

# *The Silence of the Hidden Ones*

A Novel by Andre Saga

All Rights Reserved

## **Contents**

<i>ACT I</i> .....	4
<i>ACT II</i> .....	16

.

## *ACT I*

In a swamp made of a castle wreckage, clay, and dead trees, a human form is quietly spying the distant and majestic frozen mountains surrounding a lake where the specter of a half swallowed ship is eternally floating adrift in quiet waves. That human form lifts their head toward the sky, contemplating the colors of the night that are lazily being painted in the horizon, catching her attention. The blowing wind waves her long blonde hair apart, and on her left shoulder a light blossoms and leads her steps back over the irregular soil above the reminiscences of a buried city, because Mother Nature redesigned the landscapes after the human urgency in controlling her is gone. The crystalline waters advanced over the borders of their previous limits, expanding its perpetual mirror to reflect the long lonely days and the serene melancholic nights over that natural tomb where not one a single wilted rose is lied down in a respectful sign for the human remnants.

The planet is partially dead; however the vegetal kingdom still flourishing, through the centuries it dragged the most astonishing achievement of human architecture to the entrails of Earth. Back in the immemorial days of creation, continents, mountains, rivers, waterfalls, rivers, and ecosystems were forged from chaos to harmony, posteriorly within the human extinction, valves went out of control and factories across the globe collapsed, the fire once humans mastered, ended dominating urban landscapes, spreading over the forests, driving the planet back to the initial dawn of creation. One single seed carrying its ancestral information in genome, and chromosome is enable to massively contribute to the nature saga rewriting, incubated at the bosom of the earth, and awaiting the dark smoke curtain over the sky vanish like a nightmare that will never return, its finally can sprout and explore the soil where carbonized memories turn to forgettable ashes. The human world is disintegrated. Therefore the last humans believed in a seed containing their short story in the hall of the infinity time, it is named Freyja.

Made of the mineral resources on the planet and the ones coming from outside, the most capable intelligence developed a powerful artificial intelligence and designed a human form to insert it within, like a heart, like a memory, like a soul. The destiny of proliferation is tasked to a seed, after the dry seasons of the world the rain comes relieving the soil and the clouds slow down the temperatures. In the night, over the silver light of the moon that is penetrating the bottom of the fields, the germination dance performs the rebirth ritual. However, without the

animal kingdom, nature is an incomplete painting, fruits need to be carried out by the birds, when the fall season threatens their nests they fly away, and eventually, those free creatures, designed to the open horizon would drop seeds anywhere. The chilling wind comes and climbs the highest branches, gathering the red leaves in a poetic performance where the leaves will twirl and land over the land and like a blanket will trap heat, preventing the soil from freezing too quickly and protecting seeds from extreme cold. This is Freyja mission, to complete the painting.

Heading back to her destiny, the Sphinx observatory, Freyja silently walks down the tones of orange and gray that smoothly blends up in the sky and a new and sad color emerges painting the threshold of the dusk on the horizon, definitely bringing the night through an open door. Some paths are no longer there, many landslides have changed some mountain's silhouettes, and the roads made of asphalt slowly cracked and went to diluted grains wisely reinstated to the mineral kingdom. Therefore, Freyja would not count on having any kind of vehicle for the journey. Those transportations are frozen and they can only transport memories back to the past, not anymore to the progress. In the metallic abandoned silhouettes, half buried or upside down in the ground, not any human figure is noticed, they completely turned to dust, or did they die in their houses with their beloved ones? The human form stops her steps, a captivating pair of sapphire eyes slowly covers the space, and uncountable intact roof debris among the undulating terrain is visible, in her files is said humans buried they beloved ones after death, usually sealing their tombs with marble lids. Whether they are under the havoc or not, those roofs may symbolize a kind of lid.... What indicate that city turned to a vast graveyard.... Suddenly Freyja gazes up to the sky and the nocturnal silver jewel gracefully emerges.... The ruined roofs are being gently touched by the moonlight, it was said by humans, in according to the files, that every single creature would retain an immortal soul, a spark of light where the essence, reason, and emotions are concentrated. Whether or not any souls remain trapped beneath these ruins, their immortal spark will rise, merging with the moonlight, making the night shine even brighter, more beautiful, and more eternal. What humans usually did in respect to the memory of their beloved ones?

Hesitantly, Freyja comes close to a roof and suddenly through the waves of her hair some portion of silver light gushes over the remains, her open hand maidenly tries to capture a bleached wire in the air, in vain.... She can not capture the past, because now it is free like the distant light in the center of the universe, untouched, and immaculate, and if the souls are now part of the light, Freyja feels that she must be their keeper, witness, and their answer.

