



Karen Weathers:

Confessions of a Linian Bodyguard

As told to Rochard Scott



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Author's Introduction:

An Interesting Meeting

I was at the shore three summers ago and, like most of us, I was trying to figure out my purpose in life. I figured the nice atmosphere of the beach and ocean would help give me clarity. I didn't want to give up on my dream of becoming an artist but reality kept splashing water in my face. I looked at all of the people walking around me and it reminded me of how I used to think as a child in school.

I wasn't that much into homework (or schoolwork) and I would see others with their lives seemingly together and I would think to myself, *Why can't I get myself in order?* But, as I grew older, I learned that most of us don't have our lives together.

But that didn't make my reality any better.

One day, I took a trip to the Atlantic City Boardwalk and I sat on the sand as close to the ocean as possible without the water touching me. I closed my eyes and I let the combination of the beating sun and cool breezes filter my thought processes. I wanted a loving woman and I wanted to be a good father. I wanted to retire my mother and give back to my community. I had the desire to be in peak physical condition and be the funniest guy in the room...but it all seemed so far away to be achieved.

But then, all of a sudden, someone was casting a shadow in front of me. I was ready to get sarcastic on whoever was in my face, but when I opened my eyes I saw a VERY attractive woman. She looked like she was twenty five years old. She was cocoa skinned and her face was flawless with long jet black hair. Her brown eyes were very kind, yet there was a charming smugness about her demeanor. Looking at her black jogging pants and matching halter top, she was obviously in peak physical shape.

In other words, WOW.

Before I could say anything, she said, “Hey you. Do you want to get something to eat?”

I was dumbfounded...as you could guess.

She must have noticed my shock because she said, “Not to burst your bubble, but I’m not even close to asking you out romantically. I don’t like being that blunt but sometimes it’s gotta be that way.”

Normally, I would have felt some kind of way about this situation, but the way she came across was sincere, not disrespectful. I asked her why was she doing this and she told me that she noticed me wandering aimlessly about the boardwalk and felt like maybe I needed someone to listen to me for a little while.

I felt like that was the coolest thing that anyone had done for me in while that wasn’t my family or friend. If you’re from Jersey, you know this doesn’t happen all the time.

So we had some pizza on the boardwalk and we talked about everything: God, religion, politics, relationships, and humanity. We didn’t agree on everything but we had a fairly similar worldview. It was from that day three years ago that we became really close friends. And it was in those three years that she helped me find my purpose in life. When she told me about her life; the group of people she was involved with; and how big this universe of ours really was, I knew I wanted to document this amazing story in some way.

I decided to write a book about some of it called “The Destiny Saga: The Two Princes.” Part of it focuses on her life, but a lot of it has to do with our history as humans and the bigger universe out there. Eventually it leads to THE situation that changed all of our lives in 1998. She is one of the few people that had inside info to how that life changing event happened. The book is already available in eBook form but I wanted to offer this free of charge interview with my friend in the hopes that you will want to know more about this amazing adventure.

So, without further ado, I'd like to present a conversation with one of my closest friends, Karen Weathers.

-Richard Scott, 2012



Rochard Scott and Karen Weathers

The Linkera-Chaos Era

We decided to meet in her hometown of Piersdale, NJ on April 1st, 2012. She was a few weeks away from visiting her longtime friend, Rachel Fairs. Rachel was the owner of The Blazing Sun, the newspaper that kicked off Karen's career in journalism. I've never met Rachel, but Karen thinks very highly of the woman. We both meet up at Sasha Park in Piersdale, NJ. When I arrive at the park table during lunch time, Karen is already there looking back at the Blazing Sun building standing tall in the distant residential district of Piersdale. Her dark skin and newly shortened black hair, looking as perfect as ever, complimented the white shirt she was wearing. I sit down and I pull out my notepad and pencil while Karen smiles at me, eager to begin our conversation.

I guess since this is my first interview as a writer, I just wanted to thank you for taking time out of your busy schedule to speak with a novice.

It's my pleasure. Don't get too caught up in the whole newbie thing though. We're all figuring things out as we go.

Spoken like a true ninja. I think you should introduce yourself to those readers who may not know who you are.

Of course! My name is Karen Weathers and I'm a full bred New Jerseyian. I lived all of my childhood and young adulthood right here in Piersdale. Basically, I'm a suburban girl who eventually became a journalist. But I know that we're not here to talk about my journalism, right?

You're right. Can you explain to us what a Linian is?

First, we'll have to start with the definition and then we have to go into Linian history. A Linian is a person who devotes their life to be in harmony with all of humanity. It's the respect for every single living thing on this beautiful planet of ours. That's the easy part of who we are. The part that requires more explanation is our conflict with our eternal enemy, Chaos.

Chaos?

Yes. Our Linian culture only has two tenants: the first one is the promotion of harmony; the second is to prevent Chaos from driving humanity insane.

And those are the only two rules that you Linians follow?

We are big believers in spiritual simplicity.

So you guys are spiritualists?

I would say we were all in agreement about valuing life. But as far spirituality goes? There were differing philosophies. For example, you could be a part of any religious denomination and be a Linian as well as having no religious affiliations at all. As long as a Linian followed the two tenets, they could believe or not believe anything they want.

Ok. So Linians could be religious, agnostic, spiritual, or atheist, right? Wouldn't all of those different philosophies get in the way of your goals?

Silly boy! Didn't you hear what I just say? We respected all human life and that goes for personal values as well. Our differences in opinions were usually about the best way to go about stopping Chaos.

Gotcha. I guess we should get started on exactly who this Chaos person is.

You know, Rochard, you can kind of relax with the questioning. Don't be so stiff. Let the conversation breathe, young man...

What are you talking about?

I'm talking about letting a little personality breathe into your interviewing style.

Isn't the focus supposed to be on you?

Yes...but there also has to be the right amount of your identity pushing this conversation. Give the audience a sense of who you are without taking the focus away from your subject. Journalism is an art form too.

Um, sure.

For example, you could tell the readers out there that we share the same birthday, October 1st, 1977. Let them know you've done your research. It's those nuggets of interesting trivia that color a discussion.

Just like the amazing fact that we're both 34 years old as well.

Correctamundo!

I got it, Schoolteacher. Now about this Chaos character...

Why don't you let them read about the founder of our Linian culture, Linkera?

You mean the story that I wrote from the notes you gave me about him?

It's almost always better to show than tell. We can get into any additional details later.

