# DAANY BEÉDXE

# The warrior spirit



*Guillermo Marín*

# I N T R O D U C T I O N

The becoming sedentary and agriculture invention processes in Mexico are over eight thousand years old. Mexicans belong to one of the oldest civilizations in the world, with an independent origin. However, this great history, which is "**Our History**", is almost unknown to the majority of Mexicans. The millions of people which existed prior to the invasion, "The old grandparents", disappeared from memory as of 1521 through colonization mechanisms.

The total destruction of the city of México-Tenochtitlan, one of the most technologically advanced in the world of the time, is the culture denial and devaluation symbols, depicting things to come. It is only at the end of the last century when subtly its presence begins to be "rediscovered".

Since the conquest, however, what little is known of this history, has always been in the hands of the victors and now in the researchers pens, who by the way, the vast majority are foreigners.

Despite the fact that our ancestors civilization, is as ancient and important as the China and India civilizations, after five hundred years it continues to be seen as "primitive" worshipers of the water, the Sun and conducting bloody ceremonies; not only by the "experts", but also by Mexicans.

The old grandparents are denied any possibility of having a complex and sophisticated philosophical structure, as the basis on which the great scientific, artistic, social and religious knowledge was founded. And perhaps most importantly, this civilization is assumed extinct, without any presence in the Mexico of today.

How can Mexicans be proud of their history and origins, if they do not know it? How can we get out of the "solitude labyrinth" where we are, without an own face and a real heart? How can we feel pride and inspiration of our ancient origins, if we are uneducated foreigners in our own land? How is it possible that we know more of the history and philosophy of the peoples of Europe, than of our old grandparents?

The intention of this work is dreaming about what should have been our true history. To try to imagine our ancestors as they were, not as we have been taught to see them. Recognize them as wise men, holders of a **philosophical-spiritual** project capable of promoting a cultural development that remained through thousands of years and that allowed various peoples, at different times and places, express their creativity and sensitivity through the same philosophical-cultural matrix; producing a polished and perfected civilization, as the Chinese or Indian.

For this purpose, we have used scientific knowledge provided by the ancient Mexico history books, but rejecting its colonial ideology. We have tried to take the texts of the Spaniards and Indians, that lived through the invasion or wrote shortly after and wrote about it, trying to eliminate the euro centrist vision, where all native (ours) is primitive, diabolical and evil. We have used the poetry of the old grandparents, trying to bring it into our contemporary language, while keeping the colonial translations. Especially, in the first part, we use the "Huehuetlatolli" (the old word) to provide a voice to the characters and so the reader can appreciate the depth and wisdom of a civilization that maintained high and solid ethical and moral principles, which historically has been ignored and devalued, first by conquerors and later during colonial times.

At the same time, we have adopted the elements considered most important of the Carlos Castaneda works. Pointing out that the so-called "Don Juan teachings" are heritage and patrimony of all Mexicans. We believe that the philosophy managed by men of knowledge of the ancient Mexico, the Toltec, is in some way in Castaneda’s work and mainly lies on the surface of indigenous communities and in popular culture. At the same time, in this books’ dream, we have used personal experiences experienced with indigenous and rural communities; because we are sure, that to understand the Mexico past, we need to know the way of feeling, thinking and acting of Indians and peasants of our days; since this ancient culture is still alive, vibrant, and current; present not only in what Dr. Guillermo Bonfil called "El Mexico Profundo", but in all the structures of which today makes up the country.

Mexicans are mestizo people. In these five hundred years the Western and Anahuaca (Mesoamerican) culture have melted, but undoubtedly our mother culture is indigenous. Beyond the European patina covering us, Mexicans respond more to their ancient civilization in how they feel, think, speak, eat, relate to the family, people, nature, art and the spaces of the sacred and divine; because they are part of a process that never died, was only covered. Mexicans cannot continue denying their mother. The spirit of old grandparents living in the depths of their hearts, what is required is a "mirror" where we can recognize ourselves and "humanize our love".

This "dream" uses a novel structure, to give life to a character at the end of the Classical period. We try to imagine how our ancestors lived and what their thinking was. We try to recreate the society of our old grandparents, discarding the colonizing vision. We intend in this "dream" to describe life in the knowledge centers, now called "archaeological sites" and try to respectfully establish, what were the reasons for their creation.

In this novel attempt, the life of our character “Aguila Nocturna” (Night Eagle) and a Zapotec community of the Oaxaca Central Valleys (Etla) intermingle with the ancient archaeological site known as Monte Alban and that probably was called the jaguar mountain, title of the novel in Zapotec (DAANY BEÉDXE) language.

Night Eagle is a man, who from childhood is elected by the "power", to follow the teachings of the old grandparents. In his course passes through studies centers (Calmécac and Telpochcalli) of the old Mexico. Due to his virtuosity, he is sent to Monte Alban to continue his preparation; There, after years of intensive studies and rigorous practices, he becomes a warrior and after facing a shocking initiation, in which he loses his memory, appears in the Yucatan Peninsula with the Mayan people, where he will have to recover his memory, as a final part of the test. After many experiences he manages to return to Monte Alban he experiences, what historians call the collapse of the late classical period, where it is supposed, that around 850 CE, most of the knowledge centers as Teotihuacán, Palenque, Monte Alban, etc., were destroyed and abandoned by its own inhabitants, without an explanation yet of this mysterious fact. The Warrior will be given a very important mission, to keep alive the ancient knowledge of the old grandparents up until today.

This work was especially made for young people. It is neither intended as an “epoch novel” nor historical. It is intended to offer a "dream", trying create awareness of our ancient origins and to make the history of the old grandparents our own and be proud of it. We propose a "provocative dream", to begin the journey to the depths of our "being", to decolonize our perception of ourselves by knowing our true history. Because Mexicans cannot continue to deny their mother culture, ignoring the values of the ancient civilization. The 21st century Mexico will necessarily have to be built with the other half of ourselves, which we have stubbornly denied during the last five hundred years. All Mexicans; indigenous and non-indigenous, must find in our past, not only inspiration, but a millennial historical and philosophical processes and cultural continuity, in order to be able to imagine and build our own future, where there are no more victors and defeated; but simply, the sons of the sons of the old grandparents.

Guillermo Marín

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"An own history is not only necessary to explain the present but also in support of the future." The future, in these cases, is first and foremost the freedom, the recovery of the right to lead the own destiny.

An expropriated history is the cancellation of hope and the submissive resignation to any form of authenticity."

Guillermo Bonfil Batalla.

D A A N Y B E É D X E.

# FIRST PART

The day had been very long, the Sun was slowly declining. The sky was lit among mountains of red and orange clouds piling up in the horizon, accompanying the incandescent star “Lord of fire darts” on his journey to the underworld, the place of the emaciated. The Etla Valley, all covered with loving milpas, was preparing to receive the mysteries of the night.

The house of "Garra de Jaguar” (Jaguar claw) was full of friends and relatives, especially laborious women, who were preparing everything for the big event. “Flor Menudita” (Thin Flower), his wife, was about to give birth to the fruit of their love, that for nine months carried in her womb.

The midwife had arrived five days ago, it was the custom that she prepared food and directed younger women, who were learning and served with emotion. The friends of Jaguar claw for their part, in addition to bringing food for the consumption of guests and aides, had encouragement words for the future father.

Jaguar claw now understood why his heart was trapped by the energy of Thin flower. As his son birth neared, all emotions came together to his chest. He was fulfilling his destiny.

The night completely covered the fertile valley. The light of torches and bonfires lit the town houses, which were preparing to rest. Suddenly, the sky illuminated by a huge full moon was obscured by an invasion of black and heavy clouds, which presaged a storm.

The midwife, wise and nature knowing woman, realized that this night would fall a huge storm and the child would be born. The peace of town was broken by a lightning bolt, which first lit up the Valley and then shook the bodies with a very strong thunder. Rain precipitated as if by mandate, from the outset abundantly fell and remained all night.

Young women started praying and the midwife with four experienced women began to work. The screams of pain were overshadowed by thunder and raindrops hitting the ground. Thin Flower fought with force, in the midst of great pains, to bring her son to the world.

It was early in the morning when the storm ended. Just as it started, a luminous lightning detached from the sky, as never seen before and its powerful thunder announced the birth of the child; while a huge eagle flew around the home of the newborn.

A thunder woke all the people up, who in the strange silence left by the tempest, heard the cry of the child and saw the strange night flight of the majestic bird, which pierced deep in the hearts of all.

The midwife then took the child and said:

-"Be very welcome, dear boy. We know the work that you had to get to this world, full of fatigue and suffering. We do not know that gifts and venture was given to you by the gods, we hope that you're a worthy heir to your parents and grandparents, and you flourish among us". At the end of the speech, the midwife cut the child navel and buried the placenta at the house patio with Jaguar claw. After washing and drying the navel in a ceramic pot with scented herbs.

In the House everything was joy around the couple and their offspring, the whole family gathered. As it was customary, the oldest of the paternal family, began a solemn speech on behalf of all:

-"My beloved and tender son, hereby receive the education left to us, our Lord, our Lady, your father and your mother. You should know and understand, this is not your real home, here where you were born, because you are a spirit warrior, golden eagle, servant of our Lord that is everywhere.

This place that you have reached is not your final home, is only a temporary nest. Because here you came to flourish, learn to fly.

Your own land is elsewhere; where you are promised. This land is just a battlefield where you must learn to defeat yourself. Your true land is in the Sun."

Then the oldest lady of the mother's family began her speech:

-"My beloved daughter, brave and vigorous woman, you've behaved as the eagle and jaguar on the battlefield. You have fought, suffered, were victorious, gave us a beautiful child, beloved daughter. Our father, our mother; are satisfied with you."

After the speeches, all the people gathered in the House, came to pay tribute to the smallest of the people and congratulate the proud parents. Immediately came the wise men of the books, the holders of "the black and red ink". They first asked the exact time of birth; they consulted the books and discussed among them, meanwhile relatives kept a respectful silence and expecting parents waited the wise men ruling.

Then the eldest spoke and said:

-"Ladies and Gentlemen and all those that lovingly assembled in this House." Those who are relatives or friends of the parents of our grandson. That is our precious stone and our rich feather, which again has arrived and is manifested. That is a gemstone and a gold bead, and is hair and nail of his ancestors. For some days the child will need all their help, he is the hope of the old grandparents and of us, this child, as every child is our bright future. Our great father gives us the opportunity to take care of him and serve him, because this is a big party and a wonder."

Immediately the old wise man approached the parents and said to them:

-Here they are, man and woman as this child parents; enjoy him and let him be your greatest asset. This little gem, this bundle of quetzal feathers, he is like a piece of precious stone cut from their ancestors, the hope of all of us. Mother and father, I am pleased to say that its beautiful small gem was born with a good sign, just in time and at the right place; but just as everything in life and the world, is made up complementing pairs; because such is day and night; cold and hot, your beautiful gem is entrusted with a difficult task. Your son will work hard and will have nothing; the gifts given by the Great Lord will not be for him, nor for us... he is be the seed for other times.

Therefore, that is his fortunate and difficult road. Because of the large eagle that flew when he was born and his fate, the name of your precious pebble, will be Night Eagle.

Three months went by and as the Night Eagle christening was being prepared, again the family and friends came together. As it was the ancient custom in these lands, people gave as they received, and as there was a "commitment" from Jaguar claw with the community, for a party to celebrate the christening of his cub, the solidary support of friends and relatives began to arrive; corn, beans, chili, cocoa, and wood, were received by the immediate family.

A relative made a list of all the presents received. Because the custom was that if friends or relatives had another "commitment" with the people, due to a birth, baptism, wedding, a house construction or death; Jaguar claw would have to cooperate, with a little more than what he received. This is how men learned from very little, that solidarity and fraternity, was what linked human beings from birth to death.

So at the day chosen by the wise men of the books for Night Eagle baptism, friends and relatives gathered in the house of the parents before the Sun rose, the midwife was responsible for the ceremony which started by taking the child in her arms and faced the East saying:

-"Oh Eagle - oh jaguar, oh brave man, my grandson; you have come into this world, your father has sent you, your mother, the great Lord, the great Lady. You were created and engendered in your house, which is the house of the supreme gods, of the great Lord and the great Lady at the nine heavens; they gave you the opportunity to come and he for who we live so ordered; the Lord of water gave you life, the Lord of the wind gave you the divine breath."

Having said these words, the midwife gave the child water to drink, by getting her fingers wet and placing them on the child’s tiny lips; and then she said:

-"Our beloved son, receive, see here that you shall live on Earth, so that you grow and flourish; this water, sacred life essence, is why we live and through whom we receive the things necessary to support life on Earth! Receive it!"

Everyone was quiet, could only hear the monotonous sound of the great drum and bone bells, which rhythmically and solemnly accompanied the voice of the old midwife.

Then the four marine snails sounded that surrounded the four corners to the majestic drum, as signal so that the midwife now placed her wet fingers in the child bare chest, saying:

-“Here taste the heavenly water, hope of our hope, taste here the very pure water that washes and cleanses your heart, that removes all dirt, receive her; She shall clean and will purify your heart."

Once again sounded the marine snails and the incense smell became stronger, which was burnt in the four corners of the patio. Then the old woman threw water on the child head by saying:

-"Oh my grandson, my son, receive and take water from the Lord of this world, that is our life and is for our body to grows and flourish, it is to wash, it is to clean; I pray that it enters your body and there live this heavenly blue water, and clear blue! I pray that it destroys and separates from you, all the bad and negative things that were given to you before the beginning of the world, because all men are left at its mercy, because is our mother, the Lady of the jade skirt, the goddess of earthly waters".

Immediately after, the midwife took the child with both hands and slowly lifting him to the East, in search of heaven, said thus:

-"Our Lord, here is this child that you sent to this place of pain, suffering and sacrifices, which is this world; please bless him with your gifts and your inspiration.

Lowered and raised the child, saying: "Lady, mother of heaven, I turn my words to you, I beg you to give this beautiful pebble, your immense virtue and inspiration."

There was then a waiting space on the ceremony, for a few minutes, all kept silent. Then flutes and whistles began to play a sublime melody, awaited by all the eager hearts, who shared the ceremony.

The old midwife again took the baby in her hands and raised him towards the Sun, saying:

-"Powerful and wise Lord of the wind; you who take care for us here on Earth, you who are all wisdom and goodness, you who have taught everything that we know, you who motivates our awareness of being, you who with your divine breath give spiritual life to our body; "You, the great feathered serpent!, give wisdom and illuminate this child."

Suddenly, to everyone surprise, the house patio was inexplicable swept by a cold and powerful gust of wind, flaring up the fire of the incense burners, scenting the environs with smell of copal. The amazed voices of those attending saw this wonderful event as a good omen.

This is how began the life of Night Eagle, as all children, they were consented for five years. In those wonderful five springs, the splendid puppy was the complete joy of his parents.

Night Eagle was a tender and sweet child, but at the same time a strong character could be seen. His premature prudence and acute intelligence amazed; he was always in the proper place and with the exact intensity; but what drew much attention, was his warm smile and deep glance, which seemed a leafy tree full of trills and tender joy.

The village where Night Eagle was born, as it was the millenary tradition, was divided into four quarters, each had an inherited artisan specialty, besides the normal work of the field, which was common to all. Each district had its public buildings, schools, market, Government House, and especially its patronal Temple.

The four quarters were interconnected, physically and socially, through a central place. This was the fifth element where the supreme government rested, administration and coordination of the four neighborhoods and surrounding towns of the Etla Valley.

This central square, which was the fifth element of the city had the main buildings. Thus the meeting place, both for festivals, rituals or assemblies; where openly and democratically decided the life of the town.

Jaguar Claw and Thin flower were common couple, in a Zapotec community in the Valley of Oaxaca, towards the year 830 CE. Jaguar claw was a laborious farmer, he made the land shake with his milpa; there he planted corn, beans, chili and pumpkin. Sometimes he planted cotton, amaranth, peanut or what was required

With his wife and his son, Jaguar claw obtained from nearby fields and forests; honey, mushrooms and a wide variety of wild plants. They also collected grasshoppers and other edible insects. Their diet was supplemented with fish from nearby rivers and Lakes, or shrimp and salted fish brought from the coast.

Sometimes, Jaguar claw went out hunting. Meat was an occasional dish and especially, for special circumstances, which were almost always related to religious or family holidays. In the House patio, Thin flower also had turkeys and hairless dogs, which were a succulent and very special dish.

And as a family and neighborhood tradition, Jaguar claw was a skilled Potter. This allowed him to exchange goods that he did not produce; as salt, which was brought from the coast, some fabrics, paper and some materials used to decorate his pottery.

At the age of five, Night Eagle was a distinguished child, despite the love excess from his parents and relatives; the boy seemed to understand his relationship with the world. He had a pleasant, rather tender and imaginative character. Night Eagle was slim, strong and agile. His hair was straight and thin; large dark brown eyes and his permanent smile, made him well received everywhere. When there was a party or a civil, religious, or family ceremony; all children would gather to play, with the patient tolerance of the community, because one of the old grandparent’s inheritances was the treatment given to children by the community, where they never interfered and were always welcome.

Night Eagle had special preference for one of his cousins of the same age, named “Dawn deer” (Dawn deer), both spent most of the time together, they had reached such communication ability; they could communicate by glancing at each other.

Dawn deer was slightly bigger and stronger, he was impulsive and for this reason, liked the company of his cousin, who indirectly contained and focused him. As the right and left hand; Dawn deer was enthusiastic, strong and passionate. Night Eagle on the other hand was thoughtful, prudent and sweet.

The two explored the wonderful world which consisted of the grandparents, uncles, cousins and friends from the neighborhood.

At the age of six Night Eagle, already helped his parents in household chores; playing he learned to make clay figures and in the afternoon when his parents worked the ceramic, he gradually learned the language of the mud. He liked going to his the grandparents to listen to stories told by his grandfather. These were wonderful stories that described the forest mysteries, magical animals and wise plants.

On certain occasion, some strange people arrived in town. The commotion of these people arrival shook all the people, they gathered around the central government building, where they were talking with the authorities. They were very strange men, dressed in an austere manner; they shone peace and harmony, but at the same time, strength and sobriety.

As all children, Night Eagle came below the crowd, through a forest of legs came to the building gate and he could see the visitors. However, he oldest man in the group mightily called his attention, a very strange force attracted him to the man, whom all paid much reverence and admiration.

His small body shook when the foreigner smiled at him; without thinking he approached, he was immediately stopped, but the old man intervened and took him in hand, leading to an interior patio and sitting with the child, on the edge of a pond.

The crowd expectation climaxed, when time went by and the venerable old man and the child, fluidly and naturally talked, as two adults and the child began to glow. After a time, the old man asked for a room and conducted a very special ceremony, with the other men who were they with him, and where the boy occupied a central part.

At the end the man gave the boy a small snail that was hanging on his chest and said good bye to him with great affection; days later, although everyone in the village talked about it, no one, or his parents, could explain to him who were these men and especially the strange and venerable old man, who gave him the snail.

Night Eagle was a pleasant company for his parents; their house was on a plot on the outskirts of town. It was composed of a large adobe room, with reed, mud and straw roof. The floor was compacted dirt, inside were rolled petates where they slept, a shelf where they kept a few belongings and clothes. In one of the side walls, there was a shrine, where every morning and at night, they had learned to thank their tutelary gods, for the goods and ventures extended upon them. Their parents as all the people were deeply religious. Along the house corridor, was the kitchen, at the center was a stove, with three large stones symbolizing the home center. At the back of the patio, was the Temazcal bath, that in addition to its ritual purposes, was used for medicinal and hygiene purposes; since it was an ancient custom, deeply rooted in the everyday life of the people. Finally, also in the back of the patio, were the ceramic workshop and the barn.

Thus the first years of Night Eagle childhood were spent. But the time to go to the House of youth arrived, this institution was where children and adolescents started their education; there they were trained to acquire the basic knowledge to become "citizens". Their assistance was mandatory and the costs were covered by the teachers and students.

There was a school for girls and one for boys; and in the House of singing, they participated together. There they were taught everything related to the arts, because according to old grandparents, the reason for existence was learned with the wisdom that the old grandparents called "Flower and Song" (Flower and Song), understood as wisdom and beauty.

To perform the school reception ceremony, Jaguar claw invited grandparents, godparents, uncles and cousins of his beloved child. After burning incense and praying to the tutelary gods, all attending met in the back yard, which had been prepared for the party. Jaguar claw and Thin flower flanked by grandparents sat in the western side of the patio and on the eastern side, sat Night Eagle accompanied by his godfathers. The mother relatives were located in the southern side and those of the father in the northern side. A branch canopy was installed with fragrant field flowers, with the smell of burnt incense produced a spiritual and mystical atmosphere. It was then when Jaguar claw began his speech:

-"My beloved and very dear son, listen careful to what I'll tell you. Our Lord brought you in this hour, where I want to talk about what you have to keep every day of your life; and that I do because you are my beloved and very dear son, more than any precious stone, more than any rich feather, I have nothing but you; you're the first, second and third, you're the last.

I have decided to tell you certain things that pertain to you, by the duty I have as your father; I want to do my duty, because tomorrow or any other day, God will take me and remove me from this earth, because he is almighty, because we are subject to human frailty and death, our life on Earth is very uncertain.

I wish to tell you, son, what you need to know and put into work, that is something worthy of being estimated and kept as gold in cloth, and gemstones in chest, because were left with us by the old grandparents and grandmothers; the elderly, our ancestors, who lived in these lands and Lordships; they talked among the people of this town and had dignity and wisdom.

These were very great lords and had the dignity of the Kingdom and its Government, they were not arrogant, on the contrary, were very humble and simple. They did not consider themselves as lords but as poor and pilgrims; these ancestors, of whom we descend, lived in austere and humble manner in this world, did not live presumptuously, with arrogance, haughtiness or desire for honors.

This is how, my son, the Toltec grandparents lived in the world, from whom we descend, your grandparents and great-grandparents, that left us here, from whom you descend. Look at them, my beloved son, look at their virtues, at their fame and the brightness and clarity they left; look at the mirror and the virtue that they left and put it in front of you, and keep it in front of your eyes; look at yourself in it and see who you are; see that your life is conducted in a like manner; try to put their life in front of you, and then you will know the flaws and stains in you.

See that our Lord "He for whom one lives" sees the hearts and all secret things, no matter how hidden. And listens to what stirs in our hearts, when we live in this world; see that your humility is pure and true and without any arrogance mix; try that your humility before God is pure, like a very fine precious stone; try not showing something outside and have another inside.

You should know, my son, that the Toltec old grandparents said to us that children are beloved by "the invisible and impalpable", much appreciated by our Lord who is everywhere. Thus learn well my beloved son, keep you from carnal delights and in no way you should desire them, keep you away from all the dirty things that stain men, not only in the spirits, but also in the body, causing sickness and bodily and spiritual death.

The old grandparents said that god has gifts and deeds for children and youth; at this time he points out who shall become Lords, Kings, or Captains; also during childhood and adolescence, our divinity gives gifts and wealth.

“My son, already told you many things that are necessary for your education and your aging away from home, so that you live in the world as a human being, so you know to be a worthy descendant of our noble and wise Toltec grandparents; now it is up to you to use them, now you will have to go to the House of the youth and the House of the singing, you will have teachers and guides, but the most important thing is that we all are there, your family and old grandparents", inside your heart”.

Night Eagle remained silent, it seemed as if one by one all the words expressed by his loving father, were slowly accommodating within him, to form a solid Temple. After a few moments, the little puppy embraced his parents, who silently wept, while all relatives sang a love hymn.

The party lasted all day, they ate tamales and mole; the children were given fruit and honey. They sang and danced. The almighty Lord was thanked, they burned incense and prayed; grateful for the gift of Night Eagle having successfully completed his childhood. At night, after all guests departed and before bedtime, Jaguar claw spoke alone with his son and said:

-"Now that you are no longer a child and that you will need to control yourself, now that you're leaving home, as birds from nests, now that you have to flourish your heart and sculpt your own face, I want you to know, that there is no man that has no need to eat and drink. The body maintenance, have standing all who live, and give life to everyone and with this the whole world is populated. Corporal foods are the hope of everyone who lives, for life. Then learn my son to take care of sowing the cornfields and planting the magueys, tunas and fruit trees, because according to what the wise Toltec old grandparents said; the fruit is the delight of children, rejoices and removes thirst from children. And you, boy, do you want fruit? Where should you take it from if you did not plant it and grew it, as your own inheritance? Learn how to be a dignified and righteous man. Strengthen your body, temper your spirit, dominate your passions and develop your will power.

Understand now, beloved son, I have come to the end of my words; therefore, write them in your heart. Many more things I would have to tell you, but it would be endless, only three more things I will tell you, that are very important and that old grandparents stressed. The first thing is to make sure you befriend God, who is everywhere and it is invisible and impalpable, and it behooves to give all the heart and the body, make sure not to deviate this road, try not to brag, or that your heart becomes haughty; do not despair nor make your heart coward. On the contrary, try to be simple and humble so that you have hope in the invisible and impalpable, our Lord. The second thing you should always do is be at peace with everyone. Do not be upset or fight with anyone, do not offend anyone. Respect everyone, not provoke people’s anger, and do not make fun of anyone; be humble before everyone, no matter what they say about you. Learn to control and dominate yourself and your passions; if attacked do not respond; achieve the immeasurable power of silence and indifference temperance.

Never behave as a poisonous snake, do not attack people even if you have reasons. Learn to suffer and moderate, this is the difficult part! Because God sees and will respond for you and he will retaliate; be humble with everyone, and God will reward you and give you honor. The third thing you should do is not waste time, because wasting time is to miss the wonderful opportunity of life. That "He for whom one lives for" placed you in this life to make us of it; don't miss a day or a night: rest when you have to and work all you have to, without haste and laziness. Stop worrying and only take care of beneficial things.

My beloved son, this should suffice, and with this I do my duty as a father. If it is recorded in your heart or is forgotten and lost; it is your responsibility. Let your heart flourish, purify your spirit! I have done what was needed."

Night Eagle said goodnight to his father and went to the corner of the room, he spread out his petate, lay down and pulled a light cotton blanket over him. The night was cool; the insects’ songs lulled his thoughts.

He understood that on that day, he had left behind his childhood; the days of games and loving treatment from his parents, would never return. On his chest were two opposite feelings. On the one hand, he felt an immense nostalgia and sadness, for the past; but on the other hand, aroused a growing excitement about the future that awaited him.

The House of young people was a very impressive compound, moderate but elegant, austere but large; as was customary of all public buildings. The old grandparents from many “bundles of years” ago, had taught the people to live in extremely modest and moderate houses, built of adobe, wood and straw, regardless of the person social condition.

Social differences were established through people internal values; and above all, by the service throughout a lifetime of work undertaken for the welfare of the community. For this reason, there was a millenarian value, for the prestige and dignity of each citizen, where material wealth was not considered at all.

It was customary that the gods deserved all material splendors; just as the community, represented by the Government. Those deserving the divinity sacrifice; human beings, the only means they had of expressing their full potential, was the development of a virtuous life, through austerity and frugality; religiosity and service to their community. Those were the rules that the old grandparents taught the first men who started lineages, back at the history origin; and it is still the custom, for the children of their children, until the end of time.

Hence, public buildings and temples were manifested through art as an expression of the most exalted inspiration that flowed from spiritual strength. In these beautiful buildings, art was depicted as union means, a bridge between the human and the divine, between spirit and matter, between heaven and Earth.

This is why people spared no effort and sacrifice, in the construction of these buildings. These were carved in stone, covered with stucco and decorated with beautiful paintings, alluding to its use.

The building of the House of the youth had a large square, in the center had a shrine dedicated to multiple avocations of the Supreme divinity. Surrounding the plaza were four buildings. In one were sleeping quarters. It was rectangular as all others, wide and high ceilings. The floor was stone and in the room were the petates used to sleep, every young person had a wooden box, where they kept their limited personal items, as it was the norm, they should learn to live with the minimum essential.

In another building, of equal proportions, lived teachers and instructors, the austerity and sobriety was the same as in the young people building. The third building, around the square, served as warehouse for education utensils, library and an administrative area. The facilities also had a small kitchen and a dining room towards the rear. The fourth building was used as studies area. The four buildings and the square were surrounded by a wall. In the southern part was a large access door and in the north part, behind the building, were the baths and a water pond, fed from the town aqueduct, which passed near the wall.

The youth house was a place of values education. The boys should learn self-discipline, to be responsible and to work in group; their ability to be responsible, disciplined, focused, attentive, respectful and humble. There they learned the old urbanizing rules. Teachers and instructors taught good manners, to express and conduct themselves. The word of the old and wise grandparents was also an important part of teaching, as well as basic knowledge of religious rites, the history of the people and their civilization, the political and administrative organization, laws and ancestral customs; in short, they were prepared to be citizens.

The youth House had farmland and orchards, where students learned to work various activities to ensure sustenance; from working the land, care for fruit trees, collecting plants, honey and insects, hunting and fishing, and performing various craft activities, essential for family life, such as wood and stone carving, fiber fabrics, basketry and pottery.

Another education aspect was construction learning. This was an ancient passion, a form of expression of the immeasurable spiritual force, learned at the origin of the days of the old grandparents. Young people made up a formidable and well organized labor force, which helped; to maintain the institution, public and religious buildings; to build roads, bridges or any work of community benefit. Night Eagle immediately adjusted to his new life. Something inside of him made him feel a quiet rejoicing, in all he heard, saw and did. His happiness was complete, as Dawn deer, his beloved cousin, had also entered the school and they were once again, the inseparable pair.

In the House of youth, the day began before the sunrise. The night guards sounded their large sea snails in unison, to wake students up; who had to clean the House and bathe. The first ceremony was at the first Sun rays, youngsters sang hymns to "He for whom one lives" and its multiple devotions, officiated by priests.

The students then had breakfast. All meals were frugal, as part of discipline, but appropriate, to ensure the healthy growth and sufficient energy to perform arduous physical and intellectual tasks.

The old Toltec grandparents through thousands of years of plants, insects and animal domestication knowledge, had inherited a varied cuisine to their children's children. Always at the end of each meal, they thanked the almighty Lord, the invisible and impalpable. Then they would work as teams; some went to the field, others went to the forest for firewood; others, according to the institution needs, fulfilled the required tasks. Works were made by age and knowledge, elders taught the younger.

The institution was ruled by strict rules and hierarchies, gained through work and capacity. The old grandparents had taught that the strength of men was multiplied by organization and discipline. Young people had to learn to work as a single body, tempering the body strength and refining the spirit. Instructors tried that young people developed a spirit of fraternity and respect, in all activities performed.

When the Sun reached the zenith, all students gathered at the House, bathed and ate. After the thanking ceremony, they had time to rest. When the sun disappeared, they gathered at the instruction building. It was the time in which teachers taught old and wise grandparents histories; these histories were supported by the Toltec black and red ink books, which as a mnemonic resource, helped them remember histories. The books were made from amate paper and lined with deer skin. They were long strips of paper that folded as an accordion and were protected with covers. When the book extended, the pages were square-shaped, and in them, a series of symbols were painted; each of them, represented a certain action, so to when symbols were related, the reader had a detailed description of the events, that were to be kept in memory and in the language.

As time went by Night Eagle began to stand out from their peers. In addition to the advice of his father, scrupulously followed; there was a mysterious force in the soul of the boy, which aroused the sympathy and respect; from his peers, trainers and teachers.

It was at about the time, when a deep friendship began developing between one of the teachers and Night Eagle. “Espejo Humeante” (Smoky mirror) was one of the most ancient masters of the institution, who saw in Night Eagle, the most outstanding student, since he entered the House of young people.

At nighttime, the students left the teachers instruction and walked, singing solemn hymns to the House of Song; there they were received, both boys and girls, who also had their own institution and where trained them in the same way, to be citizens, mothers and wives. The old and wise grandmothers said that men and women form a unity. As the divine duality, which is made of male and female parts; thus, family life develops. Women in the community were very important. Family life was based in her. With no competition with men; between the two formed a production unit, between the two educated children and between the two worshiped the diverse manifestations of the Supreme divinity.

Therefore, the education of young women was very important. Like boys, maidens learned the words of the old grandparents. Good manners and the appropriate language, embroidery, weaving, cooking; as well as learning the ancient legends, books of the black and red ink, learn the plants and animals food and healing properties; the religious songs, ceremonies, as well as the count of time and the movement of the stars. The discipline although not as rigid as that of men, was present in their institution.

The House of Song was a common area for men and women. The teachings of old grandparents said that human virtue could only be reached through "Flower and Song" (Flower and Song). The function of art is to create a bridge between Earth and Heaven, so that the human being spirit, finds its divine origin.

Thus, girls and boys, learned together to develop Arts in their education. Music, dance, painting, modeling, poetry and theatre were addressed every evening by young people, such that the House of Song seemed a tree full of singing birds.

Later at night the boys returned to the school. They bathed, dined and thanked the Great Lord and the Great Lady, for all they received that day and then went to their bedrooms to rest. However, at midnight and in the very early morning, the elder went to the nearby forest, to make offerings to the gods, and the younger rose to bathe with cold water and to pray. The old grandparents had taught that the formation of young people should not only be external; in other words, of theoretical knowledge and work practices. The real formation of the young was to understand the phenomenon of their own existence and the link it had, with the community, nature and the Supreme divinity. Their formation was fundamentally in the spirit temperance and strength; because the passion and dedication, that the Toltec old grandparents had taught to the children of their children, over the spiritual meaning of life, became their most important legacy.

The education provided intended that young people fully integrated with the community, its history, its religion and culture. It also managed to awaken the sense of sacrifice and individual selflessness, for the good of the community.

In the House of the youth, they were taught to transform themselves into "human beings", to be the best of them and to flourish their heart. These three basic goals were achieved through "being responsible"; that implied, that no one would have to tell them what to do, and finally to "be disciplined"; that is, that they do what they had to do, even if they did not like it. Thus with responsibility and discipline, they came to control and with it, the will of power capable of moving almost anything in the outside world. Teachers insisted that inner strength was the only thing men possessed, to deal with the mysteries of the world and the challenges of life.

The House of the youth maintained a paramilitary structure and discipline; although there had not been any wars for many “bundles of years”. The old grandparents said that the purest essence of humanity is their children, and children of all ages and all places play; some military, others maternal games. This means that the military has two faces; biophilous and necrophilia; one which served to form and build, the other that serves to distort and destroy. In this way, training and youth temperance was managed with military discipline. In fact, in the House of young people, they were taught the handling of weapons, in particular hunting, but without a military sense.

One afternoon, when young people were arriving to an instruction session, their teacher waited them to settle in their petates and when there was a total silence; with strong, sonorous voice, he began to say:

"You, owner of nearby and the together, omnipresent,

here we give you pleasure,

next to you nothing is missing,

¡Oh Life giver!

You only assess us as a flower,

so we are withering, your friends.

As an emerald,

You break us in pieces.

As to a painting,

you thus delete us!

Everyone will leave to the region of the dead,

to the commonplace for losing us.

What are we to you, oh God?

Thus we live.

This is how, in the place of our loss,

Such we are gradually losing ourselves.

We the men, where will we have to go?

That is why I cry,

because you get tired,

Oh life giver!

Jade breaks down,

The Quetzal tears apart.

you are mocking us.

We no longer exist.

Are we nothing for you?

You destroy us,

you make us disappear.

But you share your gifts,

Nobody says, being with you

That lives in abject poverty.

There is a flow of precious stones,

quetzal feathers flourish,

Are these your heart, life giver?"

When Smoky mirror finished, the room had a solemn silence. The impact of the words, as accurate darts, touched the hearts of these young people, who had never before heard something like this.

-These are ancient words of "Flower and song", immemorial inheritance of our noble and wise ancestors. For many bundles of years, the old Toltec grandparents taught the beautiful art of "Flower and song", which is food for our souls; the light of the great walkers; it is a delicious nectar, which flourishes in our hearts. What do you young people think of what you heard?

The students were amazed; they looked at each other and remained silent. Then Night Eagle quickly stood up and with his head down said:

-With your permission, Venerable teacher; it is the voice of a warrior naming our Lord, the impalpable, the invisible, he who invents himself. He is named “Omnipresent”, because the warrior expresses that being next to the beloved Lord, nothing is missing. But that despite being his friends, we die, we disappear from Earth. Then the warrior asks, what are we to him?"

Smoky mirror then said:

-The old grandparents said from the beginning of time; that the only way of speaking true words, capable of introducing root in man, is through the path of the flowers and the songs, because only based on "Flower and Song", is how the precious stone inside of us can be sculpted and polished.

It is your duty to know this song of flowers, that it will sustain and sculpt your soul. Because old grandparents said it to grandparents and to the children of their children, from bundle of years to bundle of years (generation to generation), and today you must learn "the old word", so that tomorrow, your children and their children's children keep in their hearts, the memory of these noble and wise men, who lived long before us; because tomorrow others will ask about us. This is the custom, which is life. Would someone else like to ask something? Asked Smoky mirror.

Then Dawn deer stood up with the same humility of his cousin and said:

-Respectable teacher, for many moons I wonder at this venerable House, where do we come from? Why do we exist? Where are we going after death? My heart is afflicted, because I cannot find a satisfying answer. Why live? How to live? If we do not know where we come from, why learn, suffer, loves work, struggle... anyway, why live this life and where do we go afterwards.

Then Smoky mirror outlined a tender satisfaction smile, -this litter of puppies is promising, he thought. Expectation was growing among the students, who vibrated similarly. Smoky mirror replied:

-I see that the good effects of this Studies Center begin to flourish in your heart and your head; as beautiful flowers words of ideas begin to bloom in you. Well then, I'm going to tell you, what at the beginning of the times, the old grandparents said, of how the world was created:

-"It was referred, it was said

that as such there were already four ages,

and that this was the fifth age.

As the elders knew,

in the year one rabbit

Earth and sky were rooted.

And so they knew,

that when Earth and sky were rooted,

already had existed four classes of men,

four kinds of lives.

They also knew that in each of them

had existed a Sun.

And they said that first men

Were made by their God, forged from ash.

This was attributed to the feathered serpent,

whose sign is seven wind.

He made them, he invented them.

The first Sun was founded,

its sign was four water.

was called the Water Sun.

In it happened

that everything was taken by water.

People turned to fish.

Then the second Sun was founded

Its sign was four jaguar

What happened

The sky was strangled,

the Sun did not follow its path.

When the Sun reached midday,

then it was night

and when it was dark

Jaguars ate people.

And in this Sun giants lived

said the elder

that Giants thus greeted:

"do not fall"

because who fell,

fell forever.

They the third Sun was founded.

His sign was four rain.

Said to be Sun of fire rain

Those alive were burned.

And during its period also rained sand.

And they said that also rained

the pebbles that we see,

that the tezontle stone boiled

and then the rocks turned red.

His sign was four winds

then the fourth Sun was founded.

Was called Wind Sun.

During this sun, everything was taken by the wind.

Everyone became monkeys.

They spread through the mountains,

They went to live as monkey-men.

The Fifth Sun:

Its sign is four movement.

It is called Sun movement,

because it moves, follows its path.

And as the elders say,

in it there will be earth movement,

there will be hunger

and so we will perish,

in the year thirteenth year cane, it is said that came to be

the Sun that exists now

it was then that illuminated,

at dawn,

the movement Sun that now exists.

four movement is its sign.

This is the Fifth Sun which was founded

in it there will be earth movements,

in him there will be famines.

This Sun named four movement

this is our Sun,

in which we live now,

and here is its sign,

how fell into the Sun fire

of our Prince, in Tula

or the Feathered Serpent."

-Does it mean, venerable teacher, that there have been four eras before ours; that there have been four Humanities, who have preceded us here on Earth, -Dawn deer exclaimed surprised.

It is so, actually our old and wise grandparents, say that there is nothing new under the Sun, that everything is a never-ending spiral, as a great cosmic serpent; everything is a constant repeat; that everything happens again, but not at the same time... as our calendar. Smoky mirror said in a severe voice.

-Venerable teacher -asked Night Eagle-. If as the old grandparents say, that there have been four previous attempts to find human perfection on Earth, how is it that our humanity, our people, our era is born?

- Smoky mirror replied- well here's the story as told by the old grandparents:

"When it was still night, when there was no day, when there was not yet light, they met, called the gods, back in the land where men learns to be God. They said, they talked among themselves, -Come here, oh gods! Who will take upon himself, who will take care of making days? That there is light?- From all the gods, only two volunteered; one was the Snail Lord, pretty, beautiful; the other was Pustule Lord, poor and full of wounds. Then the two set out to do penitence.

However the Lord of the snails was so flashy that instead of doing penance, filled the gods with jewels, gold and quetzal feathers. On the other hand Pustule Lord, made with his blood and flesh, the sacrifice, as he tried to throw himself to the cosmic fire, which the gods had prepared. The first to attempt a leap into the great fire was Snail Lord, but indecision and fear prevented him.

Immediately jumped Pustule Lord with courage and determination; upon seeing this, full of shame Snail Lord jumped. The two gods were then consumed by the purifying fire, while the other gods waited. Soon after Pustule Lord appeared on the East converted into a splendid and bright sun and later Snail Lord also appeared very brightly, and to prevent the Sun and the Moon from being together, one of the gods took a rabbit and threw it on the face of Snail Lord, thus becoming the Moon, hence the moon has a rabbit figure.

The sun and the moon were already there but they were not moving; then, the other gods had to sacrifice, so that the sun and the moon moved and men could live. Therefore the men of the Fifth Sun, are called "Deserving", because we are worthy of life, thanks to the gods self-sacrifice.

Afterwards, the Feathered Serpent undertook the task of restoring men on earth and providing sustenance. This is how the Feathered Serpent starts a trip to the place of the dead, in search of "precious bones", relics of the previous Sun men and that served the Feathered Serpent to create new men. For this task, he was helped by his double, worms, ants, and bees and with the help of "Witch of war", ground precious bones, then sacrificing the Feathered Serpent, by bleeding his penis, gave them life again. This is how this Sun was created in which we live and the humanity that we are; as such it was stated by the old grandparents and it happened as such."

All students were eager; they were talking of very ancient and sacred things. Smoky mirror was encouraged by the interest of young apprentices; it was then that Night eagle spoke again:

-Dear teacher; must we understand that sacrifice is the energy that moves the world? The almighty gods sacrificed themselves so that we were born, and we had Sun, Moon movement and livelihood.

Somehow -responded Smoky mirror-, I cannot tell you now... you would not understand. But the truth is that spiritual sacrifice is the energy that drives the universe as we know it. And I think that it is enough for today, because it time to go to the House of Song.

Two moons went by, in which Night Eagle and Dawn deer went to rest with their parents. During the day they were helping in the field, but in the evening they met to continue talking about their origins. It was one afternoon in the patio of the House of Night Eagle parents that his cousin told him that his heart was left with a maiden named “Paloma Pequeña” (Little Dove), who he saw every day in the House of Song. Dawn deer told his cousin that always he managed to have her as companion in the ritual dances and that his heart was restless to see her again. Night Eagle kept a respectful silence and recalled the words of his father.

The boys continued their instruction. It had exactly been ten years since they entered the House of young people. Not only Night Eagle and Dawn deer had grown and developed their bodies, all the boys had changed; both physically and spiritually and this is could be seen on their behavior.

On certain occasion, as the afternoon instruction began, with their teacher Smoky mirror, he spoke unto them of what was a wise man, in the words of the old grandparents.

-"The wise man: a light, a torch

a thick torch that does not smoke

A drilled mirror,

a mirror drilled on both sides.

His is the black and red ink,

His are the codices.

He himself is writing and wisdom,

Is the way, everyone accurate guide.

Leads people and things,

is guide for human business

The true Sage is careful

and guard tradition

his is wisdom transmitted,

he is who teaches,

Follows the truth,

Do not let anyone reprimand him.

Makes other faces wise,

makes other take a personality

makes them develop it.

Opens their ears, enlightens them

is a teacher's guide,

gives them their way,

one depends on him.

Places a mirror in front of us,

Makes them sane, careful;

Makes a personality appear in them.

Locks into things,

regulates his way,

offers and orders.

Apply his light on the world.

Knows what is upon us

and, in the region of the dead.

Is a moderate man

anyone is comforted by him,

is corrected, is taught

thanks to him people humanizes

helps, remedies, cure all."

After a long pause, Night Eagle turned to his teacher saying:

-Venerable teacher, I have heard with attention the words of the old and wise grandparents in your voice; one by one they fell like precious stones into the pond of my soul and its waves still shakes my body. I am grateful for the generous education that was given to us; there is no wealth to pay... perhaps only in life itself and with others. However, I would like to ask a question in the most respectful way, a question that has been around in my head: Venerable teacher, where are they now, the sons of the sons of the wise and old grandparents?

Many of his colleagues did not understand Night Eagle question, but Smoky mirror and Night Eagle, were united in a deep stare. It seemed that there was a light bridge between the two. These were not challenging looks, or anger; but rather an encounter stare.

Smoky mirror confirmed that the young man was a high flying eagle. The sympathy felt for the young turned to committed interest. Many teachers, better than him, had given their life in teaching and never found a pupil as Night Eagle. This young man represented more than a challenge to the master, represented the opportunity to transcend beyond teaching.

From that evening, Smoky mirror made the teaching hours deeper and more interesting. Young people are vital and uncontrollable. Night Eagle leadership was unquestioned. The young man exercised a fascination power on his teammates, such that energy increased, sputtering by the entire room.

Those afternoons were truly magical and incredible, that litter of young puppies and his master Sage, moved from one place to another in the world, through the wisdom of old grandparents and the energy of young people.

One day while in classes with Smoky mirror, one of the youngest pupils asked for an explanation of time and how it was measured. The teacher smiled with satisfaction and told them. -In principle time does not exist, is just an invention of man, the young people who respected his master, opened their eyes wide and with them, asked for an explanation; time is a way to measure movement in space. For example the first movement measure is the day, the time in which Earths rotates on its own axis. The second movement is the time it takes the Earth to orbit around the Sun; this distance is always covered in 365 days and a quarter. The third movement measure lasts 52 years, we call it a “bundle of years”, two “bundles of years we call "old age"... because nobody has lived for 3 bundles.

Since the beginning of time, the Toltec old grandparents were devoted to observe nature and the sky, because as you know, there are two lines of knowledge. The first, is masculine, perfect, immutable, distant, exact, cold... it is precisely celestial mechanics. The other line or knowledge source, is nature; feminine, always generous, kind, flexible and tolerant. Thus, through stars and Earth movement measure, the old grandparents learned to measure time, and with it they invented mathematics and calendars. We have twenty days, which occur without interruption and each has a name and a symbol; 1 Cayman, 2 wind, 3 House, 4 lizard, 5 serpent, 6 death, 7 deer, 8 rabbit, 9 water, 10 dog, 11 monkey, 12 grass, 13 cane, 14 jaguar, 15 Eagle, 16 Vulture, 17 movement, 18 Flint, 19 rain and 20 flower.

The first calendar bequeathed by the old grandparents, consists of 18 months with 20 days each month; so 18 by 20, are 360 days, plus 5 uncertain days with each year, gives a total of 365 days. Each month is divided into four groups of five days, the fifth being dedicated to the market.

Also, in the year we celebrate 16 different invocations of "The one for whom one lives", in 16 months of 20 days each; and in two 20 days months, we celebrated 4 devotions of 10 days each, making a total of 20 devotions celebrations in 18 months; again, 18 times 20 equal to 360 days.

Each month in turn, have very old meaning as stated by the old grandparents. The first month is dedicated to the Water Lord and we pray to him for rain for the crops. The second month is assigned to the Emaciated Lord, drives us to think about the need to break from our spirit, all those material particles that condemn it to corruption and thereby to the death. The third month is dedicated to the first flowers of the year and the sick are taken to be cleansed from bad energy. The fourth month is dedicated to the maize deity and our livelihood. The fifth month is dedicated to education, the carving of the precious stone that we all carry within. The sixth month goes to the family unit and to again ask for rains. The seventh month is dedicated to women, especially the grandmothers and pregnant women, as well as the deity invocation represented by salt. The eighth month is dedicated to the deity of the cobs of tender corn, this month food provisions are made for the poor and needy. The ninth month pays cult to left handed Hummingbird, as internal invocation of the internal war that we all must face, to overcome our weaknesses. The tenth month is dedicated to the domestic fire divinity, which is the oldest energy that all of us carry inside and that moves the world. The eleventh month is offered to our grandmother, our heritage, our tradition. The twelfth month is dedicated to the arrival of all the divinities in which "He for whom one lives for" are represented. The thirteenth month is the festivity of the town Tutelary Hill that protects people and mountains. The fourteenth month is consecrated to the cloud serpent deity. The fifteenth month is once again dedicated to the divinity of the left handed Hummingbird, where women and men, will fight together to become the best of themselves. The sixteenth month is dedicated to the rain deity, here penance is made and pray for rains. The seventeenth month is dedicated to the divinity of motherhood, prays for all pregnant women. The eighteenth and last month, is dedicated to the resurrection in the name of the fire divinity that cleanses and purifies through spiritual sacrifice.

The second form of time counting, taught by the old grandparents, is by 52 bundle of years, cosmic cycles organized as follows: we have a thirteen years and each one has a number and a name; so we have: 1 rabbit, 2 cane, 3 Flint, 4 House, 5 rabbit, 6 cane, 7 Flint, 8 House, 9 rabbit, 10 cane, 11 Flint, 12 House and 13 rabbit. This calendar is made with four thirteen year periods, which gives us 52 years, because four by thirteen is 52 years, exact period of time in which earth revolves around the seven stars that are together and are known as "the seven that shine". The first thirteen period begins with 1 rabbit and ends with 13 rabbit, the second with 1 cane and ends with 13 cane, the third begins with 1 Flint and ends with 13 Flint and fourth starts with 1 House and ends with 13 House; After completing the 4 thirteen year periods, a new bundle starts a new year with 1 Rabbit tied and so on infinitely, because every 52 years the same year repeats. Each thirteen year period in addition to having a symbol has a course for Earth; the East is represented by the thirteen year period beginning with cane, the West House, the North Flint and South rabbit.

The third form in which the old grandparents taught us to count time, is called "Destines Count”, because the old grandparents said, that all living beings of the universe, including the stars, are intimately linked in a perfect equilibrium and is determined as follows: the count is divided into four groups of five thirteen years each, or 20 thirteen year periods making a total of 260 days. The days are counted and are accompanied by a number from one to thirteen, which prevents any day repeating itself with a number in 260 times.

So it was that the old grandparents bequeathed three ways of measuring the same time, only for different things. The first count of 365 days helps us with the sowing cycle and festivities to venerate to the different devotions that manifest "He for whom one lives” that have no name or form, nor can be touched. The second count of 52 years helps us measure the great cycles and name the years. The third count of 260 days helps us know the fate of human beings. That is, how the old grandparents have bequeathed their wisdom that mainly comes from millenary observation of celestial mechanics and nature. Suffice then to be attentive observers, to get closer to the mysteries of the old grandparents". Smoky mirror concluded.

One morning as all, to boys awoke at the sound of the marine snails. In brief moments the bedroom was on the move, everyone knew what had to be done, only one petate was still extended.

Dawn deer had spent the night with high fever, but did not want to bother anyone. Now he was deeply asleep. Immediately the boys called their instructors as it was common in these cases, the young man was separated from others and taken to a special room of regular dimensions with four wooden bases for petates and in the background a beautiful altar with some representations of the Supreme divinity. There were flowers permanently and incense was burned. Later came the “Hombre Buho” (Owl man), to heal Dawn deer. He took strange herbs and resins from his sack and burned them incense. He asked Night Eagle, which so far had not separated from his cousin, to leave them alone in the room. It took a long time, until Owl man came out.

Immediately Night Eagle ran to meet him.

Do not worry -said the Owl man.- Nothing serious happened to your cousin, what happens is that Dawn deer has his thoughts and feelings out of place, are overwhelmed. His spirit is not at peace, in order, and his body suffers this, his body protest. The body is a divine good that "He for whom one lives" has given us, but he is very fragile, very tender. Not so his mind and feelings.

Dawn deer has fallen in love with and his river carries more turbulent water than it can handle. Almost all the body ills, are generated by thoughts, emotions and feelings. Dawn deer must order his thoughts and his feelings in peace. To restore his energy balance, will have to make some sacrifices.

By sunset, Dawn deer had already bathed and began the ceremony in search of his balance. After praying to the Supreme divinity for a long time and accompanied by one of the institution priests, began to puncture some special points of his body with maguey tips, despite being very acute, they shot drops of blood. The old grandparents since immemorial times had taught their grandchildren to heal the body, restoring energy balance through this ritual, which distributed and rechanneled the energies that flow in the body.

The whole life of the people was closely linked to the divine and sacred. The old grandparents had spoken of the sacrifice and purification that the gods made to create the Sun and this humanity. And if so, men are the "honored" by the gods sacrifice, life was completely dedicated to thank them and to venerate them for their sacrifice.

Hence, everything that exists in the life of the people, has to do with the gods. The work of the field, food, clothing, construction, medicine, science, count of time and celestial mechanics, the games and the relationship with the animal, vegetable and mineral; as well as music, dance, painting. The life of the community revolves around the divine and sacred. For this reason, life had to be mystical and spiritual; on a daily basis and even unintentionally, as traditions, forms, uses, festivities and millenary customs, guided vigorous and absolutely all spaces of social and private life to the spiritual. During the constant visits by the Owl man, the cousins had many questions to the wise man. The boys seemed to be a couple of sponges, which wanted to absorb all the possible knowledge from the generous man. In less than five days, Dawn deer was completely restored. On his head and his heart was again balance. He fully understood the words of Owl man when he said:

-"Listen well to what I'm going to say, Dawn deer, young boy, precious stone, hope of our tomorrow; understand that because you have possibilities of multiplying yourself, your body already has the human seed. And for generation and multiplication Gods established, that a woman needs a man and a man needs a woman; but it needs to be done with temperance, discretion and at its time. Do not throw yourself to a woman as a dog throws himself to swallow food given to him, giving yourself to a woman before time; resist even if you have appetite for the woman, resists to your heart until you're already a perfect and strong man; see that if the maguey opens too small to remove honey, does not have substance nor honey, but it is lost; before opening the maguey to get honey, they let it grow up and come to its perfection, and then honey is removed.

