
THE MISTS OF ATLANTIS

The Ark of Secrets

CESAR SILVA

Cesar Silva

Copyright © 2015 Cesar Silva
All rights reserved.

Translated and review by Mário Ciervo

The Ark Of Secrets

The Secret Has Been Done

Thunderstorms were tearing the sky apart while the eminent sailboat managed to survive the impact of the waves.

On the deck, an old gray haired lady was raising a little bin and proclaiming a secret spell.

- For the "Te-Tra-Gram-Ma-Ton" I conjure the skies, the water, the fire and the air. Sylphs of the wind attend. Workers of the land make my staff stronger. Merpeople obey me. Salamanders that in fire inhabit: burn in flames. For the pentagram that I keep in my right hand: Close "SE..."

However, she interrupted her magical ritual and shouting she continued:

Xcelssiuxs!

While she said the word of power a bluish bubble left her mouth and quickly encapsulated her.

An explosion was heard from the deck. A green fire's spear deflected in the force field that wrapped her and hit the last of the seven ship's masts, making it fall.

- You fool! - Said a young man who stood dressing leather war clothes - Do you believe that your witchcraft can hold me back from delivering the secret to my Lord?

- I am sure about that, young master!

- For you are wrong. I have a mission and I will fulfill it whatever it takes.

- It can take your own life - The lady then struck her stick on the floor and the big emerald on the top twinkled a silver light, and then she continued. - *Guf et ignis!*

The ground under the young man collapsed and he plummeted.

She withdrew a ring from the pocket of her raiment. In the ring there was a hexagonal sapphire stone. Lightly, she pressed the jewel in the latch of the mysterious trunk that she carried and finished her spell.

“... *SAME!*”

Thirteen little snakes started to circumcise the box. They had emerged from the blackened wood of the trunk itself. Twelve of them sealed it with their own bodies. The ultimate one, however, sealed the latch and bitted its own tail. Its fangs shone for a while, and after, all of them merged with the ark.

- The secret is sealed with the four nature elements.

The witch, raising her arms, smiled as she contemplated the lightening provided by the storm. But then she was surprised by her enemy's mantra.

PRRR-I-MUS!

The Ark Of Secrets

The box started to shake on his hands and flung itself in the air, falling between the master and the witch.

Both of them took part in a running dispute.

On their way there were countless mutilated sailors' bodies on the floor. The old woman slipped on the blood that was dripping from one of them. The master advanced jumping and aiming a green fire sword against his target.

PI-E-TRROS! – She said aiming her atlantean stick to the boy.

The youngster, magically, stood with his feet stuck to the ground.

- You are just a parasite, a pathetic server. This secret doesn't belong to your master, Chronos gave me this mission and you will not ruin it!

- We will see about that your stupid old woman. *Libera!*

A fire squirt reached his feet, releasing them, but it was already too late. The witch had stolen his intent and was running and hopping over the fallen dead bodies.

While she ran away, she pronounced magical and inaudible words, until she felt the trunk shaking again, as if it was alive and dropping, against her will, from her hands.

The ark flew through the air as a great big wave covered the sailboat and everything on it.

The old lady could even see the ark falling on the stormy waters of the loudly ocean and the young master operating a *lumen* cube, that with its cold and white light, transfixed all the solids as if it were made of crystal, while the water around her became transparent as gel.

Subsequently, she threw herself looking for the ark, but before she could vanish in the storm, the woman heard her final threat.

- You are going to die Pandora! *Inercio!*

And the sailboat simply broke in two.

The Ark Of Secrets

The Sesame's Ark

A curly haired girl was playing with a mermaids group in that thin and white sand beach. Meantime, she saw an artifact that drew her attention immediately.

So she smoothly ran seeking for that curious material. When she touched the box, she felt a strange warm in her hands. She felt puzzled with that carved snakes that seemed willing to break themselves and let the ark open.

Then she put her hand over her mouth and murmured:
It is a box of secrets!

- Cassandra, what is it that you have there?

The girl warped her neck and thought with herself:
That nosy Neptune is going to want the ark for himself. But if I found it, it was because it wanted me to find it, and surely it is up to me, and only me, to unveil its secrets.

- Oh, nothing it is... You should take care of your horses! - She lied to the Prince.

The Prince Neptune was son of Chronos and successor of the Atlantis throne. He loved horses, and in that very moment was training Pegasus, a little winged echinus.

Pegasus was so white that he overshadowed Cassandra's view. Neptune, suspicious as he was, threatened to come down the rocks to investigate. But the girl was quicker; she hid the artifact in her dress and ran away.

So she arrived in a sumptuous sanctuaries aggregation. Those stone buildings held genuine labyrinths of hallways. Cassandra proceeded along one of the hallways and reached into an inner garden dedicated to Mnemosyne, the memory.

She turned on a pyre that exhaled a delightful nard perfume. She took a great quiver filled with yellowish papyrus, blew them and a moldy cloud of dust made her sneeze. Then she leaned over them and started to read without stopping.

For several hours and days she read again and again hundreds of documents and archaic notes.

Lastly, tired about the failure of her onsets trying to unveil the mystery, she appealed to the Oracle.

Discreetly carrying the intriguing box she crossed the Temyscera Island up to the *swinging stones* conglomeration.

Those huge stones had almost dozen of meters and were lined up in a horseshoe shape.

In the middle there was a white marble altar and over it rested a silver bowl filled to the edge with water.

When Cassandra removed the ark from her Green Dragon's leather's bag, the stones emitted acute, grievous and gloomy sounds.

Those stones, that usually floated half inch from the ground, started to dance some strange and humdrum ballet, changing their colors according to the note they emitted

Yet, Cassandra did not show interest. She took the box over the whitish pedestal and stared at the water inside the salver.

With an almost angelical patience, the little girl gazed the aqueous transparency until her eyes be filled with tears. Lastly, she went in a trance and saw the image of the snake biting its own tail, but in the middle there was a skull. *Death!* – She thought.

But that did not nearly answer part of her doubts, questions and curiosities. After all, Cassandra knew that the ancient giant *titans* should have not sat up a *clairvoyance field* with all that tons weighing rocks just to show the obvious. It should have something more; something worth of studying; a path to follow to discover the clef.

Still, no matter how much she insisted in her trance, nothing else was shown. Upset, she took the box with her fists and threw it against one of the swinging stones.

The rock got out of its way and the box fell on the grass that got on fire. Later, the rocks started moaning one only word that the pupil took a while to understand because it seemed they were speaking in an assembly, all at once.

She approached her ear almost touching a purple rock and finally understood the message: *Sesame!*

The little girl took her hand in her mouth and suffocated a scream: *Sesame! That's it!*

She ran as fast as she could to the Memory Sanctuary and stumbling around she found a book with pages made of stones. On it there were runic letters carved by steel. The problem is that she didn't have strength enough to open it. She needed to find someone trustful, and preferentially someone who did not ask questions.

She seated in a little bench and stayed thoughtful. The Atlanteans were known for being gossip, therefore, not advisable. The temyscerians, by the other hand, were too curious. But she, alone, could not even remove the book from the stand, and surely could not turn the pages.

This book must weight a ton! – She thought – I need to find someone dumb enough to help me with completely discretion. But who could it be?