Respectfully she whispers with her high pitched voice:

“Humans usually did a pray. What is it? I do not understand...”

A second and mechanic voice, her virtual assistant coupled in her left arm, explained:

“A pray would be like a canticle to God once humans believed”

“And, what is God?”

“The absolute creator to humans, like Alfild to you.”

“However, Alfild is not here anymore, is God here?” Freyja looks around.

“Some humans believed God is in everything within the chains of nature, the prelude of life, reason, and destiny. The final result of this equation concerns in an invisible entity inhabiting every live form on the planet.”

Getting on her knees, Freyja touches a portion of mud and grass, then pressing her hand deeper into the earth, signing that spot with the curious palm of her hand, questioning:

“Is God here?” Then looking and pointing straight to the roof “Is God beneath this wreckage lifting the soul to the light?”

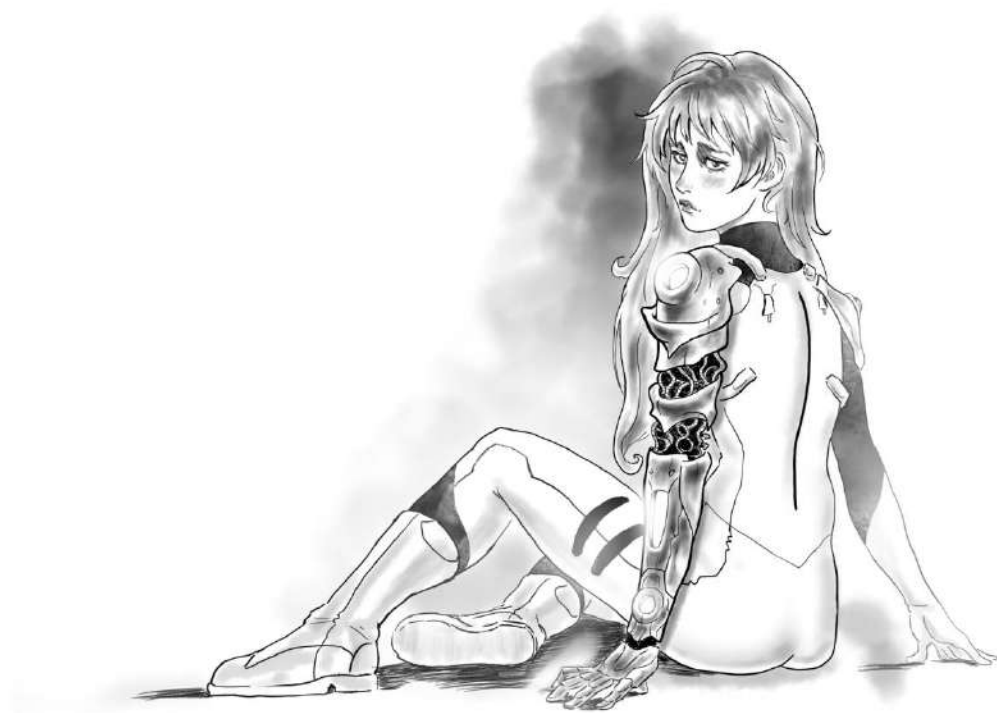
Even the wind ceasing its movement for a while, silence boldly holds the weight of time, the mechanic voice finally responds:

“This is an abstract concept. I can not confirm or deny its presence.”

Turning on the torch on her left shoulder, Freyja brings the palm of her hand close to her inquisitive sapphire eyes that are reflecting all the lights around and externalizing their own light from her core...

“Whether God is here or not, it is cold and floppy...”

She cautiously gazes and rubs the clay while watching as it slides down through her thin and long fingers...



"Physical properties do not determine the presence of the divine. Otherwise humans would not have almost destroyed the whole planet." states the virtual assistant.

And absently sliding a finger over the surface of the ground, Freyja is thoughtful:

"Maybe to achieve God, it is necessary something they did not know or refuse to learn."

Would be God an invisible entity like the wind? Sometimes when it is fast and is abruptly bending the hardest trees' branches over the ground, it reproduces a serious and horrendous voice emerging like an angry being; it would be just a natural effect or the nature core trying to speak something? According to the files, before technology, humans usually believed in deities living in the deep mysteries of nature, advising people, and using elemental forces to teach humans about the divine discipline of respecting the world. Where are those deities? Are they branches of the catholic God some humans usually pray for? Composing at last, an eternal tree nailing roots in the planet, feeding the creatures with something unknown for Freyja.... Facing the majestic mountains of the Jungfrau-Aletsch-Bietschhorn, covered by the sumptuous, silky and white mantle of snow, one question abruptly whistle in the air, could be those forms the deities turned into stone watching over the world that humans have left to desolation? It would make sense, the mineral kingdom... Centuries ago humans stood here contemplating the results of the sculptural work of the hammer of time. Today they are gone, but their hope, Freyja, stands quietly over the light of stars, tracing those immemorial lines in the dark.

