david aes \ av \source notes

*events detailed here in are possible influences in av’s life. as they appear here, they have no say on actual events. these are just ideas. those that merit real attention will be drawn out and realized elsewhere. where an idea is confirmed in actual events, it is highlighted, but otherwise unaltered. apparent order, in terms of presentation of ideas here, are only faintly suggestive of causal relaitonships. as far as av is concerned what lies herein is the stuff of dreams.*

A Phoenix reconnaissance—the leisure tactic.

A good spot to practice and unwind.

The presence of dreams pursuing her. Noticed unnoticeably.

A true exposure to the Arts from an adept master.

Friends and teammates chasing leads and fulfilling duties.

Av's mind weighs the advice of her friends. Even Temper speaks to her about her bond with Kzeisza.

Av pushing herself—her touters accellerate their training.

bid for destiny—gathering loose ends of all sorts

An interruption—a visit, a bid for destiny.

A conversation with a Devourer.

A path strayed down before—Av seeking to embody something closer to her nature.

Uneasy return to her studies.

Her haitus ends—recalled to duty.

No time to catch up.

The plan. A few days to rough out.

Trouble shooting problems with dry run simulations.

Early simulation—trouble with details. AO unmasked.

Holding Av down.

Entering Necormantic texts into the Book of Intents.

AO stands ready to take advantage of any weakening of SWAT.

Into third week planning—Kzeisza showing worry.

The plan is to remove the presence of NLS SWAT. It will take them nearly three weeks to be ready to put that plan into motion, using their immediate resources, with a better than ninety percent chance of success, and one hundred percent chance of partial success. Once they have the solid framework of a plan, they begin to run simulations, the setting up of which involves a few disturbing elements. Running a simulation which accounts for magical and technological practices and techniques inspires some frightening experiments. However, Av's enemy has finally been unmasked, and they are ready to take advantage of this extraction. In fact, they have a new boldness which has Kzeisza worried.

Even in light of the horrifying revelations she has so recently endured, she is still compelled by her responsibilities. In a time old tradition, she has chosen to bury her troubles in her work. In this case however, her work does not need the extra trouble. What should be a routine endeavor to invite a culture fragment into the new alliance somehow seems to be a nightmare of intrigue and mystery. Somewhere in all of this diplomacy is a death trap, and the only out for her is to out think whomever is weaving this labyrinth. What she can not expect, however, is that the divine powers are not through with her yet. In fact, they have hardly begun to make their full claim on her. Only when all she has loved has been torn from her by her own hand does she learn what waits to embrace her.

even while she is struggling to make sense out of her own life, many, many other individuals are struggling to make sense out of nexus. A desire that is not helped any by the insufferable interference of this upstart fragment. Even though there is so much for everyone to learn from nexus, it seems that as individuals and as an unwilling whole, they simply cannot recognize it. Is there any way for anyone to go back to what they were? Is there anything to go back to? Or far the worst suspicion, was any of it real to begin with? Faced with nexus, there is no way to know what to believe. But it is a slowly awakening fear that life is just a dream; and for those on nexus, it has almost certainly become a nightmare.

For an individual like avonlea, who believes in virtually any possibility, the irony is that even the immediate possibilities can exceed any preconceived expectations. On nexus, where many different realities have been randomly subjected to one another without reason and seemingly without purpose, certain consequences of human nature, and existence, become manifest. This series treats the concepts and expressions of such things as magic, and super-technology with equal seriousness and deliberation. It delves into the higher workings of nature as an arena for the heroine and the reader to venture and explore. This book revolves around the subtle evolution of avonlea towards an appointment in the divine order of the greatest of mysteries. It is an examination of growing beyond the limits of reality, and ascending to a level of existence as real and demanding as what we like to call reality. It explores those parts of life that cannot be denied and which must be faced more so than not in order to transcend our common limits.

more than anything else, i point out that this is a living character. We may never meet her in our own world, but she has her own reality. Much of what appears in this book is the result of her own intentions. I may have written the words, but she created the story through her own actions. I, like kzeisza, the ageless dragon that is her nemesis and most intimate acquaintance, have had to embrace her self expression and not attempt to alter or excuse it. Just as she challenges him to judge her, she challenges us all to dare the same.

A piercing glance from avonlea. A near twilight scene highlighting the red of her hair, and the cool depths of shadows, high contrast warm and cool. A vivid quality of light. There is a warm erotic intensity both in color scheme and in her expression. She stands, hair blazing, confronting the dragon, kzeisza. The focus is on her. Signs of the dragon are in the background and reflected in her eyes or other pools or windows, as they happen to occur in the final draft. She is clothed in her second skin, and in her human form. Her mouth is slightly open, and her canines are slightly visible. The fine sculpture of her features is haunting in the untamed, animal irreverence for glamorous beauty.

Sure, i've got time to run a quick first contact, i'll take white with me...

Gosh, a welcoming committee...

Uh, boss, they don't like it, and there isn't really any one person in charge here... Sure, no problem, i'll take care of it.

Okay, there in, you mind if i catch up on some of my studies...?

What!?! She said yes?!? Sure, i'll talk it over with her...

Uh, boss, i might have to transfer to freelance for a while, say like eternity... I've sort of been asked to take on this other job... What, sure, no problem, i'll get someone to look into it...

