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.*

Seventh

Committed to an existence immersed in the inconceivable avonlea must learn that she has not even begun to understand the demands of her own destiny. Especially as she learns that destiny itself is not inevitable. Can she live up to the subconscious designs she has placed over her self? Intimate encounters with virtually identical—yet disturbingly different—entities only accentuate her own uniqueness.

things have been moving very fast, both for her and for the stolen people of nexus. Every living thing is deeply aware that nexus itself will not give them time to adapt casually. All of the rules of peoples lives have been shattered and even as people strive to create new perspectives by which to survive nexus, it continues to mock them. So people are beginning to simply abandon all rules. Some, however, know that there must be some way to remain civilized. Living in this vast whirl of wondrous and frightening possibilities, people are beginning to realize what the hidden gift of nexus is. For some, it is an awakening into unexpected freedom, for others it is an omen of frightening proportions. And they are willing to destroy anyone else who has realized it.

Clearly, the object of this volume is avonlea's acquaintance with the divine office of avatar. There is a quality and form to such an appointment that is best explored from the perspective available. There is much for av to learn about her divinity and its effects on her. Among the currents in this story are her personal transformations, many of which seem to change little of her situation, her quest to reclaim triel manor, and the things she learns about her displacement she could not otherwise have known, her first tentative forays into the threshold level, where her acquaintance with an and morgan come about, and the unspeakable shadow which is attaching itself to her.

Av, an and morgan, together; making eye contact with the observer. The background is comprised of elements specific to their three distinct realms of origin. These elements will blend in a folded nature. Each character will be affected most by the elements of their origin. Morgan will be colored and lighted according to night light. Avonlea will be in the bright light of parish skies. Andrea will be in the uncertain light of dreams. The impression given by their body language is that they have simultaneously been startled with the awareness of an observer. Also implied is that this is a meeting of equals, strangers, and kindred spirits. Morgan has an air of great maturity, avonlea has the quality of eternal youthfulness, and an is just ageless. This cover is a demanding compare and contrast exercise. The three are virtually identical and yet different in nature and temperament.

One of the turns in this story is the manner in which avonlea converts a balrog into her personal servant, her butler, as it were. Both of them being divine entities, after a fashion, it is an appointment made out of mutual respect, and it contrives to unite the household under her--even the litch.

Having long known the freedom of self integrity, and almost as long, remained fully responsible to the demands of her integrity, avonlea has now begun to confront the demands of responsibility to a position of authority and significance, and to only slightly lesser a degree, responsibility to worlds and people outside of herself. She is confronted on many fronts by the requirements and benefits of her mystical office, as they interact with her own nature. This in short order, becomes the most extreme learning experience she has ever known. The thing she seems to be learning the most about, though, is herself. This eventually draws her to seek out her kindred spirits, where or however they may be.

Well, it's a matter of unfinished business... Say, are you going to be someone new every time i talk to you?

Hi guys, i'm here to show you where the library is... What do you mean, 'you've already dealt with it?' since when did things get done around here without me?

Uh, hi boss. I'm sort of trying to find my house, and i was wondering if i could get some of your people to help me...

Yeah, avatar of mystery and the unknown...

You've got something 'better' to teach me? Wait, i already knew that...

Well, its sort of like this... What do you mean, you don't get it? I'm not trying to be obscure...

Sorry, i forgot, those are really blessed now... No i think most people find it far more frightening than death or evil...

Actually, you're not going to believe it, but i'm essentially working a lot with death these days, too... It is, after all, one of the greatest mysteries of them all. Death is at once far more and far less than anyone imagines it to be. I just call it the door...

Have you ever noticed that the more things make sense, the harder it is to make sense out of things?

What makes them so dangerous to us, boss, is the fact that they are so alien to us... Sure, i'll talk to them

Greetings sivai, what do you want? Fine, i'll look into it. Who, him? Oh, that was just the great devourer... He chooses that form just to tease me... Do you have any idea how many beings exist solely to devour mysteries and the unknown...? He keeps me on my toes, after all, i'm just an underling. His heart is ever set on my liege...