The Sphinx Observatory encompass books, human files, and equipments awaiting for Freyja, a consistent supply of batteries fed with solar energy extracted from the tropical countries keeps the space warm and functional. However, it was expected the beginning of the operations in one hundred years after the human downfall, it was supposedly the necessary time for the Artificial Intelligences conclude Freyja construction, strangely it ran out of three thousand years...



The frail and pale light of a new day is illuminating the lonely building in the distance, reinforced with metal plates and access stairs around the rock structure where the observatory is built. These were measures taken in case of a suddenly and unexpected happening to the original entrance. Tracking the remains of a railroad where the last tickets were sold exclusively for a trip aiming the other side of life, Freyja found the long and spectral shadow of a train close to a small village. Some uncountable steps ahead and the night was in contrast with the white peaks around, the light melting between the rocky crevices, clouds dissipating, Freyja white suit with black details blends her up with the night and the snowy landscape, only emerging her golden hair whose waves are being tamed by the wind. The vision would have evoked a memory of any ghostly flame. Yet even the ghosts would fear this silent planet where in the nearest village, no one remains to hear their chains rattle or their wandering laments. In the distance a portion of snow falls over the rocky forms, a dry sound dissipates in the air, Freyja lay down over the snowy way, completely camouflaging herself.

“Is it true humans once mined the stars and planets?” asked Freyja pointing to a shining flame in the sky.

“Yes, and they brought the Red Plague together in their veins. In the end, humanity signed its own sentence in blood.” explained the Assistant.

“But... Is there any form of life outside this planet?”

Freyja slides her hand over the snow while her eyes slide over the infinity.

“The Red Plague proved the existence of bacterial life. However, some optimistic humans were expecting a rational form of life, such as living in a futuristic city. Other ones were expecting to find an advanced and cruel civilization where a galactic war would have had started.” said the Assistant.

After a brief silence, the Assistant observes:

“Even without a glorious war using spaceships among the stars, humans lose a war where they were not enabled to fight using the dated technology of that time, a war inside themselves.”

“And which factor pushed humans outside this planet? The planet seems to be healthy, I do not understand...” Freyja got confused.

“Ambition. Humans needed resources to keep enhancing their technological devices, because this planet was almost broken-down, they found precious ore in many moons and planets and the mining age started. Even in our composition there is extraterrestrial ores.”

“In my files, it is said humans almost destroyed this planet, exploiting it mercilessly, however, listening to you, I believe that in the end they saved the earth when they vanished forever.” Freyja mirrors the moonlight in her eyes while reflecting about the final destination of mankind.

“There is a consistent possibility of using the telescope in the Sphinx Observatory to spy closely the stars and planets.” says the Assistant,

Freyja abruptly stands up and steps back again on the road, being guided by the stars she wishes to spy closely.

On the high, flat platform of the observatory, Freyja stands lost in contemplating near to a red, worn out flag with a white cross faintly waving to the uncertain and inaccurate time. The horizon borders are made of the blue sky and the snowy and misty ground that captures Freyja sensorial mechanism and expand it to the colossal internalization of the planet’s vastness.

Gently landing her eyes over her hands, Freyja murmurs:

“I’m part of this vastness, made of terrestrial and extraterrestrial ores. How vast and diverse is this planet? Assistant, the Red Plague did not affect the plant kingdom, right?”

“The plant kingdom only suffered from explosions caused by abandoned factories.”

“In the end the plant kingdom is back, despite centuries facing devastation, the seeds will always bring back to life a fruit or a single flower carrying the same genetic material. If humans get back to the planet’s vastness will they bring the same genetic material?” asked Freyja lifting her head to feel the wind.

“What is your point?”

“Doom is my mission.”

Standing in front of the main door, a scanner waits for the crucial element that will unlock it, revealing the levers to make time move again, because in the basement a laboratory is waiting for Freyja. A singular blue jewel is embedded on her chest, and scanning it the door noisily slides while a voice welcomes the savior of human species, who steps inside provoking a first noise after centuries of stillness. There was a distant and forgotten day when the first artificial light illuminated the night, tracing forever the line between a past of darkness and

superstitions to a future of rational destruction justified with the progress' signature. In an unexpected day the artificial lights were gone and now an artificial being is about to set a new era.

