

Chamán

The Prophecy



Chamán Series
Book Two

B.N. Armas

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DEDICATION

In the glow of twilight's embrace, under the watchful gaze of the sun that paints the skies with its fiery hues, I humbly offer this tale to my ancestors, whose wisdom guides my words like a steady stream flowing through time. This story dances in honor of those who walked these lands before us, the keepers of ancient knowledge and guardians of sacred traditions.

To all who embark on this cosmic journey, I humbly thank you for embracing the essence of Chamán's adventures. This is for each soul that discovers a reflection of their spirit in the tapestry of these tales. To those delving into these pages, may you be emboldened by the valor, bliss and compassion woven throughout this celestial chronicle.

1

THE PROPHECY

“In the hushed whispers of the cosmic winds, where stars dance in eternal harmony, the prophecy of Chamán unfurls like a sacred scroll. Listen, dear travelers of time, as the universe weaves its tale of valor and destiny. Behold the legend of The Cosmic Guardian, a beacon of light in the vast expanse of existence, his courage etched in constellations and his heart a compass guiding lost souls home.”

– B.N. Armas

Brooke stood motionless; air caught in her throat as she gazed down at Magnus. His body, once a strong testament to his resilience, was now a map of dark bruises and cuts. His chest rose and fell unevenly with each breath, the pain written across his face in ways words could never capture. She reached out, her fingers trembling as they hovered above a deep, purple bruise that marred his ribs. She could almost feel the throb of it, a silent reminder of the violence he’d endured. His skin was warm under her touch but it felt wrong—sweltered and too heavy. His erratic pulse made her stomach churn.

Magnus lay still in his dimly lit room, his eyes flickering

open and shut like a candle struggling against a heavy breeze. A constant, unbearable throb radiated from his head and rippled through his body. His chest rose and fell in shallow, labored breaths. Every inch of his skin seemed to pulse with fire, a cruel reminder of the violent brawl that had nearly taken his life.

A myriad of blows to the head, which sent him reeling in the coliseum twelve hours ago, left his mind foggy. A distant ringing in his ears seemed to carry him back to that chaotic moment—the sound of heavy punches, guttural grunts, the sickening crack of bones. His current state was evidence of what he endured during that vicious fight.

But now, in the quiet aftermath, his environment felt surreal. The soft aroma of sage hung in the peaceful air. He felt a cool cloth against his skin and slowly became aware of a presence beside him. Someone sitting close, perhaps waiting for him to wake up.

The gentle touch on his hand made his chest tighten, though not from pain. He looked over to see his girlfriend sitting at his side, her eyes wide with concern. She had always been there, ever since he defeated Valdivinar, the evil son of Satan.

“Magnus,” she whispered, brushing his tangled hair from his forehead. “Can you hear me?”

Her voice was like a balm to his senses, grounding him in the present. His lips parted, but the words felt stuck in his throat, too heavy to form. Instead, he nodded faintly, feeling the pressure of her hand on his.

Brooke had been his ally in countless battles. But at this moment, she was his anchor. Her presence was steady, her touch like a constant current of warmth against the chill creeping through his body.

“Don’t try to speak, my love,” she urged, her voice tender but firm. “You need rest. You’re lucky to be alive.”

Her words stung in a way he hadn’t expected. The fight took so much from him, along with his strength, confidence and a shred of pride. But she didn’t seem concerned about any of that. She cared about his survival.

“Hurts,” he muttered in a hoarse voice.

“I know,” she replied, her face a mixture of sadness and determination. “But you’re strong.”

As Magnus tried to sit up, he felt the cool breeze whispering through the window, then warmth appeared beside him. He turned and there stood his great-great-grandfather, Tata. His spirit loomed like a calm presence. The old man’s eyes were gentle, yet deep with ancient wisdom, as he knelt beside him, his hands glowing with soft light.

“You carry the weight of battles, young one,” Tata said, his voice a low, comforting hum, like the sound of the earth itself. “But remember, pain is not just a burden. It is a teacher.”

