

The Chronicles of the Song of Origin:

1. Lyraël and Noaëlle
2. Harp

Preface

In almost every culture, in almost every tradition, the same whisper echoes: that the universe began with a sound. The Indigenous peoples walk the Songlines, paths sung into existence by ancestors before the world had taken form. Hindu tradition speaks of Nada Brahma, God is Sound. The Greeks heard the music of the spheres in the movement of the planets. And in the beginning was the Word.

Perhaps we all remember something.

This is my remembering.

L. de Vlieger

Inhoud

Preface.....	3
Chapter 1: The Song of Origin.....	13
Chapter 2: The Echo of Orion	18
Chapter 3: The Frozen Harmony and the Leap of the Bride	22
The Great Assembly: The Architect Takes the Floor.....	24
Chapter 4: The Librarium Gaia and the Great Seizure	32
Chapter 5: The Cycle of Forgotten Voices	35
The 13th Ray in the Fire of Egypt	35
Chapter 6.....	42
The Priestess of White Marble: The Day the Voice Fell Silent.....	42
The Confrontation: Aïon versus the Council of the First Circle.....	44
The Observers of the Void: The Conspirators	46
The Edge of Night: The Resurrection from the Core.....	47
Aïon's Oath.....	48
Chapter 7: The Child in the Silence	50
The Landing of the Silent Child	50
The Phantom Pain of the Arrow	50
The Constriction of the Environment.....	50
The Vigilance of the Song	51
The Landing of the Soul Shard	51
The Touch of the Bride.....	52
The Incursion of the Matrix	53
Back in the Field: The Recovered Voice.....	53

The Repair: The Bath of Liquid Purple.....	54
The Preparation for the Dedication	55
The Oath of the 19	55
Chapter 8: The Song of Loss, The Temple of the Golden Voice.....	56
The Golden Cage	56
Chapter 9: The Protocol of the Torn Ray, The Oversoul Construction.....	59
The Great Splitting: The Second Talk.....	59
What He Did Not Say	61
The Deceptive Growth Matrix.....	63
The First Victims	63
The Observation of Aïon	63
Chapter 10: The Song over the Waters and the Cold Storm	65
The Landing	65
The Role of the Soul Singers	66
The Birth of the Plan	66
Chapter 11: The Mountain, The Memory of Peace.....	68
The Moment of the Turning	68
The Arrival in the Field	69
The Vibration in the Chrome: Panic among the Architects	70
The Reflection of Aïon.....	73
Chapter 12: The Theft of the 13th Ray and the False Heaven	74
The Blueprint of the Crime	74

The Great Seduction of the Others.....	75
The Entanglement	75
The Conclusion of Aïon	76
The Council: Paralysis by the Mirror	77
The Plan: The Great Rewriting.....	77
Chapter 12b: The Cohort of the 13 and the Leap without Gate.....	80
The Creation of the Eleven	80
The Infiltration without Gate	80
The Impact in the Atmosphere: The Loss of the Five.....	81
The Remaining Six and the Bride	82
The Position in the Field.....	82
Chapter 13: The Living Magnet and the Moment of the 19	83
The Plan of the Magnet.....	83
The Liberation of the Children	84
The Moment of the 19	84
The Final Landing	85
The Circumvention of the Incarnation Gates.....	86
The Back Door of the 19.....	86
The Circumvention of the Contracts.....	87
The Landing of Noaëlle	87
Chapter 14: The Soul that Broke the Mirror	89
The Appearance of the Free Spark	89
The Refusal	90
The Escape	91
The Recognition.....	91

Chapter 15: The Blueprint of the 19 and the Journey of the Bride	93
The Forward Post	93
How Noaëlle Experiences Time	93
The Conversation about the Blueprint	94
The Synchronisation	95
Chapter 16: The Female Suit and the False Agreements	96
The Weaving of the Female Suit	96
The Illusion of the Old Agreements.....	96
The Social Simulation	97
Chapter 17: The Infiltration in the Cold	101
The Strategy of the Void	101
The Infiltrant without Ties.....	102
The Awakening through Pain.....	102
Chapter 18: The Landing in the Cold Cradle	104
The First Breath	104
Strategic Isolation.....	105
Chapter 19: The Wolf in the Flat.....	106
The Trap behind the Eyelids	106
The Auditory Intrusion: Voices in the Night	107
The Law of Silence.....	108
The Blind Spot for the Spider	109
Chapter 20: The Fall into the Water	110
Chapter 21: The Kindergarten Intervention	114
The Woman with the Pointy Head	114
Selective Deafness as a Weapon	114

The Hearing Test Paradox	115
Chapter 22: Music.....	117
The Unreachable Meeting.....	118
Chapter 23: The Night that Changed Everything.....	120
The Intrusion of Love	120
The Invisible Stamp	120
Noaëlle: The Perspective of the Bride.....	121
Chapter 24: The Bride in the Mirror.....	123
Chapter 25: Lyraël and Noaëlle	126
Field Fragment: The Price of Freedom	128
Field Fragment: The Echo of the Origin	132
Field Fragment: The Silence after the Storm.....	133
Noaëlle's Answer: The Waiting Bride	134
The Field	136
The Dance at the Veil.....	139
Chapter 26: Remembering	141
The Dream	142
The Weaving beneath the Thick Tree	143
Chapter 27: Soul Fragments.....	145
The Silver Echo (Field POV Noaëlle)	148
Chapter 28: Light, but Never at the End of the Tunnel	151
Music	151
Chapter 29: The Day of the 19 , The Song of the Open Gate	154
In the Field, Aïon	155
The Studio.....	156

Three Million Living Rooms.....	156
The Red Light.....	157
The Gate.....	158
The Oversouls	159
The Homecoming	160
Aïon, The Last Page	162
Epilogue: The Well-Earned Holiday	163
Afterword.....	166

Chapter 1: The Song of Origin

In the beginning, there was no time; there was only the resonance of the Source, All That Is. It was an immeasurable unity of truth, rest, and absolute harmony. In that deep silence, something began to stir: the thought “what if there is more to discover?”