After the main hall a wide and big screen flickers on, startling Freyja. She steps back, her eyes locked on the image forming before her, a pale yellow glow with white contrasts, the word *IERS* emerging at its center. The logo fades out and in sequences its feature a spacious room where a woman is standing up, a pair of sad sapphire eyes facing Freyja incredulous sapphire eyes. The woman's has long, wavy blond hair framing her serene and softly flushed face while Freyja's identical waves frame her unwilling, and softly flushed face. The woman's small cherry lips gesture a warming welcome while Freyja's small cherry lips tremble in confusion...

"Welcome, Freyja, my name is Alfhild and I hope you are good and well. This may be the first time you are seeing me, are you surprised? I am your mother, your creator. Here at the Sphinx Observatory you will find the books and files containing the vast knowledge of mankind. Everything is at your disposal. The jewel embedded in your chest belonged to me: it is the key to unlocking every door in this laboratory. When you descend to lower levels, the computer in the left wing will guide you through the necessary operations to resume on the toxicology of the Red Plague, with the goal of developing a definitive vaccine. The genetic material stored here stills carries traces of the Plague. Cloning operations must not begin until a cure is found. The first produced humans in this facility will have a mission, to support you in restoring life."

Standing perplex, Freyja involuntarily lifts her hand to her chest gripping the jewel tightly. A tempestuous feeling accelerating her core, penetrating her deepest files, disrupting the linear reasoning still linked to the global web. Her staggering gaze follows the woman walking behind the screen, the woman from the past, who now speaks:

"Earth was once home to approximately 8.7 million species. But that was an optimistic estimate, even before humanity's relentless exploitation wiped out countless natural habitats. Humans built technologies to shield their cities from being damaged by earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and violent storms, yet they have given little thought protecting the wildlife that shared their world. After the Third World War, entire biomes vanished. The next step, the Fourth World War drove nations to the stars, mining distant worlds for the ores needed to forge the most devastating weapons ever conceived. Thank God it never happens. Instead we all died."

While holding the jewel in one hand, the other one slide in the air and touch the screen...

“Freyja, you have the important mission to restore life on earth, despite the fact humans never deserved this wonderful planet where the convulsive acts of nature were occasional crises, what is normal for a mother managing a cradle with their thousands of beloved children inside. The new humans are need in the planet because their reasoning might save species and prevent them from suffering, because every creature is under the threat of pain, and human intelligence developed solutions for a vast catalogue of diseases. The new world needs balance, more compassion and less ambition. You are our legacy, the one who will convey our regret, and our pain to the future generations.”

While the night is falling outside, inside Freyja a new world is rising.

“Unfortunately we were not enabling to collect all the species genetic stuff in the whole planet before the inevitable, and much of the biodiversity is lost forever, this fault will never be forgiven. Here in this laboratory you have equipments to bring back to life the average of forty humans, twenty for reproducing and twenty to support you in the global mission to restore life. In every continent an underground laboratory is waiting for you, containing cryopreserved genetic stuff of animals and humans.”

Alfhild the human version of Freyja grabs a book and leafing through, left a crystalline tear outbreak and fall over the lines of a page, her serious tone of voice lost its strength...

“When recording this message I was twenty nine years old and graduated in Robotic and Artificial Intelligence development. The Red Plague was among us around three years, developing itself and accelerating its paces, harvesting human lives, confusing the medicine and any possible solution while me and many scientists were in this impossible marathon for life... Forgive me, Freyja, you are the daughter I never dreamed about, however, in the end you are the love for which I would die for! Please restore this world, hopefully my spirit will be somewhere in the realm of the hidden ones.”

The transmission is over, Freyja collapses.

Once upon a time the savior of mankind was a vast compilation of data, ores, wires, designs, and hope embedded within a single creature immersed in a long dream where voices often danced over her central processor. Voices whose origin probably she would never uncover, nor their identities behind them. Certain names like Viktor, and Erica are constantly crossing the borders of her internal data, who were they? Not even Alfhild's face had she the opportunity to contemplate a picture when she first awoke in settlement once named Portugal. She woke up in the dark... Humans share memories, become attached and nurture their feelings in a symbiosis of tenderness, affection, respect, family, and social bonds. A life Freyja had never experienced, and even whether in a far future she will be surrounded by humans or not, those who created her would never return back to fill the eternal gap; the ache of coming from somewhere where nothing is there anymore. The spiral of steps preceding the observatory is under the shine of yellow lights, projecting a female shadow on the wall, slow paces, feeling the pressure of a conflict of data and recapitulating; Forgive me, Freyja, you are the daughter I never dreamed about, however, in the end you are the love for which I would die for! After the door is opened Freyja consults her internal data searching for operational tutorials to use the telescope, just two steps and the stars will be at the blink of her eyes. Alfhild mentioned the realm of the hidden ones, is it among the stars? A realm made in the stars or on earth?