This is why you have to, before you have a woman, allow time for you to grow and develop, and be a perfect man, which will be the right time for the wedding. You will thus father children of good stature and strong bodies, light, beautiful and good faces. It will be the time that you will be strong and skillful for body work and you will be light, strong and diligent; and if by misfortune extravagantly and before time you surrender to carnal delight, the old grandparents stated, you will be diminished, will never achieve full physical development, and will wander about colorless and skinny. You will be like a brat and fainted; sick, and you will soon be old and bitter, and when you marry, you will be like the maguey, which may not give honey because they took it before time, and when they try to get honey, nothing will come out, so will be discarded; likewise you wife will do; as you are already dry and finished, not having anything to give, you will say no more; then she will reject you because you did not satisfy her desires and will look at another man, because you'll already be exhausted you will make her commit adultery, because you destroyed yourself carelessly, delivering yourself to woman before time and so you’re finished before your time".

In the House of the young people great preparations were being made, they were about to celebrate the tenth month festival called "the fall of the twenty-four fruits". Like everything in the legacy of old grandparents, it had to do with the collection of orchards fruit, but symbolically represented the good fortune of the people and its fruits, which were shown at the heart of their children. The House of the youth participation in the yearly twenty parties was common. In the early morning students marched singing the corresponding hymns, heading to the densest part of the forest, outside the Valley in the mountains. At sun rise in the horizon, youngsters came to a huge pine tree, which had previously been selected by teachers and priests. The ceremony started immediately asking the Lord of the forest. They begged for one of his sons, the immense pine, since they needed it for the party. They told him it would be treated with respect and that in exchange, they brought him tamales and atole, beans and corn seeds.

Then another similar ceremony was conducted, and the high priest of the House of the youth explained to the tree what would be its fate; he was asked for its cooperation and apologized for cutting it and taking it away.

Thereafter, the immense pine was cut, between prayers and hymns by the young people. Removed all branches and with ropes, and with 40 pairs of young people, the tree started its route to the town. In front were the priests conducting hymns and smoking the way, followed by the young people with the tree and finally to teachers and instructors. When they arrived at the gates of the town, women with gourds of fresh chocolate were already waiting. The tree was taken to the Center of the village. In the square, in front of the great pyramid, a deep hole had been previously dug, where the tree would be placed. At that time sea snails began sounding at the four quarters, signal that all men should help to lift the huge tree; they all called "the fruit".

Carpenters polished the tree and three men placed beautiful figures on amate paper. Next to the trunk, maidens from "the house of the young women", made a human figure using Amaranth seeds with honey, this figure was also decorated with paper and huge amaranth balls in the hands, resembling tamales. The human figure was placed at the end of the tree, which would be at the top. The tree was finally hoisted with many difficulties.

That evening families gathered around grandparents or older siblings. It was the tradition to bake a tasty corn bread, made only on this day. First in every home and then in the square was a ceremony, in which the basic joy, was the effort made during the year, to be the best of themselves and share the fruit. Then a great bonfire was set, which recalled that where the gods had sacrificed themselves and making a contrition act, the family first and then the people sought to throw their sins, bad wishes and thoughts into the purifying fire. "The fruit of that sacrifice was family and collective well-being and harmony."

Late at night the young people prepared to climb the huge trunk, which had been polished, and had wild boar lard smeared. The stronger and better equipped, were struggling to the first to get to the top. To Night Eagle surprise, Dawn deer was the first to get to the tip of the trunk, took the figures and threw them on the crowd below around the trunk. It was a symbol of good luck; to get a piece of Amaranth and to eat it, it symbolized participation on the "fruit" of spiritual sacrifice. That night Dawn deer was treated as a hero.

At the end of this ceremony, the huge drums began to play a ritual dance. Girls and boys, adults, the elderly and the children had a place in the great plaza. As everyone had gone in their education to La Casa del Canto and as every year, the dance gained creative vitality and energy continuously. Dance rhythms were marked by the majestic and sonorous drums, marine snails were heard consistently.

The dance was magic; each dancer lost their individuality as they focused on the sound and the steps.

It was strange, but happened to all. The drums rhythm achieved a perfect sync with the body; and with Earth and all together with heaven. Time passed and people were not tired, on the contrary, it seemed that the more they danced the more energy they received. The town was then a single body, a single rhythm, a single step, a single spirit in communion.

One day Smoky mirror talked to the young people:

-The old grandparents have left us their wise words, in order to live better. There is nothing new in the world, everything is repeated.

This is why I now wish to declaim an old poem, that I learned here, when I was young like:

-"Eagles and Jaguars!

One by one we shall perish,

none shall remain

meditate it, oh! Princes

even if its jade,

even if gold,

will also have to go

to the place of the emaciated

But I say:

only in a short time

only as corn flower,

as such we have come to flourish

as such we have come to meet

over the land.

We only come to wither,

oh friends! Let the helpless disappear

let bitterness out,

let there be joy

Eagles and Jaguars!

one by one we shall perish

none will remain.

In peace and joy we shall live,

come and enjoy."

As you can see -said Smoky mirror- the problem of life and death, of BEING and TRANSCENDING, has no limits in time. For many bundles of years, many; the old grandparents raised this same issue, and there will be hundreds bundles of years more and men in the future will face the same problem.

It is customary and the mission of this institution to promote in your heart an own and true face; a personality. We would like for you to know the wise words of the old grandparents. That you achieve equilibrium, that you understand and revere "He for whom one lives", he who is night and wind, he who is here and everywhere at the same time, that you learn and respect the ancient conduct rules and social life; that you penetrate the augustan mysteries knowledge of our ancestors; in synthesis that you all become one of us.

Each of you, in time, will take their respective way, tomorrow shall govern the course of our people. Each will be where the community requires it. The bountiful land always jealous claim the loving work of their children, but each of you will also have a skill to be able to serve the community. In truth it does not matter what you do, what matters is how you do it; because if you don't, others will come and do it better than you. No one is special and important; the important thing will always be the community.

So, take responsibility for the decision to serve the people; it can be as a potter, goldsmith or painter, whatever it is does not matter. What is important is that you take responsibility for the decision to BE, because any job is only the means. The goal is to TRANSCEND THE BEING.

Know then, my youngsters, what the old grandparents said about trades in this world:

"The Carpenter shall do the following: cut with axe, straighten beams and make wooden pieces and saw, cut branches and split and split with wedges any wood.

A good carpenter often measures and compares wood with level; works it, shape it with a plane tool, make it even, joining it and properly place beams on walls; in short, be skilled in the profession.

The stonemason is powerful and strong, light and skillful in styling and carving any stone. The good Mason is understood and skillful in cutting the stone, smooth down, make corners and cut with wedges. Also in is work can draw a house, make good foundations, corners and make portals and windows adequately, sets adobes in place.

The painter, in his work knows how to use colors, draw and trace figures with coal; makes good color blends, knows how to grind and prepare them. A good painter has good hand and grace while painting, blends paint very well, knows how to apply shadows, the far and the foliage.

The mason work is making admixtures, wetting them well, making lime paste, apply it and finish it, polish it to make it look good.

The medical doctor usually heals and remedies illnesses; the good doctor knows, is a connoisseur of herbs, stones, trees and roots. Is experienced in curing, knows about bones, purges, stitching and finally prevent the gates of death.

The orchard farmer work is sowing seeds, plants and trees. Dig and mix the land well. A good farmer is usually discreet, careful, has a prudent judgment and must learn to count time of the months and years.

The Potter is robust, light, well versed in clay, knows and thoroughly thinks the how and ways to make pots in any shape required.

The tailor knows cutting, proportions and properly sewing clothes. A good tailor is good worker, understanding and skillful, true to his craft.

Finally remember, dear youngsters, the most important thing is that whatever you are; is that, really love what you do, and feel passion and pride for doing it. Because only in this way may have a heart, strong like stone, a tough heart like a tree trunk; a wise and gentle face, and a skilled and sympathetic heart."

Six years had gone by in the House of the young, and Night Eagle was an outstanding young man. Over time a close friendship had developed between Smoky mirror and his young disciple. Night Eagle had become the leader of the institution. His sympathy was total; both from older boys, and younger people newly admitted.

Always courteous and humble, with an expression that showed affection and harmony, Night Eagle was always very well received. The same happened with teachers and instructors, it seemed, as intuited by Smoky mirror, there had never before been at the House of youth a student such as Night Eagle.

The priests for their part had also detected the strange and beautiful powers of the boy. The illustrious and high priest of town, had among his ranks the young boy and had made recommendations to the priests of the House of the youth, to be very attentive of him. However, Night Eagle was very reserved and solitary, each time he could, spent hours in the temple meditating or on the Codexes, made available by his teachers; his best friends remained, Dawn deer and Smoky mirror.

Visits to the parental home were less common, the love and respect towards his parents was unchanged; what happened was that each day, Night Eagle felt more dissatisfied with the teachings. He felt in his heart, a very deep voice, calling him to meet.

This concern, which was growing and began to overwhelm him, was carefully informed to his teacher. Smoky mirror was silent for a long time, and after listening to him said:

-Beloved and admired student; it is true that no one like you had arrived at this institution. It is also true that I never had a disciple as gifted as you; but it is also true that everything in the world and life, takes a time and pace. Each one of us has a destiny; each of us came to fulfill a task given by the Lord that is everywhere. The Sun, which is the Supreme star and the almighty, teaches us every day, how one should do their duty. Does not get ahead nor delay the tasks, always rises on the East and retires on the West. Despite his greatness... the Sun is humble and scrupulously fulfills its duty.

Learn to wait, and to do so, the first thing you need is knowing that you are waiting and what are you waiting for; control yourself, and be even more humble. Relax your heart, learn to wait, and while you're waiting, do not miss any second, what is to be, will be; at the right time and in the right quantity. Night Eagle eyes filled with tears and his face was covered with shame. His teacher had subtly taught him, that despite everything, he yet had much to work and learn. That self-control was the most difficult struggle that a man can take. To carve a face and polish the spirit was the work of a lifetime. Then peace came back to the boy spirit and he could only express:

"Thank you, thank you very Venerable Teacher".

From that day, Night Eagle changed significantly; not externally, but internally. He felt more settled, more moderate and humble. Something that came from very deep, surfaced in the everyday world; was something indescribable, filled with harmony, peace and quiet all Night Eagle spaces and in some mysterious way, a poem permanently came to his mind.

-Perhaps I am going home? Perhaps will go with him?

Also my life on Earth shortened!

Be you, God, for me: mold me!

Entertain your chest, appease your heart, and brighten your heart!

Perhaps you think my heart that you will only live on Earth?

You worry, oh my heart. I was born on Earth!

Perhaps you are your own friend?

Perhaps you live by yourself?

Be you, God, for me: mold me!

Entertain your chest, appease and brighten your heart!

Oh you, Lord of the Turquoise staff:

I'm crawling, I walk the Earth!

Be you, God, for me: mold me!

Entertain your chest, appease your heart, brighten your heart!

I come from the House of fine butterflies:

My song opens its Corolla my song: there multiple flowers:

A varied painting is my heart!

I am a singer and deploy my song!"

Night Eagle now more than ever was clear about his destiny, no longer had doubts or uncertainty; at its heart there was harmony, humility and a sense of peace, which came from the depths of his being and which attached itself to the everyday world, like a fragrant flower.

In the House of the youth time and activities were subject to strict ancient rules. However physical exercise, sports and games, had a very important place in their training.

As everything else in the community, sports and games were closely linked to the Supreme divinity and religion. Since in the year there were 20 festivities dedicated to an equal number of divinity devotions, in them especially practiced the "ball game".

The old grandparents said that the gods already played it before the creation. In the House of the youth, the basics were taught. Dawn deer was part of a five member team, with a reputation of invincible.

When youngsters played, teachers served as referees and instructors. They did so in a space that had been conditioned on the outskirts of town. But when it was played in a celebration and was part of a ritual; then were the priests, who officiated and directed the game. This was done in a building, which was next to the great temple, in the center of the square. The philosophical meaning, started from the principle that everything in the universe and life, is composed of opposite and complementary pairs that are always fighting and in movement. It symbolizes the dialectic posed by positive and negative forces, order and chaos, the true and the contrived, life and death. As in an oracle, priests made a consultation and two men or two teams of five players each, found the answer in the random outcome of the game. There were other ancient games, in which the physical prowess and intellectual agility were combined, the knowledge of religion and faith.

Night Eagle and Dawn deer, as well as the litter of puppies, that entered at the same time the House of young people, were reaching the physical wholeness and instruction.

Especially Night Eagle, he had imprinted a special seal to his generation. As the leader, Night Eagle inspired an everyday example among their colleagues and their relationship with Smoky mirror that was felt throughout the group.

Then the time came to teach the youngsters standards and ancient laws of the community. Smoky mirror during a training session began by saying:

-"Here is the story

That the elders used to tell:

During a certain time

that no one can count anymore.

Of which no one can remember anymore

who came here to sow

the grandparents, the grandmothers,

they, it is said.

They arrived, came

followed the road,

they came to finish it,

to govern here on this earth,

with a single name was known,

as if this had turned into a small world.

On water in their boats they came,

in many groups,

and there arrived at the edge of the water,

to the North coast,

and where they left their boats,

at Panuco, where people walked over the water

immediately followed the water's edge

were searching the mountains,

some the white mountains

and the smoky mountains."

Then Smoky mirror told them a wonderful story, which was the treasure of all the peoples of the mainland. Told them that the old and wise grandparents knew that there were other continents, beyond where the far sea ends. That there was a huge ring around the world. That for a long time, all men lived in a wonderful place; around a lake and that seven groups lived, in seven caves. And that one day the gods ordered them to go in search of a sacred place. As a sign to find the promised land, the gods told them, they were to find an eagle standing on top of a cactus between stones and in a lake, devouring tunas, as it would be the signal to again found their home.

Smoky mirror explained to them that the sacred history was a parable, which enclosed a great secret:

- As you know, since the world began, the old grandparents taught us that the Eagle is the symbol of the Sun, our father and Lord. The Snake is the symbol of wisdom. The nopal is the symbol of humanity, because it is immortal. Humanity bears fruits, such as the Cactus bears tunas. In addition -he said- the fruit of the tuna flourishes. Men to become mankind flourished fruit, needs of land and water to live. In this way, the old grandparents toured the world, to reach this land. You know - added Smoky mirror- that this is not our real home, we are here only for a brief time, to flourish our hearts and to reach the House of our great Lord; the omnipresent, because he owns space and distance, being next to everything, everything is also next to him; our great almighty Lord, he for who we live; him who is invisible as the night and impalpable as the wind. Our Lord, he who nobody invented, he invented himself.

That evening, in the "House of music and song", young people danced and sang; the heart of Night Eagle moved faster than his feet. A wealth of questions danced on his head.

In those years of training, Night Eagle had managed to strengthen his body, night baths, long walks and the work, helped him achieve his full physical development. But at the same time, he had achieved self-control, discipline, responsibility, attention development, concentration and retention. The frugality and practice of the knowledge of the old grandparents had tempered his spirit and refined his mind. Night Eagle flourished his body and his spirit; teachers, priests and peers saw in him, the spirit of the institution.

On another occasion Smoky mirror spoke to the young people:

-Here in the House of youth, teachers and instructors have tried to convey the knowledge of the old and wise grandparents. Celestial mechanics, the laws of "our dear mother" and all her children: animals, plants and minerals; our history; our customs; of how the black and red ink in the books remain; of the count of days; how to speak and behave among ourselves; of how to build and farm, how to cure and how to enjoy and play; how to worship the diverse manifestations of the divine; of how one become "people", and to become a "citizen".

There is very little to go, so that some of you finish your instruction in our honorable House. Some will marry and form family; others, the more advanced, will go to the institution called the “Casa de la Medida” (House of measure), there will have to continue their studies to serve the community with greater responsibility, wisdom and success.

Today I want to talk to you about how old grandparents taught us to organize ourselves... to govern us among us. Just as "He for whom one lives" manifests itself in a "divine duality", which is a unit consisting of two different parts, but complementary. Just as day and night, cold and hot; thus the "divine duality", generator of everything, is half man, half woman, female and male. Also, who directs and administers all in our community, is a complementary pair. One is who administers, called woman serpent; the other is the executor, called "Who speaks". As a man and woman in a House, a family, such as the right arm and the left arm, such is how they perform.

But as any living organism, it has a head that thinks, that analyzes and reflects. This head is the Council of elders which is composed of twelve venerable men, who throughout their life, have served and served well to our people. They have had charges, from those serving below, carrying the rod and the messages, from their youth. They have had to go through all the jobs, little by little, serving the people, in the eyes of all. They have left their hearts and kidneys, in the land worked for service of our gods in the Organization and implementation of the "middle work” that is nobodies and benefits all; to build houses and temples, roads and schools. They who have been exemplary sons, brothers and fathers. They who have been able of being worthy guides of our parties and honest and efficient civil servants for the Government of our people. They are our pride and our example, with all our admiration. They who have walked upright and straight throughout their life in front of the community.

These twelve venerable elders analyze and advice to the two "Servers"; one that governs and the other administers, forming the Supreme Council. Together with the Assembly of the people, this is where community problems are discussed and analyzed, for appropriate decisions.

The old grandparents, long time ago stated that any city or town should be organized, because it is the way to multiply the strength of men and thus ensure survival. This is why, every community should have a Government House, a temple with its buildings, a supply warehouse, a plaza for public and ceremonial events, a Justice House, a House for young people, another for the singing and dancing, and a school of higher education, called the House of measure. All shall be given arable land for their maintenance, through "middle work" provided by the community.

Around the civic center, there should be four quarters "Casas Grandes" (large houses), and in each of these districts, at the same time should have five "Casas Chicas" (small houses) and in turn each one of these small houses, would be devoted to production, in addition to field work, a necessary good for the life of the community, so usually every neighborhood or small house shall form productive units, for specialized community work.

Many others have lived in these lands before us and after the old and wise grandparents. They have left us their wisdom, their experience of how to flower the heart, in this land that is not ours, where we are for a short time.

Jaguars and eagles have the instinct that our omnipresent Lord, gave them to survive here on Earth. The instinct is not wisdom; it is information that passes from one generation to another, to perpetuate the species. If the jaguar or Eagle lost their instinct, their time on earth would soon end. They would not know how to hunt, they would not know how to hide, and they could not survive. Similarly -Smoky mirror said- our Lord said, "he who cannot be seen or felt" gave us to us, his children, "tradition, and custom" to convey the knowledge, the experience of life, of old grandparents to the children of their children. In this way man roots will be maintained, so the gods sacrifice was not in vain. That is why the culture, tradition, customs; as the grandparents said "what must never be forgotten", is what our Lord has given us to survive, be "people" and be able to flourish our heart.

What is required in order to keep the tradition, and the reason you are here; -said Smokey mirror with a serious tone- in addition to knowing it very well, strengthening your body and spirit, is to develop the willpower and unyielding intent. Because this force is the only thing we have to transcend ourselves and interact with the world around us. If you fail to have self-discipline and willpower, all the knowledge of the world is useless, will only be ideas, will only be words; as a nopal without tunas or a corn without a cob. Hence my beloved, dear young people, fight as Jaguars and Eagles to learn the wisdom of old grandparents, to create self-discipline, physical, mental and emotional control, developed by willpower. Only in this way, you will polish the precious stone inside you; only in this way, you can sculpt a real face, have a flourished heart and may indeed contribute to the support of our community".

As was often the case, the older boys of the House of the young, were preparing to go out hunting to the mountains at the north of the town. It was a chain of mountains that surrounded the Valley from east to west, with impenetrable forests where all kinds of animals lived. The place they were headed, two days away, especially had jaguars and deer. On this special occasion, Smoky mirror accompanied them.

Before starting the hunt, a pediment ceremony to the Lord of the mountain was conducted. He was informed of the hunting reasons and permission to hunt a deer was requested; in reciprocity priests and boys made a penance and offered incense, burying a few jade beads and left beans and corn with the powerful Lord of the forest. The hunt, in addition to providing deer meat for the eleventh month festivities, called “Sweeping the roads”, was also meant to teach young people the art of stalking.

Smoky mirror spoke to young boys:

-“In the world all living beings are equal, we have three things that make us common; the first is that we are alive; the second is that we feel and the third is that we're all going to die... whether we are plants, animals or humans; so we must bear in mind that when we seek our livelihood, other living beings, shall be slaughtered so that we can live. We must therefore also think that one day all we will also be food of another being.

I would also like to tell you that life is like a hunt, the difference is the prey. Men are always in pursuit of knowledge. The old grandparents said that we can be hunters of knowledge. In fact it is what you are doing in our respectable institution. Those of you, who can "hunt" sufficient knowledge, will one day reach the world of power. It will be in another place and another time, if this is to happen. For now, it is important that you become immaculate hunters.

Therefore the most important thing is to be aware of what you pretend, because to be an immaculate hunter is not enough to be an accurate archer. What is required is that you learn to observe without being observed, that you learn to wait without despair, that you do not behave as prey; that you know what you want to hunt, why you want to hunt and how it should be hunted; it doesn't matter if it's ideas, knowledge, objects, plants or animals.

The hunter must be a balanced, moderate and restrained man; because the Hunter in order to hunt always enters an unusual and unknown world... therefore dangerous.

Now each of you shall enter the depths of these mountains, and will only carry bow and arrows. Tomorrow at the same time, at dawn, we will meet in this same place, here will wait for you. We hope each find his prey."

Night Eagle entered a closed ravine. In the evening came to a small clear, with a few boulders with a water spring. He felt that this was the place, rubbed himself with fragrant herbs throughout the body and looked for a place in a thicket to hide and then waited.

Nighttime came and the forest began to produce various strange noises. Night Eagle suppressed his thoughts and concentrated on the spirit of the deer. At midnight a thirsty puma came to drink. Night Eagle looked at him and focused even more on the deer; without moving, without making any noise, so to minimize his breathing, absolutely absorbed in the spirit of the deer. After a while, Night Eagle suffered an extraordinary change, he felt that his feet slowly transformed into roots that gradually affirmed into the soil. He perceived that his body gradually grew long branches. Night Eagle ceased to be him and became a splendid pine, a forest creature.

It was then that he began to hear nearby trees talking to him. His brothers were telling him wonderful stories; told him that thousands of years ago there were only trees on earth and one day human beings began to be born of them, at a place called "Where were the Lords, the lineage were born", that is north in the cloud mountains. There –the trees told him- is a deep cave which goes to the heart of our dear mother. From this cave endless amounts of water come out, which is the essence of life. Flanking the cave entrance, are our oldest Lords, "the venerable elders living next to divine water". Humans were the born from them and as they are our closest brothers in this world, we the trees provide them in many ways, so that they can survive in this, our land. We work every day and sacrifice to make them live. This truth spoken by the trees was so impressive that Night Eagle opened his eyes; but from a surprise went on to another. It was starting to be light when he saw the most beautiful deer he had seen in his life. It was an imposing animal with big antlers. The deer shone with own brightness, flashing sparks of energy. The animal entered the clear, looked around and bowed his head to drink water.

Night Eagle heart began pounding so strong, that he feared scaring the animal. He didn't know if he was dreaming or that wonderful deer incarnated the forest spirit. But fulfilling his Hunter responsibility, took a deep breath to relax, introduced an arrow on his bow string and drew it very slowly. The animal suddenly lifted his head and turned directly to the hunter. Night Eagle felt that the strange animal glance penetrated his body through his eyes. An energy line, a beam of light flooded the young hunter and immediately his whole body began to glow. He felt that his entire body inside blew on a sense of excitement and began to feel an inner well-being, as he never imagined he could feel.

He untightened the arc and threw it on the ground, at the same time the deer moved slowly towards him. He stopped a few inches from one another. The eyes of the deer seemed vast and deep lakes. In his depths, Night Eagle felt absolutely all live beings of the forest and in the end, saw and felt himself as the wonderful bright deer. He closed his eyes and turned to see the deer that tilted his head, and slowly and majestically went back into the forest.

The first rays of sunlight appeared at the top of the mountains, Night Eagle was on his way to the place where he would meet his teachers. He was the first to arrive and Smoky mirror received him with a hug and as if he knew everything that happened, said to him:

"Immaculate Hunter, you have in your heart your extraordinary prey".

On their way back to the Valley, Smoky mirror and Night Eagle felt that the instruction period at the home of young people had come to an end.

Dawn deer had spoken with his parents his intention of marrying Small dove. So his parents made a party at their house and invited Smoky mirror, priests and instructors of the House of young people, as well as the closest relatives. After eating turkey mole, Dawn deer godfather addressed the teachers and instructors:

-"Here you are respectable gentlemen and venerable teachers of our boy, our precious stone, and our quetzal feather. Please, we beg of you, do not be offended but our son wished to separate from your wise company; because he already wants to have a women, wishes to form a family –the uncle took an axe and said- here's this axe, which is a sign that the apprentice wants to remove himself from your respectable institution, according to tradition of our noble and wise grandparents, please take it in exchange for our son."

Then Smoky mirror took the axe and told the boy relatives:

-"We are pleased to take this axe because your son already sprouted, already flourished his body and tempered his spirit, because the boy already turned to people, already met the work, he learned to obey and respect. Knows how to speak and make offerings to the "He for whom one lives" and to all their devotions, knows our customs, knows our traditions, read black and red ink, knows how to count days. Understand and know how and why he shall serve our community".

After Dawn deer godfather went to talk to Small dove parents, accompanied by one of the men part of the Council of elders and which belonged to the neighborhood. Between the two and three times as was tradition, managed to convince the family of the girl, leaving each time gifts and offerings to the family. In the third visit the parents of Small dove arranged the wedding, the men of the books and the black and red ink were consulted and set the date of the marriage.

That morning all the bride and groom relatives met for breakfast at the groom's House. Subsequently and in procession all went to the temple to ask the "omnipresent ", for the couple venture. At the end of the ceremony, the couple and their relatives went to Small dove parents’ house. The procession was opened by musicians with their whistles, flutes, snails and drums, which made a musical and harmonious notification of the newlyweds’ passage through the streets of town. In the bride House the family and friends had installed in the patio of the house, a spacious canopy, with petates for all guests. The only room in the house was perfectly clean and stuccoed. An altar was installed with the family gods; the house was adorned with aromatic flowers. In the middle of the room was a petate, with side two vases and two censers that burned fragrant copal.

Then the bride and groom kneeled down in the petate, the godparents of the newlyweds tied the groom mantle with the bride huipil and joined them with a string of beautiful flowers. The relatives were formed in pairs at the entrance of the room and were moving in pairs; they stopped in front before the newlyweds and put their right hand on Dawn deer and the left in Small Dove, improvised beautiful and wise advice for their future life. Each said what they felt and recommending what seemed best. The room was then saturated with incense, love and wisdom.

At the end of the ceremony they turned to “gift dancing”, which had previously been exhibited in large petates. The bride relative’s gifts had white flower tied and those from the groom had a small arrow. The newlyweds started dancing first, then the bride godparents with a metate and the groom godparents with a trunk made of wood and deer skin; finally all the guests danced with their respective gifts, which helped to start the new family life.

The Supreme Council had assigned a plot of land in property to the newlyweds, so that whit the help of their families and friends they could build their house. As a citizen, Dawn deer received on permanent loan, sufficient land for his milpa, and have food for the family. The custom was that he could only loss possession by abandoning the land for two years in a row without justification. The feast lasted another day, and it was when the closest relatives of the bride and groom, lived with them to begin joining the two families, cleaning the dishes and the House.

At the request of the Supreme Council and on the unanimous recommendation of teachers, priests and instructors of the House of young people, Night Eagle parents requested the acceptance of their child in the institution of higher education called the House of measure. That year they had recommended the entrance of four young boys from the village; this was a great honor for the family and the neighborhood. For Night Eagle meant the challenge he was waiting for.

The institution called the House of measure was a venue attended by young people who excelled throughout their stay in the House of young people. There a select group of priests and teachers instructed them in more profound knowledge of the wisdom bequeathed by the old grandparents. This institution prepared candidates to occupy the highest responsibilities in the community. It produced leaders, administrators, and priests. In a solemn and emotional ceremony at which were present in addition to the family of Night Eagle, all citizens who had an office in the neighborhood of the young pretender. In a moment of the ceremony, Jaguar claw and approached his beloved son:

-"My son, beloved precious stone, quetzal feather, you are here, where our beloved father has brought you, our true Lord; he who is everywhere. We gave only gave your life, the teachers and instructors at the House of young people helped you sprout; you now have an own face and a real heart. Today you are at the gates of this venerable institution called the House of measure. Here you have come to open your eyes and ears, so you can see and hear; here men are polished and carved, such as precious stones, here they learn to better serve the community; here you learn to become adobe, adjust your measures, here you are smoothed, here you align, to become part of the House and the Temple of the old and wise grandparents. Here it is no longer you, here you are memory of our ancestors, here you will learn to honor them and to deserve them; here you already are the best of us. Therefore act accordingly, be a worthy heir of our dead, become responsible for your fate".

At the end of the ceremony Night Eagle said farewell to his parents with emotion; with a deep nostalgia feeling overwhelmed his heart, something told him that it would be the last time he would be with his loved and dear parents.

The grounds of the House of measure were larger than the House of youth, even though lived a smaller number of people. The institution had four buildings around a square, in the center had a medium sized round shaped construction, which was dedicated to the Feathered Serpent divinity. The building used as living quarters had small cells in which teachers, priests and students lived, there was barely space for a stone stuccoed base, used for sleeping, a small wooden trunk covered with deer skin, used to keep the few personal items, the room had no windows and had a small entrance, covered with a jute curtain. In principle life was similar to the previous institution, the differences were substantive. In principle 4 boy groups were made and life evolved more towards the interior of the institution, spending much of the time to the study of life mysteries and the cult of all devotions that represented the Supreme divinity, that had no name or shape, and that was everywhere at the same time. Night Eagle felt, that the space comforted his spirit. Ancient voices, coming from the depths, told him that here was his destination; the very walls of the buildings seemed to welcome an old friend.

Each year four new students were admitted to the House of measure, the teachers assigned them a tutor, who was in general responsible for the group and of each student in particular. The tutor had an obligation to deeply know the students, because in time he would have to recommend, for the community benefit, a place in Government, administration or in the priesthood. That year the group tutor was "Serpiente de Fuego” (Fire snake), one of the wisest teachers the institution ever had in its centuries-old existence. Fire snake was a young looking man, slim, flexible and above all very cheerful. However, his gaze was deep and penetrating, looked like he had the power to penetrate the minds and hearts, but despite this, his look was not challenging or dangerous. The weight of his look, mysteriously made people anxious internally. It was difficult to estimate his age, it was known that he was over a bundle of years old, but his white hair, resembled those young people that go gray prematurely.

One of the life characteristics at the House of measure was that there were no routines, except for the cult of the Supreme divinity. Education and life itself were designed in such a way, that everything was unpredictable. Teachers said that with routines, humans atrophy their spirit and mind; so the students worked, studied, and worshipped the Supreme divinity, night or day, in the mountains, the temple or in the classroom. Activities were divided into three equal parts: one to learn to worship the various devotions of the Supreme divinity, directed by the priests; another to investigate the wisdom of the old grandparents, called Toltecáyotl, directed by teachers, and the third, to analyze and reflect on the acquired knowledge and its direct relationship with themselves, individually guided by the tutor. Life in this institution was perfect and adjusted as count of days and yet it felt fresh and renovating.

The House of measure institution, was a higher learning school, where the elite was trained, the community fruit about to flourish, felt the "hand" of the old grandparents. Equilibrium was, according to the old grandparents, the way to perfection. The essence of beauty was balance, whether a flower, a building, a painting, or in the heart of a human being. Nature is the clearer expression of this balance. So that students learned to find balance through "measure".

When the student found the measure to balance his spirit with his matter, his reason with his intuition, his male part with his female part, his strengths with his weaknesses, achieved balance at his unifying center. He would have achieved flourishing his heart and adorn the heavenly garden of the one by whom we live".

In the House of measure the centuries-old walls emanated wisdom; every stone, every norm, each carving, there found a perfect place; the balance and harmony subtly invited students to reach the deepest center of themselves; perfect equilibrium between spirit and matter, between heaven and Earth.

One afternoon, Fire snake met with the four students and said to them:

-Young men: precious quetzal feathers, hope of our beloved grandparents; as of today, we all will be one; I will be your center for a short time. Together we will form a flower; from today we will be "Five flower". Each of you will be a petal of this magical flower; each of you will be a direction, a color, an element. The energy developed by each of you, will converge in the center, I will be there to regulate it and if appropriate to balance it. On your effort and my direction, will depend a balanced energy mix and its raise in search of bright spaces of human consciousness, location of the "Fifth" position; or that on the contrary, that because our stupidity and carelessness, we do fall into the degraded depths of human stupidity. This is the wonder of being men, the prodigy of being alive and the immense challenge of life.

Is my duty in this first conversation with you, to offer your hearts, these old words of our wise ancestors, which from immemorial time are kept in their children heart and language, so that only when men ceases to exist on Earth, the memory of these sages can be forgotten:

-"We men ask:

It is real that we live rooted on Earth?

Not forever on Earth:

Just a little bit here.

Even if it’s jade it breaks,

even if gold it breaks,

even quetzal feathers tear apart.

Not forever on Earth:

only a little

I perceive the secret, the hidden:

Oh you gentlemen!

so we are,

we are mortal,

four by four, we men,

all shall die in Earth."

"Has come down here to flower death earth,

It already approaches here,

in the red color region was invented

those who were before us.

The cry is rising,

Towards there people are prevented,

Inside heaven are sad songs,

with them one goes to the region where somehow one exists."

Night Eagle felt that internally everything was becoming balanced. Fire snake words had produced an inner well-being effect. The spirit of Night Eagle and the institution were tuning in a single note, which reverberated all over his body and made him vibrate as a marine snail.

Fire snake continued telling the students:

-Beloved children, you are the community fruit about to flourish. As the cactus blooms its fruit, you have flourished in the House of young people and are now the hope of the old grandparents, so their spirit remains in this beloved land. Now you have a greater responsibility, because upon taking the decision to come here. It means that you are able to give the best of yourselves; and ready for all sacrifices and the most rigorous discipline; it means in one word, that you are prepared to die if necessary, to support the decision taken to learn the Toltecáyotl, that is the wisdom bequeathed by our noble ancestors; because you young people, are the tuna of the Cactus that hopes to flourish.

From this noble institution that today opens its doors, tomorrow will come out those who shall serve the people. Not just the ancient "the black and red ink" knowledge, not only mathematics and celestial mechanics are sufficient to serve the people, perhaps the most important thing is the precious stone that each of you should polish internally. Virtue transcends knowledge; because science without wisdom leads to destruction... to death. Hence your responsibility is dual and absolute. You have to go deep into the wisdom of the old grandparents and at the same time let you heart flourish. When these two things are fused inside of you, only then you can aspire to be "the heart of the people", the expected flourished fruit.

From that day on the life of Night Eagle gained greater intensity, his wellbeing was growing, the institution was what Night Eagle spirit needed, and the walls of the institution recognized him as part of them.

Life at the House of measure was very intense and full of obligations. The priests and teachers were more demanding and rigorous, than in the House of young people. The knowledge taught here, in principle was on what they learned in "The House of youth", the difference was that in the new institution, students were taught in greater depth and in a more personalized way.

Priests deepened on the philosophical meaning of religion and understood that the rites had already been learned in the youth House. In one of the first teaching sessions “Viento del Norte (North wind), the Supreme priest spoke to the students:

-Is our duty to teach them to you the augustan mysteries of our religion. Everything in the world has "form and substance". Everything is made up of a visible and invisible part. The unit is made up of a complementing and opposing pair. Thus we have; day and night, cold and hot, positive and negative... life and death. The old grandparents many bundles of years ago, which today no one can remember; bequeathed our religion, the spiritual heritage of the people. It is an instrument that gives us balance and guide, to make our time on Earth more positive and transcendental.

Our religion holds deep within, immeasurable truths and wonderful standards of conduct, that enable people to live in balance and harmony, first with himself, then with the other living beings in the world, whether these are: stars, mountains, people, animals, trees or insects. Because for the old grandparents, all living beings in the world are all equal in as long as: we are alive, we feel and are going to die. So that our religion is the path where the spirit find the means to express and people the point of communion, of the most genuine aspiration of its existence. Religion is the wisdom legacy of the old grandparents to the people. Thus the old grandparents left us knowledge between rites and stories, deities and the parables; knowledge given in a simple and symbolic manner, but at the same time effectively, enabling man to lead his life in search of balance and transcendence.

For this reason, prepared men are required that know the substance and the form of our religion. Men who have assumed the teachings of "He for whom one lives" and implement it in everyday life; humble, virtuous men who are willing to completely devote their life and without reservations, to the religion long ago given by the wise old grandparents.

It is our responsibility to awaken in you the feeling of love and sacrifice for the spiritual development of our people. It shall be your responsibility, to find the flourished path of your life, in order to better serve its people and honor the memory of our wise ancestors.

Night Eagle then understood the ancient passion of his people for religion; the deep mysticism that surrounded people everyday life activities. Religion was present in absolutely everything, and it was the purest spirituality expression; precisely, the most precious old grandparents inheritance!

This was how, Night Eagle and his peers discovered through instruction, the philosophical background of their ancient religion. Gradually, without haste, young people were building a temple to the wisdom of the old grandparents deep in their heart, and at the same time, without realizing it, they were creating a sense of responsibility and commitment to the destiny of their people.

North wind taught them that behind each divinity existed a value or a truth. That the divinities were metaphorical symbols that helped human being guide their existence through rites.

That in fact there was only a single Supreme Divinity that no one created, as "he was self-invented". This divinity is everywhere; is invisible and impalpable. The old grandparents called him "The omnipresent", since he owned space and distance, while being next to everything, everything is also next to him.

The first humanized representation of this divinity was the Divine Duality, from where detaches: from the two, the Lord as the male part and the Lady as the feminine part; understanding that every unity is made up of a complementing pair, masculine and feminine.

The most important knowledge that wise men and old the grandparents left in religion, was that everything in the world was made up of two kinds of energy. One is luminous energy that reaches us in principle from the Sun. This energy reaches Earth in its purest state, such as light; but which, through successive condensation gradually forms all that on earth we can see and touch: animals, plants and minerals. The magic of this divine transformation occurs through water and photosynthesis.

The second energy, opposite and complementary to the first; is spiritual energy, which gives life, the consciousness of being to the first luminous energy. Thus, spiritual energy will make the difference between a rock and a rabbit; because in principle the two consist of the same energy, the luminous! The difference lies in the spiritual energy that is deposited in the rabbit luminous energy and is not in the energy that conforms to stone.

This old grandparent’s knowledge is represented in religion, by two divinities; that are the most important basic structure, to understand the ancient knowledge. Hence, luminous energy is represented by water, and was metaphorically divinized as "The divine water", because water is more than the representation of life... is life itself! To worship the divinity of water, people ponder on the importance of the life phenomenon itself. But other energy, opposite and complementary, the spiritual energy, is represented in "the divinity of the wind", insofar it represents the divine breath; it is that gives consciousness to the luminous energy, producing the "life" phenomenon, as is understood by human beings.

Thus the rain and wind divinities shall be, in the old grandparent’s religion, the complementing pair and at the same time the opposites that create everything that surrounds us; generators of the wonderful life phenomenon, in all its imaginable expressions on Earth.

As all the wisdom of the old grandparents, they knew how to adapt it to nature. So that by being attentive observers, humans found in nature to exemplary and perfect teacher. So rain is always preceded and announced by wind. In the same way that life, is preceded by the divine breath that gives conscience.

Life’ goal is to reach the spiritual transcendence of existence. The wind divinity is of supreme importance in religion and people life. The home of measure institution itself is under its protection. The wind divinity has another invocation, it is also known as "Feathered Serpent". The old grandparents wisdom itself, is represented by "The feathered serpent", because it not only enabled men creation of this fifth Sun in which we live and provided food, but is who has given humanity, all the knowledge that make its existence possible. This was one of the knowledge pieces that shook Night Eagle the most; because on the one hand, understood the way of being and feeling of his people, that is completely and absolutely spiritual; and on the other hand, understood why in all parts of town the figure of the Feathered Serpent is represented; all the same in simple clothing embroidery, in the books of "black and red ink", or in the impressive sculptures and beautiful stone engravings in public buildings.

One night Fire snake took the students to the top of a nearby hill. From the heights, thanks to a brilliant waxing crescent Moon, they could see the mountains surrounding the town. Despite the Moon light, they could see some stars in the sky and could also see the torches that lit some venues. Fire snake asked his students to relax and to reduce to its maximum their breathing and thoughts. Then he said to them:

-Let me tell you something that in principle is difficult to understand. From now on, I ask you to forget everything you have learned. You must understand that you represent the fruit about to flourish of the whole community. You have entered another level of knowledge. You shall no longer be eagle wing or tail, you will be the head.

Many of the old grandparent’s teachings were left so that people find balance, peace and sustainment. Thus, they bequeathed us everything that we know to be "human beings" and citizens.

But there is other knowledge, also left by the old grandparents and that may not be shared with the people, because they would not understand. This knowledge is about the hidden side of things. That is why I brought up here. I would like for you to perceive the side of the moon not illuminated. If you stop your thoughts and look with the heart, you can see what is forbidden for common eye. I want you to know that you as with the Moon and the universe; just like that in our town, our world, there are things that cannot be seen but have always been there, that are an important part of our world. These hidden things are no more or less important than what we know. What is important is that they are part of a whole, which you intend to reach in order to flourish. For this reason it is necessary that you know the complementing part of the things that integrate the world.

In our institution, we seek make this knowledge within reach, it will depend on your ability and virtue, of your commitment to yourself and the community, whether you can access them.

First of all, I wish to tell you that there is only one superior force, which has created everything that exists in the universe. That there unknown forces or forces that cannot be understood, that we call divinities. These forces interact, positively and negatively with us; as we interact with other much smaller forces.

Everything you have learned thus far is only half of what you need to know. As that splendid moon, that today helps me explain this mystery; everything has a luminous and a dark part; everything is changing, light and shadow. In the world everything is movement and is composed of opposing pairs and at the same time complementary. The rough stone is sculpted with the force of labor. You will have to learn to strive beyond what you believe you can. Your inflexible and tenacious effort will make you flourish.

The study days were intense. Teachers and priests, barely allowed them time for Fire snake and the three candidates, to work on the reflection and recapitulation of what was learned. Night Eagle however was in its fullness. The work team integrated with his three peers and the tutor, represented for him, better learning possibilities. He then understood, why Fire snake told them that they would be "Five flower".

-Everything that exists in the old grandparent’s world, consists of five parts, -began saying Fire snake- in one of the study sessions. There are five directions in the world and life. In this land and this life, humans can go north, south, east or west and certainly can rise or sink. The fifth is the balance point.

For this reason, -the teacher continued- the old grandparents said through the Toltecáyotl, that one of the depictions of the Feathered Serpent is the cross or the "five points". The symbol means the meeting of earth and heaven. Also the planet Venus, as it appears during the year morning star, then afternoon star and during an epoch it does not appear, time in which it is supposed to be fighting darkness forces, just as the Sun does. Thus, the mystery of life lies in the "Center of Matter", which has been transformed by "The divine breath" of consciousness.

The old grandparents’ teachings are permanent and repetitive. Because the same divinities were sacrificed in the cosmic fire to create the world; similarly, men destiny is to seek its divine origin through spiritual sacrifice, which frees conscience from the cumbersome nature of matter. From there fundamental symbols of our religion develop.

The first is, that while this is the true meaning of existence; human beings come to the world to engage in the most important struggle of their life... which is against ourselves. Must overcome matter inertia, which by nature falls into the corruption-destruction abyss. This struggle dignifies his time on Earth and provides the opportunity to reach his true home, there where the Supreme creator lives, the invisible and impalpable.

The old grandparents called this struggle "The Florid battle", because it is based on "Flower and Song" and the triumph is to achieve flourishing the heart. These tempered men and women are called "Jaguar or Eagle Warriors".

The second thing is that while this is the most important legacy from our ancestors, it is present in all our activities, which thus becomes the "means", to reach the Supreme "end". Therefore religion is present in all areas of the community life. The greatest concern and aspiration that our ancestors taught us is that the community as a whole, achieves this supreme achievement. That is why, from early ages children are taught that the good of the community, is above the individual.

Your stay in this august institution, responds to this important responsibility. That is why you are the fruit of the nopal, the tuna about to “flourish”, hence your great commitment.

On the result of your "florid battle", will depend you support and govern rule of our community, as the most exalted and transcendent existence aspiration. Tomorrow the flourished fruit will have to govern, administer, or become guardians of our divinities, which are forms how "he for whom one lives" is manifested, as we try to do today. So that our old grandparents memory, live in the hearts and minds of their children's children.

The words spoken by Fire snake provoked an internal explosion in the listeners. The lessons learned from early childhood, rearranged; took a more logical order. Many traditions and customs now had an explanation that was in line with the ancient wisdom. This made them feel more confident and proud of themselves and their community; closer to their land, its people and its history. While returning to the village Night Eagle was repeating an old poem in his mind, which resonated in all his soul.

"Eagles and Jaguars!

One by one we shall perish

none will remain.

Meditate it, oh warriors,

even if its Jade,

even if its gold,

will also have to go

to the place of the emaciated.

But I say:

only for a short time,

just like the corn flower

we came to open

we have come to know us

on Earth.

Because we shall not live here,

we shall not remain here,

we are searching for a land.

There we will meet

the owner of the Night and the Wind

the omnipresent."

Ever since that lesson, Night Eagle guided by priests began to know the hidden face of their ancestral religion. The divinities became esoteric and philosophical knowledge of the mystery of life and the world; "Forces and truths" under which their ancestors had lived for generations and guided them, a way to flourish the heart and reach the land of the omnipresent Lord.

Night Eagle began to develop a very special friendship with the Venerable High Priest of the institution. “Relámpago de la noche” (Nigh Lightning) was very interested in that Night Eagle became a priest; so he did not miss an opportunity to talk to him, for whole hours explaining him the mysterious representations of "One who invented himself". It was Nigh Lightning who taught him the secrets of the deities. That always in complementary and opposite pairs, represented the world and its mysteries.

An afternoon when they were alone, Night lightning and Night Eagle, the high priest began saying to his pupil:

-There was only one creative force. Beginning and end; invisible as the night and impalpable as the wind; an energy that invents itself. This force is known as the omnipresent Lord. He is the only true God.

However, the old grandparents had left in religion, a number of "minor divinities", that help explain, the multiple phases and forms, in which the same creative principle is depicted, through forces of nature and the universe, that are involved in community life; but because of its complexity degree for the human mind, the old and wise grandparents had left them as "divinities". Night lightning explained the "minor gods" to Night Eagle.

The first is the divine duality, from where the feminine and masculine develops, opposite and complementary duality that the universe is made of; the Milky Way and the Ursa Major, the Lady of our flesh and Lord of our flesh, the Lady of skirt of stars and the Lord of earth, the Lady of the jade skirt and the Lord of the water, the Lady of the precious flower and the Lord of the flowers, The Lady of death and the Lord of death.

There were some divinities that did not have a complementary pair as they were specific invocations, such as the filth consuming divinity, referring to earthly weaknesses; The Lord of fire, creator of the luminous energy, in its spiritual sense; the precious twin Lord, symbolizing transformation, spiritual evolution, such as the Axolotl transformation into a frog; The Lord of the red smoky mirror and the Lord of the black smoky mirror that symbolize the Sun on its journey through the underworld, the matter, the Sun-Earth that make up a complementary pair, which is in cosmic balance with another duality that is its opposite complementary; the Lord of the emaciated, which means the ability men has through spiritual sacrifice, of discarding the matter which condemns him to degradation and death; and the Lord of the wind or divine breath of consciousness, that it is transmitted to matter or luminous energy, and that is also represented as the "Feathered Serpent".

Other basic concepts of religion prevail, as the existence of thirteen mythical spaces from earth to the top of the sky; earth’s surface symbolized by a huge alligator. And the underworld constituted by nine spaces; a place that is the origin, the "original house". A paradise related with the water Lord and the place representing the highest human aspiration. "The House of the Sun", a place without suffering, nor death; The House of the Lord who invents himself, the Invisible, the Impalpable, the giver of life... symbolized by "The Sun" and that in turn is symbolically represented by an eagle.

However, the founding stone on which our ancestor’s religion was built is found in the two key figures: the Lord of the water and the Lord of the wind; also depicted as the Feathered Serpent.

The "water divinity" is a way of representing the life phenomenon. The "wind divinity" is a way to symbolize human wisdom. In this way, life is preceded by the breath of consciousness, which gives wisdom; as the fertile rain on Earth, it is preceded by the winds that announce it.

The old grandparents had two great lines of knowledge. One was male: exact, perfect, immutable... celestial mechanics. The other was feminine: kind, capricious, sustaining... nature. From the attentive observation of the sky and nature, over hundreds of bundles of years, they managed to learn its secrets and mysteries.

This is how the old grandparents learned that the universe is only made up of two kinds of energy. Thus in all religion and social life, it is always represented. This pair of energies is opposed, but at the same time complemented, forming the unit.

The first energy is "luminous" and in principle comes from the Sun; hence it is called "our father" or "The Supreme Lord if those who return". This energy above the Earth in its most pure state: as light. As of its arrival begins a never-ending upward path of "recycling", in which each time it will condense further. So that everything that exists on Earth, one day was light; and if a stone, a tree or men himself, is reduced to its minimum expression, it shall be energy. This energy is the source of life and for this reason, the old grandparents depicted it as the “divine water”, because of its creative power, but are not God, and water is not worshiped.

The second energy is spiritual and its origin is an unfathomable mystery; however this energy is even purer than light. In the first instance it is granted to living beings, with the mystery of life; but then, all living beings can and should increase that first spark of spiritual energy, that divine breath of consciousness.

This "divine breath", that provides spiritual life to the luminous energy is essential for the functioning of the universe, and although it exists in all living beings, in humans is most empowering. The old grandparents represented this energy, as the "wind divinity". This spiritual energy can be increased through wisdom, because another representation of the spiritual energy is the Feathered Serpent, par excellence symbol of the old grandparent’s knowledge and wisdom.

This is how, this wisdom is crouching in the religion of our wise ancestors; from its earliest origins, "The divinity of water" is always present and especially the "Feathered Serpent", as the most exalted expression of human desire; in which his spirit, escaping matter darkness and its inexorable corruption; reencounters through wisdom and spiritual sacrifice, its luminous origin.

Dear boy, hope of our people, -said the high priest, after a few minutes of silence- you should know that everything inherited from our wise ancestors in our religion, customs, legends and in everything that makes up our existence; can be synthetized in the human beings possibility of releasing their spiritual energy from matter, sentenced to the inertia of corruption and death.

That is the wonder and prodigy of being a man and being alive. This is accomplished through a lifetime of sacrifices and full of wisdom and virtue. Men are composed of two opposing energies and at the same time are complementing. Matter and spirit require one another. The challenge is the equilibrium search; matter purification, with the sacrifice cosmic fire, which frees the spirit from earthly death.

Thus, life is the opportunity, which man has to transcend existence. It is the pursuit of a higher stage of his spiritual energy. Transcend the death of matter, in the quest for eternal spiritual life; ancient aspiration of human beings on earth."

Night Eagle asked the high priest, why keep this knowledge away from the village men. Why they only knew external forms of religion.

Night lightning remained silent for a while, to consider the exact words that could explain the millenary tradition.

-When the farmer harvests corn, keeps the best beans for the new cycle. These grains, the best, will be used as seeds for new planting, and thus preserve maize among men.

Similarly, not all men will become seeds of a new cycle. For common men the old grandparents left a religion, standards and knowledge, to promote harmony and well-being of the community.

The life of men and the community are very important in the creation of the spiritual energy. The generating energy, the omnipresent Lord requires the spiritual energy that humans produce. As a farmer, "he who invented himself", plant men on Earth and provides them with, as any farmer, of what is available, so that the seeds germinate, grow and reach their fullness. The Lord, "that is wind and night, for whom we live"; collect the harvest, which is nothing but spiritual energy, the consciousness of being. For this reason, it is not convenient that common men are aware of these mysteries.

-Do you mean to say, venerable high priest, that the spiritual energy of men, is the food of our almighty Lord? –The student asked astonished-.

-Do you not think is illogical, that in this world, where everything is part of a food chain; that humans are not part of the chain? –The priest answered frowning.-

-To be food for the Sun is to return to the very origin of the Supreme divinity, you become part of him -said Nigh Lightning, adding after a pause. As you can see, there are certain things which are better not known by common men. The old grandparents were extremely knowledgeable men; they knew why they did things.

-They also taught us that the knowledge world is divided into three parts: the known world, which is certainly very tiny. The unknown world, but that man can get to know, through a huge effort, and by the way it is slightly larger than the known world; and, a third, the unknown world, which never for any reason or miracle, men will come to know and is immeasurable and infinite.

Faced with this tremendous reality, which places us in our true dimension; before the wonder and prodigy of being men, being alive; and to be able to reach consciences and thus total freedom. We always, border the gorge of our stupidity, irresponsibility and existential indolence. Life occurs for a short time. It is only a very small opportunity.

For Night Eagle that evening was unforgettable. From that point on, he developed a very special taste for learning and remembering, all those poems and speeches of the old grandparents, that before just passed on the surface; and now, they reached the center of his heart.

The friendship that emerged between Night lightning and Night Eagle was becoming each day, more intense. Night lightning often invited his distinguished pupil, to accompany him in Town celebrations and rituals. The high priest hoped to develop the priesthood vocation in Night Eagle, and the boy was always thirsty of knowledge, he did not miss any chances. However it was Fire snake in his tutor capacity, who was concerned about the priest interest, in as long as tradition stated that the student should be free of influences on the decision of how should he serve his people.

One of those days, Night Eagle accompanied the high priest to a ceremony, in which the eldest daughter of one of the members of the Supreme Council, was no longer a girl and became a maiden.

For the celebration a great party was organized, where the entire neighborhood in which she lived was invited, in particular the baptism godparents and the family. Due to the father high investiture, Night lightning was also invited, and he officiated the ceremony. Night Eagle was deeply impressed by the words which the father, at one point gave to his daughter, as follows:

-"You, my child, beautiful as a gold bead and rich feather, came out my inside, whom I engendered and you are my blood and my image, and you are here present, hear carefully what I will say, because you have a discretion age: the God creator has given you reason and ability, he is everywhere and is creator of all; and given that you already understand, and you can reason to know and understand how the things of the world are and that in this world there is no pleasure, no true rest, but before is work and afflictions and extreme tiredness, and abundance of misery and poverty.

