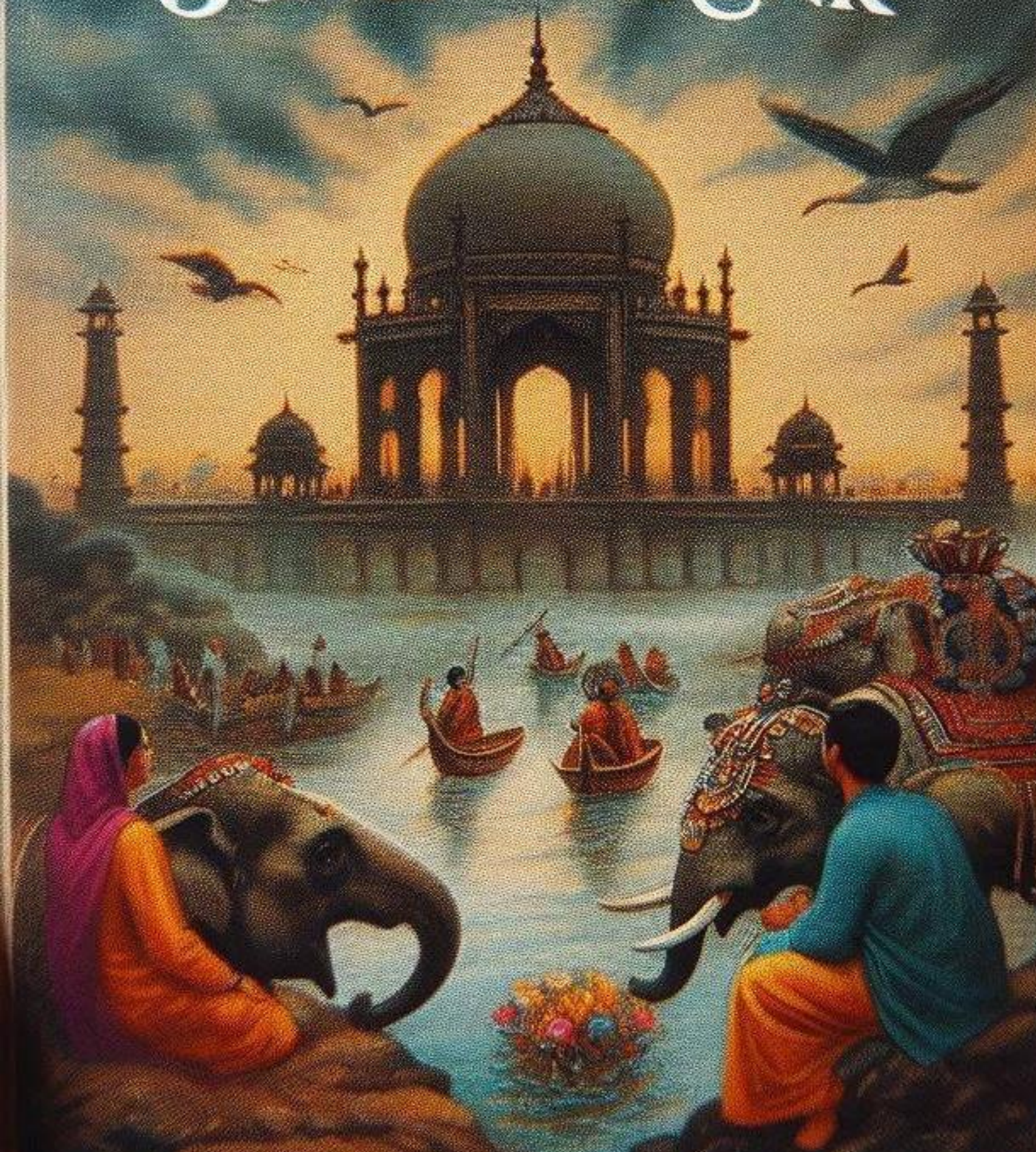


# Taja ཅེ་Baal Nathi

JONATHAN FRANK





## About the Author: Jonathan Frank

Jonathan Frank, a distinguished author and historian, was born in 1931 in the picturesque town of Kraków, Poland. Renowned for his deep understanding of ancient civilizations and his captivating storytelling, Frank carved a niche for himself in the literary world with his unique ability to blend history, mythology, and speculative fiction.

His passion for exploring the human psyche and societal evolution led him to create narratives that resonated with readers across generations. *Taj ae Baal Nathi*, written in 1967, stands as one of his most celebrated works, a testament to his imaginative prowess and his ability to delve into the intricacies of both historical and fictional worlds.

Jonathan Frank's early life in Poland, marked by the turbulent years of World War II, profoundly influenced his writing. The themes of survival, legacy, and the relentless pursuit of knowledge frequently appeared in his work, reflecting the resilience and ingenuity he witnessed during those formative years.

