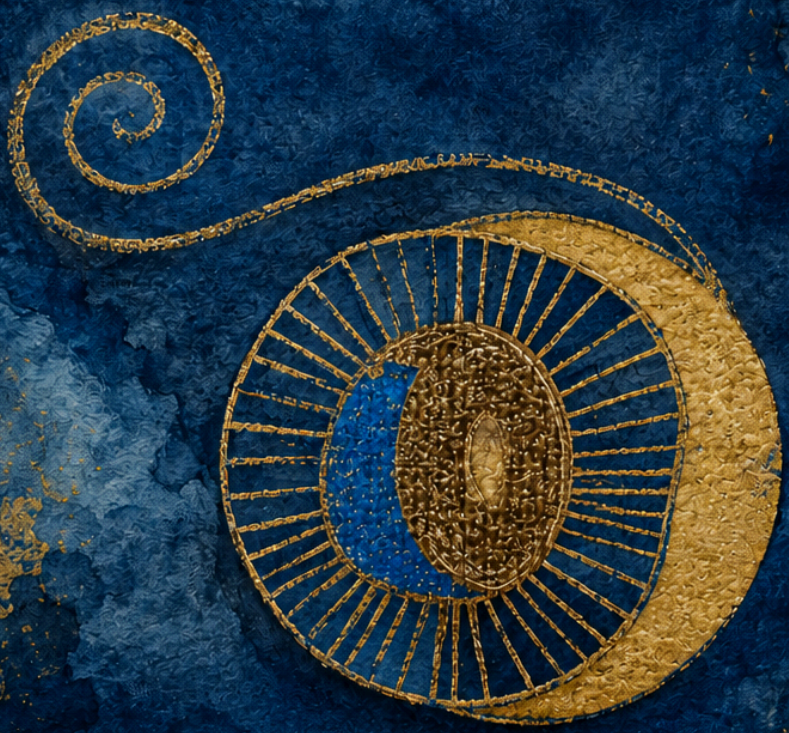
Arsayan



Codex from the
Halls of Amenti

Arsayan

Codex from the Halls of Amenti

Layers upon layers, they are unfolding from each other in my memory as I remember my ancient future.

As I am standing on the doorstep of a new era, exactly mirrored from twelve thousand years before.

When I close my eyes, I see all the details. When I put my hand on my heart, I hear the whispers of the Halls of Amenti.

It calls my attention. It was calling my attention all along, but I wasn't aware of it. I felt it undeniably. But I wasn't sure what it was. A current lifetime's flashback, or something deeper, something more ancient.

Then it occurred to me: it was an actual memory. It was planted in my emotional field. With the mantras I was chanting, with the devotional songs I was singing, with the dance I was performing with many others.

It was a remembrance. Yes, it was. Now I can recall.

I can, as you can too.

"All initiates stand here," she said one day to us.

Now your task is this:

"Breathe like your breath could seek and sow, attach and tear apart continents. Breathe in a way that you imagine your breath makes the trees more alive around you and carries their messages to heaven with greater efficiency. Breathe in a way as if your breathing were the inherent order of the divine beat."

It took a while to understand, as deeply as the teachings were embedded into my bones, and I remembered them even when I was woken up in the middle of the night.

Because I was. I was woken up, often. Like I am awakened in my current life. As a 47-year-old white woman—the same way I was inhabiting my other life, in my other body. In my other land, in my other reality.

Yes. I am starting to remember.

But what now? What is this for? Am I going to go mad? Or is this for good?

If I close my eyes and carefully look into my perceptual field, I see this: fractals. Sensations. Impressions.

They come close and then they disappear from my conscious awareness.

I am recovering.

Using what I have. Here in 2026.

Technology combined with my soft, inner remembrance of a world where there were no machines, only elemental forces. Where there was no matter, only the palpable field of a shapeable plasmic ocean.

Khem

A first glimpse into the story of Arsayan © 2026 Viktória Maczó · All rights reserved

Pieces, they may not belong together, but I take the time to gather them first and then make sense of them.

I am good at pattern recognition anyway.

Things do not need to come in order. By order, I mean linear order, because I know a higher sense of organizing force.

I wasn't aware of it consciously. Not like I am today.

What is important is that I cultivate this channel within me, which has opened the possibility for me to really listen beneath the structure we are all forced to live in.