...So I decided to take her advice and place that story here. Like she said, we'll return to that conversation after the "Tale of Destiny."



LINKERA

Tales of Destiny: The Deserter (Linkera)

A Long Time Ago in the Land of Pangaea...

Linkera sat under the swaying tree on top of a grassy hill thinking about how he ran away from his "responsibilities" and how he became a happier man for doing it. His golden brown skin matched the deep sunset that was placed before him, his black hair blowing in tandem with the tree's branches. He looked down at the simple village that was positioned at the base of the massive hill, the villagers were starting to light up the man-sized torches that would eventually light up the dirt roads of the town of Parta. He accepted that the residents of this peaceful town were the only people he should answer to.

He didn't give a damn who created him; he owed his "masters" nothing.

He licked his chapped lips and the cool breeze dried them as quickly as they got wet. He longed to kiss his fiancée, a beautiful woman named Seraph. She was daughter to a Panayan minister named Calm and sister to a budding preacher named Carious. Linkera can remember when he escaped his "creators" to this grand land called Pangaea.

Pangaea was the only land mass on Earth. It was a massive continent surrounded by nothing but water. The people here knew nothing of battles or war. They had no interest in winning or losing. All they wanted to do was live in harmony. He loved the concept of a perfected civilization so much that he found it hard to believe that these human beings would ever be corrupted by anything, much less by his supposed nemesis, according to the angels and demons that brought him to life.

Linkera got up and dusted the dirt off his simple white clothing and playfully marched off back down the hill to Parta. The soft grass tickled the bottom of his feet as he whistled a Panayan love hymn. He always believed that the angels and demons, with their useless ongoing battle between good and evil, were irrelevant to a human world that had no concept of either idea. The Panayans only knew of love and prosperity. It was Linkera that was cursed with these foreign, painful concepts.

But he didn't let his new family know about his frustrating thoughts, although it seemed that his soon to be father in law, Calm, knew more than he let on about Linkera's "masters". Linkera was somewhat confused on what it was that Calm did as a minister. Calm would always promote compassion and consideration to everyone he saw, but it wasn't like they weren't already doing it. But then again the Panayan ministry wasn't created until his supposed enemy, Chaos, started to show up.

The rumor going around Pangaea was that this Chaos man was going around the smaller villages and started to get everyone he came across to join some vague cause. The people of Pangaea had no concept of corruption in their vocabulary, but Linkera was told by his creators that Chaos' primary goal was to drive the human race insane. Supposedly, "The Insane One" felt that all this structure and order flew in the face of the human race's true nature.

Linkera looked at all the children scrambling to their homes to get to their dinners. Everyone in Parta had dinner at sunset. They were very big on structure and family time. He could only grin as he thought about how the war between the angels and demons was causing more destruction to humanity than this Chaos ever could. They told Linkera that they came to earth from heaven to do battle against each other to either save or destroy the souls of man. They would use the individual spirits of each person as a battleground. Linkera could always tell when a particular person was hosting the latest battle. They would have a flash of confusion in their eyes that would last for only a moment before they moved on with whatever they were doing. Linkera knew that a second in Earth time could range anywhere from hours to days in spiritual battle time.

It was amusing to him, especially for the angels that were trying to avoid the destruction of Utopia, which they did not realize that, if they kept doing what they were doing, humans were going to fall in Chaos' hands because of the contradictory ideologies swirling inside them.

Linkera was a few steps away from his home, when he looked around for any signs of danger. He was slightly paranoid that Chaos would show up in his town one of these days and inject insanity into his happy little town. Linkera spat at the ground because of that thought. The stone homes around him were decorated with personal touches such as each family's symbol painted on the front doors. Each family had their own unique house painted in a color that defined their bloodline but still matched well with all the other spectrums of the town. He could remember that the two towns of the terrestrial angels and demons, who were known collectively as Terra Warriors, were colored in stark black and whites.

The Terra Angel city of Anyin and Terra Demon city of Yangde were located in the center of the Earth. They were neighboring cities that were divided by a massive wall. The only way to visit the warring cities was to have a superb awareness connection to spirituality. Linkera understood this to mean that a stronger focus on the intangibles of existence granted a person access to the Terra Cities. The Terra Warriors were beings purely made of spiritual energy and they created him with the energy of both sides. He was a Terra bred human with the kindness of the angel and the brute strength of a demon.

He gazed at the infinity symbol that defined Calm's bloodline on his wooden front door. Linkera was always impressed with Calm's perspective on eternity. Calm would always say that the positive impressions we make on one another is the epitome of eternal life. Good works will survive in communities while selfish desires have limited life spans. Calm's beliefs would probably have no effect on the Terra Warriors, Linkera wondered as he opened the door to his human home.

He looked around at the perfectly clean living room and sparked a fire at the fireplace to give a degree of warmth on this cool summer night. The rest of Calm's clan was visiting relatives in the neighboring

village of Triste and they wouldn't be back until tomorrow afternoon. Linkera looked at the synthetic green carpeting that covered the ground from the living room to beyond. The walls of the house matched the jade flooring, giving anyone who visited the feeling of a verdant forest. He decided against eating anything and crashed overdramatically onto the green carpet and rolled over onto his back and sprawled.

He closed his eyes to remember his last day living in the Terra Cities. The Terra Warriors were terrified of Chaos. They had no chance of beating him but they knew a physical being could take him on. They called a truce and created Linkera in the hope that he would kill him. He could remember the endless training and hypocritical morality lessons imposed on him by the Terra Angels. Both sides weren't fighting for their respective masters. They both were obsessed with winning and power. They didn't want Linkera to fight for some greater purpose; they just didn't want anyone getting in the way of their selfish desires.

Linkera could remember the frustration of being someone's pawn, so he ran away from his creators and found his way to Earth's surface where he infiltrated Pangaea and met the love of his life: Seraph.

He could care less about wars and battles. He didn't believe humanity could be corrupted by Chaos, the angels, or the demons. He didn't believe it was his fate to fight. He wasn't supposed to exist, after all.

All he knew, as he fell asleep on the floor was that he was going to take the life that he was given and do with it as he desired.

He didn't believe in fate.

He believed in freedom.

And the only freedom that mattered was to be in love with Seraph; that was his definition of eternity and no chaos could ever come of that...



SERAPH

The Linkera-Chaos Era: Part II

So, let's assume that I did put the story of Linkera right before this very question, what would be the first thing you want people to know about the beginnings of your Linian culture?

