

Pangea

Eve

Jay M. Horne

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Book Two of the Pangea Chronicles

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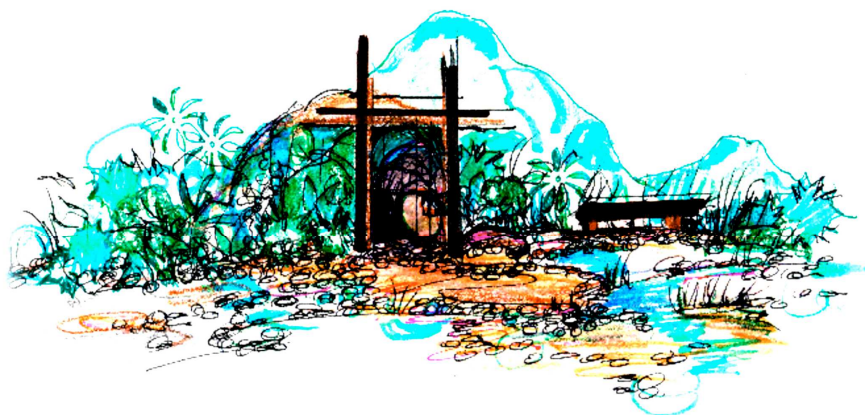
For



Mom,

and those who don't mind getting their sandals a bit dirty.

Introduction: The Dolmen



Present Day 1983

“Get up, Jesse!” Evelyn screamed, wrenching him strongly to his feet. “Get up! They’re coming!”

Her voice first echoed back at her and then muted out along the walls of the subterranean tunnel. She could see the bewilderment in the man's gaze whom she was forcing to his feet, but had no time to explain—they must start moving.

With one hand, she reached down and seized the cord around his neck which held half of the charm she possessed. Firmly, she forced it as a bundle into his hand.

Light in the cavern shifted. The bodies of the two seemed to give off a luminescence all their own.

“Hold this!” she insisted, her sleek black hair the only other thing begging his attention.

Then, leaning down and lifting her own piece of the amulet, she directed his eyes to the moon-shaped trinket.

“For light,” she explained, and he realized the light was coming from it alone before she tugged him toward the hollow that led down deep into the Earth.

The illumination from the two closely outstretched relics shone out in a distant radiance revealing walls of ancient untouched stone which lined the throat of the tunnel. The walls were scarred with quartz crystal, which had been delicately scored into the surface-rock, revealing the layer of the polished diamond-like element beneath.

At first glance, the twisting lines of reflected quartz seemed randomly cut in dizzying curves. But, as the mouth of the tunnel swallowed them up, it was apparent that the chamber had indeed

been purposely and intelligently carved into the likes of a cloudy thunderhead. For now, the sparkling lines shot down the walls in parallel strikes, resembling lightning from a looming overhead cloud.

“Wait!” the man pleaded, his chiseled brown features expressing confusion as radiant blue eyes darted about.

Evelyn didn’t resist his objection too fiercely, in fear of scaring him into believing she was his enemy. The man’s hand that she held was Jesse’s, but she knew the man inside was not.

“Not now,” she spoke gently, sensing the questions in his eyes. “We haven’t the time. I will explain along the way, but we must press on, maybe the tunnel comes out at another point.”

Evelyn, casting her gaze up into the darkness beyond the recess of the light from whence they’d come, heard the shuffling of sand and foot.

“Do you hear? If they breach the shell, they will be upon us. We must put some distance between us. Come!”

Her hand was warm in his, and her face was reassuring. He let her lead him down through the stone catacombs, glancing over his shoulder once in a while, well aware that he could see nothing but pitch beyond the confines of the lighted bubble.

On and on they pressed, and he busied his eyes by fixing on the rivers of chiseled crystal-lightning which snaked their ways along the walls while Evelyn spoke.

She had begun by telling him her greatest fear, that a man called Serat had done him harm. That she had spied his shoes on the man’s feet and feared the worst—that the tribe was going to make her wed and bear her child as a Seeker.

It was during her recollection of their time together in London when they came upon a change in the quartz design, which had kept them company.

The bolts of lightning now crawled up huge marble columns on each side of the corridor. The reflective surface of the beautifully veined marble bore elaborate reproductions of the charms they each held. On the right, an image of the moon ... on the left, the sun.

