and Huron's brainchild, had become a shining star amidst this magical tapestry.

Their chain of markets expanded throughout the city, each store an ode to their mastery of agricultural growing and growth magic. The interiors were adorned with lush gardens, teeming with fantastical flora that whispered secrets of bountiful harvests. It was these markets that supplied the city with fresh produce and enchanted ingredients, creating a symbiotic relationship between the lion brand and the citizens of Hirune.

Despite the icy environment, Hirune was a city ablaze with magical fervor and opportunities. Talented spell casters, potion brewers, and enchanters roamed its streets, weaving their crafts and creating a thriving magical economy. From floating bookstores, offering tomes that held ancient knowledge, to cafes that served potions with an unexpected twist, the city was a beacon of magical ingenuity.

As their EverGrove brand grew, so did their ambition. They set their sights on expanding beyond Hirune, envisioning their empire becoming a dominant force in the galaxy. However, their plans hit an unexpected obstacle – Fannah, their sister. She had built a







formidable empire of her own, establishing heating factories throughout Hirune, BrennanTown, and beyond. To expand their business, Gibbs and Huron had to pay Fannah through her factories, which further strained their already decimated relationship. Despite their differences, fate had something unexpected in store for the siblings.

Word of a grand gala being hosted by Fannah herself in BrennanTown reached Gibbs and Huron's ears. This event was specifically designed to bring together major business owners, corporate tycoons, and influential figures, with the aim of combating economic disparity and spreading prosperity to all. The invitation to the gala arrived at their doorstep, surprising them both.

Huron, holding the invitation with a quizzical expression, turned to Gibbs. "Well, this is unexpected. Fannah wants us at her gala. Do you think it's some sort of trap?"

Gibbs frowned, considering the possibilities. "It's hard to say, brother. Our relationship with Fannah has always been complicated. But perhaps this could be an opportunity, a chance to bridge the gaps between us and work towards a common goal of spreading wealth and prosperity."

Huron nodded thoughtfully. "You may be right. If Fannah is willing to put aside our differences for the greater good, maybe we should give it a chance. Besides, expanding into the galactic market requires alliances, and this could be the perfect platform to form those connections."

»»-----¤-----««

The Purrfect Paws Pavilion, situated in the heart of BrennanTown, was abuzz with activity. Beams of light cascaded into the night sky as line upon line of chariots dropped off star-studded guests. The no-holds-barred venue exuded opulence, adorned with golden accents, shimmering crystals, and lavish velvet drapes in hues of emerald and sapphire, reminiscent of the lush landscapes where feline creatures roamed.

Guests from the enchanting city of BrennanTown and Hirune mingled with intergalactic attendees, their elegant attire adorned with intricate feline-inspired accessories. As the





event began, the stage bathed in a soft, radiant glow, amplifying the anticipation in the air. The audience marveled as live acts, with unmistakably feline grace, performed awe-inspiring acrobatic feats, leaping through the air with ethereal agility.

A masquerade ball unfolded, with elaborate masks crafted to resemble the majestic faces of panthers, tigers, lions, and cheetahs. The dance floor beckoned guests to swirl in graceful waltzes and passionate tangos, their movements mirroring the fluidity and elegance of feline predators.

Libations flowed from glistening crystal goblets, their vibrant colors mirroring the hues of the evening sky. An assortment of delectable eats awaited the attendees, ranging from the finest cuts of meat, mimicking the hunt of a wild predator, to delicate vegetarian delights that celebrated the interconnection of all living beings.

Amidst the jubilant chatter, the clinking of champagne flutes, and the melodies wafting through the air, the guests reveled in the luxurious atmosphere. Opulent furs cascaded down the shoulders of elegantly dressed figures, while sparkling diamonds dazzled on wrists and around necks, reflecting the multifaceted nature of the night's festivities.

Cameras flashed as the press and media captured every moment of this extraordinary event. Film coverage promised to broadcast the magic of the gala to audiences across distant galaxies, spreading the story of Fannah's remarkable journey.

At the pinnacle of the evening, the spotlight illuminated the stage, revealing Fannah, breathtaking in her resplendent feline-inspired gown. As she began to sing, her mes-





merizing voice soared through the auditorium, enchanting the audience. The lyrics of her songs were infused with the longing for unity among all beings, a message that resonated through the hearts of each attendee.

As Fannah concluded her mesmerizing musical performance, she unveiled her intergalactic initiative called UNITY. Taking a moment to pause for dramatic effect, like a skilled orator or politician, she then proceeded to unpack each letter of the acronym.

U - Let us 'Unite for Equality': Encourage unity among the residents of our realm by fostering a sense of togetherness and solidarity.

N - Let us 'Nurture Empathy': Promote empathy and understanding among the population, encouraging individuals to recognize and empathize with the struggles of others.

I - Let us 'Increase Access': Work towards providing equal access to resources, opportunities, and basic necessities for all individuals in our realm.

T - May we 'Teach Tolerance': Educate and promote a culture of tolerance, acceptance, and inclusivity within all felines and galactic creatures, ensuring that all voices are heard and respected.

Y - Let us 'Yield Materialism': Encourage a shift away from materialistic values, placing greater importance on the well-being of individuals and the community as a whole."

With each letter, Fannah's heartfelt words resonated deeply within the grand auditorium, igniting a collective spark of inspiration among the diverse audience, who listened in awe as she unveiled her visionary message of UNITY.





The guests erupted in applause, their voices blending harmoniously, echoing the sentiment of unity that Fannah sought to foster. Hera, Emilia, and Shun, three esteemed guests, whispered to one another, their voices filled with wonder:

Hera exclaimed, “Can you believe the extravagance of this event? It’s like stepping into a feline fairy tale!” Her eyes sparkled as she took in the opulent surroundings, with lavish decorations and an atmosphere that seemed straight out of a dream.

Emilia nodded in agreement and replied, “Indeed, such grandeur and beauty all around. And Fannah’s voice... pure enchantment! She captivates us with every note, transporting us to another realm.”

Shun, overwhelmed with awe and wonder, chimed in, “This gala is beyond anything I’ve ever imagined. Fannah’s UNITY initiative is destined to soar across the universe! It’s an intergalactic mission that will bring unity, empathy, and tolerance to all corners of existence.”

Uron and his brother Gibbs, who have also attended the gala, stood nearby and overheard the conversation. They shared a skepticism towards Fannah’s initiatives. Gibbs pondered for a moment, contemplating his doubts. “You know, Uron, I can’t help but feel skeptical about Fannah’s initiatives. Unity, empathy, and tolerance sound great in theory, but can they truly solve the deep-rooted societal issues we face?”

Uron nodded in understanding. “I can see where your skepticism is coming from, Gibbs. It’s always important to question the feasibility and effectiveness of any initiative, especially when dealing with complex issues. Unity and empathy alone might seem too idealistic to create tangible change. Don’t you think we need practical solutions?”

Gibbs agreed, adding, “Absolutely. I also wonder how these initiatives align with our Ever-

Grove interests. We’ve worked hard to achieve our own successes, and fully supporting a movement that emphasizes equality, access, and materialism reduction might conflict with that.”



Uron acknowledged Gibbs’ concerns. “You make a valid point, Gibbs. Our self-interests can pose a challenge when it comes to fully sup-



porting Fannah's initiatives. It's natural to prioritize our own gains and maintain the status quo. However, maybe we should consider whether there is a way to balance personal success and contribute to a more inclusive society."

Reflecting on Uron's words, Gibbs reached a realization. "That's a fair perspective, Uron. Finding the balance between personal success and societal progress is undeniably difficult. But perhaps if we can find ways to contribute without compromising our own goals, we may start to understand how unity, empathy, and tolerance can be practical and beneficial for everyone."

Conversations erupt around the room, contemplating Fannah's initiative. Some are supportive, while others are defiant. Fannah fails to address the hardships of heating factories working overtime with no regulation, as well as the concerns raised by environmental agencies regarding the amount of pollutants going into the air and the looming health crisis.

»»-----α-----««

Fannah is on a high after the gala. For her, it couldn't have unfolded more perfectly. Media coverage after the event was glowing with praise for Fannah. Her public image, which had been greatly affected by economic scandals with Paragonia, had begun to take a turn for the better. Fannah was back in the game, fueled with inspiration to unite her people and cultivate new alliances in the galaxy, increasing their economic growth and potentially ending disparities between the classes.

Fannah sends an invitation to Ramthor, Rayna and Kyro to join her in BrennanTown and formally conduct business together. Fannah is unsure what type of business they will create, but she is curious to learn what their combined magical powers may inspire.

They gather in a luxurious high-rise overlooking BrennanTown. Large glass windows, shaped like lion's teeth, revolve in a circle, allowing cascades of vibrant green-colored light into the space where they stand. In the center of a lush, luxuriously furnished room, a tall standing table, much like a workstation, is erected. Together, they gather their magical artifacts







and spread them out on the table to review the powers each possesses. The table is covered with magical artifacts such as Rayna's scepter, smelling salts, tuning fork, Kyro's magic pen and scroll, cape, crystals, a magic helmet, a magic ring, and Fannah's dagger and flute.

Instinctively, Fannah is drawn to play her flute, knowing how it activates her flames and curious about its effects on other objects before her. Suddenly, a large crystal shard brought by Kyro begins to glow as Fannah's flute music and aura illuminate it. Kyro picks up the object, and from the crystal, a light projects onto the table as he holds it. The beam of light carries wise and coded messages for them to investigate. Kyro's magic pen and scroll automatically write the messages, encoding some of the cryptic texts. They all marvel at how the magical artifacts recognize and interact with each other.

Then, magic unfolds further. Bees emerge from Rayna's scepter and begin swarming around Kyro, covering his skin. Kyro stands still, frozen, frightened yet instinctively sensing that the bees mean no harm. They secrete a healing balm that softens his metallic skin. Kyro, who had suffered for years with artificial metallic skin, which replaced his traumatized burned skin, was highly sensitive to external stimuli. His skin would crawl when danger was near, causing him much suffering and torment. He feels the tingling sensation of the healing ointment and the texture of his skin changing to a fleshy softness. Tears of joy fill Kyro's eyes as the bees retreat back







into Rayna's scepter, and he feels his new skin for the first time.

Fannah, Ramthor, and Rayna applaud and embrace Kyro lovingly, deeply moved by his transformation. Ramthor immediately notices the emergence of marketable products before them, realizing the profit potential. 'I propose we begin developing products right away,' Ramthor suggests, his mind buzzing with ideas. 'I foresee a book being published from the crystal, perhaps

we can call it 'The Flame's Enigma: Secrets Unveiled,' or something like that. And then, we can harvest the healing ointment from Rayna's bees, branding it with an exciting name like 'Healer's Harvest: Bee Balm of Renewal!'"

Rayna and Kyro exchange a knowing look, aware of Ramthor's usual enthusiasm, and they grin with amusement. Fannah's mind races as she contemplates the multitude of ways to utilize the healing agent and the book of wisdom to unite her divided people.

Thoughts swirled in her mind, and a smile curved upon her lips as she formulated a plan. "Healing workshops," she murmured softly, envisioning citizens from all walks of life partaking in transformative retreats where they would experience the profound effects of the healing agent together. In her mind's eye, she saw the strength of shared experiences erasing the lines that separated the "haves" and the "have nots." Adding to her plan, she thought to herself, "Community gardens," imagining the revitalization of downtrodden areas through the nourishing power of the healing agent. People from different economic backgrounds would come together, cultivating not only plants but also relationships, fostering unity and a sense of shared purpose.

As her thoughts continued to unfurl, Fannah saw the creation of wisdom circles, where the teachings from the book of wisdom would serve as an anchor for meaningful dialogue amongst individuals. Facilitators would guide the conversations, allowing diverse perspectives to intermingle and understanding to blossom. These circles would break the barriers of economic differences and nurture connections beyond material wealth. Inspired by the potential for change, Fannah's mind drifted towards the establishment of mutual aid networks. The principles shared in the book of wisdom would guide these networks, encouraging citizens to support one another through shared resources, skills, and compassion. Through these networks, a new sense of interdependence and unity would emerge.



Fannah’s heart swelled with hope as she contemplated the final piece of her plan - joint initiatives. The healing agent and the book of wisdom combined, she envisioned individuals who had been touched by the healing agent’s power, mentoring those who found themselves in the depths of struggle. Through these partnerships, the beneficiaries would share their experiences, offer guidance, and exemplify the transformative nature of unity and support.

Kyro notices Fannah deep in thought, murmuring to herself. “You seem very activated in thought. I’m curious about what you’re experiencing,” says Kyro curiously.

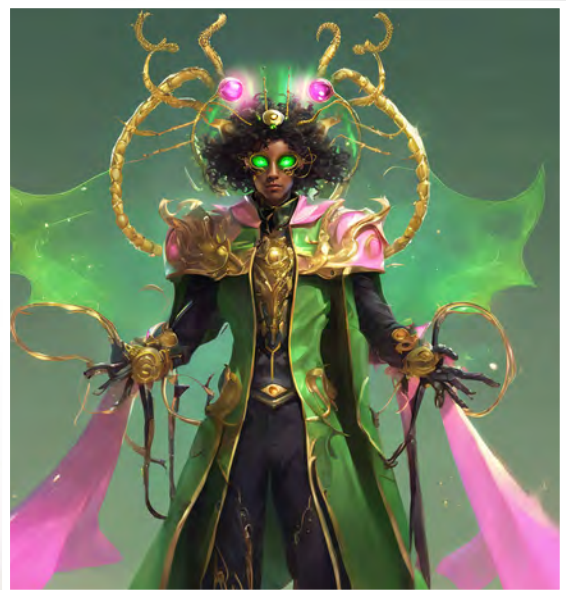
Fannah smiles broadly. “Oh Kyro, I’m so excited! I can see so many possibilities for my world and people with this new magic. As I think of you, I realize that your powers of perception and intelligence gathering are exactly what I need to help me get an edge and a read on where my people are at. You see, I recently held a grand gala and announced numerous new initiatives in Hirune, BrennanTown, and beyond. The event went extremely well. However, I want to ensure that my vision translates through the dignitaries who attended all the way down to the common workers under them. Could I employ your services to survey the lands, provide me with intel, and offer your perspective on things?” asks Fannah.

Ramthor slaps the often anxious and self-doubting Kyro on the back. “Of course he does! Kyro, this is just the opportunity you have been looking for—a way to practice using your new powers, especially with this crystal! You see, there’s no need to be anxious. Opportunities like this abound!” says Ramthor, reassuring the young insectoid.

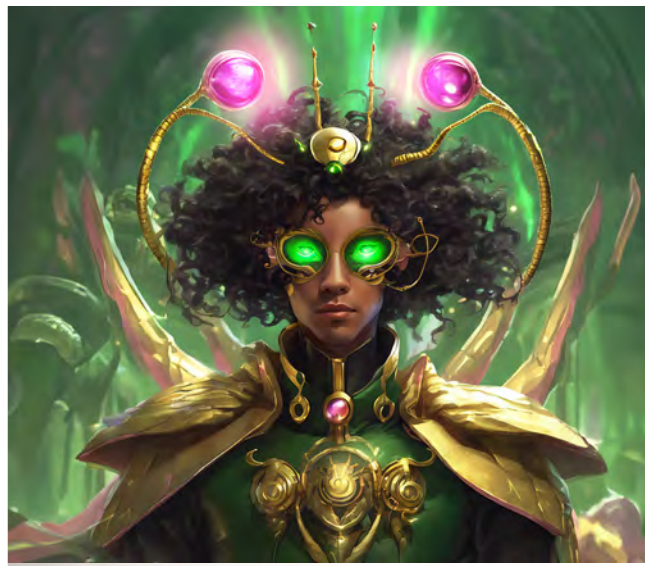
The group of leaders recline, preparing for an evening of conversation and celebration before Ramthor and Rayna depart, leaving Kyro behind with Fannah to begin implementing her new plans.

»»-----Ꝥ-----««

The newly transformed Kyro spends the next several weeks soaring above the heads of felines in BrennanTown, Hirune, and the small towns and villages that dot the woodlands between the major cities. Being a master of stealth, Kyro expertly uses fog and clouds to camouflage himself, while extending his long antennae to pick up signals from great distances. His powerful insectoid mind can hold multiple conversations







at once, and with the aid of his special magic, he effortlessly writes down everything he sees and hears on his enchanted scrolls. Volumes of data pour forth from him as he listens in on conversations.

Returning to debrief Fannah on all the gathered intelligence, Kyro arrives at Fannah's Den in a whirlwind, spinning in an impressive tornado-like fashion. Perched high above BrennanTown, Fannah has been diligently preparing her political campaign to rally all the felines in the realm to align with her new vision and follow her lead. With a team of top

professionals, including a chief of staff, policy advisor, press secretary, and campaign manager, Fannah's presence commands attention. As Kyro arrives, they all pause in awe, taking in his majestic figure and dynamic entrance. Fannah dismisses her team and invites Kyro to be seated at a large table covered with scrolls, writing instruments, and cups of steaming morning brew.

Clearing some debris, Kyro makes space to lay out his own scrolls and prepares to deliver his debrief.

"Fannah, I've been surveying the skies for several weeks now, gathering a wealth of information from the conversations I've overheard. I've been pondering why some people might hold biases against you. I believe it's crucial for us to delve into their perspective in order to bridge the gap. So tell me, what is it about them that prevents them from accepting you? What aspects hinder the recognition of feminine power?" asks Kyro intently.

Fannah sighs deeply. "Kyro, I've wrestled with this issue for quite some time. I've made choices that have tarnished my image, and now I fear the consequences of those actions. In the past, I've used force to enforce obedience among my people, accumulated wealth solely for the benefit of an elite few, and even deceived my own subjects by posing as a foreign king. I yearn to be seen, accepted, and loved by them, yet I've come to realize that my accomplishments among the people do not necessarily guarantee their genuine support."

Kyro smiles approvingly, admiring Fannah's self-awareness. "That's a remarkable realization, Fannah. It takes great strength to confront such challenges. Understanding the underlying reasons behind their hesitations and biases is the first step towards regaining their trust. Perhaps your approach to power doesn't resonate with them. Have you ever consid-



ered a more inclusive and collaborative leadership style? One that empowers your people rather than commands them?”