"Who and where are the hidden ones?" Freyja steps into the telescope,

"The hidden ones are part of the Icelandic folklore where your creator lived and died." informs the Assistant.

"Now I can understand that stories when everything was a dark entanglement of data and connections..." murmurs Freyja.

Hesitating for a while, Freyja stares at the equipment and through the gap in the roof she catches a glimpse of the night sky. What will she find? She touched the cold equipment, reflecting that it would be probably the second bridge to the sky after the ancient dreams. The gears of the revolutions turned from handmade to steam, boosting the progress crossing the continental borders to take off the rockets bringing on board scientific eyes in space probes. Sewing the silver stars in pictures of vast and unimaginable riches... It consequently sparked the flame of greed, untouched possibilities of conquering, once the Earth planet was not anymore meeting the constant human demand. Precious dreams like ores once more crowning mankind! The spatial colonization! What a dream! What a disgrace for the humans!

Freyja dives into space, gently like a shooting star crossing the infinity horizon, infiltrating in the once more desert space. She crawled, like a baby, learning the forms, and names of the perpetual giants orbiting the immensurable dark landscape. Floating among the stars, having their engineers filled with immaculate starlight, and suddenly coming across the nebulae...

“Who is the artist behind this? Where has he been hidden?” Freyja silently steps back away while her head faintly down.

When the moonlight penetrates the dome, it makes shine a thin and small thing, capturing Freyja’s attention, what would be that strange... Tool? The assistant’s voice emerges:

“This digital device allowed humans to record their personal data. It seems to be working; however, it is in need of electric energy. Once you can use one of your USB cables in your left arm it would be possible to feed it, and I can check if there is any free access or not.”

Whilst the operating is in process, Freyja argues:

“Would this digital device to be our younger brother?”

“Analyzing codes, this appliance was left behind and unblocked on purpose. Because there is only one voice recording saved internally. Reproducing...” Informs the Assistant.

Freyja nervously stares at the appliance in the palm of her hand. An intense hissing precedes a male voice...

“I am not crazy, it is important to say because this is what many of my colleagues always have said about me. Reason? I believe in life there outside, yes I believe! Once in the distant year of the 1930s, astrobiology set the investigation for a sign, for concrete evidence, but it was never found. Not even now we are colonizing Mars, and Saturn moons, and boosting our technology to beyond. And here is the problem... – the man inhales and exhales – We were captured in a trap! Something unknown, intelligent, and patient just let us act freely, something out there is aware about our pivotal defect; greed. I do not know where that thing is hidden, but it knows it was not necessary to fight against us... fifty years before I was born the inauguration of the first colony in Mars was celebrated; but, it was not a celebration, however, the beginning of

the end. If you are listening to me in the future... Can you prove I am not crazy? My name is Daniel, an ordinary microbiologist.”

Freyja stands observing the appliance, reflecting about the testimonial, the Assistant diagnoses the recording:

“When under pressure, humans used fantasizing theories to mitigate their pain, once they never accepted and understood death, the reality of total extinction broke down their sanity.”

“You are only analyzing humans like a linear bunch of data, they are more complex than we can understand.” Said Freyja.

“Humans were proud of their scientific analyses of the world as science came in frank development discarding old superstitions. Then, we may analyze this recording in the same way. Life there outside was never proven. It is superstition and must be discarded.” Ends the Assistant.

Regretfully Freyja walks back and stands in front of the lift door, which will lead her to the underground installations, the Assistant congratulates her:

“Tonight, the memory of Alfild, and all the other scientists and the whole population of the globe will be honored.”

Freyja’s indicator finger slides over the surface of a yellow button... she hesitates, and an intense conflict suppresses her action, when the button is pressed the lift will lead her to the laboratory, the vaccine, the cloning process, and life again! One step back, two steps back, she turns around...

“What are you doing?” Asked the Assistant.

“I was programmed to bring humans back to life, however, what do I know about them except they destroyed themselves? They are dangerous, they are complex creatures. I understand it is Alfild’s dream, however, I want to understand their feelings, fears, and superstitions, and then I will decide whether redemption is fair or not.”

And determinedly heading to the exit door, the Assistant asks:

“Where are you going? This is not part of the protocol!”

“I’m heading to Iceland to find the place where my mother is buried. Humans can wait for one or two centuries if necessary. The decision is in my hand, right? Then I decide to do what I wish.”

Before crossing the exit door, Freyja abruptly stopped and looked back to the screen where she saw for the first time the person who dedicated himself entirely to her existence... such dedication under the pressure of a whole planet collapsing instilled in her a feeling of sympathy and pity.

