

## Xolomagne

### Author's Overview

Xolomagne is a Novel that I have been working on in one form or another pretty much the entire time I have been writing. When it is finished I want it to be about 700,000 words in length. For a better comparison that would be about 1,400 typed single spaced ms word doc pages, or 70 hours of audio book. This would have Xolomagne make the list of the 10 longest novels in the English language, at either number five or number nine depending on your definition of novel.

In general the novel is a complex Postmodern Sui Generis Existential Fantasy Fiction. It takes place in the modern world and covers the life of a hyper intelligent man, named Xolomagne, who has discovered, through the teaching of his prophetic best friend Nathaniel Anderson, that magic is in fact real and can be used by most people. As magic continues to grow in importance, quickly taking the place of religion, science and technology, the role of Xolomagne and his close friends becomes more important in the world as well. That's putting it in the absolute simplest terms, and sacrificing a lot of the important themes subplots and side stories within the novel.

The novel itself covers a wide variety of topics and issues: Growing Up, Magic, Science, Technology, Religion, Human Sexuality, Love, Politics, Art, War, Society, Different Cultures, Sub Cultures, Counter Cultures, Secret Societies, Music, Power Metal, Numerology, Geography, and the Inevitable End of the Universe.

If it sounds like something you may be interested in reading, here is a draft of the first chapter of the novel with the unusual title of "Epilogue." I hope it peaks your interest.

## Chapter 1 - Epilogue

“That’s a strange word you’ve written there, what does it mean?”

“It’s a name.”

“Ex-Ol’-O-Maag-Nee, is that how you pronounce it?”

“No, look closely at it.”

“What am I looking for?”

“Take it in parts, the X is not an X, think of Greek.”

“Ekssss, Ekzzzz, Zzzzz, Zolo. Zolo, is that it?”

“You’re close it’s more of a soft O, like in soul.”

“Zoulo?”

“Yes, good.”

“So, Zoul-O-Maag-nee?”

“No, look at the second part,” he covered up the xolo.

“Maagnee, Maaj-ne, maj-n. I can’t get it?”

“M-A-G-N-E, think back to where you may have seen that in a name before.”

“Hummm, I’m drawing a blank.”

“Think back in time, to about 800 AD.”

She looked at him strangely.

“Europe?”

“Um, I got nothing.”

“The Holy Roman Empire”

“Wait, hang on, you mean Charlemagne. So that would be pronounced main.”

“Yes, you’ve got it.”

“So the full name is Zal-O-Main.”

“Yes.”

“X-O-L-O-M-A-G-N-E, is Zoul-O-Main”

“Xolomagne, ok so what does Xolomagne mean?”

“Like I said, it’s a name.”

“Ok, then who or what is Xolomagne?”

“It would take a very long time to explain.”

“Well then give me the short version.”

He looks around, and takes a deep breath.

“Ok, you asked for it.”

Without Xolomagne the world along with the universe will eventually be destroyed, we accept this as an inevitability. Only with Xolomagne can this world survive the future.

Xolomagne was dead in this world, so this world would be destroyed. Since Xolomagne was dead this world needed to be destroyed, and Nathaniel Anderson was the only one who could.

Just a small dot in the landscape that was distinguished from the surrounding area, distinguished by a few very obscure features. One of these features was the fact that a light snow had fallen the day before, the surrounding towns were covered in a thin blanket of white, however this small area looked as though no snow had touched it. Strange that snow would seemingly refuse to fall on a 1 square mile patch of land, but would hit every area around it. The buildings in this very small town were even stranger, thin with brick pillars holding them up, as

if the architect purposely built long and narrow houses to maximize yard size, but didn't realize a strong gust of wind could tip them over as easily as a tree without roots, and added the pillars as an after thought.

Granted these are two very strange things to have in one small ghost town, but the weirdest aspect of this place was the pockets of smoke and heat that seemed to come from the ground itself, as if the ground was on fire, but no flame could be seen. Living trees turned to ash as though they stood amidst invisible flames.