Listen well what I say unto you, my girl: our Lord gave us laughter, and sleep, and eating and drinking with which we grew up and live, gave us also the wonderful opportunity of reproducing ourselves; all these things give content to our life for a short time, because nobody thinks about death.

Note now and hear with serenity, here is your mother and lady, from whose belly you came out, like a stone cut from another, and engendered you as grass that engenders other, so you sprouted and were born from your mother; you've been thus far asleep, now you woke up.

It is important you know how to live, and how you shall walk your way, because the path of this world is very difficult, and look my child, my little dove, that the path of this world is horribly difficult.

You should know you're noble, generous, consider yourself and get to know you as such; while you're a maiden, you are beautiful as jade, and were carved and sculpted of noble blood, of generous relatives, that you already understand and have discretion and use reason; look you do not dishonor yourself, see that you are not shamed, look that you do not embarrass and insult your ancestors; see to it that you do not do any vileness, make sure other people do not vile you, since you are noble and generous.

See here the rule that you shall observe to live well in this world, among the people that live in it, see that you are a women, note what you must do day and night, must pray often and sigh the impalpable and invisible God that is called "Night and wind"; beg of him with fervor, the virtue and secret of your bed and your devotion; see that you're not sleepy, wake you up and get up in the middle of the night and call him to your heart; then he will hear, then he will have mercy with you, he then will give you what is convenient and what is worthy of you.

Having done that, then begin to make what is your duty as a woman; make cocoa, or grind corn, or spun; look to learn very well how food and drink is made, so you do things well. Because the three stones that are the foundation of your house, which is the site of the home fire, are the responsibility of women.

See that you are very intelligent and diligent; watch that you do not miss this by negligence or laziness, because now that you're a maiden, you have good time to understand this, because your heart is simple and clever as a precious jade stone, and has ability because it is still not besmirched by any sin: it is pure, simple and clean, without the admixture of any bad condition, and also because we that engendered you are still alive, because you did not make yourself, did not form yourself, your mother and I had this care and we made you, because this is the way of the world, it is no one’s invention, is guidance of the Lord our God that we reproduce by means of men and women, to multiply and generate.

And in as long as we are and live, and in our presence and before we die, before we are called by our Lord, convince yourself, my very beloved child, my dove, my eldest daughter, that you understand these said things and know them very well, so after our death you can live honestly and among honest people.

Look, my daughter, note it very well what I now want to say; make sure you do not dishonor your parents, do not seed dung and dust on your paintings, signifying the good deeds and fame of your ancestors, the old and wise grandparents: do not defame them. See that you do not render to carnal delight; do not throw yourself on manure and lust stench; and if you should come to this, you would be better off dead.

What I have said, my child I give you for your doctrine, so you know your value; and with this I do with you is what I must in front of God; and if you lose or forget it, is at your own risk, I already did my duty. Oh my very beloved child, eldest daughter little dove, you are blessed and may our Lord keep in his peace and rest!

At the end of the feast Night Eagle asked the high priest, who had invented these speeches; Night lightning said:

-For many bundles of years, which today no one can remember, the old grandparents left their wisdom so that the men lived in harmony and balance. These truths and many others, that you do not now know, are the most important legacy of our ancestors and we named them as a whole: Toltecáyotl. Despite the time they are still current and will continue, because the heart of the human being does not change.

The florid battle is and will remain the same. In life one does not have to be "bad" to fall into the abyss of human degradation. It is enough to just break "loose", in relieving the spiritual force that sustains us in the world, so that the inertia of matter, quickly takes us to the hell of our stupidity.

Women and men make up the unit, a pair opposite and complementing. What one has, the other is inversely missing. Each needs the other, to live and achieve wholeness and harmony.

The old grandparents left us for eternity this and other knowledge in the friezes. You must observe them carefully. For the profane eyes they are only drawings or decorative engravings. For us, means a permanent reminder of our knowledge, a way of life, that helps us get closer to virtue, -and while saying this, Night lightning pointed to the friezes that decorated the wall of the House of measure- where they were arriving at the time.

This figure as you can see has four steps, the fourth runs proportionally to its right and lowers, turning briefly to the left. The figure in principle resembles a snail cut transversely, which is one of the symbols of the wind divinity or the Feathered Serpent, which is nothing else other than wisdom and the divine breath of consciousness.

But as they successively repeat, they seem to form a frieze. It is usually painted with a strong color, on a white background, with two parallel by depicting a frame. So young student, hunter apprentice... have you not noticed that in the part not colored, repeats a frieze but inverse, that complements the first!?

This knowledge is a fundamental part of the wisdom of the old grandparents. Everything that exists in the universe is made up of two opposite and complementary parts. In all that is good, there is always a bad counterpart; in all joy, there is always something sad; all knowledge include ignorance. On the positive, in its origin there is something negative; in all negative, there always is in its essence, something positive. It is a law of the universe.

Back on the relationship of man with a woman, I will tell you that the union of heaven and earth is embodied by the human being; the union of a woman and man embodies the family.

Family is the indivisible unity of the community, in this way; men are more geared toward material development and the women more towards spiritual development. Thus a woman is as important as a man, in fact, after the Supreme Council and the people’s Assembly; the next authority is composed of two people and one of them, has the title of "snake woman".

As you've already learned, almost everything in life is sacrifice. The old grandparents taught us that the individual has to make sacrifices for the family and the community, there is no better alternative in life".

Life in the House of measure represented a daily challenge for Night Eagle. Over time he had developed an effective work team with his three companions and Fire snake, who ably introduced them to the mysteries of the dark side of knowledge.

Mathematics was an indispensable tool for understanding these mysteries. Fire snake in one of his usual classes, began with the following address:

-Our omnipresent Lord gave us a common language for all men. Our old grandparents learned it from observing the firmament and nature. The art of counting was lost at the beginning of time. It was called "The counting of similar elements by someone".

Human beings required mathematics to know themselves and the universe around them. The first reference was their own body. Thus, they first obtained number one from the unit they represented; then four from their limbs, five from adding their hand fingers; seven from the sum of upper joints; subsequently ten and twenty from the sum of all the fingers. The number thirteen is the sum of the body major joints. Number nine is the number of holes in the body, including the navel.

From the observation of nature and cosmos deduced: from the Moon, observed it has thirteen periods or months in a year. That earth takes three hundred and sixty-five days to complete its orbit around the Sun. That weather has four ninety-one day periods in a year; that two ninety-one day periods equal the maize cycle, and three cycles of ninety-one days make up the human gestation. The passage of the earth exactly below the seven stars that almost touch, forming the symbol of the word; takes exactly fifty-two years, what we know as a bundle of years.

Throughout many bundles of years, the old grandparents took mathematics from observation to practice. Sciences such as engineering, architecture, astronomy and agriculture, received a strong boost thanks to the development of this knowledge.

The ancestors taught us to leave knowledge in friezes, that through mathematics, leave their decorative and aesthetic as their only role, to move to the field of hidden knowledge, the black and red ink.

Another way to transmit knowledge through mathematics is embroidery. For this reason, our women over more than a hundred bundles of years have become mathematics experts, without having to use only reason.

Because you must know, that reason is not the only means we have to acquire knowledge; moreover, there are other far more effective, which for now cannot be revealed to you. Thus, animals and plants, acquire knowledge, not like us, but they have knowledge. For example, insects have no "intelligence"... but aren't stupid. On the other hand you can see so many human beings, with the ability to think, that live worse than animals. A human being can, with a lot of work, open his perception capacity and then perceive the world in many different ways. Like a tree, a bird, or perhaps, a blast of air. Young student, as you see; life and the world, are an unfathomable mystery."

One night, when all students were asleep, the snails of the suburbs and temples began to sound. The entire people awoke with the news that the high priest of the main temple had died. The entire community began funerary ceremonies. The Supreme Council unanimously agreed to request the religious authorities of Mictlán, "The city of the dead", a sacred place located one day away to the east, for their permission to bury the deceased in that millenary holy compound.

Night lightning, with some of his outstanding students from the House of measure, joined the funerary procession. While on their way Night Eagle talked widely about the death.

Life and death are an opposite and complementary pair -said Night lightning-. We cannot achieve life consciousness, if we do not have death consciousness, but not of abstract death, but of our own death. The only certainty that we have in life, is that we're going to die. For this reason, the old grandparents remind us, in all their messages to death, as a fundamental part of life. The challenge is to truly gain consciousness of death. Value life and act accordingly, considering every moment and every act, as if it was the last of our existence. If we acted this way every day, we do not waste the wonderful opportunity of being alive. We would not have time to feel sad, angry or frustrated; in front of death, everything else becomes least important. If it is not so, in any case death is so generous, that frees us from our stupidity, sooner or later.

Upon arriving at Mictlán, Night lightning took his students to see the impressive buildings. The city of the dead was built on this site, by the old grandparents during the remote origin of time; since there earth sucks energy from the atmosphere and leads it to its depth; in addition there is a deep cave, that nobody has found the end, so it is believed, that it reaches the gates of the Palace of the Lord of death. Around the entrance of the cave, an important building was built, which like all buildings, its walls are decorated with frieze panels, with friezes made from small stones, very well polished and assembled without mortar. These friezes are the image of life, through the association of a water lightning; the symbol of the feathered serpent and its divine breath, consciousness giver, through the diagonally cut snail; the image of sacrifice, that men must do, in the search for balance, through a symbol, resembling the letter "S"; and finally, the representation of this desired balance, between spirit and matter, between what is known and the unknown, through the cross called of the Feathered Serpent. That places men on Earth, in the center of his potential and his shortcomings; and one step from eternity.

However -Night lightning commented- Mictlán is also a place of initiation. Here you learn to die symbolically from profane life. There is a square surrounded by four buildings, below the one located towards the east, where light is born, the old grandparents built a power center, cross shaped, symbol of the four directions of life and the universe. At this “funerary chamber” the warrior must fast for ten days at each side. From this voluntary "burial" the warrior come out purified. During this test the warrior must renounce to all life, the warrior who endures it, come out “emaciated” and is reborn to spiritual life."

The funerary ceremonies lasted nine days. Night lightning and his students participated in each of them. At the end of the last day, Night lightning told his students:

-Everything you have seen is only symbols of something that cannot be understood. One of the great sins of man against the immensity of the sacred and divine is their desire to humanly and in detail explain the inexplicable and unintelligible... the immeasurable!

The old grandparents, with all their millenary wisdom, did not even reach the gates of knowledge, of the "he for whom one lives, the invisible and impalpable"; they bequeathed us common men, mortals; only these rites and some stories, to accept death with more resignation.

The old grandparents said that life, has as main objective to reach death purified, which is nothing else than luminous life consciousness. Live to die, sacrifice for eternal life. Thus life becomes a challenge and at the same time a wonderful opportunity, a path that leads us to the doors of immortality. However not all human beings have spiritual force, control over his will and the courage to face life and death in this way. Therefore, there are four places for the dead, according to how they lived. The most important is "The House of the Sun", which is intended for those men who fought for the transcendence of "being"; for the warriors of the florid battle, who managed to flourish their heart by means of "flower and song".

The second place is where the "The mother tree" is located. There go dead children, who fed on a beautiful and lush tree, from whose branches emanate milk droplets; these children will return to the world, to populate it when the Fifth Sun is destroyed.

Third place is "The House of water divinity", place where those killed by lightning, drowning, lepers and if their death this associated with water go to. "The House of water divinity" is also the mansion of the Moon, there are ideal conditions, a fresh and pleasant place, and it is a paradise.

Finally there is a place for those who did not reach the luminous warrior death, or the tender death of a child, or death associated with water. Actually a horrible place -said Night lightning- because it means nothing, sterile death produced by a sterile life, death without consequences and transcendence; death, for nothing. This is, "The place of the dead" and is governed by the Lord of death and the Lady of death; those who die from a sterile and empty life will have to make a long, painful and suffering journey; so that at the end, after four years of sacrifices, they become... nothing!"

Night Eagle returned to his town, he walked a whole day buried in his thoughts, understood that only the consciousness of our death, frees the chains of our stupidity. Understood that death is life, and then understood that many rituals, symbols and customs from the old grandparents were left, so we would not forget this wonderful truth. As if in a sign of confirmation and by decree of "he for whom we live", the sun began to dramatically decline. The sky, that during the whole day had been intense and transparent blue, slowly began to become bright orange. Night Eagle was walking facing west and joined his thoughts with the Sun ritual death. In the evening the procession arrived to the Etla Valley and Night Eagle's mind repeated a poem learned in the home of young people:

"I am out of sense,

I weep, I worry and think,

I say and remember:

Oh, if I never died,

if I never disappeared

I should go where there is no death,

where victory is reached!

Oh, if I never died,

if I never disappeared

Hear a song from my heart:

I start to cry; I am filled with pain.

We go between flowers:

we have to leave this land:

we are loaned to each other:

we shall go to the House of the Sun!

should I wear a varied flowers necklace:

be in my hands;

flourish in my garlands!

We must leave this land:

we are loaned to each other:

we go to the House of the Sun!"

The months went by in the House of measure. Studies increasingly became deeper. Those young boys that came had now suffered a remarkable change. Their conduct was more restrained and thoughtful. The temple of their spirit was giving the desired results.

Fire snake one afternoon began to speak to them about the symbols that the old grandparents had bequeathed, to scrutinize the mysteries of life and the universe.

-First I would like to say that our civilization is a single one, by multiple towns and cultures that exist. The old grandparents are the generators of knowledge; we and other peoples that exist in the vast land, which is surrounded by water, come from a single root. As these five fingers, which are different between themselves, but that make up a hand. In the same way, we live surrounded by many villages, from hundreds of bundles of years ago. Our knowledge and aspirations are the same; the small differences are subtle, language, geography and climate, among other factors.

The old grandparents were "the Artists", those who learned to polish the "precious stone" that all of us have. They were known as Toltec and their wisdom as Toltecáyotl. They not only invented agriculture and with it, corn, cactus, milpa, tortillas and all our food, as well as how to prepare it. They also learned to discover the secrets of plants, animals and minerals; the universal laws of mathematics and its application to sciences such as; astronomy, engineering, architecture and social laws that govern us in peace and harmony; not to mention our religion. The old grandparents discovered incredible secrets of life, death and the universe; that can be synthesized as the management of "energy" and which the final purpose was to find equilibrium, to reach the exciting truth of our consciousness and spiritual capacity.

On this occasion I would like to talk to you about two basic symbols to understand the hidden side of the knowledge of our old Toltec grandparents. The first is what we know as the cross of the Feathered Serpent. The cross in principle is composed of four limbs, in which the four cardinal points are located. In the darkness of night and ignorance, men seek knowledge light to guide his life and the world; thus the east faces light, above. Its color is red and our Lord of the emaciated or liberation, represents him; because it is through the light of knowledge, how man is freed from the inertia of matter. We also know it as the red smoking mirror. The west is white and is located below; it is represented by the feathered serpent or the Lord of the wind, divine breath of wisdom which breeds consciousness into the individual. To the right side is the south and its color is blue. It is the Lord of water or rain, livelihood of earth, a symbol of the luminous energy that generates life in all its forms. On the left side is the north and its color is black, represents it the Lord of death or smoking black mirror, symbol of death and resurrection. But the cross has a fifth point, the place of balance, and the central part; where life and cosmic forces met and are balanced; the essence and virtue of existence.

What is inside is outside, what is up is down. Men are a model of the universe. The old grandparents taught us -said Fire snake- that the center of men is the navel, because that is where life gets and death enters. From the navel, the old grandparents drew an imaginary line that divides men into two parts. A higher part representing the sky; from the navel to the head and the organs that symbolize him, are the heart and the brain; and earth, from the navel to the feet; the organs that symbolize it are the kidneys and sex.

For these reasons men nostalgically embodies the Feathered Serpent. Men is the point where heaven and earth touch; the divine and earthly come together, the miracle of "he who invents himself". The material part of men that crawls on earth and the spiritual part, which seeks to elevate in pursuit of its divine origin.

But men have another division, a line that divides him vertically into two halves. The right side called "Tonal" and that is associated to men, reason, day and heat; that belong to the known world, which we feel, we see and where we interact. And the left side called "nahual" and that is associated to women; intuition, night and moisture, to the impalpable and invisible and that belong to the unknown world, of ourselves and the universe.

But men of the Fifth Sun have a fifth point, a fifth position... the top and the bottom! This represents one of the greatest knowledge of our old and wise grandparents. Men are not prisoner of the four directions of earth. Men can exalt his existence and soar to the bright heights of celestial origin through wisdom; or can degrade to the depths of matter, prisoner of his stupidity.

This message is present in all the symbols from the very origin of time. All our buildings are composed of five parts. Four rooms around a patio and small buildings in the center. Four sets of buildings around a large square and a few buildings in the center. Our pyramids usually have four sections and a building at the top; and if you look at a pyramid from above or a plan view, you will appreciate five concentric squares. The "Five flower" symbol means the same; four petals and a central part. The "five points" can be seen in our textiles, pottery, codices and everything that surrounds us. This is the symbol; the real challenge... is to embody it!

The second symbol of which today I want to talk to you about, is about certain animals that the old grandparents taught us to use. One of the limitations we humans have to talk about the secret and unmentionable is that feelings are much larger than ideas and these are larger than words. There are many hidden knowledge of the Toltec grandparents, which we cannot express in words. That is why, for many bundles of years, those who preceded us, used symbols and animals to refer to the unpronounceable. The "Artists of the interior stone", the Toltec, preferred poetry as means of spiritual expression, because they well knew that the soul, better listens to "the flower and song"; the poetry is the means, the goal is the spirit. The warriors of this florid battle also used the eagle, the jaguar and the serpent. Respective symbols were; for the Sun, the eagle the supreme power, the spirit, and for the jaguar; night, earth, matter, and for the snake wisdom, sacrifice and spiritual energy. In this way the warriors of the florid battle, symbolized their knowledge; as jaguar or eagle warriors.

Finally I ask - said Fire snake- that you got through our town, visit temples and Government buildings, markets and your own houses; recognize the symbols of the secret knowledge of the old grandparents and think that they have always been here, patiently waiting all the time in the world, if necessary, for the time of its revelation."

On those muggy days, when the land heats up, the clouds are loaded, things stop and everyone expects the storm. Just like that the atmosphere of the House of measure was loaded. Everyone felt that the end of the education was coming and that they would have to leave the last nest, prior to undertaking their own flight, their own florid battle and serve their people.

The boy’s chest had opposing feelings on the one hand leaving their teachers, instructors, friends and their tutor; and on the other, joining life in the community, to serve and develop what they had learned during his adolescence and youth.

It was then when an assembly was called by the Council of the House of measure with all the members of the institution, including students. The director then took the floor and spoke to all:

-Listen with attention, eagles and jaguars; open the wings of your understanding and perception. You are beloved gemstones, beautiful quetzal feathers, precious and fragrant flowers from our garden. Listen carefully; open your mind and heart.

This humble house, has planted in your precious stone, the best of our people, the best of our dead. Now great people have it treasured in their chests. They sustain earth and sky with their doctrine and example. Your loving and responsible teachers have opened in your presence chests and boxes where the riches of our people are stored, where the treasure bequeathed by our old and wise Toltec grandparents is kept and guarded; their words, their advice.

You have been granted the joy of learning the hidden face of our ancestors’ wisdom. Your responsibility is greater; with the people, with the old grandparents, but primarily with "he for whom one lives, the Invisible the impalpable" and of course, with yourselves.

Therefore, you are obligated to keep and strictly comply with all the teachings you have been given, in favor of our community, because with this, you will ensure its maintenance.

Now you know that every human being has an inherent responsibility simply because we exist. We are here only for a short time; we are all on the way to our true home. That matter cannot be saved except by its own death, through the florid battle and the liberating sacrificial fire, from which spiritual energy detaches, and seeks its celestial condition and its divine origin... the cosmic soul!

Now you will have to go to the outside world and put into practice what you have learned. Community service will give you the opportunity of reaching the "burnt water", be at the center of the struggle of opposites and seek balance. Water and fire are opposing elements... and complementary, because only fire releases water from its earthly condition and if water can be "burned", water is released from its destiny and elevates converted in steam, in search of his celestial origin.

Dear youngsters; eagles and jaguars, feathers and precious stones, flourished fruits of our humble home. The time now has come to serve your town. Some will do so in government, others in administration and others in religion. Whatever your destination, must act righteous, moderately and with integrity. All the eyes of the people will be on you. You may not deviate even a little from the path. The people need to be organized and lead; for this reason the people need to trust and respect their leaders. If this does not happen, because their leaders are corrupted, take vices or forget their responsibilities of serving the public good; the town is destroyed, it corrupts, disintegrates. Do not forget that the most valuable public good of the community is the government. Remember to govern by obeying.

Serving is the most difficult virtue in life. But to serve with power, without abusing it, without taking advantage for personal reasons; represents the biggest challenge of men. Power gets people dizzy and destroys hollow, small and weak men. Power is one of the enemies to defeat and perhaps the most dangerous. Beloved and dear children, hope of tomorrow, of the Sun and our bones; open your heart and understanding... the really powerful man, is he who wants nothing! Because this man has reached a complete domain of himself, his passions and weaknesses. The victor of the florid war doesn't want anything from "our world"; anything of "our" things, is too much for him; for the immaculate warrior; only flowers and songs, in the midst of his florid battle.

Tonight the Supreme Council of the people will meet in private, with the Council of our institution. There they will analyze who of you already have the already flourished, which of you already have the fruit seed in the chest, which will become the livelihood of the town. Your teachers and tutors will analyze with the Council, your potential to serve better. Whatever your destiny, fulfill it effectively and efficiently... with a silent lust for being the best of yourselves; without fear, ambition or obsession.

Tomorrow begins the most important stage of your life. So retire to rest and do not worry overnight, as you will have a lifetime to deal with... good night.

That night was one of the longest in Night Eagle short existence. Many moments of his life passed through his mind. He understood that it a long instruction period had finalized. He had in his heart a sense of unease and uncertainty. He had dutifully fulfilled the fundamental principles that his father had instilled in him. Throughout his education in "the House of youth" and in the House of measure had applied his best efforts and capacity; yet his heart was not satisfied, it was not at ease. Fire snake at some time explained, that every man has a way, and that this road is the other complementary part of the heart. Thus, road and heart march together. The problem is when one does not listen to the heart and walks the pats alone, aimlessly, lost in the labyrinths of desolation. All roads of life lead to the region of the emaciated. The difference is that if one walks the path with our heart, the road is filled with flowers and songs, to face the painful Florid Battle in search of the House of the Sun.

Something told him deep inside that his destiny was not in the ways of government, priesthood or administration. And therefore felt a terrible discomfort and uncertainty inside. Night Eagle was willing to abide by resolution of the Supreme Council in the most humble and efficient way. However his heart had no harmony.

D A A N Y B E É D X E.

# SECOND PART

The entire town lived the preparations for the ceremony of "The Charges Assignment". The four districts ornamented the main square, with aromatic flowers and decorated papers, representing the gods of the neighborhoods.

The Supreme Council had cut the night before had a session and decided on the fate of young people, which this year graduated from the House of measure. When the sun was at its zenith, a banquet began in the corridors of the Government building. In strict order, all authorities were there; women were promptly serving, as a laborious honeycomb bees, each knew what had to be done.

In the main square, numerous musicians were sounding their drums, whistles and flutes. After eating, the authorities took their place of honor in the square. It was then when young people started dancing and a monumental choir excitedly sang hymns. A small army of servants from the four quarters, kept everything necessary for the party, especially copal burning braziers.

At a point in time, sea snails began sounding. The young boys finished dancing and the multitude orderly and expectantly went respectfully quiet. Then the high priest of the main temple took the floor and said:

-Oh our courageous omnipresent Lord; under whose wings we are protected, defend ourselves and find shelter; you’re invisible and impalpable, as the night and the air! You have given us life, beloved Lord of internal battles. Today, your humble village is celebrating, because your garden has sprouted flowers. Because your Nopal has grown tunas and are about to flourish; because you have songs, because you have flowers.

Our Lord, humane, pious, protector and defender, invisible and impalpable, by whose will and wisdom we are governed and ruled, today we thank you for giving us a handful jaguar cubs and eagles, so that your people maintain their destiny of harmony and well-being; so that we men may be worthy of your love and good fortune.

Please give these young people a bit of wisdom and clarity, so they may discharge their high responsibilities with wisdom and dignity, which today they have with their people. Beloved Lord illuminates them.

The snails played again and young students entered the square. Each had in their hands a brazier with lit incense and they knelt in front to the authorities. Then the director of the House of measure took the floor, and said:

"My children listen to what I'm going to say, because my voice represents the noble institutions where you studied for many years. You sprouted from the House of young people and the House of measure; you maintain the honor of old Toltec grandparents, which bequeathed us these wise institutions, to keep them in our minds and our hearts. My sons, beloved quetzal feathers, listen well to these words I will say and put them in your hearts. Starting today, you will need to serve our people; that is here present and that will not allow you to deviate, not even a little bit from your righteous path, so that when you reach the winter of life, you may walk with the face high and have no shame to see the peoples face, because the post passes, but our actions remain. Serving the people is the highest honor that a well-born person can have in their life. Serving the people efficiently, honesty and virtue, is the best legacy to leave your children and grandchildren. For this reason, the civil servant should be extremely careful in his actions, intolerant of vices and weaknesses, should be in a permanent state of alert, because power corrupts mortals, makes them blind, deaf and capricious. Today my sons, we deliver you to your destiny.

The marine snails played again. Was the time when the Tlatoani, “the one that speaks” took the floor on behalf of the great Supreme Council, saying:

-Oh most serene and human highness our Lord! Here you have heard thy people. Here flowers and songs have already sprouted; words very worthy of being mandated by the priests and the teachers. I think, and I know for factual, that they shall keep them in their hearts and they will comply until their death. Let us receive our promised fruits, which soon, very soon will be "the heart of the people".

These precious stones, these quetzal feathers, have completed their education and their instruction to serve the people. Now they have moved closer to the hearts of the people, they must always act with utmost humility and caution. They may not become proud or arrogant, no matter how higher is their responsibility; always remember that first and foremost, you are servers of the people. That governs by obeying.

Austerity and sobriety should govern all your actions. From now on your entire life belongs to the people; with your daily acts, at home and in public buildings, you will represent the highest values of our ancient heritage.

See to it that you are a clean, pure, example without any stain. Care to be diligent, vigilant and responsible in the art of governing and managing. Keep the spirit temperance, forged by our wise education institutions. Scrupulously comply and make law and rules of our institutions be complied with. The slightest corruption means the beginning of our destruction. In your minds and hearts, is the destiny of our people.

The ceremony continued until midnight. Music and dance joined the people with the immensity of the sky and the stars. The energy produced, went up in a spiral and achieved that heaven and earth kissed.

Night Eagle heard in the distance the rhythmical sound of drums. He was confined at the Temple of the House of measure by order of the Supreme Council, whose majority had decided that the young man would have a different path. Fire snake had managed to demonstrate, that Night Eagle should continue his studies.

The next morning, the Supreme Council summoned Night Eagle and his tutor. The young man was informed of the decision and ordered Fire snake, to take the boy first to "The great waters" and later to Mictlán, "The city of the dead", according to tradition, to make the temperance test; and if successful, then to take him to the entrance of DAANY BEÉDXE, the jaguar mountain and for him then to return to the Etla Valley, and provide a report on the task.

Preparations for the trip were immediately made. Five days later Fire snake and his student left for "The great waters". Each had a thick cotton blanket, a water gourd, a net with tortillas, grasshoppers and chocolate. They walked southwards, to the end of the Maize Flower Filed Valley. Later started ascending the mountain range, when they reached the highest part, Fire snake; as was the tradition, blindfolded the young man and began the descent. The teacher had to guide the student and describe everything he saw on the way. Changes took place when they reach the middle of the mountain and the coast, a place where Night Eagle had never been. Patiently, the teacher in detail described to the student, all the plants, animals and landscapes, found in their path. But the most spectacular and impressive was when they reached the beach. The student excitement grew to its limit, when he heard the sea. Fire snake then talked about the mysteries of "The great waters". He noted that old grandparents had confirmed that across these vast waters, there were land and people who, sometime in the past had much contact with our people. That the Feathered Serpent himself and "artists" of the interior stone had arrived to these lands from the great waters of the east, many bundles of years ago,

For a long time Night Eagle remained motionless. What was right before his eyes, by far exceeded his astonishment capacity. He had never before seen such a big and powerful living being.

Next to it, he felt tiny and helpless; but at the same time a fascination feeling arose, that in spite of himself, attracted him magnetically. An ancestral feeling began to mysteriously emerge from his innermost depths, a virtual memory from the most ancient and remote origins of life disturbed mind. As hypnotized he remained in front of the ocean for many hours. His sight lost in the horizon, his perception expanded and could receive without the use of reason the vastness that was in front of him, with its millions of small wave movements, and at the same time, with the apparent immobility of its immensity, the ocean represented the most extraordinary meeting of his life.

When the afternoon came and with it the sunset, they climbed a cliff, where the spectacle of the sun decline was superb. On the horizon, the Sun slowly descended to the west, the sky was completely reddened, with shreds of Orange. The sea seemed to realize the instant at which the Sun penetrated the waters and its violence over silent rocks gained intensity, while not understanding the Sea Fury.

Then Venus appeared and the night covered all spaces.

The next day, the Sea pounding against the sand woke up them up at dawn. They walked towards the north, up to a village that was in a beautiful, small Bay, called "The place where the wood beam is venerated". The villagers received them with the hospitality and courtesy, that characterizes the sons of the Feathered Serpent. This small village was an important religious for coastal peoples, since many bundles of years ago the Feathered Serpent arrived here and in addition giving his teachings, left huge wooden cross standing at the edge of the sea, as a symbol of wisdom. It was worshipped as a precious and sacred relic. Later they continued walking along the coast to the west, until they reached an imposing city called "The Hill of birds", very ancient premises of the authorities of the peoples of the coast. They spent twenty days hosted at the House of measure, where they were treated very cordially and respectfully, so by priests and teachers of the institution, who knew the purpose of their trip; so they allowed the young student seeing their codices and talked with him extensively.

They finally left towards Mictlán, where Night Eagle would have to take his initiation test. They again crossed the mountains to go inland.

This time the arrival at Mictlán was at night. Purposely Fire snake delayed their arrival and entered through the south gate. There the priests of the temple were waiting for them. Night Eagle painted his whole body black and a priest decorated his chest, with a cross section of a white snail. He spent the night in a dark room and in the morning a man also painted in black arrived and carefully explained everything he had to do, and at the end asked him if he was willing to comply with the ritual.

-This is a journey without return, you are in time to cancel it; but you should know that as soon as you start, light or darkness shall forever be with you. You will not be able to return; sentenced the man in black.

Night Eagle was taken to the interior of a deep cavern, located in the main plaza of the northern complex of the plaza. With an impressive ceremonial, involving 40 people, including priests, musicians and warriors; a huge and heavy rock was lifted, which covered the entrance. Four men accompanied him; each respectively painted respectively black, red, blue and white. They carried a shield and a spear on their left hand and a torch in their right hand. The path was full of thick columns that supported the roof, between column and column were very old offerings, later we saw skeletons. The walls had frieze codes carved which repeated successively. As they went deeper into the grotto, heat and odors became heavier; the floor was moist and full of poisonous insects.

After five hours of walking, passing through narrow tunnels and spacious galleries, they reached a huge room, which had thirty bodies of an irregular circumference and height, in the highest part of twenty-five bodies. With the light of torches, stalactites and stalagmites, as well as the rocks created a breathtaking view of the place. In the central part was a sort of altar rock. One of the four men took from his net a brazier and started copal burning. The man in white gave him a water gourd, an unlit torch and one lit and told Night Eagle:

-You shall remain alone here for ten days. You will need to rid from your body all the ideas you have about yourself, and reach inner silence. Until you do not have any thought, until you are a bundle of bones, until you become another rock. We leave very little water, care for it, because you will lose time notion. For no reason you shall move away from this place. Whatever happens, whatever you see or hear, "your place is the center". In this stone many warriors like you, ensured their most powerful weapon for the Flower War, to refine "their willpower". The self-confidence and character sobriety of these warriors have left their millenary stamp; you are against a stone of power. The temperance and strength of your spirit must keep you at this place.

This stone and your willpower; are all you will have to face the terrifying mystery which will stalk you in this darkness. All your demons and all your weaknesses will join sides against you. If you despair and try to find a false exit, you will forever be lost in this maze. Many of the corpses and skeletons you saw on the path are those who did not resist and tried to return. No one knows this immense and mysterious cave, only the Lord and Lady of death. Here, there are thousands of ways, that none of us, their loyal servants know. Do not move from here, stay within yourself, do not lose your balance. Remember that the safe place is the center. In ten days we will come for you and hope you find alive in this place."

Immediately thereafter, the four men began the return singing a hymn, which by echo produced many voices, while resonating were lost in the cave galleries.

Night Eagle first carefully observed the rock that he was at the center of the cave, saw that it was carved in a rectangular shape, approximately a body and a half long, by a half body wide and a body of height. Its four sides were carved with the same friezes he saw at the temples outside. Slowly he looked around the huge gallery with more fascination than astonishment. Somehow this great hollow in the rock, reminded him the impression he felt against "The great waters"; that smallness and insignificance feeling against a whole immeasurable and indifferent. Little by little, the torch light began to decline and Night Eagle, placed the water gourd and unused other, at the side of the stone; he leaned and waited for the last torch crackle to leave him in complete darkness.

Never in his life, had been in a place where darkness was total. Hours passed and the young man was deeply asleep. When he woke up, for an instant, he did not remember where he was and even though he fully opened his eyes, he could see absolutely nothing. First, he thought that he had died, immediately afterwards, that he was blind and finally recalled where he was.

After some hours, many images of his life began to come to his mind. First he tried to stop them, but then recalled what one day Smoky mirror told him in this regard -"when you want something to disappear, let it expand"- thus he stopped objecting, the images vertiginous run on his mind, until he fell asleep.

Time extended "timelessly", Night Eagle began to feel restless. The total darkness, achieved the loss of physical and emotional balance. Hunger became another factor. The boy took refuge in the dream, but after a while, he did not know whether he was dreaming or awake.

Perhaps four or five days had gone by, when Night Eagle was awakened by a terrifying scream, that tore apart the deadly silence and completely froze his blood; moments later the cry took the power of a wolf howl or the intense roar of a jaguar. For a moment he wanted to run, but stopped and listened to the strange noise, which then turned to a gasp and sometimes a snort. The moment was of panic, Night Eagle felt the presence of an immense beast could smell its foul breath and feel the warmth of its breath. The boy folded his against into his chest and covered his head with his hands waiting for the beast attack. Time went by, didn't know exactly if it had been a few minutes or a few hours, the waiting was endless. The threat of the beast slowly dissipated, as a thought.

On another occasion, he was trying to stop an internal dialogue, when he heard in the distance a water stream, which violently approached. He thought that he should be in the bed of an underground river. For the moment he wanted to run into a wall to seek high rocks protection, but stopped instantly, where was he going to, if he could not see! The water roar grew with such incredible fury, that it confused itself with the bellowing of a huge animal. Night Eagle sat in the center of the stone and clearly heard how the roaring water passed next to the stone and thought that the current would grow and that soon would drag him, but time passes and the water never arrived.

The heat was more unbearable as time went by, felt as if insects walked on the body and some not removed in time, and injected him with their poison. He struggled to stop his thoughts. Self-pity began to gain ground. His body was full of sores and stings of poisonous insects. His spirit is softened; self-pity began to cause devastating effects.

Suddenly a tremor began, earth was moving and he heard immense stones falling, by the roar he believed that the huge gallery would come down. He kept still waiting for the end, he clearly heard the pounding of enormous rocks falling from the vault breaking into pieces on the floor, could almost feel dust and small stones that came as projectiles in all directions; and yet nothing happened. Everything seemed to occur in his mind and his heart; the cave remained with an absolute quiet and silence.

Night Eagle was completely full of sores from sweat and his body was extremely sore. He had very little water and hunger was weakening him. At one point he began to feel a violent and cold air current, with increasing intensity by the minute. By the freshness, at first felt relieved and believed that by the collapse an opening to the outside may have opened.

He was about to start an attempt, when he recalled the words of the man painted in white, "whatever happens, do not move from yourself, all you have to deal with this test, is your willpower and the stone; search for the center". He immediately stood in the center of the stone and began taking deep breaths.

The wind ceased, but now heard the voices of Fire snake and Night lightning calling him; one, telling him that there was the exit and the other requesting help, because he was trapped under stones that had broken a leg. The voices seemed so real, that Night Eagle tried to talk to them without success.

He was near the limit of his resistance; thirst, hunger, silence, but above all darkness, was reducing his willpower to the minimum. Night Eagle then began to cry, felt so unprotected, desolate and so helpless, he wanted out of this hell, he could not endure more. He then recalled the words of Fire snake, when he said:

"The difference between a florid battle warrior and a common man; is that the warrior, knows that not even a sea of tears will influence his destination, so warriors cry knowing it will not help anything. No matter how much a warrior polishes his spirit and strengthens his body, he is just a human being! That feels and suffers just as all human beings. The difference between a common man and a warrior; is that the warrior do not delivers himself to pain."

The memory of these words, were as a balm for his pain. Little by little, returned to sobriety and with it the balance and again went to sleep.

Night Eagle managed to keep his balance, as of the time when he could get his mind blank. His breathing was reduced to the minimum, and little by little, his body integrated with the stone. It ceased to be him, to join the stone. He felt strong and compact, he noticed the stone was alive and had accepted him, and for this reason, it now defended him.

Suddenly he felt a sudden temperature change; he saw fire sprouting everywhere around the stone, huge flames climbed onto the roof of the cave, very loudly. The entire gallery was completely illuminated; Night Eagle was not frightened and on the contrary, he just carefully observed the walls and the roof of the vault. The fire became more violent and headed threatening towards him. The young man had found the center, the equilibrium point.

Something told him that this stone was the navel of the world. He knew that towards his head was the sky; towards his legs the earth; to his right side was the known world known and to his left the unknown world; that in the center of earth, from his navel, consciousness was exalted towards the prodigious and immeasurable of the sacred heights of the spirit, but also, if balance was lost, could fall into the degraded hell of stupidity and the despicable existential soul destruction. Night Eagle had ceased to be him; he now was part of the ancient stone. He was only a witness without feelings and judgments. In an instant the fire disappeared, the huge gallery was again in complete darkness and silence.

Time went by; rather, time ceased to exist. Night Eagle was there, immutable and perfect, as a piece of stone that had been there millions of years, and without any problem, could be there many more, as it was only a stone.

It was then that the four men came for him. They found him lying and motionless, on the stone. More than a corpse, he seemed a perfect sculpture, sculpted by his inflexible will on the same stone. When he left the cave it was night. The sky was completely full of stars and moonless. Night Eagle never in his life had felt heaven vault this way. The Milky Way was a river of bright stars, as if welcoming him. Fire snake and Night Eagle spent five days more in the city of the dead, because the boy had to recover from the consequences suffered in his florid battle.

The road to the gates of DAANY BEÉDXE was traveled slowly; Fire snake knew very well that these were the last moments he would have with his immaculate student. It was the tradition that they had to arrive in the morning to "The land of the precious twin". So the teacher and his student had sufficient time to have their last conversation. Snake fire started by saying:

-Listen well, beloved gemstone, beautiful quetzal feather. We are reaching the end of our journey, tomorrow I will deliver you at the doors of "The land of the beautiful twin" and probably you will never again see me, and all those who with me were your first house. With us you were born, you sprouted and polished your inner stone. With us you forged "an own face and a true heart". Through our mouth spoke the Toltec old grandparents, as a flower in their wisdom you were nourished. The heart expresses by our actions. You know that we're in this life only for a short time, to flourish our heart and arrive at the House of our Lord the Sun. Because you know that the Florid battle manages to humanize us, you know that only being the best we can be, in everything we do, we feel and think; we can polish the rough stone that we all carry within, to make it a precious stone. In this way, the responsibility for our actions is essential for the warrior to flourish his heart.

Night Eagle; I want to tell you that until today you've been the best student of our noble institution; our most precious flourished fruit. But it is also fair to tell you, that all this will be useless, against what awaits for you in DAANY BEÉDXE. Everything you've learned, will be of very little help tomorrow; perhaps it all comes down to your integrity and temperance, in the development of your willpower, on which you've managed to carve an own face and build you a real heart. Tomorrow you shall start a journey without return. You shall enter the mysterious and terrifying ways of the secret knowledge of the Toltec old grandparents; knowledge that can only be revealed to the flourished Tunas of the "Nopal". Very few have reached where you are; and many less, managed to pass beyond the doors of "The land of the beautiful twin" and of those few, even less reach the secret knowledge of old Toltec grandparents in DAANY BEÉDXE; so that what waits for you, is wonderful, immeasurable and frightening.

DAANY BEÉDXE is one of the oldest houses of the old Toltec grandparents in the world. The mountain where it is located is together with these valleys, a magnetic and powerful place; of this, our beloved mother.

As you know, earth is a living being. Our dear mother is alive, feels, and is going to die. As all living being it has some parts more important and sensitive than others. The reason for DAANY BEÉDXE existence is attributable to this cause. In this place, heaven and earth are in direct and constant contact. The energy fields, in addition to being special; men, over hundreds of bundles of years, have particularly transformed them, to be used almost indefinitely.

You shall never return among us, at this time we already are ghosts for you, dust on the road. However, if you fail in your attempt to be one more among the DAANY BEÉDXE warriors; you shall dissolve in the mist of oblivion, no one will remember you. But if you succeed at your attempt, you will forever live among us.

Night Eagle deeply stared at his tutor for a long time. Both got up; and hugged each other emotionally, and then the young boy gave his tutor, all the feelings that linked him to his past. Then turned around and quickly moved towards the gates of "The land of the twin precious", with the rising sun on his backs and repeating a verse between his mind and his heart:

"From inside the sky come

the beautiful flowers, beautiful songs.

Try hard, want the flowers of the shield,

flowers from the life giver.

What could my heart do?

In vain we came,

in vain we sprouted from earth.

Only like this I should go

as the flowers that perished?

Nothing will remain of my name?

None of my fame here on Earth?

At least flowers, at least songs!

That could my heart do?

In vain we came,

in vain we have sprouted from earth.

Here on earth is the region of the fleeting moment.

Is the place like this

where somehow we live?

Is one happy there?

Is there friendship?

Or only here on earth

We have come to know our faces?"

"The land of the beautiful twin" was a very special community, different from all other Valley communities. As ancient as DAANY BEÉDXE, was the prelude to the holy mountain. Tradition stated that no people could live in the places near the sacred mountain. In the land of the beautiful twin lived many people, women and men, who worked diligently for the maintenance and support of the city of the internal stone artists, called the Jaguar Mountain. Their life was voluntarily devoted to serving the maintenance of human beings, fighting to become gods. "The land of the beautiful twin" was the place where the last test was performed to those aspiring, who wanted to ascend to DAANY BEÉDXE.

He was received at the city gates, by a man dressed in white, who without any word led him to one of the plazas of the place. In front the entrance to a room, an old man kindly invited him to step in and take a seat in a petate. The room was fresh and ventilated.

-Very long way to get up here - said the old man with a warm and friendly tone. My name is Burnt stone. The important thing is that the day barely begins and you are very young.

The Etla Valley sends you as their exquisite fruit, their flourished tuna, as their bundle of quetzal feathers, as their beautiful unpolished stone.

The Lord and the Lady of death, allowed you to return from their dark domain. This is just, your introduction letter to us, "The guardians of the path".

However before we begin, I would like to tell you a story:

As you know, when the gods decided to create the Fifth Sun, they created men and women from the "precious bones" of human beings who died in the Fourth Sun. To this end, they sent the Feathered Serpent to the House of the Lord of death, where these relics remained. The Feathered Serpent with the help of worms, bees and primarily his twin, called "the beautiful twin", after many adversities, managed to rescue the "precious bones" from the land of the emaciated, and with his sacrifice, gave them life. For this reason, "The precious twin" is the symbol left by the old grandparents, to speak to us about change, of mutation.

The Feathered Serpent acts from the world surface, until almost touching, the omnipresent Lord during its celestial flight, the Eagle... the Sun. But when it has to go under earth, to the depths of matter, where the Lord of death rules; then, in order to act, he becomes his "double", "The precious twin".

The Feathered Serpent is represented by the planet Venus; the morning and evening star. But in those days not seen in the sky, it is supposed to be crossing through the underworld, fighting against the inertia of matter, converted in the precious twin, who fights to rescue the spirit germ, trapped in matter that falls due to inertia, in the depths of the region of the dead, in darkness, in ignorance. The Feathered Serpent is a symbol, like everything else, in front of the unknown.

A symbol with which our Toltec grandparents teach us, that the universe laws, which submitted matter to degradation and death; can only be defeated by the Feathered Serpent or the also called Lord of the wind. Because only the "spiritual blow, divine breath", is what defeats the laws that subdue matter to degradation and destruction; the Feathered Serpent approaches and reconciles opposites. It transforms material death, into spiritual life. This is how the Feathered Serpent and the precious twin, are a unity, a complementary pair representing: one, the warrior penetrated by consciousness darts, revealing its celestial origin and at the same time, its fatal destiny from falling into the inertia of matter; and the other, the intrepid pilgrim that reaches the depths of matter, up to the very House of the Lord of death, to seize the secret of his divine essence, the wonderful possibility of his resurrection, through sacrifice.

The millenary place where you are, is named "The land of the beautiful twin" and is at the gates of the holy mountain, DAANY BEÉDXE, because it is more than a symbol, it is a terrible reality for those who aspire to reach it. Like the precious twin, you will have to go to the bottom of your personal hell, to your ultimate reality and see that you have the Change Germ; that your precious twin can help you, in the part of your florid battle that you will have to fight in the center of matter... in your frightening insides.

The land of the beautiful twin, is the last door before DAANY BEÉDXE, is the land of change, of mutation. Here is where the chrysalis becomes a butterfly; symbol of the soul in sacrifice.

You are therefore welcome to this land, with our heart in the hand, we all wish you the best of luck; but by the way, I forgot tell you just a detail. Just as the chrysalis dies as a worm, breaking its envelope to become a butterfly and live the flight of freedom; if she fails, will die trapped as worm in its own cocoon; likewise, if you fail in your bid, you will die in your own cocoon. But of course, if you do not make it to DAANY BEÉDXE what does death matter!

Night Eagle remained respectfully silent, after Burnt Stone finished speaking. Unchanged, as if he had listened to a speech in which he had nothing to do, he waited for the old man to indicate him what to do next. They sat facing each other in two petates. Both their eyes were sharpened in an in-depth stare. Night Eagle "entered" into the old man, whom did not seem to reject him, but that countered him with a penetrating gaze, as an obsidian knife. Hours went by and neither of them moved or spoke. The afternoon came creeping through the door of the room without making noise, and little by little, the nightly shadows began deleting the bodies until dissolving them in the dark.

Only their eyes stayed alive as lit embers. It was perhaps midnight when an amazing transformation began; the old man, gradually turned into an owl and the young man on an eagle, for a while they were stretching their wings and grooming their feathers, preparing to fly through the door of the room. The owl led the flight route, behind, the young eagle, awkwardly sought to keep flying.

Night Eagle did not know whether it was true or he was dreaming, and at one point, he realized he was wasting those wonderful moments, over something that actually did not have any importance. Because whether a dream or "reality"; the transcendent fact was that what he was living it with all his senses, so he let his senses go with all possible intensity. So he climbed over the high clouds, to find a silver sea, composed of clouds and the pale and fading light of a full moon. The owl submerged in the clouds, and Night Eagle got lost in a giant bank, which was as the highest mountain he had ever seen. The fog was dense and heavy, he could almost not see, Night Eagle was flying without finding the course. Then he felt a powerful look. Huge eyes, emitting a greenish light like a lighthouse, stopped his flight. He carefully looked and the huge eyes turned out to be those of Burnt Stone, who was in front of him again in the room. The first rays of light came through the door; the old man and the boy were in the same position. They heard snails sound; the old man rose slowly, approached the ear of the young and told him in a faint voice:

Very well boy is time to go to work.

That morning Burnt Stone and Night Eagle went to the North Mountains; after a two day walk, arrived in a small valley which was in the middle of a ravine. The old man started a pediment to the Lord of the forest, to allow them to take what they needed. After burying copal and a few small pieces of jade, in reciprocal exchange; Burnt Stone turned to the interior of the forest, walked a time until he found a few mushrooms.

He kneeled before them and began to sing them a sweet song, when he finished, he explained to them that they were searching for their brothers, a mushroom called "Children of the divinity". After a while, the old man stood up and came to where Night Eagle was waiting.

"The children of the divinity" are an hour away, to the northwest -said the old man- Their brothers told me".

Finally, they found the mushrooms in the designated place. Night Eagle and Burnt Stone set out to perform the ceremony. They burned copal and prayed. Then Burnt Stone approached the mushrooms as follows:

-Very dear and beloved our brothers, "Children of the divinity". Great mercy and grace has made our Lord in allowing us to reach you, wise and divine brothers. We offer our sincere apologies for coming to disturb your peace. But our boy, our beautiful stone, needs your wise and generous help, to start the ascent to DAANY BEÉDXE. Through my mouth the guardians of the path, humbly ask unto our brothers for help, your comprehension and your favor".

Carefully, the old man took the necessary mushrooms, very courteously said good and immediately started returning with the student.

The guardian and Night Eagle arrived in the afternoon to "The land of the beautiful twin". For seven days the young man was secluded in a room with total fasting. The seventh day in the evening, Burnt Stone took him to a temple where four maidens and an elderly woman waited at the altar. Night Eagle sat on a mat in the center of the room, at his right side was Burnt Stone. Next the women began a prayer in the strange language. The old woman cleaned the mushrooms very carefully; these were wrapped in large and smooth leaves. She smoked them and placed them in pairs on the altar.

Then the old woman began by saying:

"Very loved and dear brothers, we thank the Lord for whom we live, for his grace in allowing us to be here together; to you, we your most humble and ignorant brothers, infinitely thank your great generosity and kindness. Your wisdom is needed to help our precious stone, our quetzal feather, in his search for light. Humbly, we your brothers are grateful."

The maidens started such a harmonious prayer, it seemed a beautiful song. The old woman gave Night Eagle, fourteen pairs of mushrooms to eat. One by one, the young man ate them. Its dirt taste soon disappeared, to leave a strong acidity taste, which went for the salivary glands at the base of the brain. The room was in complete darkness. Night Eagle closed his eyes and concentrated on the magnetic prayer. His hearing was tremendously enhanced, could hear each of the voices, and all at the same time. The pace and force were on the rise. As in an ascending spiral the energy produced by the singing, drew all of them. The greatest exaltation moment was when the voices of Burnt Stone and the old woman joined in. Night Eagle was thrown with force by an internal burst, something blew up in his inside and stopped hearing the songs, then perceiving something truly extraordinary and fascinating; an immense and majestic rattlesnake, the size of the world and yet was in the room. The animal saw him directly with a penetrating, cold and impersonal stare. Its tongue showed intermittently through its jaws. Night Eagle was terrified, an animal fear overtook his body, and yet something in him, made him feel bewitched by the wonderful presence. Instinctively he realized that to the extent he followed the rhythm of the serpent tongue, with its own breathing, his body relaxed and his mind cleared.

The serpent asked the reason of the boy’s; Night Eagle then began to speak in a slow and orderly way, almost recounted his life, and everything could be synthesized in this quest, which since his early years, burned as a perennial flame in his heart. When he finished he was exhausted; the serpent on the other hand remained immutable, only moved its tongue in a rhythmic and constant fashion. It seemed it was analyzing one by one, the boy’s words.

After a while, as an acceptance sign, the serpent opened its huge jaws and Night Eagle; with fear, verging on the most primitive animal panic began to move forward slowly.

Her body shuddered in horror and at the same time of emotion, a strange exhilaration overtaking him, also by panic, of what was left of his deranged reason.

Night Eagle entered on his own, into the depths of the great rattlesnake. In the dark guts of the animal, his body was moved by strong contractions, making his body move forward assuming strange positions. When he reached the center of the snake, he heard her say: "everything in life has a cost". Then he felt how he was flooded by the snake gastric juices, which were destroying him, to assimilate him. The pain was truly unbearable. More than a physical pain, it was a spiritual, or mental pain, something that started at the base of his brain, extended stretched through spasms to his entire body, as pain waves, which roamed every the last corner of his body. He felt that all his cells individually, were going through the same experience. It was the reason why the pain was so intense, as it infinitely multiplied by the small individual pains, which made up the entire pain. The pain was so great and complete; that it produced a sense of self-mockery, seeing himself in these conditions, began to laugh. He was in the middle of the mixed feeling produced by the pain, when he heard again the voice of the serpent, which now said:

-Why endure so much pain, if you know how to stop it.

Night Eagle searched internally; it was true, he knew how to stop the pain. Suddenly, the figure of a jaguar in the Main Temple of his town came to his mind. It was a splendid clay piece, where the feline was sitting on his hindquarters. Since the first time he saw it, when he was a child, we remained spellbound by the energy transmitted by the jaguar.

Night Eagle concentrated on the image and gradually began to feel the jaguar of the Main Temple. His body was muscular; he felt the need, from deep inside to roar and did so with a surprising force. The more he roared and felt the jaguar; the stronger and more powerful he became. The pain began to decline and the boy entered subjugated the magical space of power. The snake let the boy explore for a good while the depths of power.

Finally the revelation came. Night Eagle sensed that it was the transcendent moment. The rattlesnake told him slowly and forceful:

"Knowledge is in the friezes and their colors".

Immediately, all the friezes and wonderful colors he had seen rushed through his mind, and even some he had not seen. The friezes passed as flashing images, but at the same time, we had what seemed an eternity to see them carefully and decrypt them. He was stunned for a moment or a bundle of years in this extraordinary perception. When he again heard the serpent voice around his body and in the entire room, who said:

"The origin of everything is in the rattlesnake; on its skin is the information".

The body and the mind of the boy, vibrated as a tuning fork with the revelation. As an echo that reverberated from his inside, each word got into the smallest spaces of his being and then returned projected outward.

As a distant echo, the revelation was sinking inside. At that instant the encounter with the huge rattlesnake, ended. The woman, who had accompanied him on the experience, got up knowing that everything had been completed. The old woman came to embrace the boy and told him:

-You're lucky; you spoke with our beloved Lord. Very few have this grace. Many hallucinate, others encounter their own demon, some are rejected by the sons of God, and there are others that nothing happens. You, however, had the joy of being attended to by our beloved Lord, spoke with him and he accepted you.