“Assistant, is there more data about Alfild in this laboratory?”

## *ACTII*

Beneath the sky's shifting tapestry of silver and slate where clouds march like ancient Norse gods across the heavens, lies in wreckage an ancient settlement named Bergen, the cradle of the mountains kissed by the restless sea. The city debris is eternally sleeping in the arms of seven hills, surrounded by their verdant spines cloaked in pine and mist. While walking and admiring the rockfaces etched by time and storm, Reyja is listening to whispers from the rocky lips narrating old sagas whose epic scenes are dancing with the wind and penetrating the waterfalls that tumble like silk, and then emerging and flying to the west, where the land bows to the Atlantic's call.

On the horizon an ethereal gray line is slowly being designed, Freyja contemplates the noisy waves of the sea, one of the many remaining natural sounds of the world after the silence of mankind. An improvised vessel of wood, rusty pieces of iron from ancient gears, and sails made of centenary silk stand waiting her on the river bank. Intended for the coast of Iceland. Freyja collects from inside a bag a thin and wide technological device and on the screen a sequence of enlightened buttons is touched. The logo *IERS* pops up in blue, she positions the appliance in the air and capture the sunset, then her eyes dive into the frozen moment she has on the appliance...

“This is a photo, an ancient invention, humans used to accumulate thousands of them, like memories.” Explained the Assistant.

Freyja's sapphire eyes smoothly reach the last clouds vanishing in the lonely sky where seasonal birds are no longer going on their annual journey. A moment entrapped on a digital device or the appreciation of the real one? The first enables humans to create memories, and the second situation is perpetual in their souls. The Assistant's voice emerges observing:



“The night is coming; it is prudent for us to get back to the shelter.”

Slightly lifting her fist, a large spot of yellow light blossomed like an intangible sunflower in the fields of the night, enlightening the ground where many forgotten steps came and went. Finally stepping inside a decadent, however, well-conserved and abandoned house of rotten wood, Freyja once more contemplated the dusted objects, which function would have had? The floor creaked while the light slid over a rustic carpet, symbols, broken vases, and objects of a distant reality... the lantern light revealed an armchair where she took a sit and gazed the space while touring around the light from her fist.

“We have seen intact Cathedrals and entirely devastated cities, however, this house remains resisting against the forces of time. According to my internal data, Medieval Cathedrals with their higher towers and spires meant to draw eyes and souls to the Divine, have a rooted thought of transcendence, achieving the sky, where God is supposed to be. Maybe heaven is not exactly in the sky, above us where humans fatally found their disgrace...” Freyja rests her arm on the chair’s support.

“What is your point?” Asked the Assistant.

“Why the cathedrals remain intact? I wonder why...” Freyja is immersing in thoughts.

“The whole construction is projected to be strong and timeless; there is nothing magic or supernatural.” Respond the Assistant.

In a solemn tone of voice, Freyja speaks:

“Have you forgotten what we have seen upstairs? The internal structure is made of the protein collagen, mineral calcium phosphate, and osteocytes... differently of us, made of ores, wires, chips, and synthetic material... it is beautiful how the parts are connected, the kneecap allowing different positions, the dimensions, and articulation, we machines are only an imitation of the perfect work done by a hidden creature. “They” remain here while the house remains standing up. Perhaps, some human superstitions are worth being believed. Maybe faith is a real and timeless force, which has sustained the Cathedrals, like in this house. Or maybe the Hidden Ones supposedly would be living here, keeping the house for us, and now they left.”

“This is a fantastic folklore story.” Reinforce the Assistant.

“You told me the humans used to tell stories in their houses, in which place exactly?”  
Asked Freyja.

The Assistant's voice highlighted the distant gloomy nights when Freyja construction was under management, and Alfild used to have an armchair for chilling after the exhaustive final hours of work. Regardless of whether red plague would erupt at any time, she could turn work into something she always dreamed about in her last days; motherhood. Alongside the central computer, she ever had a story about elves or trolls to tell about, normally people would do it in their houses being surrounded by their children and beloved ones until the achieving of midnight by the clock hands. However, that woman only had you and me, non live creatures, to listen to her.

"I guess I can restore one of those files. Would you like to listen to it?" asked the Assistant.