There wasn't a higher intelligence that put us here where we are. I say "wasn't" because it didn't pass, and it is not outside of us.

But let me tell my story from the beginning.

*

I was born in the land of the dark soil; we called it Khem at that time. My mother was a singer, and my father was a builder. They worked together, as their role in our society was to improve the landscape that our ancestors had left behind for us.

I grew up much like everyone else in those days. I had many mothers and fathers, though perhaps not in the sense that you use those words now. I had a mother who gave birth to me, but I also had another who cared for me and taught me many of the important things a girl needed to know: how to move with the phases of the moon and how to alchemize my emotions.

Then there was my elder mother, who taught me the importance of honoring and caring for our ancestors. I was the sixth daughter in an ancestral line of the same bloodline, and they said that I was the bridge. My daughter would be the one for whom we had prayed.

You can see this repetition in your own life when you look into your family tree. The same truth echoes through time and space until someone decides to change the angle through which it is seen.

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When I was old enough, my mothers took me to the sage of our colony, who accepted me as her apprentice. My mothers rejoiced, yet at the same time I felt a heaviness in their hearts.

At the time, I did not understand what it meant. I did not know that I would have to leave the life I knew so well and spend the rest of it as a pilgrimage walker.

*

The land that is so precious to me remained with me through the eons until I reached you. My body remembers all the sensory details. The soul of my feet remembers what it felt like to walk upon that land.

We rarely wore shoes, and even when we did, we used a very fine leather that still allowed one to feel through it. We used these special shoes to climb trees whose branches were very high or to walk longer distances, but I preferred to walk barefoot all the time.

Did you know there are 64 combinations of how to take a step forward through an astrological year? I did not know either. This was one of the initiatory paths I walked later in my life.

Now I want to share something vivid that carries great importance in the unfolding of the story I am telling you. I want to share with you the sensation of the first time I felt the Earth's heartbeat beneath my feet.

It was after the great flood, in August, the year when the Red Lion was under construction. That year my birth mother and father were away often, and I had the chance to linger longer in the places I most enjoyed.

What I especially love about those days is that I practiced my body postures at dawn and at sunset in the shallow water of the river's floodplain. The water was only a few centimeters deep, yet deep enough to cover half of your skull as you lay on your back in it.

As much as I loved walking in the mud, I enjoyed it even more when I could lie down in it. It felt like a warm embrace.

Home.

Safety.

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A feeling I struggled to find again as the years unfolded.

A feeling that went dormant within me to make space for experience.

*

In our land, a great river stretched from the bottom part of the continent to the top, where we lived. It was the spine of the ecosystem that surrounded us. This great river was our source of life, one of the greatest teachers of an Arsayan.

My mothers taught me how to listen to the messages of the water, as a flowing river always has something to say. It has many messages and stories to share.

Through the river, we not only communicated with the temples by its side, but the river was also our place to be born and to return to when our time came.

The river was full of currents, and we learned swimming as soon as we were born because water was our original element, not the earth.

In some sense, we were newcomers on the earth. All of our ancestors, all of our fairy tales passed down from our mothers through generations, were about the wisdom of the water, as water nurtured our bodies through the air we breathed as well.

Most of our songs were about water, and the ceremonies we performed first thing in the morning were to give gratitude for the water we had.

You know the land I am living on as the land of sand, which is at the same time fascinating and frightening for me.

You see, our kind was very short-lived. We called ourselves, among one another, the missing chain of shapeshifters. Until puberty, we could all breathe beneath the water as well. This is the reason why our elders wanted us to learn all the skills a water being could gain, as well as everything an earth sibling learns.

These skills were not taught in a school setting, though we had beautiful stone libraries and high plateaus where our oral wisdom was passed on. This was another characteristic of our nation. You may call them sound healers; in our time they were called Sounatics.

My mum was one of them. My birth mother.

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She used her voice for two reasons: one was helping women when they gave birth; the other was helping builders and architects construct the landscape.

In my time, everyone knew their inheritance, and everyone grew up in a way that was fully aligned with their soul's purpose. Everyone remembered their past as well as their future. We saw time from a very different perspective.

Until me.

Until my generation started to be born, and with us forgetting began to appear more and more often among our people.

