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You can find me dominating on Twitter, tagging the shit out of Instagram, and trudging though my dreaded Facebook, doing what I do best, which is creating brilliant chaos with but a few seemingly innocent lies.  These sacred Archives are normally kept under lock and spell but my debut novel, **RIVER** is stepping into the light this June, therefore, I wanted to invite you into my dark fantasy world. Let us connect on a deeper, more personal level.  But before we begin our mad love affair, I must caution you...to know the Witch, can be a curse rather than a blessing. If you’re easily offended by politically-incorrect language, a different opinion, an open mind, a badly placed comma, horrible sentence structures, and a dirty adverb addiction, then you should delete this email at once! Go ahead, and say a hasty prayer while you're at it, all in the hopes to rid yourself of the Witch's darkness. Good fucking luck.  However...if you're willing to be corrupted, then hand over your innocent heart because I'm going to break it into a million, pretty little pieces.  Now, let us begin... |  |  |  | | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | promotion image20190116-90934-t92o2c |   **Fate is *such* a little bitch.**  If you haven’t read my blog **the Witch**, than sadly, you’ll be lost here. See, in **the Witch**, I tell you about the night, many years past, when fate slipped uninvited into my dreams.  She brought me the *ebb*: a beautiful, self-sustaining-power-filled-live-in-the-trees-like-Robin-Hood world filled with glitter and gold, emotion and power.  And one very lonely girl named River.  Once I had that dream, I couldn’t stop obsessing about it. My mind was feverish, the questions endless, the possibilities daunting. I kept asking myself—how hard would it be to live in a world like that?  Unable to get the *ebb* out of my head, I started asking my heathens some questions which, unfortunately caused immediate panic and mayhem.  **Mom:** Ok, I have a hypothetical question for you guys, let's say, you’re living in the woods and you had to grow your own food, do you think you could?  **Heathen 2:** Hypo what?  **Heathen 1:** She means pretend.  **Heathen 2:** Well, what’s the situation, though? I mean, has the world ended? Are we living it up in the Walking Dead? Or are you just on one of your rants?  Mom stares at him.  **Heathen 1:** Wait, why we havin’ to grow food when we can just go to the store—  **Mom:** There’s no stores.  Heathen 2 looks over at his sister and shakes his head in disgust. Heathen 1 smacks him, a fight ensues and mom starts yelling.  **Mom:** Ok, ok, let’s try this again. Say you needed something as simple as milk, could you milk a cow?  **Heathen 1:** You know I don’t like milk.  **Heathen 2:** Where’d the cow come from? ‘Cause zombies love ta eat 'em.  **Mom:** There's no zombies, and I want you to ‘pretend’ you like milk, but there’s no store. Can you milk a cow or not?  **Heathen 1:** I can’t even pretend with that.  **Heathen 2:** Wait, how *big* is the cow?  **Mom:** Does it matter?  **Heathen 2:** Well, yea.  **Heathen 1:** Don't worry about the cow, dude, I’m just gonna call dad and he can come pick us up and mom can milk her stupid cow by herself.  Heathen 2 holds his hand out, they do some weird hand thing.  **Mom:** You don’t have your phones.  Both Heathens look at her in horror.  **Heathen 1:** Oh hell no.  **Mom:** You can’t have your phone.  **Heathen 1**: If I don't have my phone, then how do I milk the cow?  **Mom:** What the...you don’t need a phone to milk a cow!  **Heathen 2:** Uh, yea you do.  **Mom:** Why?  **Heathen 2:** YouTube?  **Mom:** Look, just-just listen, ok, we have to go live off the grid and there’s no electricity, which means you can’t charge your phone, plus there’s no Wi-Fi—  **Heathen 2:** Dad got us portable chargers at Christmas.  **Heathen 1:** Yea, and then we 3G that shit.  **Mom:** THERE’S NO 3G!  **Heathen 1:** Why are you yelling?  **Heathen 2:** Tol’ ya, wanna her rants.  **Mom:** Oh, for god sakes.  **Heathen 2:** Before we—hypotectictally—worry about milk, what're we doing about shelter? Are we Bear Grillin' it or do we at least get a tent?  **Heathen 1:** I am *not* Bear Grilling it!  **Mom:** No, we’re gonna live in the trees like Robin Hood.  **Heathen 2:** You know I can’t climb trees.  **Heathen 1:** Robin who?  **Heathen 2:** Mom—you know I can’t climb, that’s not fair! You said there's no zombies, but about actual bears? What if a bear comes along to eat your stupid cow, hunh? What do I do then?  **Heathen 1:** Die.  Dad walks in and immediately gets attacked.  **Heathen 2:** Mom’s making us move to the woods!  **Dad (who’s totally clueless as usual):** When?  **Heathen 1:** When? Are you even serious right now?  **Heathen 2:** I can’t climb trees!  **Dad:** But—  **Heathen 1:** And I don't wanna milk some stupid cow!  **Dad’s really confused now:** What cow?  **Heathen 2:** I can't milk the cow if I’m dead!  **Dad:** Wait, why are you dead?  Both Heathens look over at Mom, who glares at them.  **Heathen 1:** ‘Cause she let the bears get him, didn’t ya, mom?  **Dad sighs:** Is dinner ready?  **Heathen 2:** You tell me, I’m dead on the ground.  **Heathen 1:** Yeah, it’s ready but your mac 'n cheese is cheeseless.  **Heathen 1:** Why're you complaining? At least you're still alive.  Sigh…aren’t children a fucking blessing?  And even though they forced me to drink that night, leaving me with a bitch of a hangover the next morning, my mind was *racing*.  The ideas and thoughts were shouting at me—I couldn’t write them down fast enough. My heathens’ reactions to such a horrific fate made excitement curl deep within me. I would use their horror, their surprise, their very-normal reactions as I wrote **RIVER**.  However, as I started to explore the *ebb*, which is hidden within the Outside, the human world, I realized that **RIVER** is actually at the *end* of the story.  In order to understand how we even got to her, I have to tell you what started this whole entire, ten-book, **The Beginning of the End** series in the first place.  And how does every great story start?  With a broken heart, of course... |  |  |  | | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | IMG 0231 |   **The Beginning**  See...there are hundreds of celestial divides in the heavens, ruled by the gods and goddesses.  Each divide has four **Hystories** (worlds to us mere humans) within them.  Each Hystoria is connected, so when something happens on one, it'll echo through the other three. Very simple.  My story takes place on the **Karmaa** divide.  The 1st Hystoria made for the **Karmaa** divide was the **Lumminary**. It's this really cold, glittery-snowy-world, full of light and darkness.  The 2nd Hystoria made was **Petrahfe** (pet-trah-fe), home to the Takers, these creepy, stone-like creatures (Petrified, get it?) with crazy opalized eyes and cute, little upturn noses. They're like the police for the **Karmaa** divide, and everyone is terrified of them because all a Taker has to do is *touch* you and you turn to stone.  The 3rd Hystoria is **Isla** (eye-lah) a sad, black and white world, home to the Dolls (think Popovy Sister Dolls) along with their evil Pegasus’s and happy unicorns because, why not, right?  And last but certainly not least, the 4th Hystoria is **Earth**, home to the humans in the *Outside*, and my three species, the Fairs, Maids, & Witches of the *ebb*.  Alright, soo…**Karmaa** was wished into existence when Niveous, the daughter of a righteous god, fell in love with Graven, the son of the god of darkness. Very Romeo-Juliet-esq. This started a predictable battle between their fathers, and a bloody war ensured. The war itself isn't important, it's what happened afterwards that we need to focus on.  Rourke, *the* head God (their daddy) demanded that they end their grievances before he lost his temper.  They—of course—ignored daddy.  In order to punish his brats, Rourke cast Niveous and Graven to the Lumminary, where he gave them but *one* decree.  **No touchy-touchy.