The light pulsed around them, as they each lifted their godly gifts up to see the detail in the designs—and to marvel at the remarkable resemblance. The orb that had surrounded them in a single mass, now parted down the center and moved like shadow from a setting sun.

Slowly and methodically the white light became contrasting hues of red and blue, and the marble soaked up this color as if pooling it into the stone itself.

Momentarily they were plunged into a thick velvet darkness; the only light now emanating from the low frequency of the huge slabs, which had taken in the energy of the amulets. Then, as if flicking a switch on a fluorescent, each engraving flickered to life like the neon lights of a low-end bar and grill.

The veins of color, running deep in the marble, filtered the same light into the channel of quartz beyond, this time following a perfectly straight path along the center of each wall, like the slowly sizzling fuse of a firecracker.

Now, in the dimly lit hollow of the tunnel, Evelyn approached her Jesse.

Taking his half of the relic she locked it tight to hers, hoping to spark recognition in him as she revealed to him the story of the gift, and the true nature of the growing life within her.

A look of growing concern and contemplation was pasted across the canvas of Jesse's face, and in desperation she embraced him, her lips a fraction from his ear.

"Yours, the sun that's filled with shining light that blazes far and wide. Mine, the moon, which reflects the sunlight back, but has no light inside. Together we can shine anew, a living breathing light. In union once again in life, that Mother Earth provides."

Pressing her lips to his, a dizzy spell of recognition flushed through him, and he clasped her in his arms as the memories came flooding back ...

I

London 1980

It was early October in London. The snow fell from the eaves of the tavern where Jesse had been watching the local news while enjoying his hearty dark lager. The bitterness of the heady brew always seemed to warm him on days such as this. The year was 1980, long before his memory would falter. A time when a black man was not so rare a customer in a place like this, as it once was.

The whites in his eyes and on his palms blended so well with the grays and browns of his skin, one would do well to spare a mention of his ethnic background. All in all, he was a distinguished and obviously wealthy man, with the kind of eyes that didn't linger too long on any one object or person. However, when those dark blue windows to his soul settled on someone, they would feel his gaze powerfully emanate from beneath his thin, well-groomed eyebrows that formed as inverted check marks high on his brow.

It would be in this London tavern, built eloquently out of carved and aged redwood, among the mirage of neon glow along a bar's lacquered surface, that Jesse would have yet another startling revelation. A revelation that would only add to the utter grief and misery that he had so far known as the collection of his memories.

The top hat, which matched so well his suit coat, pants and shoes, now sat in his lap. You normally couldn't catch him in such a get-up, but he was determined to stay in town this time for at least a week. More often than not, he lounged in a sweat suit, but not of the cheap variety by any means! Spending money was one of the only things that brought him true happiness these days, apart from discovering something truly spell-binding. Oftentimes, he would find himself browsing the shops of Armani, Clyde & Foster, and

other high-end retailers. By the end of the week, his new wardrobes could be found collecting dust in some Salvation Army or other needy place. He liked to travel light.

The smoke in the tavern, as the old tube TV squawked, was thick and twisted up into plumes before the rays of fading light that trespassed through the wooded shutters. It offered no offense to his senses. He could occasionally stand a draw from a wooden pipe but it was the drinking that was his vice. And, it was drinking that the fair-skinned newswoman had been going on about.

Jesse pushed his half glass of stout toward the inside of the bar away from him and slid his chair back. He made his way closer to the TV, squeezed himself between the backs of two gentlemen at the end of the bar and leaned closer to catch the story. It would be ten minutes before he left the tavern lost in troubling thoughts.

The snow was coming now in drifts. Jesse pulled his suit-coat tight around his neck and pressed the top hat firmly down with his other hand. The Inn where he was staying wasn't far. In fact, it was so close, he could already make out the faint wisp of smoke coming from the small cluster of lodgings that surrounded it. It was perhaps a ten-minute walk from here, and though the icy wind cut, the time to think still made the venture enticing.

He thought of the newscast and what the implications may mean to him. He was an alcoholic, no doubt, but the bottle was often his sole companion during his many excursions. His father had been hospitalized many years earlier from a genetic anomaly—some neurodegenerative illness—which causes an accelerated form of Alzheimer's. This gene had obviously been passed on to Jesse at birth, hell, even now he forgot the most recent events unless he focused on them for a long while. This is what he was attempting now, as he made his way through the alleyways of Cricklewood, which had accumulated well over three inches of snow and ice.