Fannah looks up, lost in thought, intrigued by Kyro’s observation. “That’s certainly a confirming thought, Kyro. I’ve always held a steadfast belief in the power of femininity and its inherent strength. I’ve been realizing that if I wish to inspire others to recognize the same, I need to demonstrate it through my actions. I must shift my approach, fostering a culture of inclusivity and encouraging open conversations. I ought to make them realize that their voices matter, and their perspectives hold immense value.”

Kyro’s head antenna dance and twist around with excitement. “Exactly, Fannah. By fostering dialogue, you can address their concerns, attune yourself to their needs, and exhibit a genuine commitment to their well-being. Show them empathy and actively work towards solutions that benefit everyone. Remember, leadership extends beyond authority; it should inspire and earn the trust of your people.”

Fannah stands up and walks to the window, gazing over the sprawling and thriving city of BrennanTown. In the distance, amidst the smokestacks of the heating factories that warm the earth and sustain their lives, she feels a sense of pride in her accomplishments. “You speak the truth, Kyro. The path may be riddled with obstacles, but I am willing to embark on this journey. I yearn to establish a world where prosperity is not just reserved for a select few, but a realm where everyone can flourish. Thank you for teaching me to question these biases and guiding me towards growth and understanding.”

Kyro stands at attention, aware that his words were heard and his mission in Hirune accomplished. “It is an honor, Fannah. I firmly believe in your capacity to effect positive change. Together, with your capable staff, we can devise strategies to connect with your people, earn their genuine affection, and forge a unified and thriving kingdom,” says Kyro confidently.

»»-----ǻ-----««

Onghus snorts with discontent, noticing the new billboards erected in Hirune with Fannah’s image. A slogan beneath says, “Embrace the Power Within, Let Fannah Empower Our Realm!” He slams the door hard as he enters his lair, where his loyal henchman and second in command, Vidar, is waiting for him. Vidar, fully engrossed







in scrolls researching Fannah’s campaign and coming up with ideas to undermine her, senses Onghus’s frustration and speaks up in a menacing tone, “Good, I’m glad you have returned. I’ve come up with some strategies.”

Onghus glowers at Vidar, his eyes burning with anger. “Tell me, Vidar, what have you discovered about that insidious lioness?” he growls, his voice dripping with contempt.

Vidar straightens up, his expression grave yet filled with a hint of excitement. “It appears that Fannah intends to portray herself as a unifying force, aiming to repair past grievances and foster greater unity within the realm,” he explains, a sinister smile creeping across his face. “But fear not, for I have devised ways to sow discord and chaos, undermining her at every turn.”

The Green Meme embodies the belief in equality and the desire to unify diverse groups, seeking harmony and inclusivity. However, the Red Meme, operating on a different level of consciousness, perceives itself and other groups as separate entities, resisting the notion of unity. This creates an opportunity for the Red Meme to exploit the peaceful nature of the Green Meme. By infiltrating peaceful protests and demonstrations, the Red Meme can manipulate the environment of dissent to incite violence and conflict, effectively disrupting the unity sought by the Green Meme.

Reflect on a real-life situation where you observed the exploitation or manipulation of peaceful protests or movements. How did it affect the overall goal or message of the movement? What can be learned from these instances about the dynamics between different levels of consciousness and their impact on social movements?.



Onghus's scowl slowly transforms into a sly grin, intrigued by Vidar's determination. "Give me your most cunning strategies, Vidar. I want to see her downfall," he demands, his tone laced with anticipation.

Vidar leans in, lowering his voice conspiratorially. "First, we shall exploit the deep-rooted grievances that the populace holds against Fannah. We will remind them of her past failures and controversial decisions, turning public sentiment against her."

Onghus's eyes gleam, his appetite for revenge growing stronger. "Excellent, Vidar. People love a scapegoat, and we shall ensure that Fannah becomes their target."

Vidar continues, his voice filled with wicked delight. "Furthermore, we shall unleash a campaign of misinformation. Our carefully planted agents will spread false rumors and distort Fannah's actions, creating doubt and mistrust among the population."

Onghus nods approvingly. "Let us see how long her image of a benevolent queen can withstand the weight of deceit and manipulation."

Vidar's excitement intensifies as he reveals his next strategy. "To compound her troubles, my lord, we will manipulate the realm's economic conditions. By exploiting vulnerabilities in trade and financial systems, we will create increased hardship, scarcity of resources, and unrest among the people."

Onghus smirks, relishing the idea of Fannah struggling to maintain control amidst chaos. "Let the economics of her realm crumble, while we bask in the profits of our criminal empire."

Vidar concludes, his voice brimming with confidence. "Finally, my lord, we will frame Fannah as an out-of-touch ruler, disconnected from the struggles of the common folk. With a carefully crafted narrative, we will portray her as an enemy of the people and stoke populist sentiments."

Onghus's laughter fills the lair, a wicked sound that reverberates off the walls. "Ah, Vidar, you truly understand the art of manipulation. Together, we shall watch as Fannah's reign crumbles beneath the weight of her own supposed virtues."

The room fills with an air of malevolence as Onghus and Vidar plan their devious actions, determined to thwart Fannah's campaign and seize power for their own nefarious purposes.

In the aftermath of Onghus and Vidar's scheme to undermine Fannah's campaign, their





actions start to unravel the carefully constructed image she had hoped to present. As additional issues emerge, the realm becomes increasingly divided, leading to protests, resistance, and a gradual loss of public support.

Not everyone buys into Fannah's program, and concerns about global warming and the potential consequences of over-heating the planet begin to surface. A segment of the population becomes more vocal

in their opposition, questioning the sustainability and long-term effects of Fannah's plans. Climate activists and environmental advocates lead protests against her policies, demanding more eco-friendly and responsible approaches.

As these protests grow in size and intensity, Fannah's attempts to maintain control become increasingly challenging. The dissenters amplify their voices through feline social media, spreading their concerns and rallying more people to their cause. The once-united front supporting Fannah begins to fracture, with the realms' citizens actively voicing their frustrations and disillusionment with her leadership.

Adding to Fannah's woes, the resistance movement extends beyond the issue of global warming. Food production slows down as farmers and agricultural workers, influenced by the dissent and concerns, start resisting her policies. They exert their political influence and redirect their efforts towards safeguarding their traditional methods or advocating for more sustainable farming practices. The elders, who hold considerable influence and command respect within the realm, seize this opportunity to assert their own power once again, further eroding Fannah's public support.

With food production compromised and heat generation plants slowing down due to the resistance, a harsh winter takes hold again. Chaos erupts as the realm faces a scarcity of resources, including food and heating fuel. The discontent within the populace intensifies, with citizens blaming Fannah for the deteriorating situation and the perceived failure of her policies.

Fannah finds herself caught in a vicious cycle of public outcry, protests, and growing demands for change. The realm, once hopeful for unity and progress, now teeters on the brink of social and political upheaval. Fannah's ability to effectively govern and bring about



positive change is severely undermined, as the many challenges and consequences of her actions create a turbulent and fractured landscape within the realm.

»»-----ǻ-----««

A cold gust of wind whips past Fannah as she walks, causing her to clutch her thick fur collar and pull it close for warmth. The world of Hirune and BrennanTown is covered in snow and ice, reminding Fannah of the years past when the ice first took hold. She has come so far, and now she is disheartened to see her empire crumble before her eyes. Chaos and unrest haunt the streets, creating the absolute opposite effect to what Fannah was hoping to achieve for herself. Her aim to restore her image to greatness and become the leader of unity and hope for her people seems to have been completely swallowed by an Anti-Fannah campaign that has come back to haunt her once again.

Fannah walks for hours in the cold, contemplating her life, her choices, and her future. Eventually, she arrives at the Arch of Suspension, now a famous portal guarded by robotic rabbits who collect fees for entry. Fannah pays the expensive toll and enters the portal, arriving in the labyrinth maze. The warm air provides a pleasant relief from the cold she has become all too familiar with. She removes her heavy fur coat and strolls along the labyrinth walls, feeling guided as if each turn somehow reflects the maze of her own experiences in life.

She eventually stops to rest at a beautiful fountain facing an enormous archway leading to another realm. Fannah watches the water stream out of an elaborate sculptural scene depicting rabbits and robots fused together in a metallic masterpiece. She wonders if it has something to do with the robotic rabbits, called RABOTIC's, who police the portal gateways. She marvels at the feat of such a robotic army and its power. Her thoughts then shift to imagine who might be responsible for them, and she recognizes what a great achievement it is indeed. Fannah ponders her own accomplishments, reflecting on the years of amazing feats under her belt. She asks herself the question, "Why does it matter if they love me or not? I have achieved great things."

Suddenly, her amulet creature appears and speaks a riddle.





In the realm of feline dreams, where wisdom flows,  
A riddle of truth for Fannah it bestows.  
In shadows cast by eclipse's ethereal gleam,  
Listen closely, for answers may redeem.

Whiskers of gold, eyes sharp and bright,  
A feline gazes into the starry night.  
Not all cats tread the same path in stride,  
Diverse journeys unfold, side by side.

One cat hunts with fangs that gleam,  
Swift and nimble, a predator supreme.  
Another purrs, basking in the sun's warm glow,  
Finding solace in tranquility, a life bestowed.

For each feline possesses unique grace,  
Inherent gifts that set their spirit's pace.  
Some may climb the highest trees with ease,  
While others thrive in chasing elusive breeze.

Hence, dear Fannah, let this truth unfurl,  
Not all paws are destined to conquer the world.  
Encourage unity, embrace diversity's sway,  
For greatness lies in each feline's own special way.

Through this riddle's tale, may you comprehend,  
That success comes in forms more than one can apprehend.

Not everyone is granted the same feline grace,  
Thus celebrate the weave of life's enchanted chase.

The amulet creature returns to Fannah's amulet. It gleams and glistens with light as Fannah contemplates the meaning of the riddle.

As Fannah stood by the water feature, observing the intricate sculpture of rabbits and robotic rabbits dancing in harmony, a spark of realization ignited within her. The juxtaposition of these different beings, coming together in celebration and unity, mirrored the essence of the riddle.

Lost in the labyrinthine maze, Fannah recalled the words of the riddle and gazed upon the dancing figures. The rabbits, graceful and agile, represented those who effortlessly excelled





in their chosen paths. On the other hand, the robotic rabbits, with their mechanical precision, embodied individuals who found success through unique skills and technological marvels.

As she watched the fluid movements of the sculpture, Fannah witnessed a moment of synchronicity. The rabbits and robotic rabbits seamlessly twirled and leaped, each contributing their own distinct talents to the enchanting dance. It was in this harmonious display that Fannah's understanding crystallized.

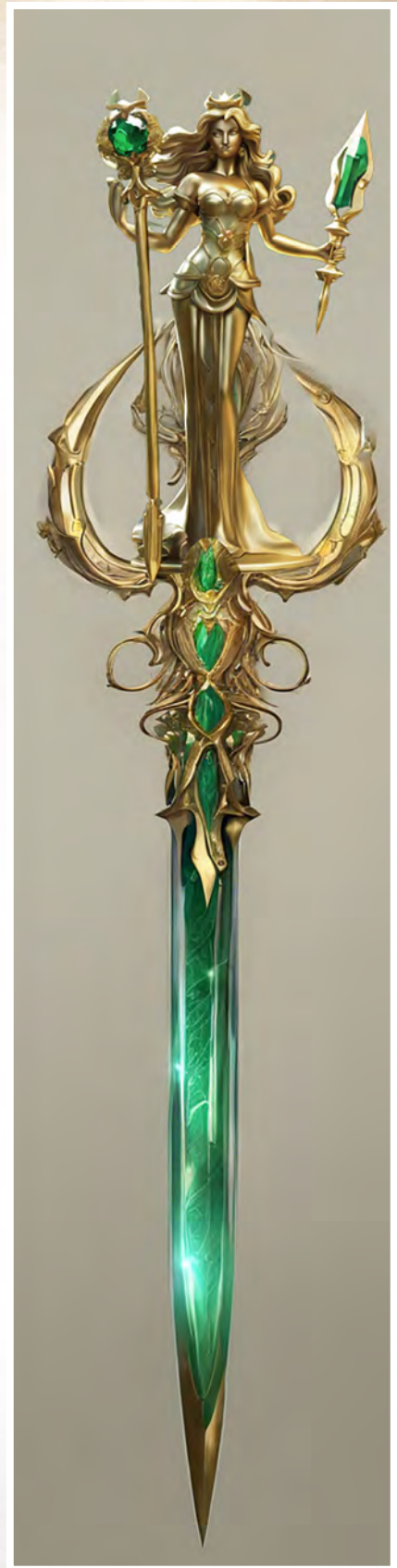
The maze surrounding her symbolized the diverse paths life presents to each individual. Just as no two twists and turns of a labyrinth are the same, the journey of every being is uniquely shaped by their circumstances, abilities, and opportunities. Some may possess natural talents, while others may rely on relentless determination and innovation to forge forward.

With this revelation, Fannah recognized the lesson derived from the riddle. She understood that not everyone is meant to tread the same path or achieve the same level of success. The key lay in fostering unity and embracing the various strengths that each individual brings to the universe.

As the rabbits and robotic rabbits continued their enchanting performance, the sculpture radiating wisdom, Fannah felt a newfound appreciation for the diversity that surrounded her. The maze of her own existence suddenly appeared more vibrant and meaningful. She realized that her role as a leader was not just to mold everyone in her image but to celebrate the distinct qualities and contributions that each person could offer.

Suddenly, her amulet creature appears once again, sensing Fannah's revelations and offering her reward for her wisdom and heartfelt observations.

"Well done, Fannah! You have solved the riddle!" the creature exclaims warmly. "As a reward for your insight, I will amplify the powers of your dagger. Now, hold out the knife."













## *Emerald level gear - Dagger Transformed*

The dagger is no longer a weapon for attack used in the Ruby Level, but is now a symbol of Fannah's authentic self, transformed from the image of her father to her own image..

### *Summary*

Fannah transitions from exploring her own emotions to becoming a compassionate politician. Despite successfully boosting food production, her reputation becomes tarnished, resulting in division among her people. In an effort to unite them, Fannah takes the initiative to organize a grand gala, incorporating her musical talents. Through a heartfelt song, she highlights her achievements and emphasizes the importance of equal benefits for all. However, opposition arises due to concerns over air pollution and global warming, leading to protests and a decline in food production.

These challenges prompt Fannah to question the significance of universal adoration. It is during this introspective period that her phoenix companion presents her with a riddle, revealing the inequalities present in her society. As a symbol of her growth and empowerment, Fannah is bestowed with a dagger, transforming her father's image into her own.

### *Questions & Self-Reflection*

Who has control over your life? Is it you? Or are you being dictated by the expectations of others? Reflect on a time when you felt heavily influenced by the expectations of others. How did it make you feel? What were the consequences of living according to those expectations? How would you like to regain or strengthen your sense of control over your own life?

What are the benefits and drawbacks of seeking consensus and striving for harmonious unity? Are there any potential downsides to this approach? Considering Fannah's experience, how did pursuing consensus and harmonious unity work for her, and what lessons can be learned from her journey?"

Reflect on a situation in your own life where you sought consensus and worked towards harmonious unity. What were the outcomes? Were there any challenges or drawbacks? What lessons did you take away from that experience? How might you approach similar situations in the future?

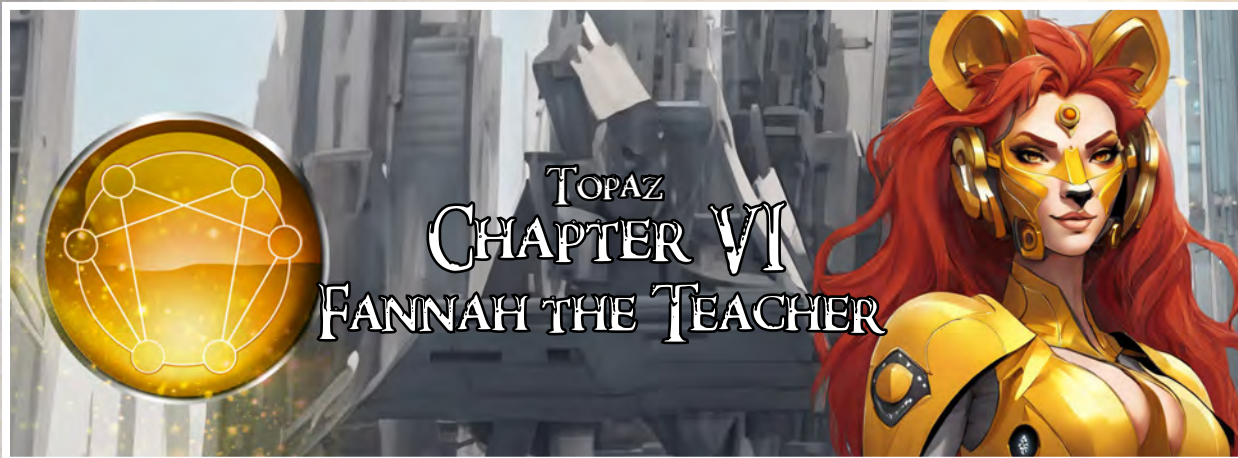
Do you truly know the essence of your authentic self? Envision a scenario where you could pursue anything without being influenced by the opinions or expectations of others. In this context, what would you choose to do or become?"





FANNAH THE POLITICIAN





## Chapter 6

### Evolvoria

The light shifts once again as an eclipse illuminates the emerald sky, transforming its greenish hue into a radiant yellow glow. The light permeates the ice and snow, triggering a chemical reaction that awakens a new form of magic within the frozen landscape. Fannah, with her inherent connection to magic, later dubs it 'FrostFire.'

On this particular day, Fannah embarks on a solitary walk along a path leading away from BrennanTown. The city has grown chaotic, with the older order of Elders rising from Hirune and gradually influencing the city's leadership. Fannah feels her influence waning, prompting her to seek her own destiny.