He flinched as the energy from Tata’s hands touched his wounds. Healing spread through his body like a river finding its course.

“It hurts,” his strained voice expressed.

Tata smiled faintly, the lines of age deepening around his eyes. “Pain shows us where we need to grow. Where we need to heal. You are not just a warrior, my son, you are part of the land. And the land always heals.”

Magnus closed his eyes while the healing power filled him, the jagged edges of his injury slowly mending.

“But will I ever be the same?” he barely whispered.

Tata’s glowing hands hovered and he chuckled softly. “You are always changing, always becoming. You will never

be the same, but that is the way of all things. We are born, we are wounded and we heal—each time stronger, closer to the spirit of the earth. This injury will not define you. You will define it.”

As the pain faded, Magnus felt a deep peace settle within him. Tata’s presence lingered for a moment longer. Then, as quietly as he had appeared, he was gone—leaving Magnus to rise, stronger, connected to the land in a way he had never sensed before.

He stretched with renewed vigor. The soft white fabric of his pajamas gleamed in the morning light. A serene yet powerful energy radiated from him. His demeanor was replaced with an unbelievable spark of vitality.

Brooke stared at him in astonishment. Her hands reflexively touched her chest, marveling at the complete absence of pain and weakness that had haunted her for so long. The disbelief in her eyes gave way to a smile of wonder.

“Did you...did you see him?” he asked, his voice gentle yet charged with meaning.

“See who?” her soft but curious voice replied.

“My great-great-grandpa, Tata,” he said reverently. “The elder, the healer. The wisdom keeper of my people. He was with me—guiding and healing. He shared the energy of the earth and stars.”

Brooke blinked, her mind racing. Though she hadn’t seen anyone else physically, the warmth she felt coursing through her body and the sudden clarity in her thoughts seemed to connect to something profound.

“I didn’t see him,” she said slowly, “but I felt something—a presence. Like I was being...wrapped in light.”

He nodded knowingly, his expression calm.

“That was Tata’s way. He doesn’t always appear to the

eyes, but his spirit touches all who are open. He saw your pain and knew you were ready to heal.”

She looked at him. Her astonishment gave way to gratitude.

Magnus smiled warmly. “The Earth gives freely to those who listen.”

He stood tall, soaking in his newfound energy, and joy erupted nearby. Milo, the ever-animated talking monkey, swung down from a nearby rafter. His tail curled around the ceiling fan.

“Well, look who’s back to life,” Milo exclaimed, clapping his tiny hands together. His high-pitched voice, brimmed with humor, filled the room. “Master, you’re glowing. Did you eat the sun for breakfast or what?”

Before Magnus could respond, Kiki, his loyal dog, burst into the room, barking enthusiastically. His tail wagged so hard it seemed his body might take flight. He bounded up to Magnus, circling him excitedly. Then he paused to give Brooke an affectionate lick, as if he knew something extraordinary had just happened.

“Milo, Kiki,” Magnus greeted with a grin, kneeling to scratch Kiki behind the ears. “Looks like everyone’s feeling the energy this morning.”

“Energy?” Milo piped up, hopping onto the back of a nearby chair. “More like magic. Don’t tell me Grandpa Tata stopped by. ‘I’ve been telling him to bring me one of those glowing herbs he’s always using. You know, purely for research.’”

Brooke chuckled. “You’ll have to take that up with him next time. But yes, Tata was here.”

Milo’s eyes widened dramatically. “Seriously? I missed him *again*. Ugh, I’m starting to think he’s avoiding me.”

Brooke laughed softly at the monkey's antics.

"A talking monkey and a dog bursting with joy—this keeps getting better," she said, stroking Kiki's soft fur.

"Talking monkey?"

Milo scoffed, puffing out his chest. "I prefer *eloquent simian*, thank you very much. But yes, glad to see you're catching up with the wonders of this place."

Kiki let out a playful bark as if seconding Milo's statement, before happily rolling onto his back at Brooke's feet.