Nathaniel did not know how he got here, he remembered nothing before this town, where it is, what makes it so strange and unique a place. Nathaniel was afraid of nothing save this strange town of ash. Nathaniel saw one of the anorexic houses, and it had a 3-speed bike next to it. A 3-speed bike is unusual and somewhat antiquated in this day and age, however there is nothing inherently scary about the object; nonetheless Nathaniel was terrified of this as well.

Someone walked out of the house. He seemed like an average, perhaps somewhat attractive man, and he had a smile on his face. Nothing too unusual about this smile of his, it seemed like something good had happened to him. Nathaniel did not know what he was so happy about, and did not want to find out. Nathaniel saw the sigil he knew from his past, he visualized it, and then traced it in the air with his finger, and everything went dark.

Nathaniel woke up from his nightmare. He had been having this nightmare his whole life. He knew it meant something, but didn't know what. He's deceased friend had taught him how to use sigils to sink deeper into dreams. He knew it well and used it much as an adolescent to sink into "good" dreams about his fellow classmates of the opposite sex. He also knew the sigil to immediately leave the dream, it was a tool to determine whether certain situations were dreams

or not. It might sound like Nathaniel was crazy, but in his past he had come into a number of situations that no human would be able to determine if they were real or not. It's possible that Nathaniel could have explored this nightmare further, but he was too scared of it, though he had no idea why, and in fact it certainly didn't seem like a scary situation.

"Nate, you ok man?," asked his roommate Steve.

"Ah, fine, just had that nightmare again," said Nathaniel as he wiped the sleep out of his eyes.

"You really should go see a psychiatrist about that dream you keep having," said Steve.

"Yeah, there all the same, bleeding hearts that try to make people unaccountable for there actions."

Nathaniel reached down by his bedside and pulled out a pint of Peppermint Schnapps, and took a large swig of it, so he could fall back to sleep. Then he handed the bottle to Steve, and he took a swig as well.

"Hung over?" Nathaniel asked Steve.

"No, still drunk I think."

"Nice," said Nathaniel. "Sorry I woke you, go back to bed."

"You sure you don't want to talk about this?"

"No, will talk tomorrow."

Nathaniel went back to sleep.

He worked in the kitchen of a popular New American restaurant, set way in the back woods of the rural area that surrounds the city of Philadelphia, he I to live directly above the

restaurant. Steve, his roommate and only friend he had left for the last 4 years, happened to be the chef and part owner of the restaurant.

After work that night he immediately went into his bedroom, and sat at his desk in front of his computer screen. He packed a new lip of tobacco, and turned on video game. He took another pull of his pint of Peppermint Schnapps straight out of the bottle, finished it, threw it in the trash, and then pulled another pint out of his case. Then he started going on a frantic rampage killing people in the game. Steve walked into the room. Nathaniel pretended not to notice.

“You’ve been drinking a lot recently Nate,” said Steve.

“I always drink a lot this time of year.”

“Why?”

“I don’t want to talk about it, I should be fine in a few weeks,” said Nate.

“Nate, you’re carrying something very heavy, you need to talk to someone about it. No offence Nate but I seem to be the only one you even come close to opening up to. I’m worried about you and I want you to talk to me. You can’t keep living this life.”

Steve seemed to say a magic word. Nathaniel stopped playing on the computer and looked at the screen for a while thinking.

“You right,” said Nathaniel.

“Yes, good, now talk to me.”

“No, I mean your write about how I can’t LIVE this life any more.”

“No, no. don’t you dare take the easy way out of this Nathaniel, I won’t let you.”

Nathaniel turned around and was smiling for the first time in weeks. Then he spoke to Steve.

“First off you can’t stop me, but don’t worry I have something else in mind.”

“Oh, and what is that?” asked Steve.

“I need you to help me with something.”

“What’s that?”

“Don’t worry about it,” said Nathaniel, then he went over to his bookshelf and pulled a marble notebook, covered in sigils, off the shelf. He opened the book to one of the pages in the middle of the book.

“How did you open that book Nate” asked Steve.

“You’ve tried to open this book?”

