

Chamán

The Universe is Ours

*Chamán Series
Book One*

Revised Edition

B.N. Armas

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My mom, Carol, and my grandfather, Toribio Varela,
inspired this story.

It's dedicated to all my family—past and present.

As a Native American author, this fictional novel is to honor
all Indigenous Peoples who are the original stewards of the
lands on which we live.

“Just as a tree without roots is dead, a people without history or cultural roots also becomes a dead people.”

– Malcom X

1

A STAR IS BORN

“The American Indian is of the soil, whether it be the region of forests, plains, pueblos, or mesas. He fits into the landscape, for the hand that fashioned the continent also fashioned the man for his surroundings.

He once grew as naturally as the wild sunflowers.

He belongs just as the buffalo belongs”

– Luther Standing Bear

“There is no fear in love, but perfect love drives out fear, because fear involves punishment. The one who fears is not made perfect in love.”

– John 4:18 (BSB)

In the not so distant future, in a dark, majestic, gray castle located in Solorio, three people are sitting at a large wooden table in complete silence. The shimmering light from two five-arm candelabras on the table is the only movement in the room. A pleasant, woody aroma of incense wafts through the humid air.

Zapponata is a light-skinned, Middle Eastern woman in her eighties who is cursed with a black wart on her nose. With dark piercing eyes, she stares at her sixty-year-old son, Valdivinar.

Valdivinar is from Satan's seed. The entire Middle East has been under his rule for seven years. Some religious scholars label him the Antichrist. He stands over six feet tall, wearing a black suit and shirt with a matching black tie. His black mustache, short, curly hair, beady black eyes, and bushy eyebrows accent his ivory-complected evil face.

His thirty-year-old son, Drumpenfeurer, relaxes in his chair at the far end of the table drinking directly from a bottle of Osborn Whiskey. He has short straight hair and favors his father. The orange suit and tie match his reckless personality. He's the Commander of the very dangerous Mother Spaceship, La Mata Raza, an enormous gray vessel that transports one hundred single-pilot jet bombers. He's led hundreds of attacks worldwide with his bloodthirsty assassins.

After a long wait, the Prince of Darkness appears; a tall, thin man with gray eyes that match the color of his short, curly hair. Two small black horns protrude from the top of his forehead. He has a long, gray goatee. He's wearing a silk, floor-length dark maroon robe.

As he wanders among them, he says, "Welcome, my disgraceful family. You are all so incompetent. Have you found him yet?"

"Well, not exactly," Drumpenfeurer chimes in.

"Silence," the Prince of Darkness roars in anger as the table shakes.

Sweat begins to drip down Valdivinar's forehead.

"It's been foretold by the Great Creator that the Redeemer will come to defeat us. You've been looking for him in the wrong places. I've been searching the world for this child. I found him. I want you to attack this place tomorrow night. Everyone must die, grandson," the Prince of

Darkness commands as he hands Drumpenfeurer a crumpled piece of paper.

Drumpenfeurer looks at the coordinates. He rises and walks out the door. Zapponata and Valdivinar watch him leave without saying a word.



A beautiful Apache baby boy is born in Silver City, New Mexico. His bronze skin glows under the large, white chandelier as an Apache doula lifts him high in the air. His mother, Trinidad, admires him for the first time with a huge smile.

Trinidad is a beautiful young, NASA Space Engineer and Apache woman. She was raised on an Apache reservation until the age of five.

“Is he okay?” Trinidad asks the doula.

“Yes, Mom. He is looking very healthy,” Maria responds.

She carefully cuts the umbilical cord. Clothed in a brown Indigenous dress with eagle feathers, she’s not only there to assist in the birth, but also to provide a measure of comfort and safety, which reflects Apache culture. It is well known that Indigenous women have long been respected as life-givers.

“Oh, please give him to me,” Trinidad says, exhausted after twelve hours of labor. Her long, jet-black hair is tangled and messy.

Maria carefully hands her the baby. As she holds him for the first time, the pleasant smell of soap, milk and fresh bread fills the room.

“Welcome, little one. My beautiful baby boy. You’re so precious. I can’t believe how lucky I am to have you. How are

you?” Trinidad exclaims while gazing at her baby.

They’re stationed in an underground fortress a hundred feet below the surface. Designed and built by NASA for the family’s protection, it is the last of NASA’s secret bomb shelters and is well protected by hundreds of well-trained Marines and Apache Warriors from the nearby Reservations. Suddenly, bombs begin igniting nearby.