Magnus smiled at the swirl of life and joy filled the room. "Looks like everyone's healing today."

His grandfather, Golthli, and Cochise, an Indigenous android designed to resemble the famous Apache Chief, stepped into the room. Their presence was calm, yet forceful. Dressed in traditional garments adorned with intricate beadwork and feathers, they carried an air of reverence and purpose.

Magnus' face lit up when he saw them. He approached swiftly, embracing each of them with a heartfelt hug.

"Golthli, Cochise—it's good to see you both," he said warmly.

Golthli placed a hand on Magnus' shoulder. "It's good to see you well, brother," he expressed. His wise eyes glinted intensely.

Cochise inclined his head, his expression a blend of solemnity and quiet compassion. "The elders have guided us here, their wisdom carried by the winds, to deliver a message entrusted by the spirits. It is a truth that walks in harmony with the sacred path."

Magnus' demeanor shifted as he sensed the gravity of their words. "What is it?"

Golthli exchanged a glance with Cochise before speaking. “The Council has summoned you to the sweat lodge. They are ready to share a prophecy about your conditional return to Earth.”

His brow furrowed in surprise. “Return to Earth?”

Cochise stepped forward, his voice steady. “Yes, Chamán. The prophecy revealed a path to save mankind. The time has come for you to embrace your role in the great healing.”

The room fell silent as the weight of their words sank in. Even Milo, perched quietly on the back of a chair, seemed momentarily subdued. While Kiki sat at Brooke’s feet, his ears perked with curiosity.

Inhaling deeply, a mix of anticipation and responsibility settled over Magnus. “Then I will go. Lead the way.”

Golthli nodded, a small, approving smile on his lips. “The journey begins now, brother.”



As the sun sank lower, casting long shadows across the landscape, the sweat lodge came into sharper focus. It was a structure both unassuming and profound, blending effortlessly into its surroundings as though it had grown directly from the earth itself. The frame, constructed of supple willow branches, was meticulously bent and bound into a dome that symbolized the union of Earth and sky. The symmetry of its form was not merely practical but deeply symbolic. It reflected the cyclical nature of life, the seasons and the interconnectedness of all things. The layers of cloth and animal hides covering the dome were weathered, their textures rich with the stories of countless ceremonies held within. The hides bore the faint marks of stitching and the

occasional scar, a reminder of the life once carried by the animals that contributed to this sacred place. The fabric, worn and sun-bleached, draped over the frame like a protective skin, sealing the lodge in an embrace of intimacy and warmth. Every layer was purposefully designed to hold the heat and the spirit of the sacred fire within.

Around the lodge, the bare, smooth ground had been cleared of any debris to create a respectful perimeter. Nearby, a small fire pit glowed with the remnants of the flames that had earlier heated the ceremonial stones. These stones, known as “Grandfathers,” lay piled in a reverent heap, their surfaces blackened and glistened from the fire’s intensity. They emanated a quiet power as if they carried the memory of the earth’s deepest places.

The lodge seemed alive, almost like an extension of the natural world. The willow branches creaked faintly in the evening breeze, their sounds blended with the soft rustle of desert grass and the occasional call of a night bird. The air carried a distinct stillness, charged with a tangible energy that seemed to vibrate beneath one’s feet. The land appeared to hold its breath in anticipation of the sacred work that would soon take place.

To the west, Golthli’s hacienda-style home provided a striking contrast. Its smooth adobe walls, painted in shades of warm ochre and umber, stood out against the rugged beauty of the desert landscape. The hacienda’s flat roof and wooden vigas seemed to echo the simplicity of the lodge, yet its human-made geometry made the organic curves of the sweat lodge feel ancient and profound. The two structures, though different, shared a harmony that spoke to the balance of the physical and spiritual realms.

As Brooke, Magnus, Golthli, and Cochise approached, the

scent of sage and Earth filled their senses. A faint trace of smoke lingered in the air, mingling with the warm, resinous aroma of the nearby mesquite trees. The lodge radiated a quiet warmth, not from the fire or stones but from the energy surrounding it. There was a profound, grounding presence in the air; an intangible force that seemed to silently beckon all who drew near, resonating with a quiet yet undeniable pull.

