

mu mysteries



Cherry M. Dumas, 2009

Author's Note:

The subject of Atlantis, and even more than Atlantis, Lemuria, has always been subjective. There are those that believe they once existed. There are those that believe that they exist on another place of existence, or another planet. And then there are those that think they are nothing more than an invention of Plato's over-active imagination, and that those that believe in them have bought into his invention.

This story is not to debate anyone's belief, or non-belief, of these two islands.

Atlantis and Lemuria have always sparked my imagination, and despite any belief I have in them, this story is for pure entertainment value. Some of the information in this story is taken from legends from various cultures around the world, and the rest, from my own mind.

I have taken a bit of a liberty with the gods and goddesses that rule in this story. In a few of my sources, it is claimed that the Greek Titan's were in fact the ruler's of Atlantis and Lemuria. In other's they were strictly the rulers of the twin isles of Atlantis. I took it one step further and make the Greek Titan's the gods and goddesses of the islands. I mean no disrespect to anyone with how I chose to use the history. And on that note, I hope you enjoy my spin on ancient history.

Cherry

Dedication:

This story has been sparked mostly with my conversations with my Adelfi, Sarah Posthumus, and without our debates and interpretation of these islands; this story would probably never have come about. So it is to her that I dedicate this eSerial/book. Adelfi...S'agapo A&F ;-)

Acknowledgements:

First, Mom and Dad, thank you for never stifling my creativity. For allowing me to live in my mind and creating stories instead of focusing on more practical things...even sometimes to the extent of not doing my chores. Mom, thank you for inspiring me with stories and encouraging me to believe in the things unseen, for giving in to my cravings to learn how to read and write, even before entering school. Without the two of you, I don't think I would ever have pursued writing. Bryan and Brad, thank you for being there, and annoying me, when I get too far into my head. You keep me real, even though I wanted, and still want, to get even when you did bring me out of my head. Even though I don't think you will ever realize it, Plato, thank you for introducing the world of Atlantis, and for all the author's who have dared to take the subject even further. And thank you to all of those that I have talked with, debated with, and learned from when it comes to obscuring subjects, such as Atlantis and Lemuria. Even if you do not realize it, you have helped to shape this story into what it is (and I hope, to what it will be).

Long ago

Long before the ancient Greeks even considered having gods...long before the Olympians fought the Titans, there were two islands. The first having existed eons before the second. These islands are now only considered myth, but in the ancient world, they existed, and were the kings and queens of the ancient world.

The younger of the islands, the one that is better known in the modern world, is Atlantis, populated with people that lived for science.

The elder one, which is just a blip on the myth radar, is the much larger and far more ancient island of Mu, or as it is more widely known, Lemuria. This island's people were far more spiritual than its counterpart of Atlantis. For the most part, they shunned the sciences, preferring to live as one with the land. And unlike Atlantis who worshiped the sun and sky, the Lemurian's or *Chimu* as they sometimes refer to themselves, meaning the "children of Mu," They worshiped the land.

These two islands are as different as a lima bean and a horseradish. The Lemurian's regarded the Atlantean's with dread and disbelief, of how they treated the natural resources and the land, while the Atlantean's regarded the Lemurian's as backwards and primitive, thinking their spiritual beliefs left them vulnerable and weak.

Atlantis and Lemuria each had seven gods and goddesses that resided in *Chien*, the world between worlds, a place where the land and the sky meet, where everything is polarized and never at odds . . . That is, unless you count the gods and goddesses themselves, who, like any family, squabble among themselves.

These gods and goddesses later became known as *Titans* to the Greeks as they adopted them as their own before they were usurped by the Olympian gods, their own children.

The gods divided Atlantis and Lemuria between themselves, though they still live and interact with each other in *Chien*.

Rhea, Okeanos, Thea, Themis, Kreos, and Koeos were set to rule over Lemuria, while Kronos, Tethys, Hyperion, Iapetos, Mnemosyne and Phoebe were placed with the Atlantean's.