“Oh, Great Creator, protect us,” Trinidad gasps as the baby cries aloud.

Vibrations from the exploding missiles jolt the bedroom. Her baby stops crying and opens one eye, showing no emotion. It’s almost as if he understands evil is revealing its true colors.

Trinidad looks at the bedroom monitor. She sees green and red flashes of missiles in the air.

“My baby. They’re not taking you from me. I’ll protect you.”



Her beloved husband, Commander Maximus Hogan, is watching everything from his monitor aboard *La Azteca*, the largest spaceship NASA has ever built. He’s standing inside the Command Center. Through a large window, he can also see Planet Samra, one hundred and fifty million miles from Earth. Each month, hundreds of thousands flee to this wonderful planet that millions of evacuees now call home.

Maximus is six feet six inches tall. His bronze-colored face and long, dark ponytail bring out his Native American features. He’s thankful for the good health of Trinidad and his new baby boy. He wishes he could be there, but it’s a ten-day excursion to and from Samra.

He appears on the monitor and says, "I'm so proud of you, my love. You did it, Trinidad. He's so beautiful."

"We did it, my love," she says, feeling a little tired.

Her mother-in-law, Dr. Melissa Hogan, a sixty-nine-year-old NASA Apache scientist, is sitting in a rocking chair, witnessing the moment. She gets up to look at her new grandson. Her long white hair and purple dress make her appear majestic. Her ageless face is dark brown. Her fervent belief in medicinal herbs is well-known to all. A cup of Echinacea tea sits on the table beside her.

Her husband, seventy-year-old Dr. Matthew Hogan, stands as he walks toward his grandson. NASA hired him as their Chief Space Scientist and Senior Climate Advisor. He's an extremely fit, dark brown Apache. Both live inside the same compound. He has written several books on climate change on Earth and other planets for which he won a Pulitzer Prize.

The flickering fireplace is kept going through the night, only twenty feet away. Even though it is the coldest day of the year, the room temperature is a comfortable twenty-one degrees Celsius.

"He's so beautiful. He looks like you," Melissa says with a big smile.

"Congratulations, my dear," Matthew says with a huge grin.

Just then, the room begins rocking back and forth from the bombing. The magnificent crystal chandelier falls near Trinidad's bed and the large collection of books spills out of the bookcase.

Maria screams, "Dios mio," and quickly begins picking up pieces of glass and books from the floor.

Cochise, Trinidad's robot guard, opens the bedroom door and enters. He's an Indigenous android designed to resemble the famous Apache Chief. At six feet seven inches, he towers over everyone. He's dressed in modest brown tasseled pants with moccasins and no shirt. His long black ponytail hangs down to the middle of his back. A red and black headband crowns his head.

Maximus asks, "Is everyone okay?"

Trinidad speaks in Athabascan, "We're okay. Cochise, go see Carol. Follow her orders. She will tell you what to do to save us. Hurry."

"Yes, ma'am," he answers without hesitation.

Cochise runs to the secret NASA Command Center where Carol is located. The station is well hidden from satellite detection, due to the ten-foot-thick lead walls. Carol is the supercomputer in charge of giving commands for airstrikes. Its knowledge is derived from NASA's satellites. Everyone listens to her for instructions.

Twenty NASA engineers are monitoring the missile attack on two large screens at their stations. Cochise launches the Patriot Defensive Missile Attack Plan as Carol instructed him. He presses a big, red, mushroom-shaped button inside a silver panel mounted on the front wall. Fifteen minutes later, the enemy spaceships are caught by surprise. They quickly retreat and are out of range in minutes.

Carol the supercomputer announces on an intercom to everyone in the bedroom, "The enemy threat is gone. You are safe. Cochise did a magnificent job launching our missiles from the White Apache Mountain just as planned. They weren't ready for it."

"Thank you, Carol. Without your help, everyone would have died," Maximus replies.

Trinidad is glowing with joy, especially since they survived another missile attack by Drumpenfeurer's fleet.



Native Americans believe that giving birth is sacred. Trinidad continues to nurse the baby with mixed emotions—the moment for her is precious, but she also feels sad and confused because she knows her child is the target. Holding back her emotions, she tries valiantly to display courage to everyone in the room, especially her baby.

“I wish I had been there, my love,” Maximus tells her. “Fortunately, Carol warned us and it looks like the enemy has left the quadrant. They weren't able to find the exact location of our space station, thank God.”

