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Stories of a galactic Time Traveller...

Dedicated
to me, as this was the first
of many stories...
The beginning of all!...

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Stories of a galactic Time Traveller...



Spheretoters
The Forgotten Forces

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TIME TRAVELLER

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Stories of a galactic Time Traveller...

The Forgotten Forces



Deep within the bowels of a distant planet, within the confines of an ancient temple, hundreds of souls, both old and young, men, women, and children, had sought refuge, clinging to the hope of evading the imminent peril that loomed over them. In this grim moment, silence was their ally, as they scarcely dared to speak or even breathe, fully aware that the danger they faced was among the deadliest in their storied history.

The temple itself stood as a testament to time, its structure entirely hewn from stone. Rows of stone columns adorned the vast interior, encircling an elevated rock platform. Atop this platform stood a lone figure, an elderly man with deep ebony skin, flowing white hair, and a countenance marked by a profound kindness. In his possession, he held a sacred book, weathered and time-worn, bound in brown leather. The spine of the book was adorned with thorny branches that seemed to embrace it protectively. His gaze was fixed at the ceiling, where a beautiful fresco was. That fresco depicted his tribe surrounding twelve formidable warriors, adorned in ancient Greek armour and wielding a diverse array of unique and imposing weapons.

A sudden and violent tremor shattered the oppressive silence, sending shockwaves of fear through the temple's inhabitants. They realised that their relentless adversary was drawing near. While some trembled with dread, understanding the grim odds stacked against them, others stood resolute, determined to face the impending threat. These stalwart souls formed a determined line near the temple's entrance, urging their fellow inhabitants to join their ranks.

Among their ranks were those who conjured fire out of thin air, enveloping themselves partially in flames. Others gestured with their hands, causing water to spring forth and create protective barriers. A few transformed their very bodies into solid stone, resembling mighty



golems in their formidable stature. Some took to the skies, circling the entrance, while a select few vanished from sight entirely, their presence erased from the mortal plane.

“Daughter,” the old man said to the only young lady near him.

“Yes, father,” she replied fearfully.

“Come closer, quick,” he continued, and took his eyes from the fresco in order to face her.

She ascended the rocky platform and joined the elderly man’s side, her eyes brimming with tears that reflected the depths of her despair. Her very existence had been irrevocably altered in a manner she could have never fathomed. In reality, only a scant few among their entire tribe had been alerted to the impending catastrophe.

“I want you to be strong-”

“I’m not leaving you behind father!” She interrupted him, unable to control her emotions.

“Listen to me,” he continued calmly.

“No father, I-”

“Listen to me!” He implored, raising his voice, an action that startled her even further. This was not his usual demeanour; he was typically calm, kind, and wise. However, the situation required a change in his usual approach, and it was imperative for her sake. “The Emperor’s fleet is right at our doorstep, armed with weapons that not even our King can counter! These weapons have the potential to annihilate us completely, and we cannot allow that to happen. This is not just about you or me; it’s about our tribe’s future, and that future rests upon your shoulders. Lalas and I have lived long enough and served our tribe. Now, it’s your generation’s turn. The fate of our people is in your hands!”

“They might not kill us,” she began to protest, but he cut her off.

“If the Emperor gains access to our secrets, the entire galaxy will be doomed. He has already conquered most of our galaxy with his mechanical children, his deadly brides, his malevolent siblings, and his experimental mutations. He must not-”

His words were abruptly interrupted by a resounding impact on the temple’s door. The shockwave from the blow was so powerful that everyone inside struggled to withstand it, and they were intimately

familiar with the power of sound and its mightiness.

“GO! Take the book and flee,” he urged urgently. “No matter what, you must reach the King’s hideout! You will learn more there. Go, my daughter!” He insisted, handing her the thorny book, then leaping off the rock he had been standing on, ready to join the battle.

The young woman hugged the thorny book, which surprisingly didn’t harm her, and she leaped off the rock as well, running toward the back of the temple where a secret exit was located. This exit led to the planet’s hidden catacombs and, from there, to the King’s secret hideout, her ultimate destination. As her body entered the passage, a tremendous explosion echoed behind her, signalling the complete destruction of the temple’s entrance gate...