Just like in the Greek Myth, these twelve gods and goddesses were born of Gaia and Uranus, who were defeated by their children, and so, as such, are in a retirement-like state. Though there are those that still worshiped them, their children were the ones that took care of everything.

The twelve gods were known as the Council of Twelve.

These islands are a competition between them . . . Who can create a better people, who can have their people survive the longest, whose were more intelligent, stronger, wiser, etc. The Atlantean gods and the Lemurian gods together, could rarely interact civilly, though they are all brothers and sisters, and in some cases, even married to the opposing team. However, when the six gods and goddesses of the individual islands are working at things ran relatively smoothly. The goal of trying to defeat each other was an incentive enough to keep their quibbling to a minimum.

As the newer civilizations, the ones outside of the Atlantean's and Lemurian's, such as the budding Greeks, began to get stronger as a people, they began to assimilate the Atlantean and Lemurian gods as their own, calling them *Titans* due to their very large size, especially in terms of height, and magic ability. These gods, as we know from mythology, were eventually defeated by Kronos' son, Zeus, who took over the rule of mankind. Especially gaining hold as Atlantis and Lemuria neared, and eventually reached, their ends.

Chapter One

Walking briskly, but with purpose, through the city, Shashanna tried to hurry without being noticed as she headed for the temple. She didn't notice the square houses, or the meeting square, or the people going about their business in the daily market. She didn't notice that the weather was cooperating for once. She didn't notice the children playing in the streets, or the Things as they toiled ahead of the carts or the animals in their designated pens. She did not even notice that she was mumbling to herself.

However, try as she might not to be noticed, she was; as she marched through the dusty square and out onto the lane leading toward the temple, she was seen.

It was very unusual for Shashanna to move in anything other than a sedate walk. It was also very unusual for her to be so distracted to not see anything around her, for her to ignore the children as they cried out to her. A few tried to hail her, but to no avail. She was oblivious to anything but whatever was driving her determination. As she passed, they whispered and muttered to one another, wondering what was going on.

It was not unusual for her to be focused on something; usually it was beyond the understanding of the people, sometimes even their chief . . . But to the point of not seeing or hearing anything else? Now that *was* an anomaly.

As she passed, the people gathered together to watch her progress through the city, and then out of it.

"What do you suppose is going on?" One asked to no one in particular. Murmurings followed, no one had the answer. Knowing that they would not get an answer, at least, not at any time soon, the crowd slowly dispersed and everyone finished their business and went home, hoping an assembly would be coming soon.

The women, calling to their children as they finished their market shopping, hurried them home, despite their protests of still wanting to play. The men followed shortly afterward.

Not one noticed the little girl break away from the crowd and hurry after Shashanna.

* * *

Allorana followed as quickly as she dared behind Shashanna. Usually Shashanna didn't care if Allorana came with her; after all, Allorana is Shashanna's only child, not to mention, her apprentice. However, something was different about her mother today. Something was off, and Allorana did not know if she would be welcome as usual.

Not only is Shashanna the teacher of mysteries to the young ones, ones such as Allorana . . . She only teaches them for twelve years, until they are fifteen, then Tally, Talania, takes over until from they are twenty-one. It is their decision if they want to carry on in school to become a citizen from there or not . . . But, beyond being the teacher, she is also the High Priestess, the one who everyone went to when they needed help from the Gods.

And it is to Allorana that Shashanna is teaching the mystical ways. However, with her mother so single-minded to not even notice that she is being followed, Allorana didn't know *what* to think.

So she followed.

So she watched.

* * *

Reaching the foot of the many-stepped temple, Shashanna paused. Taking a deep breath, she looked around. Her brows crept together, furrowing the skin between them, and then her eyes widened.

"How--" She quietly muttered to herself. "--It doesn't matter. It is not important right now." Looking up at the temple, she squared her shoulders and placed her foot on the first step, readying herself for the climb.

Then she heard a pebble dislodge behind her.

