



**Author:** Greg Materna

**Text elaboration:** Damaris West

**Front cover:** Patt Ramenta

**Pictures:** Agata Szczęsna

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Legends of Aivirai

# MUKO

and the Secret

part I

I dedicate this book

to my whole family for their constant support throughout,

to all code lovers,

and to Clive West who was instrumental in bringing it into  
being.

Greg

# Introduction

I have prepared this book because I love maths and puzzles. I also love the creativity of Zbigniew Nienacki, J. K. Rowling and Dan Brown.

There is also another reason.

A peculiar puzzle exists in our world. It is around 30 years old and officially not solved yet, despite the fact that thousands have tried. I would like to draw a little bit of your attention to it.

I want to give you some quite interesting information, gradually - piece by piece. There are reasons for doing it this way. I do not want to spoil the fun. I will explain everything when the time is right.

I have been thinking about creating this book for a long time. I wanted to create a type of book that has never been crafted before - I am not talking here about the plot perspective.

I was told that "it cannot work", "books are dying in the era of smartphones" and "it makes no sense".

I have tried to draw other authors` attention but I have encountered impassable walls. Finally I made a decision.

I will prepare it myself and find help to do so (thank you Damaris, Agatha and Patt).

I share with you the first part free of charge I hope you will enjoy reading it!

If you liked my story and think it has some value, donate whatever you can to the RMHC Chapter in Poland called "Fundacja Ronald McDonalda":

[www.frm.org.pl/pl/wesprzyj-nas/wplac-i-pomoz?locale=en](http://www.frm.org.pl/pl/wesprzyj-nas/wplac-i-pomoz?locale=en)

They are doing a great job making it possible for families of sick children to stay together. RMHC organizes Ronald McDonald Family Rooms and Ronald McDonald Houses in and next to children's hospitals. Sick kids and their nearest and dearest thereby gain a measure of normality and the chance to take a break from hospital reality.

In the "NO to cancer in children" campaign, the Ronald McDonald Care Mobile tours Poland in order to provide kids across the country with free ultrasound screening focused on early detection of cancer symptoms. To find out more about Keeping Families Close, go to [www.frm.org.pl](http://www.frm.org.pl)

When making a PayPal money transfer, make sure to include "**A Book that Helps**" in the title of the transaction.

On the other hand, if you didn't like the book, I am sorry it didn't work. If you have a minute or two and want to share any thoughts with me, please do so. I would really like to hear from you.

So, in short, the first part is just a taster. There are some big prizes. Take a look on [aivirai.com/challenge.php](http://aivirai.com/challenge.php)

Just try! There will be much more waiting for you in the next parts.

@GregMaterna





# Chapter 1

*You are here for a reason. You will find out why when the time is right.* Pythagoras

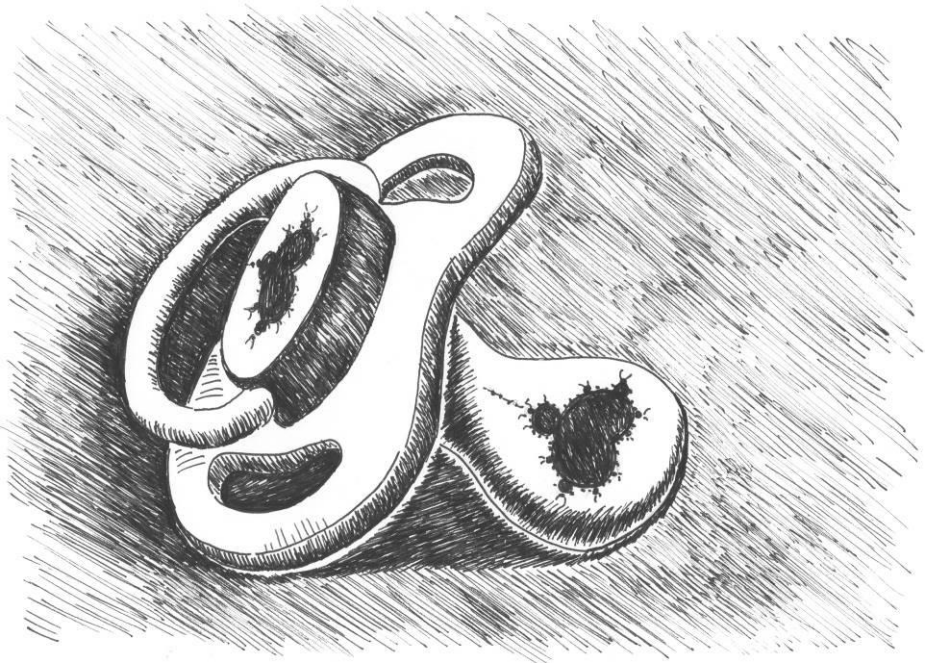
Muko's memories occur mainly in his dreams. The images that are conjured up aren't sharp like memories sometimes are. They have fuzzy edges because they are images seen through the eyes of a child, and small children see everything blurred in their first years.