The cobblestone had disappeared beneath a layer of fine white silt, and the streets were eerily silent, besides the cooing sound of the drifts winding their ways around the corners of the village dwellings, which were locked up tight as if a hurricane were ensuing. He passed the familiar windows, eyes of the alleyways, and when he looked up they favored paintings cloaked behind the gentle veil of snow, the thick yellow lights pouring their reflections at Jesse's feet.

Goose pimples rode the length of Jesse's arms as he pulled the large door of the Inn out against the wind.

To be shortchanged at birth was bad enough, but now he had to deal with, *this*?! According to that lady on the television, alcohol was one of the most contributing factors of Alzheimer's disease.

'Great!,' he thought as he entered the safety of his Inn.

The warmth from the lodge immediately permeated his suit. The lodge he had procured for himself this week was very quaint. This narrow stone structure of two stories, despite its modern commodities, was overrun with oil lamps. There was a strapping young lad behind the counter, who always donned a beaming smile; Jesse would guess the owners' son.

Reclining quite comfortably on an easy chair across the room in the lobby was an Indian girl of middle-age; the same Indian girl who had been in this very spot night after night. He caught himself staring, mesmerized by the green splendor of her eyes, and quickly removed his top hat and coat as if to remain natural.

Shaking the moisture from his jacket, Jesse tossed it over the back of the vacant loveseat next to her and near the space heater by the coffee table. He sat to warm his hands and glanced timidly at her, trying to steal small details of her face. Her hair, though not tied up or braided in the usual fashion, was elegantly draped down her back and lined her features naturally and effortlessly. So fine was the hair from her bangs, pushed back at her ears, it merely cast a dim shadow over the flushness of her high cheekbones. Her skin was but only a shade lighter than his own, her pink lips a perfect fig.

Realizing again that he had begun to stare, he reached nervously to the bowl of crisps on the table. 'Anything to soak up some of the alcohol,' he thought to himself.

It was odd for him to sit here in the lobby after a night at the pub. If not for her and the extreme cold, he would have made his way up the stairs to his room and crumpled into a deep sleep on the mattress. But she had been there, again, and it had been cold ... and she *had* him. She had him wondering where she came from and why she sat here alone, night after night, such content about her.

What he'd give for the secret of that contentment, but he would never ask her, never interfere with someone so peacefully enthralled. 'Why trouble someone so content and beautiful with my problems,' he would say to himself. But on this night, he wouldn't have to ask.

He was startled by the pressure of her hand lightly on his arm and his eyes moved to her lips, the color of a guava's flesh, and she began to speak.

"Sir, why must you drink so?"

Her English accent was brilliant, an accent that Jesse, despite his travels at large, could only falsely imitate.

His American demeanor however, was obvious.

"Pardon?" he asked. He briefly thought of the possibility that she may have been following him.

"Your drinking. Each night you return from town I smell a different liquor on you. It simply makes me wonder."

He studied her. She would be inquiring of him, when she was so much more intriguing than he was? Not kidding himself, he exhaled with a sigh to realize that he would tell her everything if she would listen.

"Please, Sir"—there was that accent again, and her eyes so soft—"if you have a story to tell, I would offer my ear this evening."

He put his hand gently on top of hers and drank in the caring expression that had become so foreign to him. He softened.

"If the thoughts I carry were not so potent in my mind, perhaps portraying them in words may seem safer," he paused momentarily, wincing inside as he recounted deeply suppressed feelings. "Would such things not only burden you?"

"My father has raised me to first give that which I wish to receive, to treat others how I would be treated. In my case, kind Sir, you may find that the debt outweighs the favor."

She liked him and her clever line of questioning was testing his wits.

"It shall be as a trade then. An even swap. One tale for another," he said questionably, meeting her match.

At that moment, the door of the Inn was suddenly thrust open and two men—whom he recognized from the bar—stumbled in noisily grasping onto one another trying to keep themselves upright.