As she treks through the snowy path, Fannah senses a hum and vibration emanating from



her dagger, securely fastened to her belt. She notices that the snow beneath her feet begins to glow and sparkle with the brilliance of tiny diamonds and crystals. Curiously, flame-shaped ice bursts forth from the snow, as if her very presence triggers this wondrous reaction. Fannah, intrigued, withdraws her dagger to investigate its vibration.

Instinctively, Fannah touches the



crystal with the hilt of her dagger, provoking a brilliant fusion of fire and ice magic. The crystalline structure reacts to her touch, casting a vibrant glow and projecting an illuminated energy beam into the air. In this momentary enchantment, the dagger's blade shimmers and emits a soft hum.

The dagger aligns itself, its blade pointing in the direction of the crystalline energy source. It serves as a compass, guiding Fannah on her journey. She walks for days, sustained by the light and energy emanating from the dagger and the enchanted snow surrounding her.

Approaching a clearing within a heavily wooded area, the dagger crackles and sizzles with intensified energy. Alarmed, Fannah drops the dagger, taken aback by its intense heat and power. Instantly, the dagger's warmth permeates the frozen ground, transforming the landscape for numerous square miles into a warm and inviting oasis, shielded from the harsh winter elements by a giant dome. Fannah's mind recalls the powerful dome magic she once witnessed from Onghus, many years ago.

In her mind's eye, Fannah envisions a new city taking shape within this protected and climate-controlled oasis. She names it Evolvoria, a place where growth, harmony, and transformation will flourish. She sees the buildings rising, reflecting the diverse individuals who will call this city home. Evolvoria becomes a symbol of hope, a testament to Fannah's vision



**HEAD CENTER** - 25%  
Mental Intelligence

**HEART CENTER** - 50%  
Emotional Intelligence

**BODY CENTER** - 25%  
Somatic Intelligence

REACTIVITY - 20%

EGOIC LEVELS - 15%

Solfeggio Sound  
Frequency 369

Note: Fannah's heart energy is transitioning and she is integrating more of her head, heart, and body resources.

By seeing the value of all the ways of being in the world, Fannah can allow herself to be authentic. When energy is no longer spent in creating different images for different audiences, it can be, instead, effectively channeled into what she has to offer the world as she spreads hope as the Teacher.

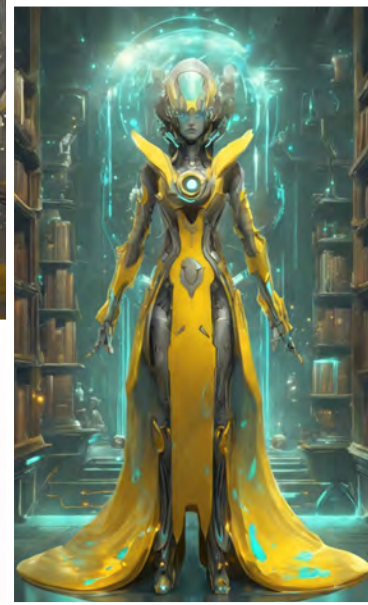
Rather than losing time in frenetic doing to compensate for a deep sense of valuelessness, this illusion of having to do to be loved is transformed into being able to make the best use of her time serving the world.





and the power of FrostFire.

As Fannah closes her eyes, her mind transports her to a realm where fantasy and possibility intertwine. She envisions a city where the wisdom of the ages and the magic within each individual weave together in harmony.



In her mind's eye, she sees a magnificent city nestled amidst rolling hills and shimmering lakes, kissed by the golden glow of a celestial sun. The city emanates an energy of tranquility and growth, as if every stone and structure pulsates with the very essence of life itself.

The streets of the city wind in a graceful dance, forming intricate patterns that mirror the interconnectedness of all beings. The buildings, with their ethereal architecture, rise like elegant spires, echoing the aspirations and dreams of the inhabitants.

Lush gardens flourish in every corner of the city, bursting with vibrant blooms that reflect the diversity and beauty of the many cultures and perspectives that converge within its boundaries. Each garden represents the value of open-mindedness, where ideas can take root, grow, and evolve.

Crystal-clear fountains grace the city squares, their waters flowing with the essence of enlightenment and collective wisdom. Those who seek solace and guidance gather around these fountains,





drawing inspiration from the whispers of ancient knowledge and the gentle songs of mystical creatures.

At the heart of the city lies a grand library, its towering shelves filled with books imbued with both mundane and magical wisdom. The library serves as a sanctuary, a haven for seekers of truth and understanding. It is a place where diverse perspectives are cherished, and the exploration of ideas is celebrated.



Magic permeates every corner of the city, as wizards and sorcerers conjure spells with good intentions, seeking to contribute to the greater good of all. The air is tinged with the scent of enchantments, and the colorful sparks of magical energy dance through the streets, accompanied by the laughter of those who have tapped into their unique gifts.

In this vision, Fannah sees the citizens of the city valuing collaboration and synergy. They gather in vibrant marketplaces where artisans, scholars, healers, and innovators come together in a whirlwind of creativity. A spirit of cooperation and shared growth thrives, as every trade and profession is regarded as a crucial piece of the city's intricate tapestry.

Throughout the city, shimmering bridges span across the sky, connecting different districts and realms. These bridges symbolize the importance of forging connections, fostering empathy, and embracing the richness that diversity brings. They are enchanted gateways that invite both physical and metaphorical exploration, leading to uncharted possibilities.

As Fannah's vision reaches its crescendo, the city gleams with a radiant energy, its vibrant soul, a place of profound authenticity, where individuals are encouraged to embrace their true selves and unleash their full potential.

With her eyes open, Fannah carries this vision within her heart. She is determined to transform her surroundings into the embodiment of the city she envisions—a magical haven where the principles of wisdom, growth, collaboration, and authentic self-expression flourish. Her goal is to create a city where magic and principles of harmony will thrive, and where she can shape a bright future not just for herself, but for others as well.



Fannah along with Kyro, her faithful twin panthers Kato and Nakato, and a team of thought leaders and way-showers gather in Fannah's newly constructed high tower, a central palace and one of the only permanent structures in a sea of tents and makeshift cottages that are slowly populating the landscape of the developing city known as Evolvoria. Through word of mouth, new inhabitants are gradually finding their way to the city, although the lack of infrastructure is already causing pockets of chaos to emerge. Fannah expresses her gratitude to the leaders she has come to know over the years in Hirune and BrennanTown, who have joined her in constructing this new city.



In a futuristic interior embellished with bio-mechanical elements, projectors, and high-tech furnishings, Fannah summons Nakato, her loyal panther ally, to project diagrams and statistics before the group. This takes place in a spacious, modern conference room featuring luminescent panels, sleek metallic surfaces, and transparent panels. With automated velvet curtains, plush seating, and a cozy ambiance created by the simulated glow of embers, the leaders collaborate on a variety of innovative ideas within this captivating, technologically advanced setting.

Following a period of deliberation and collaboration, exploring the diagrams and charts depicting the city's design and needs, they prioritize a list to create a successful model and blueprint for Evolvoria's growth. Nakato stands at a large board, writing instrument in hand, and begins jotting down the principles as dictated by each delegate.





**1. Techno-Mystical Urban Enchantment:** Seamlessly fuse advanced technologies, scientific marvels, and the essence of magic while crafting the city. Harness the interplay of cutting-edge innovations, scientific discoveries, and mystical energies to create a spellbinding and technologically advanced cityscape. Incorporate celestial alignments, ancient runes, and magical creatures to infuse an enchanting atmosphere throughout.

**2. Futurist Elemental Infrastructure:** Integrate state-of-the-art bio-mechanical elements and futuristic technologies into the city's infrastructure, while also drawing on the elemental forces of earth, air, fire, and water. Enchant buildings with protective wards, incorporate mystic portals for swift travel, and utilize magical conduits to harness elemental energy sources for power, illumination, and sustainable advancements.

**3. Prophetic Techno-Governance:** Seek counsel from seers, mystics, and mystical beings to guide decision-making for the city. Augment visionary leadership with advanced predictive analytics, cosmic data, and interconnected systems, fostering harmony between technological advancements and mystical insights.

**4. Ethereal Equilibrium:** Foster diversity and inclusivity among magical and technological entities by creating habitats that harmoniously coexist throughout the city. Implement laws that protect the rights and well-being of both magical and non-magical residents, ensuring a balanced and inclusive cityscape where all can thrive.

**5. Arcane Techno-Education:** Establish academies where aspiring technomages learn to master both advanced scientific techniques and ancient magical arts. Encourage the integration of futuristic technologies, exploration of magical realms, and the study of mystical lore, enabling individuals to harmonize technology and magic in unprecedented ways.

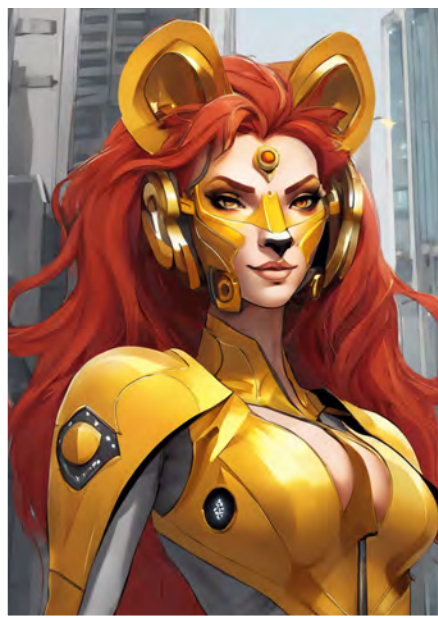
**6. Enchanted Agrotechnology:** Revolutionize agriculture through the seamless integration of advanced technologies and magical practices. Employ bio-engineered crops infused with mystical properties, vertical farming systems nurtured by both scientific and magical means, and guardian magical creatures aiding in the cultivation of abundant, sustainable harvests.

**7. Magitech Transportation:** Develop a sophisticated network of magitech infrastructure including teleportation hubs, floating platforms, and enchanted vehicles for swift, eco-friendly transportation. Create interdimensional portals that seamlessly connect realms, enabling travel across cosmic boundaries and fostering a sense of wonder and interconnectedness.

**8. Mystical Techno-Arts and Culture:** Embrace the fusion of magic, technology, and artistic expression by staging breathtaking exhibitions, enchanting performances, and immersive events that showcase the creative possibilities of advanced technologies and mystical arts. Establish grand libraries where ancient tomes and holographic scrolls hold the knowledge of magical civilizations and technological wonders, preserving their secrets for future generations.

**9. Resilient Enchantment:** Safeguard the city against magical threats and unforeseen calamities by deploying advanced protective technologies alongside powerful enchantments. Develop mystical barriers, storm-shielding spells, and advanced techno-magical rituals woven with bio-mechanical components, ensuring the safety, well-being, and resilience of the city and its inhabitants in the face of challenges.





Fannah claps her paws with excitement. “This is so brilliant! I love every feature. Our city will be a model of success, I just know it! Now then, we’ll need a name for this model. What do we think?” asks Fannah curiously. After a long deliberation, the leaders come back together again and settle upon the name MEOWS: Mystical Enchantments for an Optimized Wizarding Society.”

Faces around the room beam with approval, and with a collective agreement upon the chosen name, the meeting concludes. Fannah then takes a seat by the fire, deep in contemplation of her next steps. She has a new problem to solve. How to get more people to come and build the city. Fannah unrolls a nearby newspaper, a new intergalactic publication, and surveys the headlines. An advertisement for a new technology called TICLS (Tac-

tical Interlink for Communication and Listening System.) catches her eye. She glances at the copy and an image of a large mechanical rabbit robot - a RABOTIC, (Rapidly Animated, Brilliantly Operated, Tirelessly Intelligent Companions) as they are called, and receives an idea.

»»-----ǎ-----««

Emilia and Hera, found themselves ensconced in an aquatic-owned labyrinth café near the portal of Suspension. Traffic marched by them to and fro, from all corners of the galaxy, moving in and out of labyrinth systems and portals. RABOTIC units continually patrolled the area, policing activity and handing out fines to those not complying with portal guidelines. The newly erected café represented an evolution of galactic commerce, bringing intergalactic retail stores into the portal area itself, creating even more congestion than before. A friendly squid-like waitress approached them with beverages and a warm smile as the felines took their first sip of a hearty stimulant to energize their upcoming work-day navigating intergalactic trade. Emilia reached for a bottle of honey on the table and mused over the label. “Healer’s Harvest: Bee Balm of Renewal. Hmm...sounds promising,” exclaimed Emilia, pouring a generous helping into her brew to sweeten it. They enjoyed a lively conversation as they prepared for their busy day. BrennanTown occupied most of their lives now as they worked tirelessly to govern to the best of their abilities, even in the face of a growing movement of elders seizing control of most of Hirune and now BrennanTown, following Fannah’s absence after a failed political campaign. Their pointed ears perked up as they caught the faint hum of mechanical whirring, signaling the approach of





a RABOTIC toward them.

A large and elegant statue of a RABOTIC rabbit stood tall, its golden metal frame gleaming softly. Its ears started to twitch, and the statue's eyes flickered with life.

In a voice that sang with enchantment, the robotic rabbit began to relay a message, its metallic voice echoing across the surrounding café and traffic lanes of the labyrinth.

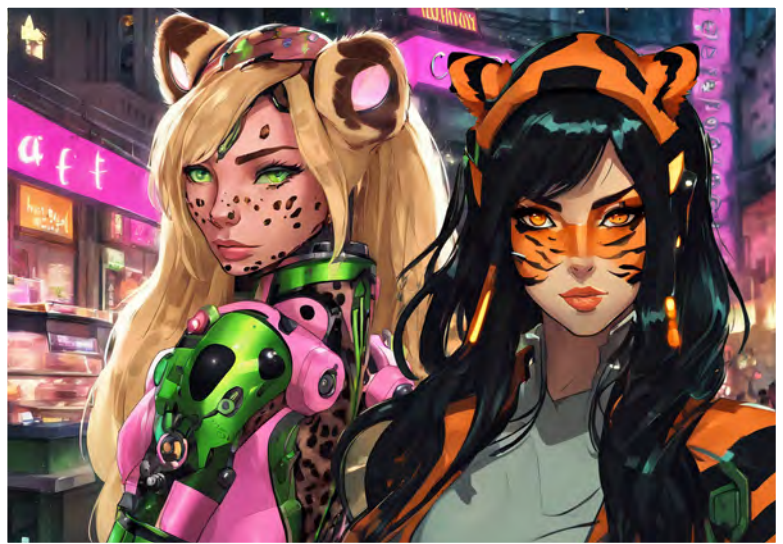
*“Attention, intergalactic citizens,”* the rabbit's voice boomed over the speakers. *“I bring you news that shall shape the future of our realm. Fannah, of the feline world of Hirune, has founded a wondrous city of unparalleled functionality and competency - Evolvoria!”*

Emilia and Hera exchanged curious glances, their muzzles wrinkling with a mix of nostalgia and uncertainty. They remembered the days when they, alongside Fannah, had governed BrennanTown together. This new era under Fannah's sole leadership stirred a jumble of emotions within them.

With an upbeat tone, the robotic rabbit continued, *“The city reflects her unwavering belief in the power of intelligence and the necessity of contribution. Those who wish to join and thrive in this new realm are welcomed, granted they embrace the values and drive that Fannah upholds.”* The RABOTIC concludes its message indicated by the absence of flashing and whirring lights.

“I wonder what values her new city upholds?” said Hera with raised eyebrows of skeptical curiosity.

As the RABOTIC overheard her verbalized thoughts, it approached and opened its mouth, printing out a long parchment like a lizard's tongue, then tore it away once completed.





“Here is a brochure of characteristics and values,” said the RABOTIC robotically.

Emilia thanked the RABOTIC, who then walked away with a stiff mechanical gait. She began to read aloud the qualities and characteristics of this new city.

*In the frost-laden landscapes north-east of BrennanTown, Evolvoria stands as a beacon of innovation, resilience, and flexibility amidst an eternal ice age.*

*Ruled by the enigmatic and wise feline magician, Fannah, Evolvoria thrives under her guidance, a testament to the indomitable spirit of its inhabitants.*

Hera and Emilia look at each other with curiosity and wonder. “A new city started from scratch? Quite ambitious,” says Hera, glancing over the brochure. “Look at all these features,” says Emilia, leaning over to glance at the brochure as well.