“Let’s say that maybe some one saw the book and it looked interesting, but they couldn’t open it. It seemed like it was glued or something,” Steve said, stumbling over his words and further admitting his guilt.

“Would this person be you?” asked Nate.

“Let’s say that this person was worried about you, because you’ve been drinking a lot, you know.”

“I don’t drink.”

“Yes you do, your drinking right now.”

“Taste it,” said Nathaniel, and he handed Steve the pint he was working on.

Steve took a long swig out of the bottle, and looked puzzled.

“You took the alcohol out of it?”

“Mmmm,” grunted Nathaniel.

“Why do you drink it if there’s no alcohol in it?”

“The peppermint calms my nerves,” said Nathaniel.

Steve looked at him for a few seconds thinking, and then spoke with surprise.

“What a minute, how do you take the alcohol out of it in the first place?”

Nathanial kept looking in his notebook for something and said.

“Never touch a wizard’s compendium without permission Steve.”

“Right, I’ll keep that in mind if I ever meet a wizard, or find out what a compendium is,”  
said Steve.

“You already have, and you already know,” said Nathanial

“What are you talking about?” asked Steve. Nathanial just looked at him.

“Oh, what you’re a wizard. I think you really need some help Nate, your delusional.”

Nathanial put up his fingers like a peace sign, and a small ball of fire appeared between his fingers. Then the ball floated over to Steve and stopped just before him. The ball then started to move leaving a trail of flames behind it. The trail of flames spelled out Steve’s last name in cursive. It hung there for a minute then turned into silly string and fell to the floor. Steve stood there in astonishment, but then composed himself.

“What did you have in that bottle?”

“I can see it’s going to take more than that to convince you.”

Without warning Nathanial pushed Steve out the window of his apartment. Strongly enough the glass didn’t shatter, it didn’t even move, he just fell through it. Even more strangely he didn’t fall down, he fell up. He could see the restaurant falling below him then the highway, then most of the small town they lived in. He stopped falling up, hovering a quarter of a mile above the ground, holding onto nothing.

“Just going to stay there or are you going to follow me?” asked Nathanial as he flew past him.



Nathanial didn't fly like superman, but kept his arms near his side. Steve, who had never flown before, outside of a plane, copied him and just thought of following Nate, and he was very surprised that he could follow. Nathanial and Steve shouted at each other through the whistling air.

"Believe me now?" asked Nathanial.

"I believe I'm dreaming."

"No, if you were dreaming you would think it was real to."

"But if I thought I was dreaming, by your logic I would know that it's real in which case I would think it's real, so therefore by your logic I must be dreaming."

"Or it could still be real," said Nathanial. "Look when you wake up tomorrow see if you can still fly, if you can then I need your help tomorrow night."

The next morning Nathanial awoke to the sound of laughter. A few minutes later his door flew open, but without the sound of footsteps. Steve was in his room floating above the ground.

"I guess I can say I believe now. Why didn't you tell me sooner?" asked Steve.

"We don't normally reveal ourselves, unless we have to."

"So does this make me a wizard to?"

"Hardly, I merely gave you the gift of flight," said Nathanial.

"It's quite a gift I must say," said Steve. "So what is it you need me to do for you?"

"I'm going to be setting off a major spell, and I need four other people to help me pull it off. There are two other wizards that will help with this, my old friends. My former friends I should say," said Nathanial, trailing off at the end.

"What happened between you and them?"

“It’s not important,” said Nathaniel briskly. “What is important, for reasons you will soon find out, I need a fifth person. Tonight we will meet on the wooded hill by the abandoned farm, you know the one right?”

“Yeah, I think so.”

“Good, don’t come out until I’ve signaled you. I’ll have to talk to them first.”

That night Steve and Nathaniel flew to the hill he was talking about. Steve hid in a tree and Nathaniel stood in the middle of a clearing while the others arrived. The others had no cars, nor did they walk there, they just turned up there, and there was no explanation of how they did. All of them were wearing black robes, with hoods and he could not see any of their faces.