The first rays of the sun appeared on the sky over Rhodes, the island of Greece known for welcoming the sunrise and the new day first. A young boy had just awakened after experiencing a very strange dream, one of many that had filled his lifetime. These dreams never troubled him; instead, they fuelled his vivid imagination.

This young boy was named Hermes Kontoleon. His name was not chosen randomly, for he was the fastest on the entire island, regardless of age. With dark hair and eyes, he had turned fourteen just a few days ago. Every year, as he approached adulthood, he felt more prepared to fulfil his dream, which was to leave the island and explore the world.

As a child, Hermes loved to run freely, exploring every corner of his island, effectively preparing himself for his future adventures. He knew how to orient himself by observing the sun, how to interpret weather signs, and how to survive in the open, be it fields or forests, armed with only the most basic knowledge. In other words, he was a self-taught boy scout, essentially becoming the protagonist of his dreams, albeit with a touch more fantasy.

Summer was his favourite season because it allowed him to live out some of his dreams in the real world. He would visit isolated areas, pretending to be the hero of his dreams, and explore his favourite



place: the old city. There, the monuments, the architecture, and even the people transported him to another era, a different world, where imagination reigned as the creator and he was but a pawn in its whims.

Hermes opened the door to his room and stepped out onto the balcony, allowing the warm sun to bathe him in its light. He took a deep breath, filling his lungs with the fresh air, and felt his mind rejuvenate. Once his head was clear and brimming with the potential for a new adventure, he changed into his usual outfit: black shorts, white knee-high socks, and a red t-shirt. On his trainers, he had drawn two feathers, making them a unique heirloom. Before leaving the yard, he stretched his arms and legs like a seasoned athlete preparing for a run, eager to embark on another day of exploration.

“Take care of yourself,” his mom’s voice was heard from the kitchen.

“Of course ma, I always do, you know that! I will be back for lunch,” he replied.

“For your sake,” she teasingly stated.

“Bye, ma!”

Hermes finished his stretching routine and headed for the door. Just as he was about to leave, his mom appeared at the kitchen window and blew him a kiss. He had anticipated her gesture and turned to face her, catching the imaginary kiss in the air and holding it close to his heart. With a grin, he sprinted out of the house.

Knowing that the main roads would be crowded, Hermes opted for the old, earthy route that the local farmers and their animals still used. He found it far more interesting and enjoyable than the boring paved roads with their cumbersome cars that couldn’t even fly. He moved with agility, leaping and avoiding obstacles as if he were a skilled parkour athlete, executing flips and acrobatic moves effortlessly. When he reached the first hill, he came to a stop to admire the breathtaking view of the Aegean Sea.

“Are you tired young man,” he heard a familiar voice behind him.

“Of course not, Mr. Peter,” he replied instantly, as he knew exactly what to expect, as well as what will follow.

“Then why did you stopped?”

“To envy your view once more,” he continued truthfully.

“Do you have any idea how-”

“Hard you’ve worked to earn it, I know Mr. Peter,” he added in a teasing way and left.

Hermes wasn’t trying to be rude when he ignored the old man’s rambling; he simply knew that the man would forget the conversation within an hour or two. Besides, he had no intention of mocking the elderly gentleman; he just wanted to save both of them some precious time.

An hour later, Hermes arrived in a touristy area where he always exercised extra caution. He had observed that people tended to act strangely in large crowds, transforming into what he could only describe as ‘stupid humanoids’. However, he understood that this peculiar behaviour was essential for the island’s economy, especially during the high tourist season.

As he entered the main entrance of the old city, he couldn’t help but admire the vibrant energy that permeated the area. He made his way directly to his favourite antique shop, navigating the crowded streets with ease. He knew every alley and corner of the old town, allowing him to avoid the tourist masses.

Upon arriving at his destination, he found the shop in the same state as the previous year: closed and abandoned neighbouring stores, broken glass windows, dilapidated signs, crooked doors, trash-strewn streets, the distinct odour of urine, and, in the midst of it all, a lone antique shop frozen in time, much like its two owners - his favourite storytellers.