Immediately, the lad at the desk went to their assistance, pulling the heavy door closed behind the miscreants. As the young boy struggled at convincing the two men to allow him their coats, Jesse knew he was about to find himself in a situation.

He never should have taken the liberty to speak with this beautiful woman! What had he been thinking? Every time he got on with some hot little minx there were always the oafish, more brute-looking men, there to cause trouble for him, which he could handle well enough if not for the women being evermore antagonizing, always elevating the situation. Women loved a good fight. He had learned this. Yes, learned it well, so well it was stored among his precious stock of cherished memories that he had not yet lost.

Now the brutes were shoving at the young clerk playfully and motioning that they were perfectly capable of hanging their own coats. Meanwhile, clumps of dirty snow had found their way to the slick entryway from their garments, and the poor lad was having a time trying to brush them off the tile and onto the carpet where they would be less of a nuisance.

While the clerk was busy with a linen cloth on his knees drying the landing, one of the burly men, whose hair was cut close to his scalp—unlike his friend’s full dark locks—caught Jesse’s glance. Of course, he then made out Jesse’s involvement with Evelyn.

Fury was building inside of Jesse as he imagined the coming confrontation. Anger so sharp, not only at those two men, but also at himself. He was angry because of the way that they were treating that boy and at the thoughtless way they were eyeing his new lady friend, without a speck of consideration for consequence. And he was also deeply angry with himself, that he never dared be so rude even when he himself was overly intoxicated.

Always Jesse was the best gentleman, even when inebriated. What confidence these pompous fools exuded, and who were they to approach with such confidence? They likely, had never held themselves to any form of standard as Jesse had. Yes, Jesse was the man here and these two were just street savages, might as well be dirty rotten thieves!

Jesse’s nails dug into the palms of his hands as he looked back at the woman and wondered if they had even exchanged names.

“Jesse,” she said to him, “are you coming?”

His eyes followed her finger as she pointed toward the narrow staircase where the smoke seemed to draw in on itself—must be a draft from an open room upstairs? The rectangular hole into the dark above, which was the only portal to the lofty guestrooms, reminded him of climbing into the attic of much larger estates.

Boot heels rapped upon wooden planks as they climbed, hand-in-hand.

Had this really happened? Had this woman truly saved him from an uneasy decision at the very last moment? Was he so intriguing as to deserve this? Either way, the men downstairs must have felt put out by the way she grasped his hand merrily, and with a sweet smile and a tug to his feet had beckoned him away happily as if ‘he’ were her choice and not them! And so, the trouble would be postponed—for now.

End of Sample

Thank You for Sampling Eve, the first book in the Pangea Chronicles, by Jay M. Horne.

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LILITH

The First Book in the **Pangea** Chronicles

CHAPTER ONE

Stardust

The speed of light could only be defined by the particles that itself was yet to reveal. In the instant after the big bang, light had not had time to shine upon any particles. 'Twas only stardust that spewed forth from the singularity. Thus, no definition bound those particles to neither scrutiny of law nor judgement. In the expanding and drifting aftermath of the molten explosion, no terms could shed light upon the world that would be known as 'The World of Form'.

Only 'The World of Force' existed in the very first moments—a dark, lonely void—that fought to catch up with the horizon of light that raced into the beyond.

To those who dwelt in that void, it was they who cast the first stone of creation into the murky depths of the sea of potential; the ripples of that stone manifesting the reality of the world that would come as the light dawned on the world of the living.

The Mother Speaks

“Everything is opposite in the spirit world. Duality is considered only a means to define forces at work in the shifting ether

of the formless world of ideas and dreams. Much as the seed bears the weight of the entire make-up of the mighty oak at its center—so does the simple singularity bear the weight of the world—sprouting forth, only after being plunged into utter darkness.

"Like attracts like in this world of pure force. Electrons seek electrons on the outskirts of the primordial soup, and protons whirl in the first music of the electromagnetic spectrum as they daringly dance with neutrons in these first moments of our existence. Feminine energies have bonded with feminine energies and male's with male's, both oblivious—until now—of one another."

There was no connection to be *known* to one another in the world of potential, it could only be *felt*; the feeling only fleeting as potential ideas and dreams collided in the ultimate sea of the deep. Each piece of fluxing energy was a radiant orb of potential much like a stone poised atop a hill, waiting for a gentle breeze to set it into motion—an orgasm at its apex but never released.