As the group prepared to enter, the lodge stood as a sanctuary and a bridge to a spiritual world. It was a place of transformation, where the burdens of the outside world would be left behind and the spirits of the earth, fire, water, and air would guide those within toward healing and renewal. It was alive, not with the bustling energy of human activity, but with the quiet, eternal pulse of the universe itself.

Their movements were deliberate as they took their places. Golthli reached into a pouch at his side, pulling out a bundle of tobacco. Its rich, earthy scent wafted up, mingling with the sage in the air. Each step of the process felt ritualistic, imbued with significance and care. The tobacco, finely ground and dark, seemed to carry a weight of its own, as though it was not merely a plant but a vessel for intention and connection to the afterlife.

As Brooke accepted her portion of tobacco and approached the entrance, she found herself deeply aware of her surroundings. The lodge's surface seemed to shimmer faintly in the dimming light, its contours blending into the shadowy landscape. She could see where the hides had been stretched and stitched with care, their edges tucked neatly against the earth. Small beads of condensation glistened on the fabric, evidence of the temperature shifts between the cool evening air and the heat within. The design was functional, yet its beauty lay in its purpose. The dome shape

symbolized the universe, its curved walls wrapped inward to form a space that felt protective yet expansive.

“This is our offering,” Golthli said, his voice deep and steady. “Tobacco is sacred. It connects us to the spirits, our ancestors and to the universe. We give it as a gift, a sign of respect and gratitude.”

Magnus accepted the tobacco, but his movements were slow and purposeful. He cradled it in his palm, his fingers curling around it protectively. With a soft murmur of thanks, he held the tobacco close to his chest, his eyes closing briefly in silent prayer. Brooke watched him, sensing the moment’s gravity, and followed suit. The coarse texture of the tobacco against her skin felt grounding, its scent evoking a connection to something far older than herself.

One by one, they stepped forward and scattered their offerings on the ground near the lodge’s entrance. The tobacco fell softly onto the earth, becoming part of the land it came from. Brooke felt a subtle shift as she released her offering, a ripple of connection she couldn’t quite explain but instinctively trusted.

Golthli gestured toward the lodge, his hand sweeping with graceful precision. “This is the womb of our Samra Mother,” he explained, his tone imbued with reverence. “Inside, we will shed what no longer serves us and open ourselves to the wisdom of our ancestors. Enter with humility, for the spirits are listening, and the fire within the stones holds the power of transformation.” “

The entrance to the lodge was low and narrow, requiring each person to bow slightly and crouch to crawl to enter. This humble act of bowing before crossing the threshold was a symbolic gesture; a reminder to leave behind ego and enter the divine space with reverence. It echoed the spirit’s

acknowledgement of its connection to all that is sacred. The doorway was marked by a simple but beautiful frame of intertwined willow branches, their delicate shoots woven together to guard the sacramental interior.

As they entered, Brooke knew the true heart of the ceremony awaited: the glowing stones, sacred songs and prayers carried by the rising steam. She felt the ground beneath her feet grow cooler, as though it too had been prepared for the ceremony. The atmosphere grew heavier—not oppressive, but dense with a presence she couldn't quite name. It felt as though it existed in a liminal space—a place between the physical and the spiritual, where the veil between worlds was thin.

The lodge was dimly illuminated by the fiery glow of the boulders in the center. These stones, heated to a brilliant red in an outdoor fire pit, radiated an intense heat that seemed to pulse with life. Their placement was precise and they exuded a pure energy that seemingly carried the very essence of the earth.

The thick air carried the pungent scent of sage. Golthli had carefully prepared a bundle earlier, its smoldering tip now sending tendrils of smoke spiraling upward. The smoke filled the lodge, its cleansing presence wrapping around each person like a warm embrace. Brooke inhaled deeply, letting the fragrance settle in her lungs, and felt her racing thoughts begin to quiet.