The antique shop itself was painted in a faded emerald green, and its windows had lost their clarity over the years. One corner featured a broken air duct, contributing to the musty atmosphere inside. Above the weathered door hung a long-neglected sign bearing the utterly nonsensical name: “Sunbathing Moon”.

“Well, well, well, welcome, Hermes, our beloved and only customer,” came a greeting immediately after he opened the door just an inch.

Hermes didn’t respond right away. He wanted to take in the sight of the two shop owners first. One of them sat on an old, tattered sofa, while the other was behind a weathered wooden desk. Everything



inside the antique shop looked ancient, perhaps even older than the two men who ran it. They appeared to be around ninety years old, with an air of wisdom and eccentricity about them. The shop was filled with items of the past: antique telescopes, vintage pens, typewriters, mysterious mechanical devices, miniature weapons, small colourful marble spheres, and broken instruments - all covered in layers of dust and neglect.

The two men were strikingly similar, like two drops of water. They both had grey eyes, were tall and lanky, and sported long, unruly grey hair and beards. The only notable difference between them was their tuxedos, which were identical in design but differed in colour. One wore a light grey tuxedo, while the other donned a dark brown one. Even the tears and patches on their clothing seemed to be in the same spots, adding to their peculiar charm.

“How are you Mr. Ilias,” said to the man sitting on the sofa.

“I’m perfectly fine, but I’m not Ilias my dear boy,” he replied kindly.

“Oh, I’m so sorry mister Fotis,” he apologised and continued. “So, good morning Mr. Fotis and good morning Mr. Ilias,” ended up by facing the old man behind the desk.

The twins burst into laughter, their mirth echoing through the antique shop. It became clear to Hermes that, once again, he had fallen victim to their age-old, tiresome joke. They laughed heartily, pounding the sofa’s arm and the desk’s surface with glee. Hermes simply waited patiently for them to finish.

“When will you learn, dear boy,” Fotis began.

“That accept exceptional storytellers,” Ilias added.

“We are also incorrigible jokers!” They concluded in perfect synchronisation.

Hermes felt the urge to tell them that most of their jokes were outdated, but he held his tongue. After all, their stories were as ancient as their jokes, yet paradoxically, those stories were some of the best he had ever heard. And it seemed a new one was about to unfold.

“So, what can we do for you this summer,” Ilias began again when he stopped laughing.

“As our first customer for this season,” Fotis continued.

“And the only one.”

“You can ask for anything you desire!” Fotis completed.

“Anything?” He repeated in a playful tone.

“**ANYTHING!**” They screamed excitedly together, like a perfectly tuned choir.

“Hundred percent?” He insisted.

“**YES, SIR!**” They continued in the same manner.

“Promise?”

“To our ancient, mythological Olympian Gods!” They replied, raising their hands and shouting like excited children.

“Perfect!” Hermes exclaimed, knowing he had them right where he wanted. “I want a new story, but not just any story. I want the best you have, a story that will change my life forever, my entire cosmotheory!”

“Wow!”

“What a thesaurus!”

“And passion!”

“Careful what you wish for boy!”

“You gave me the chance to ask for every I desire! So, that’s exactly what I desire, your best story!”

“Should we say we didn’t expect that?”

“We’d be liars!”

“And that’s why we will tell you the truth...”

“Because we know how much you love the truth...”

“WE KNEW EXACTLY WHAT WILL YOU ASK FOR!”

The twins burst into laughter once again, which irritated Hermes. However, he remained silent, hoping they would keep their promise. When they finally stopped laughing, Ilias stood up, pointed to the sofa, and then went toward the opposite wall where a colourful tapestry hung. Hermes obediently took a seat, while Fotis settled more comfortably behind his desk, ready to begin the narration.

The tapestry depicted an unknown galaxy filled with stars, planets, and seven suns. It wasn’t a galaxy Hermes recognised from his knowledge of astronomy, and he wondered if it was even real. However, he knew that the tapestry wasn’t the main focus; it was what lay behind it.



Old man Ilias grabbed one corner of the tapestry and rolled it aside, revealing a beautiful bookcase filled with books. He began running his fingers along the spines, murmuring the titles to himself.