Burnt Stone invited Night Eagle to leave the room. It was not yet dawn; the sky was covered with a sea of stars. Because of the mushrooms effect, the boy had his pupils dilated and saw an impressive spectacle. The snake again appeared, now converted into a river of stars.

Night Eagle slept all day and night. Upon awakening Burnt Stone accompanied him to the west city gate. There began the road to DAANY BEÉDXE.

-This as far as the path guardians go. From this door forward you go towards eternity. Very few men have come this far and even fewer managed to ascend to the heights of the holy mountain. The journey that you need to go is very short, but dangerous.

At this point, you already know that life and the world have four directions and that the man embodies the center. Five is the magic number of the center, the point where heaven and earth meet; what is known and the unknown. Five flower, symbolizes the gemstone that at the heart. In the meeting and balance of this pair of complementing opposites, lies the true challenge of life. The four directions of the world and life are present in the wisdom of old Toltec grandparents. East means resurrection, its color is red, its symbol is the eagle, and its place is heaven and its world the spirit. West means birth, its color is white, his symbol is the jaguar, its place is earth and its world is matter. South means what is known, its color is blue, its symbol the snake, its place the right side and its world is light. North means war, its black color, its symbol the hummingbird, its place is the left side and its world is death.

In the center of them must be the human being, because only in the center can occur the balance of the world forces, so that men is able to raise his consciousness from the fifth position. If balance is lost, you fall into the depths of stupidity and degradation. The fifth sun humanity has the possibility of the fifth position: up or below. So as you can see, the world consists of a pair of complementing opposites, between east and west; between north and south, seeking balance through the florid battle; that is fought in the center, symbolized by the heart, because that is the meeting place of the complementing opposite’s principle; the place where the Feathered Serpent begins its flight. Place where the warrior reaches the category to be light blue, from internal elevation; the position where the eagle grants the opportunity to perpetuate consciousness, eternity, and the total spirit freedom.

As soon as you start this path, nothing will be the same. The world of your affections and passions will turn to dust. Eagles fly alone in the heights. In this path, one must be alone, mortally self-assured; without fear and without ambition. Only the warriors of the florid battle can survive this test.

That is why the old Toltec grandparents are known as the "spirit artists"; "because their art is searching for the balance between the terror of being men, and the wonder of being men."

Night Eagle started to walk, behind him was the rising sun; right before his eyes, the mysterious mountain of which nobody pronounces its name. Since the time he was a teenager, he remembered; that neither his parents, relatives, teachers nor friends, talked about this mysterious mountain. In his village it was forbidden even looking at it or getting near or to talk about it. It was like the sun, everyone knew it was there, but no one dared looking at it.

The path was a straight line to the base of the mountain, it then turned left and right going up. Night Eagle noted that the path was very ancient.

As soon as he began climbing, he heard a female voice; by closely listening to it he discovered it was his mother’s voice, who implored him to return. He continued walking and a jaguar appeared, that was hidden waiting and ready to jump on him, from a high crag on the side of the path. Night Eagle continued walking immutable, when the feline jumped, became subdued morning breeze. In few minutes the young man was up half the holy mountain. The sun began to climb towards its peak, when he reached a platform, a body high, with four stairs on each side, and four steps each. He stood in the center facing east and with his eyes closed he followed the sun raising path. Something told him that he had to wait for a signal. At exactly noon, the sun light ceased its intensity.

The boy had stopped his thoughts and with half closed eyes he filtered the sun’s energy. The sudden decrease of light intensity, made him open his eyes and saw what was happening. It was then that an eagle appeared between his eyes and the sun. It was still, stopped in the air, the animal carefully observed the boy. Their stares met, a fire beam ran from one end to the other. Night Eagle was neither fearful nor surprised, rather, as if his body knew what was happening and was expecting the event. Suddenly, the eagle began to expand in size and soon the light further reduced its intensity. As if it was an eclipse, the eagle completely covered the sun in the sky, even temperature dropped and a cold wind began to blow. Darkness was complete and the eagle turned into the celestial sphere. Though the boy knew the eagle was still there. The eagle was day and night, owner of all the energy of the world and at the same time, it was nothing, only a fleeting sense of the immeasurable. Not able to restrain himself, Night Eagle repeated from his deepest inside:

"Bird of swords, you, bird of darts

Oh life author, you go flying,

You come and stop at your sanctuary,

where the pyramid of your temple is at.

Nothing as death in war,

nothing like the flourished death.

Heart of mine, do not be afraid:

in the midst of the plains

at the height of the mountain

my heart wants

the Obsidian death

death in war!

Bird of swords, you, bird of darts

Oh life author, you go flying,

You come and stop at your sanctuary,

where the pyramid of your temple is at.

My heart only wishes

Death at war!”.

Night Eagle then saw the immense celestial sphere blow into intermittent lightning of blinding light, it was a hallucinating vision. In the midst of these light bursts and total darkness before him appeared a lush and gigantic tree, as a majestic cross, pointing to the four existence directions. This tree, which at times was a Ceiba, then a Sabino and finally a millennial nopal, moved in all directions, along with the universe. A beautiful bird stood at the top of the tree, changing its shape; sometimes appeared as a quetzal and others as an eagle. This immense and majestic animal sometimes appeared fighting with a rattlesnake and others devouring the flourished fruits of the tree and the cactus, which as small bright stars, fell in an upward spiral towards the peak of the Eagle that immutably devoured them. This last image produced a double and intense feeling. On the one hand an exciting joy, noting its celestial origin; but at the same time, a deep sadness, realizing that life sole purpose is to develop consciousness, to become eagle’s food. As fresh and fragrant flowers, the words of an old poem slowly came to his heart:

Where will we go

where there is no death?

So, for this we live crying?

Let your heart straighten:

no one will live here forever.

Even if you are were jade,

Even if you are gold

You will also go there

There is a sprout of precious stones,

a flourish of quetzal feathers,

Are they your heart, life giver?

All leave the region of the dead,

the common place we lose ourselves

What are you to you, oh God?

Thus we live.

Thus, in the place of our loss,

Thus we disappear.

We men,

Where will we have to go?

The eagle began to fly in circles around the boy; the sun was again shining with more intensity. The bird began a dive toward the boy and razed the head of the warrior, stopping atop a small pyramid located up above, on the path. Night Eagle approached the place, his body perfectly knew of the meeting.

The eagle stood on a beautifully carved stone monolith. It was a serpent in a coiled position. Its head excelled at the top, with a huge tongue down to the middle of the coiled body; its revealing fangs and eyes were focused on movement. Its cylindrical body in spiral, assumed a pyramidal shape. In front the serpent was the sculpture of a seated old man, with his spine straight but slanted. Over his head carried a vessel resembling a brazier. Four immense snails carved in green stone, surrounded it. The Eagle then addressed the young:

-Make a fire in this place and place embers on the top of the old Lord of fire. The divine ember that guides us in life was placed at the beginning of time, in the center; in the depths of our being. This inner fire becomes the temple’s torch, a star in the darkness of the night and our spiritual energy. This spreads the truth of our divine origin, so it maintains human hope, so the eagle is fed. That these words are engraved in your heart! Let them vibrate pounding throughout your life and the truth be revealed.

Snails began to sound in a subdued manner; they seemed bumblebees, but gradually, increasing their volume, to achieve an unprecedented force. Night Eagle's body began to vibrate, until the sound became light and spread throughout the Valley. He felt as all the millions of living beings, with the accord to join and conform it, expanded to cover the immensity. He ceased being him, to become part of all this huge space.

In mid-afternoon we woke up by the sound of a cricket singing a few inches from his eyes. He was at the shade of a tree and didn't know if the sound of the insect had resulted in his dream, or was the memory of something extraordinary, that happened to him. He had already learned that the most important thing in life is what is felt, not what one thinks. So rather than wasting efforts in finding the "truth" of what happened, he devoted himself to recover his spirits, to continue climbing up the holy mountain.

After ascending to the right side of the mountain, the road turned left side, almost reaching the top. When he arrived at the base of the buildings in the southern side, the trail again turned to the right. At that point he found an old man who was slowly walking up; he wore a headband with a heavy basket. Night Eagle respectfully greeted him and asked if he could help him.

-Don't bother boy, each carries in life with what he can and wants to -said the old man, while staring at his face- we are about to get there. Allow me, insisted Night Eagle, taking the burden from the stooped man. When the boy felt the weight of the basket; his body fell towards the depths. Like a meteorite, increasingly it became heavier and accelerated. He was falling to the dense throbbing darkness of emptiness. For a moment, he felt an unhealthy pleasure of going faster and wished to completely sink morbidly searching for the bottom, his spirit completely relaxed and lustfully surrendered to the fall.

However something from the depths of himself, something beyond of himself, stopped his fall, and bought him to a state of weightless between darkness and emptiness. His own thoughts were not clear, since they resonated in the vacuum echo, making it impossible to understand. Night Eagle felt totally helpless and vulnerable. Remotely he could hear rhythms of a few drums, increasingly he more clearly perceived, the voices of hundreds of people who sang a song of power with great force. It was then that the process was reversed and his body began to ascend at breakneck speed, the speed vertigo subjugated him. The mist began to disappear and clarity expanded everywhere. The voices and music grew louder and closer. When he opened his eyes he was lying at the doors of the Holy City, his face was burnt by Sun's rays. A group of thirteen men sang and played their instruments, six on each side and one in front. When they realized the boy woke up, they went quiet and waited for the voice of the teacher who was in the front, and said:

-Be very welcome, dear and admired candidate. You have come for the very depths of hell, from the depths of nothingness. You have managed to overcome the matter inertia force, which condemn it without remedy, to degradation and death. You managed to cross the boundaries of obsession and stupidity. You have tempered your will, polishing your spirit and strengthening your body. You arrive without any load, nothing to bind you. You have lost everything and you have nothing, you are at the line; you were born again, now you sprouted before us. We are your destiny companions, we have been waiting for you, allow me to show you the way -the old man came closer behind the boy and quickly took his head, twisting it from right to left, with a speed and ability, that stunned the applicant. At the base of the skull a powerful snap was heard, dry and short- follow us we shall welcome you.

Night Eagle knew, from his body, that something important had happened, when the old man manipulated his head, he felt different, but as everything happened so fast, he could not stop to think about it.

The entrance to the wonderful complex was something truly impressive. A wall three-body height outlined the boundaries. Access was from the south side, facing east. The set of buildings was superb. All were lavishly decorated; each wall was like a Codex, in which the wisdom of old grandparents was present. The entourage walked in front of the south building and went towards the northern building, passing by the western side constructions, up to a large stairway. Large drums began beating, the sound seemed come from everywhere. The Group waited until the music stopped and two men appeared at the top; one had his body painted white, with a jaguar skin headdress. With black stripes on his face and body. A transversally cut snail hung form his chest and on his shoulders wore a cloak made with beautiful color feathers and a white pair of sandals. His companion body and face was painted black, with white dots. He wore a jade necklace and a cloak made of heron feathers. Both men had beautifully decorated staffs.

Upon a signal, the entourage began to slowly climb the stairs, while music was again heard, which now was more solemn and rhythmical. When they reached the top, they were in front of a corridor with twelve large diameter columns. Night Eagle was placed at the center and the entourage walked across the aisle. On the other side was a staggered square with four stairs, one on each cardinal point and a small building in the center. There were four hundred people in the square, one hundred per side. Night Eagle walked across the square, accompanied by the two men and he was placed facing east, at the small building of the center. Then, the welcoming ceremony commenced. The large drums multiplied their voices and power. In the four corners copal was being burned and at the same time the four groups of people began to dance. Each group danced around a person who was at their center, so that although everyone danced with the same pace, each group followed their own leader. The dance turned to the left, but each group also revolved around their leader to the left. From time to time, groups changed their cardinal point, at the same time while continuing to dance; going from south to west and then north, to then reach the east and thus once again reach the southern position. Night Eagle also revolved, but in the opposite direction.

The music and dance dislodged a powerful energy that was increasing. Each time speed would increase. It seemed that the feet of the four hundred dancers, aroused the beloved mother, and implored her company and strength.

At the beginning, Night Eagle slowly turned opposite, in the axis of his own feet. Something indicated so it had to be, his body moved by itself and he let go. The music, the rhythm and the bodies, generated a powerful energy that seemed to emerge from the earth. Night Eagle closed his eyes and thoughtlessly surrendered to the dance. Without realizing it, his body was turning with the group; suddenly he felt a pull and heard the sound of a dry branch breaking. He opened his eyes and realized he was rising into the sky. He felt no fear, his body was at the forefront of the facts and his mind was still waiting.

He rose until he could see DAANY BEÉDXE small and insignificant from those heights. The mountains were seen in various shades of green, to strong blue. On the horizon he could see the highest volcano of the great land surrounded by the divine waters, The “Cerro de la Estrella”. His flight lasted an instant or an eternity. He saw five large cities with pyramids and truly extraordinary and majestic buildings. With an incredible speed he moved from one place to another, but the trajectories were made in detail. He could not see himself, but realized that the inhabitants of those areas sensed him without rejection.

When he opened his eyes, Night Eagle was in a small room, three bodies long and two wide, and a space, with a cloth as door. Lying on a petate, he felt that his body very weak and sore. He was very hungry and thirsty, he knew that a warrior under the circumstances should wait and not move. An hour after a man entered and left a water gourd and a fruit platter, Night Eagle pretended to be asleep and when the man left, he cautiously stood, drank and ate little and slowly. When he finished sat on the mat to wait. It was afternoon and in the darkness of the room he began to hear, first a slight vibration as the noise of an insect flying, slowly increasing its intensity until becoming deafening, suddenly the noise ceased but a very fine buzz remained on his ears. Then he heard a voice, first from his brain, but he then placed it at the back of the room behind him. The fright made him jump and turn all shook up. He had been all day in the room and knew it was only the petate and him in the room. The voice again said -good afternoon- the boy recovered and hesitantly answered, good afternoon. The voice was soft and warm, inexplicably inspired confidence and tranquility.

-The force that rules the destiny of human beings has again put us on the same path. Before it we are as dust in the wind... and it was this gale, which brought you here. My name is Star serpent.

Many years ago, when you were still a child, we met in your town. On that luminous occasion, the force diverted me to the Etla Valley and made you go to me. Although you were very small, your energy sparkle was extraordinary. It was there where I told you that you were expected in the sacred Jaguar Mountain, that under no circumstances you should stop fighting to meet with us on DAANY BEEDXE. As I see, your willpower and your personal strength came together to fulfill our destiny.

Night Eagle's mind passed through dizzying images, almost in a distressing manner, one and another, in search of that mysterious character, that came as if from a deep sleep, he did not have a clear memory; however his body was quiet and comfortable, it seemed that his body remembered him and perfectly associated, the voice with the person.

Night Eagle began to look in the darkness of room for the person that spoke to him. Striving to look he managed to see a body in the dark, a very strange face.

A large volume settled in what appeared to be a feline face and on top, smaller, a bird’s face. Below them, another face, humanoid that highlighted a pair of eyes that seemed to be burning embers, which were surrounded by two snakes, that entangled formed a mask; and from it, two other snakes hanged shaping the mouth; from the upper lip hung two fangs, from the inside out. On the lower lip, was a bifid tongue that almost reached its neck.

The boy stopped his thoughts, and began breathing slowly and deeply; and then he could more clearly see the character speaking to him. He realized that the man had a large mask and that the large volume on top was made from huge and beautiful multicolored feathers. Night Eagle had completely stopped his thoughts; without their prejudice, he began to carefully observe the mask. The feathers glowed and energy went in and out to the atmosphere. The feline face consisted of side view of two snakes, which in addition to a give a feline appearance, humanized the face. The same happened with the bird figure on top. It was neither an eagle nor a quetzal, because it had eyes looking forward and these birds look aside, because their eyes are on the sides. Rather they were two quetzals, facing each other, seen in profile; forming a third face, different from the two that make it up, but again with features of human aspect. The man had a cotton cloak, with snail embroideries and its edges were decorated with a frieze resembling a moving serpent.

The entire time that took this careful observation of the man, was perhaps a few brief seconds; he already knew that when the mind loses control of facts, time ceases to exist and could well live an eternity in a second.

-On that occasion, many years ago –the man continued speaking- we were a warrior group coming from "The city where men discover their divinity", pulsating center of our knowledge.

One of our rules is that we never bother men who live in the valleys, for good or evil; our destinies are separated. However that time a surprising force made us come to your town. In truth we did not know why we were there and much less the authorities and the people, who were truly in commotion by the fact of our unusual visit. When we were at the Government House, between the legs of the people, curiously gathered, you showed up. When I saw you there I perceived your energy and immediately knew why the force had led us to the Etla Valley. It was there where I spoke to you despite your age I spoke to your precious twin, and even though the child did not understand, "the word" was already planted in your soul, it only needed to germinate based on your effort, sacrifice and willpower.

Night Eagle continued striving to remember the face of the man talking to him, the tone of his voice was completely family; moreover, he could swear that it was his own mental voice; the one that always required of him, who always questioned, the one who that pushed him to be the best of himself, to achieve being a human being and to flourish his heart.

The man, who seemed to read the boy’s thoughts, slowly removed the mask to uncover and calm down Night Eagle thoughts. The young man immediately recognized the face; it seemed it was yesterday when he saw the man, even though he was a child. After a moment he realized he was the same old man, he tried to help when he was about to reach DAANY BEEDXE.

The old man was slightly tall and slender, athletic and muscular build. He had an oval face and a sharp aquiline nose. His straight hair was completely white and two things powerfully called the young man attention; one was his eyes, from which emanated a deep look of wisdom and peace of mind. It gave the impression that those eyes had already seen everything in the world. And the other, were his thin and long hand, that supported all the intentions of his words. There was something odd with the old man, because on the one hand the strength of the wisdom and experience was felt, which only time gives; but at the same time, projected energy and sympathy of the youth. It was as if a young man had suddenly aged.

-Each living entity on this planet has a function, which is interrelated with everyone and "the whole"; for this reason, all living creatures and even those non-living, maintain a very delicate but decisive balance, and therefore have a mission in life, -said the old man- so far you have fulfilled your responsibility. I see that you kept the snail I gave you, but the real challenge remains.

All that you learned below, among men, will be of very little help among us. At this point you are as the child I found many years ago, you have to start over and you have no choice, you can never return to what you were at the Etla Valley, so that from here you shall go to death or to eternity; and in any event, sooner or later you're going to die, so think it over... you are in front of a great opportunity!

I will now reveal the legendary norm, left to us by the old artists of life, our beloved Toltec ancestors; for who we have lived many hundreds of year bundles and shall live many more, until the end of this fifth Sun in which we exist.

The inexplicable and immeasurable force that governs life and the world. The one that common men call the omnipresent Lord, the invisible and impalpable, he for whom one live; that the old Toltec grandparents called the Eagle and that they symbolized with the Sun, is who gives and takes our energy. This energy symbolized in an eagle, which is represented everywhere in the life of the children of the children sons of the old Toltec grandparents; assigns a particle of his being, in every live being, so that in his growth and development process, increases this energy through his “being” consciousness, and return it multiplied... as the eagle food! This bright spark given to us and is within us, returns larger then at the time of death to its owner and generator... to the Eagle-Sun. Now understand why men in the Valley, call it "He for whom one live", and they call themselves, the children of the Sun or the people of the Sun.

But this immeasurable force, gives justice to every live being, from a small plant, up to humans, "the opportunity" of not being devoured and losing his being consciousness, of perpetuating his awareness. This "opportunity", the old Toltec grandparents called it "The Total freedom" and said it was a gift or the gift that eagle granted to the best of their children. Because live entities manage to polish their energy to such an extent that its purity allows them to break away from matter that contains it and cross the boundaries of this reality, to reach the world of the immeasurable.

The greatest secret bequeathed to us by the wise and old grandparents, is the procedure to reach the total freedom; true reason and essence of life.

The reason for DAANY BEÉDXE existence is to enable those human beings who have decided to fight for their total freedom. DAANY BEÉDXE dates back to the very origins of time, when humans discovered through their consciousness, this revealing mystery. The sacred Jaguar Mountain is a point of contact between the force and human beings, simply put, where heaven and earth touch, the place where the Feathered Serpent stops slithering and begins its flight, in search of the immeasurable.

DAANY BEÉDXE is a place on earth, where in addition to very special conditions in the earth energy fields, atmosphere and cosmos; human beings has worked on them over hundreds of bundles of years; transforming them into support for their struggle for the sake of total freedom. Here, incredible quantities of matter had been used to develop the human being energy potential, combining it with the telluric energy of earth; and all the buildings you see, have nothing to do with the common life of the men in the Valley. The warriors’ florid battle for total freedom is waged here. Here is the home of the consciousness sacred darts; the home of the eagles and jaguars, here is DAANY BEÉDXE, the Jaguar Mountain.

The old grandparents left us in the black and red ink, the knowledge to achieve this, which would seem rationally impossible. DAANY BEÉDXE is a site of power, where because of centuries-old tradition humans try to reach "the opportunity” that the eagle-sun has given us. There is a very complex and detailed methodology requiring an indescribable and supreme effort from people.

This method requires the energy coordination of a group of people. While the effort to achieve the will and body strengthening, mind impeccability and spirit perfection, is a strictly personal task; the total freedom achievement, is made in group. So in principle your teaching will be divided into two parts; first the individual, will work on the knowledge of the known world and after team work, learning the knowledge of the unknown world. The norm states that as a minimum a team of 17 people is required, who upon finishing both instructions must forget them. The millennial eagle-sun rule points out that if individuals of the group, first can remember themselves, and then can recover as a team; only then can they try the last Florid battle in this world, to reach total freedom, this is why you have reached DAANY BEÉDXE. Tomorrow we will begin your instruction, the Force decided that I should be your teacher, I will try to carry out my task impeccably and with humility."

At dawn Star serpent arrived for his pupil and in the darkness, took him to the northern part of the complex. They climbed the highest pyramid and sat facing east. It was a moonless night full of stars. A light wind blew from the north, which interrupted the night silence. The old man began by saying:

-It is my duty to talk you about the Jaguar Mountain, because it is probably your last nest on earth. Here as you can see, is not a city, or a palace and much less a military fortress. Nor is it a ceremonial center, because here there are no gods; perhaps the eagle-sun, which were a very vague and uncertain way of addressing unmentionable, to the force. There below, in the Valley, live the gods with common men, in their temples and in their homes. Here there are no temples, houses, or common men. Therefore it is not a place, as the home of measure. DAANY BEEDXE is closer to the prodigious, wonderful and mysterious of human existence.

I want to tell you, that in all the land surrounded by great waters, there are other places like this. You already visited some of them at your reception ceremony. The Toltec old grandparents, in the origins of the time, discovered some places on earth, where the force manifests itself in a very special way and in those places built these compounds, which help humans reached total freedom. Slowly the sun light began appearing and the view from the top was stunning. DAANY BEÉDXE is the last station before the immeasurable, so warriors here a step away. For the same reason, the number of people inhabiting the holy mountain is 400, divided into 23 teams of 17 people each, plus 9 teachers or Naguales, representing the nine heavens. But this number does not change, although there are always new teams being formed, because some arrive and as many others leave from here to eternity.

Those houses you see on the mountain slopes are temporary refuge of these intrepid travellers. There they temporarily live in an austere, frugal and moderate fashion, because that is the mark of the warriors of the flourished death. What little we need to live is obtained from our generous brethren from the land of the beautiful twin. This place has hundreds of bundles of years, so you can see many houses where those already departed lived. Warriors are very lonely and sensitive people who do not like to be in places impregnated with the energy of other warriors, so they prefer to build their own houses and then leave them until time tears them down. No matter how many buildings you can see on the slopes, only 400 people live temporarily here, who came from all over, even very distant places. "We are the four hundred southern warriors". Each warrior due to their personal energy characteristics, find more affinity in some special sites of our dear mother, and for this reason, they travel to where it is necessary to find their place, their energy center, where with greater possibilities they can engage their last power battle, their florid battle.

DAANY BEÉDXE for many bundles of years has had the same architectural distribution, as its design has never changed. It is only that when the energies used here, contaminate the stones too much; saturate them loading the energy of the warriors who have departed. For this reason it is necessary to cover buildings, but always scrupulously maintaining the architectural layout, which is not an aesthetic whim, but follow secret knowledge of the old Toltec grandparents, unknown and amazing forces, from earth, the universe, as human, that even we don't know, but that harmonizes our dear mother earth, with the force called eagle-sun. The stones used to build this complex were brought in the beginning from a faraway place, of at the other side of the Valley. DAANY BEÉDXE represents the will of being and transcending from our old grandparents, is the human being spirit strength in search of the miraculous. –Light began displacing darkness-. In the Valley below, life began. Some clouds remained trapped at the foot of the sierra Norte. Night Eagle, you will have to share with this place for some time, and when you complete your learning you shall go away to come back and leave, this is the way, that is the agreement. Now let's receive the Sun, which emerges victorious from the region of death, of matter, from darkness, from ignorance. And upon saying this, the sun began come out between the mountains, over where the city of the dead lies.

The sun slowly emerged in the midst of a pale orange atmosphere, as if a burning disc. The majestic star gave off energy, which vitalized earth and the atmosphere; it seemed to slowly defeat the forces of darkness, which quickly withdrew to the west. When the Sun broke off from land,-Star serpent said- it's time take you to what will be your home, let's go.

They walked towards the southern part and emerged on the east side of the great pyramid. When they reached a construction in the back of the pyramid, Star serpent said to the candidate:

-It is customary that new comers first live to the east. Later, according to their own energy, shall move to the north or south side, to finally live in the west part. There below is a place for you, look for your site and whether you build a hut or find an abandoned that fits you, that's your choice. Tomorrow morning I will be here.

Night Eagle stood for a long time in the place where his teacher left him, then he started walking aimlessly, in his mind there were no ideas, only walked feeling pleasure in doing so, simply for the pleasure of walking without any idea or thought that justified it.

He did not know how long he wandered by those paths which were on the eastern side of the holy mountain, the truth is that suddenly he woke up lying on a petate in a little adobe House. It was a very small room, with a door facing east. Outside was a small roofed corridor and was in a mountain outcrop, which gave him an excellent view of the beautiful twin town. In the background were some huge hills, which during evenings caught in their mass, light and its wonderful colors.

Night Eagle realized that at the other end of the room, were some food dishes and a water jug resting on a mat. He ate and went to the corridor, between the roof trunks he found two hammocks, placed and laid down to wait.

In the afternoon his teacher arrived and Night Eagle asked he did not see the other inhabitants of the holy mountain, to which the old man replied:

-DAANY BEÉDXE is not a place for common men and acts, here is where the human spirit expresses and its language is based on "flower and song", its feeling is expressed by deeds; immaculate deeds of great beauty and temperance. DAANY BEÉDXE is a very special place, which is why the deeds of the warriors who live here, have to be very special. Nothing you see or witness in the sacred mountain, is similar to what you lived in the Valley. To be in equilibrium with DAANY BEÉDXE, one has to act flawlessly. To achieve harmony in DAANY BEEDXE, which is an incomparable mystery... one has to become a mystery!

As I said, here live the four hundred southern warriors. DAANY BEÉDXE is composed of four generating cores, one in each mountain. Each has a particular purpose, to define it somehow; they are four different scenarios of the same battle. Four elements and the fifth is the human being, organized in 23 warrior teams and the nine heaven warriors. These four places, which are on top of the hills, were chosen by the old Toltec grandparents. In each of them, the spirit warriors must carry must perform their complex, sophisticated and difficult tasks, to win his Flower War.

Already told you, DAANY BEÉDXE is not a city or a temple. Here reside one of the most important energy points of our dear mother, here men face the immeasurable, in the best sense, and it is a sacred place. For this reason, at first DAANY BEÉDXE will seem to be uninhabited. Moreover, for the eyes of any common man, perhaps he will see it deserted; because we no longer like them, surely we would be perceived as ghosts, but this is not the case. The truth is that while you start on the path of "flower and song", you will only see me; but I should remind you, however, that when you came, the four hundred warriors received you, which tells you that in some very special occasions, all the warriors participate in joint activities. The dear brothers of the land of the beautiful twin will provide you the necessary; their impeccability lies in that you'll ever see them.

I see that you chose an extraordinary place. It seems you energy is in tune with this place. -the teacher words were fair and accurate- Night Eagle had not thought about it, but felt perfectly in that place, as if it were the place of his entire life.

We have to start our work, follow me.

The old man and the student went to the top of the mountain and entered through the front door. They walked towards a building in the south-east part and climbed the stairs, before entering, the teacher thus addressed his pupil:

-Here we again begin. You must close your eyes and take my hand, I will guide you to inside the compound and there I will give you further instructions. Night Eagle closed her eyes and let his teacher led him. He immediately felt that they turned to the right, after walking some steps they turned to the left, walked a few steps and went down a few steps, then walked four circles and stop. -Open your eyes, said the teacher. Night Eagle was in a square patio, completely enclosed by four buildings on the sides. In each building, was a small chamber with a very wide door. At the vertex of the four patio corners, were constructions resembling corridors, three of which did not lead anywhere, the fourth, which was at the south-west corner, was the entry. They were such that from the patio center, the entrance could not be seen -what feelings provokes this place on you? The teacher asked. I feel in a very intimate place, give me the feeling that I am locked in my himself, feels like an atmosphere of hermetecism.

The four buildings facades were painted in the following way: the east was red, the south blue, the west white and the north black. The decoration in principle was similar in all four. It consisted of a lintel above the entrance and two murals painted on the walls.

On the North facade two hummingbirds in profile were painted, on an opposed position, on a black background; in the central part, over the door, was a strange bird, which looking forward. At the east facade, on a red background were painted two eagles, one on each wall and over the door another strange bird, looking forward. The south facade, on a blue background, were two serpents, one on each wall and over the door, a huge face of a strange snake; finally, on the west facade on a white background, two Jaguars and over the door, an animal head, shaped as jaguar, serpent and eagle, all at the same time.

Then the teacher told him:

-Night Eagle, the map of the warrior path is outlined here. You must learn it in your heart, because the road will be long and sometimes devastating.

The four directions of earth start on your navel, "the center". You will begin from earth: the power of the jaguar is the representation of matter, here you are born, here you sprout to the awareness of being, and its color is white. When you manage to overcome matter’s inertia you will be born spiritually.

Then you shall jump as a jaguar to war, you will have to engage in the most terrible war, that an individual can fight, the war with himself, the war in your guts... The florid war. You'll have to use all your intelligence and willpower; in short will have to be impeccable with your rationality. The death of your dispersed parts, the death of the feelings that bind and tie you to the world of matter, will be represented by the wonderful Hummingbird and the black color.

You will then fly the change region, because everything in you will have changed. You shall enter through the snake to the terrifying irrational world of the unknown, of the unnamable, its color is blue.

Finally, if you manage to overcome the three stages of the path of the florid battle warrior, you will reach the promised heaven, will fly up high in the company of the eagle, in the middle of a completely red sky, because that is its color and the strength of your spirit will take you to the long-awaited resurrection, essential life reason, trophy given to the Flower War victorious warriors.

You will first have to pass these four stages of the battle in this building, during forty days you will be here, you will to subsequently move onto four buildings specially constructed for this process, in the four hills comprising DAANY BEÉDXE. I will be always by your side, although you may not see me".

Without saying a word, Night Eagle went to the western building to start his florid battle. All that his teacher had told him, fitted exactly into his head and his heart. It gave him the feeling that his entire life, he had been waiting for that order, and without fear, nor ambition, he went fulfill his destiny. His teachers had taught him that nothing in life is important. Because if jade broke and the quetzal feathers tear; human being, that in reality was nothing, his passing through earth was just a fleeting moment. Thus, no one has enough time, to cling to the things of life. The only things that matter are the actions and decisions; such that it was not important if Night Eagle won or was defeated on his florid battle. The only truly important, was to assume responsibility, the decision to confront the battle, the fact of being there, with all its consequences.

The sun began to set, light was being lost and night silently penetrated. The wind began to strongly blow; it seemed to moan when passing through the constructions gaps, as if searching for something. In the patio he felt desolation the size of the sky. To enter that room, in fact, was the beginning of the end. Night Eagle felt as a ghost, he wanted to say goodbye to his teacher, but when he turned there was no one. He felt completely alone, as never before in his life. Obscurity took over the patio and Night Eagle slowly walked to the interior of the room.

Night Eagle had been in DAANY BEÉDXE for several moons, he felt at home. The buildings were beautiful and fascinating at the same time, but permeated a sense of fear and respect. Each had its own energy and its own personality, as if they had independent life. The boy felt special affection for the southern pyramid, where he used to spend evenings, until very late at night. Other buildings with which he made very good relations, were those located to the east and west of the Observatory. Their energy there conflated with the complex stones. Not so, the buildings in the northern part, which he avoided as much as possible; because in those places he felt nervous and disconcerted.

In effect as his teacher had told him, he never found anyone in the complex. It was like a huge ancient and fascinating house where he always felt as a passing and observing guest. It was an indescribable and wonderful site that was beyond the everyday. In DAANY BEÉDXE time, life and space occurred completely different than in the Valley. The holy mountain had been built many bundles of years ago by the first artists of the interior stone, and since those times until present, it continued to operate without interruption. As it was not a temple, Palace, Fortress or city, it was apparently deserted, but at the same time, it felt inhabited by human energy force, which shared the mysterious and incomparable atmosphere ambience of the enclosure.

DAANY BEÉDXE had four personalities, totally different from each other; in the morning, noon, afternoon and evening. Night Eagle’s preference was for afternoons and evenings.

His stay in the sacred mountain among other things, allowed him to develop a contact, with the being that resides in the depths of consciousness. This stranger who generally is asleep, however, is a vital part of existence.

The relationship with his teacher was excellent, the more time passed, the less he saw him, because somehow he had learned to communicate with him mentally. That ancient voice, which always lived in the depths of his being, was now his faithful companion, and shared the wonderful experience of being in the Jaguar Mountain. He was not sure if indeed, the voice heard was the mind of Star serpent or whether it was the silent knowledge found in every human being, which is the sum of the experience of hundreds of generations, who have lived before, and the existence commitment deposited in the individual. Whatever the case, Night Eagle felt whole and excited with this presence, which was coming from his deepest self, and that at the same time he knew it was not himself, but was also sure it was an intimate part himself.

However, every time Star serpent showed up, the boy’s joy was manifest. The company of another human being turned into joy, because at the end of all, human beings need company. The love to earth, the dear mother, which was instilled on him as a child, made him feel whole wherever he was, but the presence of silent knowledge in his instruction and visits from his teacher, made the young man to have a complete and solid world, in the splendid DAANY BEÉDXE.

One day, Star serpent came to his home and invited him to go to one of the four hills comprising DAANY BEÉDXE. They went to the west side. This place was known as Eagle Hill. At the hilltop a building complex and squares were built for warriors exercise. There were two buildings that especially called Night Eagle attention. The first was a splendid ballgame court, larger than the one at the core and north building. The second was one of the four buildings around a square, at the top of the Hill.

There in the afternoons, he liked to see a pair of eagles that used to fly around the highest pyramid. Sitting facing the setting sun, Night Eagle could see the Etla Valley and on its right the majestic mountain range of the Sierra Norte, while the afternoon died.

When they arrived at the great plaza of the Eagle complex, the old man invited the young warrior to sit, after a long silence, the teacher started to talk:

-The four hundred human beings working and fighting in DAANY BEÉDXE seek the spiritual transcendence significance of existence through total freedom. Those who have preceded us in the journey, the old and wise Toltec grandparents, bequeathed all their children their wisdom to maintain the seed and human hope here on earth. For common men, those who live in the valleys, they left a complex range of knowledge, institutions, traditions, uses and customs; with which humans can live in harmony and balance. For some, only a few, they left DAANY BEEDXE and their complex and sophisticated knowledge, to strive to receive the total freedom opportunity.

Many of the skills that you learned in the institutions where you studied came from here. Throughout your life you've learned to temper your willpower and be humble and impeccable. Now is the time to act all your resources and possibilities.

As you know, the world is composed by two types of energy, the luminous and the spiritual. The first is everything that surrounds us. Men from the valley call it "The divinity of water", embodies life and it is a way of representing the un-representable. We call this energy "The force" and comes from "that" that we named "The Eagle" or simply the Sun. Thus, everything that you see in this world is composed of this energy; minerals, plants and animals are, before anything, charges of this energy.

The second energy is spiritual; this is a more refined energy and is produced by all living beings, through existence consciousness, that is why we call it "Being Consciousness". The men of the Valley call it the "Feathered Serpent" and represent it as the "wind divinity", because symbolically, the divine breath gives consciousness to luminous energy or matter.

Each individual is made up by a cluster of luminous energy, and what separates it from the force, is a small membrane, produced by the consciousness of being. When an individual is born from energy produced by his parents, a cycle begins, in which his duty is to increase this luminous energy and expand the spiritual energy, through the existence process. The human being then become an energy field, which is contained by another energy called "being consciousness". The internal energy is the same as that on the outside.

When the individual dies, the energy produced by the being consciousness, is absorbed by the source of luminous energy, "The force", as we call it, the Eagle or the Sun, but arguably, is not any of those things; it is, I repeat, a very vague way of naming the unmentionable... the immeasurable.

After death, the membrane is broken and the internal energy is again integrated with the external. Thus, all living beings existence focuses on producing spiritual energy, through their being consciousness. This spiritual energy is "the eagle food". When the individual dies, its luminous energy returns to the whole of the luminous energy of the world and the other energy that constitute spiritual energy, is consumed as food by "The force". The Four hundred DAANY BEÉDXE warriors are here to fight for the opportunity that all life being have and their spiritual energy, to maintain consciousness after death; as when it is not eaten by the Eagle, it passes to higher existence levels; the old grandparents called this "The Total Freedom".

In order to achieve this miraculous event, it is necessary to work hard, in order to have a minimal chance. As you know the human body is an energy field, such as a luminous egg, covered with a membrane and connected with the external energy, through a point in the cocoon, through which external and internal energies are assembled or aligned. This assembly place or contact point between internal and external energies, the old Toltec grandparents called "perception" and the men of the Valley call it the vision of the world.

The luminous egg formed by the cocoon, as I said, has two parts. One has to do with the energy we use to align it with the external energy. That part of the energy is what the men of the Valley call the "known world", the other energy part is locked in the cocoon, and has to do with external energy that is not aligned or assembled; that part of the energy is called the "unknown world". So that the luminous egg has a minimal part of energy that assembles with another fraction of external energy; and at the same time, it has in its interior, a large proportion of energy that is not aligned and that has to do with the immensity of the energy of the outside world and of which the luminous egg cannot be part of it. This part of the energy, is known as the unknown world, so the living beings we have within us a minimum part of ourselves "known" and a huge part of "unknown"; and in the same way, on the outside, we have a known fraction and immeasurable part totally unknown.

To have this minimum chance, the total freedom warriors must learn to change the place where the internal and the external energies meet. When the energy field, called man, can successfully change the assembly of internal and external energies at a different point of his luminous energy egg, will forcibly have a different perception, that the men of the Valley would call another vision of the world; another, because in fact, they would be witnessing another reality of our own world, that we always ignore or do not perceive, but that is there.

If human beings only think as matter, their vision and of the world will be very limited and narrow. Now, if the human being perceives himself as an energy field within infinite energy fields; then the possibilities multiply infinitely. The life mystery begins, accepting and internalizing that the universe and ourselves, are composed of energy. That simple! And yet how very difficult to accept. This is why; the old Toltec grandparents said to us, that the "knowledge or Toltecáyotl" cannot be transformed into words. Knowledge is in deeds, or rather, the energy that engenders it.

When the flourished death warrior, through his florid battles, manages to move the assembly point of internal and external energies, he then perceives another reality. He then discovers that we are surrounded by a universe of completely unexplained forces and amazing phenomena; that partly seduce and fascinate us, but that at the same time, frighten and destroy us. Consequently, the four hundred southern warriors at DAANY BEEDXE do not try to explain or change these forces; we only use them, the old Toltec grandparents bequeathed us techniques for using them and point them in the appropriate direction for the florid battle. In this struggle we are always challenging something mysterious, avoiding something terrifying, prepared for something devastating; and that something always turns out to be something inexplicable, grandiose... infinitely more powerful than us.

Thus the warrior, in order to be able fight for that minimum opportunity he has to maintain his "being consciousness", after death and that represents his florid battle; first, must learn to rearrange his energy use. Because finally, throughout universe and the very human being, in its most intimate and primeval essence, translates into energy fields, and then the wonderful gift made by the Eagle, of maintaining our being consciousness after death, reduces to an energetic process. All human beings spend energy to transform the world of energy charges, in a world of ideas and objects; however, the most important energy use we do on a daily basis, is that of maintaining the exalted idea we have of ourselves.

The rechanneling and saving of our energy, is one of the most important teachings of the old Toltec grandparents. In fact, if you realize it, the social and educational system in which you've lived, somehow is aimed so that the individual is humble and loses his personal importance.

By moving the cocoon point in which internal energy assembles with external energy and which permits the perception of other realities, is strictly an energy matter. To achieve this, it is required that the warrior has sufficient energy; but as human beings cannot get more energy than they already have, then it is necessary to reroute and save his own energy.

This is a true art, and implies two things; the first is that he must maintain a rigorous consciousness and intention decision; and the second thing is that he needs to tune his willpower and achieve greater discipline in his everyday life. And these two things in practice translate into a drastic change in their way of life.

The old Toltec grandparents not only built these majestic and impressive venues such as DAANY BEÉDXE, where the energy fields are adequate to ensure that the warrior can fight his florid battles; but what is even more important, bequeathed us a whole tradition full of wise knowledge, so that the children of their children, under any adversity, maintain in human beings the most important knowledge of men on earth... to achieve total freedom. That wisdom has been called by all the Anahuac peoples, for many bundles of years, Toltecáyotl.

So the first thing a warrior must learn is to save energy. This energy must be obtained from the everyday world; to this end, the warrior has to dump his life history, because to keep it requires a very large amount of energy. Our personal history feeds the exalted idea that we always have of ourselves, and allows us to self-affirm ourselves in the world that we are building with thoughts; to keep this world and our importance in it, requires a huge flow of energy.

Another technique taught by the old Toltec grandparents for saving energy is "not doing". It consists in not "consciously" responding to the acts that make up the image of ourselves. In everyday life, which is unconscious, "because we are like that", we waste a lot of energy. The technique is "not to do" what we always do; put an end to physical, mental and emotional routines. Live very attentive to each act we do –tip toeing, ensuring not to fall into unconsciousness, i.e. the un-thought acts that make us be the way we are.

This necessarily leads us to dismantle our lives’ routines in a systematic and total manner. Because routines allow us to strengthen the image we pretend to project of ourselves and feed the personal importance. To break life routines is transforming this dull, boring and pretentious world; into a wonderful, mysterious and terrifying world.

To destroy life routines, the warrior has to become an immaculate hunter. The hunter searches for knowledge and knowledge is power, thus the warrior is a hunter of power. Hunters catch their prey because they know their routines. Thus the warrior carefully observes and stalks himself; diagnoses his own routines and then he can hunt and dismantle them. But what makes a hunter immaculate, is that he himself has no routines! That is, he does not act as prey.

This makes him inaccessible, a sine qua non condition to be able to save energy. The old Toltec grandparents said that warriors must be inaccessible to the world in which they live. They would not stand in anyone’s way, and would not allow anybody crossing theirs. To be inaccessible to the world entails, not to rub nor deform the world around him, be it plants, animals or human beings. To the extent that we intervene and interfere with the world around us, in the same way, the world interferes and intervenes in the life of human beings and this requires a high superfluous expenditure of energy, which the warrior of flourished death is not willing to pay and waste.

The only thing that can intervene in the life of the florid battle warrior is death. And in this regard, the life artists, the Toltec, the lapidaries of the precious stone that we carry within, left in their legacy that the only support, the only companion, the only wise voice we have in life, is death! To be fully conscious of life, we must be, conscious of death, because it is death that would not allow us to cling onto anything; or to people, or feelings, or ideas and much less to objects. Death is liberating, death is a wise counselor in the life of the warrior.

For this reason, the warrior must learn to be accessible to power. The warrior is never in glory nor in hell, the warrior is always in the center, because through balance is how knowledge is accessed; and so, he always maintains this mood in his florid battle.

In this struggle, the warrior must tune his spirit in the right mood. The spirit perfection is the only true activity of manhood. A warrior is inflexible in this task and therefore maintains an attitude toward life and the things of life, which allow him to break free from fear and ambition, from complaints, sadness, attitudes and feelings that require high energy consumption. For this reason the warrior is not "hooked" with anyone or anything. He is free and fluid.

A florid battle warrior has entered the complex knowledge labyrinths of the old Toltec grandparents, knows that he is dealing with mysterious and powerful forces, and maintains in his consciousness, the fact that he can die at any time. Therefore, in each deed performed he applies his full capacity and impeccability; it is never in his mind to "win or lose". The warrior tradition is to implement all his knowledge, resources and willpower, in every act he performs. Thus the warrior style is first evaluating, making a decision and then acting. He let go without fear or ambition; fear of losing, ambition of winning. The warrior only tries to polish his spirit and develop impeccability, to save energy. The warrior knows he has no time to waste. He knows perfectly well that each act may be his last, so the result is not important, only the spirit perfection and saving energy.

The way in which the common human beings hold the idea of themselves and the world, is through reason. This has extremely high energy consumption. Internal dialogue is nothing more that the continuous telling ourselves, that through reason, the world and us are just the way we think. This dialogue is nothing more than a stream of thoughts that are forcing "reality", so that it adjusts to our way of thinking. The Total freedom warrior, must stop this dialogue to save energy, and with it, move to the point in which external energy assembles the internal; path that leads to the total freedom.

When Star serpent finished talking, it was already late at night. Night Eagle had remained sitting quietly at his side. His eyes had followed step by step sun descent under earth, which in a bloody afternoon, dotted with red and orange clouds, the earth monster had slowly devoured to the Lord of fire darts. The wind rabidly beat the bodies of the teacher and his student. Night Eagle saw in the distance the lights of his hometown and he realized that the distance between him and his people, was insurmountable.

The words of his teacher perfectly assembled in his knowledge Temple, he understood that somehow, the knowledge he received at the youth house, had to do with the great human beings aspiration to reach full consciousness, to receive the opportunity offered by the eagle. He now saw them as part of a procedure, developed the old Toltec grandparents; he understood them, not only as the custom and tradition of his people, but as one of the most important legacies of his culture, ensuring its permanence and future, before any adversity. He felt an inner joy in all his being, as if the old grandparents greeted him from inside.

He then felt the need to communicate his discovery to his Teacher, but when he looked over, Star serpent was no longer there.

Certain morning the teacher came to Night Eagle house and again invited him to go to the top of the mountain. They walked to the northern part, crossed the large square. The teacher was commenting on the paintings in the buildings. His voice was heard in the entire complex. Night Eagle thought he had always the feeling that while the place was completely deserted, he had the feeling of sharing the complex, either with other people or with the buildings themselves, as if they had life of their own. They climbed the north building and went to the back, where there was a four building system, surrounding a small patio. The building that was towards the east was the highest, not only in the complex, but of all DAANY BEÉDXE.

As they got to the top, they were on top of a small room which had a door to the east; in the center was a kind of a jaguar-shaped bank carved in green stone. The animal was oriented north-south and his head turned to the east. The jaguar eyes were carved in the stone and two precious stones as eyes. The stones were cut so that it attracted and projected light, through flashes, illuminating the room darkness, with different colors, like a rainbow. The animal fangs and claws were made from quartz, which all together depicted a sense of life. It seemed as if the animal was aware of the light movement and at any time he could jump, because his presence was threatening. Part of the feline body, was coated with a thick gold layer. The boy’s thoughts caught up with the voice of the elder teacher, who said:

-Be careful, it has life and is very dangerous. This stone symbolizes the spirit of this mountain. Through the eyes of this jaguar has passed the history of our people, time is trapped in its claws. This jaguar represents the earth and is in the highest part of the DAANY BEÉDXE, its counterpart is the wide sky, look very well, see how from this point, it seems that we can touch the immeasurable. The jaguar eyes are fed from sunlight, he attentively looks to the east, waiting for his counterpart, the Eagle, to come out from those mountains. I recommend that you come here every early morning to wait for the Sun rise, stop you internal dialogue and ask the jaguar to teach you how to charge your energy. This is done with your eyes and hand palms, just be very careful, do not get too close.

Then they walked down from the pyramid and headed to the southern part and reached the strangest complex building. Among the central buildings and the pyramid on the south side, was the only building that apparently did not follow the aesthetic standard and architectural plant. Its odd orientation was southwest to northwest and stood on a polygonal plant, with a spearhead facing towards the southwest. It had a flight of stairs in the northwest side, that climb three rectangular sections, over which is a small room. The old man and the boy went inside. Night Eagle noted a tunnel access inside the building. The teacher invited the student to sit, face to face and in the middle of the two, on the floor, was the entrance to the passage through a stone stair. The old man stared deeply into the young man and said:

-The luminous egg of which we all are formed, through life accumulates foreign energies inside, as a result of his experiences; so that at your age, to put it in some way, you already bring lot of trash. The warrior needs to clean up his luminous egg, requires purifying his energy. To do this the old Toltec grandparents bequeathed us a technique that allows the luminous egg to get rid of the energy that other luminous eggs, in the process of life, have left behind. So the egg while expelling strange energy, reconstructs itself. This technique consists in making a detailed recount of life, first the most important events in chronological order and then completely. At first it seems nearly impossible, but as experiences are remembered, all the rest come out.

The body is like a mass of fresh clay; all experience is forever printed, turned into an energy flash. Breathing here plays a fundamental role. With patience, willpower and breathing, you will have to relive every minute of your life, until you to do a perfect recount, until it is something that has life of its own. This building was built by the grandparents for this task.

You'll have to walk down these stairs on a daily basis, after charging you energy from the Sun with the jaguar at the north pyramid, to immediately find your place in one of the chambers of the building. Its size is quite narrow, at first you will feel that the stones suffocate you, but over time you will feel how the building will help you in your attempt. The stones will absorb the strange energy and allow you to purify yourself. Your task is to erase the memories of your past life, as I told you, is just an energy change. This stone you see here is yours, Night Eagle saw a stone almost rectangular in shape, and which only had one side polished. It is the tradition that each warrior that completes the recapitulation of his life in this place, engraves with the energy he loses, an image of what he was. Every day you work in your task, what you were will mysteriously be engraved in the stone. There have been immaculate warriors who have left beautiful images; others on the contrary, have left testimony of their passions and painful bodies. The snake leaves its old skin on the road, the butterfly leaves its cocoon in the branches, and the warriors of the flourished death leave beautiful stones carved with images of what their life was. These images in stone will eventually disappear, but the energy will remain in them.

You must now begin to recap, to purify your energy.

Night Eagle stood up and began to slowly walk down the dark passage, in his mind, the words of his teacher reverberated, "the building will help you".

For more than one solar cycle, Night Eagle was working in that strange building, in strict compliance with the instructions of his Teacher. Little by little a splendid figure was recorded, in the stone of his recap, when the task was complete; the stone was carved with a warrior standing in profile. He had a very large headdress, decorated with feathers and an eagle head. On his maxtle, tightly tied to his waist, hung a snake back and on his chest, a snail cross section was engraved. In his feet, he had a pair of sandals shaped as eagle's talons and was standing on a small temple, in the center had sculpted a flower with four petals. In his right hand, he held a bundle with seven snakes from which sprang the perennial wisdom fire and in his left hand, held the shield defender of his people.

Over his head was carved the night sky with stars, where Venus was highlighted. On both sides was a series of symbols, which referred to his name, place of birth and his personal attributes.

Then the voice of his Teacher was heard:

-It is indeed beautiful; it has been a patient and impeccable work, which ended in success. It was not easy to do and your body is now grateful.

The teacher was quite right, Night Eagle had not done so consciously, until Star serpent mentioned it. In fact, his body was now more compact and muscular, without losing its natural elasticity. Something inside had also changed; he was more cautious, thoughtful and balanced; in short, he had an air of sobriety and indifference in his behavior.

-Actually, the engraving doesn't really matter, but the dedication and the wholeness which you used to make it. There are out there, many engraved stones of the first warriors. As you can see, each time they become more sophisticated. There are many ways to do this work, really what makes the difference are the tastes, time and space. Some warriors prefer to make large stone heads, others like columns, most prefer steles like this; some bury them, others attach them to buildings. Finally it does not matter, because it is only a symbol of what they were, what matters is that they are now all these immaculate warriors.

Night Eagle then began to carefully observe all the complex engraved stones. There were of all sizes and some very old. Specially noticed some stones engraved on the side walls of the building where he recapped, all were upside down and the date and origin of the warrior. Others were in strange positions, as if they were in weightless worlds; others had helmets and body engravings.

-All these stones in the Jaguar sacred mountain aren't just any stones. The Prodigy of the knowledge of the old Toltec grandparents has touched them. The immense amount of stone used here and their journey this far, is a perennial testimony, of the will to be and transcend of our people, and probably will be in the future, the most important heritage of our children's children, said the voice of the Teacher.

Some of these stones have very valuable information. The old Toltec grandparents deposited in these stones mountains of knowledge. They are as tenates (cylindrical vessels); full of wisdom and each one has externally carved the history or the theme of this wisdom. The Toltecs have left inside these stones, all the information needed to restore the ancient wisdom, whenever necessary.

Night Eagle had already been for almost two solar cycles in DAANY BEÉDXE. In all this time, he had only seen people at the welcoming ceremony. The site was still alive, but apparently uninhabited. The teacher assured him that they lived there with him, four hundred warriors. However, lately Night Eagle, had a feeling that at any time he would find someone, he felt accompanied, perhaps even watched.

The brothers from the land of the beautiful twin, quiet and impeccably fulfilled their mission, what little Night Eagle needed, was always in the right place and time.

One afternoon, as the young warrior was at home fixing the roof, he heard a powerful and distant thunder. In the northern mountains clouds were piling up, as if getting ready to jump over the Valley. There were large amounts of thick and almost black clouds, unconsciously he looked at the Etla Valley and thought that all that water would be very good for the land. Lightning began to illuminate the dark afternoon, on the west the sun appeared to be hurriedly retreating, fleeing the storm.