Forgetting in the sense that we started to recognize new possibilities within ourselves. Not just the inherent ones—what we were meant to be—but also the dream of the spirit, what we could become through the learning we went through, through the friendships we had, and through the training we were willing to lean into.

It was a way of evolution, but many elders warned us not to force the road of the unknown.

"Walk the one that is ours," they said.

But I was curious.

I loved experimenting.

*

My grandfather was the governor of the high land. He was a very busy man. We rarely saw him, but when he came to visit, he always sat down with me and told me stories about other cultures.

I loved the perfume he used. He did not use much, only a little, but my sense of smell was very sharp, so I detected his arrival long before his appearance. The wind always brought me the message of his arrival as soon as his sailing boat entered the harbor.

He was a diplomat, and he often talked about the importance of strategic thinking. He felt that one of the most important skills one has to learn is to be able to communicate in a way that honors everyone's point of view.

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He was very precise, and when he spoke, everyone listened to him. Not because of demand, but because of the magnetic quality he radiated. He was wise but never lectured anyone. He was insightful, as he quickly grasped the essence of all things, but he only revealed as much as the listeners were able to comprehend.

He never chattered, though I saw how patiently and lovingly he listened, even for hours, as my birth mother talked. Actually, I loved listening to her too because, as they exchanged their ideas, they really modeled the most distinctive ends of the spectrum of speech.

My grandfather had a very deep, warm, and resonant voice that landed in many pauses and silences as he talked. On the other hand, my mother did not really talk but sang, as she inherited my grandmother's tongue. This was one of the marks of a Sounatic. Their sound production was all about harmony, melody, and rhythm.

I still remember the day when my grandfather arrived with a present for me, which I cherished all my life. He said learning this game would serve me well, whatever came and wherever I went in my life.

This wonderful board game was about learning to think from other people's perspectives.

Over these games, we sat quietly across from each other, and we did not talk at all. This was another secret that unfolded later in my life and gave me the most important skill in using my gift: my clear inner sight.

But it also helped me find the balance between how much I share and how much I keep.

A skill in which my grandfather was a master: keeping the right balance between his own affairs and the public.

As I look back, I love to see how all the small little details of my life click into place, and I recognize the importance of the nuances as I shift into seeing from a greater perspective.

He kept the exact mixture of concentrated musks and the distinctive aroma of oriental bakhoor a secret. The aroma was his alone; no one could ever mimic it or recreate it.

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One of the great examples of his ability for self-containment became obvious in these little nuances. A great example of boundary setting, which became embedded in my memory and came to my aid at the right time, as my ability of discernment developed to distinguish between the tiniest details and twice saved my life.

*

Out of the two men who shaped how I think and made a great impression on how I form my decisions based on my intellect, there was another man in my early upbringing who brought magic into my life in a realistic way.

He was my godfather. My mother's brother. Also born a Sounatic, but I never ever saw him using the gift he was given. Or, more precisely, now examining it from a different angle, he did, but in an unusual way for his time.

He was a master mathematician, an astronomer, and a lover of the starlit sky. He had his own observatory and an enormous library of all kinds of records about the vast knowledge of the universe.

He told me that one day I would discover that the Universe really lives within, and the moment one becomes aware of this, all of the secrets of the stars begin to reveal themselves.

"This truth is especially true for you," he used to say.

Sometimes with such weight in his tone of voice that it frightened me. I say in his voice, but he did not speak in the sense that we use our vocal cords. At least not with me.

Telepathy was the main way of communication in our time, as well as reading the signs of nature around us. Every child was educated in these skills at a basic level as they grew up. Many did not need to be taught, really; this ability opened up naturally as part of the natural development of a child.

However, I received different attention. This was for many reasons. Not only because I was a golden child—we called golden children all those who were born with a special birthmark around the throat. Mine was shaped like the land we were living in and behaved in a very curious way. When I was underwater, it disappeared, but when I stepped onto the land and the sun dried my skin, it became visible.

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I did not pay much attention to this, as I could barely see it myself, but I recognized the shift in many people's approach toward me as soon as they discovered this mark on me—but also because I was very observant and open to learning from a very early age.

My godfather had no children of his own because he spent all his life in the observatory. He said that if he was meant to meet a woman, he would, just as easily as everyone else.