“The Lonely Horseman... The Mountain of Wizards... hmm, something more... The Secrets of Aegean... The Pure, Underwater Colony... The Constructed Planet... no, no, something more... The Sky Legion?” He ended up saying.

“Excellent choice brother!” Fotis exclaimed.

Hermes, growing impatient, complained: “Stop playing with me.” He had a strong feeling that they had already decided on the book, and it wasn’t the one he had mentioned.

“I think, brother,” Fotis said, now with a very serious tone, “that our young Hermes is ready!”

“I AM!” He shouted excitedly.

“See?”

“Yeah, well, maybe, maybe not...”

“Mr. Ilias, if you are not going to keep your promise, I’ll-”

Hermes interrupted his words as something very strange happened, something unusual. Mr. Ilias hid the bookcase once again, and Fotis left his desk to enter the storage behind. They had never done this before, as they had never needed to retrieve something from there, specifically for him.

When Fotis returned, he was holding a very strange book. From where Hermes was seated, it looked like a sparkling, prismatic book that reflected every ray of light entering through the windows. A couple of times, Hermes had to close his eyes to shield them from the dazzling reflections, feeling mesmerised already. The whole introduction was more than enough for him to consider this book as ‘the one’.

Impatiently, Hermes waited to hear the classic beginning of their narration, ‘once upon a time’, but instead, Fotis gave him a very serious look, the kind that was rarely seen from the twins, and approached him.

And so he did. Hermes stood up, enchanted, and went closer to the desk. Now he could take a good look at the cover, which was indeed prismatic but also seemed to be moving in some way. Perhaps

his eyes were being fooled by some clever magical trick, but either way, this was the most unique cover he had ever encountered.

Then, the shifting colours that formed various and irregular shapes on the cover came together to write three words, the title of the book: "The Forgotten Forces!" Hermes raised his hand, compelled to touch it, as if something was calling him to do so...



A little girl was running joyfully across the desert, barefoot and wearing only a white, albeit quite dirty djellaba, which starkly contrasted with her deep black skin. The sun beat down upon her curly black hair, but that didn't deter her; she felt no confinement in the adult world of obligations and responsibilities.

For her, nature was freedom, especially the sand beneath her feet, which seemed like her natural element. Few could endure the harsh desert without water, shelter, or protection, but she could play there for days, as if nature itself were her companion and guardian.

Then, abruptly, she halted and became serious as she spotted something unusual a little way ahead - a shimmering object, like glass or a bottle. Her curiosity propelled her toward it. It turned out to be a sphere, transparent and gleaming.

Excitedly, she began to dig, determined to uncover it. When she finally brought the sphere to the surface, she cradled it in her hands, trying to discern what lay inside. To her amazement, she found a tiny, freshly bloomed flower, surrounded by leaves, rocks, and sand.

"Beautiful," she whispered.

"Indeed," she heard a deep, resonant, masculine voice say next to her, startling her greatly.

She recoiled forcefully, and the sphere slipped from her grasp. She had seen no sign of another human for miles - how could a man appear beside her so suddenly?

He resembled her, a native of the desert, with parched, ebony skin, brown eyes, long black dreadlocks that reached his waist, and an armour constructed entirely from sharp rocks. He carried no weapons,



only a peculiar book fastened to his belt, its leather cover adorned with thorny branches.

“What do you want from me?” She asked, her voice quivering with fear.

“I want you,” he replied without hesitation.

“Please don’t... don’t kill me, sir, please,” she pleaded, tears welling in her eyes.

“Kill you?” he pondered. “Why would I do that?”

“Huh?” She exclaimed, baffled. “If you don’t want to kill me, then what do you want?”

“I have been observing you for years, and I believe you are the one destined to bear the weight of the earth.”

“What do you mean... sir?”

“Do you love nature? The earth?”

“Nature is my friend, especially the desert. I love the sand, sir,” she answered sincerely, her fear momentarily forgotten.

“I see that you do,” he said, wearing a sly smile.

“I would do anything for nature, sir!” She continued.

“Then you will have to dedicate your life to protecting the earth, to carrying the mantle of our power. My name is Gaidul Ha-Mon, and from this day forward, you are Gaia Ha-Mon, the bearer of our name.”