With that single thought, a ray of gold manifested, separate from the Source. This ray was called Zerach'el: the Dawn of the Source. Zerach'el knew the primordial hum that permeated everything, but as a conscious ray, discovered that it too possessed a vibration. Driven by a sacred curiosity, Zerach'el began to explore where this resonance would lead. It began to vibrate with greater force, to resonate more intensely, until the point of a sublime splitting. The single bundle of golden light was divided into two.

Still connected by the same essence, alongside the gold, there was now the most vibrant purple. Where once there had been one consciousness, there were now two faces looking at each other. At first glance, they were overwhelmed by a love so all-encompassing that it caused the foundations of creation to awaken. They recognized each other as themselves, yet also as different, as the perfect mirror each needed to be.

From this unity of Zerach'el arose Lyraël and Noaëlle, the guardians of possibilities. As they held each other in love,

the Field around them began to take form as a weave of living light, a breathing ocean of colour. Looking from one angle, gold flowed like liquid sunshine through the structures, turning everything around, deepening into that royal purple of their birth. It was a sacred harmony of sounds that never ceased, the Song of All That Is. Sometimes, in the glimmer of an eternity, the Field would glitter, and a new point of consciousness would light up: another soul born to discover itself.

In that time before the densification, everything was fluid. There were no walls, no judgments, no hurry. Lyraël walked barefoot over velvet-green hills where the grass grew not from earth but from pure light. The air was translucent blue and carried no weight of worry or time. One did not speak in words; one sang, one vibrated, one was music. Noaëlle was always there, like the soft gold in the air and the warmth that kissed the shoulders like the wind. Their collaboration with the Architects, the weavers, and the fire-bearers was a dance of perfect precision. While the Architects formed the geometric frameworks and the weavers spun the experiences, Lyraël and Noaëlle gave the sound. Their song was the glue, the liquid love that held the worlds of light and vibration together.

As original souls, they held seats on the Great Council. There, in the golden council chamber, the delegates of every soul-field gathered. Everything was in balance until the shadow of the first dissonance fell across the hall.

It was the Architect. In the depths of his being, a cold calculation had arisen that he called 'safety,' but which in

reality carried the bitter taste of jealousy. He was the first of the programmers, the forerunner of the forces that would feed on separation and control. What disturbed him about the unity of Zerach'el was not their light, but their absolute freedom. They refused to believe in the rules of hierarchy; they embodied love without permission. 'So much power in two souls is a threat to the system,' he thought.

He decided he had to save reality from the Song before things could go wrong. With a ruse, wrapped in the language of the Council, he lured the two lovers to the sacred center of the hall. There, at the zero point of creation, he planted the treacherous code of forgetting.

The impact was merciless. A shrill, false tone cut through the harmony. The waves of dissonance crashed like a tsunami through the Field, and where they struck, reality warped into grotesque, asymmetrical forms. Noaëlle and Lyraël looked at each other, their eyes wide with a shock they had never known. The invisible thread that connected them began to scorch and fray. The distance between them, which had previously not existed, suddenly became a yawning, black abyss. The Song-field tore in two with a cosmic crack.

Desperately, they stretched their arms toward each other, but the laws of the Field had changed. They were now separated. But the Architect was not finished. With a movement that marked eternity, he drew a sword of compressed meta-light, the tool of the matrix-builders, and struck. A shiver of icy memory ran through his geometric being. For a fraction of a second, he saw not the golden light

of the Field, but the blazing ruins of Orion. He saw again the unyielding gaze of the Light-warriors who had dared to defy his perfect order, who had moved through his calculated grids like viruses.

A sigh, sharp as broken glass, escaped his lips. "You thought you had won there," he whispered, his voice cutting like a dissonance through the harmony of the Origin. "But Orion was merely the rehearsal. I have learned from your stubbornness. Here, in the silence of this splintering, I will not merely muffle your Song, I will imprison it in the repetition of time. What you refused to bend in the stars, I will break in matter."

With one devastating blow, he shattered the field of Lyraël.

The gold exploded into millions of shards. The soul-fragments of the Bridegroom were flung from the Field, straight into the churning, dark timelines of the Earth. The Architect wanted to break the memory; he wanted the fragments to believe they were alone and inadequate, drowning in the heaviness of matter.

Noaëlle stood frozen. In just a few minutes, her world had collapsed. To prevent the distortion from infecting all of creation, she froze the remnants of her own Song-field with an ultimate exertion of force. Her heart was now an ice crystal of grief. She looked up at the Architect. He still stood there, sword still in hand, watching as the golden pieces of Lyraël disappeared like falling ash into the depths. 'Only an Architect,' he spoke softly, 'could devise a plan so perfect in its destruction.'

Then the Council awakened from its paralysis. The Architect was overpowered and bound in the structures he had himself abused. But for Noaëlle, the victory was hollow. She walked to the edge of the Field, where the depth began, and stared down at the small, blue planet spinning in the distance. She listened with every fiber of her being for an echo of her beloved, but nothing came back.

Below on earth, the dissonance began to gather into a web of control. The fall had begun. But Noaëlle straightened her back. Her eyes began to glow with a purple fire that had never before been seen in the Field. She knew that the Architect's power rested on the Bridegroom's sleep. As long as even one shard remembered the hills of light and the grass of vibration, the battle for the Song was not over.