Av learns, through experience, how her body copes with extensive damage, such as her own weapon deals out.

Part of me seems to hover just this side of the threshold, while i conduct my affairs here...

Well, my job is mostly to represent her here, though wherever i actually am at any given moment is good enough, too... Well, there just aren't that many of us to cover one world apiece. Besides, i think i am the only one of there is...

Hello again, nice pelt, uhm, you know, i used to work with a group of people, it sort of made me more effective... What? You mean i do have subordinates? Well, yes. Thank you. Um, who are they? Right, i'll know..

I used to be so irresponsible, when did i change?

No, there's not much which i can conceive of any more that i can't figure out how to do, but i can't dwell on it. You can't exactly sit down and write a book about these kind of things. Who would ever understand it? It would all seem like involuted gobble-de-gook...

I don't know if i am exactly sane anymore. Just last night i was sitting on my couch carrying on an animated conversation with a glass of water, i had thought at the time that it was just a matter of understanding the way a glass of water thought...

No, what i am and what i do are not a matter of losing my sanity and indulging in fanciful whims... There is a rhythm to my understanding which is entirely unlike language in that the sense of a thing is not in the name that holds it but in the pitch and position it takes at the moment...

Do you wish to destroy your mind? I'm telling you, i can see plain as day that what you are doing is exactly what your own mind is most set against... Master your mind before you attempt to master the universe, you've got better odds of surviving that way. I'm not trying to stop you, you are trying to stop you, i am just letting you in on what is going on with you...

Often, it is in dealing with the pursuits of another that one comes to see themselves. For av, in seeing this other so clearly, she becomes aware of a lack of vision for herself.

How do i know what's what with others, yet still get driven to distraction trying to figure out myself?

This is the question that has been led up to. Realizing the need to deal with the aspects of one's own existence. This decision is momentous in itself. From the contemplation of this question will arise the awareness of what needs to be done. For av, it is a call to confront what, to her, remains unknown.

You're right, i've never gone through the threshold myself. I won't even begin to fulfill my role until i have embraced the heart of that which i have committed myself to. In order to find myself, i need to find my limits...

Av decides to confront the full unknown of death. She leaves, looking for death itself, not through cause, but simply through will. She will find that it is but a door. A door like would separate the houses of two different realities. A door like the transition of going to sleep. Like all in existence, death is a thing which is always present in its final form. Death is, only when the will to remain is broken. For one who has the will, the moment of death will remain at arms length until one chooses to embrace it. It can be that simple an act. But, death is not a place at which the will can remain. One must veer aside. To such a place as the threshold.

Um, hello. Who are you? You live here? Um, well, i work here, i guess...

An and av meet, a recurrence of the dead twin visual, and a resulting fascination, lead to curiosity. The climax of this chapter is the vision, the sensual embrace, which i recall. Both are swallowed by their passion and infatuation, and both embrace it without fear or self recrimination. They discover their difficulty in fulfilling their mutual hunger to be much the cause of their overwhelming desire. Their intimacy is bound by touch, and they become lost in the mystery of their attraction.

Why do i feel so open to you? Unlike mystery, untouchable and always looking right through me... I feel like i can actually touch you...

You've embraced the devourer?!? And you're still around to talk about it?

Laying in their spent embrace, they come fast to know and confide in each other. They find, in their mirror of their acquaintance, the equals each had sought unknowingly. They allude to the presence of another, whom each seems to sense. They lose track of time, and wander through the house of contemplation. They also touch the honest core of intimacy, the caress of mere presence.

This is xanadau. Someone is dreaming us.

What do you mean 'i intrigue you' ? I am afraid to understand you, sometimes... Sure, i'd like to meet one of your acquaintances... What should i expect?