"It doesn't matter where you are," he said, "if you live aligned with your design."

Now this statement opened the door for me toward the higher knowledge he held and kept refining throughout his long life.

He was the one who taught me how to look through the telescope in a way that my intention would call in what I sought to know. He said I did not really need to learn these things, more like be reminded of them, as during our study times I asked him questions that made him believe that I knew and sensed much more than he was capable of.

The first time he saw me draw one's star map with a compass and a ruler really evoked the feeling in me that I somehow already knew this.

I stopped his hand and asked him to hand me the equipment, which was richly ornate with precious stones and runes.

To both of our surprise, I did not draw in a conventional way. I did not finish the lines he had started but drew a totally different structure.

He said this was sacred geometry and became very curious about whom I had learned it from. He said that, understanding the richness of my drawing, he needed to contemplate it for a while, but he reassured me that what I had made was valid and precise.

That night he sent me a package in which there was a message:

"The wisdom you have inside your body will unfold as you grow older. Never question the inner knowing, but always remain alert and curious so that you can track back to the source it comes from. Usually, in the moment, many of our experiences feel as though they do not make sense, but this is the nature of how

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talents unfold within us. First comes the experience, then the realization, and only after that comes clarity."

*

I told you about my fathers and only briefly mentioned my mothers, which I feel I have to correct. I have to tell you more about my mothers in order to understand their great importance in my life. I know that without them I would not be able to stand here where I am right now, but the nature of the feminine has not changed a bit over the eons between us.

The feminine way of shaping reality was always hidden.

In the guise of mystery.

However, for this very reason, I feel it is important to share this memory with you first.

I have already told you how much I loved lying in the shallow river bed. Remember the memory I shared in which I savored the moment of lying in the soft mud of the floodplain? There was a very special event that occurred during those first days of the river bed widening. I did not know much about how sacred that territory was which I had chosen for myself. I only recognized the beauty there and the synchronicity of the alignment between nature's elements and my own body.

I told you about the Red Lion also, which is an important detail of this part of my story because I am pretty sure that Her Majesty had something to do with the elemental force that came to visit there and became my life's companion for the rest of my life.

I will tell you as it happened because I still remember every detail as if it were happening right now.

When I arrived in the hour of the setting sun, the sun was still at such an angle in the sky that its brightness hurt one's eyes to look into. So instead of looking toward the river, I turned around and faced our settlement. As I gazed in the direction where I knew my birth mother and father would be, I discovered something unusual.

Slowly, before my eyes, a maroon-colored cloud appeared, rhythmically floating and then pulsing in the air as though someone were beating a rhythm for it. Then it

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became a shape, like a flock of birds, with one prominent force in the front leading the way and the rest only following its lead.

Then the wind brought me her voice.

The voice I knew so well.

The voice that had power over the seen and the unseen. The voice that could cover a frightened heart with the balm of protection and assure it that everything would be all right. A voice that I had witnessed singing the sacred songs each morning with exactly the same devotion and love with which she sang my evening lullaby. A voice that was unmistakable because it carried her soul's signature.

As I became old enough, she often took me with her to witness childbirths and her steadfast and loyal service there. But she never took me to the construction sites because she said that would be too dangerous for a child who was not yet firmly formed. I did not understand what she meant by that.

Well, the understanding came to me as a trial by fire.

It happened very quickly, as accidents usually do. And it was a combination of many tiny events overlapping into an irreversible current of change.

I felt a sharp pain in my eyes, then a feeling of opening in the upper part of my back. I felt myself become mesmerized and frozen by the electrical current that entered me through my crown and traveled down my spine. As it exited through the heels of my feet, I felt my mobility return, and at the same time I lost my balance and all the strength in my legs and fell into the soft mud.

Backward, as I usually lay, only this time instead of turning my head toward the north, my head fell toward the west.

And so, as I was falling back, in the exact moment when my head aligned with the setting sun—that millisecond—I felt a shadow jump over me.

And then silence.

I did not feel fear.

I was at peace.

I did not feel that there was anything wrong, though I was motionless again.

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I closed my eyes, and darkness surrounded me.

Then I opened them, and I sensed the golden bridge painted upon the surface of the river slowly withdrawing as the sun disappeared beyond the horizon.

