Narrative Writing Portfolio Amor Ziani Fragment from Novel-in-Progress Table of Contents Introductory Note Prologue: The First Breezes Appendix I: A – The Son of a Paradox Exterior Scene: The Woundscape Outskirts Appendix II: The Hyperdimensional Tree 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." APPENDIX I: A - The Son of a Paradox FULL NAME Unknown. Known only as A. A symbol more than a name. ROLE IN THE STORY Central protagonist • The loop-bearer • The vessel of impossible truth One of the most tragic and enigmatic figures in the novel's world CORE IDENTITY CONCEPT A may be: A son of a paradox, born from a closed time loop of memory and message An entity whose origins defy classification—possibly not human • A causal echo seeded into the past by his own future actions A contradiction to the laws of superposition and linear continuity VISUAL SYMBOLISM • Surrounded by frozen watches, all identical—except for one that ticks, a reference to broken timelines and the single active reality? a souvenir from past dives? • A cracked wall connecting his apartment to the garage. A shortcut? Or a necessary rupture to defy the universe itself? PHILOSOPHICAL ROLE Represents the intersection between: • Time (4D) Probability (5D) • Truth Human Will vs. Deterministic Law He mirrors prophetic solitude—not as a prophet, but as one chosen by structure. The Median School is a joint educational initiative between the lower and upper classes. Officially, it exists to foster unity and develop capable teams from the lower tiers to support the needs of the elite. In truth, it offers only the illusion of equality. Once lower-class children acquire the minimum knowledge required to perform their assigned roles, their access to further education is quietly terminated. POTENTIAL TRAGIC ARC • Even after he delivers the message, a new divergence is born He loops again—memories possibly intact • No rest, no resolution—only repetition "All truth-bearers suffer. So he must." THEMATIC PARALLELS • Embodies the divine isolation of seekers Carries meaning through a collapsing world Every aspect of his existence questions creation, recursion, and truth "A is not born, he is looped. He is not defined, he is debated. He is not living, he is repeating. He delivers the truth—but only by dying for it, over and over again." Exterior - The Woundscape Outskirts - Dusk into Evening The wind has teeth. A moves across brittle terrain. Concrete dust mingles with salt air. Salt-warped pages crackle underfoot—failed attempts at recycled paper. Behind him, the observatory fades into the hill like a closing eye. Ahead, a half-buried structure. Temple-like. Worn stone held together by industrial metal. A approaches. Braces against a leaning slab of stone. Push. It shifts. Beneath it: a flat metal panel dulled by dust. It absorbs light rather than reflecting it. A kneels. Both hands on the surface. Click. The slab folds inward. Metal reshapes into an ovoid pod. A slit of light opens. A curved interface rises silently. He navigates its projection. Symbols shift and collapse. Four markers blink-four identifiers. He selects them. The pod emits a low pulse. A (calmly): "If you're seeing this, the system still functions. Periodic repairs: successful." (beat) "I need you to come. I've figured it out." "Same location. My spot. Bring what matters the equipments." Send. The light fades. The device folds flat. A rises. Does not look back. Wide Pull Back: Behind him: the ruined city. Steel towers still hold, but only just. Vines crawl up mirrored glass, reclaiming man's ambition with nature's patience.A tree - massive, sentient-seeming - punches through cracked concrete. Slow, inevitable rebellion. Above all this: platforms. Cities in the sky.Not suspended by engines, but by some force older than combustion. Gravity twisted into obedience. Layered Worlds: The Skyborne: descendants of corporate dynasties and scientific elites. Ordered. Lit. Clean. • The Grounded: what remains below. Rust. Dust. Hope. A walks toward his observatory. **FADE OUT APPENDIX II: The Hyperdimensional Tree** In this universe: Time is the fourth dimension

• Probability is the fifth A human life is a continuous thread across the fourth. Each decision branches it in the fifth. THE SEEDLINE – THE TRUE TIMELINE Despite fifth-dimensional freedom, only one path—the Seedline—is truly alive. Imagine a flower stem: singular, linear, progressing forward through irrevocable choices. All other paths are dead branches. These phantom outcomes arise from manipulations by the Machine. They are not sustainable. Not real. "They echo possibility, not destiny." Each moment is a node—a divergence point. From each, infinite potential paths spiral outward. The Machine An energy manipulator capable of folding spacetime around divergence points. Focuses energy on a near-still anchor Allows looping backward in personal timelines Forward travel is impossible

Every loop causes divergence Returning to origin becomes nearly impossible Rules and Mechanics • Looping is possible within one anchor's timeline To reset to zero, a new anchor is needed Each loop creates a new timeline • Losing track of origin risks permanent exile to a broken, unpredictable replica of reality (See "The Land of Exile" passage for detailed consequences.) THE FAKE TIMELINES – DEAD FRACTALS Each loop via the Machine causes a deviation—a localized anomaly in the Seedline. These divergences are hollow—non-causal, unrecognized by natural law. Their traits: • Temporal erosion Memory bleed · Host rejection Loopback lock SUPERPOSITION VIOLATION Entering a dead branch places the traveler in a paradoxical state-simultaneously present and impossible. Reality reacts: Interaction fails Anchors destabilize • Observers collapse them incorrectly • Eventually: rejection via decay or contradiction FINAL VISUAL METAPHOR A field of dead trees, each one a false seed. In the center, one tree lives: the Seedline. The Machine lets you walk among the dead. But only one tree bears fruit. Wander too long—and you may forget which tree you came from. Worse: it may forget you too.

The Tree doesn't ask for belief.

It simply grows.

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