Spinning around, she gasped. "Oh! Allorana! You startled me." She looked at her daughter, seeing the promise of beauty in the very young feature. Counting back, she realized her daughter was almost seven, by her reckoning. She realized for the first time that Allorana was beginning to look a lot like her, she was beginning to see her own features in those of her young daughter. Her red-blond hair falling in wild ringlets toward the center of her back; her wide-set brown eyes; her rather wide mouth; the chin that came to a rounded point; and her lithe, child's body. However, more than her physical appearance, the subtle but growing power that radiated out of her body was the most captivating. Shashanna realized then, as she had never done before, that if Allorana continued to grow in both beauty and power, there will not be much that can hold her back . . . Just like her mother, and she could have the possibility of being a very powerful person, that is, if she chose to.

"Mother, what is the matter?" Allorana asked, twitching from foot to foot as Shashanna continued to look at her like she had never really seen her before.

Shashanna looked around, seeing they were alone . . . or it appeared that way anyway, Shashanna beckoned Allorana to follow her. "Come, we will talk in our chamber. There is much to do." Without another word, Shashanna held her hand toward Allorana, and taking that hand, the two of them began to sedately ascend the stairs.

Allorana looked at her mother. She always had a moment when she saw her mother, of having to come to terms with her. Of having to come to terms that this beautiful and powerful person was actually her own. While the other children could claim her as High Priestess and teacher, Allorana can claim her as *hers*. Sometimes it was quite a rush. Especially when the other children looked at her in awe. Of course, being the daughter of such a powerful person didn't stop Allorana from being disciplined just like every other child . . . But it did allow her to know *more* than the others.

And being a child, it did not stop Allorana from lording it over the others. Of course, she knew that if she revealed just *what* she knew . . . The punishments for disobedience would be very mild to what she would then receive.

However, the other children knew that she *knew*, and they envied her that knowledge. Even the oldest that her mother taught realized that Allorana was allowed to know so much more than she would ever dream of knowing, and didn't *that* just eat at her.

The young ones were easy to get to do what she wanted them to do. They were no better than the Things that did the bidding of their masters.

It was the ones that *didn't* care what Allorana knew that she concerned herself with most.

Looking at her mother again, Allorana wondered if her mother knew what she did when she was not around. She didn't think her mother would approve of how she treated some of the children, but it was so *easy*. It was as if they *beg* Allorana to tell them what to do.

After all, isn't that how some of the adults were with her mother?

It always looked that way to her.

Some villagers would come to her mother *begging* for help. Some came with messages to give to the gods, or to bring back from them. And even though Shashanna *always* refuses, some want her to do silly things like love potions or revenge spells. She would always respond that if the love was supposed to be, then it would, and no potion or pouch would change that, and that revenge is best served by the gods.

Sometimes Allorana was confused on if the people thought her mother to be spiritual, or if they thought she was there just to aid them. It is no wonder that Allorana would treat some of the lower children as objects rather than people, and possibly friends.

Seeing that they were almost to the top of the stairs, Allorana let go of Shashanna's hand. She hiked up her skirt to run the rest of the way. Shashanna's comment stopped her in her tracks.

"We do *not* run to, in, or from the temple. Do we daughter?" She asked quietly.

Sighing, Allorana responded, "No mother. To do so would disrespect the temple, and that would disrespect the Gods."

Still sedately climbing, Shashanna cocked her head slightly as she looked at her daughter. "Then, what were you doing?"

Allorana blushed slightly. "I forgot." Shrugging her shoulders slightly, Allorana looked up at her mother with her head tilted slightly down.

Shashanna, fighting the urge to smile, nodded and, with a slight nod of her head, motioned for Allorana to stay at her side. During this whole exchange, she never broke stride.

Just a few more steps and they reached the landing before the elaborate wood doors leading into the entrance of the temple. The doors always brought a source of comfort to Shashanna. S them, she felt some of the tension she had been carrying as she hurried through the city, easing from her body. Feeling as though she could breathe deeper, Shashanna stopped as she stepped onto the landing. The door showed the twelve gods as they sat at council. T islands of Mu and Atlantis, and their many surrounding islands arrayed out beneath them.