An conceives of an idea, and maneuvers av to a point in which to set her notion in motion. This is the beginning of a powerful alliance, which in time will aid them all. Av, led by fascination, is caught between contemplation of what these changes might come to mean, and infatuation with the character of her new acquaintance with an. An, aware of the trial which awaits av in her future, is as much enamored with av as mournful for her fate. She fights to not interfere, and yet some allusion is made. Enough to lend the idea that sivai will attempt to consume her.

I don't think any of us so much as said a word...

This meeting is influenced by the emphatic encouragement of an. These three reflections of one another, one living, one undead, and one on the threshold, are as distinct from one another as they are alike. The fascination, to touch the image of oneself. To explore the similarities, and be astounded the very differences in nature, which affect even the texture of skin, hair, and breath. To point out the different hungers and appetites, and succulence of their satisfaction. For a vampire, the richness of av's blood, and the fragility of an's form, are intoxicating. For them, the stillness of her body and impossibly refined textures of her flesh, morgan is more the animate object than living being. She tasting of intoxicating blood, from her tears to her center. In an, the promise of a young goddess, in av, the wildness of her animal nature. With this orgy of communion, they each help define each other, more fully and intimately than they had previously known. Their lament, that there is no term more appropriate to them than lovers. They have no name for what they have attained in one another.

The more i come to know about myself, the more i begin to feel that i am only just beginning to understand myself

From the depths of intimacy, begins to come the understanding of self, and its existence. This may indeed be the only thing which gives her any promise of surviving what is to come.

I think i am beginning to understand what i am supposed to be doing now...

When you fight the unknown, you fight me

When you unravel a mystery, you unravel me

But there will always be more to me, and the devourer occasionally restores my cloak of secrets. There are some who see me, many who don't. When i choose to be someone, i am like the moon, both obscure and bright, or the sun, blindingly brilliant, so i warn you, be content to gaze at me through my mask, for mystery is the spice of life... The brightest light creates the darkest shadows.

This chapter will culminate with the approach of the devourer, and will echo with the promise of his touch, and when she realizes his function in existence, she finds the first seed of acceptance with which to meet her coming challenge. The fullness of mystery is truly beginning to come to her, for here awaits the path of destruction. She will be tested against fear of the unknown, and tested for endurance of will. He will be like a seducer. A courting gentleman, who surprises her with his passion, and then leaves her aching for his touch. And this is how it will end.

Eighth

Avonlea is at a hard time in her life. She must decide if she will continue to follow her destiny, or begin to pursue her own autonomy. A time for her to really decide what she wants. To understand this question, she has left nexus and the unknown. Only to enter a trap; one that strips away her confidence and self possession (not to mention the illusions of her sanity). It is a trap we are quite familiar with—a world of doubt. Our world. A world revered to be the most demanding and crucifying to exist in. Due to this, av is forced to struggle for her own identity—forced to look for herself. As such things go, she is not expecting what she must learn about herself. "avonlea" is not what anyone would call normal. In fact, so many people find her mysterious, enigmatic, or just plain odd, that chances are few people could actually know what to call her. To understand her, one really has to get to know her. Unfortunately, she is not very easy to get to know. She seems to take special pains to reveal as little as possible about herself to anyone. Why? That is part of the mystery. When confronted with the question, `is not plain humanity good enough for you?' she can only reply that she never really knew what that was. She is a very enticing and alluring creature, so naturally it is this which creates the current of this story. A new adversary and admirer is entranced in her and becomes obsessed with penetrating the mystery surrounding her. Ironically, so is she. Even her experiences can not save her from the inertia of sanity that can make her question the validity of her own reality. She does not have much time to learn that this is a world that will kill you to help you; lock you away if you don't fit in. A night in a padded cell is a blow of many proportions; a twisting dagger of synchronicity in her gut. Her brother, kev, is found, having passed through death's door. He brings with him, her old conflict of desire. By this point she is hardly sure who or what she is; she has long since begun to desperately ask who she is. His presence is the shattering blow to her mystique. Eventually the questions come, `can the truth destroy you?' `do you really want to know?' she begins to splint her self back together but finds that there may indeed be a harsh price. Dare she deliver a killing blow to another's reality?

