



a book about glory - 3/24/2025, 12:31... AM  
a book about glory - 3/24/2025, 12:31:07 AM

A. MARCY GROBE  
FATHERS OON CATHEDRAL

# **a book about glory - 3/24/2025, 12:31:07 AM**

Anya has always felt grounded, tethered to a life she never chose. But on March 24th, 2025, at precisely 12:31:07 AM, everything changes. A mysterious encounter imbues her with the impossible: the power of flight. 'A Book About Glory - 3/24/2025, 12:31:07 AM' chronicles Anya's journey as she grapples with this newfound ability, a gift and a burden that sets her apart from the world she knows.

Initially, the freedom is exhilarating. Anya soars above the city, escaping the mundane and tasting the sweet nectar of liberation. But the higher she climbs, the more complicated her life becomes. Whispers turn to stares, then fear, and finally, suspicion. The world, it turns out, isn't ready for a girl who can fly.

Torn between embracing her extraordinary gift and the desire to remain unseen, Anya must confront the implications of her power. Is it a curse or a calling? Will she learn to control her flight and find her place in a world that both marvels at and fears her, or will the weight of her glory ultimately ground her forever? Her journey becomes a testament to the human spirit's capacity for both wonder and fear, a poignant exploration of what it truly means to fly.

# Chapter 1

## Taking Flight

## a book about glory - 3/24/2025, 12:31:07 AM

## Chapter 1: Taking Flight

The wind whipped Elara's hair across her face, tasting of salt and something wilder, something she couldn't quite name. Below, the city of Aethelgard sprawled like a spilled jewel box, its lights glittering against the encroaching dusk. From this height, the cobbled streets and towering spires looked miniature, the bustling crowds reduced to a silent, scurrying mass. But Elara wasn't looking down. Her gaze was fixed on the horizon, where the bruised purple of the sky bled into the deep indigo of the approaching night.

This was it. The moment she had dreamt of, yearned for, obsessed over since she was a child. The moment she would finally fly.

Her heart hammered against her ribs, a frantic drumbeat against the silence of the rooftop. The wind tugged at the strange, intricate harness strapped around her chest and back, a network of leather and polished metal that felt both comforting and terrifyingly unfamiliar. It was a masterpiece of engineering, crafted by the eccentric inventor, Old Man Hemlock, the only person who believed her dream wasn't madness.

"Ready, Elara?" Hemlock's voice crackled from behind her. He stood a few feet away, his silhouette a dark outline against the fading light. He held a small, gleaming device in his hand, its surface pulsing with a faint, ethereal glow.

Elara swallowed, her throat suddenly dry. "As I'll ever be."

She'd spent countless hours with Hemlock, poring over diagrams, adjusting the harness, listening to his rambling explanations of aerodynamics and anti-gravity principles she barely understood. He spoke of harnessing the "aetheric currents," invisible rivers of energy that flowed through the world, the very force that allowed birds to soar. Most people dismissed him as a harmless lunatic, but Elara had seen the conviction in his eyes, the glint of something truly extraordinary. She had believed him.

Hemlock raised the device, his gnarled fingers hovering over a small, silver button. "This," he said, his voice hushed with reverence, "is the Aetherium Resonator. It will attune your body to the currents, allowing you to... ascend."



## Chapter 2

# Wings of Her Own

## a book about glory - 3/24/2025, 12:31:07 AM

## Chapter 2: Wings of Her Own

Glory squinted at the contraption. It resembled a giant, metallic dragonfly, all sleek curves and delicate scaffolding. Sunlight glinted off its iridescent wings, which were stretched taut, catching the breeze. Beneath them, a small, padded seat awaited, looking deceptively comfortable. This, according to Elias, the wizened tinkerer who'd spent the last six months building it, was her future.

"It's... magnificent," Glory breathed, her voice barely above a whisper. She'd dreamed of flying since she was a child, watching swallows dip and soar through the endless azure above their village nestled in the valley. But those dreams had always felt distant, like shimmering mirages in a desert of impossibility. Now, the mirage was tangible, metal and wire woven into a promise.

Elias, his face a roadmap of wrinkles etched by years of sun and laughter, beamed. "Magnificent indeed! I call her the 'Skydancer'." He patted a strut affectionately. "Built her with my own two hands, using the finest Whisperwood and Sky-Silk. Lighter than air, stronger than steel."

Glory circled the Skydancer, her fingers tracing the intricate patterns etched into the metal. Whisperwood, she knew, was a rare, almost mythical wood that grew only on the highest peaks, renowned for its strength and flexibility. Sky-Silk, even rarer, was spun by giant, iridescent spiders that lived amongst the clouds, a material so light it almost seemed to defy gravity. Elias had spared no expense, no effort.

"But... how does it work?" Glory asked, her gaze fixed on the intricate network of gears and levers that connected the wings to the seat.

Elias chuckled, a deep, rumbling sound. "Magic, my dear. And a bit of clever engineering." He pointed to a small, crystal orb nestled within the framework. "This is a Sunstone. It absorbs the sun's energy and channels it into the wings, allowing them to move and generate lift. The gears and levers? They're my contribution, translating your movements into the Skydancer's flight."

He gestured towards the seat. "Climb aboard. I'll show you."



## Chapter 3

# The Ascent

## a book about glory - 3/24/2025, 12:31:07 AM

## Chapter 3: The Ascent

The wind whipped Elara's hair across her face, tasting of salt and something wilder, something ancient. Below, the city sprawled like a spilled box of jewels, the lights blurring into a shimmering tapestry. Above, the sky stretched, a vast, inky canvas pricked with the diamond dust of stars. And between the two, suspended on currents invisible to the naked eye, Elara floated.

The initial terror, the stomach-lurching fear that had accompanied her first hesitant steps into the air, had long since dissipated. Now, a strange serenity filled her, a calm born of acceptance and a burgeoning understanding of the power that flowed through her. The power to fly.

It had been a slow, painstaking process, this awakening. Old Man Tiberious, with his cryptic pronouncements and his even more cryptic exercises, had pushed her to the limits of her physical and mental endurance. Days spent meditating under the relentless desert sun, nights spent tracing the constellations with her fingers, learning their names and their whispered secrets – it had all seemed so pointless, so disconnected from the ultimate goal.

"You cannot simply will yourself to fly, child," Tiberious had rasped, his voice like dry leaves skittering across pavement. "You must become the wind. You must become the sky. You must understand the language of the air."

Elara had scoffed at first. The language of the air? It sounded like the ramblings of a madman. But as the weeks turned into months, a subtle shift began to occur within her. A heightened awareness of the world around her, a sensitivity to the slightest change in atmospheric pressure, the almost imperceptible currents that swirled and eddied around her. She began to feel the air not as an empty void, but as a living, breathing entity.

The breakthrough had come unexpectedly. They were standing on the precipice of the highest cliff overlooking the city, the wind howling around them like a banshee. Tiberious, his eyes glittering with an unnerving intensity, had simply said, "Now."

Panic had seized her. "Now what? I don't – I can't –"