He is dreaming about a day at the beach. Although it's not an extraordinary scene, there's a magical, timeless quality about it. The sun is bright but it's not the sun that attracts him. Something else shines and throws out sparkles of light and isn't so far away. He can reach it. He just has to keep going. He crawls and crawls over the soft, sinking sand and the breathing sound that the shiny thing makes gets louder and louder.

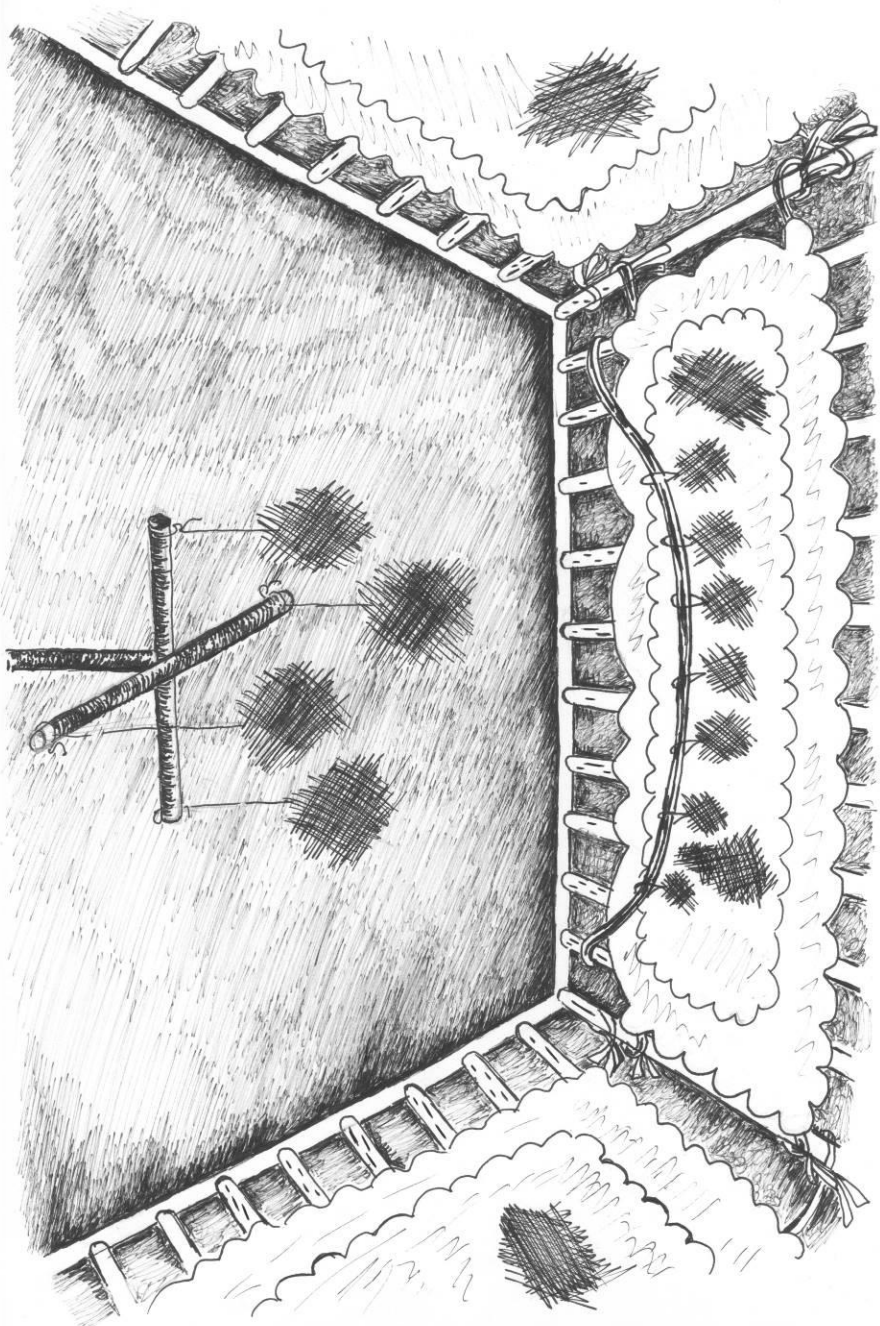
'Husssh ... husssh.'