Suddenly, in a few minutes the storm fell over the Valley, at the time when the night began. Night Eagle did not know why, since he was a boy, was fascinated by storms at night. At the top of the holy mountain, the storms were a shocking experience. The boy was experiencing a deep pleasure to see and hear, lightning striking. Something told him that nothing would happen, so the closer lightning fell, the more pleasure he felt. In the darkness of night and with the rain noise, Night Eagle waited for the sky, first the lightning dazzling beam light, to then shake with the roar of the thunder, that reverberated all over his body.

Night Eagle was interrupted by the arrival of his teacher, who said to him:

-A storm like this invites to talk about power, don’t you think? -The teacher asked-. The old Toltec grandparents, as I have told you, left us their knowledge, to fight for the minimum opportunity given by the eagle. You know that the most important, the beginning of everything is learning how to save energy, to be able to try moving the assembly point of the luminous egg, the place where internal energies are assembled with the external and what produces our vision of the world.

Tonight we will discuss three perceptions we have of the world. The first is that from childhood we learn to shape the power of "The force". This perception is that of the known world, what turns energy into stone, water, earth, wood, meat, and everything you see and feel in this world. This is achieved with the internal and external energy, which assembles at a certain point of the luminous egg. This perception is achieved thanks to huge energy amounts we use to perform, this "perceptive magic". It is not easy to achieve and at least it takes the first seven years of our lives, to lay the groundwork of what will be the "construction" of the world.

The second way of perceiving "the force" is as energy. This requires having much reserve energy... this is what you are learning now. When the "world" becomes an infinite cluster of energy fields; the world, reality, and oneself, by natural forces, have to change. It is when we enter the unknown part of ourselves and the world; when we use another assembly point of the luminous egg.

The third way of perceiving "The force" is with all our being. As all living beings we have a cocoon, which differentiates the internal from the external energy. When we die, that Cocoon or egg is broken and then the external energy floods the internal energy , then the internal energy expands outwardly mixing with the outside, returning to its very origin; the cocoon is then eaten by the eagle. That is death, from the energy perspective.

This is how the human being and the world are nothing more than an immeasurable energy field and how it’s perceived, shall define its appearance or apparent reality.

In the universe there are countless energy fields, but on earth our Toltec grandparents’ sages identified only forty-eight types of them. Organic life is only one of these fields. Of all the types of fields, there are forty that do not produce consciousness, only organization; of the remaining, seven produce a limited consciousness and only one, the eighth, produces a large amount of consciousness; this area belongs to humans.

The world that our assembly point captures, between the internal and external energy, which we call "reality", is made up of two fields; one organic and another that only contains structure. As I said, our world is composed of forty-eight different energy fields, of which we only perceive two and the forty-six remaining, although they are among us, we cannot perceive them.

Night Eagle had silenced his internal dialogue, his teacher’s the voice reached the depths of his being, his mind ceded control to his body, and he had no ideas, only energy. When his teacher’s voice ceased, the boy perceived the rain, which more forcefully fell copiously over the indifferent mountain. He noted that the large amount of water did not flood the square, due to the efficiency of the drains.

The young man stare was trapped by the water that ran through the square seeking the drain. Night Eagle was caught in a drop of rain. He was soon felt very joyful to get out of the square and falling through the drainage, he was excited by the speed he was gaining.

To be a drop of rain and to remain as such, in the small cascade falling down through the buildings drainage, filled him with joy. I went up and down in the current, tumbling more and more, each time he bumped into his travel companions. In their dragged everything in their path; stones, sand and vegetables, and were used in the drops games in the rapid descent, in search of the river to reach the sea.

When he entered the river, Night Eagle lost the speed of the fall, but felt the force of the current. Something in him, maintained consciousness of his individuality as a drop, but at the same time felt the immensity and power of being the river at the same time.

A millenary force hidden inside of him, began to sing a nostalgic song for the distant sea, all the drops together sang the same song and made the portentous river sound.

The drop vocation is the river and to the river is the sea. Night Eagle was traveling between the mountains, leaving to the valleys in search of the sea. Suddenly he began the fast-paced descent. The song became an anger cry, the river destroying everything in its path between him and the sea, on the fast descent through the mountains. The force contained by its passion for the sea, made it crashed against large stones or drag trunks, as fragile branches in a gale; a profound need to merge with the whole, with the sea; a marine nostalgia to reach the sea at the end of the path and losing its individuality... to begin again.

Night Eagle could already hear the strong sea calling, large water volumes knocking the tiny arena, which shook defenseless before the violent sea onslaught. The distance shortened between two waters. Lightning falling on the sea horizon, lit the white foam which claimed the arrival of fresh inland waters. Night Eagle hurriedly travelled towards his final destination; increasingly was less conscious of himself as he became more water. He had completely delivered himself; he had surrendered to the liquid energy. The millenary passion of searching for completeness overcame him; he didn't care anymore breaking the weak limits of his inconsequential individuality, before the near promise of wholeness.

Suddenly he heard an inner voice, like a thunder that reverberated in the will of millions of particles that with solidarity shaped him -"Night Eagle... return!" The sea was about three hundred bodies away. Fresh water was already being absorbed by the vast salty waters. Night Eagle broke into a vibrating flash. The drop became millions of droplets and these in turn, in billions of energy sparks, seeking the echo of his teacher’s voice, who was still in the sacred mountain.

Night Eagle opened his eyes and was next to his teacher watching the storm from atop, which was headed to the west. His body was very cold and soaked. The night had completely overtaken the mountain and valleys.

-Do not do that again, -said the Teacher, in a very serious tone- it is very dangerous. Human beings are very fragile, are very vulnerable to passions. Today my energy returned you, but perhaps tomorrow it won’t. The Total freedom warrior must protect his energy no matter what. The warrior is just a spectator in the world; this is why he is not involved and does not choose his battles. The warrior does not try to modify or dominate the world; a warrior simply uses it, for his internal Florid Battle; he uses it to fight for that tiny opportunity given to him by the Eagle. The world around us is mysterious, wonderful, and at the same time frightening, therefore extremely dangerous. If you had reached the sea, you would have never been able to return. Remember that you are only a tiny energy charge, with a little bit of conscience; surrounded by an immense world, constituted by unknown energy fields."

Night Eagle had already been for three solar cycles living together with his Teacher in DAANY BEÉDXE. Not only his physique had changed, since now he was extremely strong and muscular, but he maintained his agility and characteristic flexibility. His face depicted tranquility and harmony. His state of mind was constantly balanced and cheerful. His face was almost marked a by smile that came out at the slightest provocation, never was in a hurry and was much less irritable. It seemed that though his eyes had already passed all the things of life; which allowed him to be truly humble and simple.

The most important changes of the warrior apprentice took place internally. Night Eagle knew what was waiting for him in life and also knew what he was waiting for; he did not want anything absolutely from life and the world. The greatest achievement of a warrior is that even though he has so much knowledge, product of a disciplined life consecrated to the temperance of his willpower; the warrior of the florid battles acquires power, and that same power, leads him to not wishing anything mundane or from life. His war is devoted to fight every florid battle, to achieve that very small opportunity given by "The force" to humans, the wonderful gift given by the eagle.

DAANY BEÉDXE was a very special place; that the wise Toltec grandparents had built at the beginning of time, so that it perpetuated the consciousness of human beings in the world. The Jaguar Mountain was the ideal place where the warrior strengthened his body and polished his spirit, in order to be initiated on the wonderful and frightening knowledge of the culture of the "architects of the stone within". The Jaguar Mountain was the closest point between the divine and human, between heaven and earth. It was the starting point of intrepid travellers to eternity, the place where total freedom warriors, could break the first perception barrier of the world, without help, from the normal consciousness state.

To be able break the perception barrier, is to ensure that the "The force" intentions will become our own intentions, so that then we can move the assembly point and be able to use "The force" energy fields, which as common human beings, can never use.

The warrior that achieves this minimum opportunity, his heart flourishes in eternity. Because he is capable of shifting the assembly point and open his cocoon, so that the internal energy is integrated with the external and turns on the complete luminous egg in the inner fire that blends it with the external wholeness. Turning it into part of the external energy field, but maintaining self-consciousness; becoming a little piece of the sun... in an eagle "feather". This incredible battle is based on "flower and song"; and fundamentally, it represents a lifetime of physical, emotional and spiritual sacrifice.

Star serpent called his disciple, to the western building, in front of the arrow tip building used to recap, next to two twin buildings, one in the north and the other in the southern part.

When the student came to the stairs facing towards the square, he heard inside himself the voice of his teacher telling him -"come up, I'm waiting for you in the center"-. It was morning and the rising Sun was on his back. At the top of the building, was a central building with a patio and four small rooms on either side. At the building corners were two small buildings facing the square, at the north and south corners, their accesses faced each other. At the left side, on the west wall of the building, was a passage into the depths, beyond the foundations, at the very heart of the mountain and was shaped as a cross.

-We are reaching the end of the first part of your instruction in DAANY BEÉDXE, young puppy. This building was built by the old Toltec grandparents so that the warriors could work in the reverie art.

In the beginning of the old grandparents’ knowledge, when they barely had discovered that the human being was a cocoon, which contained a little bit of the energy with which the world is constituted. They realized that the world perception was due to the assembly point where internal and external energy. However they also noticed that this assembly point slightly moved when humans were asleep. So while dreaming, humans can glimpse and witness briefly other perceptions of their luminosity, which their thought interprets as other realities.

The old Toltec grandparents realized that as dream control was achieved, there would be some control over the energy assembly point. That's why they invented the art of directing dreams and having control over them; and so they built this powerful building.

The first thing you have to do is to spend a complete day in each room until you find your course and color. In one of rooms, you will feel better, your energy will flow and you'll know which one is it.

Then you shall enter the passage shaped as a cross and you shall symbolic bury yourself for four days until earth heals you, I will help you and watch over you.

The whole BEÉDXE DAANY was a prodigious and millenary place of power. The sacred mountain is a huge "don’t do" of the florid battle warriors; a battle field where the human being, as an energy load multiple possibilities should be explored. The Jaguar Mountain is an energy field, which has been prepared over generations through the impeccability and willingness of transcending beyond the self, by our ancestors.

In this building you will find your direction and your color. You shall clean and strengthen your energy to get started in the art of the dreams control and the immaculate stalking art.

For people living in the Valley, dreams are unrealistic and useless. For the Toltec warrior, dreams become an avenue to enter the perception that can be achieved when you can move the assembly point and turn on other parts of the energy that makes us up.

For the Valley people, daily life is a curse or a blessing; either is in glory or in hell. For a warrior, daily life is a wonderful opportunity to achieve the human prodigy of spiritually transcending existence.

As you can see, next to this building are two twin buildings. The two will help you learn how to save energy. The one on the north side was built so the warriors can learn the self-stalking art during vigil; and the on the South side was built, so that they can learn the art of dreams control. These huge stones contained in their guts, buzz with the energy, which over time, has accumulated from the power and impeccability of those who have used them, in search of total freedom.

So, for a time you'll literally work day and night, in the Toltecáyotl secret mysteries. The art of stalking was taken by the ancestors to the edges of virtue and divided it into three ancient techniques. The first is losing one’s importance. The old grandparents discovered that what consumes the most luminous egg energy is maintaining the exalted idea that we permanently have of ourselves, which prevents us from having sufficient energy to perceive the world around us.

The second entails taking on the responsibility of being alive in this world; which implies becoming responsible until death, over the most insignificant act of our life.

The third technique is to use death as a companion. From immemorial time, the old grandparents left as certain truth, that in order to be fully conscious of life, one must be conscious of death, because life and death are equal and complementing parts of the same reality. With these three techniques the warrior learns to save energy in the daily life vigil; to put it differently, the warrior turns his life into a never-ending challenge and his activities into a splendid battle field.

The building of the southern part was built so that warriors practice refined art, acquire control over dreams. So that the warrior can have dream control, he must first have complete control over his daily actions, and to do so, they developed three complex techniques. The first is to break life routine. The valley people live unconsciously among their daily routines; it is the way how they close their eyes before this wonderful and frightening world around us. The warrior on the other hand, is always totally alert, knows he is dealing with powerful and unknown forces and therefore extremely dangerous; uses his world with extreme caution and delicacy.

The second technique is the energy hike. Valley people act their thoughts and do not live their actions. Through ideas they perceive the world and as they are always thinking of themselves, the world is narrow and boring... and a handful of ideas, which by the way are energy intensive. Through an energy hike power is acquired, because it is a subterfuge that fools reason so that it is occupied, and the body can perceive the world around him, while walking, without the intermediation of reason and his whimsical ideas.

Thus the luminous cocoon comes into direct contact with the immensity of energy charges that make up the environs, without the reason decoder, acquiring knowledge and power. The "don’t do", is the third technique. The valley inhabitants, always unconsciously "make" what makes them be as they are; to put it differently, "their daily self". The Warriors on the other hand, always vigilant and on guard; they always seek to act in unusual manners and use all their consciousness, allowing them to perceive the world in more total and intense way.

To work in these three buildings, you'll need immense amounts of willpower, sobriety and patience. For this reason warriors must be individual capable of maximum discipline and greater self-control. Right now for you it may seem extremely difficult or almost impossible what you have to do, but what is required is inner strength and decision. It all starts with a single act, which has to be premeditated precise and continuous. The warrior chooses the first one, which must be the simplest and least difficult to achieve. When this act is performed for a long period of time, warrior then takes another Act, and then another one, until he acquires a sense of inflexible intent, which can be applied to anything, when they inflexible intent is achieved the road is more passable, because the inflexible intent necessarily produces inner silence of our reason and this silence, leads us to the internal strength required to move the assembly place of the luminous egg energies which is the gateway to the immeasurable and miraculous of human existence.

One morning Star serpent went to his pupil house; he was busy weaving a net, used for carrying things during his energetic hikes in the north Sierra. When he saw what the boy was doing, he said:

-Thanks to death, the warrior knows that he cannot hold onto anything. As a detached man, he does not have anything more than he can carry. Among the valley humans, those least spiritually evolved, are the most attached to material things of life. A Toltec warrior on the other hand, knows that when someone clings to something, he sinks and is dragged to the depths of human stupidity, the object of his obsession.

You must prepare very well, because the day when you will leave the Jaguar Mountain is near and will have to put into practice all you have learned here. This is precisely the reason for my visit. I am in a dilemma about your education that I cannot resolve.

Remember that when you were a child, "The force" guided me to your town, so I could find you and point the path to you. Well, so far you've done immaculately, as nobody in DAANY BEÉDXE; you've worked with absolute delivery and an iron discipline. The tradition of the old grandparents says you have to join a warrior team, to prepare for the final battle of your florid battle. However, throughout your education, there have been signs and omens that your path is different; something that I do not really understand, and therefore we need to consult "The force". Tomorrow is the spring equinox and we will use a very old technique taught to by the old grandparents. Tomorrow at midday we will ask the stars for help so that "The force" instruct us through the ball game, on what we should do.

Night Eagle asked,-Venerable teacher, in the row of houses I was taught that the stars are a way of knowledge for human beings, but that they were distant and indifferent to people. So do not understand how we will consult. The Teacher sat in the corridor petate and said:

- What your teachers taught is true, but don't forget that you're in DAANY BEÉDXE and that we are total freedom warriors and not valley inhabitants. The sacred Jaguar Mountain is an abstract place, a place of the “don’t do” par excellence, a place of power. Even though in the valley have things resembling DAANY BEÉDXE; these are in the form and not in the essence, that's the difference. Since you were in the House of youth, you learned the "ball game" as a sport; in the House of measure you learnt its religious sense; now in the holy mountain you will know its true meaning... the energetic.

But before we talk about it, let me tell you that for a civilization to create such a complex sport as our "ball game", many bundles of years are required and a high development level. The ballgame is as old as the old grandparents; as they invented it and let me proudly tell you another thing, it is the oldest sport on this planet. There is a millenary prophecy that says that the day it disappears from earth, it will be because humans will no longer exist.

Thus being DAANY BEÉDXE an abstract place of the "don’t do", do you not think it is a contradiction that have three ballgame courts, up here?

Night Eagle never thought about it; since he arrived at the mountain saw the ballgame court construction as something normal, as in their schools or his town. However now that it was mentioned by his Teacher, the strangest building happened to be the most common. It seemed that his teacher read his thoughts because he added:

-In every DAANY BEÉDXE sister sites, from north to south, from the great eastern to western waters; the old Toltec grandparents always built ballgame courts, because it is a very sophisticated and abstract way of making contact with the "immeasurable", through the stars, and a sport that is expressed by random means.

Thus, the game takes place between two teams of five members each; or two adversaries, where each has a special link with stars over DAANY BEÉDXE at the time of the game, and a question between the adversaries; that it will necessarily have an answer Yes or no; or an alternative or a different one.

The game is played and the raw rubber ball is hit with violent dexterity, from one end to the other of the court, by the ten opponents, or the two adversaries; and there are only three options, which will indicate the intention of "the immeasurable and infinite".

The first is that neither opponent wins the game; this would indicate that the "immeasurable" abstained to express itself. The second is that an opponent during the game passes the ball through one of the two stone rings, at the middle of the side walls that delimit the field, where it is played. This fact is considered by its difficulty degree, a miracle, and therefore an expression of "the infinite", which emits a signal and then the game ends. The third option is that the opposite team or player wins, with the same results.

In the early morning the next day, the teacher and the student went to receive the eagle at the highest pyramid of the northern complex. The old man and the young man sat next to the jaguar, the three receiving the morning energy. Later they went to the ballgame court, where the mountain guardians had already prepared all necessary. The Teacher and the student burned copal and sat, each at his corner of the court, to stop the internal dialogue and let corporeal energy take control. The question made to "the immeasurable and infinite", revolved around whether Night Eagle should continue his way on his own, question posed by the young boy; or if the student should join the warrior team of his peers and continue with the lineage tradition, question posed by the teacher.

Shortly before the Sun reached its Zenith, Night Eagle began to gear up for the game, when he finished had time to observe carefully the "game pass", as they used to call the building sporting event was made. The court consisted of three rectangles; a large one oriented north-south and two smaller of equal size, at the ends of the first, joined perpendicularly in intersecting directions. Access to the court was from the north side, through some steps. The side walls of the largest rectangle were inclined from vertical, from the center out perpendicularly and from the inside out, were stuccoed to facilitate ball bouncing on a completely flat surface. In the four corners were niches where very strange stones were placed, heritage of the old Toltec grandparents, these stones emitted energy that created an energy field, with very special characteristics, advocating development of the forces that went into action there.

When the game started, Night Eagle was amazed by the energy, strength and agility of his Teacher. With the headdress and the deer leather and armadillo caparacho protections, which his Teacher wore in shoulders, forearms, and hip, seemed a young warrior just like Night Eagle, perhaps the only difference was the greater experience and speed that Star serpent had.

The game began to lengthen. The opponents maintained relentless from one another, perhaps the Teacher had a slight edge over his pupil, as Night Eagle could not believe his teacher’s capacity.

Hours passed and the Sun began sinking into the Kingdom of the Lord and Lady of the death. The red glow of the evening allowed seeing the players. Night Eagle then let his body take control and surrendered though his eyes to the ball. It was perhaps midnight, when Night Eagle returned to his mind and realized that the court was completely dark. Strangely he could perfectly perceive everything; the ball had a dull glow. The light produced by his Teacher and him, lit the court. However the two stone rings at the walls, had become two iridescent circles, where energy turned at high speeds, producing an indescribable range of colors.

Night Eagle first noticed that he was fully concentrated on the ball movement, but not with his mind, but with his entire body; rather, with all the energy that flowed in his body. But then he perceived that his Teacher and he were two energy fields which propelled an object substantially less luminous than them, from one side to the other of the court. He felt as if the stones were alive and its power influenced the ball movement.

Time passed and the student felt that his power began to wane. The miracle happened suddenly. Night Eagle hit the ball with all the energy that he had, something that came out of the middle of his body and the deepest part of his being, led to an explosion and a violet light beam came out of the boy and went through the center of the ring in the western wall of the court, causing a flash and a snap of the stone, which destroyed the charge. At that moment Night Eagle violently fell senseless to the floor.

Night Eagle's destiny was decided by "The force", but his wise teacher did not know what procedure to follow. In such circumstances, a warrior simply attentive waits for a signal, which is the way in which the "The force" intentions are presented in the life of every human being, what happens is that the men of the Valley, always absorbed and enclosed in their own thoughts, and have no energy to see the wonderful world around them.

The Teacher and his student began spending more time together. They had to wait. Night Eagle was always asking his teacher, all his questions about the old Toltec grandparents and their knowledge; DAANY BEÉDXE and his own florid battle, in the long walks they used make around Sierra Norte Mountains; that according to his Teacher, possessed a very special energy conformation, for florid battles of the total freedom warriors.

Once Star serpent responded to his pupil; following his question of why, DAANY BEEDXE warriors avoided contact with the valley people, as follows:

-The valley people, since they generally do not have an abstract purpose in life, are dangerous for the warrior, because they spend their time, on the one hand clinging to their ideas and material objects that are the passion of their weaknesses; and on the other hand, impaled by the good and bad deeds of their peers. This often leads them to struggle with these bunches of ideas, which they call "the world" and offended by people, who do not act and think, as they think they should. Life abstract purpose par excellence is the florid battle; abstract ideas are in the spirit, as flowers and songs. The ideas of our "personal importance", is what prevents us from perceiving the luminous opportunity given by the eagle in front of the immeasurable. The problem of human beings is that they somehow they intuitively sense their hidden resources, but they do not dare exploring them and their existential tragedy, come from their stupidity and ignorance; the truly dark human being side, is their stupidity and why the warrior should avoided them, especially when he is working on DAANY BEÉDXE.

Are there any other times when the warrior can get close? –the student asked. Indeed and I can say, that there comes a time in the florid battle, that the Warrior has, to put it in some way, flourish among them, recovering himself; but it is not yet the time nor the place to discuss this, what we have to do now is wait.

On another occasion Night Eagle asked his teacher if there were warrior women in DAANY BEÉDXE.

-Of course that there are, and I can tell, they have more natural possibilities than the male. Women are "creative" in nature and tend to live in the abstract intuitively.

From ancient times the old Toltec grandparents taught us that men and women are an opposite and complementary pair that forms the unit. If in the life of the valley communities, the feminine and women occupy half of the land and also of the sky; since they are present in religion, as Administration and the family, why should it be different among us. In that regard the eagle does not see gender when offering the minimum opportunity of the immeasurable. Moreover, in the warrior teams that are assembled to fight the last florid battle on earth, the number of women is higher than that of men.

During a walk by the Teacher and his pupil to the Sierra Norte, they reached the shores of a small lagoon, which was known as “The enchanted lake”. After some time, the teacher asked his students to stop his thoughts and sit on a large stone at the water's edge, then, asking his to bend down and to tell him what he saw. Night Eagle did as was told, bent over the water and saw, he found his image, slowly moving by the water effect. What do you see? -asked the teacher. My image, the boy answered. But what else do you see? -insisted the teacher. Night Eagle let go in the image. Then he began seeing himself from the image in the surface. He could see himself sitting in the rock looking down. When his eyes looked to a nearby pine tree, was felt the pine, later became a cloud and then briefly a bird which crossed flying over the Lagoon. Suddenly he was back on the stone looking at the water reflection.

If you are an energy charge, -the teacher added. What are you really? Are you a pine tree, a cloud, a bird or a bunch of ideas; as I have said, the Toltec grandparents taught us that the way to the immeasurable, begins with the movement of the energy assembly point of the luminous egg. You also know that this movement depends on the energy available to the luminous egg and that increased energy consumption is made when sustaining the assembly point; which is nothing other than the image we have of ourselves, or what we call, self-importance, whose other face is self-compassion.

What a warrior learns in DAANY BEÉDXE is to not have compassion in life, which does not mean being cruel and ruthless, but to lose the exalted idea we have of ourselves, our fatidic self-importance. Only then begins moving the assembly point. The challenge of the warrior is to intuitively know where the assembly point is and also to move it at will! -The teacher concluded speaking.

Night Eagle quietly began walking back to the sacred Jaguar Mountain. He concentrated his eye and mind sharpness, on the heels of his Teacher, who walked ahead on the path; and widened his perception angle through the eyes, which freed from the thought chains. Such was his mind concentration that at a point he began to perceive the whole surrounding without ideas; perceived by the joy of perceiving, without self-matching judgment or interpretations. Mountains ceased being mountains per se, but were still present, more present, more alive, and stronger than before, when they were only mountains. En route, they passed through the same sensory experience and not mental; trees, rocks, sky and finally he could get to feel himself as an energy charge. When the human being and the world are perceived as energy charges, the world literally collapses and yet remains there, unshakeable.

For Night Eagle, the feeling that DAANY BEÉDXE was completely occupied with other warriors was increasing. From the start, he never felt alone. However, it was now a certainty sense; a premonition that he would start finding people in the squares and buildings of the Jaguar mountain at any time.

As was customary, Night Eagle mentally received his teacher’ call, he was waiting for him the fourth building on the eastern side, at the south gate. When he reached building his Teacher invited him to walk up. Star serpent was inside a room that crowned the building.

"Sit down want to tell you some things." As you know, DAANY BEEDXE as in other power places, is a huge and millenary "don’t do" place of the old Toltec grandparents, which allow flourished death warriors, prepare for the last florid battle. The sacred mountain is the departure place for the immeasurable and miracle of human existence. The stones of these buildings have seen get prepared and leaving, many intrepid travelers in the eternity pursuit. These stones know much and therefore are power stones that perceive and feel. We as common beings are nothing before them, perhaps only a fleeting instant, in their wonderful and amazing existence, because they are not just any stone, from anywhere. When the stones are charged with a lot of energy over several bundles of solar cycles, it is necessary to cover them with new stones, to dissipate the energy charges absorbed, otherwise, instead of helping the warrior could harm him. For that reason, periodically the buildings are covered, but without altering the architectural lay out, since each building has two specific objectives.

The first is that in each building, the warrior learns and tunes, one of the techniques, that the Toltec grandparents left us to fight for the opportunity, offered to us by the Eagle, to transcend this reality. Secondly, every building is the specific power site of each of the seventeen warriors who form the team that will deliver the last power battle, of the florid battle. Thus, the seventeen buildings are important; equal number of warrior guides and techniques to open the gates of silent knowledge.

And the latter is what I want to talk to you about, precisely the silent knowledge. That is the source of human knowledge.

Every human being in himself has a seed, which comes from the more remote origin of times. The seed contains all the memories, all the information that the human being, as species has throughout its existence on this planet. And just as the desert flower seed, which can go for many years in a latent state, waiting for the promised rain, and upon the first downpour, immediately flourishes. In the same way, this seed placed in the human being, can pass through whole generations, waiting for that "divine water" that allows his conscience to flourish.

This valuable potential was called "the silent knowledge" by the old Toltec grandparents. For this reason, perhaps, you might have noticed that inside of you, there are two people, two different consciences; the external and internal. The external being is new, insecure, violent and nervous. The internal on the other hand, is old, wise, indifferent and calm; knows everything and when is given the control, the human being shines, although by the way, the external almost never listens to the internal and much less gives him control.

The valley people are numbed by the everyday life actions, they live clutched to their obsessions and fighting against the world, that indifferent, does not conform to their thoughts. They live in a world of ideas and they consider them concrete, they have lost the abstract angle of life and the world. All this contributes to prevent their oldest part from emerging, that lives in our inside and deprive us of silent knowledge, where all human wisdom is deposited.

This is one of the warrior challenges. Open the abstract floodgates and enter the silent knowledge world of the old Toltec grandparents. Balance control between the external and the internal, activate the millenary human wisdom that lives in our deep self, is one of the most difficult florid battles that should undertake the Spirit Warrior.

For the valley inhabitants, the world is just the set of their ideas. This world begins and ends in their mind. For them reason is the instrument used to perceived the world, and information enters and leaves from the brain. For the warrior, reason is one more way of perceiving and interpreting the world. The warrior knows that somehow, the body also perceives the world that surrounds him and has other ways of acquiring knowledge, in addition to reason. The Total freedom warrior humbly accepts that language and knowledge exist independently of each other, that we can learn without words and above all, without thinking. To our wise ancestors entering the world of the spirit is to enter the abstract realm, where there are no words and thoughts, only acts; because the warrior knows that the abstract world is a world of deeds, where words and thoughts have nothing to do. This is where the old Toltec grandparents’ abstract knowledge part resides. When the warrior faces the world from the abstract, the idea of the individual "I" disappears, as well as feelings and personal interests. To abstract this way leads to enter the spiritual world.

Night Eagle was completely captivated by the Teacher’s words. When he realized, that he was alone in the building, his Teacher had disappeared. He started down the stairs and in the middle he sat down and suspended his ideas; he contemplated the plaza and the mysterious buildings at the center, where he had never been summoned by his Teacher. He totally felt DAANY BEÉDXE with all his body, with all its energy. He believed that it was not only the reason and that the human being in the sacred mountain, was about to jump to the immeasurable and wonderful.

The days passed slowly, Night Eagle felt that time operated differently in the sacred mountain. It was as if the days were longer and more intense.

One afternoon, Night Eagle felt the urge to climb the pyramid in the southern part. The Sun had barely reached the top of the sky, that that day it had an intense and totally transparent blue. The boy climbed to the highest part, where a single body small pyramidal construction was built and with four stairs on each side.

From the first time that he was on this site, he was captivated by the view, but specially its energy. The boy knew there was a mysterious link with the place, his body told him.

After observing the valleys surrounding DAANY BEÉDXE and which in turn are surrounded by huge mountains, he sat facing north. At his feet was the large square, with the harmony of its buildings and spaces, linking earth with heaven, in the background the north building with its large columns and its inner sunken patio, behind, as millenarian sentries, the blue mountains of the Sierra Norte.

He was watching the view, when he heard his teacher voice behind him –You have chosen a site filled with special and incomparable energy. Star serpent, was standing behind his student, reason why the student was startled by the voice.

-Many warriors, like you, chose this place to let their spirit fly. Look boy, the spirit is like a beautiful bird that lives in our body, which very often have to invite to come out so it can fly through this wonderful world; otherwise becomes sad and sometimes dies, without we realizing. Every time it returns from one of these revitalizing flights, it sings in our self and life, although it is the same, becomes different, by the loud trills which reverberate and make our eyes shine.

And while your little bird goes flying around, I want to use the time to tell you some things.

As you know, we owe the old and wise Toltec grandparents everything we know. "The force", which is the energy that makes up the world. The valley inhabitants called the Supreme divinity or "Omnipresent Lord", because as he owns the space and distance, being next to everything, everything is also next to him; "Night wind" because it is invisible as the night and impalpable like the wind or simply "he for whom one live". But in a second comprehension level, another form of naming "The force" is "The divine duality", which is the same "force" represented by a pair of opposites but complementary, feminine and masculine. "The duality Divine" detaches from the two, the Lord, of the two the Lady, symbolizes that everything in this world, is composed of two opposite and complementary parts; cold and heat, night and day, white and black, male and female. At a third level of the same "force", is found in another pair of complementary opposites, now as "The luminous energy " symbolized by water, which represents life itself in any of its many forms, such as energy; and the other, as "Spiritual Energy", symbolized by "The wind divinity", because it represents the divine breath that gives consciousness to energy. This wind divinity is also known as "Feathered Serpent" or Ehécatl, represented by a circle, reason why its buildings are circular, the circle is a perfect geometric figure, which has no beginning or end, such as the divinity.

Well then, now I want you to talk to you about a powerful omnipresent force that allows us to perceive. Human beings are as everything else that exists in the world, an energy charge. What we perceive as "reality", is a small energy field of "the Force ", this energy is "finer" than simple light, which has no life; but "The force" is an energy that emanates consciousness of being, to put it differently, light that radiates life or light with its own life. So the ability to "perceive" some of “the force” emissions, and translate them into what we know as our reality, the old Toltec grandparents called it "The Intent", which is pure energy that ignites part of the cocoon internal energy, with a part of external energy with which it is assembled. The normal perception of the world, is due to the intent and when a human manages to move the assembly point, where internal and external energies meet through the intent, other energies are ignited which until then had not been lit, a different perception of the world is obtained and is as valid and true as the normal, it is different in so far as we do not know it. As a consequence, the intent is a force that is both inside and outside of us. It is energy that humans can use, but cannot explain. This is the truly magical of humans, therein lays their true potential. When the flourished death warrior, can make the "intent” his, we might suppose, that in principle he has won the better part of the florid battle.

Afternoons provided a very special fascination to Night Eagle. He did not know if the Valley had a bearing on the sacred mountain or it influenced the Valley, but the truth was that the site was a special place, a place of power.

When the fire darts eagle, began its slow path to the underworld to fight darkness, sunsets became something momentous that moved his feelings. The brightness was a wonderful event, which affected his spirit and invited him to visit its depths. By some mystery far from the possibilities of human understanding, DAANY BEÉDXE is an exceptional and astonishing place. The light is linked with the spirit and becomes a dimension, far beyond the possibilities offered by limited rationality. The mountain, valley, the broad and transparent space of DAANY BEÉDXE, as well as the mountain chains that surround it, promote the consciousness of being, to awaken from its lethargy.

DAANY BEÉDXE with its large square, its central buildings and those on both sides, is a large model of the Valley. The mountain where it’s built represents the central buildings; the plaza represents the valley, and the mountains surrounding the Valley by buildings on the sides. Altogether, the feeling in the sacred Jaguar Mountain is "balance", equilibrium, between the internal and external worlds. This balance allows feeling the contact between heaven and earth. It seems that at top the pyramids, the sky is available to the human. This impressive balance between matter and spirit is felt by the energetic body and exalts consciousness. The huge matter masses that have been worked in the complex, allow that the human spirit to remain attentive to the life miracle and consciousness.

The astonishment before the immeasurable, allows spiritual manifestation. Hundreds of year bundles and thousands of flourished death warriors have made this place a monument to the human spirit power. Only the strong polished will of our ancestors, their consciousness and the ancestral human being knowledge, could achieve this wonder, pointing to the immeasurable and wonderful possibilities of human existence.

DAANY BEÉDXE is a permanent message, that the human being spiritual power can transcend the limited matter that briefly contains him. Has managed to leave perennial testimony in the stones that matter is at the service of the spirit and that is only a mean. Each stone present here, was brought from far distances, and raised to a height of two hundred forty bodies, carved and assembled in one project, which as a whole, encourages the struggle for the human being true freedom.

This wonderful prodigy made by the Toltec sages, just as in deserts, forests or in the mountains. Where they diligently moved incredible amounts of land and carved millions of stones, to build a bridge between the human and the divine, the immeasurable and the earthly.

DAANY BEÉDXE represents a prodigious human effort, which is a testament to the will of being and transcending the old grandparents, a symbol of the most genuine aspirations of the human condition. The sculpting of each of these stones represents the sculpting of the people spirit, who has constantly sought since remote times, its utmost genuine and profound aspiration; transcending the self, the road to Total freedom. DAANY BEÉDXE is testimony to the warrior spirit through time.

Night Eagle from the top of his place, in the south pyramid, rid himself of the matter limitations and his spirit flew. In the afternoons, he stopped his thoughts and allowed the evening light penetrate his eyes and expand, luminously flooding him internally. His flight was silent, climbed to the highest, to become a little dark point, in the midst of the sky blue burst. He flew down as a plummeting arrow and nearly touched the buildings corners. Sometimes he stood motionless in the air, for hours, enjoying the wonderful spectacle from the heights, especially when the Sun was in the horizon edges and sun rays arrived perpendicularly clashing against the mountains at the eastern side their light on DAANY BEÉDXE, which produced a sense of indescribable luminosity, because the mountain was bathed by the light of the sun rays from two flanks, creating an atmosphere of purity, under an intense blue sky, that gradually turned into a bright yellow and then orange, finally sinking into the darkness of night.

The evening of one day, which had been raining all day, Night Eagle felt the need to walk among the plaza buildings. The grass was wet and the buildings seemed saturated with water; even the colors that decorated the walls drawings, seemed to have changed their color tones.

On some special occasions DAANY BEÉDXE was lit with torches through the night, by the mountain guardians; but usually the place was dark after the sun departed. On that occasion the evening was very short and darkness began taking over the place. Night Eagle walked around the vast plaza. The entire valley was invaded by a low cloud stratum. The cloud shades varied from dark grey, to bluish white. In small groups they roamed the Valley, sometimes clashing with the sacred mountain, others, slightly above the buildings. However, as it became darker, the clouds were piling up around the mountain. The young warrior sought shelter at his place in the south pyramid, he had not reached the foot of the stairs, when a heavy dark cloud bank, rapidly crossed the plaza from north to south and blinded him. The clouds seemed to have their own life and agreement with the buildings. Night Eagle had a very strange feeling. He felt as if the fog became a continuation of the buildings. He felt as if the force, contained in the stones, filtered through the clouds and sought to penetrate his body. His body was invaded by two opposing sensations; one was terror, he wanted to run away. The other, perhaps stronger, caught him making him defenseless and highly vulnerable, but with an indescribable dark pleasure.

The clouds passed rapidly through the square, so at times the buildings were clearly seen and then immediately disappeared. Little by little, the fog gave the warrior a sense of equilibrium. He stopped his thoughts and surrendered to perceive the event without any ideas.

He walked toward the north and before reaching the stairs below the columns; he stopped and turned to the south. The spectacle was truly impressive; the clouds had covered all the buildings surrounding the plaza, leaving the center building completely clear, the effect gave a sense of unreality. The central buildings were seen as an immense stone island in the middle of a sea of clouds.

In a few minutes the clouds covered the place, now were darker and threatening. Night Eagle absolutely could not see anything. Suddenly a prodigious thunder was heard and lightning fell very close; for an instant, light injected the heavy clouds. It seemed as if the brightness was going through each and every one of their recesses, producing different tones. The thunder echo reverberated, among the acoustic walls of the complex, as the waves made by water in a pond when a stone is dropped in the center. But almost at the same time, Night Eagle heard a chilling cry, which strangely did not reverberate and ranged from deep grave, to high-pitched tones and then descended. At first he thought it was the howl of a strange animal unknown to him, and then he figured it was the cry of a person, but eventually realized that it was not anything comparable and known. Immediately his spine skin contracted, and a cold sweat dropped down his column to the waist. The frightening sound was melodious and too long, went up and down in a stunning tonal scale.

Night Eagle was immobile, when the cry ceased, the fog cleared the upper part of DAANY BEÉDXE and a one yard thick layer remained over the plaza. The sky was completely clear and a huge moon lit up the top of the holy mountain. The warrior began to walk around the square, over a blanket of clouds, which gave him the feeling of sailing on a serene and silver sea; below, the valley was completely covered with clouds.

Suddenly saw his Teacher, who was approaching from the opposite end of the plaza as if sliding on the clouds, because as he walked his legs were not seen, buried under the fog. Night Eagle was invaded by a sense of well-being, comfort and above all, security. Something inside of him had been adjusted. The smile on the face of his teacher confirmed his feeling.

The signal they were expecting had arrived that night, "The force" indicated the departure of Night Eagle from DAANY BEÉDXE. The morning was fresh and clean, a slightly cold wind blew from the northern mountains. The Teacher and the student had come to receive the Sun, next to the stone jaguar in the north pyramid.

-We shall go when the sun dies -said the Teacher. You have all day to say good bye to this splendid place, which sheltered you and helped in your florid battle. Say good bye to every stone, each building, every room... perhaps you shall never see them again, never again in your life. Thank them and leave with them the best of you, which is the style of the warriors. You'll have to go searching for your destination, a terrible test is waiting for, in which in order to pass it, you will have to use all the knowledge you have learned during your stay in DAANY BEEDXE, really it is a test of power.

Throughout the day, the apprentice carefully toured the four hills comprising DAANY BEÉDXE. In each buildings complex and squares he recalled each of the lessons learned from them. He slowly and carefully collecting all his feelings that had been trapped by the stones, in return he left a smile and a deep exhalation. He finally climbed to the top of the south pyramid, his place, and began a speech, with the loud voice but without stridency, he spoke from the depths of his being, seemed to him that the buildings were listening, the four hundred warriors and the mountain guardians. He was talking to himself. His words were echoless thunder; one by one, came out in order and with rhythm and all talked about the wonderful experience of having been in this place of power. He thanked all the stones, all the clouds, all the sunrises and sunsets, the rain, the wind, the night, and its moons. Finally he said that no matter where he died, he would return to DAANY BEÉDXE with the last spasm of energy, to die here.

The afternoon seemed to understand the young warrior speech, because its color was becoming lit red. A thick bank of clouds could be seen on the horizon, to the south. A rain storm far in the distance seemed to be the answer to the warrior words.

The sun began its journey below the earth, when a chant was heard. Night Eagle turned to his right, toward the center of the square and saw the four hundred southern warriors, who were singing a war song as farewell. The show was truly impressive. Huge drums and snails echoed across the square, making the stones and hearts vibrate. Every warrior had a torch and carried a musical instrument. They sang and danced to the rhythm of the sound of their feet, because the ayoyote rattles tied to their ankles made the ground tremble at the large drums rhythm.

It was then that Night Eagle knew that the four hundred southern warriors had always been with him, it was their combined produced energy, what facilitated his teachings and although he never spoke with none of them, he knew that they all felt the same. An energy torrent that provided him with an indescribable wellbeing went all over his body and connected him with the four hundred southern warriors.

Not knowing why, he began walking towards the exit gate. The warriors were still singing and dancing in the 17 buildings that made up the complex. Darkness had arrived, the moving shadows, produced by the torches light and the warriors dance, produced a magical effect on the complex. His Teacher was waiting at the door and without saying a word; they took the descent path of the holy mountain. When they reached the gates of the land of the beautiful twin, they found two lit torches, and on a niche, two itacates for the road. The guardians of the sacred mountain, efficient and respectfully fulfilled their task. The old man and the young man took their nets and quietly departed. They crossed the village, which was completely dark and headed towards the Sierra Norte.

They walked for eight days up to the heart of the mountains. The forest was completely closed, they followed a path that meandered by a crest of the mountain range, and headed from south to north. Every now and then, they encountered narrow passes right and left. The landscape was impressive; the forest maintained a closed woven in all shades of green. In the far distance could only see, more and more bushy mountain forest, it was clear that the region was not inhabited. The warrior felt the forest power, as a powerful and independent force. The forest consciousness exerted pressure on the young warrior energy. During the days walked they maintained a strict silence, as was recommended the Teacher, who told the student that it was very difficult and dangerous to reach where they intended, because the forest was not accustomed to the presence of human beings. Therefore they should walk in silence and without thoughts, to have the possibility of being accepted by the forest, otherwise they would be lost.

By the evening of the eighth day, a very special mountain could be seen far in the distance, in the form of a vast pyramid. The mountain detached from the north-south range and pointed towards the west. There was a river meandering at the bottom of the ravine and immediately there was another mountain range, also in north-south direction. From the top of one of the peaks in the range, was a very narrow swing bridge, at times only allowed the passage of one man. This swing was a bridge between the mountain range and the mountain, shaped as a pyramid.

-That is our destination -said the Teacher. As you can see, this mountain was worked by the old Toltec grandparents and it is the takeoff point to the immeasurable. Our ancestors called it the Ashes Hill, because it is there the warriors are consumed by their inner fire and depart into the unknown in search of their destiny. Let’s hurry our walk, to get there before dark.

That night the travelers arrived at the gates of the swing bridge, passage to the mysterious place.

Before dawn the Teacher and his student, went to the top of a hill in the range to receive the Sun and charge their energy. When they reached the right place they sat on a huge outcrop rock towards the precipice, pointing to the east.

-This is a very special place; it is a place of power, which has been used for hundreds of bundles of years by warriors seeking freedom, is like the prelude to the truth. The warriors need to charge their energy to meet the test that is in this door. If you fail, you shall die; if you pass, I am not sure what will happen, it depends on the "The force" intentions and your destiny. It is possible we will never again see each other, whether you die or because our paths never cross again, but in the end it is irrelevant; what is important is that you're impeccable in your challenge. Within a few hours, you will have to put into practice all you have learned in the sacred Jaguar Mountain; you will have to be flawless. All the years of strict discipline and sustained attempt; all the sacrifices and efforts you have made, will serve to overcome this challenge.

You're now one of the four hundred southern warriors. You were born for the florid battle. Since you were a child I found you and made you follow the warrior path in an impeccable way. Warriors like you live for the florid battle. The consecrate and purify by sacrifice and discipline. They temper their spirit, strengthen their body and dominate their passions. The warrior virtue is the impeccability of their actions; their inspiration is the wisdom of the old grandparents; their objective: Total freedom.

The horizon began to clear; the mountains profile began appear in the blue aurora. The old man and the apprentice were sitting cross-legged, viewing the east. Soon the Sun began to emerge. A huge golden disk slowly seemed to appear from the earth guts. The victorious Sun, leaving the depths of darkness and death, had once again overcome matter inertia and resuscitated in search of the dazzling heights. When the sun finally rose, it looked extremely large and bright; the horizon first caught fire with a faint orange, then with blood-red orange. Night Eagle had before witnessed a sunrise like this.

-You're lucky; the Sun greets you; -the Teacher said- without removing his squinted eyes stare from the Sun. Perhaps you know that this may be the most important day of your life, or the day of your death. Whatever you destiny might be, you have to fight impeccably, not because you care about the result, but because it may be your last battle in this world. In front of death, the warrior lets his spirit flow freely. The Warrior knows that he cannot cheat death, therefore, the only thing he is sure of in life, is that of his own death and this irrevocably becomes the most important moment of his life. In fact, the warrior prepares a lifetime, through multiple daily battles, to get to the last, with which closes the florid battle. So intensely enjoy this wonderful gift that "The force", has given you, it is all yours.

When morning fully came, the teacher took his pupil to a nearby cave and told him:

-In the interior of the cave, you will have to await the twilight arrival. Inside you'll find everything you need to get ready as immaculate warrior for the upcoming battle, when the time comes I will come and get you.

Night Eagle fearlessly entered the dark cave, the entrance was as high as a standing man, after ten steps, the width narrowed and took an upward direction. The boy had to crawl to move forward. He realized the cave was not natural; a tunnel was carved on a huge solid rock. He advanced ten bodies and climbed three. The tunnel ended in a chamber carved in the rock. The chamber was round and had a five body diameter, on the highest part; it reached a three body height. At the top, was a hole as a maize cane in diameter, which rose vertically through a two body distance, to the surface of the huge rock. Through the opening light strangely came in, thanks to the carving design, which illuminated the chamber in a very special way. The stone had an orange color, with red and white streaks, when in contact with light, producing a comfortable atmosphere.

After a while, when the warrior pupils completely adapted to the light intensity, he could see the chamber interior.

What he first saw, principle below the light shaft, was a huge rattlesnake, perfectly carved in the same stone. The snake was rolled and overall looked like a pyramid. Around the chamber perimeter on the cave rock was carved a sort of circular bank, only interrupted by the chamber’s entrance, which had a jaguar head sculpted, with the mouth wide open using the tunnel depth. On the circular bank were sculpted four Eagles in attack position. The chamber concave wall was completely carved, with friezes very similar to those seen in the buildings of the city of Mitla.

Altogether, the chamber was a true masterpiece, never before in his entire life; he had seen such a human achievement over matter, as this majestic chamber. The chamber was built in the center of an uncommonly huge and extremely hard rock, to the extent that it seemed to have been completely polished. Everything that there was carved on the chamber cavity, even the animals, were carved in the same rock; the rock colors and the light coming through the strange opening, every moment changed the place ambiance, giving the impression that the huge rock was alive, that the chamber was its guts and light its food.

Night Eagle realized that claws, fangs and eyes of eagles, the snake and the jaguar, were quartz inlaid, and that emitted or reflected light in a way, which gave the feeling that they were alive.

Next to the snake, he found a brazier, copal and wood to make fire; a few containers with different color paint. Without thinking he burn copal and sat down in front of the paint and began to sing a song in a serious tone that talked about a warrior who is preparing for the last battle of his life. At the same time, he carefully started to decor his entire body. The designs were inspired by the chamber friezes. He knew that the friezes had power and his body should be protected for the power battle he was about to engage. When he finished, he laid down in front of the snake and fell asleep.

When he woke up he realized that light did not enter through the shaft to the surface, but that nevertheless the chamber was better illuminated. He noticed that in the light were tiny particles, such as little filaments with light and consciousness. Amazingly he could differentiate the light of these bright filaments, which exuded consciousness; and when he saw his own body, he perceived it as an energy conglomeration that shed off light.

Somehow he then knew that the time had come and that his Teacher was waiting at the entrance of this wonderful cave. When it came out, he saw that his Teacher was another energy conglomerate which shone, yet in a more intense way and at times shed energy sparks, as tiny lightning inside of himself.

His Teacher approached and embraced him. Night Eagle felt an electric shock on his entire body that ran through him several times in all directions. He knew that his Teacher in that gesture was conveying tons of information and of affection; somehow he knew through his teacher’s energy, which flooded his entire body, what was expected and what he had to do.

Without word, the Teacher led the warrior to the pyramid Hill. They crossed the swing bridge and began to climb the pyramid, on stairs carved in the ground. The Hill was as about fifty bodies high, from the swing bride base that linked it with the mountain range. But to the east, some of the vertices dropped vertically, to a depth of more than two hundred bodies high.

The afternoon was splendid; the sky was completely blue, clear and transparent. The Sun was beginning to hide behind the western mountains. Night Eagle was vibrating, his body at times shock with involuntary spasms. More than his mind, his body was totally excited. His body sensed that something transcendent was about to happen, the smell of death came out of every warrior pore and soaked licked the boy’s skin.

The Sun had already entered the domains of the Lord of death, some light rays uselessly trying to contain the Night Lords, which had nearly covered the entire sky. When Night Eagle saw the evening star glow, calm came to his body. The Feathered Serpent was in the sky and knew that it would protect him from the ruthless Lords of the night.

Then his Teacher began to talk:

-You have reached the end of this path. The teachings of old Toltec grandparents, given to you since the youth house until DAANY BEÉDXE, have prepared you for this moment. What you will soon live, has no parallel, because it is at the same time frightening and wonderful. The power has reserved a different path for you, we do not know why or how will this path be. You shall go through a total experience and we hope your return from it, with us to DAANY BEÉDXE, so that together, we go to the place where one never dies. To return to us again you will have to recuperate all the lessons learned in DAANY BEÉDXE, both on the Tonal side, and of the Nagual. You must recover yourself and assemble the knowledge of the right side, with that of the left.

This represents the most difficult part of this path, because you will be alone and you must retrieve your knowledge from your own depths. You know that a total freedom warrior chooses a path with a heart and merges with it, because you've learned to have consciousness of the wonder of being alive and enjoy it intensely. But at the same time, you have also learned that life can end at any time. Know that you, as well as everyone else, are not going anywhere, that death is a permanent companion that puts in their right place everything that surrounds it, there are no winners or losers and that cemeteries are full of those who did not understand the value nor the meaning of life. A warrior is a human being, who has managed to temper his spirit and polished his matter; that discipline, sobriety and austerity, are the force that allow us not to have any worldly attachments to life. A warrior knows that life is a means to achieve total freedom. Thus the warrior chooses any activity, while being conscious that by itself has no relevance, that only matter in the meantime because his will refines in it and perfects his unyielding attempt.

If returning to the human beings world is in your destiny after this test, you must recover your knowledge, to again reach DAANY BEÉDXE. You will need to remember that needing is the origin of weakness and misery. The warrior permanently learns to reduce his needs to nothing, is responsible, disciplined, stays alert and is humble with his destiny.

Fire snake fell silent a moment. The night had completely overtaken the sky sphere. The enormity of those mountains and the majestic sky furthered the smallness of the human existence.

-This mountain has been worked by the old Toltec grandparents, -the teacher continued talking- to ensure that the flourished death warriors initiate their journey without return. Here is the place in which the warrior, after an impeccable lifetime and devotion, has managed to learn our ancestors practices, so that on their own move the assembly point of their luminous cocoon, and thus attest to other worlds that are only perceived when the assembly point is shifted, to places where the internal energy has before has mixed and fired with the external.

This time you will have to use the “intent”, on your own. You'll have to jump off the cliff, and when you're in the air, you will attempt moving the assembly point. If you succeed, you can be in two places at the same time, in other words, you'll have the perception of being up here and down below at the same time, it will have to make it 17 times in a row and if you are successful, you will survive, but you will show up in some remote part of this world.

Wherever you appear, you will absolutely remember nothing of what has happened thus far, all your memories will be erased from your mind and you'll have to remember everything. It may take you a lifetime and you may not achieve it, so you will lose the ability to receive the small opportunity provided by the eagle, to transcend the self, and will die as any common man and your entire life of struggle will be lost uselessly. That is the rule for all warriors.

But if you can remember yourself, it can recover your own face and your true heart, if you can overcome the memory loss, you will have to return to DAANY BEÉDXE. There, the four hundred southern warriors and I, will be waiting for you. From my own experience, I know that it is not easy and very painful, but there is no other way. All the total freedom warriors have to travel the same path; the difference with you is that you'll have to do it alone, that's all and nothing changes in your challenge.

So let’s not wait any longer, you have an appointment with your destiny, run and jump!

Darkness was almost total. Night Eagle felt that his body was going to explode, so he ran instinctively on the flat ramp surface leading to the cliff. He heard a high-pitched noise, his legs strongly propelled him; with great strides he seemed about to take a great leap into the unknown, into eternity.

There were no ideas in his mind, because what he was doing threatened his life, it was totally illogical. He knew that it would be fatal for the mind to take control; so when he reached the precipice edge, he took the final push on the ground and jumped into the air, with the deep conviction that he would shift his assembly point through the use of an “attempt”.

In the darkness of the night a terrifying scream was heard, which resonated in the depths of the ravine and small sparks were perceived illuminating the steep walls of the Hill that became a pyramid. A ball of fire went up and down rapidly, from the depths of the ravine to the summit of the mountain.

Before Night Eagle reached the bottom, he was able to turn on all the energy fields, contained in his luminous cocoon and miraculously, he was consumed in the inner fire.

D A A N Y B E É D X E

# THIRD PART

Night Eagle was lying on a stone slabs floor. Could not open his eyes and inside of him still resounded the echo of a powerful burst that reverberated inside; it had numbed his ears and every cell in his body was vibrating. An acute buzzing took over his mind and at times turned into iridescent colored lights that bounced in the dark vaults of his eyes and went, to the deepest part of his brain.