**  Which meant: no sweaty hand-holding, no awkward first kisses, or feverish make-out sessions. Niveous would never find out if Graven was a grower or shower, and poor Graven would never know if Niveous was a spitter or quitter. You know, important shit like that.  And if they broke Rourke's decree, all four Hystories would be destroyed and they would be damned for all eternity.  Rourke was *so* dramatic.  But, If they were good and obeyed him, after the Hystories died their natural deaths, they could ride off into the sunset and go like, I don’t know, fuck like bunnies or some shit. So…the moral of the story? Do not, and I mean do *not* piss daddy off.  For a couple of millennia (or a really fucking long time—the Witch is terrible at mathing) Niveous was forced to live on this great big, snow-covered mountain, surrounded by beautiful spirits that were waiting to be reborn into another divide.  At the foot of that great mountain stood a huge, burning abyss that Graven haunted, surrounded by evil fiends; those damned spirits that no repentance could ever heal.  One night, Graven could not bear it any longer, and he allowed his spirit to call to Niveous's. Her own aching sadness had her sneaking down to his abyss where she stood with a pounding heart, her own spirit desperate to be whole.  When Graven stepped from the shadows, it is said that they spent centuries looking upon one another.  And then...he held his hand out to her.  She could only stare at it with tears in her eyes.  Her heart and spirit yelled at her to take it but, she hesitated.  Was one touch worth so much death?  Not only would she and Graven never be allowed home, or forgiven by Rourke, they would destroy the **Lumminary** before **Petrahfe** would burst apart, causing **Isla** to shatter, forcing **Earth** to explode, coating all four into the chalk of life.  So many deaths, and for what?  One fucking touch.  “Is it worth it?” she whispered.  “Yes,” he rasped out painfully. “The only time I feel, is when I see you. The only time I hunger, is when I feel you."  As she stared at the ruin god before her, she silently begged Rourke to relent just this once.  *No!*  The furious command broke her heart in two. When her tears fell, they froze like diamonds on her cheeks in the frigid air of the Lumminary.  “Is your heart not mine?” Graven demanded, his dark eyes burning with pain.  “You own my heart and spirit,” Niveous promised, and forced herself to back away from him.  When her spirits surrounded her, her light pulsed too bright, but Graven refused to look away, even when tears of blood, burned scars into his cheeks. His heart was already broken but his spirit had remained intact because it was a part of her.  As his raging hatred took hold of his frantic spirit, caging it within blacken roots, he lost control of himself.  “I curse the gods and their love, I curse the worlds from above! You *SWORE* you would wait for me, Niveous, therefore, you will have my darkness and my hate, I rip our threads from your fate! I hide your grace and rape your faith! With the Beginning to the End—*YOU WILL WAIT FOR ME AGAIN AND AGAIN!”*  He roared the spell, a battle cry that had his fiends spilling up out of the abyss—  And this, my loves…this was *the* Beginning...what started it all.  A broken heart.  The fiends caused a terrible echo that tore through the other Hystorias. And though the gods and goddesses scrambled to stop them, the damage was already done.  Next week I shall reveal the ugly, violent aftermath.  Until then, many blessings and curses, whichever you have coming for you.  **the Witch** |  |  | | --- | | **All musings and secrets are own and copyrighted by the Witch.** |  |  | | --- | | [facebook](http://facebook.com/Ryen%20Lesli) [instagram](http://instagram.com/ryen_lesli) [linkedin](http://linkedin.com/in/ryen-lesli-729982171/) [twitter](http://twitter.com/ryenlesli) [youtube](http://youtube.com/channel/UCjmQj0oNMAOt9_3vPxgbAdA) |  |  | | --- | |  |  |  | | --- | | ©2019 Ryen Lesli | | |  |  |  | | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | |  | |  |  |  | | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | |  | | |