The sand is harder now. He doesn't sink in so much but it's wet. Suddenly the first tiny wave touches his knee and runs away from him making little bubbles. He laughs. When the wave comes back he pats it with his hand and makes a splash.

There are voices behind him, calling him. They want him to go back to them but he doesn't want to go back. He turns his head and sees two shapes. They are quite far away and blurred like everything else but they are moving towards him. He knows they will pick him up and he will like it, even if he struggles and pretends not to.



He has another dream. He is in his cot. He opens his eyes because there are voices nearby. He turns his head and can just see two tall forms, blurred and stripy through the bars. He looks up towards the ceiling and there are some tiny objects dangling there. He can't tell what they are but he likes them. They are

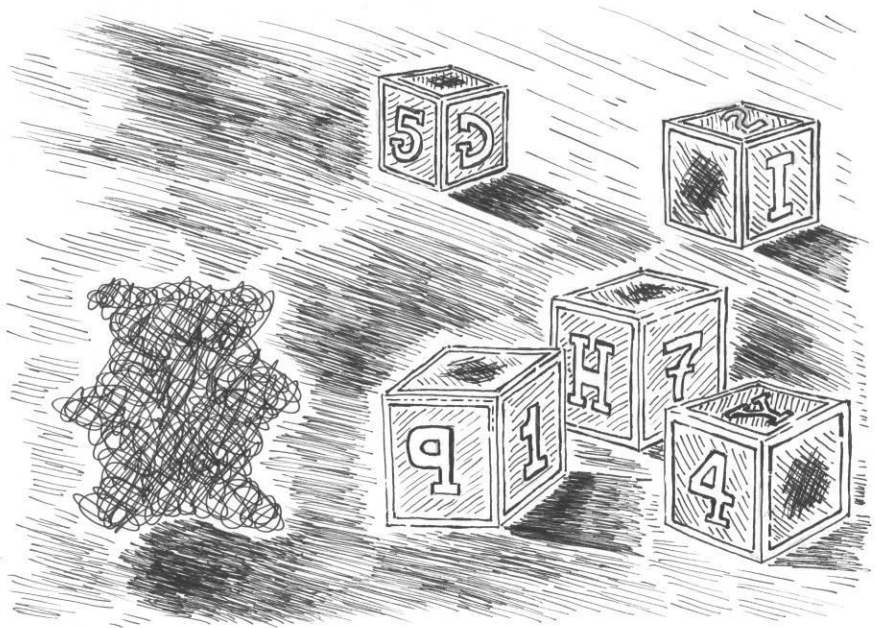


brightly coloured and they move a little. He reaches up to them but they are too far away to touch. They look like they are dancing up and down, up and down. They dazzle him and his eyes follow them even though he can't make out their shapes.

The voices he heard before are getting closer and closer. One of the figures is approaching him, stepping slowly, gradually becoming less blurred. He focusses on the part of the person that will be just higher than the bars of his cot and he sees bright white. The voice is deep and reassuring. He feels so happy. He makes a happy noise in his throat and looks up at the bright dangling objects. The person is now leaning over him, the white pressed against the rail of his cot, but he looks up and in the place where a face should be there is only a blur. Faces, and colourful objects like the ones dancing over him, are always a blur; they seem to have been cut right out of his memory. The person picks him out of his cot with strong hands. He feels so safe and so happy that he falls asleep with his cheek against the bright white.

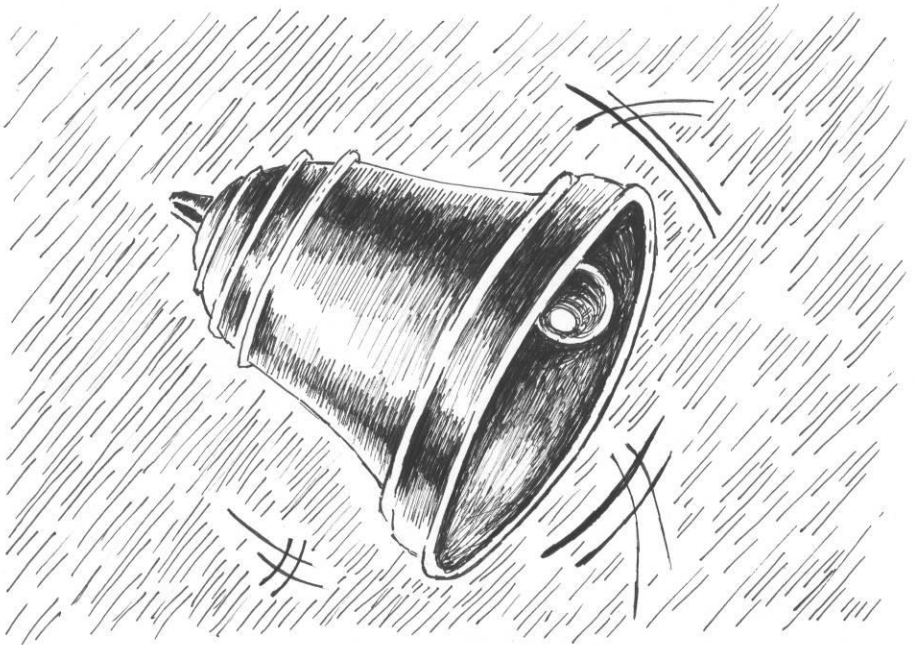
Now Muko is in the kindergarten. He is sitting on a little red chair by the window. He looks round the classroom and there are lots of groups of children playing together. A large figure, much taller than the children, reaches past him to take