One of the major reasons that we are even having this discussion published is that fact that most people have had very serious reservations about the Linians holding back the truth of humanity's beginnings. We always thought that the struggle against Chaos would be harder to deal with if every Tom, Dick, and Jane worried themselves sick about that reality. We simply did like any elite power would do: to alert the masses on a need to know basis. But, unlike those elite powers, we did it for unselfish reasons.

But you have to understand that people were going to have serious issues with all of that secrecy. I know that you guys meant well, but that's our history too. We have a right to that information, right or wrong.

You're right. We should have told you about Pangaea: The First Human Civilization. But that wasn't our choice...it was Mystic Calm's.



MYSTIC CALM

Mystic Calm?

Yes. He was was the man who continued to lead the Linians after Linkera moved on. It used to be that Linkera, Mystic Calm, and Mystic Carious were the ones that ran the Linians during the early days of Pangaea and after the separation of that supercontinent into the continents that we know today.

Didn't you tell me a few years ago that Calm's son, Carious, separated from the Linians to join up with Chaos?

He did, at some point, but that was a complicated situation. A little too complicated for this conversation. Lets stay focused here.



MYSTIC CARIOUS

Ok. Let's get into Chaos.

Yes...let's. (grinning like a hyena)

You're enjoying this?

I've been holding this stuff in for a long, long time. It feel friggin fantastic to get this all out in the open.

Being part of a secret society is not all cheesecakes and candy corn.

Cheesecakes and candy corn?

Carry on, mister.



CHAOS

So Chaos' whole thing is that he wants us to go insane as a civilization. Correct?

Yes. He felt like it wasn't fair that humans are restricted by things like morality and structure. Our minds should wander where they want to. We are free beings.

And that's why he hated the angels and demons ? Because of their attempt to control our impulses?

Yup. The whole good versus evil thing was malarkey to Chaos...

Malarkey?

I have a vocabulary. Sue me. Anyway, after Linkera decided to face Chaos he realized that he could not defeat him. So Linkera went on a search to find the person or persons who could.

...And this will lead us into the next era of The Destiny Saga.

The First Elite Era: Part I

A disclaimer: This next section should not surprise most of you considering how our world changed since 1998. For some of the more “intolerant” among you, I hope that you’ll be more enlightened about how our universe really works. I know for me, even though it’s more than twenty two years later, it’s still hard to adapt to this new reality.

So now we are at a point where Pangaea has separated into the continents we know now and Chaos can’t be defeated by Linkera?

Yes we are at that point, Magellan.

It’s always nonstop trash talk with you, woman.

(Smirks) At this point, the angels and demons are desperate to get rid of Chaos. So they open up this thing called the Portanexus...

Portanexus?

It turns out that there were other worlds that existed in other “galaxies” besides Earth in the Solar System. These galaxies were called Secondary Realms. They were called Secondary Realms because of the belief that any living, sentient being that wasn’t human was considered to be a second class species. The Portanexus was a network of portals that lead to these Secondary Realms

What was the reason for that belief that they were inferiors?

The theory goes that mankind was created in the image of God; therefore we are the Primary species because we resemble The Creator.

Obviously, not everyone would agree with that theory.

Today they wouldn't...but back then most of these "Secondary Beings" subscribed to that idea and did good works in the hopes that, in a second life, they would be reborn as humans and be closer to God.

Who told them all of this? It sounds pretty manipulative.

That's one of the few things that we Linians were never able to figure out. But let's stay on track. The angels and demons opened the Portanexus and pushed Chaos into it. They didn't care where he went; they just wanted him off Earth.

So, long story short, Linkera, Mystic Calm, and Mystic Carious created the Linian Culture to have eyes everywhere they were not. But they gave that info to a select group of trusted people to keep the chances of Chaos ever finding out their plans to a minimum.

So you mean to tell us that your Linian culture has been here since the beginning of humanity?

Yes sir.

So what happened next?

With the original group of Linians in place on Earth, Linkera and the two Mystics entered the Portanexus to search for Chaos and, hopefully, someone or some people that could defeat the Insane One.

I know that they told you all this when you were children in what you called Linian Studies. How did you take all of this info in?

When you're a child, you'll believe in jump kicking ninja dogs if an adult told you that nonsense.

You're right...though I would throw in adults along with the children as well. I guess this is where I should ask you about this group called "The Elite?"

True, but I think you should have post up some images of some of the Secondary Beings to give your readers a visual idea of what we are talking about. Even if they've seen them before, it'd be nice to jog their memory.

Who is writing this interview... me or you?

