

Narrative Writing Portfolio

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Fragment from Novel-in-Progress

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

This is an early-stage fragment from a novel-in-progress—a narrative setting designed not merely to tell a story, but to unfold a system.

What follows is the ignition point of a larger construct. A space where lore expands exponentially, worldbuilding adheres to internal logic while challenging the limits of known reality, and every detail—mathematical, mechanical, philosophical—is deliberate.

If you choose to collaborate on this world, know that what you receive is not merely writing. It is architecture. A living mechanism of narrative design, structure, and deep narrative care.

Alert: *The appendix is broken. It is not placed where it belongs—as if forcing itself into forbidden areas. That, too, may be by design.*

PROLOGUE: The First Breezes

Interior – Observatory Apartment – Night

Year: 2111.

A young man in his early twenties sits alone at his desk. The pale light from the observatory dome flickers faintly across his face. This is A—a quantum engineer by formal title, and a theorist of forbidden frontiers in truth. His field: Mirror Entanglement—a fringe discipline seeking to reconcile time (the fourth dimension) and probability (the fifth). Unrecognized. Unfunded. Unheard. Just like him.

Outside, wind scrapes against the curved glass of the dome. Inside, remnants of two worlds compete for space.

His desk is chaotic: religious manuscripts in Hebrew, Arabic, and Latin; ancient diagrams; blueprints of watches dissected to their atom-wide cogs; a half-burned page quoting Rumi adjacent to scrawled quantum field equations. Buried beneath it all lie advanced sketches of a Machine—not yet named, not yet built, but whispered into form by instinct more than design. A cracked wall separates his apartment from a dark garage. Whether it's a shortcut or a bypass of structure itself is unclear. Like the Machine, perhaps it was never part of the plan.

The air hums faintly. Golden filaments pulse along the spine of his chair, resonating with his breath. Timepieces line the shelves—dozens of stopped watches. All but one. It ticks.

He turns. On the wall: a faded photograph.

Four children under a broken arch on the city's edge. Smiling.

He stands. Crosses to it. Fingers trace each face.

A (musing):

"B, C, and D... long time no see. Only The Median School could've built this mix."