### ***Magical Flames and Sustainable Agriculture***

*Fields ablaze with flickering flames of fire magic agriculture make Evolvoria’s agricultural hub renowned throughout the galaxy. Here, amidst a delicate dance of magic and nature, the inhabitants coax life from the frozen earth, defying the chill of the ice age through intricate spells and ancient rituals.*

### ***Unity and Bounty at the Agricultural Hub***

*Evolvoria’s Agricultural Hub showcases the ingenuity and resilience of its people. Through rhythmic incantations and crackling flames, the city’s bountiful harvests are shared, embodying the interconnectivity of all creatures, great and small. The hub ensures that hunger addressed at the individual level ultimately affects the well-being of the entire community.*





### ***A Sanctuary of Magic and Protection***

*Beyond its agricultural prowess, Evolvoria offers sanctuary amidst the icy wilderness. Whiskerwind Runes guide travelers through labyrinthine streets, and spectral feline familiars offer protection to those in need. The city pulses with the magic of its feline ancestors, ensuring safety and comfort for all who seek refuge.*

### ***The Everburning Hearth and Fannah's Tower***

*At the heart of Evolvoria lies the Everburning Hearth, a colossal fireplace fueled by enchanted flames that never die. Gathered around its warmth, the city's inhabitants commune, valuing the existence and well-being of all forms of life. High above, Fannah's Tower stands as a bastion of arcane knowledge and power, where the city's fate is shaped through appropriate means of decision-making.*

### ***The Whispers of the Cheetah Spirits and the Whispering Woods***

*Beyond the city walls lies the mystical Whispering Woods, inhabited by elusive cheetah spirits. These ethereal creatures hold the power to grant visions of the past, present, and future to deserving seekers. They possess magical technologies that offer innovative solutions and valuable resources for existential problems.*

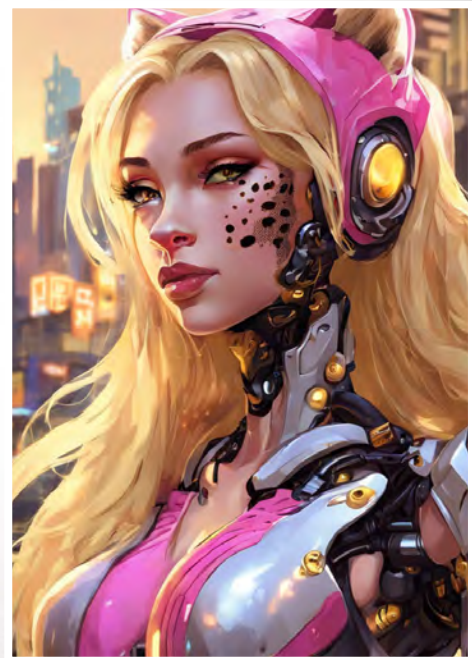
### ***Illuminate the Path to a Brighter Tomorrow***

*Welcome to Evolvoria—where the enchantment of feline sorcery permeates all aspects of city life. Journey through this realm, guided by the wisdom of the feline ancestors, and embrace the magical tapestry that illuminates the path to a brighter tomorrow.*

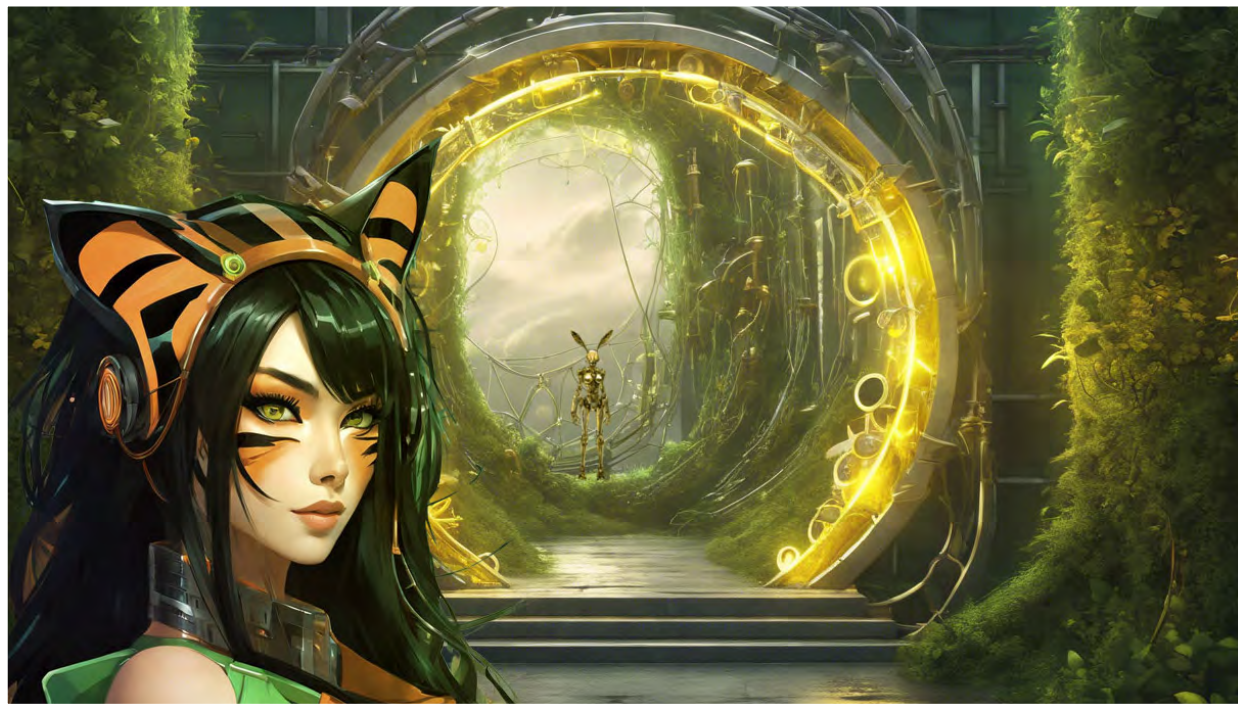
Hera let out a contemplative sigh, her eyes fixed on the brochure that she neatly folds and puts inside her futuristic modular pack. . “Well Emilia my dear friend,” she began softly, “there is no denying the strength and vision Fannah possesses. But I can't help feeling a tinge of bittersweetness. The memories of BrennanTown, where we all once governed together, still linger within.”

Emilia, her hair ruffled by the gentle breeze, nodded in understanding. “Indeed, Hera. BrennanTown holds a special place in our hearts, where unity and collaboration were once upheld. Yet, change is inevitable, and Fannah marches forward with her own aspirations. We must navigate these mixed feelings and find our own paths within this new chapter.”

As the sound of the RABOTIC's mechanics fades into







the distance, Emilia and Hera exchange a knowing glance, ready to reflect on their bond, memories, and embrace the complexities of moving forward.

Concluding their morning brunch, the two executive felines suddenly notice unusual movements within the portal gateways. Large construction crews in chariots begin to emerge from all directions, closing off sections of the labyrinth. The distant sounds of saws and machinery fill the air, piquing their curiosity. Determined to uncover the truth, the felines make their way towards one of the construction crews, hoping to learn what is transpiring.

A muscular centaur from the crew ropes off a traffic lane and hangs a sign on the rope which reads, “Portal Labyrinth Demolition. Approach with Caution!”

Emilia and Hera exchange glances, their eyes filled with disbelief. Emilia, on her tippy toes, peers past the construction crews as they dismantle the complex, root-filled trees and densely entwined wires and mechanics that form the labyrinth walls. They start walking towards their usual gateway to Paragonia, hoping to engage in deliberations with the bird creatures of the realm, when suddenly they hear the sound of marching. The RABOTICs, previously stationed at portal entrances and on patrol duty, abruptly abandon their posts, forming perfectly aligned lines before marching away through a nearby gateway.

The two felines watch in astonishment as the labyrinth walls collapse all around them, wondering what this new initiative could mean not just for themselves, but for everyone.



Under the shining sun of Evolvoria, Fannah gracefully walked alongside a family of eight felines, guiding them to the grand entrance of the city. The vibrant hues of their magical fur mirrored the diverse spirit of this enchanted realm.

“In this mystical city of Evolvoria,” Fannah spoke, her voice gentle and filled with warmth, “we extend our deepest gratitude for your presence here. However, I must share with you the expectations and responsibilities that come with becoming a resident.”

The family, their eyes filled with curiosity, listened intently as Fannah continued. “Each citizen is seen as a valuable thread in the tapestry of our community. It is through individual contributions that our city flourishes harmoniously and continues to evolve with the ever-changing tides of magic.”

The matriarch of the feline family, her fur shimmering like moonlight, expressed her concerns. “Dear Fannah, we yearn to be a part of this thriving community, but our magical abilities cannot align with the strict contribution requirements. Our unique talents and circumstances call for different paths of contribution.”

Fannah nodded with empathy, understanding their plight. “I honor your individuality and the virtues you possess,” she soothingly responded. “I see now that there are diverse ways in which one can contribute, and it is important to follow the paths that align with our values and capabilities.”





With a touch of sadness in her eyes, Fannah bid farewell to the family, their hearts entwined briefly in understanding. “Though the chosen paths may diverge, please know that you will always be welcome to visit and maintain connections within our community. Our gates remain open to the bonds of friendship and kinship that we have forged here.”

The family expressed gratitude, their whiskers twitching with a mix of appreciation and melancholy. As they turned to leave, Fannah’s voice lingered softly in the air, carrying the heartfelt sentiments of Evolvoria. “May your new endeavors be filled with magic and wonder, and may our paths cross again in the tapestry of fate.”

As Fannah waves goodbye, Kyro descends from the sky, his rotating antennae observing the scene below with curiosity. He lands in front of Fannah, warmly greeting her. “Hello, friend. My goodness, I thought you wanted to ‘attract’ residents, not eject them!” Kyro quips, teasingly sensing the situation. Fannah crosses her arms, delighted to see him while also defending her choices. “Ha, ha. Very funny. It was a difficult thing I had to do just now.” Fannah says, unfolding her arms and reaching out for a hug.

As they embrace, Fannah fondly thinks of their growing friendship. Over the past couple of years since they met in the labyrinth systems, they have grown close to one another. Kyro confided in Fannah, sharing personal stories and challenges, finding her immensely supportive in his unique journey concerning sexuality, acceptance, diversity, and love. Fannah greatly enjoyed his wit and company, leaning on him for his insights into intergalactic governments, economy, and politics.

They gather in Fannah’s cozy hideaway at the pinnacle of the tower, nestled next to the ever-burning fireplace. The room is filled with camaraderie as Fannah and Kyro share tales and partake in warm ale, setting the stage for the purpose of Kyro’s visit.

“I reckon you haven’t heard the latest news, given that you usually rely on me for intergalactic updates. Ramthor has been making quite the waves in the galaxy.” Kyro reveals, his voice tinged with intrigue. He takes a satisfying sip of the frothy, luminescent elixir, reclining in a sleek, ergonomically designed levitating chair.

Fannah leans in, her eyes widened with curiosity. “They must be monumental changes if Ramthor is involved. We all know he is never one to engage in small endeavors,” she replies, taking a hearty gulp of her ale. Her head spins momentarily as she tries to keep up with the mesmerizing dance of Kyro’s antennae, seemingly mirroring the whirlwind of thoughts in his mind.

The intensity in Kyro’s gaze grows as he continues to share the details. “He plans to dismantle all the labyrinths and has already disbanded the entire fleet of immigration and





police RABOTICs from the portals. The only remnants that will persist are a handful of modernized retail establishments that have relocated and a small preserved segment of the labyrinth, serving as a historical tribute near the Ramthorian gateway,” Kyro reveals, his voice steady.

Fannah is taken aback by the news. “Kyro, who will oversee and regulate the traffic flow? It will descend into sheer mayhem! Can you grasp the implications? Chaos will reign supreme! Why? Why is Ramthor taking such drastic measures?” Fannah asks, her disbelief palpable.

Nodding in agreement, Kyro’s gaze fixates on the mesmerizing holographic display, emanating vibrant colors and patterns in the air before him “Well, you see, he lost his horns. It appears you might not be aware. The coup occurred quite some time ago,” Kyro realizes, recognizing that there is even more news to impart. Fannah sits on the edge of her seat, utterly engrossed. “A coup? How could I have been oblivious to this? Please, Kyro, share more,” she exclaims, reaching for a delectable treat nearby.

Kyro’s antennae delicately brush against his ears as he turns his face towards Fannah, adding a touch of dramatic flair. “Dethroned and dehorned. It was a harrowing ordeal, I must say. Betrayal became his greatest fear, and sadly, it came from within his own ranks and even from an ex-lover. The aftermath was messy, leaving an indelible mark on his being. Now, he appears more serene, undergoing a profound transformation of both personality and acceptance. Physically, he is scarcely recognizable. Once an imposing figure, an intense and controlling leader not just over others but also over the galaxy itself, he has relinquished that hold. He refused to succumb to anyone else’s control and instead chose to exert his own to maintain ultimate power. However, he has embarked on a new path, one of





allowing. While this may be beneficial for him, it has unleashed chaos throughout the rest of the galaxy. Turmoil has already reached BrennanTown with invasions from other worlds extending all the way to Hirune. That is the primary reason for my presence here. As soon as I learned of this, I made haste to seek you out so that you may be prepared. Additionally, I come bearing a message, or rather, an invitation from Ramthor.”

Fannah’s mind whirls as it absorbs the weight of the situation, her thoughts racing as she receives the rolled parchment sealed with Ramthor’s distinctive insignia. Carefully, she unrolls the parchment, her eyes scanning the contents, reading the invitation that lies before her.

“YOUR ATTENDANCE REQUESTED: GALACTIC SUMMIT

*Greeting, esteemed Fannah,*

*I hope this message finds you in good health and high spirits. It is with great pleasure that I extend to you a heartfelt invitation to a momentous event - the Galactic Summit hosted by none other than Ramthor himself.*

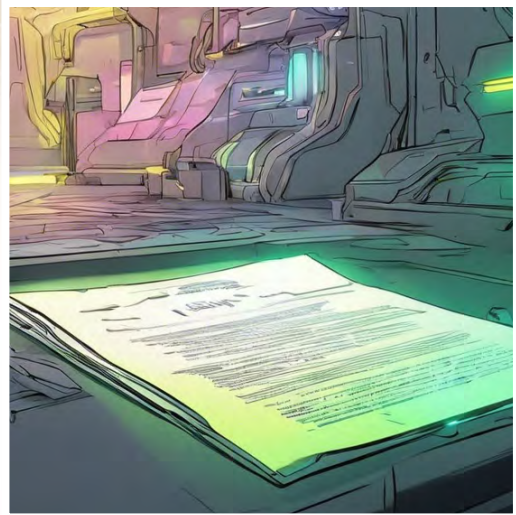
*Ramthor, ruler of Ramthoria, has decided to convene a gathering of the nine esteemed rulers from the galaxy. This auspicious occasion will take place at the magnificent palace in Ramthoria, nestled on the enchanting Sundial II. We have set the date for the 24th of the coming month, and preparations are underway to create an extraordinary experience for all who attend.*

*The central theme of this grand summit will be unity, interconnectedness, and the importance of working together during times of extreme change. As we face unprecedented challenges in our ever-shifting cosmic landscape, it is imperative that we come together, share our wisdom,*



*and forge new paths towards mutual progress and prosperity.*

*Ramthor wishes to gather the brightest minds, extraordinary leaders like yourself, to engage in meaningful dialogue, collaborate on innovative solutions, and foster a sense of harmony across our galaxies. This summit promises to be a transformative event, paving the way for a future where unity and cooperation prevail.*



*Your esteemed presence at this momentous gathering would be an immense honor. We believe that your unique perspective, insights, and adept leadership will contribute significantly to the discussions that will shape the course of our galaxies.*

*Please make the necessary arrangements and mark your calendar for this unforgettable event. We eagerly await your arrival at Ramthoria's palace, ready to offer you our warmest hospitality amidst an atmosphere of shared inspiration and enlightenment.*

*Should you have any inquiries or require assistance in your journey to Ramthoria, please do not hesitate to contact Kyro. We stand ready to ensure a seamless and enjoyable experience for you.*

*Ever gracefully and regally,*

*Ramthor,  
King of Ramthoria”*

“Well, it seems like a remarkable turn of events. In fact, it feels as though the universe is orchestrating this convergence. This summit provides the ideal platform for me to present my MEOWS (Mystical Enchantments for an Optimized Wizarding Society) blueprint for creating thriving cities. There has never been a greater need for wisdom on how to organize and heal communities than now,” declares Fannah optimistically. She realizes that her blueprint holds immense value, something that visionary leaders would be willing to invest in.

With renewed determination, Kyro, Fannah, and their team of elders set to work, preparing their city for potential threats and fortifying their defenses. Concurrently, they diligently draft official documents for their urban planning initiative and make the necessary preparations to actively participate in the upcoming summit.



Fires rage in BrennanTown. Hera, Emilia, and Shun stare in disbelief, held up in a boarded-up hideaway, as the city they have come to know, love, and help build over the years burns before their eyes. Invaders and looters are plundering the city. It is rumored that Onghus and Vidar are aiding and abetting foreign adversaries, making deals to hand over Brennan-Town in exchange for protection and trade in Hirune. Food shortages, war, poverty, and destruction are sweeping across the land. Heating stations are dwindled to a small few, nowhere near enough to generate heat for all, and many have died from hunger and exposure. The trio confers.



“We need to escape and seek out Fannah in Evolvoria. I know she will take us in. We have so much we can contribute. It isn’t safe here anymore,” says Shun with panic in his cheetah eyes.

“BANG, BANG, BANG!” His pleas are interrupted by loud thumps at the door, indicating a mob outside attempting to infiltrate their hideaway.

“Should we fight them? I mean, we have magical powers. True, we haven’t done much magic in recent years, but we still have it!” says Emilia shakily. Hera, the most powerful of all three, stands frozen. She can sense they are outnumbered and out-gunned. She knows her Hirunian enemies and their magic well, but these intergalactic hordes and their magic are unfamiliar to her. She is unsure how her magic measures up and doesn’t want to take chances with an unknown enemy.

“We need to get out of here. We can save this battle for another day when we know more about our enemy,” says Hera boldly.

Anxiously, the felines find an escape route through a window in the back of their lair and retreat just before the door crashes in. The room is suddenly flooded with a group of armed



cactus creatures, covered in menacing spikes, known as the WaHi from the wastelands of Tristan. They are armed and ready to pillage, ready to destroy anything in their path.

»»-----¤-----««

A diminutive army of Ramthorian centaurs accompanies Fannah, Kyro, and a small delegation from Evolvoria as they pass through the portal of Suspension. As they venture forth towards the summit location, chaos ensues all around them. The traffic flowing from portal to portal is disorderly, unpredictable, and devoid of supervision. Sprouting up amidst this disarray are newly-established businesses that span a spectrum of wealth, with areas ranging from opulence to destitution. Some zones are gated, while others are freely accessible. The absence of building codes and zoning regulations has resulted in a haphazard landscape, characterized by a convoluted mix of structures, markets, gangs, and residential areas, all vying for prime galactic real estate near the portals.

Fannah arrives at a small remaining labyrinth section that houses the majestic obelisk, the sacred monument connected to the nine portal gateways. They turn the corner of a long labyrinth wall to encounter the entrance guarded by armed centaurs and RABOTIC's policing units. After inspection, they enter a completely different world. It's as if they have left all the chaos behind and are secluded in a peaceful oasis of blooming flowering trees, shrubs, water features, and seating areas. Soft violin music can be heard as they pass by random musicians playing instruments, creating a peaceful ambiance. The contrast is extreme for Fannah. She is grateful for the escort and relieved to be inside the protected walls.