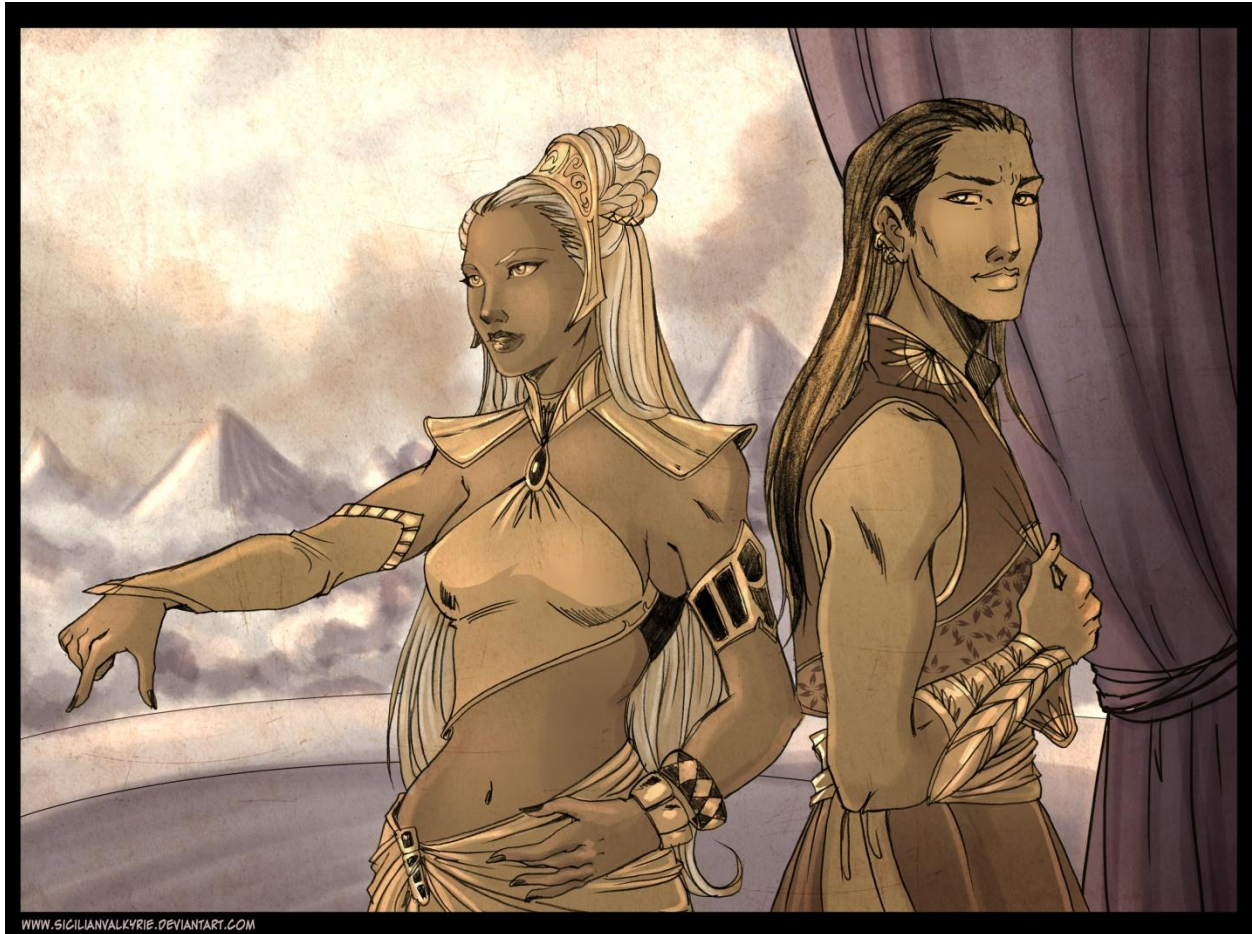
Friends help friends make good choices...but do what you want. No sweat off my brow.

I appreciate the advice, but I'll decide what goes where...

...and now here are some images of some of the Secondary Beings:



They are The Netrel of the Secondary Realm of Netra-Six: they are beings that transferred their essences into mechanical bodies that look almost human, except for the plastic skin.



They are the golden skinned people better known as The Terrans of the of Terra Casia. They run a realm that is basically a pleasure/luxury getaway environment. Terra Casia is the ultimate in vacation spots.



The Harmens of Harmor Ari are a species that are made of light that inhabit organic bodies whenever they need to communicate with other species.

So you're telling me that Linkera and the Mystics are wandering around the Secondary Realms looking for a way to stop Chaos.

Yes. But they realized that they couldn't focus on the attacks from Chaos' minions known collectively as "Legion" and continue their search at the same time. So they created a super powered group called "The Elite" to fight Legion while they continued their search...

...and this is where I allow the readers to learn more about them through the next short story?

Excellent, my pupil!

I've posted some pictures of the Elite members and I've followed it up with a story which stars one of their members. That Elite rabbit hole is pretty damn deep...



This is Shard Destine, a man from Earth who Linkera handpicked to be a member of The Elite. His name in the group was Destiny.



This is King Umbrage of the Secondary Realm of Giradia. He is a Giradian handpicked by Mystic Carious to be a member of The Elite. His Elite name was “Vintage.”



Finally, we have Tigr Brosmate of the Secondary Realm of Fegra. She was handpicked by Mystic Calm to be the Elite member known as “Fate.”

Her story will help you understand The Elite better...

Tales of Destiny: The Elite Linian (Tigra Brosmate)

Today was no laughing matter...but that didn't stop the soon-to-be Grand Lady from giggling her ass off. Tigra looked around her jade bedroom for her military uniform. The room was made of green stone walls and flooring, which was the norm for everything in Lane's Fortress. Her feline ears wriggled in frustration behind her long brunette hair as her giddiness faded away.

What in the name of nonsense did I put the damn thing?

Her mind was usually as sharp as a Giradian's blade but the misplacement of a uniform was unlike her. Today was her indoctrination as the latest Grand Lady Lioness. Tigra was handpicked by the Lady of Fegra to lead a military group called The Lioness Den. The Lioness Den was a group of women created to serve not only as high ranking military leaders but they were also to serve as the Lady of Fegra's bodyguards.

Tigra's tail lashed about the room, nearly knocking off her perfumes off of her silver dresser. She was still wearing the silver satin robe that she put on after taking her shower, but she knew she could not go into the fortress halls looking like that. Her courtship mate, Panthra Harlequin, would not approve of any soldiers getting a sultry glimpse of his wife-to-be. She smiled briefly at the thought of the most attractive man in all of Fegra getting intimidated by anybody. If anything, Tigra would have to fend off pretty much every Fegarian woman in existence.

But that was neither here nor there, if she didn't find that damn uniform.

Something's wrong here...

Her warrior instincts kicked in as she realized someone was in the room with her. That had to be impossible because there were soldiers outside her room and there were no windows anywhere in her

small living quarters. She extracted the claws from her fingertips and her feline eyes narrowed for the attack. The person was behind her.

How the hell did they come from the bathroom?

But before she turned around, a wise male voice said, “You do not need to attack me, Tigra. I have your uniform right here.”

She gnashed her fangs and turned around to face her intruder. She was shocked to find out it was a middle aged human being wearing Aztec embroidered robes. The man was of what was to be known of Japanese descent and her purple military sleeksuit that he was holding in his hand was a shade darker than his blue robes.

“Do you know how much of your ass I’m going to kick, human?”

The old man smiled, “You don’t want to do that, Grand Lady Lioness. I’ve come here with an offer.”

“An offer for me to rake your face with my claws?”

The human walked towards and stretched out his arm to hand her the sleeksuit. “I thought Tigra Brosmate was a woman of measured thought?”

The Lioness snatched her uniform from the annoyingly sincere old man and growled, “When someone magically enters your bedroom, you let me know how measured your thoughts are.”

Tigra suddenly realized how strange this situation was. There was no way a human could be on any Secondary Realm. Wasn’t the Portanexus to Earth sealed off?

“How did you get here, human?”

“Call me Mystic Calm.”

“Ok... Mystic Calm. How did you get here?”

The Mystic proceeded to tell her an abbreviated tale of the battle between two men named Linkera and Chaos. He told her about how the angels and demons found a way to unlock Earth's Portanexus to push their enemy Chaos through it. He was here with his son, Carious, and Linkera to find Chaos and those who could defeat the madman.

