

Chapter 1: The Day I Learned That Diviners Like Math

I became famous at three years old because a mountain exploded.

I didn't explode that mountain, since I was three years old and the mountain hadn't wronged me, but the moment Mt. Guardium exploded was the moment my life became what it was now.

When it exploded, it fractured the land into three pieces, each island floating away from the center-- the epicentre of impact.

The people thought it was a sign. They thought our lands were actually meant to be divided. No one could trust another islander anymore, and communications turned hostile.

Before things spiraled out of control, a wise diviner who lived on Mt. Guardium and survived its blast proclaimed to the world;

"There are three children, only three-years old, each gifted with the essence of the land. In 3-years time done thrice, then three years more, they will go on an adventure and restore the world to the way it used to be."

I'm not sure why this is a math riddle. Maybe it's because 3 is an important number to our land. Simply put, the diviner foretold that in twelve years, when the children are fifteen years old, they will somehow move literal islands back to their original location.

If I could speak, I would say this is complete hogwash, but somehow the people believed it. They searched in their lands for a 3-year old who fit that description.

I think they were delusional in their starvation for hope.

I was born by a river, so I was named as such. No originality. Yet somehow to the people that meant I was inextricably linked to the essence of the island.

You know, kids in preschool said my name made them want to go to the washroom. I think the children were more nuanced about the situation than the adults were.