The Maiden Speaks

"Oh, Mother ... the exquisite yet divine torture of this feeling of growth and consciousness. It is unbearable among this dancing miasma of imagination. I know our beauty, I LOVE our beauty. I sense the coalition of the waters that are us, drawing together in one place and the fires of a divine one's will drawing together in another place. How I long to drink of those waters, to take them into me. To know what it FEELS like to be my own magnificence."

But, this she could not do. The act of 'feeling' was in the masculine, yet the masculine had no art of 'the imagination' and it was in that gift alone that the masculine endured the inferno that was the coalescing of fire, opposite the feminine world of force. Had they the ability to imagine the destructive potential which their fires held, the masculine would surely have snuffed itself out among the pain.

It was in the moment of the Mother's realization of these opposing forces that the Maiden asked the simple question that would change their worlds forever; a question which could only be answered by the Crone who dwelt in the beyond.

"How did we become so separated from the masculine?"

The Crone Speaks

“Ah, the origins of duality is a definition that is not easily understood. For in the world that is, nothing can be undone. All that is, is all there ever was, and there is nothing else. We are that we are. There is no way to undo the pure knowingness of our existence, which we experience as ultimate pleasurable imagination. Time is a thing that beckons even the world of the Fae, yet its ability to change us is lessened. This is why in our imagination lies our despair. For even as we marvel at our own potential beauty, we weep with want for the ability to FEEL it, and this we cannot do without first experiencing our opposite, which is dark and *painful*.”

The last word was amiss of meaning to the Mother and Maiden, though it stirred curiosity.

“The experience and thus the knowingness of this darkness is essential to Feeling. How can you weigh your pleasure if you know not *pain*?”

Again, the word was amiss to the Divine Beings who dwelt in the Void of Force.

Yet again, it was the Maiden who questioned, “How then do I experience this pain? When there is not but what is already here, and there will be nothing else, how then do I ever experience the Feeling of our magnificence?”

At this, a dry cackle permeated the world of the Fae.

“Therein lies the conundrum. The experience of yourself, you have already had. It lies within. All possibility has been done. The illusion is that you have not yet journeyed into the flesh, yet how then does your imagination writhe with exquisite experiences, which tease you into near ecstasy? I say, *you have lived them*. You are that you are and there is no way to be other than *that*. Though, you *have* left yourself a gift, which only *I* can bestow to you. You have only to but ask.”

With this the Mother's voice rises above the other aspects of the Triune Self and pleads to the Maiden's lustfulness, “I caution you to be happy with what is. What gain is there in wanting, child? The very act itself is an expression of lack.”

The Mother cannot harken to the Maiden for the Mother is peace in itself; in her purest form—*that* is what she is—Peace. She

knows she cannot sway the Maiden—and the Maiden's strongest attribute is her allure—so it would be futile and unnecessary.

“The mother will always be here for you. In your darkest time, call out, and I will lift you up to my divine light once more.”

It was in this time—a time after all time—that the Crone bestowed upon the Maiden the gift of *forgetting* ... the only thing that would shatter the infinite knowledge of existence into a mighty array of pieces, which would take lifetimes to put together and RE-MEMBER.

And as does a seed, she called upon herself the darkness and went within ... her first memory—Water.

***Keep a look-out for the Prequel to 'EVE'.
'LILITH'—due for publication by 2020 and the sequel 'ADAM'—
due for publication by 2023.***

The Pangea Chronicles came to life in Book Two, EVE, with Jesse and Evelyn finding their way to one another with the help of the Fae and the Djinn. The Tower has been resurrected and Adam, the child of the divine couple, grows within Eve's womb.

Read 'Lilith' and journey back to the beginning, when the Fae world took its first breath just after the initial blast that created the universe. Meet the beings of the world before life, before substance, whose thoughts mold the reality of what is to come in the world of form. See what mistakes the Creators may have made had they ever had the ability to form a wrong thought.

In the sequel 'ADAM', delve into the mind of the creator come to Earth, caught between destiny and reality. Can he make a wrong choice? Does anyone ever have a choice at all in the world of the living? Does the choices he's made in the world of the Time make him who he is to become, or do the choices he makes as a human change the destiny he has already written himself?

Jay M. Horne

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