"...But I want to get to the reason why I'm here for you."

Tigra just realized that everyone out there must be waiting for her. In fact, why didn't the guards ever enter? She looked at the closed green door and began to check what was going on out there.

Mystic Calm said, 'You don't need to go out there.'

"What are you talking about, old man?"

She pulled open the door, disregarding the fact that she was still in her robes, but that didn't matter because the two Fegarian soldiers who were outside her door just stood there. They were literally catatonic.

"I'm guessing that this is all your handiwork?"

The Mystic glided out into the pristine green hallway, his feet barely touching the ground. He nodded agreement at the confused Fegarian woman and he began to glide down the hall towards the throne room. Tigra figured that there was a point to where he was going, so she followed him.

How can I kick the ass of a man that can freeze people?

They arrived in the massive throne room with its red carpeting that covered the entire floor. The jade walls had stone columns embedded in them that propped up the towering ceiling. At one end of the throne room was a huge stone door that lead to the courtyard; at the other end were the silver thrones of the Lord and Lady of Fegra. No one else was in the throne room except the two of them. She looked around at the darkly lit room with the crisscrossing rafters above them seeming like an elaborate metallic spider web.

She looked back at the Mystic who was now kneeling in front of the two silver thrones facing her with an aged blue book on the floor in front of him. From his body language, Tigra knew he was ready to speak.

But what was even more interesting was the fact that she was now wearing her dark purple sleeksuit.

The Mystic closed his eyes and the book in front of him opened up as a soft light shot up out of it and an image, like a Netral telescreen appeared in front of the rafters with its blank white image facing her at an angle. Suddenly, an image of a clear night sky appeared on the “screen” and the image scrolled down to show the highlands of Harmor Ari. Tigra could recognize the terrain of that Secondary Realm from anywhere.

At that moment, a woman flew into view of the image. Tigra was shocked to see a person flying without any help from machinery. The image of the woman got closer as Tigra realized that this woman was a Fegarian. She could tell not only by her feline tail, but also by that trademark Fegarian grace. The woman was also wearing the same military uniform that Tigra had on.

But that woman was not Tigra.

The Lioness looked at Mystic Calm and said, “Who is that woman?”

Without opening his eyes, he said, “That is your daughter.”

This shocked Tigra due to the fact that she had no children. Also because that woman looked like she was the same age as Tigra. She looked at the blonde haired flying Fegarian with awe because something inside of her told her that the Mystic was right. She wasn’t able to get a good look at her daughter’s face but she could tell she was a strong woman in the way she confidently flew over one of Harmor Ari’s massive lakes.

“Why are you showing me this, Mystic?”

“Because your daughter is very important to the future and we need you live up to your potential in order to make that happen.”

“Live up to my potential?”

The image above them faded away as the blue book above them sucked the light back into its pages and closed back up. The book itself faded away as the Mystic rose from his kneeling position and looked at Tigrā.

“I, my son, and my son-in-law are looking for a person or persons that can defeat our enemy Chaos, but his army of soldiers called Legion keeps getting in our way. We need a team of people that can keep them off our trail and also maintain order among the Secondary Realms.”

“Is that my daughter’s job?”

He grinned, “No, not yet. But we would like for it to be your job.”

Tigrā’s stomach dropped, “Do you realize that I have a huge responsibility here?”

“Your people will understand when I explain who our enemy is. But I do need it to be your choice. You will be granted powers just like the one that your daughter had. We need you to join our Elite.”

Tigrā envisioned herself flying through the skies and couldn’t imagine what other powers she would inherit. The Fegarian Army could only be inspired by that impressive show of power, not to mention that it would be a woman wielding it. She giggled again, but this time it wasn’t about the nervousness she had earlier.

“Where do I sign up?”



From the cover of The Destiny Saga Book III: Visions: (l to r) Shard Destine (Destiny), Tigra Brosmate (Fate), and King Umbrage (Vintage).

The First Elite Era Part II

Where do we start with this story, Karen?

That's some Mike Wallace caliber questioning you have there, Rochard. I guess most of that story is self explanatory. For the most part, the three members of the Elite, Tigra, Shard, and Umbrage were commissioned to fight off Legion. But the real reason I told you that story was that I wanted to introduce "The Book of Events."

That's the book that Mystic Calm used to show Tigra her daughter's future, right?

Yes, sir. That's actually his daughter Seraph's favorite book. The Book of Events has the ability to tell the Mystics of future situations. Sometimes it's very clear what it wants you to see; sometimes it's vague. The Mystics don't have complete control over the Book's power. The same goes for the Mystics' power as well.

You're telling me the Mystics aren't all powerful?

They have a lot of power, as Mystic Calm told me, but there's something or someone out there that is allowing them this power. But sometime, this "allower" holds the Mystics back from using their powers unless it is for their own agenda. Everything in this universe has a limit.

It must be frustrating to have all that power but not be able to use it whenever you want.

It's kind of like being a human being.

You know, you're right.

I'm always right, Kemosabe!

I just realized something...you said you've been in contact with Mystic Calm. How old is that guy?

Mystics can live for a very long time. I guess you could say they are “blessed” that way. But I think we gave your readers a small example about the species out there that exist beyond our solar system. We should probably talk about the Second Elite Era I grew up in.

Okay. Let’s get into it...

The Second Elite Era: Part I

Considering the fact that this part of the conversation is called the Second Elite Era, I'm just going to assume that Tigra and the others weren't enough to stop Chaos' plans.

Unfortunately, the First Elite fell apart because of their personal issues. Linkera disappeared off the face of the universe, Mystic Carious aligned himself with Chaos, and Mystic Calm rededicated himself to rebuilding the human being chapter of the Linians.

So you're telling me that the other Secondary Beings were Linians too?

Most of them were. But after Chaos got Tigra's race, the Fegarians, to join his cause, more and more Secondaries were questioning if being a Linian was a good thing to be.

Why would they think that?

Because the Fegarians were a powerful military force and most of the other realms could not take them on.

I guess since Chaos' main focus was on corrupting humanity and not the Secondary Beings; it would be enticing to join Chaos and not be destroyed by the Fegarians.

Right. But most of this turncoat action against the Linians was subtle. Mystic Calm was aware of this and focused on strengthening the human Linians.

And it was like you said earlier; the Linians were the only people on Earth that were aware of this whole Linkera-Chaos thing. Pangaea, the Secondary Realms, and the Mystics were all covered up by the Linians?