Allorana, too, looked at the door. She knew her mother communicated with the gods, she knew her mother knew what they really looked like. The few times she has asked Shashanna to teach her to the gods, to see them, her mother would reply that Allorana was not ready to see and talk to them yet, that she has much to learn before that can happen...but Allorana sometimes wondered if that was true. She desperately wanted to be able to talk to them herself.

And one of these days, maybe she will try, with or without her mother's help. She giggled as she wondered if these carvings of the gods were really what they looked like.

Once again, looking down at Allorana, Shashanna gently tugged on her hand as they walked to the left of the big door. At the very end of the large temple, and slightly off to the side, Shashanna and Allorana entered the much smaller and undecorated door of their chamber.

That is another thing that the other children were envious of, that Shashanna and Allorana could live right at the temple. Like the rest of the buildings in town, in most of Lemuria, the temple and their chamber were designed uniformly square.

In a distant island, similar to their own, Allorana has heard stories of round buildings, and concentric cities with a palace in the middle She can't imagine living where the buildings are round . . . or even in large cities at all. *What is a palace?* She wondered. Shashanna has seen Atlantis once, but she didn't talk about it much. Maybe Allorana will ask again soon.

She followed her mother through their door and looked around their room. Unlike the workroom in the temple, their chamber doesn't have many work surfaces. Most of their food is prepared and delivered by the village people, so they don't really have much to do there. Even their water is delivered every other day, and stored in large earthen pots.

There were many objects dedicated to the gods, especially Gaia, who gave life to all things, especially the land. They each had their own sleeping chamber, unlike most other houses; their sleeping chambers were actually separated by real walls, and not just cloth or leather skin hangings.

Now that they are home, maybe Shashanna will finally tell her what is going on.

Allorana watched as her mother stopped in the center of the room and closed her eyes. "Mother? What's going on?"

"Daughter, danger is coming. I *think* it is coming from the Atlantean's, but I am not sure. This is the first time I have had a vision this clouded. It might not even be them; it might be one of the newer civilizations in that same direction. I just don't know." She walked to the bench against the wall and sat. "I just came from a council with Ariki . . . I told him what I saw. He felt that this was a false vision, that because it was so clouded, it would not come to pass." She sighed. "He refuses to believe that there could be trouble, especially since I cannot pinpoint exactly what it is." She looked at Allorana. "Daughter, the *Chimu* is in trouble, but our leader refuses to believe it. And, more importantly, I feel...I am not certain of it, but I feel it is aimed specifically at our tribe, at one of us."

Us...You and I?"

"That is possible, but it is definitely someone in our tribe."

"Have you been able to talk with the gods?"

"They are being silent on this one. I am not sure...I have not been so unsure since my own apprentice days. I don't know if this is something that they do not, or cannot interfere with." She looked toward the sky, despite the roof being in the way. Allorana knew she was seeing beyond it. "Just one little sign would help." Shashanna said quietly. "How am I to help protect the *Chimu* if I do not *know*?"

"What did you see with the vision mother?" Allorana asked, still standing in the middle of the room.

Shashanna patted the bench. Walking over, Allorana sat "I saw a fleet of ships...not like ours, with our peaceful missionaries, but full of armed warriors. They landed on our beach and stormed into our village--"

"Were people hurt?"

"That is where it gets more confusing, I cannot *see* if anyone is harmed, but I do know they are after someone specific. I *think* it is Ariki but I am not certain. Who else would they be after?"

"You said a fleet of ships?" Allorana asked thoughtfully.

"Yes." Shashanna looked down at her daughter. She knew it was nearing the time to initiate her into the deeper mysteries. Even now, Allorana was beginning to see further and know things deeper than Shashanna has introduced her into. She was so much more advanced than Shashanna had been at the same age.

"I don't think it would be one of the newer civilizations' mother. Do they even have that ability yet? I think it *must* be the Atlantean's."