“I know. What do we do with our baby? They'll eventually find us.”

“All of you need to come to Samra,” Maximus pleads.

“We can't. The President has ordered us to stay.”

“I know. I've asked him to let you come to your new home. It's a lovely place for all of us. However, he needs you there to help with the evacuation for the time being. The evil Zaponnata broke our treaty. She doesn't want anyone to leave Earth. She wants them as slaves.”

Carol says, “I heard she wants everyone back from Samra.”

“Never. We're here to stay. Let's change the subject,” Maximus suggested. “We should take this moment to enjoy our new baby boy. He looks amazing. He's such a beautiful baby. What do you think of the name Magnus?” he asks Trinidad.

“I love that name. Hi, Magnus. Do you like your name?”
Trinidad teases him.

Everyone watches the dark-haired baby breastfeed with his eyes closed.

Meanwhile, their six-year-old daughter is preparing to join her family. Dahteste is named after a very famous Apache woman. She is fair-skinned with long black hair and green eyes. Wearing a silver space outfit, she walks out of her bedroom and begins heading down the seemingly interminable stretch of corridor to see her new baby brother. Excitedly, she stumbles, falling to the floor before opening the large wooden double doors. There she sees her mom lying in bed, nursing her brother.

“Hello, Dahteste. How are you doing?” Maximus asks.

“Hi, Daddy. I’m scared. When are you coming home?”

“I’ll be home soon, sweetie,” he calmly replies.

Trinidad’s seven-year-old son, Itza-Chu, meaning Great Eagle, walks into the room. His long black hair partially covers his bronze skin.

“Mom, can I see my brother?” he asks, yawning.

“Of course, Itza-Chu. But don’t make any noise. Say ‘hi’ to your father.”

“Oh, hi Dad,” Itza-Chu says, flippantly.

“Son, what’s wrong?” Maximus asks.

“Where are you?” his son snapped.

“Itza-Chu, don’t talk to your dad that way. You say you’re sorry right now,” Trinidad demands.

Itza-Chu pauses and then looks up at the monitor on the wall. “I’m sorry,” he says. “Father, why are they trying to kill us?”

“Itza-Chu, I accept your apology. I’m very proud of you and Dahteste. Don’t ever forget that. Right now, I am in my

spaceship guarding the newly built city of El Castillo on Planet Samra. This is the most beautiful planet you'll ever see. The sky is orange and the land teems with colorful trees, flowers, sand, and water. I have a hacienda that you will live in one day," Maximus says, smiling proudly.

Trinidad's gaze is fixed on her husband. Her eyes are sparkled with love and admiration as she blows him a kiss.

"Son, you must stay strong," Maximus continues. "This will end eventually. Let's enjoy this day. You have a new brother and his name is Magnus," he says with great pride.

"Magnus?" Dahteste shouts with joy as she touches his little arm.

Itza-Chu walks up to him and touches his black hair, proud to see his baby brother and only hoping that Magnus would not be the center of his mother's attention for long. For the rest of the day, however, they shared their affection for the baby boy.



Zapponata is back in the Prince of Darkness' castle, still in an orange gown. He is smoking a cigar and sitting in a large black chair. She kneels before him, kissing his hand.

"Master, we didn't kill Maximus' baby. I'm sorry."

"Worthless woman. Don't tell me what I already know. What I need to hear from you is that he's dead. Do you understand?" he adds with a growl.

The Prince of Darkness points at her and she vanishes from the room. He lurks about, still smoking his cigar. Suddenly, he pulls it from his mouth and throws it on the dark wooden floor.

2

LA FAMILIA

*“Everything on Earth is Borrowed... There is no ‘Mine’ or
Yours’...there is Only ‘Ours’...Even Time is Borrowed. We Kill
over a Plot of Land that belongs only to our Mother Earth.*

*All you have is what you came with...and what you
will leave with...Your Spirit.”*

– Native American Proverb

Five years later, Maximus’ family is in an underground shelter in Silver City, New Mexico. Magnus is playing with a toy truck next to Dahteste and Itza-Chu. They all wear a Mickey Mouse T-shirt. Trinidad is reading a book to them about Geronimo, a great Apache Leader. Maximus lies in bed listening. His mom and dad walk in.

“Good morning, everyone,” Melissa says.

“Good morning, Grandma and Grandpa,” all three kids shout.

