

## **Awakening – Far Western Ocean, 6344**

A double splash.

One, as one would expect, was caused by a body falling into the water from above, but the initial splash came from *beneath*.

An entity shot upwards through the ocean waters, unaware of its own movement. Only when bursting through the surface did it gain awareness, just before it crashed back into the water five seconds later.

Rising from the depths, this Entity did not know what it was, or where it had come from. It had not *been*. But, now, it effectively *was*. It existed.

The world as we know it, it did not know, for this being was wholly new to the world.

The world as we know it, did not know it, for there had never before been an entity such as this one.

The sea was tranquil and moderately warm where the Entity broke to the surface. It felt... pleasant. The creature in the water looked around, for it had eyes. The view was similar in every direction: an endless blue-grey expanse.

This did not bother the Entity, though. This initial view was all it had ever known and all it had ever seen in its existence, and hence this perspective was also everything that it could or should be.

A blue-and-green-striped fish began to swim towards the creature, curious, for the fish had never seen a fish shoot through the water like this, but then, for reasons unknown, it decided against this course of action and swam away again.

The Entity now gasped for air, which it hadn't known it needed up to this point, but in this instant, acutely so, did. It had four limbs, which it instinctively began to move methodically in order not to sink back down again, for the creature now realized there was no air under the surface.

*This is called swimming, I believe. Yes, I shall swim. I like swimming.*

The feeling of the warm water caressing its skin was pleasurable, the Entity decided. So was the sensation of sunlight on the parts of its body that rose above the water surface.

Soon, the Entity began to swim northeast. Slowly and awkwardly, at first, but decidedly.

*That is where I must go.*

All of its senses were awake by now.

Its skin was feeling the silky touch of the water and the warmth of the sunrays, its nose was picking up the scent of the salty sea, its taste was deciding that this water was not to be imbibed, its hearing was discovering the differing sounds the soft sloshes in the water made when its ears moved above or below the surface or when its extremities made little waves, and its eyes were beginning to discern its own body.

*I am alive. I am a living creature. This is a human body. Yes. Those are my feet. They have toes. So do my hands. No, those are fingers. These long brown strands lying on my shoulders are called hair.*

And so on.

The Entity did not know why it knew these things. But it felt good to know them. Knowledge is comfort. And even though the Entity possessed very little of it thus far, it sufficed, for now.

On and on the creature swam, gradually picking up speed, as it learned better how to glide through the water and propel itself forward by coordinating the movement of its limbs. Yet all this swimming did not tire the creature one bit, which was unusual for living creatures. Nor did its body any need drink or food.

Well, it did, of course. Or at least, it would, soon.

The creature just hadn't *realized* this yet. The Entity had not yet acquired any knowledge of such things.

Thus, on its path across the ocean, it did not feel fatigue, or grow hungry or thirsty. For this Entity might be human in form, but this fateful and destined journey across the seas was so much more than merely a *person* swimming.

That it did not need to eat or drink, yet, was because this Entity was a creature of magic.

This, it now realized too. It could *feel* it.

*I am Falhena.*

*I am of the sea, but I am also of the land.*

*The land, yes. That is where I am headed.*

*The land needs me. I am the land, as I am the sea.*

*I am Falhena.*