He wanted to open his eyes and could not; or perhaps they were open and saw nothing. The buzz frequency went up and it seemed his head would explode. He felt cold sweat moist his entire body and periodic spasms roamed through his sore body. He did not know where he was, everything was confusing and imprecise. The only clear sensation he had, was the pain he felt in his body. It seemed that all particles that made up his body had immensely suffered individually and as a raging Ocean sought to return to their place of origin.

A powerful lightning strike had preceded his fall in this strange place. The darkness was total, he did not know if he was blind or in a closed and dark night. The only thing familiar was the stone slab floor, on which he curled up in a fetal position, probably looking for a long-yearned protection.

The first light rays and the birds trill, made Night Eagle slowly open his eyes. A red ant walking very close to his face, which lay on the floor, made of large stones perfectly polished and assembled.

Carefully observed the nervous insect movements, when he focused on the ant, could appreciate its small black eyes, its antennas, and the two pincers in its mouth. As if it had succeeded in its mission of waking him up, the ant quickly moved away from his eyes focus. Night Eagle then, very slowly began to get up and see where he was.

The birds trill increasingly became stronger and morning light was quickly gaining spaces from darkness and silence; the night was quietly going under the Earth.

His body felt very sore, some parts still pounded, as if they did not realize they were part of a single unit once again.

Perhaps, for the first time in his life, Night Eagle engrossedly stared at his body, as an indescribable prodigy, from the joy of being as well as the intrinsic body beauty.

His eyes attentive roamed the long and thin fingers of his hands. Amazed he attested the complex marvels of the joints. His skin, veins, and tendons kept him bewitched. He could not believe the prodigy of being alive and having a body.

He continued with his legs, chest and abdomen. With his eyes caressed, with his hands he felt; both the smoothness of the skin, as its warmth and elasticity. The aurora was breaking in the horizon; to the east, began emerging the majestic Lord of fire darts.

Night Eagle realized he was at the foot of a building. Clarity allowed him to see the walls of a stone arc, which was just above him. His attention was called by the fact that the stones were perfectly polished and assembled. Rarely this work was seen, generally speaking, buildings were covered with a layer of stucco; profuse and beautifully decorated, with secret knowledge themes of the old Toltec grandparents. While he was concentrated in the stone work, the arch was suddenly illuminated.

He immediately raised his sight and saw, a light beam, detached from the horizon, embedded itself in the flat surface of something resembling an inverted bench at the top of the arch. By some unknown effect, light gained more power and only illuminated the area covered by the huge stone arch.

Night Eagle felt that light literally penetrating him, igniting his body as a shining torch. His body first experienced a temperature increase, and then a sense of energy and fullness went through his body. He felt a pressure in the chest, which faded away as he was flooded by the certainty that death was left behind, in the vast and uninhabited cliff, in the Sierra Norte, where he had jumped into emptiness.

He slowly incorporated and observed the place. The Stone Arch had the height of four human bodies and consisted of two rectangular structures, which at a body high; the stone began turning inwards, forming the arch. At the top of the structure, were four stone rows depicting a pyramid silhouette and in the center, was a series of carved stones assembled into the structure, with a very strange face, which had human form as a whole, but each of the pieces that formed it, individually symbolized strange forms.

They were basically two faces, each was a side view, and the two placed face to face, produced a third face.

The nose of the face, protruded as a lump of the carving. Its shape was very similar to the structure of the famous seven stars that almost joined, formed a spiritual and esoteric symbol for the old Toltec grandparents. The ancient tradition stated that from these seven stars, in the beginning of time, had arrived the early old Toltec grandparents to earth in search of a promised land to live.

When the boy looked around, noticed that the Stone Arch was in a forest clearing. There were no buildings near, only a sacbe, a road made from skillfully assembled polished stone, which made it look like a completely smooth surface. To get to the Stone Arch two sets of ten steps each had to be climbed, the arch was on a rectangular stone base, which raised two bodies high from the ground.

The last clouds were preparing to leave their night bed, over the tree tops. Night Eagle knew that this construction was a power site of the old grandparents, as humanely, the arch construction made no sense in the middle of the jungle, without a practical function in everyday life.

The Sun was beginning to warm up the morning. The head of the boy was still completely confused. He could remember absolutely nothing. The lightning burst seemed to permanently remain on his head. He had no strength or did not know how to remember what had happened. Few things were clear and firm in his mind; one was that he was Night Eagle and the other; was that he had just returned from death, it was all.

Suddenly in the distance, he began to hear a rhythmic drum noise and the sound of sea snails. The sound was coming from the west, just where the stone path entered the closed forest. Without thinking he started to walk down the path, in search of the origin of the mysterious music.

Upon entering the jungle, he became fascinated by its beauty, thickness and danger. Never before he had seen this foliage, moisture was increasingly greater and vegetation as a whole, made him feel a human being, the fragility and insignificance of his life in particular, against all the vegetation.

The road was built with calcareous stone of whitish color that in the thick of the jungle, highlighted with intensity. Each time the music became more clear and vigorous. Suddenly, in a large clear of the jungle appeared a wonderful revelation.

A building complex beautifully decorated splendid in the jungle; as if by a dazzling miracle. A group of men came to greet him. Their physiognomy and clothing were different from what he knew; tall men with large heads, a prominent nose that reminded him of certain birds.

When they reached him, the oldest of them spoke in Mayan, a strange language that he could not understand. The old man waited a moment and then spoke to him in Nahuatl, another strange language, which Night Eagle mysteriously understood.

The elderly welcomed him then this place called Uxmal that meant "The three times built" and said that he was welcome. And asked him to follow them, they walked through an impressive array of buildings, of which two were special. The first was a strange elliptical shaped pyramid and with a surprising height, because it was about 20 bodies in the highest part; the second was a quadrangular building, which had a huge plaza in the center. The facades of all constructions were magnificently and sophisticated decorated, depicting snakes, jaguars, huts and a few superb large masks representations, very similar to what he saw at the Stone Arch.

The entourage passed on the left side of the great pyramid and at the ballgame court, they turned right, they were facing the south facade of the quadrangular building. The façade was two stories high and a huge door, with four small openings on both sides. The gate was an arch, exactly the same, as where he fell to reach these lands, especially by the dimensions of its hollow.

When he entered, he experienced a sensation all over his body, as if he penetrated a barely perceptible energy field. On the other side of the arch, was the large rectangular square and there were dancers dancing around a group of musicians, several hundreds of people, who in four eccentric circles, spun in opposing directions, interspersed, two to on right and two on the left. The sound produced by large drums, whistles and marine snails, was rhythmically accompanied with the rattles made from seeds which all dancers, men and women, had on their arms and legs.

They crossed the square around the perimeter and climbed stairs that led them to a few rooms on the second floor. The room where Night Eagle stayed had two spaces. The place was fresh and had very efficient ventilation through small openings at the top of the walls, where air circulated.

At the rear was a stone bed, there was fruit and a water jug on a petate. The old man told him to eat and rest, that in the afternoon they would lead him to the authority of the place. The boy ate, drank, and fell deeply asleep.

When he woke up, he left the room. At his feet was the plaza now deserted and in complete silence. The Lord of fire darts had just hid under the horizon. The sky was intense blue and some clouds that decorated the evening, began to change color. The flocks of birds were flying, with loud songs, towards the jungle interior. The ambiance warmth and the forest smell, permeating a feeling of wellbeing and joy.

Then the old man came. He carried a torch in his hand and asked him to follow him. They crossed the square and turned to the great elliptical pyramid. They climbed up the east side stairs. It followed an ascendant path, as moving snakes.

At the top of stairs was a room. The old man stayed at the door and invited the young man to enter. The interior was small and dark; a strong copal smell flooded the room. He heard a voice welcoming him and asked; who he was, where did he come from; what was the reason for their presence.

Until that point Night Eagle realized, that was perhaps due to the violent force which led him to that site, thus he had acted unconsciously and in an instinctive manner, but when he heard the questions of the voice, terrified he realized he did not have the answers.

The silence was total; the warrior began a cold sweat. His mind was searching and researching in nothingness, and panicky noticed, nothing came. Inside, the questions echoed and as in a huge dark cave. He began to feel dizzy and the room shadows, turned into total darkness.

Immense distress was beginning to overflow from his chest. He made a great effort to remember and nothing came to his mind. As a turbulent current, anguish started to flood him, covering his entire body and every smallest corner. When he felt about to explode by the pressure, first from his eyes the anguish began to show, and then became a thread of tears which converted into water falls.

The boy fell on the ground, his desperate cry, was accompanied by convulsions, which wrung his body against the floor slabs. After a while he opened his eyes and the darkness was complete. The ground was very wet and was heard water running all over, noticed that he was inside a cavern.

The anguish returned to his body more violently. He wanted to get up, but he fell, the floor had moss slime. Awkwardly he crawled; he wanted to leave this place, whichever way. He continued the flow of a stream, in the darkest ambiance. He stopped screaming and crying, regrouped his forces and energy to get out of cave. He felt that if he surrendered, he would never get out of there.

After a long time of walking, slipping and falling, he felt his strength was running out. He felt an intense cold coming from his inside, numbing him, and inviting him to lie down on the floor to sleep. His body temperature had dropped much. Did not know where he was going and was almost caught by hopelessness. Finally he threw himself on the floor exhausted and closed his eyes.

He dreamed he was falling off a cliff, with a terrifying scream, which scraped the cliff walls, producing an echo that was lost in the surrounding high mountains. With eyes popping out, he saw how he was going to the bottom of the cliff at high speed. Suddenly he heard a thunder and blew up into millions of small lights, each in turn blew again. Regrouping then into a ball of fire, that rapidly went up to the top of the cliff, only to explode there in a bright flash and once again fall to the bottom of the cliff, with death in his eyes.

In the depths of his dream, he suddenly heard a name, which shook his guts.

-Night Eagle! Return to Etla Valley, we are waiting for you. As an echo, the message began to reverberate all over his body. In some unknown way, he had the certainty that his name was Night Eagle, his home was in the Etla Valley and they were waiting for him there.

A light beam penetrated the dark cave, perceived an exit point far in the distance. He then heard again the voice, which told him:

-In life, there is no way out, which has not previously been traveled inward. Search for your internal voice; establish the bridge with the divine particle that you carry within you. You have to fight and go a long way, to reach yourself.

He opened his eyes and found himself in the room, which was assigned by the kind men, who greeted him in that place. His body was very weak, but in his chest, had brightness and harmony. He knew who he was and where he came from.

Night Eagle turned to explore the impressive buildings of that wonderful complex. He walked to the south part, where a superb building was located; it had eleven gates and a marvelous panel at the top. At the center was a slightly larger door, on both sides were three doors; immediately a couple of strange accesses to the building interior, through which a man could barely pass because its height and width forming a triangle through an arc, which resembled the tip of an arrow, pointing to the sky. Then were two doors on each side of the arches. The front of the façade faced southeast and then was a stairway down to a large plaza.

In the afternoon he returned to the arc where he had fallen when he arrived and sitting on the bench waited the arrival of the night. The evening star appeared in the east. Night Eagle chest was pressed by mixed feelings. He felt a great nostalgia for something undetermined; and at the same time, a deep anguish for not knowing anything about his past. He was caught by a strange feeling, he felt as if he was about to remember everything. He had very definite feelings, that almost told him all the truth of his life, but everything remained on the verge of revelation, because his mind was still blank and his heart about to explode.

The next morning, the old man he first met came to his room and told him that he would have to go to the top of the pyramid, that the Venerable Teacher of the place was there waiting for him.

On this occasion he climbed on the eastern side of the pyramid, the stairs were wider and crawled to ascend. The Lord of fire darts was not out yet, but there was enough clarity. Upon reaching the top, he found two entries, a guide told him to enter through the right entrance. When he crossed the threshold he saw an old man, sitting on a stone resembling a human being lying on a rectangular stone block. His feet soles rested on the floor, his knees were high, his hips, abdomen, and part of his back was supported on the stone surface and his chest and head were erect, only supported on his elbows and his hands faded in the abdomen.

Something in the room, made Night Eagle heart pound faster. He did not know why, but he felt a deep emotion, something there or perhaps everything transmitted a feeling of inner strength, of self-control, of fullness, but at the same time, the memory source was not clear.

Night Eagle stared in the eyes of the old man. His face conveyed a great peace and harmony. Without realizing he sank in the depth of the Venerable Teacher gaze. He felt his body almost remembered and his mind was still blank.

Suddenly the old man turned to the boy and said:

-You have arrived to this our house, great mercy and goodness has had our beloved Lord, "he who is everywhere and for whom we live", for choosing us to send one of his spirit warriors, to these lands of the Feathered Serpent.

Our beloved omnipresent Lord has sent us to a fire dart, a precious stone, to this his humble home. We are apprentice warriors, humble servants of our beloved father. We are here poor artisans, carvers of the precious stone, which our beloved Father deposited in our soul, total freedom humble aspirants. We are his insignificant children, who seek to approach with his clumsy steps the light of truth.

In this complex, the precious stone is carved, that we all carry inside; every stone of these buildings is dedicated to the spirit purification and the strength of the body, here we keep the knowledge treasures of the Feathered Serpent.

You are a fire dart, came through the knowledge door and you have a mission to fulfill in this sacred land of the Feathered Serpent. Is our duty to support and help you in what you should do; but we cannot do anymore.

Your deed is very difficult; you must remember what was it that made you come to this land, through the power arch, and what is your mission. I will assign North wind to you, so that he teaches you our Mayan language and our customs, because the Nahuatl language we are using, which is that of the old Toltec grandparents; in these lands, no one will understand you, and will be more difficult for you to achieve the mission, assigned to you by the power.

Night Eagle addressed the old man as follows:

-Very humane and Venerable Teacher, Ruler and Governor of this sacred complex. I have no words to thank so much goodness and mercy that you have, with this poor man who dares to speak to such an illustrious Teacher.

In truth I do not know who I am, and much less what is the mission that our beloved Lord, "he who invents himself", has entrusted upon me. I just feel with truth, an immense nostalgia for my spirit to regain full consciousness.

I will fulfill my destiny, I am infinitely grateful for your will and mercy, with this poor pilgrim.

Immediately after, Night Eagle left the place. The long days of the year went by, the first rains began and warm weather started to go away. North wind was a middle aged man with a serene countenance, following the Venerable Teacher instructions, began to teach both the language and customs of the land of the Feathered Serpent.

Night Eagle learned very easily; seemed as if rather than learning, he just remembered it. North wind addressed the boy with much respect, as he sensed, that Night Eagle was a polished and virtuous flourished death warrior, but that at the time, he was at a temporary disadvantaged condition.

When his daily instruction was completed, Night Eagle preference in the evenings was to go to the highest part of the south pyramid of the complex. He had an inexplicable fascination in seeing the extensive surface of those lands. The horizon line bewitched him; such land immensity literally captivated him, as an unfathomable earth sea. From the top of the pyramid, he saw the slow sinking of the incandescent star; gradually devoured by earth. Lots of different types of bird flocks flew on their way to rest and until very late remained the reddish glow of the day that had died.

North wind was taciturn with his mouth, he lectured his pupil with lustful efficiently, so he did not spare any word or example. But he always kept a prudent and respectful distance with his student, he felt him as a powerful eagle that for some reason could not fly and was convalescent.

Night Eagle came to know all the facilities of this complex of women and men of knowledge. North wind was his patient guide. Thus one day came when Night Eagle was one more, of the warriors there seeking the spirit perfection and the body temperance through millenary secret teachings. However one morning he asked North wind, to take him before the illustrious Venerable Teacher, as he felt the need to talk to him.

Days later, Night Eagle was climbing as a snake, the steep stairs of the great pyramid. Now he noticed that at the top, in the middle of the two doors, was a small niche at the top of the wall. Resembling a small hut carved in stone, it had a door and inside was a wonderful sculpture of a coiled snake, it was finely sculpted in green stone, its skin and designs were carved and embossed in gold and silver. Its eyes were represented by two beautiful precious stones embedded in the green stone. The eyes of this sculpture had their own life, Night Eagle felt the weight of its glance, when he began the ascent. It seemed that the gemstones caught light and returned it in a fine and powerful beam of light.

He entered the same room on the right and found the old man, who asked him for the reason for his visit. Night Eagle told the Venerable Teacher that he felt his time there had concluded and that should go out to seek his destiny, that he had no words to express his gratitude for such fraternal solidarity from all those who struggled there, to be the best of themselves, to be humans and to flourish their hearts. He explained to the Venerable Teacher that something inside told him that he should embark on a path towards the profane world. The old man listened unmoved and after a long pause said:

-I see with joy that this puppy follows the designs of his destiny. The interior stone that for many years you have worked to shape and polish it is helping you. This sacred place dedicated to the wonderful mystery of life, has been your temporary shelter; you've got strength, already, you have courage, and you can start your journey back to the bottom of your heart.

Be very careful, precious pebble, because it is very dangerous. You could very easily get lost and never get your place of destiny. The death could be a hollow and inattentive, a life lost in the "comings and goings" of the human daily life, it is very easy to succumb to this. Perhaps you will go through the utmost difficult test you have so far taken. You will enter the everyday world of humanity, is a real world and totally true, saturated with urgent things to do, but very few important things. It is a captivating and seductive world, pain and pleasure are extreme, but harmless. It is a world of real ghosts that trap you in their worldly spells, but that if you fall, they annihilate you and turn you into another ghost. Remember always, that you are a true man and you're in pursuit of the impossible, the big difference between you and the ghosts, is that you know that it is impossible achieve what you intend, but you are not discouraged when you slip, you simply get up and try again: that's the mark of the sons of the Feathered Serpent, they always go without fear and obsession towards their objective.

Before you go to fulfill your destiny, this sacred place, will give you a gift so that you can better fulfill your mission.

When the awaited nightfall arrived, Night Eagle was taken to the great square, where the building of had the arrow shaped arches pointing towards the sky was located. The men accompanying him were painted, half of the body in black color and the other half red. They had strange white color drawings, like tattoos throughout the body. They sat him facing west, in the carved stone on the small construction platform. Four warriors painted blue, black, red and white, climbed into the four stairs, with a torch and a lit brazier; they knelt facing the four cardinal points and began to sing a prayer in a strange language, which Night Eagle could not identify.

The prayer rather seemed a chant, with four tones which are monotonously repeated, creating an atmosphere of great spiritual strength. Later he was taken to the arch arrow shaped, on the right side of the building presiding over the plaza. They slowly climbed the steps, the moonlight seemed that to make the stones shine with own light, walked down the aisle and at the Arch entrance, invited him to enter.

The man painted in white told Night Eagle, to stand motionless and to get rid of all thoughts. The small space was upholstered with fragrant herbs and copal was burned.

The night was cool and quiet; the absolute silence was only broken by a sweet and mysterious whistle, which from time to time, harmoniously played like a beautiful prayer. Night Eagle quickly fell asleep or passed onto a deep trance state.

When he opened his eyes he realized he was at the top of a four level tower. He clung immediately and vertigo rapidly ran though his back, leaving a trail of cold sweat. Looked below carefully and realized that he was in an unknown place, a great nine body pyramid, with a building at the top, and five large entrances. He then looked to the north and far in the distance appeared the mesmerizing horizon line, a green plain, as a motionless sea.

To the south was the mountain range with all shades of green, something in him was excited with the mountains. He was contemplating a wonderful landscape, when part of the cornice where he was standing began to detach. He felt his heart jump out through his mouth. He clung with despair, but the stones crumbled in his hands, slowly began sliding until half of his body was hanging.

Night Eagle felt his strength exhausted. When he felt it was the end, he let go, but fell on top of a large pyramid, just in front of the steep stairways, the highest he had ever seen in his life. For an instant he was balanced, but then he went forward, so he had to take a leap and land steps down, then another jump and another step, until he began to feel the fall vertigo, but now on a fast way down the steep stairs, that seemed endless. Jump after jump he gained speed and felt he would crash upon reaching the ground. Distress of the speed and the fall, ran through his body as adrenaline sprays.

He felt inevitably lost when something extraordinary happened. Suddenly he began to feel warmth, which developed below his navel gradually spreading throughout his body. The fast fall began to diminish, until he was immobile. The energy coming out from inside his body, was accompanied by a musical note in a grave tone, which as the flapping of a beetle, was increasing.

Night Eagle felt the plenitude and strength of his body, who sang with the musical note or the energy. A need from the deepest and oldest of his self, came out like a volcano erupting. With the support of a telluric force, Night Eagle was literally shot into the sky. From his body long flames of fire detached and when he reached above the clouds, exploded into a thousand pieces, with an immense joy, he fell in a star shower.

Night Eagle opened eyes with despair and noticed he was standing below the left Arch of that building. It was perhaps dawn, when he decided to embark on the return path.

He walked across all the installations of this beautiful place. They seemed to be asleep, to not feel the departure of the fire dart that had mysteriously arrived one night and that after an electric shock, was laying below the mysterious arc that directs the intrepid travelers to eternity, and that in that strange occasion, threw to them a pilgrim of the spirit, that came from remote lands, and that today left as he had arrived; without a trace.

He headed toward one of white roads, leaving the complex and quietly left the place.

Night Eagle walked towards the east, through the splendid elevated road, made in stone, very well assembled and maintained a perfect horizontal line, in relation to the ground, which occasionally made him be up to a body above the ground. The road was so wide that they six men could walk at the same without disturbing one another.

The jungle was truly intriguing and seductive, but inspired a deep respect. Its large trees and lush vegetation, saturated with unimaginable quantities of plants and insects, of various forms, sizes and colors, living in a total balance.

On the chest of the young man was a sense of excitement for something that was to come and at the same time felt distress, over not knowing what it was he wanted to find.

Not knowing who he actually was, not knowing his past, his origins, his ancestors, created an underground anguish in him, as a water spring under the ground, which stalked him and under permanent threat.

It could not face the present, if I did not know who he was. Because by not knowing who he was, he could not know that he wanted from life and the world. Thus, if he was unaware of his origins, and if he did not know where came from; he could never know where he was headed. He realized that a human being, a family or a village, are what remember themselves. Who does not remember has no memories, livelihood, and internal force, turns into a leave in the wind.

He felt completely neutralized and helpless. Not knowing who he was, where he came from and where he was headed, seduced him to abandon himself in indifference and oblivion. He walked and walked, and did not know where he was going. This sentiment became stronger after he found several crossroads and had no elements to decide his own path, did not know if he was going or coming.

During all the day's walk, he maintained two feelings that overwhelmed him. The first was of astonishment on everything he saw; the second was distress and desolation, ignoring his identity.

In the afternoon he reached Dzibilchaltún, whose name means "where are writings on stone slabs", it was a very strange place, it consisted of a group of buildings and pyramids, but they were in ruins and completely abandoned. The implacable jungle had regained its spaces and trees, shrubs and plants, it appropriated the buildings. With the powerful hydraulic force of nature, plants, roots, trunks and branches were gradually knocking down walls, moving large stones and collapsing the pyramids. The relentless and jealous jungle, did not forgive the desecration of its spaces.

Night Eagle came amid the ruins of Chi Chen Itza, a huge complex, with moss invaded stones and its buildings swamped by the vegetation. Suddenly, in front of his eyes, was a mound and above it, a square construction, seemingly a house with a door and two small windows on its four sides. On top each door was a stone figure depicting a humanized face, the same was in the four upper corners of the building. In the center of the building protruded an elevated structure resembling a tower. He climbed what was left the stairs and entered the building.

The afternoon began to decline, the Lord of fire darts, was almost on the horizon. Night Eagle entered through the west door and dropped onto the floor. When his body loosened, fatigue invaded him. He had not eaten all day and was exhausted. While he was looking the arc shaped roof of the strange construction, realized that a reddish light slowly began to invade the room, creating a peace and well-being ambiance.

His body felt that it was in a benign place. The sun before sinking on the horizon, directly sent its rays and entered horizontally through the west door, producing an uncommon brightness; seemed that due to unknown reasons the building stones multiplied the light intensity. On the east side came out red light rays, through the doors and windows, giving life to the room.

Night Eagle gradually felt his body recovered the mood and strength lost during the walk, but the most surprising was that his heart was filled with an immense peace and tranquility. All the anguish that he felt from the moment he came to these strange lands, was dissolving as a morning mist in the jungle and turned into nothing.

He felt an immense joy of being alive, of feeling alive, of thinking of him alive. That house was as the beloved mother's womb, without thinking about it; he took a fetal position and closed his eyes, only concentrating on the well-being feeling being that surrounded him, to fall deeply asleep.

The next morning, Night Eagle did not want to open his eyes. The birds from early hours started their noisy trilling. The eastern light had already entered the room and in its dazzling rise, had already left the area in search of the heights. Heat began to increase and the boy refused to open their eyes. In his depths, he wanted for time to stop the previous evening, with its impressive and deep feeling of well-being.

He slowly opened his eyes; he stretched like a feline, slowly and deliberately. He got up and walked out the door.

The Sun was mid-morning, while the structure was not very high; he was unable to determine the likely extension of the complex. He decided to walk about it, he had not gone far when he clearly heard the noise made by a body falling into water, immediately turned cautiously to the source of the sound, between some bushes, and he saw a cenote, with completely crystalline water.

All of a sudden, a young man emerged from the water, to breathe and once again plunged. Night Eagle was watching the stranger from his hiding place, which from time to time, pulled out a fish, skewered in a harpoon and introduced them in a basket, at the edge of the beautiful natural well.

Finally, during a dive of the fisherman, Night Eagle decided to come out from hiding and saw the diver disappear on one end of the cenote, where the water changed its color to a more intense blue, which indicated a deeper part of the cenote.

Shortly thereafter, he began seeing the diver figure appear. Again he had an enormous fish skewered in his harpoon. The man quickly moved as a submarine reflection, until reaching the surface and immediately taking a fresh breath of air.

When the diver noticed Night Eagle presence, he welcomed him with a broad smile and said good morning in the language he had learned from the teachers that received him in the complex of Uxmal, "The thrice built".

Without further comment, the diver invited Night Eagle to plunge into the cenote. Then the two boys dived in the dark side. Night Eagle was amazed of the underwater beauty of that place. Small fish accompanied them and occasionally bit them. The water color was a light blue and amazingly clear. Light penetrating the cenote mixed with the water and gave it life of its own.

After a while, the basket was filled with fish and the two young men came to rest on the surface. Night Eagle told the boy that he came from distant lands and that he now was on his way back home. For its part the fisherman told him that he was called Marine Snake and lived on the coast, about a half day away to the north.

While preparing a grilled fish, the two boys were already friends. A stream of empathy from the outset joined them. Both felt as if they knew one another for a lifetime. Night Eagle realized he was very hungry when he began eating.

Marine Snake after preparing his fish with salt invited his new friend to visit Yucalpetén, his village which was in front of the sea. Very late at night they reached the small fishermen community and Marine Snake introduced his guest to his parents, who was respectfully received.

The next morning Marine Snake took his guest to the village authorities and asked for permission to have Night Eagle as his guest in the community. The Supreme Council questioned the stranger and realized that he was a warrior of the Lord of the darts of fire, so it was approved, taking the event as a good omen.

Marine Snake, as almost all young people of his community, had studied in Tulum, a city that was five days of navigation to the east. He had just finished his studies in the youth house and had returned to marry Morning star, a young girl he had been in love with from his teens.

The custom was that a young man, who wanted to have a family, should first be trained in what would be their adult life. Life in a small coastal community, made women and men less specialized and knew different family sustainment sources, of which of course, fishing was the fundamental basis of their diet.

Night Eagle accompanied his friend, fishing, hunting, collecting, weaving, and to collect rubber from a few special trees, through incisions they made, so that a white substance came out, which was later used for religious and sporting purposes as they used this material to make the balls used to play the ancient ball game. They planted corn, beans, squash and chili, less intensively, as the soil did not have a thick layer of soil, so it forced them to rotate crops in every crop, implying the slashing and burning, and long distances to walk with small areas for cultivation.

Therefore the community every five days took their products to a local market and every twenty to a regional market for trade, and could exchange salted fish and rubber, for all those products they needed and their community did not produce.

The commerce notion did not exist, as a wealth source. The spirit of exchange was to satisfy primary needs, and have the freedom to indulge body and soul, to the devotion of the Supreme divinity, represented in multiple devotions which were related to nature. The reason for existence was basically spiritual, this resulted in religious manifestations, which pervaded all spaces of everyday life and the way of expressing this spirituality was through "Flower and Song ".

However there were a very small group of men, serving through a confraternity, the exchange of goods with remote and distant lands. This action was not trade itself, because products that exchanged were strictly religious, so their work was well recognized by all communities, as without their valuable services, worship which the people made to the various manifestations of "he for whom one lives", could be properly executed.

Besides being well recognized, these long journeys were extremely dangerous and many times, never returned, because they had to walk, sometimes months, crossing jungles, swamps or climbing through desolate mountains and mountain ranges, always stalked by animals and poisonous insects, wild beasts and a host of dangers; and all this did was by foot and carrying themselves, the precious sacred goods.

From certain places, they took marine snails, pearls, dyes, Quetzal and parrot feathers, turtle and armadillo shells, jade, emerald, jaguar skins; and from those places brought paper, copal, precious stones, herbal medicine, cochineal tincture, skin rabbit, cotton blankets, and obsidian and copper knives. This brotherhood of transporters had their own rules and their knowledge was secretive of initiatory nature. Their organization was paramilitary, which were highly valued, and respected by all peoples. Wherever they went, were well received and were provided everything needed to fulfill their sacred mission.

The Marine Snake community, Yucalpetén was located in a small cove next to the blue sea. The sand of its beach was very white and very fine. Small fishermen village; its people lived in a simple and harmonious manner with nature.

As time went by, Night Eagle was became part of the community without realizing it. The Council of elders saw the young man presence as a good thing; he already began his maturity stage and could marry a maiden from the town.

Hence, the calendar wheels continued its inexorable march and Night Eagle quickly learned the art of fishing, weaving nets and sail in small coastal vessels. His learning ability was surprising, looked like he knew and just remembered.

Marine Snake and Night Eagle became great friends, shared work and entertainment alike. Marine Snake felt a great admiration and respect for his friend, who was slightly older than him. For its part Night Eagle had found in Marine Snake, more than a friend, a family and a foundation in which to settle, as his inability to remember his previous life was complete.

Despite while everything was developing harmoniously, in those hot nights, when all the people slept, Night Eagle remained awake in his hammock, fighting against the fog wall which prevented him to see its past. As an obsession stalked him, preventing him from fully enjoying everything he was living in this wonderful place and people, nice and simple, which had received him fraternally with solidarity, adding him without distinction, as one more, of the everyday life of the people.

One evening, when anguish seemed it would explode the chest of Night Eagle and the fog wall smothered, Night Eagle began to repeat a verse that mysteriously came from the depths of his guts. As an avenue of feelings, it opened a gap in the pressing fog. One by one, the words were coming out and as a balm, eased his sore heart.

"In vain I was born,

in vain I came out

of the house of the earthly God,

I am needy!

I wish I had not really came out,

that actually I would have not come to Earth.

I do not say, but...

What is it I will do?

Do I live with in front of the people’s face?

Should I stand on Earth?

What is my destination?

I am needy,

my heart suffers,

You're barely my friend

Here on Earth.

How should we live next to the people?

Live life peace!

Spend your life calmly!

I have yielded,

only live with my head down

next to the people.

That is why I worry,

I am unhappy!

I have been abandoned

Next to the people on Earth.

I have come to grow with sorrow

With you and next to you, life giver."

Three years had passed; Night Eagle skin had hardened with the salt and the marine Sun. His hair was slightly reddish. At that time he had won a place in the village and was already a great fisherman. He mastered language to perfection and if it were not for his physical difference, he could pass as a native of the place.

At last came the great event, Marine Snake godparents went to ask for morning star hand, accompanied by an elder lady from the village, whose job was "asking" for maidens in wedding. The entourage arrived with corn, dried fish, chocolate and a cotton blanket. The woman was heard with attention and respect, by Morning star parents, but in the end, refused permission by saying that the girl was not yet in marriage age and was not worthy of Marine Snake.

Five days later the procession returned to Morning star house, again began the speeches of pediment. This time, the father and the mother accepted; the godparents of Marine Snake made arrangements with the men of "the black and red ink", to a propitious day for the wedding.

The ceremony took place at the groom's House in the evening. The day before there had been a party at the Morning star’s home. The afternoon of the wedding, the bride had taken a bath with fragrant flowers and wore a luxurious huipil for the occasion. From her house was carried on a small litter adorned of flowers, carried by her relatives, followed by two rows of young girls, carrying flowers and torches; behind them, musicians playing hornpipes and small drums, followed by relatives and friends.

When they arrived at the house, friends and family of Marine Snake were waiting for them; after having been welcomed with an eloquent speech by the groom grandfather. The couple sat on petates decorated with flowers and four fragrant braziers in the corners. Then Morning star godmother began a speech:

-My child, you're here, through you are honored the elder and our kin; you are already in the number of elderly women: you've already stopped being a girl and started being a woman; now stop children play.

From now on you will not be a child, it is important that you and greet all as it should be; you shall get up night and sweep the house, and set a fire before dawn, you'll have to get up every day; see our daughter that you do not shame us, that we are not do not disgrace your father and your mother, and your grandparents that are already deceased.

Look, poor thing, that you strive, you've already separated from your father and mother, see that your heart does not tilt more towards them; you can't any longer be with your father and your mother, you have already completely left them: our daughter, we want you to be blessed and prosperous. -After of a moment, Morning star answered to her godmother, -my lady, esteemed persons who have greatly favored me by being here; with your heart have taken my cause, they are sorrow and work to honor me; the words you have said I shall treasure them as something precious, and much appreciated, said as real fathers and mothers in telling and warning me; I very much appreciate the good vested upon me.

Then, relatives of the bride and groom tied the bride huipil, with the groom cloak, symbolizing this way that the marriage had been consummated. Then the oldest lady relative of the groom spoke to Morning star:

-My child, your mothers here and your fathers, wish to comfort you; strive daughter, do not worry by the burden of marriage that you've now taken upon yourself, and although it is a heavy load, with the help of our Lord you shall manage, beg for help from him; our Lord will like that you live many days and climb the slope over work; by venture you shall reach the summit without any impediment or fatigue sent from our Lord.

We do not know what our Lord will bestow upon you, humbly expect everything from him. Here are five blankets given by your husband, to trade in the market and thereby obtain chile, salt, torches, and firewood with which you will have to cook the food. This is the custom that left by the old grandparents; work my daughter and do your job as a woman, because nobody will help.

Immediately thereafter, Morning star’s mother, talked to the groom:

-Here you are, my son you're our jaguar and our eagle, and our rich feather and our precious stone, already you are our very tenderly loved son; understand, son that you are a man, and a married man, and man who has for wife our daughter; this should not seem to you a mockery, must realize that you're in another world, you're exercising your freedom, your decision takes you to another way of living, become responsible.

See that you're already a man and that you do not have a child’s heart; does not behoove you to be a mischievous child; you don't want from here onwards riding the boys vices, because you already have the responsibility of a married man, who is a family’s father; begin work in carrying loads on the roads, such as the chili and salt, saltpeter, and fish, walk from town to town; learn the work and fatigue you must feel in the heart and body, sleeping in the corners outside of other’s houses, on the portals of houses of people that do not know you. You must temper your spirit and strengthen your body, without hurting your tender heart. All these efforts and many more you will have to do, because is as was told and we were taught, by our old and wise grandparents.

The celebration lasted for five days and nights; they danced and ate, with fullness and in abundance. Night Eagle joined in a member of Marine Snake family, but something told him inside that he was losing something more than a dear friend.

From that day, Night Eagle became a loner. Complied scrupulously with his tasks, but he did not have the cheerful companionship of Marine Snake, as it was the tradition, that single people did not mix with married men, in the works and groups of friends.

The days started to be long and tedious; Night Eagle occasionally visited Marine Snake, to whom the "Houses Complex", had given him a plot of land. It was this ancient institution, that managed the land, as nobody had land as private property, it was considered property of the village or "Houses Complex", through the Council of elders and through "He who speaks" or leader, granted them usage to citizens who had an established family.

The new Marine Snake obligations left him very little time available to be with his dear friend. Night Eagle became inaccessible. His anguish overtook him, like an enormous emptiness avalanche and distressing doubts.

Certain morning the sky was overcast. The wind was blowing strongly. The sea was rough, crashing its swells of waves without mercy against the deserted beaches. At noon, the Council of elders reconvened, the situation was becoming more dangerous all the time.

The situation was widely discussed and by consensus, it was decided that the entire population, would take refuge in the caves of the sacred Cenote, because a hurricane approached.

A one day walking distance inland from the village, in the neighboring town of Motul, which had various structures and an important temple, connected with the cenote by large sacbé, it had two large plazas from where various sacbe departed towards the four cardinal points, heading to the distant lands where they traded their goods. There was a cenote called Bolonchol, from where water was taken for the community, it was a public space, which was fitted with stone stairs that allowed comfortable access to the depths of the cenote, to carry water without major effort or danger. But there was a restricted area, where common people did not access. At the end of the cave, there was a small tunnel, where a crawling person could barely pass. After a stretch, the tunnel came into a huge gallery; the path went downwards a good way until reaching an interior large lake. In the center of the Lake, at the top of the cave roof, plenty light entered through a hole, the opening, which vertically came to the water surface, had traces of a cataclysm. Light colliding with the water, produced beautiful reflections, the walls contained an ore that increased reflexes and provide a mosaic of indescribable colors.

This was the secret place of the pochtecas. They had a carved an altar in the rock, lavishly decorated with painted stucco. Especially highlighted was the mask of the water divinity. Each eye consisted of three rectangular shaped and profusely carved stones. The first resembled an eyebrow, with a line resembling a mountain, but at the same time was the symbol of the snake, three circles within the mount and below them, a vertical lines carved symbolizing eyelashes. The second stone, under the first, had an eye cavity and a circle carved as an eye, with three stone circles per side. The third stone, under the second, had the same design as the first, but inverted, forming the complementing part of the eye. In the middle of the six stones other three were embedded, making the shape of the nose, which was characteristic of the water God in these lands, as it was very similar to the "shining seven stars" design; the mouth immediately below the eyes and the jaws formed two snakes in profile looking at each other.

The storm turned into a hurricane as never seen before, the winds destroyed everything in its path. Thanks to the Elders Council precautions, when the wind was destroying homes and knocking down trees, the entire population was safe in the makeshift shelter.

The night was terrible. The rain that fell nonstop accompanied by fierce gusts of wind, that howled upon entering the mouth of the cave. The community was safe in that cave and would wait until the hurricane passed.

Due to the number of people at the place, since people from other neighboring villages also arrived to take refuge, Night Eagle and other men went to the secret part of the cenote. When Night Eagle was observing the impressive altar, lightning fell a few yards from the opening, so for a moment they saw the cavern fully lit and something else, in the depths of his being, was also struck with the violent discharge. By the lightning thunder, which multiplied in the cave, he then had a fleeting memory, as a frozen view of something, which was related to the cave and his past, something that was very important and that he was about to catch in his conscious part.

Night Eagle spent all night trying to open his memories floodgate. A huge fog wall made his distraught intelligence lose clarity and ending with a blank mind, as in a trance or dozing. He again recovered and concentrated on his memories, only to once again crash against the fog wall, which gradually surrounded him, making him lose clarity and will.

One of the elderly, a member of the secret pochtecas brotherhood, realized what was happening to Night Eagle and I spoke to him in Nahuatl, the language of the old grandparents:

-Listen to young traveller, these clumsy words from a poor and ignorant guy, wants to speak to you, deliver his poor heart to you.

I am already an old man, who the vultures soon for him. My name is Evening light. The only thing I have, the only thing that I possess, want to give to; because I see and feel that your heart is in great pity, a great sadness that is hurting your noble and tender heart. Follow me.

Night Eagle was not in the least surprised to hear the words of the old man. His entire body understood what was happening and his mind was not opposed. He slowly followed the old man, who took him to a discreet corner, where there was a tunnel which led to a small chamber. Evening light was carrying a torch that lit up the enclosure.

Night Eagle found himself in a crypt. Carved on the wall, were a few niches containing human skeletons. At the center was a rectangular stone surface, large enough for a human body.

The entire crypt was carved in stone, the ceiling was arch shaped, and it was decorated with human figures, in procession. Evening light invited Night Eagle to lie on the stone and said:

-Put your mind blank, silence your heart and make distress go away. We are all going to die, some before, others later. So if we are going to die, the rest is unimportant. Relax.

Indeed, the power is putting you through a test. No matter if you are victorious or not from it. What matters is that you're flawless in solving it. The impeccable implies doing what you do in the best possible manner. Don't you see, in the light of death nothing is important. Those that are here were warriors like you. As you can see, their victories and defeats, now are not important; the only transcendental part is that they were impeccable and it is why their offal are symbolically here, as a testimony of their spiritual struggle, for those behind them.

The difference between a warrior and a common man is that the warrior knows that what he is attempting to do is impossible to achieve and when he falls, he gets up and continues to struggle, without surrender and without any complaints. The common man does not yet know his limitations and wants it all and everything and without measure in life.

It is very difficult to have all ideas clear in life, more so, if it is that of a spirit warrior. Ask your death for advice, she is always on our side and observes everything that we do; until the day comes when she touches our left side, with her emaciated hand. Ask death for advice, if you befriend her, she will always advise you in the best way, because when she touches you, everything takes on its true dimension and sense.

Night Eagle laid on the stone, closed his eyes, put his mind blank and fell asleep.

Five days went by. When he opened his eyes, he felt a deep inner peace. Everything was distant and indifferent. He stretched as a jaguar and all his bones cracked, he could see in the darkness and found the way out. The Grotto was deserted and when he came to the surface, light hurt his eyes.

A splendid blue covered the sky, completely clean and transparent, it was noon; the fury of nature had disrupted everything around. The weather was hot and humidity was stifling.

Shortly the old man arrived and said to him directly, without asking questions, go to the village to help rebuild and that when you are done, say good bye to them forever and that he would wait for him at the cenote entrance. That he should not worry, that he would know when it was the right time.

Night Eagle walked towards his adopted village, with a firm step and a quiet heart.

Three months passed and Night Eagle returned one afternoon to the entrance of the sacred cenote. The day had been overcast and the temperature was rather fresh.

The conviction flame was lit his chest; of not knowing his past, something happened that night in the cave of the sacred Cenote, and Night Eagle, understood that he could not live trying to deny the profound anguish he felt, by not knowing his past. He did not have anything else in this world, than the need to know who he was and where he came from?, without knowing this, everything else had no sense. Then a sacred chant mysteriously came to his mind:

"But I say:

only briefly,

only as a corn flower,

we have come to flourish,

so we have come to meet

on Earth."

only to Polish the precious stone,

just as Eagle and jaguar in flourished battle,

so we have come to sculpt an own face,

so we have come to forge a true heart,

on land, strong heart as stone."

A light beam flooded his body. As a balm, the poem calm down and appeased his heart. He closed his eyes, took a breath of fresh air and sat down to wait for the old man. He was thinking what to do when he saw him and when he stop his thoughts, he noticed that Evening light had been there, almost in front of him, but in absolute immobility and the green color of his cloak, made him invisible to Night Eagle eyes and the multiple feelings at his heart.

-I see that you are faithful to your destiny - said the old man. Night Eagle rapidly incorporated; kneel down at the feet of the Teacher. Evening Light took his hands and got him up immediately and said to him:

-A warrior of the Lord of fire darts, a brave man of the flourished battle; never bows before any mortal. The Warriors only bows before the omnipresent Lord, before the impalpable and invisible, the one who invented himself. Never ever before any man, do not forget. They walked to the entrance and began to go down through the large stairs of the sacred cenote.

-Our brotherhood understands, -the old man continued talking- that although you're not one of ours; you're also not a common man. You surely come from distant lands and you are serving a power intention or a knowledge test; whatever your destiny, the brotherhood has decided to support you in fulfilling your commitment.

We see in your energy, that you have knowledge in a latent state, by some mysterious deed; it seems that you need to recover yourself, to be able to advance. Both you and we know that if you do not do it, you shall die of sorrow or desolation.

You know that our brotherhood, has entrusted for many bundles of years, the exchange of products to keep the cult of our beloved Lord, the invisible and impalpable. That this work assigned to us by the old Toltec grandparents, and from generation to generation, we have been scrupulously complying with our hard work.

Among us there are expert and very knowledgeable people of the roads and their dangers. We would like to you to join us, but you need to pass a test. We believe that each man has the innate ability to orient themselves and reach the right place. Everything is a consequence of sensitivity and the development of certain intuition.

The test is that if you want to join us, to explore this world and recover your own face and your true heart, your identity; you will have to find "The power stone of the men of the land of the feathered serpent". If you accept, you will have ten days to find it; otherwise you will lose the memory.

Night Eagle responded that he didn't have a better option, and that if he was going to die, he rather be dead trying to regain his identity. He asked how was the power stone and the old man replied that they did not know either, that Night Eagle would try it, because you are a warrior and we are simple and humble porters of the instruments, to honor and worship to our beloved and kind Lord, he for whom one live. Evening light concluded speaking.

Later that night, Night Eagle started the test, he entered the transporters holy compound, and he was given two gourds, one with ground roasted corn and the other with water and a backpack. Evening Light warned the boy, that he should not eat and drink any more than what they were giving him, otherwise it would lose his memory. Then they have him a strange drink and began to pray with them throughout the night, until he fell asleep.

The next morning he woke up in a clearing of the jungle. At his side were the two gourds and the backpack, recalled everything immediately and slowly got up and started to walk.

Without knowing why, he walked in the direction where the Sun hides. Two days went by and did not see anybody on the road, until the afternoon of the third. Three richly dressed men warmly greeted him; they asked him where he was headed. Night Eagle told them he was searching for the "The power stone of the men of the land of the feathered serpent". The men laughed in unison and one of them told him:

-Who told you such lie? This stone does not exist. We are headed to the fertile Eagle Valley, where the milpa corn grows up to two-body height and the cobs are the size of an arm. There all men are immensely wealthy and happiness is eternal. Come with us, will show you the way.

Night Eagle thanked them for the offer and said goodbye with courtesy, continuing his journey. The men called him and tried to persuade him while following the hurried walk of the warrior.

Days went by and Night Eagle continued walking towards the west. The forest was almost impenetrable and on the fifth day, in the late afternoon, Night Eagle perceived a feeling of concern. He hastened this walk, in search of some clear in which to make a fire and sleep. The forest was still closed and thick. Birds began their noisy trills, the monkeys were screaming with excitement. The first star of the night appeared in an orange sky with various shades of blue.

Suddenly, mysteriously all the jungle animals went silent and Night Eagle stopped walking and stood motionless. The jungle that seconds before was alive and sound, now was in total silence.

Night Eagle sharpened his ears and opened his perception. These were distress minutes. In the warrior back a cold sweat ran down slowly. The atmosphere was charged with electricity.

Suddenly, he heard the powerful roar of a jaguar very near Night Eagle. The warrior legs bent involuntarily and something tore his belly. With a feline jump, Night Eagle faced the side where the roar came from. His body tensed and was on alert. Another roar was heard, but on the opposite side.

From the roar loudness, the warrior was surrounded by at least two huge Jaguars. Decided to hasten the walk, in hopes of finding a shelter place or a clearing where to make a savior fire; since in the narrow and closed path, he was totally defenseless.

Night suddenly fell, Night Eagle walked at a very fast pace, but without running. He knew that he had to let the animals feel his strength and temperance; otherwise they would immediately attack him.

The warrior was not carrying any weapons, other than the gourds, the backpack and personal power. The roars were increasingly heard closer and advancing. The warrior devised a strategy. He picked a trunk and started to scream with all forces that came from his despair, at the same time struck everything within his grasp, making a true scandal. The strategy resulted, the jaguars apparently bewildered moved away a bit, to find out what happened.

Meanwhile, Night Eagle advanced rapidly, tearing apart his throat and desperately hitting, hoping to find a solution to the situation.

When the Jaguars began to get closer again, because they had realized the trick, their roar was more threatening and fierce. Night Eagle knew that he did not have more time, the felines were about to attack, when the long-awaited jungle clearing appeared.

On one side were a small hill and a cave. The warrior upon seeing the clear ran to hide in the small cavity. To his fortune, he found dry trunks and branches, and immediately started making a bonfire. With skill and speed, he rubbed two pieces of wood with a small bow, from his backpack.

The Jaguars, meanwhile, walked around the mouth of the cave and did not dare entering; only heard their snorting and grunts. When flames sprouted, the felines withdrew silently.

The next morning, the warrior again started his way; he had been very austere with water and ground corn, so he had enough to last for the remaining five days.

He continued with the same determination as in the beginning, walking west. Before noon, arrived at a very cool place with ample shades provided by large and leafy Ceiba trees called Xmabén, he heard a sweet female voice, singing a melodious song. He slowly got closer and discovered a girl, who was collecting plants. He had never seen such a beautiful woman.

Mysteriously his heart began to beat with great strength and felt he could not breathe. The girl sang and talked to the plants. Suddenly, she turned and discovered Night Eagle, who stood immobile. She ran to hide and after a few moments the warrior reacted. He apologized and told her that she should not fear, that his intentions were not to scare her and that he would immediately leave. The young girl remained quiet and when Night Eagle turned around to leave in the same direction he had arrived, the girl called him. She explained that she was not accustomed to seeing anyone in these places, but that she would like to talk with him. A strange force dragged the warrior before the eyes of the girl, he had never before felt attracted to a woman, and something in her stare developed an overwhelming feeling.

They walked up a small stone house, which was near a small cenote. After a few hours of conversation, Night Eagle knew that the girl was called Rain flower and was imprisoned there by an enchantment. For his part, Night Eagle told her what he knew of his life and the anguish that he lived for not knowing his past.

It was already night when, under a star studded sky, the couple could not contain the passion that consumed them. Night Eagle for the first time in his life, knew the intensity of love. Tenderly and with sweetly was introduced in the magical rites of love. Throughout his body, the warrior discovered a complete and virginal universe for his senses. With own dynamism, his body took command and almost separated from its self, perfectly integrating with Rain flower. Night Eagle felt as the millions of beings that formed it, had entered into an absolute shock. A force coming from the depths of his being, from its marine millennial origin, felt the wonderful and vital ability to perpetuate in this world, mocking death and clinging on to the future.

His body was quivering delusional and through it ran a hot fire stream seeking fulfillment. As a volcano erupting, Night Eagle felt sharply, how the fire of life get came out of his bones, from his flesh and his blood, and among passion rales, Night Eagle surrendered in the depths of Rain flower. For an instant, in a divine spark; their bodies merged into one. For a moment they were joined by the immeasurable mystery of life.

When everything was at rest, they embraced and emotionally cried. The excitement was so great, that it did not fit in their breasts and overflowed through their eyes. They cried of happiness and joy. Eventually they fell asleep. Embracing tenderly, unconsciously they were unwilling to separate in the future.

Morning woke them up with love. The first sun rays that came into the room, found the couple in a love ritual. Rain Flower rain and Night Eagle wanted to recover all lost time, their time of love.

For four days and nights, love took over all spaces in that room. Sometimes tenderly, sometimes with passion, the lovers recuperated all the kisses and caresses that fate had denied them. Night Eagle was materially captivated. The world had disappeared. Love was the strongest sentiment which had thus far experienced. The only reality was incarnated in Rain flower tenderness and passion. Her body was the only true thing and represented a lost paradise.

The morning of the 10th day Night Eagle reacted when he saw his empty gourds. He recalled at that same moment, that this was the last day when he must find "The stone of power of the land of the feathered serpent".

He explained his situation to Rain flower and suggested that she went with him in search of the stone. Rain Flower explained to her beloved, that by enchantment, she could not get far from the Cenote, that if she did, she would gradually disappear as mist, that if he left, because of the same spell, he would never find the way back to her. The girl passionately asked him that instead, he should stay and live with her in the House. With kisses and caresses, she told him that they would have everything and could love one another for life.

Night Eagle then told her, that he also suffered from an incantation, and if in ten days he did not find "The power stone ", he would forever lose his memory. The warrior said to Rain flower:

-So if I stay, tomorrow you will love a body, but my being, will be totally lost. The woman cried disconsolate in the warrior arms. They had no choice; love was eternal in those five days. Night Eagle's chest was saturated with pain, his heart was impaled on thorns and small bitterness streaks ran down his cheeks. He had just encountered love and he had to leave it, there was no alternative.

Night Eagle broke the embrace of her beloved and firmly said that he would find "The stone of power" and would return for her. He left the room and began walking toward the east. Through his cheeks ran down all the excruciating bitterness that oppressed his heart; Rain flower knew that the warrior could not return for her and knowing this, he followed her beloved, without him realizing it; because she knew she would die anyway, from sadness in her heart.

As a shadow, Rain flower followed Night Eagle in the distance. Her deep stare covered the Warrior with her love. Gradually the woman started vanishing gradually, her tears became dew drops and her body faded into nothing.

That night was full moon. The warrior walked great strides down a white road he encountered. His body was completely wet from sweat, he was about to collapse from thirst fever and fatigue. His mind was fixed with the idea of "The power stone of the feathered serpent"; and heart kept the image of Rain flower. Involuntarily started to repeat out loud, as a prayer, a sacred chant:

"It is not true that we live,

it is not true that we last

on Earth.

I have to leave the beautiful flowers,

I have to go in search of the site of mystery!

But for a short time,

Let’s sing our beautiful chants."

Suddenly in the distance, saw the silhouette the large Chichen Itza pyramid appearing in the plain and the road headed towards the pyramid. He hastened his walk, it was nearly midnight.

He walked up to a large stone arch and a wall shaped as a snake. When he entered the complex through the north access, he felt an electric shock throughout his body, an energy field that opened and closed.

The moon brightness made everything clear. First he reached the immense Itza cenote, which was perfectly shaped as a circle. When he looked in it, the moon reflections to the depths were clear blue.

He walked through a large sacbe and reached a large plaza. In front of him was a small square platform two-body high with four stairs topped with feathered serpent heads and the Venus symbol engraved in stone. Immediately behind were a wonderful nine stage pyramid and a building at the top. It had four stairways, one per side, which in turn faced the four cardinal points and ended with immense feathered serpent heads.

To his right side was a monumental ballgame court and to his left, a smaller pyramid than the first, but I had hundreds of columns. Something inside made him go there.

Standing in front of the building, it noted he was on a large rectangular platform, with a few small steps in the center leading up to four rows of sixteen columns. Immediately after was a stairway to the top of the four bodied pyramid.

The warrior slowly climbed up the stairs, where he found two engraved rectangular stones. When he reached the top, Night Eagle was on the verge of collapse; his body burned in high temperature and was shaking from fatigue.