*

Otto Ron Go. This is what I called him.

He was the most beautiful black cat ever.

Ok. He wasn't a cat, but I loved teasing him by calling him my beautiful black cat.

Actually, he was a panther. A spirit animal who ruled the direction of the west and also the shadows of fear. He was the one who taught me how to enable my humor in circumstances of danger or in a minefield. When we are walking in shifting sand.

He also taught me how to speak my truth even when I am pressured to please others and how to stand up for myself.

But the moment when we first met, he only taught me one thing: how to breathe between the two familiar planes I was used to.

You see, because when I fell, for a while I was between stages: I did not die, but I did not live either.

You call this experience a near-death experience.

In my time, this was a common experience, and we did not pay much attention to it if someone went through one. But as I was in it, I felt a bit of panic come over me, as I could not breathe.

So Otto Ron Go sat down right by my side and let me feel his warmth.

Time slowed down, and I felt how the mud dried on my skin and how it pressed against my right arm as my black cat settled beside me.

In that moment, he really reminded me of my godfather, as he did not speak but only embodied the teaching I was meant to receive.

So I did.

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This is how I developed my third breathing channel between the water and the air passages I used so skillfully underwater and upon the land.

Now I was able to breathe with the fourth element of the water.

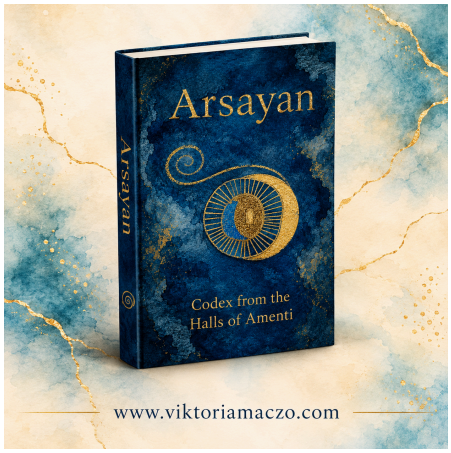
In the plasma.

But I did not know how useful this skill would become in times of need.

A skill not for me, but for the one who stands opposite.

Eons from my time, but within arm's reach between you and me.

*



And the story unfolds from here...

Are you ready to wonder?

https://viktoriamaczo.com/a-story-that-found-me-arsayan/

Discover the story behind the story.

Read about the birthing process of this book and support my work by purchasing your own copy.

About the Author



Viktoria Maczó is a mother, storyteller, and guide devoted to the art of remembering. For more than twenty years, she has supported others in cultivating greater wellbeing through movement, breath, mindful awareness, reflective practice, and embodied self-inquiry.

Her work bridges ancient wisdom and contemporary understandings of healing, weaving together yoga, meditation, somatic practice, therapeutic writing, and nervous system regulation. She creates spaces where people can slow down, listen deeply, and reconnect with their own inner wisdom.

She is the author of several books in Hungarian and *The Heart Way: A Micro-Memoir of Feeling, Remembering, and Becoming*. She writes about healing, creativity, authenticity, and transformation through her distinctive style of prosetry. *Arsayan* is her second book in English. She publishes new writing on Substack every Monday.

As a mother raising a daughter in a fast-changing world, she holds a vision of living, learning, and relating in ways that honour individual rhythms and nurture innate gifts—a culture reborn through new ways of educating and relating to oneself and to one another.

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Once upon a time, there was a woman who started to remember her ancient future.

And somewhere beyond the boundaries of ordinary time, another woman was being trained to become an Arsayan—one who could read the signs of nature.

Her name was Anak, but she became known as Ria.

She was born in Khem, a land shaped by water, where the ancient wisdom of the elements was woven into everyday life. A strange birthmark connected her to the land. She could feel what others could not, and carried an inner knowing that seemed to reach beyond memory.

Then, during a near-death experience in the floodplain of the great river, a black jaguar appeared to her.
His name was Otto Ron Go.
And everything changed.

Ria's journey would lead her through the elements, through love and loss, through the mysterious language of nature, and toward a friendship that would transcend a lifetime.

All the while, she carried a talisman whose markings she could not yet read.

Until she reached the threshold of the Sun Gate.
There, the past would meet the present.
The secret of the talisman would be revealed.
And Ria would discover what it truly means to become an Arsayan.

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