Mystic Calm worked very hard after the separation of Pangaea to keep everything secret. So he installed Linians in every society's infrastructure to insure the rest of the human race never learned any of it. From government to military, Linians were everywhere making sure that the rest of the human race was ignorant.

Could you give the readers out there an ideal of how Linians lived their lives before they were exposed to the world?

Not a problem. Actually you can use one of the stories I gave you as an example.

Which one are you talking about?

The one about our military group called Last Line.

You mean the one you told me about Carlos Morales?

Yeah. Mystic Calm created Last Line to infiltrate every military faction since the beginning of time. He had Last Line installed in order to keep a watch out for any of Chaos' shenanigans.

You mean they were a part of both sides of any particular war?

Last Line never took on any political ideologies; they just used the military surveillance technology of any given era as a means to an end. Keeping an eye out for Chaos was the only thing that mattered.

Linians have no interest in controlling human destiny; our war is with Chaos. It offends me when I hear people compare us to the Illuminati.

Is there such a thing as the Illuminati?

If there is, we haven't come across them. But, to get back to Carlos Morales, I wanted to share his story because it puts a human face to who the Last Liners are...



Lt. Carlos "Rain" Morales

Tales of Destiny: Secret Linian Man (Carlos Morales)

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 1988

The music wasn't loud enough in Carlos Morales' headphones to avoid the sound of the torrential downpour. The rain was rattling all around the bus carrying the eventual soldiers down the busy highway. Carlos tried to keep his eyes shut trying to ignore the impatience growing inside his mind. He knew that there was nothing he could do about it at this point. All he could do was hope to ignore his...needs.

This was the first time he made a trip to the mainland of the United States. He grew up in Puerto Rico all of his life, raised by his mother and the memory of a father who also served in the military. Carlos turned up the volume on his CD player, his black, short-cropped hair seemingly swaying to the heavy metal music. He thought he heard somebody speaking to him, so he had to power down the Megadeth.

But just a little bit.

He opened his eyes again to see the young Asian man sitting next to him. They met and chatted for a few minutes before getting on the bus. They didn't really speak that much afterwards, but he did remember that the guy's name was Dylan Kim. Carlos noted the irritation in Dylan's eyes and he prepared for the obvious complaint that was headed his way.

"Not to be an ass, but can you turn that music down? That stuff's just a little too much for my 'fragile' ears to handle."

Carlos grinned at Dylan's attempt at being polite, but he knew that most people couldn't stand metal and, the least of all, his mother. He nodded politely and left the music at a reasonable level.

Unfortunately, his mind focused on the shattering rain outside and his "urges" returned. He closed his eyes again and he forced himself to remember his last day in Puerto Rico.

His mother, Carmen Morales, was ultimately the mother AND father figure in his life, and she was the primary reason why he was joining the military. She knew, as a very select few on Earth knew, that the dark days were coming soon and the world needed all the soldiers it could get. She raised him to become one of those soldiers.

He needed to join the Linian military group, Last Line.

The Linians were a secret group of people dedicated to stopping a man named Chaos from destroying everything human civilization tried to maintain. He was supposedly coming back to finish what he started and the members of Last Line, who had members who infiltrated every major and minor governmental institution on Earth, had to be prepared for his second coming.

There were a few more Linian groups such as The Illusion Guard and Shield of Destiny, but Carlos' family line had a history of being members of Last Line. His father was a respected soldier who died before he was two years old. He had no memories or strong feelings towards his father. That he had an ambivalent attitude about Luis Morales really drove Carlos crazy. He didn't remember his mother being sad about the death of her husband, but he assumed that she probably put all that negative energy into training her son to be a soldier.

Carmen Morales was known as one of the greatest lieutenants in Last Line history. She met his father when she joined Last Line at eighteen. The amazing thing about the Linians that impressed Rain was that gender was irrelevant to their "special forces", something that the rest of the human race needed to get over.

Soon.

His parents were a dynamic duo of sorts. They were known for their ability to stop "Anomalies" from ever being exposed to the public. Last Line referred to the beings that came from the other realms that had no business on Earth as Anomalies. Linians were the only people on Earth that were aware that other life forms existed beyond the Solar System. Their job was to keep this secret from being exposed in the hopes of stopping fear and chaos from spreading on Earth. Every once in a while, someone would see something that they weren't supposed to and Last Line would have to cover it up by dismissing these individuals as delusional. It was a small price to pay to avert mass hysteria.

His mother and father's mission success rate was one hundred percent. They did not allow one Anomaly to be exposed to anyone who wasn't a Linian.

In the back of Carlos's mind, was the awareness that the rain had stopped. He opened his eyes and was thrilled that his "urge" had gone away. Hopefully the Pittsburgh chapter of Last Line got his request of his "necessities". He looked over at Dylan Kim knocked out and he realized that he must have been in deep thought for a while now.

He looked out the window and saw a massive military installation lying beyond a massive rain-soaked grassy field. The gray sky was starting to slowly fade away as Carlos started to wonder how blue the sky was back home. But then he started to think about the piano at his home and he was glad that it wasn't raining right now.

The bus pulled up into the stone-walled fortress that looked like it was built sometime around the fifties. He gently nudged the drooling Dylan Kim awake as the bus stopped in the dampened courtyard. They both noticed all the severe looking instructors lined up in front of the shiny gray entrance to the building looking like a line of cranky trees. Carlos knew that one of them had to be Commander Deborah Faucett.

Commander Faucett promised his mother explicitly that she would knock even more sense into the young Morales. How anyone could be more rigid than his mother? Carlos did not expect the slave driver

that was Carmen Calderon-Morales to be surpassed in aggressiveness. But legend has it that Faucett was as hands on and as demanding as any commanding officer has ever been in Last Line history

The front door of the bus slid open with a pressurized gasp as Commander Faucett broke from her rank of angry colleagues to march right up the steps to the front of the bus and barked at the riders, "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, you need to get your asses off this bus and line up in front of your respective masters RIGHT NOW!"

And as quickly as she returned to her lineup, every single recruit on the bus moved quickly of the bus and lined up in front of the commanding officers in lines going twenty deep. Carlos noticed a woman that they met, Melissa Davis, was the very first one off the bus, and impressed the higher-ups with her precision movements. Dylan had an obvious crush on her and Carlos, and even though he found her to be an intelligent blonde bombshell, let Dylan take the hunt because he expressed his attraction to her in the open first. Carlos didn't sweat it; there are always more women out there.