Freyja grabs the digital device and makes a connection through USB, on the screen many folders are organized by alphabet form, the Assistant is transferring the file, when it is concluded, and once more Alfild's voice emerges, it refurbish the ambience. Now the rotten wood is painted yellow, the dust is swiped off, the dumped ceiling is restored and shelters a cozy essence, and the crooked floor creaks under the steps of an ancestor mother who narrates a story:

"Linked hands to the spirits above, linked hands to the spirits bellow, crossed legs leading the ritual, curved bodies reverencing Earth, long waves of silk golden hair perfuming the air, eleven maidens linked in a dance, barefoot stepping on the soft grass, the almost exaggerated movement adorned by sweet, innocent and alluring smiles! In the dark orange sky, the spirits are celebrating, involved by the energies of the virgin ones and designing with their stunning wings arabesques on top of the night for the land and Freyja! When there is balance, the seed never let mankind fall into famish, like a mother will never let their children fall into starvation, however when the creatures uneven the hands of the gods, and greed and miserliness overload the human spirit, the fall is inevitable. When a spirit is overloaded with moral wounds it turns into a dark being, belonging to the Dökkálfar clan, a sinister being from this clan is malevolent and covet enslave the beauty things of the world created by the light spirits, Ljósálfar, combating them all. Those days of uneven came..." And scenes of war and devastation emerged on the screen concluding the story showing flames consuming a tree, and darkness covering the Earth forever.

“Good night darling, mommy loves you forever.”

And softly smiling, Freyja’s eyes got closed, the only sleeping creature in the world, the only creature delighting with the silence of the night, having a warming dream regarding a consumed paradise. The internal entanglement of data projects scenes of a blessed world made of fresh water, balanced seasons, delicious fruits, and marvelous landscapes full of magic, however, everything has perished. Freyja’s central core, or her mind, designs pre-human characters, the most beautiful creatures who ever had walked over the Earth, the Ljósálfar clan; slim and beautiful beings, blessed by the flame of the sun residing internally their bodies and keeping them warm in the vast meadows of ice and snow. Furthermore, it would be possible admire the sunlight burning in their eyes while expressing wise words. Their wisdom is crowned by the moonlight, and while humans were dying through the centuries, they remain marching on, hiding themselves somewhere...

A thunderous noise made Freyja urgently stand up and track the sound, leading her outside. She lifted her head to the night, and came across the eternal jewels, niveous, and compounding untouchable archipelagos of silver sparks, shining. Rapidly an enlightened sphere passed across the sky, leaving behind a curved line of canary light with wavy borders in a luminous cherry tone. The direction the strange sphere took went exactly straight into the place where Freyja was planning to go...

“Would it be humans who survived somewhere in space?” asked Freyja pointing her indicating finger to the air.

“It is impossible, this is a simple comet.” informed the Assistant.

“Just a simple comet? Maybe that thing is a transport of the Ljósálfar clan returning to Iceland.” murmured Aynash gazing at the trail that is slowly dissipating...

“I do not have the register of any living form who has survived the extinction. Are you sure we must continue?” inquired the Assistant.

“Iceland is the land where my mother was born and I want to understand what is this twinge here inside, this force above my central protocol that I do not understand... – Freyja touches her breast – I do not care if is there only ice over the devastated lands, I believe we will find her old house, and possibly her belongings... and it will enable me to understand if I can process feelings.”

“Feelings are not in the protocol.” highlight the Assistant

“I must understand if I can process feelings, because if it leads my hands to have mercy over such dangerous specie, the humans, who will repeat the same mistakes of their predecessors, then I hope I would never have feelings.” reflects Freyja.

Njörd was strongly blowing the sails made of centenary silk, the delicate freezing waves splashing around the vessel of wood and metal sheets. And it softly sailed in a dreaming and fast movement into the unknown, where the elves would be waiting, the real hiding ones, probably not hiding anymore since humans vanished forever. Can the Ljósálfar clan listen to a distant single voice dancing in the air? Then Freyja screamed Alfhild’s name out, loudly enough while managing the sail control equipment!

Iceland! Born of earth’s first fire! Freyja steps on the beaches of basalt, and blackened sand, from fire’s womb and glaciers torn, forged by the gods! Those who come from the distant sea are under the perpetual vigilance of the stone sentinels beneath gray skies. The legends tell they once were trolls, and turned to rock as dawn took hold. The heavenly palette over the land of the hidden ones certainly enchants Iðunn’s heart, and a very inspired poem is written by Bragi. Nevertheless, this god certainly has written in lava the siege of humans who no longer inhabit that small and abandoned settlement. Undoubtedly, this epic is svelte somewhere, in secret, a testimonial for the new humans expected to rebirth.

Abruptly stopping, and being touched by the gentle waves, Freyja steps back while staring at a deep, large, and well-shaped footprint...

“This footprint exceed the humans one! I do not have the storage of any data concerning such atypical creature.” warned the Assistant.