At the top of the pyramid, was a large room, which had two compartments. At the entrance two immense snakes were sculpted, shaped as central columns.

Their heads rested on the floor with open jaws, the column bodies rose up and the feathered tail was bent above the head of the sacred animal, as if directing as offering, its feathers to the sky.

At the sides of the door of the building and in front of two guardian snakes, was the sculpture of a Chac-Mool, a man lying on the ground in a reclining position with folded legs and his heels up against his buttocks. His waist rose and with his chest lifted, supported his elbows on the floor and his hands on his belly. The head of the sculpture turned ninety degrees to his left. His eyes had a penetrating stare, almost human, glancing with a serene and impassive expression that exuded sobriety and temperance.

Night Eagle felt as if in that instant, his strength had disappeared. He began to hear a rhythmic snake rattle. A high-pitched buzzing sound penetrated all over his body, making it vibrate at a very high frequency. The pale moon light was quickly disappearing. An intense darkness began covering the complex. When darkness was complete, the buss suddenly projected onto the sculpture and dim energy flashes began sprouting from it.

The warrior made a great effort not to faint. The buzz became more acute and around the sculpture began spinning electrical charges, which became iridescent lights.

The spectacle was impressive, in the complete darkness, the Chac-Mool sculpture shone with intense color lights, which spun at high speed around the monolith. Night Eagle was standing in front of "The power stone of the land of the feathered serpent". From his silhouette began emanating power and his hair began rising in all directions. An energy bridge was created between the stone and the warrior.

Suddenly a powerful thunder, which disrupted the silence and multiplied, while expanded in the atmosphere, with rapid and successive outbursts. A beam fell from heaven to earth zigzagging, illuminating for a moment the holy complex, joining the warrior with the power stone, through an electric current, which was circulated all over his body and went into earth, through the sculpture.

Night Eagle fell on his face on the stone.

When Night Eagle opened his eyes, five day had gone by. He was in a small room, lying on a petate and his entire body ached. He tried to get up, but his body did not respond. Like a wounded animal, he remained expectant.

Later a man came; his face was painted with three stripes. The first across his forehead was red, the second, from eyebrows to the nose, was black and the last from the mouth to his chin was red. As was the clothing custom, he had a loin cloth tied to his hip, with a part going through his legs and he wore huaraches. A deer bone pectoral covered his chest and cuffs on his wrists made from small jade stones, drilled and woven in a cotton thread, completed his attire.

-Our beloved brother,-said the man- Finally you have returned to the place of the emaciated, we thought you'd never be with us again, welcome to this poor House, "The mouth of the warriors well."

The painted man told him with paused and very clear voice, that he was at a knowledge center of the Feathered Serpent. That Night Eagle was a warrior and that he came from very far lands to recuperate, what once had been his "own face", carved from systematic studies and a deep understanding of all what his ancestors had achieved through their millenary rise on the animal scale; being that all came from a single continental and ancient civilization. Everything that surrounds us, was created and recreated by our ancestors, by the venerable and wise, old Toltec grandparents.

We –the man pointed- are now doing our part: we try to be the best of ourselves, we strive to achieve the level of "human being" and we try flourishing our hearts, through the wisdom of "Feathered Serpent", in this sacred place, with hundreds of year bundles, the warriors have learned to be "real men" in search of total freedom.

You must recover your own face, and thereby recover also your "true heart", the one that throughout your life, you have been sculpting; this precious stone which its cutting edges have been smoothed, which has acquired a beautiful shape and was polished with patience, wisdom and love, the precious stone that you carry within.

You have come to us in a mysterious way and thanks to your personal power; you crossed the energy barrier of the snake wall and came directly to "The power stone of the feathered serpent".

We will help you regain your own face and a real heart. But this difficult task is strictly personal; it is your warrior challenge. Here you can start your way back. First you have to recover, since you received a lightning shock, which should have killed a common man. As you are a warrior and you have a destiny, you're still alive. Now you should only rest.

Night Eagle spent fifteen days recuperating. Every day he was cared by two female warriors that impeccably provided everything he needed. As days went by Night Eagle was feeling better and at the same time, his need to return for Rain flower grew, his heart had a concern which he had never felt before.

When he fully recuperated, Night Eagle joined other warriors in the preparation of the spring equinox ceremony. The great pyramid of the Feathered Serpent, twice a year, held a ritual that had to do with the symbolic energy descent from the Sun to Earth. This energy is symbolized by "Feathered Serpent".

Twice a year, when the sun began its descent, the sunlight is projected on the main balustrade, forming seven isosceles triangles, which suggest a snake body of approximately 20 human bodies in length, which is connected to the snake heads at the base of the pyramid. The undulating and downward effect of the snake, coming down from heaven through the pyramid, takes very little time, but is cause for great celebration.

That day the hundreds of male and female warriors, who were receiving instruction on the "Feathered Serpent" grounds, searching for Total freedom, danced with all their strength around the pyramid at the tune of a large group of musicians.

Their bodies vibrated while convening mother earth with their ground throbbing. A prodigious flow of energy came from the ground and as a fire whirlwind; an energy snake rose into the atmosphere and linked men with the immeasurable. At the equinoxes, when daytime is equal to nighttime energy is more balanced. Humans become a bridge, the channel between our dear mother and our father the Sun. The human being is where heaven and earth "Kiss".

For this reason, the human being embodies this dual symbol; the Quetzal, the sacred bird seeking the bright heights of higher consciousness, and the serpent, which represents the telluric forces that bind human being in the fields of dark matter and Earth; complementing opposites, beginning and end of human life. Quetzalcoatl is a philosophical symbol that embodies the human aspiration to find the balance between spirit and matter.

The pyramid was surrounded by male and female warriors, revolving in eccentric circles dancing to the rhythm of the huge tree trunk drums, whistles, and rattles, which filled the entire ambiance with its roar. Marine snails bellowed, Night Eagle without knowing how, was dancing with a teacher’s dexterity. His body seemed to remember better than his mind. The rhythmic feet pounding on mother earth, called telluric energies to join the sky through human beings, who became a sacred bridge, between the divine and the mundane. Everyone danced for hours; there were no speeches or prayers. Bodies spoke their own language with mother earth, a dialogue of filial love that the old Toltec grandparents had taught, a dialogue through energy. The oldest "language" of human beings on earth... dances!

Night Eagle had a flame lit in his heart. The memory of Rain flower burned his thoughts and had become an imperative need. Never before in his life, had he felt this pressing need of being with another person. The memory of Rain flower shuddered to his body and made his heart jump wild.

The warrior informed his decision to leave soon to the Venerable Teacher, who told him to fulfill his destiny.

-All that I ask of you, - said the old man - is that when you go back to meet the pochtecas, transporters of worship objects, tell them that "The power stone of the land of the feathered snake" is under their feet. Tell them –the elder went on talking- that this entire peninsula is a huge stone, which is alive and feels... do not tell them more.

Night Eagle left in the morning headed west, in search of the woman who had caught all his energy and concentration. His steps were long and his heart pulled his body. Through his mind passed many images and flower and Rain flower was at the center of all of them.

He finally came to the place where the stone house was and found it in ruins and totally deserted, seemed that no one had lived there in years. Baffled the warrior explored the surroundings, to make sure he was at the right place. After a while he confirmed that it was actually the place, only that it was covered by the forest and the stone house had traces of not having been inhabited in years.

The warrior felt a very severe pain in the chest, the denial of his love in these desolate ruins, was violently rejected by the fire that was about to explode in his heart.

Night Eagle could not accept that R flower and his love, not had existed, and although the physical evidence pointed that way, his memories and body did not accepted it. Rain Flower was the greatest feeling, the most overwhelming passion the Warrior had ever lived and that could not just be a dream.

The Warrior walked into the house ruins and cried in its half-light. First slowly and then strongly, Night Eagle cried as he had never before cried. The desolation his soul felt was so great that he felt he was dying. He howled a wolf; the forest shuddered with his long and torn laments. He never before had embraced loneliness. He was in the ruins of what had been the most flourished and intense space of his existence; and the neglect and desolation of the place, made a choir with the warrior pain cries and anger, his heart was falling apart as the stones from those ruins, that indifferent and silent contemplated him.

Evening came through the door and shortly after was night. Night Eagle ignored them, because he was in midst of pain. Finally, he fell asleep with uneasiness.

Very early in the morning Night Eagle woke up. His body was extremely sore, as a reflection of his spirit. He understood that a warrior not it can hold onto anything in life. A warrior is a teacher in the art of detachment, because if he holds, he goes below and sinks with his holdings. For this reason a warrior has no attachment to feelings, ideas and much less objects. A warrior carries the least he can, so he walks light in the world, without having to defend anything, only protects his existence, thus the warrior is invulnerable.

These feelings were growing, as the Sun on the horizon and in the same way the rays heated the forest, as the training he had received as warrior for years, warmed his desolate heart. He knew he was a human being and that he felt pain despite being a warrior, what made him different, was that a warrior did not surrendered to pain.

His spirits returned and remembered he had an appointment with Night light in the sacred cenote. He undertook his journey immediately and on his mind a sacred chant appeared:

"where will we go

where there is no death?

But, for this will I live crying?

That your heart straighten:

no one here will live forever.

Even the Princes came here to die,

People are being incinerated.

No one will live here forever.

Eagles and Jaguars attention!

the flourished battle

with songs and darts

the Turquoise drum resonates,

a path of light.

Let the battle begin!"

With a serene heart, Night Eagle reached the sacred Motul cenote, there was no one at the entrance and decided to go in. He reached the crypt in which he had fallen asleep and instinctively laid down, looking for protection and shelter.

Time went by and when he opened his eyes, realized he was surrounded by thirteen warriors, wearing war implements. From their painted faces, came out fierce stares that made him uneasy. He was not afraid, but his body was wrapped in a censorship atmosphere.

Night Eagle was taken by the warriors to a chamber in which was a cylindrical stone, of medium height and half a body high. The piece was beautifully carved with symbols depicting luminous energy, represented by water and the spiritual energy, represented by wind, in the center a humanized Sun and signs of the four cardinal points.

The warriors laid him on his back on the stone and four of them strongly took each of his limbs. Night Eagle did not feel any fear and was very attentive. One of the warriors then addressed him:

-We are sons of the Fifth Sun, called "The Sun of the equilibrium". This Sun was preceded by four earlier, in which human beings lost the opportunity to transcend. In this fifth opportunity to humanize life, humans can achieve it through spiritual sacrifice and the balance of forces that move the universe and live in your heart.

Human beings incarnate a universe inside another universe. The four directions of the universe are within your heart. Your head represents the sky or the spirit, your feet land or matter, the right side of your body represents reason or the known world and the left side is intuition or the unknown world.

The human being cannot be totally spiritual, nor can be wholly material; nor he can be entirely rational, or totally intuitive. The right balance of these two pairs complementing and opposite, is the art of living, the florid battle of the Jaguar warriors, of the Eagle warriors. When balance of these four forces that govern the micro universe is achieved, the warrior manages to place his energy on the fifth point, in the center.

When this happens, the warrior comes in contact with the forces that govern the macro universe through his fifth point found in the middle of his body. The warrior energy rises to higher planes; when the four directions of the micro-universe unbalance and energy are charged in one of them, then he falls into the depths of denial and stupidity. The time has come to open your energy body.

The nine remaining warriors began to sing a monotonous chant, which followed a very well defined tonal scale and producing an ample state of sensory perception.

The four warriors strongly pulled towards the four cardinal directions. Night Eagle felt that he was going to break. But strangely the most intense pain came from his belly. Suddenly the oldest warrior raised his left hand and it started to glow. Night Eagle stared at the hand, which suddenly became a quartz flint which emitted light, and with astonishment, saw it rushed towards his body.

The impact on his belly was heard as a thunder and the hand of the old man entered the body of Night Eagle. Suddenly, from his belly a light beam began to go out with great pressure, as a rain bow, but with very intense and colorful lights. Night Eagle did not feel pain, on the contrary, felt a sense of well-being and harmony, the stream of light was spreading throughout his body, in eccentric circles, like waves in a water pond.

The warriors chant became stronger and the light beam became a splendid and wonderful tree, with two large lateral branches, which together formed a cross.

At the top of the tree, appeared a beautiful bird of marvelous and iridescent colors; it was an eagle that shone like a Sun and in its feathers had flints. Night Eagle felt the absolute fullness; as never before, he felt that his limbs touched the confines of the universe.

The light tree had fruits even brighter and the eagle was devouring them. The warrior had a revelation at that moment. The Eagle looked at him with its penetrating eyes and the warrior felt fear for the first time, the warrior was afraid and panicked from being eaten by the Eagle. The luminous animal opened its beak and introduced it in the warrior belly. Night Eagle felt as his life was going, in energy suction.

He felt millions of live beings commotion who had the desire to be part of it and that disorderly fell in an upward spiral towards the peak of the Eagle. Suddenly he felt much pain and saw a black tunnel. What remained of his conscience resisted with all his strength, with a loud cry refusing such fate.

Night Eagle opened his eyes and realized he was dreaming and that was soaked in sweat. He immediately got up and wanted to get out of the chamber, but a voice stopped him.

Night light was at the head of the stone and taking him by the shoulders told him to lie down on the stone.

-Life is a dream, young warrior. The remains of the thirteen immaculate warriors resting here, remind us of their dreams as their reality, are exactly the same for us. Their dreams are so real and so lively, that invited you to live with them a wonderful experience. You had a power dream, thanks to the strength of these warriors. The revelation that you lived was a gift from the power. Your body was really open and as of today, you are in contact with the four directions of the universe.

As of today, you are one of us. Our mission is to explore the four points of the existence, taking and bringing, the materials and objects necessary for human beings to worship the different manifestations of "he for whom one lives", and thereby develop their spiritual awareness. But you now know, thanks to this revelation, that the force has an objective on us living beings and our conscience. It is an immeasurable chain of breath energy, which goes far beyond our beloved mother; human beings are food for a consciousness far superior to anything understandable.

You will walk with us and open up new roads, in the search of "your face and your heart", now that we are your brothers, will help you. Because it is very true, that there is no rest and balance, in a village, a family or a human being, that does not have clear conscience of where he comes from, where is he and where is he going.

"The own face and true heart", is the most inalienable right of any conscious being and of all people. Without an own face and a true heart, we are dust in the wind. But before proceeding further, immaculate dart fire warrior, spirit traveller, you have to tell this fraternity where is "The power stone of the land of the feathered serpent".

Night Eagle intently stared at the old Sage and clearly and slowly said:

-We are standing on it.

Night Eagle became part of the daily life of that community of Pochteca transporters of goods for worship of the various devotions of the divine duality, that has no name, form, or is seen or touched. Although in principle the community was the same as all, because the land was farmed and certain products were manufactured to live adequately. The pochtecas had as main activity, travel and transport the sacred utensils. This task was carried out with the greatest pride and the tradition came from family in family over many bundles of years.

Night Light told Night Eagle, that he should prepare to leave with a group of travelers who would take a large amount amate paper, brought from the highlands, to remote southern regions of the land surrounded by great waters or Anahuac. From those distant lands they brought back gold, to make sacred utensils.

From immemorial times, the old Toltec grandparents had taught to use gold as representation of the purity that matter can achieve and that from this same purity, avoided corruption. For this reason, the gold was a symbolic material of the Supreme aspiration of mortals to reach purity, to prevent the death or matter corruption.

The loads of amate paper were duly prepared, provisions and one day in the morning, Night Eagle came out with twenty walkers heading to the distant lands of the south.

The Pochteca brotherhood of carriers had a military structure, which had ranks and discipline was very strict. Walkers should among other things, master several languages and know the cultural diversity of peoples, have an impressive physical built and condition, and should have experts knowledge of the vast territories and the roads of the land between great waters, as well as its nature, climate, plants, animals and insects.

The journeys made by these intrepid men, were full of dangers, many of these resulted in death. For them, belong to this fraternity, represented the greatest privilege that a common man could aspire. In this exchange of cult materials, were not considered any personal or profit interest, since from the basic education of society, they had no speculation, appropriation or wealth accumulation. On the contrary, society as a whole was directed to more mystical and spiritual existence aspects. They developed from an early age and very precisely the concept that individuals should serve the community. That valued more the "we", than the individual self.

Therefore, to be an important part of the religious cult enablers represented for the brotherhood members, a privilege that was paid with a high sacrifice and often with life itself. The brotherhood members were also expert fighters and excellent hunters.

Military discipline was not only for organization. From very small the members were trained in the use of weapons. The ancestors, from the very origin of the time, had invented rudimentary weapons, such as spear, shield, bow and arrows and a few macuahuitl or macana with very sharp obsidian stone at the ends, because wars were not very common among the old Toltec grandparents children and they never used their intelligence for weapon development except for the dart launcher, than the old grandparents invented to hunt flying birds and that was very effective, it could throw a dart at a much greater speed than an arrow from a bow.

The concept of the war and the warrior was focused on a spiritual struggle, called florid battle and the warrior fought it in an internal struggle exclusively. However, this spiritual characteristic did not make the battles less difficult or fierce. This is how the spiritual warriors, by tradition concocted a more allegorical than practical military suits. Furs and feathers were more a mystical order, which for example had to do with symbolic animals, such as the jaguar and the eagle. The internal war was one of the most important spiritual Toltec legacies.

The brotherhood was a military group of real fighters, because in their long journeys, sometimes they were attacked by hostile nomadic groups or beasts, which saturated the forests or the jungles. The smallest organization, was made up of five people, the next in size were twenty people and was the common size, although they could organize teams of multiples of twenty, like the fingers of a body, to form units of four hundred transporters.

In the group, Night Eagle was a guest and was entrusted to Fire Jaguar by Night light. Fire Jaguar was a very experienced transporter chief and renowned in the village by his intelligence, courage and for strength. They had told him that Night Eagle was a warrior and was searching for his people, would therefore be you provided all assistance so that along the way, he could find his people.

They began the journey; the transport unit was organized as a rattlesnake. The man at the front functioned as the eyes, was the explorer. An Archer, who was not carrying any loads to be light and quick in his movements, he was the snake fangs. Immediately behind the archer, was the head of the group or serpent head. Then were fifteen men carrying loads and in the end, was the man responsible for the rear, which represented the snake rattles and who periodically played a marine snail, which was the means of distance communication. It was fascinating to see how this group of people was perfectly organized as a single organism. They knew that the success of their sacred responsibility and their life itself, depended on the degree of organization and discipline, the team operated with.

The carriers when they went on trips to take and bring their valuable cargo; used clothes and painted their body in such a way that they easily mixed with the ambiance. This painting more than a ritual, was a habit. On many occasions, they saved their life thanks to the camouflage painting; therefore, they were used to no taking baths until their missions were completed and were secure among their people.

As a special guest Night Eagle, did not wear the brotherhood costumes and only carried food for the long journey, because he did not belong to the brotherhood. As far as provisions, which due to the large distances and the time to cover them were very scarce. The carriers’ temperance and strength was legendary. There were three food sources. The most important during the journey was hunting and gathering, because these teams learned to be as autonomous as possible; secondly, what sometimes was offered by the peoples where they passed through, that it was always more symbolic and occasional; finally, the provisions carried by the team and which were only used at the most pressing moments. Travel food technology, taught by the old grandparents, was excellent, for hundreds of year bundles, communication between all the peoples who lived on the land surrounded by great waters or Anahuac, was a very important habit. Except for the products and devises used for gods worship, what people exchanged most were ideas and feelings.

Among foodstuff carried by the transporters were maize and ground beans, prepared insects, seeds, amaranth, honey, salted fish and deer meat, and big tortillas that were very elastic and were eaten cold. Most of these foods could last a long time during the voyage.

Fire Jaguar team advanced to the south by the plain, as a rattlesnake. The transporters carried their sacred cargo in baskets, which were supported by a wide leather strap against the forehead, so their hands were free.

Night Eagle soon learned the walk rhythm of these millennial walkers. With the body slightly inclined forward and legs bent on their knees; they walked lightly and fast, through the zigzag paths. The warrior learned very soon to maintain the correct breathing and stop thinking, to melt into the team spirit. The old grandparents had taught them all the techniques to achieve their difficult brotherhood mission. Among them was the road singing; a number of power songs, which made that the carriers integrate more as a team. Very old songs were chanted with great joy and passion. These songs were used when the tiredness or road dangerousness of the journey, required energy to rebuild or spirit strengthening. These formidable chants were heard on the roads as the voice of a single organism, vigorous and loud; scaring away the enemy, whether they were human beings, animals or spirits.

The warrior also soon learned that the team safety lied in the efficiency in which each of the members fulfilled their individual role. The team only worked, if each of the members ceded a part of their individuality and integrated to the entire team; by strictly obeying the chief, the head. To do this, it required over time, to develop an absolute trust between them and all of them with the head.

The day’s journeys were from sunrise to sunset. They started before sunrise, with worship to the Lord and Lady of the roads, forests and animals. They asked for free passage without being damaged and without hurting anyone. Then they burned copal and buried a small offering on the ground. Another ceremony was performed in the evening, where they were thankful for the good uneventful day.

The team only rested a little after midday meals. The days were intense. One of pointer or snake tongue functions was to get ahead of the group at noon and afternoon, to select the most suitable place to eat and sleep.

One day, Night Eagle, was doing his night guard, wrapped in his cotton blanket and walking around the campfire. He watched the stalking eyes of animals and nocturnal entities lurked the guards. Fire Jaguar had already warned the warrior about these dangers. Because the Night Lord, sent his children to hunt down unsuspecting guards, whom attracted by strange noises, voices or images, moved away from the protective fire and never returned from the dark.

Soon the transporters team left the peninsula flat lands and began to climb mountains, each time growing in size and height.

The climate and vegetation began to change. The humid rainforest transformed into mid-mountain lush vegetation, the shade freshness from trees made the journey lighter. Night eagle body immediately registered the change. Something inside, recalled the trees and mountains.

After a few days the team left the mid-mountains and entered majestic forests. Immense pines, which saturated the hills and mountains, changed the weather completely. Cold air passed between the trees branches, making them sing and whistle. Night Eagle body became alert, as when someone recognizes an old song, very familiar.

The carriers were moving south, between mountain ranges oriented east west. They climbed steep roads, to reach the high tops, to immediately, start descending, reaching small streams that were at the bottom of the ravines, to again start climbing another peak.

In the midst of these remote and uninhabited Petén Mountains, a man appeared in the middle of the road. He was tall and wearing a headdress made from tanned skin, with the design of the head of a snake, formed by small Turquoise stones, attached to the skin and which together gave the idea of a splendid color mosaic, the snake eyes and fangs were highlighted in white. Crowned with beautiful quetzal feathers, that despite making it majestic because its size, was very light. The man was chest and back shields, made from sea shells, supported by small green beads. In the abdomen had protection made from deer bones, also had green beads attached. He wore a small skirt made from jaguar skin. Green beads were woven in his wrists and ankles; as protection. In his right hand had a huge spear, with beautiful feathers at the top and was crowned with a large obsidian tip.

The man stopped them and informed that Bat Jaguar, Venerable Teacher of the Smoky Mirror House at Mutal, invited them to relax and replenish their supplies, before continuing their path. Fire Jaguar understood that this was a very special invitation, by tradition, he knew of that place, but none of the carriers had reached it, he ordered his men to follow the guard.

In the afternoon they arrived in Mutal, it was in a narrow valley flanked by two high mountain ranges. The city was built around a large central plaza, with many buildings, other plazas and structures, profusely decorated with glyphs sculpted in steps and the many steles across the city. The Smoky Mirror House was built on the top of an artificial hill, about one kilometer east of the main plaza, from where the entire valley could be observed. Access was on the west side. They walked into the main large plaza. To the left, the north was the highest part of the hill and there, were the most important buildings. At the top was a pyramid. In between the plaza and the Smoky Mirror House was the Bat Temple, a very important and secret complex with access to a series of caves that extended for many kilometers, below the ground. Towards the northeast, a vast and beautiful ballgame court next to a regular sized pyramid, five small constructions were built just north of the court.

The guard took them to the northern part and inside a building; they found petates ready, food and water, so they could rest. They were informed that they would be received by the Venerable Teacher Bat Jaguar in the morning.

The reception ceremony was solemn. The Jaguars Palace was ornamented with beautiful flowers and abundant copal was being burned. A group of musicians played soft melodies with different whistles. The guests were placed in the south side part of the room. The music went silent and those attending looked to the eastern door, from where the Venerable Teacher came in accompanied by five elders, who dressed in a very austere and moderate fashion.

After sitting on a few petates surrounded by flowers the Venerable Teacher addressed his guests:

"Let us rejoice, my friends:

Come and hug!

In flourished land we walk and walk

and there is no who can end it.

The flower and song are shown

There at the House of the Sun.

Only for a short time on earth we live:

It will not always be like this: the mystery region waits

Will there be joy? Will there be friendship?

Oh no, that not only on earth

we come to know one another!"

Bat Jaguar extensively briefed his guests of the mission entrusted upon the Smoky mirror house. For many bundles of years, the old grandparents had established across the continent, sites similar to this one, with the mission or maintaining unchanged, knowledge and wisdom that the old Toltec grandparents had left in the land from the very origins of this ancient civilization.

In remote places and segregated; inaccessible and watertight, these knowledge houses accumulated this information in the language, and the heart of wise men and women. These people were prepared from children. The men of "the black and Red ink", who lived in the communities, were entrusted that when they saw to a newborn with a very special energy which only they could observe, talked the parents of these extraordinary creatures, into offering them for this important mission.

The child was then initiated in a ceremony similar to the first water, which was carried out in secret and in the presence of the proud parents. In this ceremony an energy operation was performed, which ensured that the child’s mind would never close, and with that permanent opening be in permanent contact with the immeasurable forces of the world. During the first five years, the child lived with his parents, the wise men taught the mother to put tablets in the head, so it was deformed little by little, which allowed them to have a brain configuration, that in turn empowered him to perceive energy fields, which ordinary mortals could not achieve.

At the age of five the child already was quite different; they were then taken to these houses of knowledge, where they learned their mission.

These human beings were neither men of knowledge, warriors nor priests. Their mission was to maintain intact the knowledge of the old Toltec grandparents, from one generation to another. To put it in some way, they were human books, guaranteeing the permanence and purity of human wisdom. They lived in a very austere and frugal manner, completely detached from the profane world.

After having extensively explained his guests, the Venerable Teacher concluded:

"The sage: a light, a torch

a thick torch that does not yet smoke.

A perforated mirror

A mirror perforated in both sides.

His is the black and red ink,

His are the codices, his are the codices.

He himself is scripture and wisdom.

He is a path, accurate guide to others.

He leads to people and things,

is a guide for human business.

The true Sage is careful

and holds tradition.

His is wisdom transmitted,

he is who teaches,

follows the truth.

He does not allow reprimands.

Makes other’s faces wise,

makes others take a face, a personality,

makes them develop it.

He opens their ears, illuminates them.

He is a teacher's guide,

gives them a way,

One can depend on him.

He puts a mirror in front of others,

Makes them sane careful;

makes a face appear on them, a personality.

He observes things,

regulates their way,

offers and orders.

applies his light on the world.

Knows what is upon us,

And the region of the dead.

He is a serious man.

Anyone is comforted by him,

is corrected, is taught.

Thanks to him, people humanizes their wanting

and receives a strict education.

Comforts the heart,

comforts people,

helps, remedies,

cures everyone.

Those who see,

those who are dedicated to watch

the course and orderly sky proceeding,

how night splits.

Those who are watching, reading,

Those who speak or talk about what they read.

Those who loudly turn the Codex pages.

Those who possess

the black and red ink, wisdom

and the painted,

they lead us, guide us,

tell us the way."

That evening Fire Jaguar and Night Eagle were invited to a special ceremony by the Venerable Teacher, who told them that they were awaiting the arrival of Night Eagle, that the force thus announced to them and that they were humbly serving the designs.

-This House of knowledge is not visited by people from the profane world, our contact is through the elders and priests; those who come to learn or cloister themselves. The fact that you are here, is an extraordinary event. These places should be far from worldly energy, this House of the Flourished paintings and flowered songs, it is an immaculate reserve to ensure the future of the wisdom of the old Toltec grandparents. Through hundreds of bundles of years, the wisdom of our ancestors has been threatened many times and we know that it will be threatened in the future. So, only losing the memory and language may erase the presence of our beloved and wise men, our old Toltec grandparents from the face of our dear mother.

On some occasions in the past, our voice has been reduced to the breath of the wind, which sings among the branches of the solitary woods or condemned to live with the jaguar in their caves, sheltered by mother earth and the darkness of the mysterious night. The knowledge and the wisdom of our ancestors, allows us to reduce ourselves to nothing, prepares us to be inaccessible when necessary, for that reason we are invulnerable. We are the wind, we are the night; we disappear and yet remain there forever.

Now we live in good times, but as the day is so is the night, first one and then the other, everything is change and movement, nothing is static everything moves, happens and happens again. In the light of day is the essence of the darkness of night; and in the midst of night darkness, the essence of day light is contained.

That is why our sacred mission, is to keep alive the wisdom and knowledge of our parents, so that their children always act accordingly, with a heart solid as earth and an own and true face as jade. We are prepared to stay all the time that is necessary in the forest song, the jungle humidity or in the depths of earth.

Nothing is eternal, after the night follows the light of day and then again comes the darkness. The important part is that both maintain the wisdom and knowledge of our ancestors, that we do not lose the root of our people; that we are never left orphaned and forgetful. We are one of the oldest men houses on the planet.

Now that you know we were expecting you; spirit warrior, we will comply with the force design, you will have to spend the night in the Temple of the Smoky mirror.

Night Eagle was taken to the top of the hill where two pyramids were built. That one on the west had four stairways on the four cardinal points; the second had a single stairway that faced west. He went up and found a small square building that had feathered Jaguars painted on the walls, with open jaws, speaking florid words from its their depth, represented by symbols with flowers in the upper part.

The room had four doors that pointed to the four cardinal points. Bat Jaguar came up to the south door with Night Eagle and said:

-Enlightened Spirit Warrior, son of hope, precious stone. Your fate brought you to the gates of this, the House of the Lord of the Smoky mirror, the eternally young warrior, of the internal war, who does not allow hearts to rest, who has the mirror and reflects the men image and his self-awareness, the protector of all, forgiver and purifier of all sins, the eternal young man of perfect perfection and without blemish.

He is darkness and knowing shadow of the human heart, he is the unbearable revealing spirit of truth, of dangerous revealing presence; the truth that is the beginning of the internal battle, the flourished battle.

You walk in search of your heart’s face, but there is no path walked outwards, which has not previously been walked inwards, now you have an appointment with the Smoky mirror.

Immediately thereafter, the Venerable Teacher invited Night Eagle to enter the room. The four accesses were part of a small labyrinth, leading to an inner chamber that was illuminated by torches. The entrance was at the bottom of a wall and had to enter crawling.

Inside, the four walls were lined in gold and had codex style engraved the history of Smoky mirror in its four representations. The roof was lined with silver sheets, with gemstone inlays depicting a starry sky. In the four walls were sculptures, one in red ceramic, another in black obsidian stone, another was wood painted blue and the latest in green jade.

In the chamber center, that apparently did not have access and that projected a sense of profound secrecy, was a perfect cube stone, which had its four faces sculpted with the Smoky mirror representation. At the top, was a beautiful frame, made from very long profusely carved bones that were properly assembled.

The frame did not contain anything, was empty. Suddenly the mouth of the four sculptures began exhausting large quantities of bluish smoke, which in brief moments completely flooded the chamber. The frame then began to glow and strange noises came from it, such as chants and prayers in an unknown language.

In the frame hollow, smoke began to assume capricious shapes, as if it had life and will. A buzzing sound, like the flapping of a beetle came from within the frame. Instinctively Night Eagle cleared his heart of all feelings and ideas from his mind, with cross eyes he separately focused and concentrated in the internal buzz.

After a while he realized his eyes were closed and he open them, saw in the smoke at the other side of the mirror a face that was barely distinguished. He focused his eyes and bones appeared. From the skull ocular cavities, a deep and disturbing stare came out, that penetrated the warrior, flooded his guts with a desolate cold. Night Eagle knew that the bones were his and the look was his own death calling him.

Night Eagle closed his eyes and concentrated all his energy in the middle of his body. The pressure ceased and heard a bone breaking noise. He opened his eyes and saw the skull slowly breaking in half longitudinally. With great surprise he saw that an older man face appeared. When carefully observed it, he recognized him, was himself, but with all the years over him. The old man had a face that projected peace and harmony, the face smiled slightly and Night Eagle was invaded a sense of well-being. He once again closed his eyes to sink in that feeling, when he heard another noise and when he opened his eyes, saw the face of the old man breaking and from it emerged his expressionless image, as if it were a sculpture, he was watching closely when the sculpture broke again and the face of a child appeared. He had large eyes, a look full of tenderness and on his thin lips delineated a smile of complete happiness and harmony.

Night Eagle felt a burning dart entering his heart. For the first time in many years he had something more than a mild memory, he was certain he was that boy; a quasi-memory, a feeling and an internal conviction that he had been very happy in his childhood. His eyes began to shed tears, his body began to vibrate and the buzz of the insect became stronger, until it covered everything.

His legs loosened and he fell on the ground. The child’s face was still in his eyes, he felt he was about to remember. Suddenly he heard a woman singing, a voice so known and loved, that evoked safety and love, sang a cradle song, and clearly felt the hand of the woman with and undefined and nebulous face, caressing his forehead and his hair. Night Eagle had not felt this security and well-being for a long time, which the quasi memory evoked.

Something in him found its base, something indefinable was assembled and brought a wave of well-being, which made him totally abandon himself in the darkness of time and the memories that were about to come.

The next morning, the team of transporters left the home of the Smoky mirror. Silent as a snake, they advanced between steep mountains. When the Sun was at the top of the sky, they began to descend to warmer lands.

Night Eagle was radiant; his body felt very happy, something happened and not knowing what it was exactly, something told him that he was on the right track.

The Fire Jaguar team began to pass through a region of volcanoes, lakes and lagoons of unmatched beauty. The climate and vegetation were lush. The mountains mixed all the imaginable greens, the birds’ trills, the animals’ cries and a transparent blue sky, made the carriers walk with renewed energy.

The walk was bearing fruit in the warrior body and spirit. The years spent in warm, moist areas of the Great Plains, living passions of secular life, had numbed his spirit and loosened his body. The tiring physical exertion, the contact with nature and the practice of a discipline, full of mysticism and force, had again tempered and tuned the warrior body and spirit.

The team was advancing by the winding paths of the mid-mountain lands. Very often they saw on their path the animals in those lands; deer, jaguar, tapir, wild boar, monkey; birds of all colors and sizes, where the quetzals, macaws, ducks and eagles were remarkable.

Later, when they arrived in a region of small lakes, they found many villages, where they were well received. The old Toltec grandparents had spilled everywhere their wisdom from the beginning of time. All peoples had the same root. Despite their multiple differences, linguistic, ethnic and cultural; they all had a common philosophical origin, which made them share a single civilization.

So religion was very similar in all towns. They changed the names, the physical representations a little and the metaphorical figure of the various devotions of “he for whom one lives”, but basically the essence was the same. An absolute divinity that is abstract, as it is not seen or touched, so it is not represented and has no name; then a second representation of this abstraction, but now tangible and visible, as the divine duality, the male and female principle of everything that exists, in a pair of complementing opposites. Immediately afterwards, the representation of the two energies that govern the universe, the luminous and the spiritual, represented by the water and wind symbol and hence, arise a series of symbols of the laws that rule the universe through all the devotions which shall interpret the basic teaching of the old Toltec grandparents. The essence of religion was the same in all the land that is surrounded by great waters. It was thus taught by the Toltecs.

For this reason, the carriers were well received everywhere and only in some few regions where people living there did not have the wisdom tradition of the ancient ancestors, where the places where the carriers were attacked. These peoples were generally nomadic hunters or were in incipient sedentary periods; which made them warlike and unrelated to the civilized world on the continent.

After four moons, the Fire Jaguar transporter team finally reached their destination, the city of Nicarao, the southern Anahuac border. It was a city beautiful seated at the edge of the huge Cocibolca Lake, near the great waters, that bordered closely on both sides. It was the last bastion of civilization, to the south, where the mysterious and impenetrable jungles of men never returned were. The sun came down this far on its path and rose through the year to the northern most part, where the great desert impenetrable begins.

This was the land of Nicarao, ruler of a vast region that was known as land of earthquakes and volcanoes; it included lordships all around the region, including the Ometepe Island with its two impressive mountains.

From hundreds of bundles of years ago, there was contact with another great civilization which was in great mountains of the south of the continent. It was known that the old Toltec grandparents had started its development at the same time as in the north, and that both civilizations were sisters. However, although there was contact through navigation, communications were very sporadic and very dangerous. The barrier of the forests, marshes and mangrove swamps, south of Nicarao, made it impenetrable and the long-awaited land route to join the two sisters civilizations, had never been achieved, because in each attempt, the expedition never returned.

Fire Jaguar men were received with joy and fraternity. The city authorities, led by the tlatoani, the female snake and the high priest attended Fire Jaguar personally, gave details of the journey, because transporters not only carried worship articles, they also carried news, ideas and feelings.

The Elders Council was present at the banquet offered to the travellers. Night Eagle was also invited and soon came to the conversation. Some men of the Elders Council immediately recognized him as a warrior, so from that time on he was treated differently.

The team rested for twenty days, to recover their strength to return. Now they would take gold back, which was common to find in the rivers of the region and which was used to make ceremonial objects. Gold was a symbol representing the degree of purity that matter can reach. Gold was the symbol of purity that humans aspired before “He for whom one lives". Similarly, silver and jade were used. They had the idea that luminous energy started its way back to the creative source; so it was recycling over time, increasingly purifying itself. Thus from mineral energy reached a higher level, that was gold. Then it turned to vegetal energy, to become a Ceiba or a Sabino tree, which are the longest living beings; to later become animals, until reaching the human being category, those who have the possibility to achieve spiritual purity and again turn into pure energy, in light.

Fire Jaguar had intended to recommend to Night Eagle to their community at their return, so that he was initiated in the brotherhood, because during the voyage he had become a polished and experienced carrier. Night Eagle however had other plans.

During their stay in the city, he met a group of young men who were preparing an expedition to the southern part of the continent. They were intending to find a land route to join the two civilizations in the continent. The group headed by Awakened Jaguar, was backed by the city authorities, who knew that it was necessary, and at the same time, a very dangerous expedition.

Night Eagle had received in the House of the Smoky mirror a signal that pushed him to find his home, which was nothing but his memory and destiny; his own face and his true heart, the reason of his existence. He was not willing to walk for life; not knowing where came from, what were his origins; where he was. But fundamentally, where he wanted to go, what was his destination, what sort of future wanted to build. He preferred death than to live without an own face and a solid and true heart like stone.

When Awakened Jaguar told him of the plan to find the route to the peoples who lived in the great southern mountains, Night Eagle saw the possibility that the Etla Valley was at the foot of one of these mountains. The invitation to join the expedition came soon and before the team of transporters left, Fire Jaguar knew the decision to the spirit traveller.

Twenty days after the departure of Fire Jaguar to the north; Night Eagle left towards the jungles of the south, with a group consisting of nine explorers. Equipment integrated the same way as the carriers; the difference was that they did not carry loads.

An explorer was in front and represented the tongue; Night Eagle was the fangs, since he was an excellent Archer. Without knowing how, when the warrior took a bow it became part of his arm. The arrow was the vehicle of inner strength. When loaded the arrow and tightened the rope, his internal dialogue stopped. The feelings and thoughts were displaced by the spirit. Between his right eye and the chosen target, only mediated an instant, in which the spirit power of the Warrior hit the target. Archery is the domain of the inner world, which condenses in the outside world, through an accurate shot. Behind an excellent Archer, is a flawless spiritual temperance.

Behind the fangs was Awakened Jaguar as the head and the eyes of the group. Immediately behind were six explorers with ready weapons and at the end, one of the most experienced explorers Deer Head, who fulfilled the snake rattle functions. All carried their provisions and equipment.

The Group had painted their entire body, resembling a jaguar skin, which gave them some advantages and filled them with power. They were advancing in complete silence and attentive, waiting for a surprise attack from either men or animals. An area of mangroves and marshes surrounded the impenetrable jungle, brackish water, which was in a decomposition state; from weeds and logs, had a foul odor. Insects and snakes, made the difficult walk forward, an ordeal and a challenge, that every time moved between life and death; but the most dangerous was the nestling presence of lizards and alligators that infested the area. These rotten and muddy waters made their detection very difficult. If they were not carefully watching their steps on the ground, the animal could throw a killing bite; with unprecedented force dragged its prey, to deep water. The surprise attack was so fast and so strong, that nothing could be done when a man was caught by one of these fierce animals.

The mangroves and swamps were so extensive and the walk so slow and tired, that it took the explorers ten days to reach the mainland. These were days of great suffering, stress and tiresome, that they could not recover overnight. Mosquitoes and insects made their rest impossible, plus one evening one of the explorers woke up with a gigantic snake around his body, that had him completely trapped and was stifling him, pressing its rings with such strength that his teammates could barely cut the animal to pieces, to free him, because the snake, even when dead, its rings tightened.

Finally the explorers reached the southern forests, mangroves and swamps had been left behind. The vegetation was thick, large trees prevented the entry of light. A sky green and threatening covered them.

Awakened Jaguar was heading south. At night, they climbed trees, so from the top could see the stars and orient the group; in their supplies always had water and food, because it was plentiful in those humid forests.

They walked in the thick jungle wilderness, when they heard the sound of water running. They came looking for the creek that flowed in the middle of a small ravine. They were resting next to a few large stones, when Night Eagle who was on watch, saw among the vegetation something moving fast towards one of his companions filling his gourd with water in the creek.

Immediately tightened his bow and shot an accurate arrow which stopped the race of a huge boar, that when wounded began to scream loudly. When the group saw what happened, Night Eagle barely had time to shoot again at another boar attacking furiously. The explorers retreat back to the top of the rocks, where Night Eagle was standing.

The Group was surrounded by a large herd of wild boars. Between one hundred and one hundred thirty animals of all sizes, attacked the explorers. Although they could not climb over the high rocks, their hate and frightened the explorers. Awakened Jaguar gave the order not shot at them, because it seemed that the death of their companions and the frustration of not being able to reach them was what maintained the animals aggressive. They roared loudly and in a defiant attitude, they ran against the rocks, knowing that they could not climb and that they could be killed easily.

Awakened Jaguar prepared his men to spend the night at the top of those rocks. All night the ferocious animals continued crashing against the rocks. Their cries of rage kept the explorers awake overnight. When the morning came, they thought that the animals would go away, but strangely they remained, still determined to finish the men. The wild boars seemed prepared to stay there forever, until they got the explorers down. Some left and others returned, but the fact is that they were permanently surrounded by at least 50 animals. Some were laying down on the grass, others, the more aggressive tried to climb the rocks, challenging the presence of the men. What they did not stop doing was screaming and shouting so loud and annoying, that the men began to lose control.

They had been for four days and their nights on top of these rocks and surrounded by the stubborn animals, it seemed that they were ready to kill them in any way possible. They knew that time was on their side and knew what they were doing. The fifth day a big storm started in the afternoon. The stream became a river with a large flow of water. The wild boars were still there waiting. In the early evening the storm became stronger and a miracle determined the outcome. As if by mandate, powerful lightning began to strike around the rocks illuminating the storm darkness and the baffled and frightened animals around the rocks. Each thunder was followed by the terrified scream of the dozens of animals that ran in all directions. Awakened Jaguar gave the order to run in column, not knowing how Night Eagle was at the front leading the explorers in the midst of the darkness.

Three moons after their departure from the city, the expedition was a disaster. In addition to dangers experienced, two men were ill with high temperatures, another had been bitten by a poisonous snake and even when the poison had been extracted and he was provided a miracle plant juice, his body was badly weakened. Group morale was very low mainly because they knew they had made very little progress and it appeared the jungle would swallow them alive anytime soon.

Awakened Jaguar consulted alone with Night Eagle on their desperate situation. So far they had not lost any life and the chances of the explorers team, was decreasing day by day. Night Eagle coincided with Awakened Jaguar the best was to return. With the firmness of a leader, Awakened Jaguar informed his decision to the team, whom with the destroyed moral accepted to resign and return.

They had been walking for three days with tiring and slow progress, when the pointer detected a group of hunters approaching. They were fifteen armed men who followed the steps of a wounded animal. The groups noticed one another. Awakened Jaguar gave the order not to shoot and stay hidden in the jungle. The hunters slowly surrounded the explorers. These were moments of great tension. The hunters were preparing to attack those who had invaded their territory. Night Eagle realized the fight would be inevitable. They all prepared their weapons. The arches were tensed and spears and obsidian knives were held tightly.

When the siege was fully closed and knowing their numerical advantage, the hunters attacked with loud deadly screams. The explorers skillfully defended themselves, before reaching physical contact; accurate explorer arrows downed half of the attackers. The fight was quick and the four surviving attackers fled the site.

Awakened Jaguar reviewed his men; all were well, only three had superficial cuts and blows. He then gave the order to leave immediately; they knew the hunters would soon return soon seeking in revenge.

In the afternoon Awakened Jaguar gave the order that the eight team members moved away to the north without stopping; he and Night Eagle would wait for the hunters to attack them and delay them, giving them time to flee with the sick. There was a silence and the men told Awakened Jaguar that they considered it impossible to flee, and as they were going to die that evening anyway, they rather die fighting together. The group response was strong, not in contempt of an order, was the last will of a team, to receive death with dignity.

By mutual agreement they chose the site of their death, around a huge Ceiba, perhaps the largest in the forest. There they began to entrench themselves. When they were painting their faces in a ritual manner, each sang a farewell song. They could already hear the snails announcing the hunters, who followed their enemies trail. Finally, the explores said goodbye to one another and took their places to fight.

The afternoon was dying when the first hunters appeared, one by one, arrows were knocking them down. When a man is facing his impending death and he receives it with dignity and courage. Death respectfully grants, in those sublime moments, the impeccability. So every explorer arrow hit target. The hunters who had arrived in disorder upon seeing the slaughter retreated and despite being more than eighty, they were not willing to be killed that way. They decided to wait for the night, because in the darkness the fearsome arrows were not efficient and the fight would have to be man to man.

Awakened Jaguar gave his men the order to prepare weapons for the upcoming fight. They began to sing a song with so much passion and strength that for a moment the hunters lost concentration. Those men were ready to put a high price to their death; they could feel an unusual detachment, before their imminent death. The effect was devastating in the hunters, some quietly withdrew and others lacked courage to begin the final assault.

The hunters’ chiefs’ nervous cries, inciting their people to fight, contrasted with the sure and firm songs of those who were ready to find death with sobriety. Finally after indecision, the hunters attacked.

Fire jaguar men multiplied in speed and force. Once and again the hunters were rejected by the explorers, the hunters’ mortality was alarming. But little by little, Night Eagle partners were falling. In the end more than ten hunters were fighting Awakened Jaguar; Night Eagle managed to climb the huge Ceiba, it prevented the hunters’ attack, at the time were tearing Awakened Jaguar body to pieces with unprecedented viciousness.

Among the Ceiba branches, Night Eagle was cornered like a jaguar. He took over the only access to the tree and each time a hunter tried to climb to kill him, Night Eagle with a force and feline ability, would kill them with one blow. Hunters fell, the warrior had a high price on his life.

At a point in time at the foot of the Ceiba were fifteen dead hunters and nobody wanted to climb and fight that special enemy. The hunters then decided start a huge fire at the foot of the Ceiba, to be able to see the warrior and use bows and arrows. When Night Eagle was illuminated, began receiving nearby shots. This forced him to climb to the middle of the tree, where branches protected him from the arrows. Again the hunters attempted to climb the tree, and when they arrived where Night Eagle was hiding, personal combat ensued again, as not more than two hunters could attack at the time, they started falling deadly wounded.

Night Eagle felt he was living his last moments. He did not feel fear or anger against his adversaries. He could not waste such valuable energy in that task. On the contrary, knowing that he was about to die, he executed every fighting move, with the awareness that it could be the last movement of his life, so it had to be the best. With a luxurious efficiency, he had become an instrument of death; that bewildered and terrified the hunters, who decided to change tactics and began to cut down the tree, so the warrior would fall into their hands.

Night Eagle immediately understood the intention of his adversaries. He decided then, to climb to the top of the Ceiba and from there, for the last time observe the sky, now dark and studded with stars. He heard below the rhythmic pounding of the axes, which marked the warrior destiny.

When he reached the top of the tree and saw the night sky, with its immensity of colored lights. When he felt the forest as a living being; he began to feel nostalgia for having to leave this world so intense and beautiful. He felt that his whole body was saying goodbye to this wonderful world. A chant came to his heart:

"It is not true that we live,

it is not true that we last

on Earth,

I have to leave the beautiful flowers,

I have to go in search of the mystery site!

But for a short time,

Let’s make the beautiful songs ours.

Emeralds are: turquoise

your clay and your feathers,

Oh life giver!

Happiness and wealth to the warriors

is to die at war."

Night Eagle did not feel sad over his imminent death. Something in his guts did not accept leaving this world, without having found his own face, his true heart, his home. Etla Valley came from very far away and held onto the warrior heart.

Death became desolation, by not having regained his identity, not knowing his true history, what were his origins. In front of such truth, his present fell out of context, even his own death dislodged. Thought Night Eagle, if I do not know who I am, who dies in truth?

A courage and outrage discharge came from the warrior guts. At that instant he decided that he could not die without having regained his memory. The huge tree began to crack and the enthusiasm shouts of the hunters did not disrupt him. The tree was beginning to lean producing a roar. Night Eagle looked at the sky and saw, at that moment, a shooting star fell luminously scratching to sky sphere. At the time when the star was falling, Night Eagle stretched his arms towards the sky immensity. Tree started its noisy fall and the warrior in the darkness of the night, miraculously turned into a huge eagle, opening its wings to fly slowly in pursuit of the immeasurable.

In his majestic flight left behind the jungle and was returning to the south, bordering the west coast on a night flight.

D A A N Y B E É D X E

# FOURTH PART

The majestic roar of the waves that struck rocks of the cliff awoke Night Eagle. He was on a rocky ledge; the immense blue sea was below.

The Warrior was waking up from a deep sleep. As a distant and vague fantasy, was the memory of Fire Jaguar and his expedition partners in the southern jungles; Night Eagle opened his eyes in Acajutla at the top of a cliff. A quasi memory of a night flight over the coast quickly vanished from his mind. He had conflicting and confusing feelings wrapped him in a heavy fog, which did not allow him to think clearly. Only his body vibrated with the shivering need to find his home.

A profound feeling ran through his being. The urgent needs to encounter his identity, to know his origins, recognize his own face and his true heart, dragged him defenseless to the deepest crisis.

Was not prepared to die nor live; without having found the truth. Knowing his personal history, as well as allowing him to understand where he was and what was he doing, was the most basic right of every human being. Without the knowledge of his past, his present did not make any sense. Without the knowledge of his past, he had no future. Without the recovery of his memory, he would never find fulfillment.

Night Eagle decided to start walking along the coast towards the west. The quasi memory of flying northwest along the coast took him without thinking and as if by instinct, he let go to a distant feeling.

He walked for hours by the cliff. Below, the tireless waves crashing over and over again into the formidable stones. The white foam rose from one place to another, on the wave’s crests, to eventually crashing and jumping in millions of drops, moistening the breeze. Crabs with their gigantic pincers, walking quickly at intervals, as if measuring the time they had to hold onto a rock, when the wave rush came in.

When the Lord of fire darts began to approach the vast sea, beyond the horizon; the afternoon was lit with shades of orange and red. A few clouds at the top of the sky were tinted with colors. Small waves moving in the distance, reflected light from the Sun, as if they were alive. The sea was preparing to receive the incandescent eagle and dressed in gold to honor his arrival. Pelicans in formation were flying near the water. Small fish jumped everywhere. The warmth of the afternoon was accentuated.

Night Eagle walked without any thoughts in mind, yet his body was feeling everything around him. Walking by instinct on the coast, towards the place where the Sun fell. He had not eaten any food nor drank water all day. The Sun was about to go under the sea. For brief minutes the light of the Sun turned red and reflected vibrant throughout everything it lit.

He reached the end of the cliff and began to move down a sandy slope to the beach. His bare feet touched the wet sand and refreshed his body in the sea. The immense Sun, began sinking in the horizon. The sky was filled with color and for brief moments, all the objects took the faint light of Sun as its own and began to glow on their own. The first star of the night appeared and the sea kissed the day goodnight with powerful bumps, which flogged the defenseless beach.

Night Eagle continued walking by the sea edge. The beach was swept away by the wave’s water that after crashing ran up, smoothing the sand. Tiny crabs appeared in the sand, leaving their small and playful tracks, once the undertow returned noisy and playful to the ocean. The sea and the sand buzzed, as a giant shell. The air smelled of salt. The breeze was flying Night Eagle's hair.

The night slowly came; from behind the Apaneca-Ilamatepec mountain range. Marine phosphorus lit up the beach. Night Eagle continued walking, when in the distance he saw a small fire at the edge of the beach. He continued walking towards the light, without any thoughts, he followed the light as a nocturnal insect. It felt his toes sinking into the wet sand. The hidden pleasure of leaving his footprints on the beach was constantly denied by envious waves.

When he reached the fire that was illuminating the beach, night had already taken over the coast. The stars adorned the firmament and the strength of the sea had ceded. In front of the fire was an old man preparing a few fish in fire embers. On green branches, the fish were impaled and placed at a prudent distance from the fire.

The warrior sat down next to the old man without saying a word. After a while the white-haired man passed a gourd with fresh water. Night Eagle despite his thirst drank very little and returned the gourd with an expression of gratitude.

The bonfire raised fire columns. The enigmatic flames seemed to dance. The warrior stare was completely concentrated in their movements. It seemed that he could enter a world of mystery and danger, where thought was foreign. The warrior body was calm. The unknown old man inspired him confidence and peace.

When the fish were cooked, they were slowly eaten by the two men without any word. Everything was said, or rather, there was nothing to be said. After eating Night Eagle stretched like an animal and laid down next to the campfire to fell asleep.

That night he slept uneasy. Huge amounts of memories cascaded through his mind, such as flocks of ducks flying over ponds; memories flying in formation and always a memory was leading, behind, at the proper place came all the others. But when the memories came to amazing jump from a cliff in a high mountain, appeared a huge block of thick fog, which made it impossible to see or think. After the last flock of memories, only clouds crossed through his mind. As those stormy nights, in which vertiginous clouds enter the land from the sea, before triggering the storm, so his dreams were tinted with dense banks of clouds.