Walking off the bus, the aftertaste of the passing rainstorm filtered through his head as he hoped that what he requested was waiting for him in his sleeping quarters. But first he had Faucett's orders to attend to and that could not wait.

* * *

Through the miracles of modern luck, he found himself sharing a room with both Melissa Davis and Dylan Kim. Once again, gender didn't matter to the Linians: they were too sophisticated socially to act like children. But what impressed him even more was that the piano that he asked for was waiting for him there as well. The healthy sized room gave the trio plenty of room to breathe and the piano was not an inconvenience at all. His roommates looked at the instrument with slight confusion as Rain decided to explain why he needed it:

"I don't wanna bore you guys to death but I feel like you should know this about me. I always had this thing when I was a child that involved the rain and a piano. I guess whenever it rains; I just have this urge to play the piano. I don't understand why that is, I just know that I can't think of anything else when it rains. They called me 'Rain' back home because of it. I apologize in advance if it rains at a bad time."

Melissa's blonde locks dangled as she unpacked her bags full of clothes and essentials on her bed, "No problem, Amadeus. I mean how often can it rain?"

She got her answer as they heard another round of torrential downpour pounding the top of the building. Rain was relieved that he could sit down and play out a beautiful arrangement that mesmerized his partners as he hoped that he would do his parents proud and be the best Linian he could be...

The Second Elite Era: Part II

According to the story, there are at least two other factions: “Shield of Destiny “and “The Illusion Guard.” I guess you aren’t military, so which one of the other groups were you a part of?

I was a part of Shield of Destiny and I had a very specific job to perform. We should close out this discussion by letting people read the story you wrote about a certain day during my high school era. I think that should give them an even better idea about what life is like as a Linian.

I think you’re right. So... without any further ado:

Tales of Destiny: Linian Girl (Karen Weathers)

Piersdale High School, New Jersey 1994

The cafeteria was unusually cold today in Karen's mind. It was almost the end of May and the noisy lunchroom still felt like Siberia on steroids. Karen was sitting at the end of a lunch table alone waiting for her friend, Jeanette Alexander, to meet up with her. She hoped that conversation would be able to keep her mind off the chilliness.

Scanning the room to see if anyone else was displaying signs of being frosty, Karen came to partially conclude that it was all in her head. The other possible reason was that she wondered if getting a birthday gift for Terrell Dest was a good idea.

It wasn't a good idea for a covert bodyguard to have romantic affections for the person she was supposed to protect.

Karen scratched the top of her head that was covered by long black hair that draped around her attractive ebony face. She ignored the obvious looks from the jerks scattered through the room that were looking for nothing more than a trophy girl. She was annoyed that it was taking Jeanette so long to get her damn food. She was afraid to let her mind wander back into the past.

She was glad that the powers that be didn't place Terrell in her lunch period this year. She needed to have time for herself at some point in her life. She could remember when her parents told her what her purpose in life was to be: to protect the life of Terrell Dest at all costs.

They told her this when she was ten years old.

It was hard enough being part of a secret group that ninety eight percent of the human population had no idea ever existed. She could remember the day that her parents brought her to a certain meeting. This was where the children of this secret group of people called Linians were exposed to their so-called "purpose in life."

Karen remembered that her ten-year old self could barely process the history of the Linkatsa Religion that the children were being taught that day. They were told that they were followers of the teachings of a man called Linkera. This Linkera was a man who existed at the beginning of time whose sole purpose was to fight this other "man" called Chaos. Chaos' goal was to drive all mankind to insanity and, if he failed that goal, he would wipe out the human race completely.

Karen tried to shut her mind down from remembering the day she was forced to live for another person's safety. She wondered how the world would respond if they learned about this secret history of human civilization. She knew that the Linians, since the beginning of time, have kept the story of Linkera and Chaos from the rest of the human race. Most of her friends weren't Linians and it frustrated her that a whole other part of who she was had to remain in a forced shadow.

In what felt like ages, the lanky Jeanette Alexander sat down across from Karen with a lunch tray that had grilled cheese, fries, and a boxed apple juice on it. The cheesy odor meshed well with Karen's personal pizza's semi burnt ozone. Karen looked into Jeanette's almond eyes and remembered the first time the two met.

It was at that very Linian indoctrination.

She could recall seeing Jeanette seated in between both of her parents, her little toothpick legs barely reaching the ground yet they swung back and forth with impatience as this tired looking but serene old man was introduced to the audience after that brief explanation of Linkera and Chaos.

They called him Mystic Calm.

He supposedly knew this Linkera personally. He told the children that he was alive for almost as long as the earth existed. Karen, at the time, believed in Santa Claus, so that piece of information was not a stretch for her kid comprehension. He went on about things like having respect for all living things and stopping Chaos at all costs. She thought that if the rest of humanity had ever learned about how the Linians put this much pressure on children, it would be labeled as child abuse.

The children also were told that they would have to protect a certain person at all costs. Supposedly this person would be able to take down Chaos at some point in the future. When Karen was told who this person was, she was surprised because she had been in every class with this guy since she was in Kindergarten.

His name was Terrell Dest.

After the meeting, Mystic Calm took Karen and her parents aside to an office behind the nondescript meeting area and told the three of them that Karen was to be Terrell's primary bodyguard.

Karen snapped out of her remembrance by way of Jeanette tossing a mangled French fry at her forehead. Young Weathers laughed, but on the inside, she envied her silly friend for having a relative lack of responsibility.

As proud as she had become with the Linian culture, she learned eventually that fifth grade in public school turned out to be a joke compared to what she would learn to deal with...

Karen was trying to focus on whatever gossip Jeanette was blabbing on about. Something about Wilson Esco getting punched in his mouth by his girlfriend for cheating, but her mind was still fixated on her duties as Terrell Dest's secret bodyguard.

She remembered learning from her parents that there were Linians that had positions in every single government around the world and that they could position members where they needed to go in order to fulfill their respective missions. They told her that certain members of the Piersdale School Administrative Board had positioned Karen since Kindergarten to have the same classes with Terrell. They figured that would be the best way for Karen to have some sort of understanding of her "responsibility".

She made this whole bodyguard thing to be a game when she was younger. It was like a video game mission or something.

At least that's what her imagination told her.