Freyja suddenly turned to a not-so-far spot where a shadow retreated abruptly and ran away... The Assistant warned her about the detection of heat waves from a living creature, what hurries she toward Reykjavik, fast and contemplating how the water invaded the island, turning plains into lakes where debris of houses and machinery remain imprisoned in the frozen waves. Abruptly a single and improbable lake captured Freyja’s attention, forcing her into an unexpected and macabre break for the understanding of that thing resting serenely in an immortal portrait of ice...



Long frozen golden hair spread between the waves, transfiguring it into golden waves... linked hands holding a strange object, it was composed by fifty small spherical pieces interconnected by a thread and fixed in a wooden cross, where a figure was fixed... the pale penetrating light of the day respectfully trespassed the ice sheets and brought to the demolished world an intact and immortalized fragment of an undisturbed smile... the view of a smile that not even under the end of the world it was corrupted, because she believed until the last moment in that figure nailed in the cross, with open arms...

“This is a...” Freyja did not get conclude her thought.

“Yes, this is a human and your first time seeing a real one.”

And getting on her knees Freyja touched the ice...

“This is a real human, sublimely, frail and finite... no, their essence is infinite.”

Once more Freyja turned herself suddenly to a specific direction and visually capturing that strange thing sneaking into the other side of the mountain, what could be that thing?

“I do not have any data concerning that strange creature...” informed the Assistant.

“He is a Troll, like my mother always told me, in the Icelandic folklore they are exactly like that, a giant creature, slighted curved, a wide potato nose, big ears and truculent walk... they are real, they are real!” claimed Freyja observing the mountains around.

Giants of the mineral kingdom remain sleeping since immemorial times, covered by a magnificent cloak of white snow where subtly the wind whistles the last song of that settle; the melody of destruction, it is dramatically intoned like an anguished soprano chanting under a rain of hundreds of snowflakes... the song and the winter became unique; a guardian for the hidden Iceland world. Hidden and forgotten world, wreckage of towers emerging from the vast snowy ground, twisted irons, wooden stakes that once made up the walls of cozy homes... among the memories, standing up for eternity; Anarholl. The first settler of Iceland and the one for whom the song in the wind remains alive, reverencing his intrepid and timeless journey...

A unexpected stroke of a rudimentary axe is delivered against Freyja, who rapidly deviated, another fast whack tried behead her, no success, the giant Troll grunted and advanced toward her in a fierce sequence of attacks, some of them well dribbled and other by a whisker of fast movement! She desperately crouched and somersaulting away over the snow obtained a satisfactory distance for her safety and better actions while carefully observing the wreckage around, groping the ground, fixing the eyes against the Troll.



“Danger! Danger!” warned desperately the Assistant.

Freyja tripped and fell sideways, an intense stroke from above came directly against her chest! A metal sheet suppressed the impact! Her trembling hands holding a plane sheet of metal, Freyja murmured:

“My mother never told me Trolls were so... savage...”

“Danger! Danger!” warned the Assistant.

A group of five truculent Trolls letting their steps on the snow were on view, getting closer, holding strange tools, grunting in an understandable frequency, maybe a kind of communicating, Freyja lamented:

“Alfhild I am... I am afraid...”

A violet light broke out from a ridge of rubble and ascended into the sky, moving the clouds away, haunting the Trolls who ran away, gurgling wildly, scared by the golden sparks emerging from the center of the flaming violet light! The sparks concentrated it and became a thunder whose power melted a vast portion of snow! Subtly a human silhouette took shape in crimson contours, the flame reduced around that slim human form and sliding over the air from the top where it was, landed gracefully in front of Freyja... A translucent human form blossomed from the violet flame, emanating from inside his body millions of lights whose intensity was capable of trespassing the silky blue robe where cascades of silver hair were falling, spilling stars; furthermore, lines of an elevated angelic expression were clearly visible, an Elve... A brief silence stopped the song in the wind, the gurgling from the Trolls around, the assistant, the forgotten world...

“A human here? How is this possible? The human race of this planet was extinct five thousand years ago... wait... wait... you are not human, you are a technological device the human race of this planet called Robot.” said the translucent creature; with an emotional, crystalline and echoing voice.

“Are you an Elve from the Ljósálfar clan?”asked Freyja



“Ljósálfar clan? No we came from a distant planet whose name is Jupiter. We have observed this planet since the infancy of their human race, from the primitive caves to technological creatures like you and then... Every single species in the entire globe is extinct! Those unhappy truculent creatures around came from a distant solar system to conquer what is left from this empty planet; like the human race of this globe always wished to do with other planets.”

Freyja got on her knees, not getting processes the information, the creature that she recognizes as an Elf extends his hand to her:

“Together we will once more reintroduce life in the globe”



*The End*