They took their places, sitting cross-legged on the earthen floor. The spiritual elders were already seated in a circle, their weathered faces reflecting the flickering light. Their silence carried a pearl of unspoken wisdom and their gazes were soft yet penetrating as if they could see directly into the hearts of those before them.

Magnus, seated nearest to Golthli and Cochise, felt the profound weight of their *hózhó*—the harmony, beauty and wisdom they carried, rooted deep in the balance of all things. He bowed his head respectfully as they began to speak. Their voices, rich with age and experience, blended seamlessly into a rhythmic cadence. Each word seemed to echo within the walls of the hut, carrying the power of *hózhó* and resonating not just in the space but deep within the souls of those who listened, connecting them to the wisdom of the Diné (Navajo) ancestors.

They spoke of the earth's suffering, of mankind's greed and disconnection from the sacred rhythms of nature.

"There is a wound," Tata's low, melodic voice expressed. "A wound in the earth and the spirit of mankind. It must be healed or all will be lost."

Another elder continued, his words flowing like a chant. "Chamán, you are called to walk this path. The spirits have chosen you to help restore balance in the universe. The earth is crying out and, through you, her voice will be heard."

Brooke, listening intently, felt a shiver run through her. The words carried a gravity she couldn't ignore, even though she didn't fully understand the depth of their meaning.

As the prophecy unfolded, the heat within intensified. The glowing stones seemed to pulse brighter, their fiery centers holding secrets older than time. Then, the air shifted. It was subtle at first—a soft hum, a ripple of energy that moved through the space like a gentle breeze. Magnus felt it immediately and he straightened slightly, catching his breath.

A voice, deep and resonant, filled the chamber. It was not spoken aloud but heard within, a vibration that resonated in the bones and spirit.

"Chamán," the voice began, and he instantly knew it was

his father, Maximus. The elder's presence was as steadfast as the sacred mountains, his tone rich with the strength of *nalí*—a guiding love—and the unshakable authority born from lifetimes of wisdom. “This is your path,” he said, his words enveloping Chamán like a warm cloak. “You have been chosen not just for your powers, but for your heart. Go out into the universe and bring peace to all planets. Once your mission has been accomplished, Earth can be restored. People may return to a new life of peace and love. This is the promise of our Great Creator. Balance and harmony in the universe must be attained by you.”

Magnus and Brooke were in a deep state of trance listening intently as the heat intensified.

“The earth speaks through you, my son,” his deceased mother, Trinidad, said gently. “You are a bridge, a reminder to mankind of the path back to *hózhó*. Trust in the sacred elements—the fire, the earth, the water, and the stars. They hold the wisdom of our ancestors and will guide your steps.”

As the voices faded, a profound stillness enveloped the lodge, as if the air was listening, holding its breath in reverence. The stones, alive with their ancient glow, crackled softly, their heat releasing a whisper of sacred steam. Shadows danced along the curved walls, moving like ancestral spirits, bearing witness to the prophecy. When the door finally opened, the cool night air rushed in, mingling with the lingering heat. Outside, a thunderous storm erupted. The heavens spoke through the splitting sky with flashes of lightning, affirming the sacred truths shared within.

Magnus bowed his head, the weight of the sacred calling settling on his shoulders like a heavy blanket woven with the threads of generations. Yet, within his spirit, there was a calm acceptance, a balance between burden and purpose. On either

side of him, Golthli and Cochise placed their hands firmly on his shoulders. Their touch grounded him like the roots of an ancient tree. He sensed the connection between him and the universe.

Nearby, Brooke sat silently, her heart attuned to the rhythm of the lodge. Though she could not understand everything, the walls seemed alive. They whispered the language of the sacred fire, the sparkling stones and the earth. A surge of understanding washed over her like the first light of dawn breaking through the shadows. At that moment, she felt a stirring deep within her; a quiet yet undeniable sense that she too was being called to step into a greater purpose, one woven into the fabric of the sacred circle.