Night Eagle began to penetrate the haze, wanted to reach the end and the mist seemed increasingly impenetrable and infinite. He felt fear and returned in the dream, through the mist. He struggled to get out of the emptiness and desolation that nothingness produce.

He wanted to reach the safety and light of his memories. Suddenly, the fog began to thin and gradually appeared small spaces of lucidity and clarity, but suddenly felt as if his body was falling freely from a cliff. A shocking scream bounced in the vertical walls of the mountain. It was his voice, but at the same time he did not feel he was screaming.

His body vibrated; the air blow by the speed of the fall. His head was ahead and the arms fully extended. Despite being at night, his eyes perceived energy that all bodies fired, allowing him to see through a strange and opaque luminosity. A buzz that increased its frequency made his body explode in millions of luminous particles and he lived in each one of them at the same time. A powerful electric shock preceded a thunder. Suddenly, he felt his consciousness scattered in millions of consciences and at the same time he sharply perceived, the birth of his distress, the need to recover each and every one of the scattered consciences, to fully and completely rebuild his identity. That was the true search.

When Night Eagle awoke, he was alone. The old man with long white hair had left, leaving him a water gourd and a container with toasted corn. He looked for the old man around and the only thing he found, were his footprints in the sand heading to the west and disappeared on the beach towards the sea.

The warrior walked for seven moons along the coast. During the day he walked without thinking. His mind was blank and opened his vision, without focusing on anything in particular. He just felt throughout his body. Over the days, he began to feel the ocean spoke to him, the Sun, the vegetation. He heard without sounds and words, the dialogue of life.

Every now and then, in the afternoon, Night Eagle saw a bonfire burning in the distance and when he reached it, there were always fish and gourds with corn and water. And throughout those nights, the old white-haired man came to his dreams and without talking accompanied him, inspiring in him an immense feeling of tranquility and spiritual peace.

Through the walk, with the perception wings fully extended, sweeping from the earth to the sky; the warrior began to recover the energy that he once had internally. By the long and exhausting walks without thinking, Night Eagle not only had managed to temper his spirit, but his body strangely strengthened dramatically. It seemed that by not wasting energy with thoughts and by capturing surrounding energy, thanks to keeping the perception wings open while walking, the warrior was recovering his vitality.

There were many days of dialogue with the sea, who told him many power stories, incredible descriptions of what was the world before the four previous suns. The Sea also taught him to sing magical songs invoking the forces that humans share with this world.

The sea taught him, that almost all the large energy conglomerates have consciousness, which is not exactly life as understood by humans. They simply are unaware of being; and this awareness has millions of years of existence; mountains, forests, jungles, rivers and lakes; large stones, large trees and of course all the stars. The consciousness of being a human, before these ancient and immeasurable energy conglomerates, is insignificant and fleeting. The consciousness of a common human being is influenced by these large forces, although they do not realize it due to their limited perception and because the mind uses most of the power available to "create" a world that is always adjusted to him.

But a human being that develop his sensitivity and controls his mind can communicate or at least invoke the attention and if necessary the help of these great consciences, that in the end, are pure energy and shares the same space and time.

Throughout the days the sea shared with the warrior, from exiting the underworld, from the night and matter, the Lord of the darts of fire, accompanied by those impeccable warriors who had died trying to be the best of themselves and flourish their heart in the florid battle; up to the peak where he was received by female warriors, who accompanied him guarding his way, to again go and fight against the darkness and the inertia that degrade and destroy matter.

At night he was accompanied in his dreams by the old man of long hair, who led him to strange worlds and amazing places. Night Eagle each night dreamt of this mysterious man; woke up with a serene heart and a profound joy that gave him balance and well-being throughout the day.

But one day he saw in a small beach as he walked through the jungle bordering the sea, at the end of the afternoon, a light that illuminated more than a bonfire. Walked out of the jungle and walked along the beach towards the fire, strangely the Sun retired quickly and quietly. The light was a whitish blue, which made it impossible to see it directly. With intermittent discharges, it seemed to be looking for something. Small and powerful blue light emissions, entered the jungle and under the water.

Night Eagle felt the need to get near and be illuminated by it. He left the jungle and walked along the beach. As he moved closer, the light began moving more quickly, emitting a low sound, rhythmically changing tone, much like the sound made by cicadas before falling into the water.

The Warrior felt as if all of his energy went into a great shock. Something was happening inside of him. Suddenly his body began to slightly vibrate and heard a sound from the interior of all his being. A buzzing sound that was reminiscent of the sea, wind and fire, intermittently, as a purr that sought to merge with the sound emitted by the light source. Night Eagle closed his eyes and felt all the sea, the wind and all the fire of the universe, that mixed circulated at an incredible speed all over his body in search of an exit. He felt the need to explode, but the buzz produced by his body, held him at a very high frequency, as he had tuned with the sound emitted by the light, producing a strange sound, that he had ever heard. The sound had its own life, was sound energy that had consciousness of being.

The light began to increase its intensity. It was no longer nervously moving and was concentrated in the warrior body, which almost turned purple. It was no longer intermittent and on the contrary its intensity was growing, together with the sound emitted by the light and Night Eagle’s body.

With the eyes closed and with a blank mind, Night Eagle abandoned himself to the sole and intense perception. There was no time or space, only energy that flowed and sought to integrate with the immeasurable external power. Suddenly, as a the fleeting vision produced by lightning, Night Eagle managed to see that the light was cross-shaped.

After that fleeting image, something at the base of the warrior skull cracked and darkness fell at once. The darkest darkness invaded his body, but there were no thoughts or feelings, only darkness and absolute silence.

The sound of the gentle waves licking the beach brought him back with difficulty from a remote location. He first heard the sound water playing with the sand very distantly and then increasingly closer. He could not open his eyes. His body felt as a trunk, hard and porous, swollen by the marine moisture. He could not move his body; he felt he was stacked in the sand of the beach.

Whole days had gone by and Night Eagle had been immobile, standing in the same place where he had found the intense light.

Time passed, he felt as the sun began to decline. His ears listened to all the sounds of the world, and one by one he was recovering them in his memory. Gradually began to restore the sensitivity of his body, he was gaining spaces that immediately recognized, until he recovered the fullness of his entire body as a whole and then felt the need to open his eyelids.

Slowly light began entering through his eyes windows, something more than light entered his body and flooded it with confidence and tranquility.

When he had the total perception of their surroundings, he saw that he was standing in front of a huge cross made with two large timbers. When he saw the cross, he had a memory or a feeling, telling him, that he had already been there and that his home, Etla Valley, was inland on the other side the mountains.

The warrior, with fullness and vitality, immediately headed for the rugged mountains. An inner joy, a serene rejoice pushed him. On each stretch of the road, came not understood memories, unexplained images, which although he did not understand, he knew they had to do with his past. Emotion vibrated in his throat, when from the top of the mountain range, saw the beautiful valleys that went to the foot of the mountain range. An immense sky blue, clean, and transparent, covered the ochre lands. In the distance he saw another chain of mountains, on the horizon a profile was drawn in very dark blue tones. The warrior walked faster with emotion.

In few places of the world, earth and sky touch so intensely and crystal clear as in these valleys. Stalked by wild and deserted mountains; the valleys condense human energy and exalt into the atmosphere, uniting the human being, with the divine and sacred.

Each mountain is an energy mass, a consciousness separate from the other. The powerful and challenging mountains and high sky blue, transparent and luminous; represent a millennial multiplier of the spiritual force that communicates the sky with earth, men with the immeasurable and wonderful.

Night Eagle walked full of emotion. The generous valleys received him with flowers and aromas. Something inside told him that he was stepping on the land where he was born. At night, he reached a small farming community. He was invited to have dinner by the family that sheltered him.

Night Eagle had physically changed a lot. Those were intense years that he had lived in the land of the Feathered Serpent. Years of physical work, suffering, of intense profane life, surrounded by common people immersed in common actions.

The fresh and young expression of the young man, who one day came out of the Etla Valley, was now converted into the face of a mature man. With tanned skin and callused hands. His hair now had a reddish color, from the years he lived as a fisherman by the sea. His body had fully grown, without losing strength and elasticity. But what changed the most were his face and especially his deep stare.

Temperance and sobriety were features that dominated his expression, now quiet and serene. His look conveyed peace and confidence. An impassive face, that seemed to have seen everything in life; but above all, a strong and relaxed stare, full of humility and wisdom.

The presence of Night Eagle emanated respect and admiration. The peasants without asking knew that the walker was a very special man, so immediately, as is an ancient custom of the men in the field, they gave him their humble hospitality.

Night Eagle sat on a stone near the fire, where three women made tortillas on a red clay comal, which was supported by three large stones. Around the comal were three men and two young men, beyond, distant and respectful, five children of different ages, attentively listening to the adult conversation and patiently waiting for their turn, to receive their tortilla; all drank atole from clay containers. In a molcajete was a tasty sauce. For farmers dinner time is very special. It is the most familiar space, where the ambiance darkness and the kitchen fire, are accomplices of all the stories told about the way to live, think and feel, of those who live shaking the ground. Because the peasant is an amorous artist who through his works makes the earth trembles.

The warrior, very respectfully heard the talk with silent intervals from the men, rarely interrupted by a woman and in the full expectation of minors. Without thinking suddenly he heard the voice of the white hair old man, who told him within his head:

-To hear farmers talk is to hear the voice of earth. Farmers are the most tangible voice of earth. Our dear mother keeps in them all her secrets, her intimacies, her wisdom, her needs. Our dear mother makes all her children in her likeness, fertile or sterile, moist or dry, soft and dark or hard, pale and stony. Her sons, likewise turn out to be warm, smooth, arable where all germinate and flourish, or are mouthy, rough, tough, made from tepetate, impenetrable. Listening farmers talk is to put an ear on the ground.

Night Eagle then felt the presence of the old man in that kitchen and understood that he would accompany him until the end of the journey. The farmers laid out their petates and prepared to relax after dinner.

The next morning Night Eagle continued walking. After saying goodbye to the family, the elder woman handed him a net with food and a water gourd for the road.

It took the warrior five days to cross valleys until you reach the Etla Valley, which was in the eastern, very close to the feet of the other mountains.

As he approached his home, the land was laboriously worked. It was clear that he was coming to a city, as there were roads and small houses complexes around the fields. Large series of channels, where water flowed feeding the Valley. This water came from the large mountains in the eastern side.

As he walked down from some hills he saw in the distance the city of the Etla Valley. A huge pyramid towered, which was in a very large square, with stairs facing the west.

Night Eagle walked with the heart in hands. That land spoke to his spirit and his body recognized it. The warrior's mind was confused; because he wanted rationalize his feelings.

Upon entering the center of the city, Night Eagle went to the House of all, place citizens were attended by the authorities. After waiting for his turn he was attended by he who speaks, who felt very moved by Night Eagle story, but he said that he did not remember a person named Night Eagle and did not known his family. He was then sent to the land administrator, he would perhaps have some information. The administrator did not know him or remembered, so he sent him to the person in charge of the work in the middle, because he knew all the families that were obligated to cooperate with voluntary work, for the projects and improvements to the community. Nobody one knew him or remembered.

Night Eagle was internally confused. His body almost spoke, as he fully recognized that place, his mind was trapped and confused between unbelief, excitement and frustration; and his feelings at the time were exalted by the possibility that someone would give information about him and his family, and when they told him that they did not know him, the sadness and pain overtook his heart.

Night Eagle was taken to the administrators of the four quarters; no one knew him. He spoke with priests of the temples of the city and did not get an answer. Finally back went back to he who speaks and he told him to speak with the authorities of row of houses, that maybe they knew something of his past.

When he reached the site where long ago he studied, his body vibrated with emotion. These old walls immediately recognized him as one of its best fruits, not so the teachers and instructors, because such a long time had passed since his departure, the older had died and the others didn't know him.

Night Eagle was invited to stay at the school. The Venerable Teacher of the House of measure said that he needed to stop the world, undo its tumult and regroup emotionally. He said that he had lost his balance, so he needed to withdraw himself, that perhaps through isolation he could reach him clarity. -"You must calm your heart"-, the Venerable Teacher told him.

During a moon, Night Eagle was isolated in a small room. He had engaged in an internal struggle that tore him. Everything was for him, confusion and pain. The long search for his home had led him to a place in which nobody knew him. He was a man without a face and his heart was torn and confused, in a stormy sea of semi-memories and mixed feelings. In his chest only remain the deepest and most desolate sadness.

Without knowing his history, without the inner strength given by identity, he was nothing more than a leaf in the wind; an ignorant stranger of his own life, a foreigner in his own destiny. Life in this way made no sense. Live in the hollow of live just for living, to do just to do, lacking a direction, a purpose, an inner strength.

Desolation grew up largely; the anguish of not knowing who he was in life overcame him without truce. Sadness was rapidly expanding, first throughout his body, then entered his torn heart and began to climb all his feelings. Night Eagle did not want to eat and was left to die of sorrow.

One evening he was lying in his petate waiting for death, he began to hear a buzz resembling a bumble bee. Then he saw in the total darkness of the small room, a speck of light. He thought that it was the product of his weakness. The speck began to grow. The light projected was white with a light blue tone. The light grew the size of an avocado and later became a cross, to finally become the white-haired elder, who accompanied him during the return journey.

The old man he smiled to the Warrior.

Night Eagle had no forces even to talk. He stared at the old man with a deep gaze and tears rolled from his eyes.

The old man, without talking, told him that Night Eagle was a warrior and that warriors do not concede death like that; that a warrior fights until the end, letting his spirit flow, without interest for victory or defeat, but the exercise of his impeccability. That a warrior is trained for war and therefore has strengthened his body; tempered his will and tuned his spirit. A warrior is not to die as an old dog. A warrior fights until his last moment. A warrior never surrenders to anything and much less to death.

Night Eagle felt that his body temperature rose. A powerful energy current ran through him. The old man ordered him to get up and follow him; he turned around and left the room. The warrior felt this body unresponsive and suddenly, he was already up, but he looked over and saw his body lying in the petate sleeping. He followed the white-haired man. Did not walk, he slid impulsed by his will. He went by the buildings of the House of measure and reached a pyramid complex.

He entered a patio surrounded by four high and steep pyramids. In the center of the square, was a rectangular stone oriented north-south. The old man ordered him to lay down on the stone with his head to the south. Here you will recharge your energy and you will lose all the compassion you have for you.

Later asked him to follow him again, the old man was going east. At the end of the buildings was a large green stone, which surprisingly to the south became suddenly a small cliff.

The warrior felt very well there. The Elder informed him, that they were on one of the largest rocks in the world rocks, that what he saw, was only a fraction of what was buried below and that it reached the heart of our dear mother.

-This Rock is so old, that when the Feathered Serpent sacrificed himself, bathing with his blood to the bones of human beings, who had lived in the fourth sun and that from them the Fifth Sun was born. The feathered serpent came to this place and in one of these stone hollows, placed the bones and sprayed them with his own blood, giving them life and movement. As a memory of this event, the stone was engraved with the Feathered Serpent mark, as you can see.

This stone is the place of the requests, when you can return here, put a light and make a request. This enormous stone will surely hear you and will help you. Remember, you are a warrior. Fulfill your destiny.

When Night Eagle opened his eyes it was noon, he immediately asked for food, had light in his eyes.

After fifteen days, the warrior was almost recovered and one afternoon turned to the formidable stone. He carried in his backpack, copal, cocoa, coal, beans, corn and a few pieces of ocote pine, to make a fire.

The afternoon was cool, although it had just rain, the sky was clean and clear. A heavy bank of clouds rested on the range to the east of the valley. A smell of damp earth mixed with the flowers and herbs aromas of the field. The land had been prepared for sowing and its color was dark.

Night Eagle lay down at the top of the stone and was stroking her. He spoke very softly and rubbed against it. He asked for advice to solve his problem. The warrior fell asleep.

Then a warrior appeared wearing a splendid plume of feathers, spread like a Sun; on his forehead had the head of a dried snake. A band of rattlesnake skin passed through his forehead and adjusted to his head. By the temples, the tails of two snakes came down with their rattles reaching his shoulders.

In the face he wore a nose gold fitting and his face was painted red and black. He wore a cloak and a white cotton cloth. Night Eagle got up immediately and the warrior told him he was the keeper of the stone.

The Sun was hiding behind the cloud people mountains and in the eastern mountains a strong storm had started. In the distance he could see heavy gray clouds, discharging on a part of the Valley and on the slopes of the mountains. A fresh wind was blowing from the North.

The stone keeper spoke to Night Eagle:

-Sacrifice is the essence of life. Mankind has come to sacrifice in this land. You well know that we are only in passing here. We are going to our true home.

Warriors, does not matter what knowledge they possess, are just human beings, caught up in the everyday world. There are two kinds of sacrifice in life. The first is that of the common man, which generates the existence in the everyday world. The second is selected by the warrior, aimed at purifying his spirit, warming the heart and strengthen his body. The two sacrifices bring suffering and pain. The difference is that the first is sterile and the second produces flourished hearts and free spirits. While one is born in pettiness and is a product of clumsiness; the second is the shining path of the warrior, his temper, his florid battle, his intimate predilection.

There are two ways of dealing with life, the one seeking pleasure running away from pain; and the one that assumes sacrifice as a personal decision and selects the personal battlefield.

Human beings have come to earth to suffer. The difference is that one such suffering weakens and destroys; and the other strengthens and prepares the warrior to for the flight to freedom.

You are a warrior, born on this land and you have fulfilled as very few with their destiny. A stage of your path was to form yourself and leave, to return with a teaching that the years of study in knowledge centers, could not give you. I am referring to the profane world, the everyday, to the everyday world, the world of men and their passions. As you know, equilibrium is the result of balancing the spiritual with the material and the rational with the irrational, the pair of complementing opposites with which the profane world is made.

You have been an immaculate warrior and you got lost in the depths of the everyday world and you were on the verge of not returning, but miraculously you are here. The spirit of the warrior forged you and transcended.

You have invested many years of your life in this test of knowledge; so many that no one remembers you now that you have returned, because you also managed to impeccably disappear off the face of earth and that's only achieved by immaculate warriors. And you shall never again be Night Eagle, perhaps you never were, perhaps from the very beginning you were a spirit embodied in a solo a flight of nocturnal Eagle, which very few mortals saw flying in the darkness of the night.

Despite all your sacrifice, you have not yet fully recovered. You're still on the path, spirit traveler, you are not there yet. You've discovered, in the everyday world, pain in your own flesh, one of the rules of the aspirants to total freedom. The warriors have no name, land, or family, or attachment to people, feelings, ideas and much less objects. The Warrior is invulnerable because he has nothing to defend. He is powerful because he does not want anything. The Warrior is invisible and transparent, because he has no personal importance to impose and carry. The Warrior is impeccable because he does not waste his precious energy in acts and feelings sterile and failed. Uses the world as a battleground for their florid battle and at the same time he avoids touching and hurting that same world, as much as possible.

After many years, you return and you are here, and still you have not arrived. You need to reach the final renunciation. You need to get to the end of the path, so that you find your own face and your true heart. When you know where you come from, you will know who you are and where you want to go in life. You will be the true owner of your destination.

I will finally give you a gift sent you by the stone of the requests, through my person; Night Eagle listen well.

"-The bird to be born, needs to break the shell."

Night Eagle woke up when the moon was at the top of the sky. The cold of the night had cooled his body. From the rock, he saw his hometown sleep. The moon was radiant and the atmosphere completely clean and transparent. Wind from the north wind was flying the warrior’s hair.

That night, Night Eagle cried all tears remaining for the rest of his life. He contemplated his village as a ghostly image. That night, Night Eagle was going to get out of his hearts, all the affections and passions that he felt for that yearned and at the same time unknown village. That night, under the bright moon, as a nocturnal sun, Night Eagle renounced to his village, to his name, his past. He had decided to get rid of all feelings, from all ideas and wanted to merge with the whole; with the night, the wind and the moon. He knew that never again would he drop a single tear, over nothing in this wonderful and terrifying profane world. After that night, his spirit would be free from earthly ties.

When daylight began to cautiously show up at the east, behind the mountains, Night Eagle headed to the grounds of the House of measure, converted into a night wind, which repeated a verse as a chorus.

"I only look for you, our father giver of life:

I am suffering: are you our friend,

let's talk your beautiful words to one another,

say why I am sad:

I search for the delight of your flowers,

the joy of your songs, your wealth!

They say in good place, in the sky,

There is general life, there is joy:

Drums are upright:

Perpetual is the singing that dissipates

our tears and our sadness:

is where they live, it is their home:

hopefully you thus knew, Oh warriors!"

"Will only my heart leave

as the flowers that perished?

Will my name be nothing one day?

Will my fame be nothing on earth?

At least flowers, at least the chants!

How will my heart do it?

Oh, in vain we passed through earth!"

Night Eagle spoke with the respectable Teacher of the row of houses, about his decision. He tried to persuade the warrior, but his decision was already taken and fully assumed.

The respectable Teacher asked him to fast for 40 days, to purify his body and spirit, to confirm his decision.

-Earth is our mother, -the respectable Teacher said- we come from her, from her we eat and to her we will go when death touches us on the left side. Fast and ask her to help you clarify your mind and feelings. Bury yourself and receive the "impulse" of her energy.

The warrior was then taken to a patio surrounded by four pyramids. In the center of the patio, facing the east was a stairway that descended over two bodies deep and reached a narrow tunnel, where a squatting person could barely pass.

A few steps from the tunnel entrance, was a stairway going up, and to climb a person needed to lean forward in order not to hit the roof.

The stairs led to a narrow hallway, carved in stone and covered with gold sheets, with the symbols of spiritual sacrifice by two sort of inverted hooks and the equilibrium frieze between two pairs of complementing opposites, symbolized by a cross bordered by a broken line. There were also friezes representing the luminous and spiritual energy.

The corridor was part of an underground cross, symbolizing the four directions of the existence. Walls covered with gold, gave the enclosure beauty and majesty, flowing a very subtle energy that flooded the four corridors of the mysticism enclosure.

Following the teachings of the Lord of fire darts, the warrior would go underground, to fight his battle with the gravity forces, which attract bodies, precipitating its downfall and generating their corruption.

Just like the Sun, Night Eagle would enter the world of matter and corruption; the domains of the Lord and Lady of death. He would battle the forces that corrupt the luminous and spiritual energy; and would return purified and renewed to the surface, to start his luminous ascent.

The warrior prepared himself, taking a Temazcal bath, where his body was rubbed with plants that removed all his energy impurities and revived his tissues. Then a request ceremony took place, so that all devotions of the "One for who we live" helped the warrior at his symbolic funeral. Finally one night he was taken by four priests inside the crypt, who gave him instructions.

Night Eagle should spend ten days in each of the ends of the underground cross. Every ten days a priest would enter at midnight and would sound a snail so the warrior changed his position and would leave at the entrance a water container and close the entrance again, with a large stone as door.

Forty days later a procession would come to unearth him and return him to the world of light, clean and renewed by the mother earth energy.

Night Eagle was taken to the northern corner of the cross, representing the world of reason. When the priests with torches left, the warrior stayed in the most absolute darkness. He heard as a distant echo, the noise of the great stone, which was moved to close the entry.

The ambiance was hot and humid. The underground cross had its own energy, in fact it was a live being with its own consciousness and that it had been built in the remote antiquity, to heal and purify human beings.

The Earth has certain energies that stimulate human beings for good and evil. The old Toltec grandparents, from immemorial times, taught humans to use these energies to balance and develop their own.

Night Eagle despite having to be for forty days, pointing to the four directions of the existence, would make his trip in three parts, this is the mystery of how four becomes three.

The first confrontation occurred in the rational field and was related to the material part of the existence. No matter how defined and developed ideas are, thought crashes into the world of matter, because in the end we are dealing with a universe of energy fields and rationality is nothing more than an agreement of how to interpret these fields.

The human being takes refuge thinking that he lives in a material world and that he is surrounded by objects, from a tree to the moon, but these objects are nothing more than energy charges, perceived as objects by our reasoning, who adjusts reality accordingly, to delimit his world and make existence safer, by his rationality parameters.

The second confrontation takes place, when men are lost in the material land, where rationality is way behind. Matter is energy, the energy is in permanent movement and transformation; and energy fields are immeasurable. When a human tries to get away from the known limits, immediately realizes he is surrounded by the infinite and unmentionable, the unknown. As soon as the rationality and matter safe field ends, the man falls into the unknown depths of the irrational. The irrational and unknown world is part of the human being and at the same time forms part of the universe itself. The unknown and the irrational, occupy most of the human being and the universe. The rational and material is extremely and surprisingly limited.

Finally, when the human being goes beyond the rationality and material world boundaries; managing to return intact from the immeasurable, the mystery and the irrational. He reaches the fields of the spiritual, as the only real means of exceeding his own physical and mental limitations. The spiritual capacity of the human being is the only real difference, with the other energy entities that have being awareness, and the only real alternative, to get in touch with the immeasurable and abstract. If humans have any advantage over other forms of life, is his ability to generate spiritual energy.

It is not through reason and matter, how humans manage to break their limited existence spaces; it is the spirit power, which propels humans to the immeasurable and opens a slit to achieve total freedom.

Night Eagle lived firsthand this teaching. His burial in the cross led him to engage a battle of power. The isolation, darkness, fasting and the magical place, combined in such a way, that the result was devastating. The four directions of existence: reason, matter, irrational and the spiritual, found a balance in the warrior.

Uncontainable rationality, the matter gravitational force, the seductive power of irrationality and the spirituality passion; are forces that pull and push humans’ trough existence, and they found the balance point, the center, in the warrior solar plexus and made the five petal flower flourish.

When the forty days passed and when the Sun was at the top of the sky. The priests ordered to open a chamber that was on the central part of the cross. The entrance was made from below and the exit of the buried had to be from the center on top.

When they finished removing the last stone of the upper tunnel, light fully penetrated, illuminating the cross; because the walls covered with gold sheets, the light rays were multiplied and produced a very special light effect, because it seemed that light flowed from the underground cross, and from the light the warrior, now clean and clear, calm and quiet.

In the afternoon Night Eagle spoke with respectable Teacher of the House of measure and confirmed his decision.

Night Eagle had decided to commit suicide.

At the top of a hill, Night Eagle saw the Lord of fire darts sink in the distant mountains. At his feet was the beautiful Etla Valley, with its cultivated land and the peasants’ houses, fire at the homes, produced plumes of blue smoke out the sky, where herons and grackles flew, searching for their nests.

The town was preparing to receive the night. Night Eagle was preparing to receive death. The warrior had cut the few links he had with this world. His decision was born from the depths of his being.

Many years had passed since the day he came out of this town in search of knowledge. Their temples now were gray and in his body, showed the years lived in search of his identity.

The warrior had been impeccable in his task; he had managed to erase himself from this world, without a trace. No one recognized him, nobody knew him, and he had managed to dissolve his personal importance in the darkness of the night. He had managed to break the walls of the "Me" and crossed the borders of the unnamable; the challenge to become nothing, in order to be everything. To be and not be, to become invisible and impalpable, dissolve into nothingness.

Night Eagle did not looked for anything in this world any longer, He didn't have anything to hold on, had fulfilled his destiny and was free. Death in this way was the beginning of a new cycle and his personal decision.

The priests, leaders, or administrators of his people, had not given him a satisfactory answer to the what to do in life. He was no longer interested over anything in this world and the death appeared attractive, a new and terrifying challenge.

The Venerable Teacher of the House of measure ordered that a procession took Night Eagle to Mictlán, the land of the place of the dead. Mictlán was in a valley to the east. There went to die all those who by their age, disease or desolation wanted to commit suicide.

The land of the place of the dead was constituted by five splendid architectural sets, which at the beginning of time, the old grandparents built around a deep cavern, which was the entrance to the lordship of the Lord and the Lady of death.

Night Eagle walked to that place, saying goodbye to this wonderful world. The sky, the light, the mountains and earth were appreciated with passion and intensity. The warrior knew that this was the last time that he would be in this planet and with all the quiet lust that he could develop, was saying farewell to everything he saw, smelled, heard and felt.

In the afternoon, the procession arrived in Mictlán, and Night Eagle was led, by four priests dressed in black clothes and bodies painted in red and black, to a room.

In the evening the high priest arrived and asked him the reason for taking the path to the place of the dead. Night Eagle told him that his life had no meaning, that he had failed to fully recover his memory and that the life memories he had, were to find the Etla Valley, where he believed his home and identity would be. However, he came from there, because after many years and sacrifices, when to reached the Etla Valley, nobody had recognized him and did not have anything else in life, only wait for death.

Night Eagle told him that on the search road of his origins, he had managed to rid of all the feelings of possession, and especially, of the vice of feeling unhealthy love for himself, that all personal importance had been reduced to almost nothing. That he was not interested in the world of ideas and objects; that he wished nothing and that he rejected nothing; that he knew nobody could defeat him and he could not defeat anyone. In the stillness of his spirit, he had decided to leave this world.

-I feel that my task in this world has concluded - said the Warrior with a definitive tone and without regret in his words- it is my internal decision.

-So be it, -answered the high priest-, and then asked him to follow him. In the center of a patio, surrounded by four rectangular buildings, was the entrance to a tunnel.

Through a corridor, came to a large square chamber. In each of the large chamber walls, were doors leading to separate rooms.

In the first one at the right side, was a beautiful altar to the Lord and the Lady of death. The second room was a vast crypt, richly carved with friezes, where were the remains of the high priests of the Lord and the Lady of death. In the third room was another crypt, in which rested the remains of the leaders of the peoples of the region. The last door, to the north side, lead to a room that was empty and there was only a large circular slab, the size of the wall and about three bodies wide.

It was the entrance to the land of the dead.

With great effort, the priests moved the slab and appeared the entrance to the cave. Night Eagle received a torch and following the instructions, of walking in these labyrinths, until reaching death, he entered the depths of the cave.

He heard the noise of the stone closing the entrance. The air was stale, a humid heat mixed with the putrid smell of corpses in decomposition state.

The echo of the slab sound provoked a very strange reaction in the body of the warrior. A sentiment took over his body, a quasi- memory began to vibrate throughout his body. He threw the torch to the ground and began to walk as if by instinct, without the need of light.

He walked for hours, between the labyrinths of the immense cave. As if his body walked in a well-known place, Night Eagle let go. His body temperature began to rise and had totally disconnected his mind. He advanced as if possessed by an energy which attracted him as a magnet to the depths of the cave.

When felt that his body was about to faint, he entered a great cavern. Although it was totally dark, Night Eagle perceived his body’s surroundings. The spacious place and the very high ceiling, made Night Eagle feel his littleness and insignificance.

In the center of the room was a rectangular stone carved on four sides. The Warrior came up and instinctively lay down in the stone. He felt his energy was exhausted and his life with it.

A kind of very strange sound began to emerge from his entire body. As a cricket song, intermittently, changed its frequency and tone. It was a sound with three dimensions and could almost touch it.

Night Eagle felt that he was beginning to fall into an abyss and every moment of the fall, the sound was lost in the distance, until it was again silence and total darkness. Little by little, without forces and dimly Night Eagle felt himself dissolving into the darkness of nothingness.

Desperate particles not resigned to die echoed. The energy in flames consumed all the memories. An energy flux and reflux ran through the inert body. The union had been broken, establishing confusion, as there are particles not accepting it and others that already forgotten the original agreement, undertaking with fury, the path of reintegration to the whole.

With deep pain, amidst major thunders, the most essential of the warrior, begins to detach from the body collapsed on the stone.

In the absolute darkness and total silence of the cave, a high-pitched buzz is first heard and the immense stone begins to glow.

Electric discharges detach from the walls and ceiling of the cave and all focus on the inert body of a warrior, which lies on the stone.

The buzz becomes so acute, that it begins to turn into light. The cavern lit up and Night Eagle's body shines.

His face is now calm and the whiteness of light makes him a perfect statue. From the deepest and most remote of himself, Night Eagle begins to return with much difficulty and great pain invades all over his body.

Night Eagle consciousness returns with great speed and rapidly passes through the present, to introduce in the past. Memories as images begin to pass quickly through the warrior’s mind.

As if in reversed order, goes fast through the path of his life. Vertigo images of faces of people he knew; Etla Valley, the sea, the forest, cities and places that he visited, to finally reach the floor of the arch where they fell back in Uxmal, "The land of the feathered serpent".

There memories stop and a huge wall of fog arises. Night Eagle feels anguish and his entire body shakes. The wall of fog begins to grow and with it, pain.

The fog imprisons him and expels him, will not let him go to towards the past. The warrior grasps all his strength and charges against the wall, in a definitive impulse, in which ahead is all that he is.

A light beam is expelled from the warrior solar plexus, an inflexible intent feeling, and an energy charge of a clear and immaculate purpose. The will of trespassing the wall of fog, takes over as a single note, vibrating throughout the body of Night Eagle, at last, the spirit of the warrior is manifested in total fullness!

And the impossible happens. A colorful explosion tears down the fog wall. Night Eagle crosses the fog and turning into an eagle over flies his entire life.

Without feelings or thoughts, he starts recovering his history. As a distant spectator, is assembling each part of his life, without passion, or emotion in its route.

He returns to DAANY BEÉDXE, and filled with memories of his Teacher. Each of these ancient stones greets him as he flies over in his silent flight.

He goes to his village and sees from atop the House of measure and the House of the youth; and sees himself again studying with his cousin Star serpent.

He finds his parents, working in the field and there, he sees himself, as a small boy smiling and running in the cornfield. Until he is tired and goes to perch in a tree, it is a stormy night. Lightning first and then a powerful thunder make him fly again, but it now in circles over his parents’ house, and watches the time of his birth!

At that instant Night Eagle opens his eyes and totally remembers all of his life, at that moment the warrior was fully recovered. The spirit takes control. Then there is continuity between his past and present; and recovers the possibility of his future.

A sense of sobriety and clarity wraps his heart and mind. He got up slowly. His eyes see perfectly in the darkness.

He knows they are waiting for him and goes to a tunnel hidden at the end of the room and starts walking through it. It is a tunnel dug into the stone heading west.

After many hours walking, the tunnel begins to ascend slowly, until he reaches a chamber, with a flight of stairs and begins a long climb.

Little by little, sun light begins to enter the tunnel, the exit is close. Night Eagle finds steps carved in stone, goes to a small room, at the end he sees an exit at the top and a stone stairway.

When Night Eagle reaches the top of the stair he finds himself in the central building of DAANY BEÉDXE. The view is wonderful; the clean and blue sky welcome him.

A familiar voice tells him -"you came just in time, we are waiting for you to leave". The warrior sought out the voice and when he turned, found the Venerable Teacher of DAANY BEÉDXE. Star serpent was that old man that spoke to him, when he was still a child and told him that he would expect his arrival to the holy mountain and fulfill his destiny.

Star serpent was still the same old man he met when he was a child, without any physical change, when he was his teacher in DAANY BEÉDXE.

Star serpent added, as if reading the warrior thoughts:

-For a man of knowledge, time no longer works in the same way as for common men. A man of knowledge can live in one day, ten years of common life. The time has intensity and in an instant, eternity can be reached.

For you may have been many years since we met, for my might be very little time. A man of knowledge learns to compress time.

Night Eagle was with his Teacher, in the main building of the great plaza of DAANY BEÉDXE. Except for him, which denoted the passage of years, because his body despite being flexible and grown, his hair was white and his face, had carved an expression of peace and wisdom. It seemed that he had not spent all those long years away from the holy mountain.

Night Eagle not only had recovered his memory and also his identity, in the stone of the cave at the place of the dead.

But that was as important as that; was that he had assembled the knowledge acquired during his lifetime, in a single unit and this allowed him to have a clarity and depth that provided a comprehensive and integral perception of his life and of his florid battle.

From the moment of his birth, until this very moment, his whole life of study, effort, sacrifice and struggle; encountered total sense and full coherence.

Nothing had been fortuitous and everything was at its time, in its place and with the signaled persons. Night Eagle had pledged absolutely and totally in the enterprise of being the best of himself, of forging himself as a human being and of flourishing his heart.

Night Eagle had traveled in an impeccable manner the warrior path, as the ancient tradition required. The ultimate goal of the warriors was total freedom. Burn and consumed in the inner fire, disappear without being devoured by immeasurable, by the force, receiving the "gift of the Eagle".

The final challenge, the only true feat was cheat death! And penetrate the unknown, in the immeasurable; maintaining unity and the will of its energy charge, without damaging it; and maintaining at the same time, the same being consciousness.

Night Eagle walked about all the buildings in the four hills, comprising DAANY BEÉDXE. He accurately remembered everything he learned and lived there.

The beauty and sobriety of the buildings, its balance and perfect harmony, with broad blue space and the mountains surrounding it, were perfectly designed to cause an effect of stability and internal force in warriors, of equilibrium.

These stones not only had great power, but perhaps the most incredible, the stones possessed, feelings, knowledge and life of its own. These stones were hundreds of bundles of years since they stopped being common stones. For warrior’s generations and through hundreds of years, DAANY BEÉDXE had been a bridge between heaven and earth, between what is known and the immeasurable, between the divine and sacred.

Night Eagle understood, why, common men were never allowed to climb the Jaguar Sacred Mountain. Simply the stones energy would have done much damage to any mortal, who got near them.

The new day was clear and transparent; from the Jaguar Sacred Mountain the wide and deep valley crowned by mountains could be clearly seen.

Night Eagle was called by his teacher, who was waiting in the north plaza.

Star serpent was sitting on a petate in the center of the small central plinth.

-We have to talk Night Eagle -said the Teacher-. Today you are a man and have dedicated your whole life to the knowledge of the secrets of the old Toltec grandparents; since you were a child the power pointed you out and you've scrupulously complied with your responsibility.

Now you're one of us and your destiny is totally attached to this mountain.

As you know, everything in the universe is cyclic, composed of complementary pairs. And so, as is the day is the night, just as it is cold, it is hot, so then, immaculate warrior, you should know that the time of the Feathered Serpent is finished over the land.

Light begins to be defeated by the dark and we have to leave again to the region of the mystery.

This is repeated every time a great cycle is completed. The darkness will take power and light has to retire. This is, so it has been and so will always be.

The wisdom of the old Toltec grandparents retires, as the light of dusk, to make way for the night.

The forces of darkness and the Lords of the night, little by little, will take over command of the world. Human beings will have to spend this long, dark night without the light of the knowledge of the old Toltec grandparents.

But this is not new. As the day and night, this is part of a reality. As in the night, this will be a time of darkness and ignorance, where night entities become owners of the world.

Therefore, it is time that total freedom warriors, we will have to leave and abandon this wonderful world, to penetrate the region of the mystery.

The ancient tradition says that Toltec Warriors will have to leave the abandon the known world, to fall back in the world of mystery, and there maintain teachings and knowledge of the old grandparents, until the night cycle is completed and light returns and with it knowledge.

Night Eagle listened closely, his body periodically shuddered. The words of his Teacher were resonating one by one, in his interior.

-Tomorrow, when the Sun rises, the 400 southern warriors will have to destroy DAANY BEÉDXE and cover it with dirt, because when the Lord of the darts of fire leaves, we will leave with him, and will not return, until the new cycle begins.

-Why destroy a very beautiful site and why cover it dirt, would it not be enough to just leave it until our return? -asked Night Eagle.

-There will be more than twenty-two bundles of years until we return. In this period not only the time tonal will change, but also the human beings tonal.

The energy in these stones, who have been active witnesses of the human being metamorphosis into impeccable warriors, given that the stones are not only part of material structures, but they are power energy fields; they make DAANY BEÉDXE a powerful energy charge, which has allowed thousands of people to achieve the feat of transcending the consciousness of being and to obtain total freedom.

Each stone that you see here, is not a simple stone, in the nagual field, we could say that they have their own life. This energy is very dangerous for human beings, for that reason, we will have to destroy the structures, so that they do not reuse them after we are gone and we must cover them, so that earth absorbs its energy and releases the stones of the energy charges they have acquired over time.

When the first rays of light of a new day arrive, announcing the return of the Feathered Serpent, DAANY BEÉDXE will be unearthed and a new cycle will start again.

There was a great silence until Night Eagle asked:

-How can we destroy and cover with dirt in one day the four hills of DANNY BEEDXE, if we are only four hundred warriors?

The teacher looked deeply at Night Eagle and slowly replied:

-Remember that in the Nagual irrational world. DAANY BEÉDXE is nothing more than an accumulation of energy loads. And energy is governed by other laws.

Just as it would be impossible for large and heavy amounts of snow, go down the valleys by themselves, changing its state from solid to liquid, the go down without any problem.

Similarly, it would be impossible for large amounts of water to rise to heaven, but if its state is changed from liquid to gas, then they can do it without any problem.

The same way, the four hundred southern warriors, in the nagual world, can move with their will large amounts of energy.

What we will do, will be moving energy and not dirt and stones. To do this you need to stop perceiving the world as a set of objects and transform it into what is its essence... energy!

When the Sun was at the top of the sky, the four hundred southern warriors began to arrive. One by one assembled in the large square in the northern part of the main complex.

The Venerable Teacher, Star serpent, he was at the center and the four hundred warriors surrounding him began to sing an invocation which was monotonous and changed tone cyclically.

It began softly and gradually gained greater strength and vigor. The voices became one; the invocation was repeated over and over again. The Warriors danced moving the body in a rhythmic and repetitive manner.

The sky began to darken, little by little, as in an eclipse. Wind gusts whipped the mountain.

Unexpectedly DAANY BEÉDXE started to be covered by immense black clouds and the song of the four hundred southern warriors began to penetrate the stones, dirt and the entire mountain.

The singing of the warriors became the sound of the furious wind. An impenetrable fog completely covered the holy mountain. Lightning and thunder fell and a powerful buzz took over space.

The Jaguar Sacred Mountain was fully covered by dark clouds. An eclipse had obscured the Valley, thunder and lightning overwhelmed the mountains.

At the time of total darkness, the buzz became a powerful roar and the sacred mountain began to glow with a greenish light. The dirt and stones were transformed into a gelatinous mass, which emitted a high-pitched noise and possessed own light.

From the depths of the earth, very strong noises were heard and successive tremors shook the Valley.

From the mountains feet, began climbing the gelatinous mass, as an iridescent light rising tide. The buildings became undone and the luminous gelatin coming up from the base of the mountain, started covering them.

The spectacle was impressive, the minutes that the total eclipse lasted, turned into an infinitely long time, enough, so that earth, converted into energy with its own life, slowly climbed the slope of the mountain and covered what was left of the destroyed buildings, making a few mounds where buildings stood before.

The warriors had abandoned their human form and were converted in bright spheres, which were still rhythmically singing and moving.

Gradually sunlight again returned. The Sun was released from the dark cloud that had defeated it. The black clouds were diluted and began to clear DAANY BEÉDXE.

Night Eagle heard in himself, the voice of his Teacher, who told him to prepare to see the departure of the four hundred southern warriors.

The Lord of fire darts began to decline; the Jaguar Sacred Mountain was fully covered with Earth. There was no trace of the splendid buildings and the beautiful squares. There were only small mounds where the exquisite constructions stood.

Over what was the north plaza, was a hollow and the four hundred southern warriors were still there, moving now as light spheres; Night Eagle and the Venerable Teacher were on a dirt mound, on the north side of the square. Below the bright spheres began to circle from right to left. One by one, the spheres went to the central cluster of dirt, which was in the middle of what had been the square and with an explosion, which lit up the area, lefty towards the sky, lost in the infinite blue of the evening.

Night Eagle felt in every burst and sphere departure, a pain in the stomach, as a tear of himself, he understood that every luminous sphere departure was a piece of him, forever detaching from this world.

With anguish the warrior felt the departure of his peers; something in him said that it was the last time he was with them. However, being next to his Teacher, gave him assurance and sobriety.

When the last of the southern warriors left and its luminous trail was lost in the immense blue sky of that afternoon, Night Eagle turned to see his Teacher and realized that the two were glowing spheres.

Then he heard a voice in himself which said:

-You lost your human form; never again you will be as before, just started your journey into the unknown.

The sun began to decline towards the horizon. The atmosphere was covered with oranges and reds. The afternoon was especially bright. The Teacher and the warrior went to what was the southern pyramid, now converted into a rocky hill.

-Everything in the universe is composed of cycles, like night and day; now we have to leave this wonderful world, will go beyond the "plain".

Dear spirit warrior, hard-working man of knowledge, I have to tell you something very important. Night Eagle instinctively stopped breathing to listen closely. The Teacher looked at him straight in the eye; his gaze was deep and despite his serenity, showed a slight air of sadness.

You will not go with us; you will remain in this world!

Night Eagle felt a stab in the center of his being. He opened his eyes, as if wanting not having heard those words. A lifetime of sacrifice and effort devoted to prepare for the opportunity to obtain total freedom and in the last minute lose the chance. He felt as if losing the floor, to fall into confusion and desolation.

The eyes of the Teacher were focusing directly on the face of Night Eagle, who asked, with clear voice.

-In what have I failed, Venerable Teacher; I have dedicated my entire life to impeccably follow the lessons I've learned in DAANY BEÉDXE, what has been my clumsiness, what are my errors, that deny me the light opportunity? Said the warrior paused and firm voice, without reproach.

The face of the Teacher was austere and seemed made of stone. On the horizon the Sun shone yellow and immense, accompanied by an entourage of clouds, seemingly time had stopped waiting for the response.

-You have not failed on anything. On the contrary, you have been the most virtuous apprentice and the most impeccable warrior I've ever met. You've been the mark of the spirit of the warrior. Since you were a child, the power selected you and you have dutifully met the responsibility.

However, because you are the best, the power that rules the destinies of human beings and the warriors, has chosen you to fulfill an important mission.

The warrior attempted to tell his Teacher that he wanted to go with him and the four hundred southern warriors, but Star serpent did not let him finish.

-You should listen to me carefully.

The decisions of the power are not analyzed or rejected... only complied with.

We do not have time, when the Sun hides I will go with him and we will never see each other in this world. I have to explain to you what will be your mission; listen carefully.

The warrior eyes filled with tears, not over the denial to be heard, but by knowing that he would never again see his beloved Teacher.

-Times are coming with great changes. The Feathered Serpent and the knowledge of the old Toltec grandparents will be buried, just like their buildings and its creations.

Times of confusion and orphanage are coming. The memory of the Feathered Serpent will become blurred in time. Its complementing opposite will emerge from the darkness, and the Lord of the night will reign.

Harmony and peace among the peoples will be lost, the ambition and envy, will again penetrate the hearts of human beings on earth. The teachings of the Toltecáyotl will be lost little by little, in the hands of the administrators and the priests, who will no longer be instruments of the ancient wisdom and will instead use power and authority to help themselves. Without their teachers and over time, these people will become Lords and delimit their domains, returning to trigger jealousies and ambitions, with them will again have wars.

The priests will take over the divine teaching and will materialize the various devotions of "He for whom one lives". The priests will behave associated with those that will assume themselves as great lords, in favor of their material and personal interests; they will call themselves as the incarnation of the Feathered Serpent. This will be the beginning of the darkness which will cover all the lands that are surrounded by great waters.

Then the barbarians of the north will come and will take over the superficial part of the ancient Toltec knowledge and the hearts of our children. They will defeat the Feathered Serpent and will enthrone the Left handed Hummingbird, Lord of war and matter.

The barbarians of the north will make an institution of human sacrifice and from matter a religion. They will violate the ancient rules of the old Toltec grandparents. And like crabs, will use the caparacho of our education but they will walk backwards.

The barbarians of the north will try to erase our memory from the face of Earth and will become gentlemen and pretend to be nobility, old and wise men. They will burn our books and they will make a new story, where they will usurp our noble lineage.

But all the peoples including them will know that they are impostors and will live with the anguish of our return and just punishment.

When their deception becomes stronger, from the great eastern waters will arrive, wild and bloody white face and bearded invaders, which will bring in their mouths false words and in their hearts evil and ignorance. Through their hands, it will run the blood, which will shower all our land, as a great storm that had never before existed.

The barbarians of the north and the peoples they submitted and exploited, will confuse the invaders with the Feathered Serpent. These will be times of confusion, pain and blood; children will fight against parents, brothers against brothers, towns against towns. All will tear and the wild invaders through lies and greed will poison the hearts of some and will frighten the consciences of others.

The white conquerors of the Great Waters will come with lies, intrigue and greed. They will be able to seize power and illegitimate authority that the barbarians of the north; will build in less than four bundles of years. The rapacious white face murderers from distant lands, will pour our children blood in all lands and will defeat the impostors, the barbarians of the north, those who will sacrifice, faithful to their God the left-handed Hummingbird, believing that they will receive punishment for having infringed the teachings of the Feathered Serpent.

The sanguinary white invaders will try to destroy and erase from the Earth our millenary old memory and that of our impostor brothers, the barbarians of the north.

Our peoples will then live the most painful experience of our history, in which they will be treated as animals.

The white savage conquerors, in search of material wealth and in the name of a distant, confusing and sanguinary God, will destroy our buildings and institutions, will kill our sages, and persecute our teachers. Burn our priests alive and turn our books to ashes.

They will ban our language and our customs, will make our authorities corrupt. In a little more than two bundles of years, will kill almost all of our children. They will kill them one by one with a knife and viciously, with forced labor and cruelty; and with terrible diseases which they will bring from their distant lands.

Then will come the moment in which our children will have to conceal and hide our millenary knowledge, which is the most valuable heritage of our wise and old Toltec grandparents, to wait for the light and with it the end of darkness. New times will come and the cycle change will be when it is believed that all is lost and again confusion and pain is in the hearts of our children.

It is this, the highest responsibility, your precious mission Night Eagle, your responsibility is to stay in this world and wait for the black, painful, and dark night to pass. You will need to remain underground, beneath the Earth, in "The cave of the Jaguar", the Toltecáyotl, which is the wisdom and knowledge of the old Toltecs grandparents.

Because the conquerors, the worshipers of matter will remain for at least six bundles of years in power, time in which our children will live as slaves, without any right, without the slightest opportunity, they will treated as sons of evil and as prisoners of war, will be exploited and humiliated relentlessly.

Until the same blood of the white invaders through a betrayal defeats them, so the sons of the conquerors born in our land, become the lords and for about four bundles of years, in which they will divide and will fight among themselves, for the bounty of our land and the exploitation of our children.

During this long period, there should be a "brotherhood with many lineages", that from underground and out of sight of the invaders, maintain secretively, the Toltecáyotl teachings, the most exquisite creation of old Toltec grandparents, shall be transmitted from generation to generation; to our finest children.

Your night flight will have to cross over all these injustices and loot, without the exploiters seeing or feeling you. Your flight must be quiet, hidden and nocturnal. You shall hide in the darkness of times.

Hence, our children's children, will be cornered, without words, and as vagabond shadow in the emptiness of the defeat, will be scattered and obscured. The defeated will be fiercely denied any value and will always be stripped and treated as foreigners in their own land. The main weapon used by the oppressors will be the people’s own ignorance, the loss of identity and memory, of all the children of the earth between the great waters. They will live as ignorant foreigners, poor and without rights in their own land.

Injustice will be so great in those days, that a struggle will ensue that will impose a Government that will cheat the children of the children during almost two bundles of years, delivering the blood and the land of our children, to the most powerful Lords who live beyond the sea, which in those dark moments will dominate all the land.

These will be times of pain and emptiness. Almost all of our children will be blinded by the passion of matter possession. Their hearts will almost wither; their minds will be numbed and will have no memories; at those times nobody will remember the old Toltec grandparents and much less the Toltecáyotl. They all will have their eyes; mind and heart fixed on matter and will continuously search for an identity in distant lands.

The children of our children will be foreign ignorant in their own land. They will be lost in a maze of loneliness, desiring to be like their conquerors; that will exploit them and at the same time will despise them.

Our children will repudiate their oldest mother and will walk as poor orphans, suffering bereaved in this land that will be foreign to them.

The barbaric white conquerors and their descendants, over these years of injustice, exploitation and pain; will remove from our children the language, memories, knowledge, spaces, art and the millennia-old passion for the divine existence. They will try to remove from them all customs and traditions; and they will teach them to feel grief and shame of what belong to them for many years; they will lose their face and their heart. They will yearn to be like their conquerors and their reality will be that they will be always scorned and rejected by their exploiters, both outside and inside.

But exactly two bundles of years after the last war, the path back to the Feathered Serpent will begin, its government of peace and harmony will be established, in this our land.

A major change in the world, will accompany the arrival of the Feathered Serpent, human beings will open their hearts as dry land, receiving the first rains of the storm.

Your mission Night Eagle is to maintain in the hearts and the minds of the children of our children, the wisdom of the old Toltec grandparents … the Toltecáyotl, throughout all this immense, painful, and dark night.

Your mission is preserving the wisdom and knowledge of the Toltec grandparents in a secretive manner, so that when the Sun of knowledge rises again, the children of our children carry this teaching in the depths of their hearts.

Your flight must be long and silent; you must reach the depths of the hearts of our children and their children's children.

The knowledge must be kept intact. It will be passed from mouth to ear, in a secret and unobtrusive manner. Knowledge will be covert and stalking, waiting for the time of its exciting revelation.

The Lord of fire darts had begun to enter the region of mystery. The Teacher and the student glowed; their bodies were like two small pieces of the Sun.

Night Eagle had understood in the depths of his being, the high responsibility, which the power entrusted in him through his Teacher.

The sky and the mountains where the Sun was about to hide were set on fire; clouds reflected all shades of red and orange, combined with blue and pink.

Star serpent embraced the warrior and said to his ear; -we will always be with you. He turned and went to the central part of the Hill. At the same time the Sun finished plunging in the kingdom of the Lord of death; a strong flash with a sound explosion, followed by a luminous trail rising to the depths of the sky, to become a tiny bright dot.

A stream of cold air caressed the Jaguar Mountain. In the west, the mountains were surrounded by a golden crown of light. Night Eagle raised his sight and saw the evening star, intense and bright, that seemed to speak to him.

The warrior remained still as a stone trying to hold in his eyes the brightness that was being lost under the earth.

Gradually, darkness was gripping the Valley. The Jaguar Mountain barely outlined its contour in the night.

In the highest part of the south hill, was the figure of Night Eagle, which was disappearing in the dark.

Suddenly the warrior opened his huge wings and with an impulse launched his night flight, leaving DAANY BEÉDXE forever.

- END -