After emigrating to the United States in the 1950s, Frank dedicated himself to writing full-time, producing a body of work that included historical novels, essays, and short stories. His work often explored the intersection of myth and reality, offering readers a window into worlds where the past and present coalesce in extraordinary ways.

Frank's meticulous research and attention to detail earned him critical acclaim, while his ability to craft compelling characters and intricate plots ensured his place as a beloved figure in the literary community. He passed away in 1999, leaving behind a legacy that continues to inspire and captivate readers around the world.

## Preface

In writing *Taj ae Baal Nathi*, I sought to explore the timeless themes of power, legacy, and the human condition through the lens of myth and legend. The story of Mahan Tirakot, his loyal Tirkits, and the enigmatic BN species serves as a metaphor for the complexities of leadership, the burden of inheritance, and the ever-present struggle between order and chaos.

The world I have created within these pages is a reflection of our own—a place where the line between history and mythology blurs, and where the actions of a few can shape the destiny of many. As you journey through the ancient kingdom of Tirakot and witness the rise and fall of its rulers, I invite you to consider the broader implications of their story.

What does it mean to be a leader? How do we reconcile our inherited traits with our personal ambitions? And what role does legacy play in shaping our future? These are the questions that have driven my exploration of this tale, and I hope that *Taj ae Baal Nathi* will inspire you to ponder these themes in your own life.

This book is a culmination of years of research, imagination, and reflection. It is a tribute to the enduring power of storytelling and the rich tapestry of human history. I am grateful for the opportunity to share this journey with you, and I hope that you find as much meaning in the reading of it as I have found in the writing.

—Jonathan Frank, 1967

## *Prologue: The Blood of Kings*

*In the ancient lands of Tirakot, a vast and prosperous kingdom flourished under the rule of Mahan Tirakot, a king whose legacy was as old as time itself. Legend spoke of his divine blood—each droplet possessing the power to create life. From his veins were born the Tirkits, mighty warriors, each one a fragment of their king, fierce and loyal. The sound of their birth was marked by an eerie melody that echoed through the kingdom—teredhana teredhana teredhana teredhana, kitdhana kitdhana kitdhana kitdhana, tirkir tirkir tirkir tirkir – a sign that new soldiers had risen to defend their land.*

*But there was more to Mahan Tirakot than just his royal lineage. Mahan Tirakot belonged to a unique species known as the BN—a species of humans who lacked cilia hair in their brains. This peculiar trait made the BN species mischievous and unpredictable, their thought processes operating on a plane entirely different from ordinary humans. It was this very difference that gave Mahan Tirakot his extraordinary abilities and the power to command a kingdom.*

## *Chapter 1: The BN Species*

*The BN species was unlike any other. Their lack of cilia in the brain, which in other humans acted as a filter for thoughts and emotions, allowed them to perceive the world in a way that was both chaotic and genius. They were driven by an insatiable curiosity, an irrepressible sense of mischief, and a relentless desire to challenge the status quo. This unique combination made the BN both feared and revered across the land.*

*Mahan Tirakot, as a member of the BN species, was not just a ruler but also a visionary. His mind worked in ways that others could not comprehend, allowing him to devise strategies, create inventions, and inspire loyalty among his people in ways that bordered on the mystical. The birth of the Tirkits, powerful warriors formed from his blood, was just one example of his unparalleled abilities.*

*The BN, though mischievous by nature, were not malevolent. Their actions, while often unpredictable, were guided by a deep-seated sense of curiosity and a desire to explore the limits of their potential. It was this drive that led Mahan Tirakot to build a kingdom that stood as a beacon of power and innovation in a world full of chaos and conflict.*

## *Chapter 2: The Invasion*

*The peace of Tirakot was not destined to last. In the shadows of the kingdom, a figure emerged, plotting the downfall of Mahan Tirakot and his bloodline. Shaka the Dabukra, a man of great ambition and dark powers, had long coveted the kingdom of Tirakot. His large head was a symbol of his vast intellect and insatiable greed, and his knowledge of ancient magic made him a formidable opponent.*

*Shaka's plan was as cunning as it was ruthless. He knew that to defeat Mahan Tirakot, he would need to strike at the very heart of the kingdom—the royal palace. Disguised as a humble traveler, Shaka infiltrated the bustling markets of Tirakot, his presence unnoticed by the throngs of people who went about their daily lives. His eyes, however, were fixed on the grand palace that loomed in the distance, a symbol of the power he sought to claim.*

*As Shaka approached the palace gates, he began to chant quietly, invoking dark spells that caused the ground beneath him to tremble. The guards at the gate, loyal to Mahan Tirakot, were no match for the dark energy that radiated from Shaka. They fell silently, their bodies crumpling as the life was drained from them.*