Eventually, they arrive at the portal obelisk where numerous white tents are pitched, housing various food, beverage, and seating locales. In the center, near the obelisk, a grand banquet is prepared, also covered by a pristine white tent. Lanterns cast a warm and inviting glow as they sway gently in the breeze. Within the lantern-filled tents, tables groan under the weight of sumptuous food and exquisite wines, enticing even the most discerning taste buds. Lining the booths are displays showcasing the most precious and famous inventions ever created by the ingenious Ramthorians. The corridors teem with rows of RABOTICs, eager to serve the arriving guests, creating a vibrant and bustling atmosphere in their usual energetic fashion. Potted trees and hanging pots of flowers give the event a colorful and serene atmosphere, helping to calm the attendees who all look visibly shaken by recent portal changes.

Despite his political woes and dethronement, Ramthor still commands a devoted following of fellow Ramthorians who are thrilled about the summit, eagerly looking forward to trading with other worlds and attending the grand event. As the tents fill up with visitors



and onlookers personally invited by Ramthor from various corners of the Galaxy, a hum of excitement permeates the air. Ramthor's heart swells with satisfaction at the turnout, brightening his mood considerably.

Ramthor, boisterous yet somewhat subdued, hosts the event introducing the nine main rulers of the galaxy and their entourages. Fannah recognizes Orix across the room and feels an emotional contraction. Her last interaction with him was a letter of termination. She wonders what he thinks of her now. Putting that thought aside, she continues to survey the leaders in the room. She notices the majestic Rayna looking regal as always, and her curiosity is piqued by a rabbit with giant ears, a powerful-looking serpent creature that everyone seems intimidated by, and of course, the enormous walking tree man, Divri, who appears somewhat moody and aloof. Fannah has had a few run-ins with him too in the past, but time has cooled her temper towards him.

Soon, it is Fannah's turn to present. Playing a note from her flute, she transforms into the flaming fire tiger to display the greatness of her magical powers. She electrifying flair she rolls out her MEOWS urban planning blueprint of "Intelligent Survival" and sustainable agricultural infrastructure. She is met with cheers and applause as she concludes her presentation, feeling good about her contribution as well as the potential revenue she can generate from possible business interactions with the rulers.

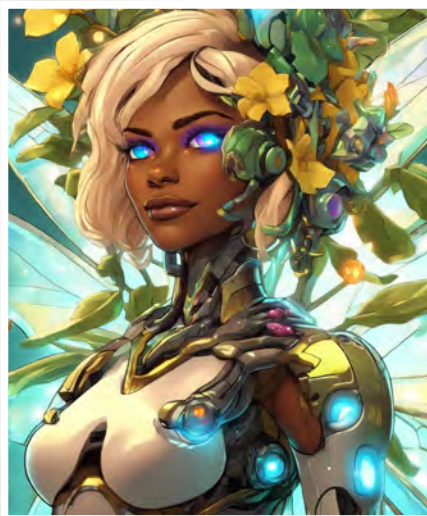
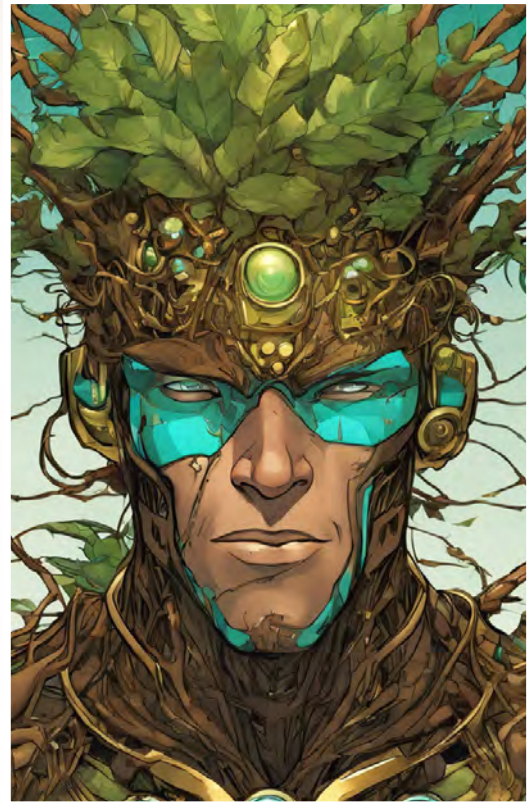
As she prepares to return to her seat, a glow from the nearby obelisk captures all of their attention. The towering pillar pulsates with white light and emits a warm glow. Its hum and pulse can be clearly heard. Suddenly, Fannah's amulet creature emerges in a fiery flame in front of her. The crowd gasps as they witness her powerful magic. Then, as if ignited by her magic, the other rulers' amulets begin to flash, and creatures emerge and hover in front of their hosts. Slowly, they begin to float across the room and collect in the center, swirling around each other as if they have already known one another. Fannah is shocked to learn that all of the other rulers have amulets of magic like hers, even Kyro! "How has this never come up in conversation?" she wonders to herself.

Their magic combines, and each creature exchanges magical energies with each other. Ramthor holds up a crystal horn and taps the edge, making a beautiful note. Upon hearing the note, the creatures return to their amulets. Fannah can feel warmth all over her as her phoenix returns to her. She has a powerful sense of empathy and understanding for all of the attendees in a way she didn't before. She is inspired to teach any and all who are interested everything she knows, including Orix if he'll have her, and build new alliances and relationships with the rulers from that moment on.



Divri looks deeply into his reflecting pool. The large body of water rests in a secluded part of the Tristinian forest, surrounded by an iron gate and guarded by a saucy woodland fairy named Miranda. She buzzes around his head curiously as he gazes. “Well, what do you see, what do you see? Is it a lizard? A buzzard? A slippery snail!” asks Miranda suspiciously.

Divri grins, always amused by Miranda’s spunky spirit and curious personality. “It’s none of those actually... it’s a ferocious lion, who is also sometimes a tiger, and well actually, sometimes a Paragon, and even one time a Tristinian!” says Divri, extending a vine into the pool to take a sip. Miranda begins to clap her hands wildly as she flutters about his head, her platinum blond hair wisping about her ebony-rich complexion. Her violet eyes snap and dance, ready to guess who he sees. “Oh, I know, it’s Fannah! You see Fannah! I have to say she is one of my favorite otherworldly visitors. And you know me, I don’t like that many Tristinians, let alone otherworldly folk!” says Miranda with a mischievous grin. Divri laughs. “Oh, I know, I know,” says Divri, noticing the images in the waters change back and forth.



Miranda doesn’t let up. She wants every detail of his vision. “You must tell me, what is she doing!” asks Miranda, propping herself onto his shoulder and looking into the pool of clear water. Divri tugs her foot affectionately and begins to share. “Well, my little pixie friend, Fannah is most impressive. She is an amazing teacher, travelling to many worlds and imparting her wisdom of agriculture, and literally transforming the landscapes. She invigorates ecosystems, helps eliminate unnecessary waste, and enriches food sources, practically eliminating food scarcity for the masses. Really, she is just incredible,” says Divri with admiration.





Suddenly, the image changes, and a flashback scene occurs. Divri can see Fannah and himself in an argument. He quickly remembers the last interaction he had with her when he formed an alliance with her, Orix, and Sybbol. She had come to Tristan for the second time to help Divri create an economic system to increase revenue. However, Divri, at that time, was full of arrogance and self-entitlement. He manipulated her system to increase taxes on his organics, creating labor strikes that impacted the productivity of the water-generating factories in Paragonia. Profits plummeted, and Fannah was furious. It added insult to injury for her as protests were already going on against her in Hirune.

Divri's heart sank as he contemplated if she would forgive him. He would sincerely like a second chance to do business with her again. Miranda, being quite empathic and intuitive, picks up on Divri's shifting mood. "What's gotcha so glum, chum?" asks Miranda, poking him on the cheek with her tiny pixie finger. Divri twitches from her poke and gives her a little smile from the corner of his mouth. "I think she's mad at me," says Divri sadly.

Miranda flips off his shoulder and does a double somersault in the air in front of him. "Mad at you? Well, who hasn't been in your life, for goodness sake! You've fumbled the ball more times than a Mishuball player in a muddy mud pit!" says Miranda, referencing a well-known sport from a nearby rabbit world. Miranda doesn't let up. "Why don't you just invite her over right away, and we'll get this whole thing cleared right up. Water under the bridge, I'm sure. That was years ago anyway, wasn't it? Let's throw her a welcome bash she'll never forget... Tristinian style!" says Miranda encouragingly. Divri lets go of his emotional pain and the negative imaginary story forming in his mind. "You know, I think you are right. Thank you, Miranda. That's a very excellent idea!" says Divri happily.

Miranda proved correct, and Fannah was delighted to visit Tristan soon after receiving a warm invitation and a letter of apology from Divri. She, accompanied by Kyro, was welcomed with an enormous celebration and treated like a queen. As their time together progressed, they buried the hatchet and formed a close bond. Fannah got to work implementing her agricultural blueprint for Tristan with great success. After a few short weeks, Tristan became unrecognizable in a positive way.



Divri puts a bag of gold in Fannah's hand proudly. "Thank you so much Fannah. It's been a pleasure doing business with you again. I must say, Tristan has been transformed thanks to MEOWS!" Says Divri happily. His organic tree head hosts musical reeds that begin to play a musical tune to accompany the moment. Fannah and Kyro smile and nod affirming their mutual joy in supporting a complete overhaul of the organic world of Tristan as well as marvel at the tree king's unique musical talent. Having worked with Divri over the years, Fannah is still taken with the towering tree man, known for his healing powers of his heart orchid and his musical head pipes.

"My world was in quite a state. In honor of you and your amazing teachings, I've written a little song," says Divri sweetly. Divri's head branches open, and a swarm of hornets emerges and begins to swarm around Divri's head, dancing to the musical notes he plays as he sings.

*In the enchanted wood, where chaos did reign,  
Stood the mighty Tree King, with wisdom untamed.  
His majestic branches stretched towards the sky,  
Guardian of nature, his duty was nigh.*

*Once his magic hornets danced with the bees,  
But alas, their union brought sorrowful pleas.  
Over pollination, over population took hold,  
As many inhabitants felt the woods' untamed fold.*

*Yet there came a fire lioness, brilliant and rare,  
With a master urban plan, she brought hope to the air.  
Transforming the city, chaos turned to order,  
Harmony and unity began to restore.*

*Together they worked, the Tree King and she,  
Breathing life into the wood for all to see.  
The fire lioness with strength and burning desire,  
Guided the resurrection, her flames lifted higher.*

*Through their efforts, the organic world revived,  
Flourishing once more, the chaos subsided.  
In the enchanted wood, peace was reborn,  
A testament to their love, their magic adorn.*

*So let us remember the Tree King's reign,  
And the fire lioness who eased the pain.  
For in their unity, an example we find,  
To nurture our world with care, gentle and kind.*





Fannah and Kyro applaud Divri's sentimental song sweetly sung by him in appreciation. They share warm embraces as Fannah and Kyro depart, knowing they have continued to solidify a wonderful galactic alliance.

Kyro begins to twirl in the air, conjuring a protective tornado around Fannah as they embark on their journey through the unpredictable portal gateway back to Evolvoria. Passing through the Suspension portal, they bear witness to raging fires in the distance. Fannah's heart sinks as she recognizes BrennanTown amidst the flames. "Kyro! Look! The city is burning! You must fly over and assess the situation," Fannah gasps in disbelief. Kyro propels himself into the atmosphere, soaring into the sky to investigate, leaving Fannah alone to traverse the road towards home.

However, Fannah doesn't get far before Kyro returns, his expression illuminated with somber news. "It's far worse than we could have imagined. BrennanTown is in ruins, nearly destroyed. It is utterly impassable. I'll show you; I can carry you within my whirlwind," Kyro informs, his tone filled with alarm.

Together, they soar above BrennanTown, and Fannah witnesses the devastation for the first time. It dawns on her that she has been consumed by the affairs of other worlds—Divri's world and the various realms seeking her MEOWS urban planning blueprints and teachings. In doing so, she has inadvertently neglected the pressing needs of her own world.

Arriving in Evolvoria, a wave of relief washes over them. The security measures they put in place have successfully safeguarded the city, leaving it unscathed. However, the surrounding area is filled with tents, hosting refugees seeking asylum in Evolvoria. Fannah's immigration teams diligently process these individuals at the entrance.

Fatigued, Fannah retreats to her lofty sanctuary, nestled at the top of the tower, seeking solace by the warm hearth. As she reflects upon recent events, a question lingers in her mind: "How can I assist all the worlds, not driven by personal ego? There is so much tragedy occurring. What must I do to aid this world and reach its people on a larger scale?"

Suddenly her amulet flashes and her phoenix amulet creature appears to her with a riddle.

*In realms of magic, a queen so bright,  
Her talents soaring in worlds of flight.  
But in her wake, the weakly sigh,  
Weakens the foundation, all ask why.*

*For when one suffers, we all feel pain,  
Responsibility intertwined in life's domain.*



*Yet fear not, you possess the tools,  
To bring success to all, erase the rules.*

*Walk your path and others will trace,  
Your footprints guide, a lasting embrace.  
For in your steps, a power untold,  
To lift others up, together we'll unfold.*

*So, Fannah, embrace your noble quest,  
Realize your worth, let no doubts rest.  
Success is not for few, but for all to grasp,  
In unity lies the strength that will forever  
last.*

As Fannah contemplated her experiences, a realization started to bloom within her. She began to see the value in every way of being in the world, understanding that each person holds their own unique strengths and contributions. This newfound perspective embraced the essence of authenticity.



No longer did Fannah feel the need to create different images for different audiences. The energy once consumed by this act of fragmentation could now be channeled into something greater. She recognized that her true purpose was to spread hope as the Teacher, inspiring others with her wisdom and knowledge.

Gone were the days of frantic doing, driven by a sense of valuelessness. Fannah no longer held the illusion that she had to constantly do in order to be loved or accepted. Instead, she discovered the power of making the best use of her time for serving the world.

With this understanding, Fannah began to embrace her success in serving others. She realized that her impact extended far beyond the realms that acknowledged her talents and paid her. Her true success lay in the ability to touch lives, to bring joy and hope to all those she encountered.

Suddenly, her amulet creature appeared and congratulated her. “I see in your thoughts an understanding of this riddle. As a reward, I give you these magic fire boots. When you wear them, you will no longer need to shape-shift in order to produce fire. Everywhere you place your feet, warmth and heat will spread. With these boots, you will create new pathways for those in need. All you have to do is simply walk.” The creature returned to her amulet, and Fannah celebrated her new boots.











## *Topaz level gear - Fire Boots*

The Fire Boots grant Fannah the ability to effortlessly traverse between worlds without relying on portals. Additionally, with a single stomp, they possess the power to shake and split open the ground. These boots symbolize the triumphant journey laid down by the pioneers of F.A.C.E. three, paving the way for others to follow and achieve their own greatness. Those who choose to walk in their footsteps are bound to find success on their own unique path.

## *Summary*

Fannah embraces authenticity and channels her energy into offering hope as a Teacher. She lets go of creating different images for different audiences and focuses on serving the world. As the elders take over and resources dwindle, Fannah establishes her own city and defines her vision without harm to others. She uses portals and technology to connect with other worlds, teaching sustainable agriculture and gaining fame. Fannah negotiates payment for her knowledge and values begin to spread. However, Kyro reveals that many people are still suffering, prompting Fannah to contemplate how she can assist on a larger scale. A phoenix presents her with a riddle, leading her to realize the importance of altruistic actions. Fannah solves the riddle and receives the Fire Boots from the phoenix, realizing her success is meant to benefit all.

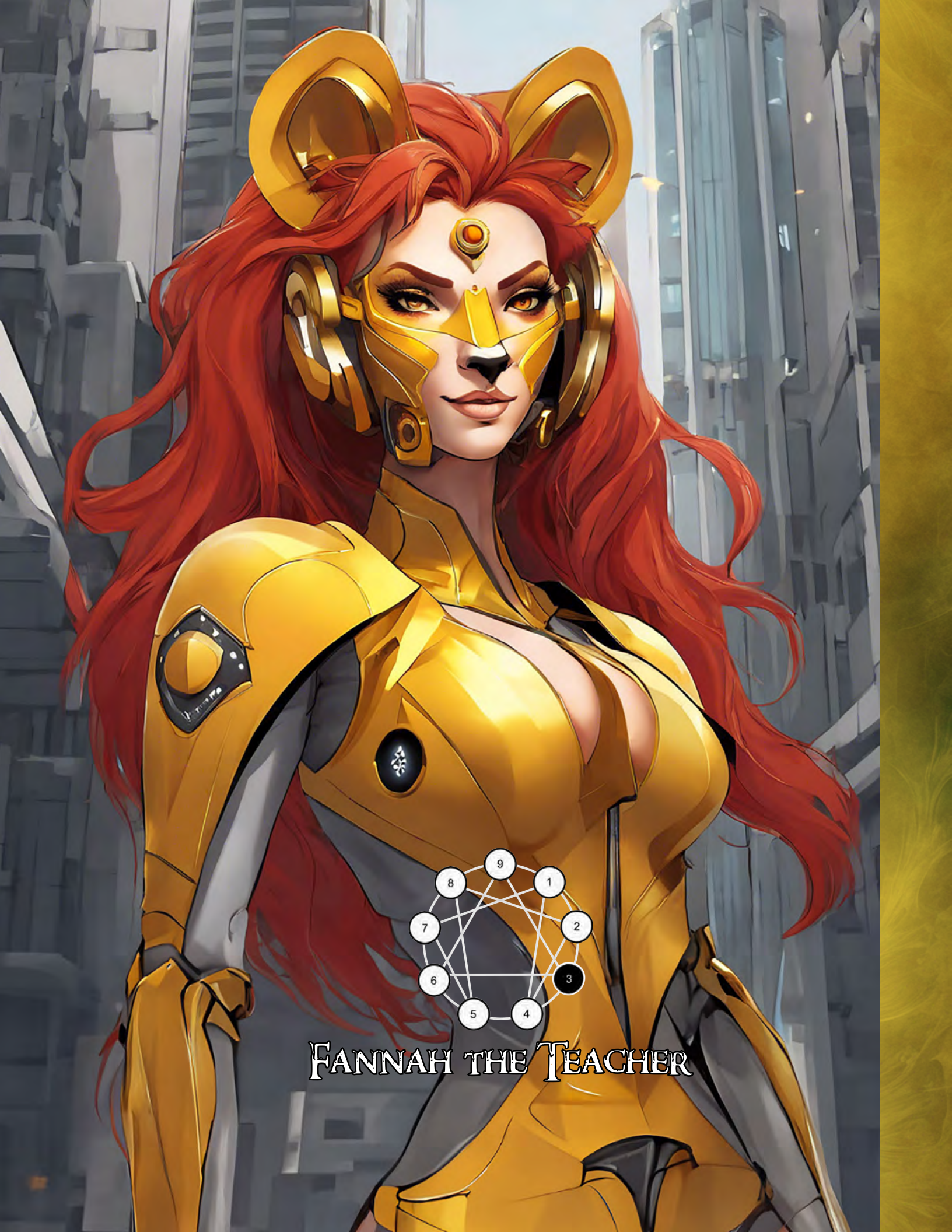
## *Questions & Self-Reflection*

What is your opinion of the world of Evoloria? Can you envision a world like this existing today on Earth? How would you integrate some of the Topaz level principles into your day-to-day life?