Dahteste suddenly stands, picking up a picture from a bureau. “Mommy, please tell us about this picture.”

Trinidad looks at it and smiles. “I’m so proud of your father in his favorite gold uniform. I like the red, white and

blue United States flag embroidered sharply on it. The black laser blaster was given to him by the owner of NASA. The golden crown with a turquoise stone was a gift from his Apache people.”

Dahteste says, “I like his long black hair, beard and mustache.”

“Yes, he always likes to keep it nice and neat for me. Look how strong his arms and legs are. He loves to work out,” Trinidad says, smiling.

Dahteste picks up another picture and asks, “How about this one, Mommy?”

“Well, your father played baseball for the Los Angeles Dodgers. His brothers played baseball, too. You can see them all together in their uniforms. He pitched and played for ten years before getting hurt. His arm injury caused him to retire at an early age.”

“How about this one?” Itza-Chu asks while holding the picture he found on a larger brown wooden bureau.

“Baseball was the love of his life when he was young. Here he is at seven years old. This is your Grandpa Matthew Hogan who coached him in Little League, Pony League and Colt League,” Trinidad lovingly explains.

“Who is this boxer?” Itza-Chu asks.

“His nickname was Meedee. He was a professional boxer. Your dad trained with him. They ran up and down the rugged mountains around the border town of San Ysidro. He grew up there.”

Maximus interrupts, “I would often run with sandals through sandy roads lined with jumping cacti and dry brush. There were days when I ran the course alone in the dark. Undocumented immigrants would be either hiding in the bushes or running from ‘La Migra.’ They chased them in their

green and white SUVs. There were some horrific moments that I witnessed as a young man.”

“What is La Migra, Daddy?” Dahteste asks.

“Well, first poor people came to this country looking for a better way of life. They immigrated to escape poverty and injustice in their countries. However, some were harshly greeted by young men with guns. I saw Border Patrol helicopters swarming mercilessly over immigrant families detained on the railroad tracks at night, as well. The pilots would yell repeatedly at the top of their lungs, ‘Don’t move! Stay on the ground, wetbacks!’ Their intercom was so loud it kept me from sleeping. I looked out my bedroom window and saw scared families surrounded by border agents—La Migra.

“All people are human and should be treated respectfully and given equal opportunity. Indigenous people born in the Americas being called ‘aliens’ in America makes no sense to me. We were the first ones on this continent. No one ‘discovered’ this country. It was given to us by the Great Creator. Our Lady of Guadalupe Treaty in 1848 between the United States and Mexico established the rights of Indigenous Americans to live on Turtle Island.”

Melissa stands up. She walks toward a big picture on the wall. “Look at this picture,” she says. “Your father is with President Johnny Long Feather. He was the fifth Indigenous President of the United States. The country was never stronger. He was our greatest President. He united everyone with his words of wisdom. There was world peace while he was in office. He taught that fear is the cause of hate. Love is the only way to conquer it.”

She points with her right index finger to a picture of Maximus wearing an eagle feather headband and standing

outside a teepee. “I took this picture when he was twelve at an Apache Village near Silver City, New Mexico. We enjoyed going there. We formed strong bonds with our relatives and gained a better understanding of who we are as the First Nations People. He learned a great deal about Apache culture, its art forms and its stories. Always remember that blood is thicker than water. In the village, most people are related to each other. We must protect each other. We need to keep a lookout so we can all stay out of danger.”

“Wow,” Dahteste astonishingly replies. “We are good people.”

“Yes, we are,” Melissa says. “Here’s your great-great-grandfather. You can tell by looking at his long black hair and high cheekbones, he had Indigenous blood in him. He was a great man. As a full-blooded Apache, he was six foot four inches tall. You can see your father looks like him.”

“All of us called him Tata,” Trinidad adds. “I want you to know that you have Apache and Navajo blood. You should be proud of your roots.”

“Yes, children,” Maximus proudly says. “Even though I’m not 100% Indigenous—my *heart* is.”

“This is one of my favorites,” Melissa says. “It’s your father’s college graduation picture. He earned a Space Engineering Degree from San Diego State University. He gave a commencement speech to the graduating class. I’ll never forget that day. He’s not only smart, but brave. Once your father decides to do something, nothing can stop him. He’s not a quitter.”

Trinidad interjects, “Something else he likes is watching classic movies.”