A new first contact - stepping out - working things out... Once more, she is on the frontier. She continues to work on her arts as she goes along. She has plenty of time to think. As she closes in on the new arrival, she goes more and more on guard. An advance troop from this import encounters her and her escort, and they attack. Av and blanc try to neutralize the attack, and approach the leader with her proposal. This is a culture more along the lines of what her world resembled, and as yet has not had much exposure to the world of (caoi yn) or that which she has experienced there. Warily, they take her back to their city, as they call it. She is taken to see a man of some repute who listens to her stories and her offer. More or less convinced by her sincerity and her demonstrations of technology, he explains the situation she faces here to her.

s their action against the advance fills the second guard leader with suspicion and antagonism towards Av, her mission and her proposal. This is a culture more along the lines of what her world resembled, and as yet has not had much exposure to the world of (caoi yn) or that which she has experienced there. Warily, they take her back to their city, as they call it. She is taken to see a man of some repute who listens to her stories and her offer. More or less convinced by her sincerity and her demonstrations of technology, he explains the situation she faces here to her.

Rasha will be given the charge of pursuing av's solution, as she has the best resource for the task. Av, on the other hand, is not to be allowed to neglect her role as the primary negotiator. The more alliances they forge, the stronger the peace will be, and a new province had been spotted which called for her investigation. Still shocked by her hot retort at kzeisza, she meekly and gratefully accepts the mission, once more unable to take her team with her, thanks to kzeisza's dabbling. She actively wonders what all of his attentions will come to. She weighs what they experience together against what it does to them. She realizes that it has mostly confused her. She can only accept what they share for what it is. Explanations and expectations only feed her confusion. What she believes she has shared with kzeisza has been sensual not sexual. She understands how the game of sex can seem so damning - remembering how it has constricted her between rook, kevin, dirk and ash. For her, her sexuality is merely a release for her sensuality. For her, the reproductive element of sex is dead - without the possability of a mate. What she has endured has had too much of the politics of mating. She is not yet aware of how deep kzeisza's obsession with her has become. She has no choice but to recognise how she has come to love kzeisza, kevin and rook, and she wonders if she wants to. As if she can possibly escape it.

A welcoming commitee - an unbalanced situation... Av is dragged to a few audiences, and endures a great deal of angst to get her message across. The local factions are at odds, and her skills and patience as a diplomat are strained to new limits. Her childhood had witnessed the consequences of small province politics and intrigue, and here it was especially thick. It was very much like entering a gothic. For such a vulnerable island in this chaotic world, they sure gave the impression of being able to sway the fate of the entire world. She was even aware that the kind of pseudo-monarchy that this was could be unbeleivably dangerous to a normal person. She imagined that even she could find herself facing some sudden and outlandish charge of treason, and find herself facing a summarry execution. She even began to wonder in the politics in this community did not actually run into and affect the world and shards of cultures around it and in it. Her intuition even screamed out "trap!" From the moment she entered.

Negotiations - making decisions - pulling it together... Av has a lot of negative reports to send back to kzeisza. They do not like the situation they face, and soothing their petty fears and paranoia takes a lot of effort. The way the locals were dissembling, she would almost think they had some other offer that they were weighing against hers. She began to work fast to catch up to the things that were falling into place around her. Still trying to secure an allience, she rooted around for the makings of the trap which loomed in her mind. The leaders she talked with made a very public figure of her, with various tours and intorductions. Blanc stayed watchful in the shadows, though. If there is a trap, she concludes, then it is something of a conspiricy between an enemy of mine, and whoever stands to gain the most from a shady agreement at this time. So she had the beginnings of an idea about whom she could confide in and make her plans with. From there, it is only a matter of disabling the local people who were being used by this, and making them useless for such an exploit.

In dirk's mind, he was utterly snubbed. For whatever reasons, he is swayed by the manipulations of ao and has involved himself in a conspiracy to discredit av. In his mind, he intends to turn this province utterly against her, ruin her work for kzeisza, and have her imprisoned and condemned here so that he can blaze in at the last minute and save her. To that end, he arrived far ahead of her, and began to set her up, while remaining well obfuscated in his manipulations. What he does not know, is that he is expendable to his allies, and that their plans are more thorough about seeing her dead.

Onslaught - an inevitible duel - embracing the unknown... Disabling the threat to the alliance, and a local threat to her in the power of the locals did not eliminate the opposition to her. She is lured out into the night, where she is visited by the devourer, who tells her in cryptic terms what she has destined for herself by her choice of divinity. What she understands is that she can not hope to ever escape the inevitable embrace of the devourer. To accent that revelation, she comes to face her possible demise. Her actions did not save her from her enemies. Her wit did not stop the threat. In fact, it only forced it into the open. When the onslaught comes, kzeisza ignores her plea that he not interfere. His is the rationale that they are his enemies while she is just their intended victim. Av has to finally declare - she does not want to love them. Not kzeisza, nor kevin, or rook. She does, but she cannot bear to. All she can see is how any devotion to her is damning to them. She doesn't want them to love her. It is almost as if she knows already that she will soon abandon them for her destiny. That her ascension will wash away her concerns for those she loves. Seeing no other choice, she and kzeisza square off, for neither is willing to give up their love or their honor. Kzeisza is forced to demonstrate how easilly he could destroy her, and abandons her there in the woods. There, fate finds her. Shattered by the event, she is completely unprepared for the news he brings. She has been named avatar of mystery and the unknown.

Dirk was unmasked. Instead of facing his failure and this ultimate devestation of their friendship, he flees. His parting accusation, her blame in all of this and her blindedness to her own seduction, is the thorn which poisons her against the love she has had.

So many loose ends - mutual realization - freelance... After embracing her new office, she takes a final moment to try and tie up the loose ends remaining as the aftermath of her ordeal. This is, she realizes, only the beginning.