Outside, the night had deepened. The hacienda stood bathed in the cool glow of moonlight and rain. Its adobe walls reflected a timeless stillness. The sweat lodge, now quiet and shadowed, seemed to hold the secrets of the ceremony within its walls. The prophecy had been revealed and nothing would ever be the same.

2

THE PROPOSAL

“In the dance of life, like the weaving of a Navajo rug, love between a man and a woman is a tapestry of harmony and balance. Just as the colors blend seamlessly in the intricate patterns of our rugs, so must two hearts intertwine in unity and respect. Remember, like the sacred mountains that stand tall and unwavering, love endures when nurtured with patience and understanding. Let your spirits be like the gentle winds that carry whispers of affection across the universe, for in love, as in nature, there is beauty in every moment shared.”

– B.N. Armas

The shooting stars above the city of El Castillo burned cold and distant, their beauty lost in the roar of life. Planet Samra was a bustling outpost known for its twin moons and legendary baseball games.

Commander Cisco leaned against the observation deck’s transparent wall, sipping a hot brewed coffee as distant nebulae streaked light across the void. His spaceship was guarding the beautiful city. But even this breathtaking scene couldn’t distract him from the buzz of excitement on this special night.

Maximus Stadium was alive with energy down in the city's heart. Fifty thousand fans filled the stands to watch the Dodgers face off against the Padres in Samra's first intergalactic baseball championship.

Dr. Melissa Hogan watched the live broadcast on the jumbo screen from her console. Her lips curled into a knowing smile as her grandson, Magnus, and Brooke appeared on the feed. Brooke was laughing, her Matt Armas Dodgers jersey catching the glow of the stadium lights. Beside her, Magnus fidgeted nervously, his Dodger cap pulled low.

"She has no idea, does she?" she murmured, amused.

Behind her, Commander Zoey cleared her throat. "You think the Padres will win or are you just here for the romance?"

"Shut up and watch," Melissa said, waving her off.

Back on the field, the game was at a fever pitch. Bases loaded. Bottom of the ninth. The Padres pitcher reared back and sent a blazing fastball toward the plate. A crack of the bat sent the ball soaring into the artificial gravity field above the stadium. The crowd erupted as the Dodgers star hitter, Matt Armas, rounded the bases, securing a walk-off grand slam. Blue and white fireworks burst across the sky and the stadium roared with life.

Magnus took a deep breath. This was his moment. The massive jumbo screen flickered, cutting from replays of the winning hit to a live feed of Section 222, where Brooke sat, oblivious to the chaos around her. Her laugh died on her lips when she noticed every eye in the stadium on her and Magnus kneeling beside her.

The crowd hushed. A slow, collective realization swept through the fans as he pulled a small silver box from his pocket.

“Brooke,” he began, his voice trembling but steady through the stadium speakers. “We met two years ago, right here in this very stadium. I fell in love with your laugh, your fire and the way you somehow make even a Dodger win the best thing in the world.”

Brooke’s hands flew to her mouth, tears already welling in her eyes.

“I want to spend every moment of my life with you,” he said, flipping the box open to reveal a shimmering ring, the diamond cut to mimic Samra’s twin moons.

“Will you marry me?”

The stadium erupted in cheers. Fans chanted Brooke’s name as she nodded furiously, laughing through her tears.

“Yes. Yes, of course.”

He slipped the ring onto her finger before sweeping her into his arms, spinning her as confetti rained down. On the jumbo screen, the words “SHE SAID YES” flashed in bold letters.

Melissa chuckled from the observation deck, her hand resting over her heart. Even Zoey, who usually rolled her eyes at such things, managed to give a small grin.

As the celebration continued, her console chimed sharply. A faint signal, but unmistakable, cut through the noise of the stadium.

“What now?” she muttered, shifting focus back to the screen.

The signal was artificial, patterned and impossibly distant.

“Melissa,” Zoey said, her tone serious. “That’s not from Samra.”

“Not from this system either,” she said softly, her fingers flying over the keys.