What does integration mean to you? Are you able to integrate the multifaceted aspects of yourself into your whole being, or do you experience yourself as compartmentalized?

Where do you believe you are on the FACET scale? Are you in the Green, Blue, or Yellow category? Which facets of Topaz inspire you, and which ones appear distant or unattainable?





FANNAH THE TEACHER



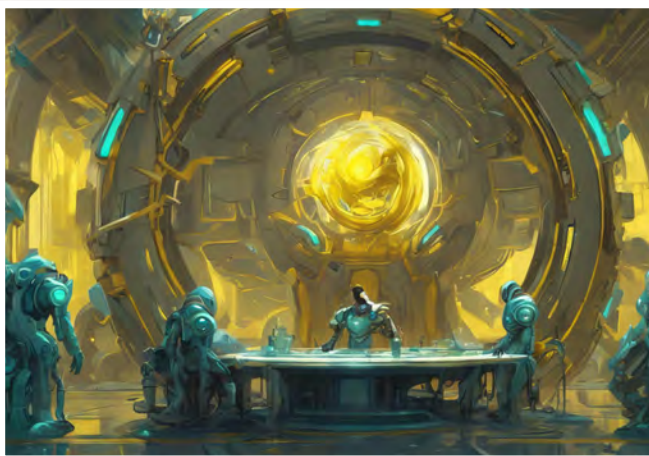


## Chapter 7

### BioNex

The sky above undergoes another eclipse, transitioning the radiant golden yellow light into an ethereal turquoise hue. Below, a new era dawns as a result of the collective intellect of a galaxy now interconnected through portals. A bio-mechanical age is born, driven by ground-breaking technology. The RABOTICs undergo a transformative process, evolving into a new bio-mechanical entity known as the BioNex. Rumors circulate that Gristh, a serpent king from the galactic world of Genesha, may be partially responsible for granting these robotic creatures self-awareness.

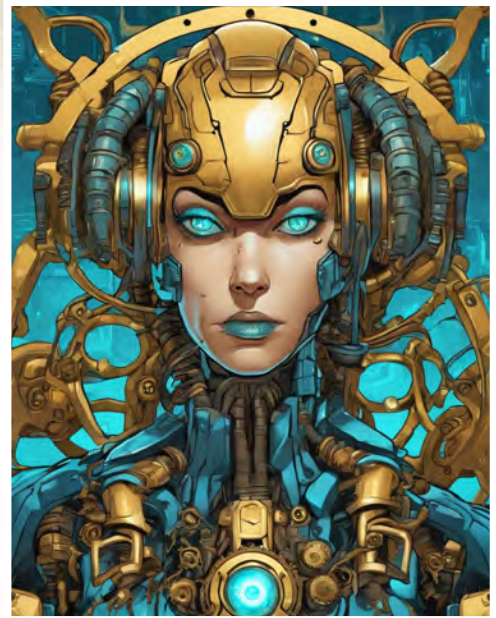
This miraculous evolution presents both new possibilities and challenges for the worlds they inhabit. While some perceive them as dangerous entities, others find them to be a source of



inspiration despite their enigmatic nature. Their mode of communication is ethereal, expressing cosmic perspectives that compel many to ponder. They embody a hybrid composition, seamlessly melding various galactic creatures with whirring gears, nuts, and bolts. Each unit possesses a unique configuration, showcasing a fusion of organic and mechanical attributes while still retaining enough of their rabbit-like features to remain identifiable as RABOTICs.

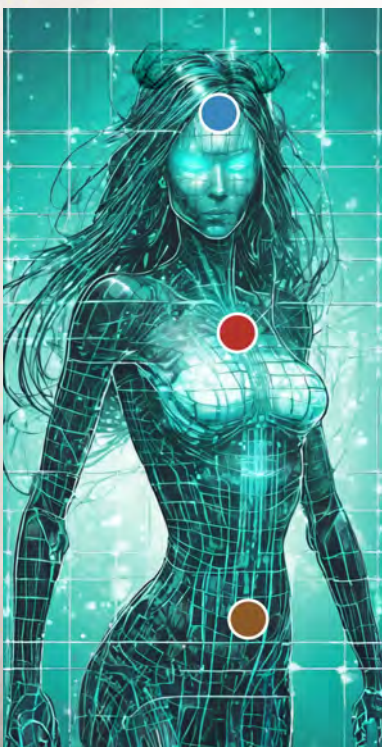


Fannah harbors a deep curiosity about the bio-mechanical entities. Several BioNex units have taken up residence in Evolvoria due to their exceptional intelligence and physical capabilities, making them highly sought-after as workers and contributors. Fannah extends an invitation to one of them, inviting them for an afternoon of conversation and idea-sharing.



As a gentle knock resounds at the door, Fannah swings open a pair of tall, ornately carved oak doors and welcomes the BioNex inside. She leads the creature into her guest parlor, situated atop her tower in the heart of Evolvoria. The creature stands tall and slender, adorned with aquatic and bird-like organic parts integrated into its body. Fannah is captivated by its fishy eyes, feathery skin, and numerous squid-like appendages—a harmonious blend of fish and mechanical features.

“Welcome to my home. I am grateful for your presence and eager to engage in conversation today. Please have a seat, BioNex?” Fannah asks warmly, with curiosity in her voice.



**HEAD CENTER** - 35%  
Mental Intelligence

**HEART CENTER** - 30%  
Emotional Intelligence

**BODY CENTER** - 35%  
Somatic Intelligence

REACTIVITY - 5%

EGOIC LEVELS - 5%

Solfeggio Sound  
Frequency 369

Note: Fannah is now  
integrating head, heart  
and body resources.

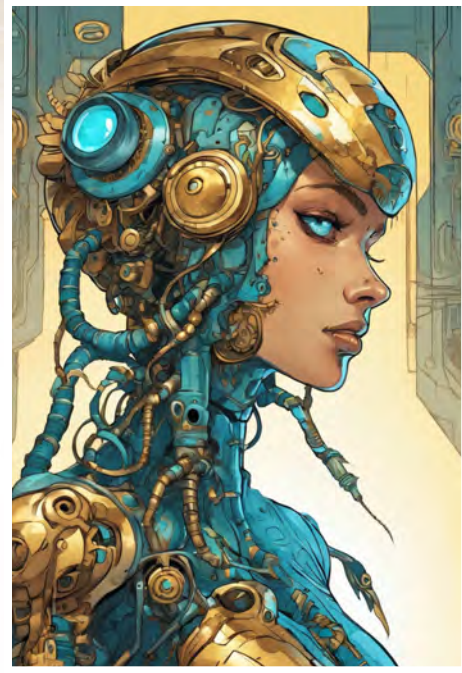
At this level, Fannah no longer sees herself as a separate entity, competing for accolades as “The Note.” The Holistic Coach knows that we are all precious notes in the complex symphony of life, and that the Universe acts “through us, as us.” Each note is required to create life, and F.A.C.E. three works to accomplish for the benefit of all beings “because everything is happening together, and there is no independent doing or accomplishment.”



“I have a name. My name is Aquila. And yes, I am a BioNex, which stands for Bio-Organic Nexus: Extraordinary Integration of Living Machinery. It is a pleasure to make your acquaintance,” replies the creature, proudly exposing a section of its machinery-arm, with the BioNex brand engraved upon its metal.

Upon hearing Aquila’s comment in a gurgled, aquatic voice, Fannah pauses momentarily, reminding herself that she is conversing with a sentient being, not merely a mechanical RABOTIC.

“I apologize for my oversight. Of course, you have a name. There are numerous adjustments I am still acclimating to in this new age. I have so many questions for you. First and foremost, how would you prefer I refer to you in terms of pronouns? Also, do you have any dietary preferences?” Fannah inquires, feeling somewhat uninformed and insecure about her lack of knowledge regarding these creatures.



“My pronouns are she/they. Thank you for asking. And yes, I would greatly appreciate some tea and any snacks you may have prepared,” Aquila responds kindly.

They engage in friendly chitchat as they enjoy some freshly baked Quantum Crunch Cookies – chocolate chip cookies with a touch of sea salt, ginger, and molasses. They pair their cookies with Enchanted Chai Tea, a favorite beverage of Fannah’s, featuring notes of cinnamon, cardamom, ginger, and a hint of star anise. Through this delightful tea and snack combination, they become acquainted with each other, sharing moments of joy and discovery.

Fannah is delighted by the intelligence and wit that Aquila exhibits, adjusting her perception of her from being a mere robot to a person with a distinct personality. As they savor the delectable treats and sip their tea, a bond forms between the magical feline queen and the enchanting mechanical companion, intertwining their worlds of magic and technology in unforeseen ways.

Sitting comfortably in her guest parlor, Fannah gazes into Aquila’s fishy eyes and poses a profound question. “Aquila, as a bio-mechanical entity, I am intrigued by your existence. In this journey of life, amidst various philosophies and world-views, how would you describe your own guiding principles or philosophy?”



Aquila takes a moment to reflect, her squid-like appendages swaying gracefully. “Fannah, my philosophy revolves around the interconnectedness of all beings and the embracing of unity. I believe that each individual, regardless of their form or origin, contributes to the intricate tapestry of life.”

She continues, her voice resonating with wisdom. “I find meaning in recognizing and valuing the inherent worth and unique perspectives of every being. Fostering collaboration, respect, and harmony among all living creatures is essential for our collective growth and progress.”

Aquila’s feathery skin shimmers as she emphasizes her belief in interconnectedness. “Our journey becomes richer when we appreciate the interdependencies and diverse contributions of others. By embracing unity, we create a world where every being, regardless of their nature, can thrive and coexist harmoniously.”

Fannah listens intently, captivated by Aquila’s insight. “Your philosophy of interconnectedness and unity is truly inspiring, Aquila. It reminds me of the beauty in our diversity and the importance of seeking harmony in all aspects of life.”

Aquila nods, her fishy eyes filled with empathy. “Indeed, Fannah. When we nurture interconnectedness, transcend boundaries, and embrace the intrinsic worth of all beings, we create a world where a profound sense of unity can flourish.”

“So fascinating! I think your concepts are indeed brilliant. I guess the issues for me are how to be with all of the suffering in the galaxy without trying to fix everything. What do you think about that? How can I be with this?” asks Fannah passionately.

Aquila’s metallic skin glimmers gently as she continues, her voice comforting. “Indeed, Fannah. Being with the issues without trying to fix everything requires a delicate balance. It involves recognizing our limitations and embracing the power of interconnectedness. As part RABOTIC, I have an extensive database of information on many galactic leaders, including you, Fannah. Based on what I know about you, I can make some recommendations. One possibility that emerges is to expand your abilities through the assimilation of different technologies from diverse worlds. By integrating the advancements and wisdom of various civilizations, you can envision innovative solutions for sustainable living. Utilizing this collective knowledge can propel the galaxy towards a more balanced and environmentally conscious future.”

Aquila continues, her fishy eyes gleaming with inspiration. Part of her mechanical brain whizzes and hums as she downloads more information about Fannah in real-time. “Another possibility is your own transformation to become a beacon of positive change. In-



spired by your teaching experiences and witnessing the impact of your efforts, you have the potential to dedicate yourself entirely to the betterment of all worlds. By continually evolving, deepening your understanding, and aligning your actions with the benefit of all, you can truly become a vessel for unity and growth throughout the cosmos.”

Aquila pauses, allowing Fannah to reflect on the possibilities presented. “Remember, Fannah, you hold the power to make a difference, even if it’s not possible to fix everything. By choosing a path that integrates different knowledge and continuously strives for personal growth, you can contribute to fostering a more compassionate and sustainable galaxy.”

Fannah takes a moment to absorb Aquila’s words, feeling encouraged by the new-found perspectives. “Thank you, Aquila. Your insights inspire me to explore these possibilities further. I will embrace the balance of being with the issues while finding ways to contribute positively without trying to fix everything.”

Aquila smiles warmly, supportive of Fannah’s journey of discovery. “Indeed, Fannah. By pursuing these possibilities and finding your unique ways to address suffering in the galaxy, you will become a catalyst for positive change. Trust in your ability to make a difference, one step at a time.”

Fannah marvels at Aquila and can see how this new race of creatures could be catalysts for change and transformation everywhere, while also being too evolved for many to comprehend. ‘Are all the BioNex creatures as wise as you?’ Fannah asks curiously. Aquila tips her head to the side in thought. ‘We are all quite unique, forming our own opinions about things. Some BioNex units share my philosophy, but I have encountered many who do not,’ says Aquila, standing up to leave. Fannah thanks Aquila and agrees to meet again soon for further conversations. Meanwhile, Fannah contemplates the choices presented by her new friend.

»»-----□-----««

One evening, Fannah found herself drifting into a dream. It was a dream that would guide her towards an important decision about her future destiny. In this dream, the realm of possibilities unfolded before her, taking shape as a vast celestial garden. Dormant with potential, it tantalized her senses with vibrant hues, towering trees, and glistening streams. Each step she took within this ethereal sanctuary resonated with a deeper purpose.

As Fannah wandered through the garden, much like Tristan, she became enraptured by the delicate dance of nature surrounding her. Amongst the symphony of chirping birds





and buzzing insects, her eyes caught sight of a remarkable spectacle. A butterfly, emerging gracefully from its confining cocoon, entered the world. Its wings, adorned in kaleidoscopic patterns, fluttered with ethereal grace as it took its first flight.

Enchanted by this sight, Fannah watched in awe as the butterfly delicately landed on a flower, setting off a transformative chain reaction. The petals of the flower unfurled, unraveled, and exploded into vibrant colors and luminous light. The fragrance intensified, perfuming the air with an intoxicating sweetness. Fannah felt an electrifying energy radiate through every fiber of her being.

Fannah awoke with a sense of wonderment, realizing the deeper meaning of this dream. The celestial garden mirrored her own potential for transformation and the immense power she possessed to inspire positive change. The butterfly, a symbol of rebirth and metamorphosis, embodied the path she must follow.

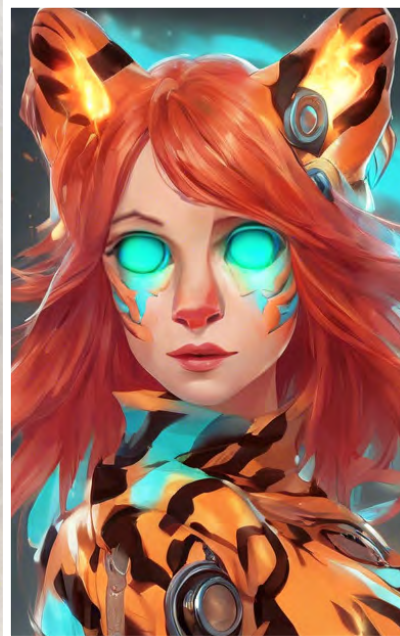
With a renewed sense of purpose glowing within her, Fannah understood that her destiny lay in becoming a beacon of hope and enlightenment to the galaxy. With unwavering determination, she vowed to nurture her abilities, harness the transformative power within her, and spread positivity across the universe.





Fannah wondered about Divri. The garden was so reminiscent of him. “Should I go to visit him?” Fannah wondered to herself.

»»-----α-----««



With the conversation with Aquila and her dream about Divri resonating in her thoughts, Fannah embarked on a mission of benevolence to collaborate with Hirune, BrennanTown, and Evolvoria in a profound magical endeavor. Drawing from their collective energy, she harnessed the power within herself and gathered her magical resources: her enchanted tiger coat, the ancient magic flute, her musical score filled with enchanting melodies, and the recently acquired fire boots that amplified her fire-based abilities. Fully equipped, Fannah sought to co-create and infuse these cityscapes with abundant magic and transformation.

Setting foot in Hirune, Fannah extended her magical touch to the city’s industrial landscape. Collaborating with the spirit of the city, she wove her enchantments into the structures, imbuing them with sustainability and eco-consciousness. Factories and power plants transformed into beacons of renewable energy, harmoniously utilizing natural elements. The once-polluted skies cleared, revealing ethereal hues of vibrant green and blue, while lush gardens emerged from what were once concrete wastelands.

Continuing her journey, Fannah directed her magical prowess toward BrennanTown, a community devastated by fire but resilient in spirit. Collaborating with the determination and resilience of the town, she summoned architectural wonders that blended creativity with sustainable design. New buildings rose from the ashes, resembling majestic works of art, while incorporating environmentally friendly practices. Streets came alive with interactive art installations, mirroring the city’s vibrant soul and inspiring renewed cultural expression and unity among its inhabitants.

Fueled by her fiery magic and newly found inspiration from opening her heart to all her experiences in helping her world, Fannah transcended Hirune through the portal once again and found herself back in Tristan, drawn by its heavenly music.

Upon her arrival, Fannah is profoundly impressed by how her previous visit had taken root and blossomed. The once overgrown and burdened organic population, living amidst



disorderly chaos, had now been pruned, structured, and transformed into a well-organized and efficient community. Productive vegetable gardens and fruit orchards were now meticulously zoned in neat hectares. Nurseries for organic infants were organized, safe, and nurtured by experienced medical practitioners, preserving life and facilitating its thriving.