As she began her Linian lessons and started her physical training in the martial art of Linkatsu, she started to befriend the clueless young Dest. Fifth, sixth and seventh grade went smoothly for Karen. The two of them would do plays together and wrote cheesy adventure stories. She learned through her family that Terrell's adopted parents were Linians as well. Karen felt a tinge of guilt about Terrell's life being overly monitored, but what could she do about it?

It seemed that eighth grade would eventually change everything...

Karen focused her attention back on Jeanette's useless chatter and quickly excused herself to go to the bathroom. The cafeteria still felt cold as she exited into the hallway. The dull beige of the walls gave Karen's psyche the feeling of being a prisoner. Everything she did for Terrell when they were thirteen years old blew up in her face and she couldn't explain to him why.

She made it to the filthy girls' bathroom which had that dingy smell. It wasn't strong, but it had a persistent buzz that tickled her nose. It was like candy and mild vomit swirled together. She went to the sink to splash cold water on her face and her mind traveled back to middle school.

It was the day before she and Terrell were about to perform opening night in the school play called *Tender Battles*, it was written by their drama teacher who was a failed playwright. She remembered Terrell talking about that teacher, Ms Henderson, and how scary it was to put all that hard work into something and still not achieve what you want.

Karen argued that maybe Ms Henderson was meant to be a teacher and not a writer, but Terrell didn't want to hear about what people were meant to do. It was at that point that he started to tell her about these weird dreams he was having. He told her that he had dreams about living these past lives that felt as real as the conversation they were having. She looked into his eyes as they darted around in his sockets looking for some explanation for knowing things like how it really was during the Industrial Revolution.

Karen tried to downplay her fears at the time because she was scared that he was remembering his past lives. The Linians told her that his essence was to be reincarnated over and over until the day that he was fated to face Chaos.

They also told her that he wasn't supposed to remember these things as well.

She tried to comfort him and tell him that he wasn't going crazy but he started crying and told her that he had always felt like he wasn't who he was supposed to be. She started to cry and hugged him. They embraced for a long moment until he broke away and apologized for being lame. She tried to comfort him again with kind words but, by that point, he was beyond embarrassed and asked her to go home. She respected his wishes and left.

The next day, she didn't see him at school all day. She started to get worried but her parents told her that he was just taking the day off. It wasn't until an hour before show time that Terrell showed up. But he didn't speak to her the whole time. It wasn't until after the show ended that he said anything to her. He told her that he needed to be left alone to figure out things and she needed to respect his decision. She knew that his decision was final, so she did as she was told.

Of course, she still had to keep her eye on him.

It hurt her to have to watch over someone who she cared about, but was not able to get close to. She watched on as Terrell started to shut out his school friends one by one until he became a loner. This situation continued on from eighth grade onto ninth, tenth and the eleventh grade.

Karen looked into the bathroom mirror and couldn't tell the difference between the splashed water and the tears on her face. She cleaned herself up and steeled herself for more of Jeanette's yakkity yak.

She walked out the bathroom and bumped into none other than Terrell Dest.

Terrell was the last person of the face of the planet that Karen needed to see right now. She flashed him an awkward smile and he returned the gesture with respectful eyes to go along with it.

After a moment of silence and heavy glaring, Terrell said, "Hey Karen. How's everything?"

She looked into his brown eyes and imagined how much pain he could have experienced through his many lifetimes and wondered if that was what was making him go insane.

Reincarnation must be so much fun for the psyche.

Karen also knew an empty conversation starter when she saw it. But it would be beyond ignorant to just walk away, so she decided to play the social game. She smiled again and said, "The same old stuff. I

mean the school paper is eating up most of my time; I have to hold everyone's hand in there. Honors classes are kicking my ass at the same time. Thank God school's almost done. How are you?"

"Me? I guess nothing really. My parents are getting on me about what I'm gonna do after I get out of school. I really don't care, but I humor them. Love them to death, but the nagging gets a little tired."

If there is one thing in the world that Karen Weathers couldn't stand (besides keeping her Linian lifestyle a secret), it was people who just do nothing with themselves. The Linkatsa Religion gave her that sense of focus, especially her Linkatsu training. Long considered the most technical martial art ever created, developed by Linkera himself, she was the first person in Linian history to ever master it. The other Linians couldn't grasp it, so they mostly trained in the other relatively simple disciplines.

It was said by Mystic Calm himself that Karen was officially the most physically powerful person on Earth. No other human being could stand a chance in hand to hand combat against her. Nonhumans, on the other hand...

If Terrell only knew that he had the best bodyguard in human history on his side, would he actually open up to her more? But she could never tell him that.

That really sucked.

Only for her, of course.

Terrell started to make the motions of moving away from her as he said, "I know it has to be hard for you that we're not friends anymore. I'd like to be friends with you too, but with the way I feel about everything in my life, I really need to keep away from people until I figure myself out. I really hope you understand that."

Karen could only nod her head.

He continued, “You have to know that I miss you. I do, but I don’t want you to see me like this. I’m trying to get over my mess. I know I will someday and I’m gonna make everything up to you.”

He grabbed her hand and gripped it with love.

“You’re my best friend.”

He let it go and walked away from her.

With the sound of his footsteps echoing away from her, Karen couldn’t stop crying. She realized at that moment that she wanted her best friend back but now was not that time.

As she wiped away her tears and composed herself, she started to head back to the cafeteria. She realized that this would not be the right time to give him his birthday gift.

But next year, when they’re seniors, he’s getting his gift.

And she’s absolutely getting her friend back.

Parting Words

Is there anything else you want the people out there to know, Karen?

I'd just like to thank anyone who took time out of their life schedule to read this conversation. I know time is valuable and I don't take that for granted.

With that being said, if you want to know more about the universe we live in, please visit my blog site at TheLinianLegacy.com.

There's also a website called TheBookOfEvents.com. It's an ever growing encyclopedia of The Destiny Saga universe, as Rochard would call it.

(clears her throat) Don't YOU have something to tell them as well, Mr. Scott?

I guess I should tell you about the first short novel I wrote called "The Destiny Saga: the Two Princes" available in eBook for the Kindle and Nook. It is a part of a larger three part collection called "Children of Chaos." Karen here plays a major part in that story.

You can also contact me at TheLinianLegacy1977@gmail.com if you have any questions for me.

Hopefully, if the story is a success, we can continue to expose the truth of Linians and their true virtue in later books and other media. Thanks in advance if you choose to take the plunge.

You might actually be a good writer someday... if you keep at it.

...and we are out of here. Peace.

The Destiny Saga: The Two Princes



Rochard Scott