"I am not aware that the newer civilizations have the ability yet for a sea voyage. When I see them, all I see are primitive boats used strictly for fishing, or for travel by river or along the shores' edge to nearby villages. When I see them, I do not see them in ships. However, the Atlantean's . . . those I do. I know they are always trying to take over other places. I have always assumed that Mu was too far out of their way to bother with, but *something* has gotten their attention toward us...if it is them."

"Mother, are the newer civilizations really that basic?"

"Not really. To the Atlanteans, *we* are primitive."

"What? How can that be? We are far older than they are."

"It is that they do not understand that we don't care for their sciences. They think their sciences make them far superior, so they see us as backwards and primitive."

"But...with our magic's, we have done far5 more than their sciences have."

"In some ways, yes. However, they have discovered other ways to achieve the same ends we do. With what we do with spiritualism and magic's, they do with their science. The difference is, we work *with* what is around us, where they plough their way through the natural resources...instead of working with it, they barge their way through it."

"Doesn't that disrupt nature? How can their gods allow it?"

"That's the thing, they are not too concerned with the land...their gods do not really care about the land. Their gods are more focused skyward, so they have not taught the Atlantean's how to love and to take care of their land like our gods have."

"So, does that mean that we consider the newer civilizations as primitive?"

"Not at all...well, I am sure that *some* do, but we know that people have to begin somewhere, and so they are virtually children in comparison to the Lemurian's, and especially us in terms of age. They are just beginning to find their feet in this world, so they are not established if they are going to be spiritual or scientific."

"Which is the better way?"

"Does that mean the newer civilizations will do the same?"

Shashanna sighed. "I am afraid it does. Others retain the hope the newer civilizations will choose our way, but I am afraid they are so far removed from the gods, that they will be even worse than the Atlantean's. Though, they will continue to live and thrive far after our land, and that of Atlantis, is gone."

"What do you mean?"

"I do not know how, or how long, but I have foreseen a world without us, without our influence, without our knowledge...a world where we are only legend, and barely even that. There are those that have our blood flowing through their bodies in the new world, but it is so far diluted that people will not even know it is there."

"How? Why does this happen?"

"As much as I hate to admit this, there will be a day when our gods will abandon us--"

"Abandon us? No!" Allorana gasped.

"Yes. However, only because our people will abandon them first. The same is true for Atlantis as well. I also wonder..."

"Wonder what, mother?"

"I wonder if part of the reason for the destruction--and there will be destruction . . . There will be no trace of our land when it happens. However, I wonder if it is because our gods and the Atlantean's gods are going to battle and perhaps destroy each other, because our land, and the Atlantean's land will be destroyed at virtually the same time, in virtually the same way." Allorana stared at her mother. Shashanna voice had taken on the ring of prophecy. She knew that her mother spoke true.

"And the new civilizations will survive and carry on?"

"Yes."

Shashanna and Allorana went quiet, lost in their thoughts. However, Allorana, being young and impatient, soon broke the silence.

"Do you know when the Atlantean's will arrive?"

"I do not. Soon though. Very soon. And, we still don't know for sure if it *will* be the Atlantean's. I wish the vision was clearer."

"Can we not do anything to prepare or prevent it?"

"Prevent? I do not know. I would know more, if I was shown more. However, as for prepare...if Ariki does not believe, he will not order any preparation. I don't even know if the people will act without him."

"We can at least try, mother. We cannot let the people be unaware."

Shashanna looked down at her wise child. "You are right. Let me try consulting with the gods again, hopefully they will have compassion and help us, or at least let me know how to help ourselves." Shashanna stood and looked down at Allorana. "I will be in the temple, I know you hate the duty of sentry, but this is imperative that I am not disturbed...do you think you can do it, or should we get someone from the village?"

"No, mother, I will do it. I don't trust anyone else not to allow someone in if demanded. I will do it."

"Thank you, my daughter." Shashanna reached down and brushed Allorana's cheek with her palm. "I could not have asked for a better child."

Allorana grinned at her mother and stood. Together, she and Shashanna walked out of their home and to the temple next door where Shashanna entered and closed the door behind her.

Allorana sat on the top step in front of the door, and prepared for a long wait.