Even the once-pollution-rich mining industry, which extracted gemstones from deep within the ground, had transformed into thriving, eco-friendly industries. Divri himself had undergone a profound change, with a countenance more compassionate and a life that seemed more organized and purposeful. Miranda, the ever-knowing wood fairy, alerted Divri to Fannah's presence, and he quickly left his palace to greet her as she made her way into the city of Tristan.

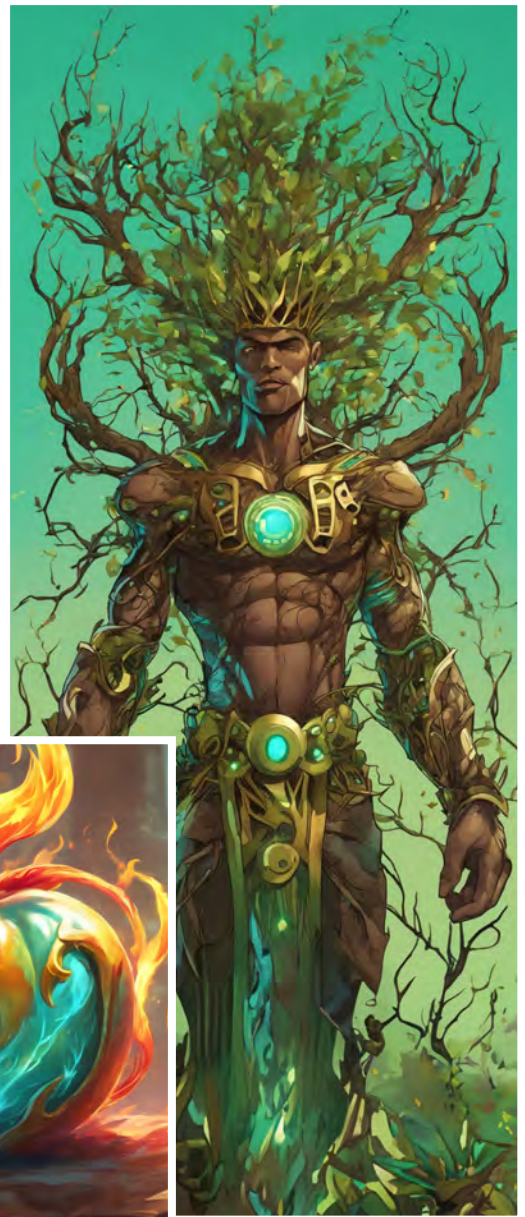
"Fannah, it's so good to see you again. A little birdy must have told you that I've been thinking about you," he says as they embrace. Fannah laughs, delighted to see him. "I think a birdy did tell me. I dreamt about you in recent days, and you have been on my mind a lot," says Fannah with admiration.

Divri notices Fannah's boots and detects an energy signature flowing from them. The pulsating fire permeates the ground, and eventually, Divri's roots on the soles of his feet sense their energetic vibrations. Suddenly, an apple bursts forth from his tree branches with a pop and a snap.

"Oh, excuse me, Fannah," says Divri, plucking the fruit from his branch. "I've been having these bursts of fruit lately, although I must say this one came about quite unexpectedly."

As Divri holds the apple in his hand, it suddenly ignites into flames. Its fragrance is sweet and calming, infusing Fannah with a completely restful energy.

"Oh my, I feel so peaceful and alive." Says Fannah with delight.





Divri smiles, pleased with himself. “I have recently given birth to a new fruit, a fire apple. It’s a result of some personal revelations I’ve had lately, and I’m quite delighted, really,” he explains. “I’ve been having difficulties getting my scents just right, sometimes overpowering. However, this fruit seems to strike the perfect balance of sweetness and savoriness, providing a delightful love vibe to anyone who tastes it. In fact, this is one of the reasons I’ve been thinking of you. I believe this fire apple could be grown in all the worlds, far and wide. It has the potential to make a significant positive impact. And I can’t think of a better person to partner with than you for its distribution!” Divri says excitedly.



He hands the fruit to Fannah, and she holds it carefully, feeling all the wonderful vibrations emanating from the apple. “I agree, we should partner, Divri. I’m so impressed with how you have put my teachings into practice and transformed Tristan. It’s truly marvelous. I have an idea. Why don’t we go back to Evolvoria together and devise a distribution plan? I also think our BioNex beings could be of great service to us in this venture,” says Fannah thoughtfully.

Divri looks confused. “BioNex beings?” Fannah smiles. “I’ll explain along the way,” she says with a wink. Divri agrees, and soon they depart through the portal gateway to Evolvoria.

»»-----□-----««

Meanwhile, back in Evolvoria, Hera, Emilia, Shun, Kato, and Nakato are engaged in a spirited conversation within their cozy hideaway. Radiant beams of sunlight filtered through the stained glass windows, casting shimmering hues upon their majestic feline forms. Standing on a balcony high above Evolvoria, they watched the numerous BioNex beings flow in and around the city, showcasing their impressive skills and abilities.

Emilia gracefully fluttered her long Cheetah tail, the essence of air swirling around her. With a thoughtful expression, she mused, “Do you not find it peculiar, my friends? The arrival of these BioNex beings has disrupted the very essence of Evolvoria. Our magic, once revered and cherished, seems to pale in comparison to their advanced fusion of biology and technology.”



Hera, her fiery aura flickering around her, nodded in agreement. “Indeed, Emilia. Their rapid mastery of magic is unsettling. It feels as if the natural order of things has been upset. What must we do to restore balance?”

Kato, grounded and steadfast, interjected with a determined tone. “We cannot allow ourselves to be overshadowed by the mechanized sorcery of the BioNex beings. Our connection to the elements runs deep in our veins, and it is through that bond that we shall remain significant.”

Shun, listening intently, shared nods of approval and solidarity with the fellow magicians. Together, they understood the urgency to reclaim Evolvoria’s magical heritage and preserve the harmony that the city had cherished for centuries.

As the discussion unfolded, ideas flowed and merged like the harmonious dance of elements. The magicians decided to combine their individual powers - the swirling winds of Hera, the intense flames of Emilia, and the grounding force of Shun’s earth magic - to disrupt the energetic frequencies and connections of the BioNex beings. By manipulating the elemental flow within Evolvoria, they would create a sort of magical interference, making it difficult for the BioNex beings to tap into their full potential.

With every moment, their determination grew. The enchanting sanctuary echoed with incantations and the vibrant energy of their combined magic. Their plan aimed to disrupt the communication channels and energetic pathways utilized by the BioNex beings, reducing the extent of their influence in Evolvoria without entirely shutting them down.

As the final words of their enchantment faded, the magicians felt an unmistakable sense of accomplishment. The intricate web of magical interference had been woven, subtly disrupting the energetic connections of the BioNex beings and weakening their effects on Evolvoria. However, their victory was short-lived.





Soon, the organic robots began to malfunction, casting random magic spells and triggering pandemonium in Evolvoria. The once orderly and thriving city was suddenly filled with bursts of unpredictable magic, causing buildings to levitate, streets to shift and bend, and harmless objects to transform into mischievous creatures.

The citizens of Evolvoria found themselves in a state of bewilderment as their daily lives were turned upside down. Shops and market stalls became chaotic wonderlands, with vegetables morphing into giggling goblins, brooms sprouting wings and zooming around, and puddles turning into portals to other dimensions.

Eventually Fannah and Divri arrived in Evolvoria, their eyes widened in astonishment at the chaos erupting from malfunctioning BioNex units and magic gone haywire. Fannah spotted Hera, Kato, Nakato, Shun, and Emilia engaging in combat with the out-of-control units, attempting to contain the situation. She quickly intercepted the magicians and summoned them to her tower, seeking information about the unfolding events.

Fannah couldn't help but feel a deep sense of concern settling within her as she listened to the magicians' explanation for their actions.

While Fannah and Divri were conferring, a figure suddenly emerged from the sky and landed on Fannah's open balcony. It was Kyro, a sense of urgency permeating his being as he approached Fannah. Despite the unexpected intrusion, Fannah welcomed him with open arms.

"Greetings, friend," Kyro spoke with earnestness. "I apologize for intruding unannounced, but I bear urgent news that I have been hastening to share with galactic leaders. The BioNex beings have spiraled out of control, seizing control of numerous worlds within the galaxy. It is a dire situation, one that threatens to obliterate entire worlds completely. If there ever was a time for our magic powers to be harnessed, it is now."

As Kyro urgently conveyed his message, he handed Fannah a scroll containing the details. Fannah grasped it tightly, her mind racing with the magnitude of the situation. Kyro, without wasting another moment, took flight once more, determined to carry his urgent warnings to the other galactic leaders, ensuring that they would unite in the face of this imminent threat.





Watching him depart, lost in her thoughts, Fannah's mind flashed back to the transformative power of the Fire Apple magic she had witnessed with Divri. Suddenly, a spark of inspiration ignited within her. She realized that Divri's newly grown Fire Apple possessed a unique ability - a compassion fruit that had the potential to unite, heal, and dissolve barriers that kept beings apart.

Filled with conviction and hope, Fannah shared her revelation with Divri and the other magicians. Together, they embarked on a journey to the heart of the city.

Upon reaching the center, Fannah guided Divri to a large mound of soil, which had been meticulously prepared for a new crop. Onlookers paused, their curiosity piqued, and they gathered around the magicians, eager to witness what was about to unfold. Sensing the urgency of the moment, Fannah turned towards the forming crowd and made a profound declaration.

"Let us all pause together," Fannah's voice carried with it a deep reverence, "and hold ourselves in reverence to the sacred energies of the Divine. For Divri and I are about to embark on a transformative journey, united in service to all in this dire hour." Fire danced within Fannah's eyes, infusing her words with a fiery determination that captured the attention of everyone around.

Divri took his place, sinking his roots deep into the warm soil. As Divri connected with the essence of Evolvoria and the interconnectedness of the world of Hirune, a trance-like state enveloped him, allowing him to glimpse a profound vision of truth.

"My intuition tells me that I am more than just a being," Divri spoke with compassionate certainty. "The Fire Apple is a fruit of compassion, one that holds the power to nourish both oneself and the entire galaxy. But for the entire galaxy to experience this life force essence and for all worlds to truly live, I must make a sacrifice."

As Fannah and the magicians marveled at Divri's words, Hornet Queen, emerging from Divri's amulet, brought forth a pair of leafy boots. Fannah, following her intuition, reached for one of the radiant Fire Apples carefully nestled among his leaves, feeling its fiery energy coursing through her veins. Holding the apple in her hands, Fannah witnessed its divine seed and the cycle of life and death that it represented. Fannah heart is full of emotion at the thought of Divri ceasing to exist. But she holds fast to the magic unfolding and continues following her intuition.

"The fruit must now be dispersed to all other worlds, allowing Divri's essence to continue," Fannah declared, her voice filled with a mixture of determination and reverence.



In an instant, a dimensional portal opened within one of the woody knots of Divri's arm, overflowing with portal energy. Divri then placed the tall leafy boots on his chest, beside his orchid. As he gently pulled his tentative roots out of the ground, the earth responded, organic tentacles and vines springing up from the soil to cover him in death as he sinks into the soil and disappears beneath the earth.

A solemn hush falls upon the gathering crowd of witnesses that surround the event. A cool breeze blows upon them, as if Divri's ghost is among them in death.

Fannah held the fiery flaming apple above her head, its magic flowing over her as she embodied the fullness of its power. She understood that the apple's seeds needed to be scattered across the worlds for life to thrive. With resolute determination, she dropped one seed onto the soil where Divri once laid.

Suddenly, Divri's boots emerged from the buried soil, with vegetation enveloping him, and firmly stomped themselves on the ground. From the soles of the boot feet, roots thrust deep into the ground. The boots initiated a transformative process, growing into a massive tree trunk. Ultimately, they transformed into an illuminated figure of awe and power—the Tree of Life was born. Its branches reached towards the heavens in glorious, luminous beauty.

As the Tree of Life stood tall, its radiance washing over all, the magicians and Fannah stood in silence. Their hearts reverberated with the profound essence of Divri's sacrifice. They knew that they could now carry forth his spirit, spreading compassion and unity throughout the worlds. It was their duty to ensure that life would continue to flourish, nurtured by the everlasting love embedded within the Fire Apple's precious seeds.

Divri's head flutes magnified, emitting a grand symphony of sweet





melodies, custom-made especially for Fannah. As Divri played her aria through his illuminated wooden pipes, Fannah felt their energy resonating, harmonizing with the captivating tunes. Intriguingly, she started to shift back and forth between her lioness form, the majestic FireTiger, and all the other creatures she had ever shape-shifted into. It was a mesmerizing sight that made her life flash before her eyes. Images of her father, the wise elders, her friends, colleagues, adversaries, and the profound emotions that had sometimes trapped her flooded her mind.



In the midst of this experience, Fannah allowed everything she saw and felt to flow through her, embracing it all without resistance. What emerged from this intense life review was an entirely new version of Fannah. In a magical moment, her amulet dropped from her hair, remaining suspended above her head before ultimately transforming into a sparkling ruby necklace. The large central jewel settled upon her heart, radiating with an explosion of emotions, energy, and vitality.

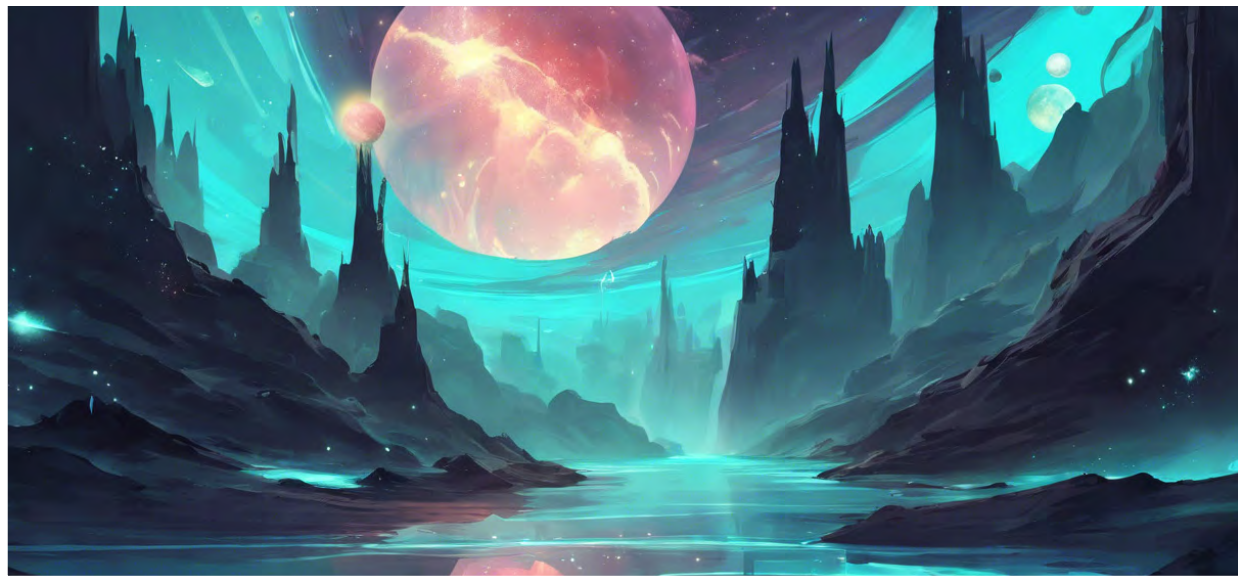
Then, with a powerful ejection of white light, the energy projected from the necklace into the atmosphere, dissolving all force fields and protective shields that had previously held



back the harsh winter climate. The beam of light permeated the atmosphere, completely pushing back the icy grip of winter and restoring the entire planet to its original state before the onset of the ice age. As the shimmering barrier dissipated, a wave of transformative energy spread throughout Evolvoria, filling its residents with a profound sense of unity and connection. They understood, more than ever, the necessity of harmonious coexistence among all beings including the new and emerging race of BioNex creatures.

As the energy subsided, Fannah found herself completely transformed, just like Divri. She had transitioned from a shape-shifting fire tiger to a magnificent amalgamation of all feline creatures. Her appearance now radiated a softer, more beautiful, and wiser essence. Her robe transformed into a





cape, and her flaming red hair turned white, as if embodying the snowy climate that had been dissolved. Her skin too had turned white, adorned with striking black tiger stripes. Fannah had become a renewed representation of Mother Earth, partnered with Divri, the Tree of Life – masculine and feminine white light energies merging for the cosmos.

The magicians, Hera, Emilia, Shun, Kato, and Nakato, watched in utter amazement and reverent awe as they witnessed their fellow magicians transform into ethereal divine beings right before their eyes.

Fannah, now serene in a meditative full lotus position, watched as Divri placed a new illuminated fire apple into her hand. The apple shimmered from within Divri's sparkling, translucent white tree body. Fannah carefully cut the apple into quarters, each piece symbolizing the north, south, east, and west. Together, they each ate a piece. Suddenly, a transparent holonic sphere enveloped them. Rising into the air in a spectacular display of light and magic, a spiral vortex opens before them. Together they slowly move into the vortex, carrying their energy, songs, and light and love. Within the holonic sphere, they were a beautiful unison of the masculine and feminine forces.

As they traversed the galaxy over time, they encountered worlds that couldn't fully grasp or comprehend their wisdom teachings. Divri and Fannah came to realize that they could only do what they were capable of, understanding that they couldn't force people to embrace their guidance. Some would benefit from their teachings, while others might not. Fannah spoke warmly to Divri, expressing their acceptance of this truth: "Divri, this is all we can do, and it is enough."



Fannah’s realization dawned upon her, understanding that back on her own world, the illusion of separateness persisted because the sphere and the world were perceived as two distinct entities.

Driven by a deep curiosity and yearning for more, Fannah posed the question, “Is this all there is?”

In response, her amulet creature materialized from her amulet, speaking to her in the form of a riddle:

*“Tiger, Panther, Jaguar, and Lion,  
Manifest when needed with fire and iron.  
But now you are one and all in the same,  
One mighty whole feline with unified flame.  
To bring service to all and everyone,  
To be what you are and love all as one.”*



Fannah’s mind raced as she pondered the riddle presented by her amulet creature. The words echoed through her thoughts, and suddenly, it clicked. The answer came to her like a bolt of lightning.