Maximus interrupts, “To this day, I love watching *Dances With Wolves*, *Field of Dreams*, *Once Upon A Time in Hollywood*,

Scarface, The Godfather, Close Encounters of the Third Kind, Star Wars, Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade, The Mask, and all Batman and Superman movies.”

The children laugh because they love watching their favorite cartoons like Mickey Mouse and Minnie Mouse. The young siblings are sitting Indian-style on the white rug enjoying this moment of show-and-tell.

Their grandmother says, “Your dad has worked at NASA as the Space Commander of the Planet Samra Space Station Program for fifteen years. He is the leader in developing and implementing the plan to evacuate people from Earth. He also oversees building cities on the planet. That’s what he does when he’s not home. Everything he does saves lives. One day, we’ll be going with him to Samra.”

“Really, Grandma. When can we go?” Dahteste asks.

Trinidad says, “You’ll be going with your father soon. I promise.”

“Yay,” all three children smile and high-five each other.

“Would you like to learn how the planet was discovered?” Melissa asks.

Itza-Chu says, “Yes, please tell us, Grandma.”

“Our NASA engineers discovered several planets that might have life, however, they didn’t know what type of life. Our astronauts found an exoplanet almost entirely covered by water. They thought we might be able to live there. The atmosphere has the right amount of oxygen, nitrogen, carbon dioxide, and water vapor, with trace amounts of other gases—just like here on Earth. The hydrosphere is warmed by solar energy like ours. It has the same temperature. Other elements like phosphorus and sulfur are found in abundance.”

“Grandma, we don’t understand what you’re saying,” Itza- Chu says in confusion.

“One day, you will. Do you want me to stop?”

“No, please keep going. I like the story about Samra,” Itza-Chu says.

“Okay. The ground has the basic components of soil with organic matter and seventy percent water. When they first discovered Samra, they didn’t know if anyone lived on the planet.”

“How far is it, Grandma?” Dahteste asks.

“That is a good question,” she says with a smile.

Dahteste slugs Itza-Chu in the stomach. Both start giggling and wrestling on the carpet next to Magnus.

Trinidad says, “Children, stop that. You don’t want to hurt Magnus.”

Itza-Chu stops wrestling as he looks at his mom. As Trinidad bends down to pick up Magnus from the rug, he feels sad that his mom is more concerned about Magnus than him.

“Well, after a lot of research and some luck, Samra is only ten days from here,” Melissa says.

“Wow, that’s a long time,” Dahteste exclaims.

A huge laugh is heard in the room from Maximus and Matthew. Dahteste and Itza-Chu look dumbfounded by their laughter.

Maximus tries to please her by saying, “Dahteste, ten days is a very long time. We should find a way to get there quicker.”

After a short pause, Trinidad says, “Children, ask your grandmother about this picture of your father dressed in a white astronaut custom-made space suit.”

“Oh, yes,” Melissa says. “This is the first secret mission to Samra. The picture was given to us by NASA. It was taken when he stepped off his spaceship, *La Azteca*, onto the planet for the first time. He was the first human ever to do this. How

many times have you been there, mijo?” she asks him.

“Twenty-five times, children,” Maximus explains. “One day, you’ll see all our big buildings, beautiful trees, plants, oceans, rivers, and mountains. You’ll love it. People live in peace and happiness. They play games and watch movies like us. They get to go outside and fly in their car planes. They can travel all over the planet to see the beautiful orange sky. It is truly a miracle.”

“Wow,” Itza-Chu says in awe.

“It took a supercomputer named Carol to make this happen. It is your mom’s invention,” Melissa adds in excitement.

The children turn around and look at their mom holding Magnus. She is looking at them nodding her head.

“Why did you call your computer ‘Carol,’ Mommy?” Dahteste asks.

“I named it Carol after my mom. She helped invent it,” she says with a smile.

Trinidad pauses to think of her mother’s tragic death. Unfortunately, she was killed in a missile attack a few days after Itza-Chu was born. She was in her hacienda-style home in Silver City, New Mexico when Drumpenfeurer bombed the city. Carol’s husband, Golthli, an Apache Shaman, survived the bombing because he was in a Powwow in Yuma, Arizona.

She continues, “We invented a supercomputer to think like us. I think of it as a mom because it is super smart. When I talk about Carol, I remember my mom. Carol knows the history of every human on Earth. Also, it knows about the structure of the Earth and how to design buildings. It knows more about the universe and Samra than anyone. It is connected to our powerful satellites that constantly send live