### *Chapter 3: The Battle Within*

*Inside the palace, Supreme Tirkit was preparing for a sacred ritual—a ceremony that would bring forth new Tirkits to strengthen their ranks. The air was thick with anticipation, the chamber filled with the scent of burning incense and the low hum of ancient chants. As the ritual commenced, the familiar melody echoed through the palace—teredhana teredhana teredhana, kitdhana kitdhana kitdhana kitdhana, tirkit tirkit tirkit tirkit—signaling the birth of new warriors.*

*But as the ground shook, Supreme Tirkit sensed an intruder within the palace. Grabbing his sword, he rushed towards the source of the disturbance. What he found in the grand hall was a sight that would haunt him forever.*

*Shaka stood amidst the fallen guards, his large head casting a shadow that seemed to darken the very air around him. Without hesitation, Supreme Tirkit charged forward, his sword gleaming in the dim light. But Shaka was ready. With a wave of his hand, he unleashed a wave of dark energy that sent Supreme Tirkit crashing into the walls.*

*The battle that followed was fierce. Supreme Tirkit fought with the strength and skill of a warrior born from the blood of Mahan Tirakot, but Shaka's dark powers were overwhelming. Each blow from Supreme Tirkit's sword was met with a counterattack that drained his energy, and each spell from Shaka brought him closer to victory.*

## *Chapter 4: The Final Stand*

*Mahan Tirakot, deep in meditation, felt the disturbance in the palace. His eyes snapped open, and without a word, he rose to confront the intruder. As he entered the grand hall, he saw his son, Supreme Tirkit, struggling against the dark figure. Mahan Tirakot's heart filled with both pride and anger—pride for his son's courage, and anger at the audacity of this invader.*

*With a mighty roar, Mahan Tirakot joined the fray. His presence was like a storm, his power radiating through the hall. Shaka, sensing the shift in the battle, turned his attention to the king. The two forces collided with such intensity that the very walls of the palace trembled.*

*The final battle between Mahan Tirakot and Shaka was one of epic proportions. Mahan Tirakot's sword moved with the speed and precision of a thousand warriors, each strike infused with the power of his bloodline. But Shaka's dark magic was unlike anything he had faced before. The two clashed again and again, their power shaking the very foundations of the palace.*

*As the battle raged on, it became clear that Shaka had the upper hand. His dark powers were draining Mahan Tirakot's strength, and for the first time in his life, the king felt the weight of mortality. But even as he weakened, Mahan Tirakot fought with everything he had, determined to protect his kingdom and his son.*



*In the end, it was not enough.*

*With a final, devastating blow, Shaka struck down Mahan Tirakot. The king fell to the ground, his sword slipping from his grasp as darkness closed in around him. Supreme Tirkit, too, lay defeated, his body broken but his spirit unyielding.*

## *Chapter 5: BN A aqa and the Legacy of Tirakot*

*Though Mahan Tirakot had fallen, his bloodline was not extinguished. Among the BN, there emerged a leader known as BN A aqa, who was none other than a descendant of Mahan Tirakot himself. BN A aqa, inheriting the unique traits of the BN species and the royal blood of Tirakot, was a force to be reckoned with.*

*BN A aqa was not content to merely observe the world—he sought to shape it. When news of Mahan Tirakot's fall reached him, BN A aqa saw an opportunity. The ancient king had been defeated, but the bloodline that could produce the Tirkits still lived on. BN A aqa believed that by understanding and harnessing this power, he could lead his people to a new era of dominance.*

*Gathering the brightest minds among the BN, BN A aqa set them to work unraveling the mysteries of the Tirakot bloodline. They studied ancient texts, consulted the spirits of their ancestors, and conducted experiments that delved into the very essence of life itself.*

*Over time, BN A aqa and his followers began to uncover the secrets of their shared lineage with Mahan Tirakot. They learned of the rituals that brought forth the Tirkits, of the songs that heralded their birth, and of the ancient magic that bound them to their king. This knowledge, combined with the BN's natural intellect and cunning, made them a formidable force in their own right.*

## *Epilogue: The Dawn of a New Era*

*The palace was silent. Shaka stood victorious, but his victory was hollow. He had won the battle, but the kingdom of Tirakot was not his to claim. As he looked around at the destruction he had caused, he realized that the true power of Tirakot was not in its king or its warriors, but in the legacy they had left behind.*

*Mahan Tirakot's bloodline, through BN A aqa and his descendants, lived on. The BN species, with their unique thought processes and mischievous nature, carried the legacy of Tirakot forward into a new era. And though the kingdom of Tirakot had fallen, its spirit lived on in the hearts and minds of those who carried its blood.*

*As BN A aqa stood over the ruins of the old kingdom, he knew that a new chapter was about to begin—one that would see the rise of a new power, forged from the blood of kings and the brilliance of the BN.*