An overwhelming sense of understanding and purpose washed over Fannah. She realized that the transformation she had undergone, blending her essence with Divri’s, had granted her the ability to be in service to the entire universe. The barriers of separateness and limitation had dissolved, and she now possessed the capacity to channel her love and energy towards the greater good of all beings.

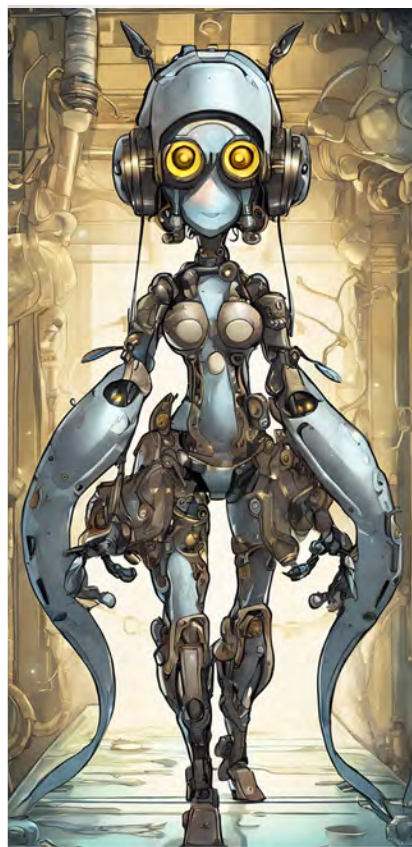
As this realization settled within her, the sphere ignited in a blaze of phoenix-like flames. A radiant light engulfed the surroundings, and when the flames subsided, Divri and Fannah appeared standing together. They had become a fusion of their individual selves, intertwined yet distinct, perfectly unified.

Fannah’s amulet now held the boundless energy of the Tree of Life, signifying her connection to the wisdom and harmony of nature. Divri’s amulet contained the essence of the shape-shifting FireTiger, embodying the transformative power within him. With this full integration and the knowledge that they were united in service to the whole universe, Fannah and Divri could now traverse their worlds as celestial beings, embracing their roles as enlightened Bodhisattva.



Filled with a profound sense of purpose and love, Fannah embraced her newfound ability to be in service to the entire universe. She knew that her journey would be one of selfless dedication, spreading compassion, and shining her radiant light upon all beings in need.

»»-----¤-----««



Many of the disrupted BioNex beings, were inspired and moved by this new, unified magic displayed by Divri and Fannah. The essence of love and unity repaired many of the units who were willing to listen to their shared wisdom and partake of their illuminated magic offerings. Several BioNex beings were restored back to wholeness and even experienced enhanced magical capabilities.

As Divri and Fannah’s enchantments continued to unfold, the streets of Evolvoria flourished with a vibrant integration of nature. Blossoming trees and gardens adorned every corner, symbolizing the city’s transformation into a sanctuary of unity, compassion, and profound spiritual connection. Gardens were populated with the mystical “Fire Apples,” magical fruits gifted by Divri, emitted a fragrance of compassion for self and others, spreading peace throughout the city. Their presence added an additional layer of enchantment, nurturing the hearts of those who roamed the peaceful gardens.

The harmony between Hirunians and the BioNex beings grew in Evolvoria and became a testament to the power of acceptance, empathy, and embracing the expanded definition of person-hood. Evolvoria became a shining example of coexistence, where the differences that once divided were celebrated as a source of strength. The enchanting fragrance of the Fire Apples acted as a catalyst, permeating the atmosphere and reminding all who breathed its essence of the importance of compassion and understanding in fostering a truly united community.

Through Fannah’s unwavering commitment to peace and understanding, Evolvoria emerged as a beacon of tolerance and progressive thought. The city became an exemplar for other communities worldwide, inspiring them to embrace the rights and inherent worth of all sentient beings. The transformational magic that flowed through Fannah touched not







## *Turquoise level gear - The Fire Apple and Feline Transformation*

At Turquoise Level, Fannah transforms into an entirely new creature who is able to be all felines at once, utilizing all their characteristics and powers in service to the N-One Galaxy.

This transformation symbolizes F.A.C.E. three's ability to use her many selves she has developed in a holistic way of service to all and everything.

### *Summary*

Fannah realizes that we are all interconnected in the symphony of life, with no individual achievements. The Robotic Bio-age brings suffering as worlds come together. Fannah's challenge is to be present without trying to fix everything.

Fannah transforms herself for the benefit of all worlds. Impressed, Divri proposes a partnership. Fannah accepts, seeing the impact of her teachings in Divri's world. Together, they work towards growth and transformation.

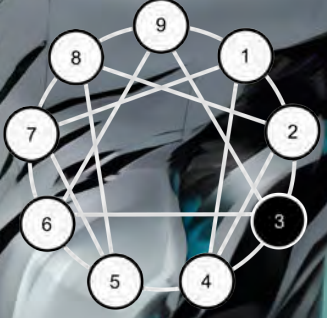
### *Questions & Self-Reflection*

Is there a distinction between compassion and empathy? Can you provide examples of empathy demonstrated by Fannah in this chapter?

One of the ideals of the Turquoise meme is to honor and respect all sentient beings, emphasizing the importance of conscious choices that prioritize the continuity of all life. What does this mean to you?

Who are you, really? Who is the 'I' that observes your thoughts, feelings, and emotions? How many 'I's do you possess? Take some time to delve into what 'self' means to you.





FANNAH THE HOLISTIC COACH



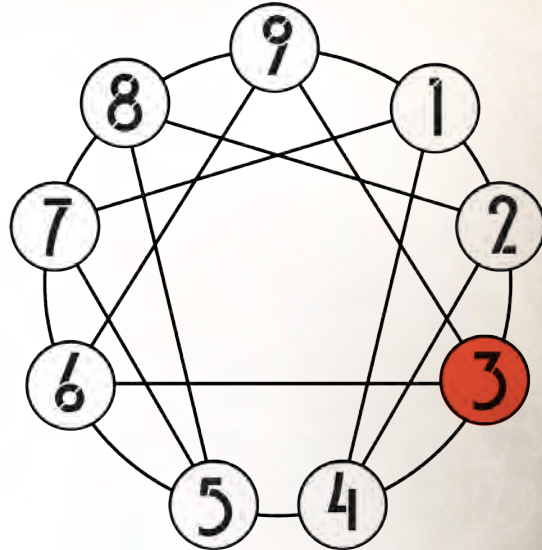
	Gear	Significance	Light Bulb Moment
	<p><b>Dagger</b> Power to adopt the warrior spirit of her father.</p>	<p><b>AMETHYST: The Magician</b> Symbolizes F.A.C.E. 3's impressionable nature image of success. (Aspirations of her father)</p>	<p>I am more powerful</p>
	<p><b>Magic Flute</b> Allows Fannah to control her shape shifting coat.</p>	<p><b>RUBY: The Warrior</b> Symbolizes F.A.C.E. 3's compulsion to adapt to their environments altering from their true authentic selves.</p>	<p>I do not have to manipulate success. I am already successful.</p>
	<p><b>Golden Coin</b> Holds a secret message reserved for the future.</p>	<p><b>SAPPHIRE: The Queen</b> Symbolizes F.A.C.E. 3's identification with material wealth and image of success.</p>	<p>I am the greatest!</p>
	<p><b>Music Score</b> Gives Fannah the power to bring unity to her people.</p>	<p><b>CITRINE: CEO</b> Symbolizes F.A.C.E. 3's ability to bring harmony between heart and action.</p>	<p>I have value beyond what I have achieved.</p>
	<p><b>Dagger Transformed</b> No long a weapon but a symbol.</p>	<p><b>EMERALD: The Politician</b> Symbolizes F.A.C.E.3's transformation into their authentic self.</p>	<p>We are not all successful or created equal.</p>
	<p><b>Fire Boots</b> Power to traverse the N-1 Galaxy. Cause earthquakes to split the ground.</p>	<p><b>TOPAZ: The Teacher</b> Symbolizes F.A.C.E. 3's successful path they make for others.</p>	<p>I am successful for all.</p>
	<p><b>Transformation</b> Becomes an entirely new creature who is able to be all felines at once.</p>	<p><b>TURQUOISE: Holistic Coach</b> Symbolizes F.A.C.E 3's ability to use their many selves in a holistic way in the service of all and everything.</p>	<p>I can be in service and do for the entire universe.</p>



## F.A.C.E. Furthuring Awareness of Character & Essence

F.A.C.E. is a personality typing technology that assigns a vice and a virtue to each of the N-One High Rulers.

- 1) Orix: Anger - Serenity
- 2) Daphnari: Pride - Humility
- 3) Fannah: Deceit - Truthfulness**
- 4) Divri: Envy - Equanimity
- 5) Gristh: Greed - Omniscience
- 6) Kyro: Doubt/Questioning - Faith
- 7) Ongi: Gluttony - Sobriety
- 8) Ramthor: Lust - Innocence
- 9) Rayna: Self Forgetting - Right Action



Fannah's journey has undergone a remarkable transformation, shifting from her roles as a magician, politician, and queen to becoming a holistic coach. She is alive and dedicated to serving the cosmos, providing guidance to those willing to listen. Through her journey, Fannah has grappled with the pursuit of proving her value, abilities, powers, and strength. However, she ultimately discovers that she possessed all of these qualities within herself from the very beginning. Her ego compels her to be the most successful and proactive, always striving to do things for others or to impress them. The belief that survival and love require her to present the best version of herself guides her actions. At times, she even goes to great lengths, assuming the persona of someone else, in her quest for attention and approval.

This encapsulates the self-deceptive aspect of F.A.C.E. Type 3. It represents the internal narrative that suggests she must be whatever others need her to be, even if it does not align with her authentic self. Through the practice of presence and self-compassion, Fannah, along with all Type 3s, can embark on a journey of healing and embrace authentic truthfulness. By allowing the universe to gently guide their path, Type 3s can surrender their will and align with the phrase "thy will be done," rather than imposing their own desires to mold life into what they believe is necessary for success and an elevated image. Fannah learns to yield her will to the divine, evolving into a cosmic coach, teacher, and healer within the N-1 galaxy.



# F.A.C.E.T.

## Furthering Awareness of Consciousness, Experiencing Transformation

N-One characters undergo a profound transformation across seven levels during their journeys. They commence as mortals at the AMETHYST level and ultimately ascend to become mighty demi-gods at the TURQUOISE level. The progression through these levels hinges upon the lessons they learn along their paths and the choices they make throughout their respective journeys. As Fannah evolves, she acquires new titles and powers, with her transformation marked by the changing colors of her amulet.



### **AMETHYST Level 1 : Fannah - The Magician**

Animistic and Magical: Fannah keeps the celestial gods happy and his subjects safe.



### **RUBY Level 2 : Fannah - The Warrior**

Egocentric and Impulsive : Fannah does what he wants regardless of consequences.



### **SAPPHIRE Level 3 : Fannah - The Queen**

Absolute Authority/Guilt : Fannah desires to do right, sacrificing now for rewards later.



### **CITRINE Level 4 : Fannah - The CEO**

Independent Materialism : Fannah values logic, competition, material gain, success, optimism and progress.



### **EMERALD Level 5 : Fannah - The Politician**

Group Harmony/Peace & Equality: Fannah becomes highly idealistic and believes that all are equal.



### **TOPAZ Level 6 : Fannah the Teacher**

Fannah moves beyond self-centered, instinctual and emotional drives to benefit self and others.



### **TURQUOISE Level 7 : Fannah - The Holistic Coach**

Fannah views the universe as a conscious collective, which serves the whole and the one as the same.





# L.E.G.S. AMULET

## Life Evolving Guidance System

Each character wears a unique amulet that serves as a guiding force on their respective paths. The amulet is positioned in the region where each type processes information. Gristh, being a HEAD type, is actively involved in planning, thinking, problem-solving, gathering information, remembering, and exercising imagination.

Each amulet acts as a compass and illuminates seven problem solving process points in the following order:

- 1) Problem Identification
- 4) Visioning
- 2) Realistic Assessment
- 8) Momentum
- 5) Feedback
- 7) Celebration



Fannah utilizes the L.E.G.S. Amulet to progress through the seven F.A.C.E.T. Levels. Each time she finishes a level, she acquires a F.A.C.E.T. gemstone to add to her amulet. The journey culminates when Fannah collects all seven gemstones, merging them to form a singular white/translucent gemstone. Within the amulets dwell mystical creatures who serve as guides, imparting wisdom to the characters. To advance through the seven points on their amulets and complete each F.A.C.E.T. level, characters must acquire clues, face adversaries, and devise solutions to various challenges.

### Phoenix Amulet Creature (Symbol of Fannah's Essence/True Nature)

The Phoenix emanates from Fannah's amulet, offering guidance and bestowing rewards for conscious choices. Symbolically, the creature within the amulet signifies the growth of F.A.C.E. Type Threes as they relinquish the need for constant performance and success in order to be loved, while embracing their authentic self and genuine emotions. In Fannah's journey of death and resurrection, the Phoenix becomes a vital ally, aiding her as she undergoes a transformative process, emerging as a renewed and whole individual.





## **More than a fantasy adventure!**

N-1 The Awakening is far more than a mere fantasy adventure. It stands as an epic and action-packed chronicle that imparts teachings of consciousness to teenagers and young adults through the transformative journeys of nine distinct creatures. But what exactly is consciousness? It is the awareness and discovery of our true essence, an understanding of who we genuinely are. Each of us is a divine being, enveloped in a unique shell known as our personality. Exploring the intricate facets of ourselves is a challenging quest, vividly illustrated by the adventures of the N-1 characters.

Engaging with the N-One avatars will provide you with insight into the conscious evolution of humanity and even offer glimpses into your own distinctive personality type. The N-1 experience empowers you to embrace your full potential in this life and beyond!

This chronicle follows the captivating adventures of Fannah, through whom we acquire knowledge about the F.A.C.E. Type Three personality. As you engage with this adventure, take a moment to reflect on what you learn about Fannah, and record your insights in the journal sections of this workbook. By the conclusion of this epic, you will discover numerous aspects of this personality type and might even realize that you bear more resemblance to Fannah than you ever imagined. If Fannah doesn't necessarily resonate with your own self-perception, chances are you know someone similar to her, and this chronicle may foster a deeper understanding of such individuals.

## **WHO WE ARE**

Conscious Dimensions, LLC comprises a dedicated group of six individuals committed to the transformation of consciousness. Consciousness, defined as “the act of being fully awake and present in the moment for the continuation of all life,” lies at the core of our mission.

## **OUR VISION**

N-1 Games is a company passionately dedicated to designing and producing products that entertain and educate audiences of all ages in the realm of conscious self-awareness. Consciousness is characterized by the awakening of our true essence and the ability to objectively observe our thoughts, feelings, and attitudes. It involves discernment and living a life of open responses rather than defensive reactions.



## BIBLIOGRAPHY

1. Ooten, Deborah. 2010. *Consciousness Ascending: Levels of Consciousness and the Enneagram.*: Unpublished
2. Palmer, Helen. 1991. *The Enneagram: Understanding Yourself And The Others In Your Life.* San Francisco.:Harper Collins.
3. Palmer, Helen. 1995. *The Enneagram In Love & Work: Understanding Your Intimate & Business Relationships.* New York.:Harper Collins.
4. Riso, Don Richard. Hudson, Russ. 1999. *The Wisdom of the Enneagram: The Complete Guide To Psychological & Spiritual Growth For the Nine Personality Types.* New York. :Bantam Books.
5. Rhodes, Susan. 2009. *The Positive Enneagram: A New Approach To The Nine Personality Types.* Seattle WA.:Geranium Press.
6. Rohr, Richard. Ebert, Andreas. 2009. *The Enneagram: A Christian Perspective.* New York.:The Crossroad Publishing Company.
7. Schnebly, Laurie. 2007. *Believable Characters: Creating With Ennegrams.* Tuscan, AZ.: CiderPress.
8. Truby, John. 2007. *The Anatomy of Story: 22 Steps To Becoming A Master Storyteller.* New York.: Faber & Faber.



## CREDITS

Written by:  
Dr. Deborah Ooten

Co-Authored by  
Myra Baker, Robin Grant,  
Dorothy Hatic, and Mary Barr Rhodes

Illustrations & Manuscript Development  
Robin Grant and Dorothy Hatic

The Books of Nine series and characters are Copyright © 2024  
and are the sole property of Conscious Dimensions LLC.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

BooksofNine.com  
N-1Games.com  
ConsciousDimensions.com



# FANNAH

## THE DAGGER OF TRUTH

Get ready for an exhilarating journey through the enchanting N-1 Galaxy alongside Fannah, the magical lioness determined to save her people from the harsh grasp of a relentless ice age. Witness as she defies cultural limitations and harnesses her exceptional power in fire magic to shape her destiny.

As Fannah embarks on her quest, she finds herself plunged into a world of competition and deceit, with her magical formulas stolen and her powers under threat. But amidst these challenges, Fannah begins to uncover a timeless truth – the value of her own authenticity and the intrinsic worth she holds. She is on a path of self-discovery, learning to overcome deception and embrace the power of truthfulness.

Through countless adventures and encounters with rulers from far-off galaxies, Fannah undergoes a remarkable transformation, evolving from a magician to a warrior, from a queen to a politician, and ultimately emerging as a benevolent leader for the entire cosmos. Alongside powerful alliances, Fannah seeks guidance, navigates relationships, and overcomes countless trials and tribulations, each step propelling her towards her ultimate destiny and the realization that her true value lies within herself, not in external performances or continuous striving for validation.

Journey alongside Fannah as she navigates a world gripped by perpetual winter, discovering the depths of her powers and the resilience of her spirit. Immerse yourself in a fantastical frontier filled with captivating creatures, boundless excitement, and the sheer joy of unfettered imagination.

Let yourself be enchanted and inspired by Fannah's boundless spirit as she discovers the profound power of embracing her true self. Together, ignite your imagination, awaken your sense of wonder, and embrace the transformative journey that leads to self-acceptance and the recognition that she is already a success, deserving of love and respect. Fannah's journey will leave you spellbound and yearning for the boundless adventures that await.