There are many things to learn about avonlea. She is not human. She appears as human as anyone else. However. She is a tigermorph exotic. She can almost effortlessly shift into an anthropomorphic analog of a tiger, or a tiger itself. In any such shift, she can recover from the degradations of physical damage; she heals with each shift. There are many complications in her life created by her nature. Because her parents were also exotics, they had made their living in a circus. This determined avonlea's childhood influences for her. She was trained in many unusual skills from infancy. She was also one of a mixed brood of children. Exotics cannot half breed, and her mother was the only female in the troop. Av's father, his twin, and their friend and adversary all sired cubs from her mother. As she reached menarche, she learned how strong an urge exotics felt with one another compared to what they felt for normal humanoids. Av had to learn the difference between sexual drive and sensual drive. In her, both were very powerful. A quirk of her nature that is hard to account for is her knack for attracting weird influences. The first indication of the sublime potential she will eventually realize. It was this trait which squared her on the path of nexus and her destiny. It brought her triel manor. It brought her the deck of fate. It brought her to nexus, and the paf. It brought her to vancouver, to kzeisza, to ash, and it brought her to mystery.

to reach her destiny, she endured many transformations that have made her something unknown to her self. She has awoken a powerful intuition. She had inherited a vast magical potential. She has become a divinity. She has gained an extraordinary touch of luck. She has bloomed into alluring beauty. Indeed, to a glance, anything that could truly see, she would seem an angel. She is an avatar. Nexus has weaned her of the illusions of a set reality. She knows that there is a truth to all possibilities. She is hungry to explore those possibilities. Even though those possibilities would seem insane to anyone else. She has reached a point where she may go anywhere she desires but home.

As it is clear that UNPROMISED is too demanding a book for a first time publication. I need to get the attention of the business another way. As I wanted to do a series of books focusing on specific characters such as Av and Kzeisza, it seems that I could write a more effective book that merely concentrates on exploring Avonlea. As the UNFOLDING is a series in intent, there is no reason why this effort should disqualify any of the things I intended with UNPROMISED.

one of the things she learns about the strange and unusual in this world is the capacity for people to never really notice it. When it is noticed, then it trips the mind into an altered state where the witness is very vulnerable and disturbed. The lack of intuition and the negligence of people toward their own spirits could account for the lack of magic or divinity, but the frame of mind that claims knowledge and cleaves to ignorance so common here seems far more the culprit.

*Av is in contact with an through dreams and hallucinations. This is one device to call question on her sanity from the start, as none else would ever see it. The assumptive premise of this story is the matter of sanity. The appearances are that av lives in this world and has created her own in her mind. That is the view that develops in those she interacts with up to the point where things begin to break down. This is an inversion of what writers more typically do, i have brought my character to this world, rather than taking a character form this world to another. In fact the questions brought up in the story are almost enough to shake avonlea from her own grasp of her own reality. Her presence is seen to be dangerous when those exposed to her begin to lose their grip on reality and they are noticed by others significant to them in their world. That is how she gets locked up. When she begins to lose her grip, she actually fluctuates from this world and when she regains consciousness, her witnesses have been dealt a severe blow. Some have been stupefied, others have been shaken so badly that they run raving. As a group, they are all caught by the police and her possession of a .44 and her actions to defend herself escalate the situation. Her own uncertainty makes her unable to draw on her abilities, a thing that has happened enough times before now to make this a serious nail in her coffin. It is only the chance meeting with kev that gives her the slim chance to recover her equilibrium. In continuity, this story is placed between unbound and undone of within undone.*