They all started to talk. Steve had no idea what they were saying, because they were speaking in a different language. Steve, although he had no reason to know this, thought they were speaking in Esperanto. Even though he didn’t understand what they were saying, for some strange reason he could kind of hear what they were saying in his mind.

“Why are we here?” asked one of the wizards.

“I’m trying to correct mistakes from the past,” said Nathaniel, Steve could at least recognize his voice. “I think it’s time we fix it.”

“It’s impossible, we’ve been over all this, why did you bring us here?” said a woman’s voice.

“She’s right, there’s no turning back now. We’ve moved on with our lives. You need to as well,” said the first wizard.

“There is one way to change things,” said Nathaniel.

“NO! Were not going to attempt that, it’s too dangerous. The spell has never been tested,” said the first wizard.

“Besides we need five to do this, and as we all know there are only four,” said another wizard.

“There is a spy among us,” Said the first wizard. “HAVE AT YOU!” he shouted in English to one of the trees, and it burst into flame. Nathaniel made Steve explode in a shower of black crystals and heavy white smoke. They cascaded to the ground and reformed in the middle of the circle made by the wizards. They stopped speaking in the foreign language.

“This is my good friend Steve, he will serve as the fifth tonight,” said Nathaniel.

“This spell that you want to cast, aside from taking us to the edge of our ability, if not beyond, it also holds a great many logical and philosophical problems with it. If it is not perfectly you could wipe yourself, all of us, or absolutely everything out of existence,” said the female wizard.

“I know, that’s why I’m only going to send one of us.”

“Is that why you’ve brought the spare?” asked the first wizard.

“No, Steve would not be able to do what needs to be done, besides that I would never sacrifice him.”

“Then who?” asked the second wizard. “Surely not one of us would you sacrifice either.”

“You two have sacrificed enough already, I wouldn’t dare ask you for more. No, the lamb in this spell will be me and only me.”

“But still if we screw this up...” said the first wizard. “I still hesitate to send someone back in time. It’s never been done before.”

“If we screw it up, will never know. If we cease to exist, then we’ll have no way of ever knowing otherwise.”

“Look we know you miss him, he was your best friend, we were close to him to, but killing your self and us as well will not bring him back,” said the Female wizard.

“Actually in this case it might. I will not force you to do this with me. Look I have the sigil written. Inspect it, its perfect,” said Nathaniel as he pulled out his notebook. The one wizard inspected it very carefully, and then passed it to another.

“Very well Nate, may the universe help you on your journey,” said the first wizard. Then he held out his hand and with a knife made a deep cut on his palm. He made a fist and the blood dripped on the ground. Then passed the knife to the next wizard. The wizard took his middle finger and ran it down the cut, and there was no sign of a cut. No scar, not even excess blood on his palm. The next wizard did the same, and then handed the knife to Nathaniel. Nathaniel followed the other two, and handed the knife to Steve. Steve took a deep breath not knowing weather or not he should do this, but in the end made the choice himself and let his blood drip to the ground. Nathaniel took Steve’s hand and healed the wound.

The five of them made a circle holding each others hands. Nathaniel turned to Steve and said. “Concentrate on the flame.”

Steve was about to ask what flame but stopped as he saw a small flame grow in the middle of the circle. The flame began to move. It drew a sigil in flame on the ground. The four of them stared at it concentrating, and the flames began to grow larger. Then Nathaniel shouted.

“NOW!”

Steve felt his concentration grow suddenly and extremely deep with the word. A moment later a giant pillar erupted from the ground, reaching toward the sky at tremendous speed. The shockwave knocked the wizards on their backs.

Nathanial felt as though he were out of his own body. He saw the pillar of flame sink and he got back on his feet, then the sigil disappeared. He started flying with Steve again. But he was flying backward; he was talking to Steve in a language that he didn't know. Silly string lifted off the ground at his apartment and turned into flame. Time was moving backwards and fast. A corpse lay on the ground then sprang back to life. He was in a massive battle. Everything was a blur. He couldn't make out what he was seeing; he didn't know when to stop, and more importantly he didn't know how to stop. Then he saw the strange town from his dreams. Just as he noticed the town everything went black.

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