something from a shelf by the window. He scans the room again, paying careful attention to exactly what he can see. Everything seems ok except ... no, something is wrong. On the shelves and in the children's hands there are lots of spaces, where something is more blurred than anywhere else in the room.



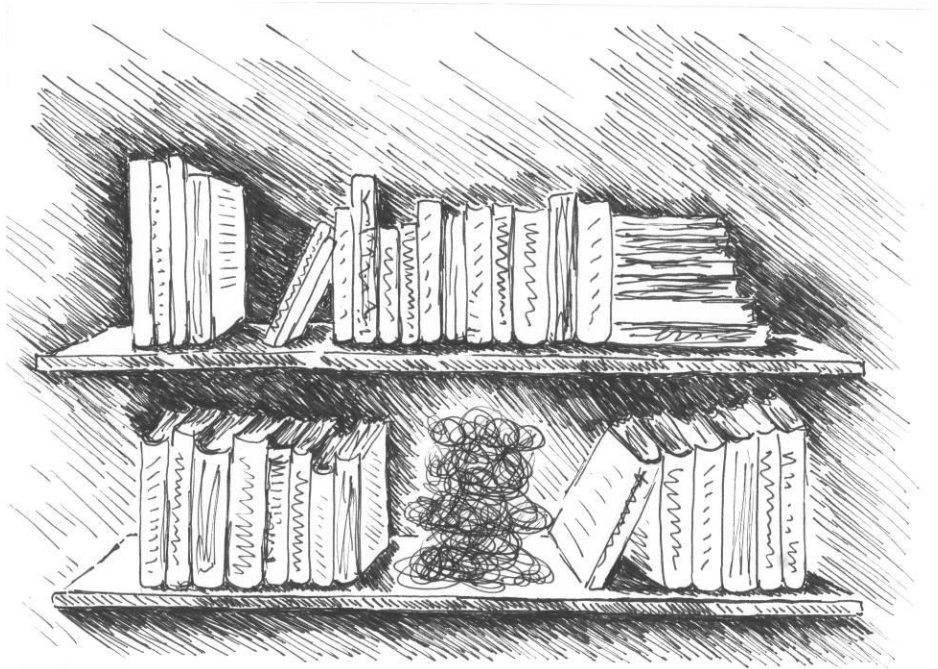
The door to the classroom opens. There is a gust of air. He hears a familiar voice and he gets up from his chair, excited because someone has come to take him home. He looks at the figure and it's so familiar - the skirt with white spots on, and the cardigan with big black buttons - but where the face should be, there is just haze; he can't make anything out at all.

The figure that was reaching past him to the shelf now has a bell in her hand and is standing facing the children. She holds the bell up as high as her shoulders and shakes it back and forth. It makes a tinkling noise. It is not very loud but the children are waiting for it and as soon as they hear it they all stop playing. The bell is telling them that they must tidy up the classroom. The bell is tinkling in Muko's head. He can hear it clearly. As he listens, the world around him becomes more and more blurred. The brightness of the classroom fades away, its colours turning to grey. Darkness fills the scene. The feelings of safety and happiness have become apprehension and gloom ...



As the dreams melted away, Muko woke up to find himself in an altogether different place and a far worse one.

A bell was ringing; not the gentle tinkle of the bell in his kindergarten teacher's hand but an insistent, ugly sound that had broken into his sleep and stripped him of his memories brutally, without any warning. He opened his eyes and propped himself on his elbows. He looked around. He didn't know this place. He wanted to burrow back into his dream and hide from the harshness of the new environment.



But reality hit him. He was eight years old and much too old for kindergarten. All around him in austere rows were the beds of other children and they had woken up too at the sound of the bell. The room was large; there had to be twenty or thirty beds.

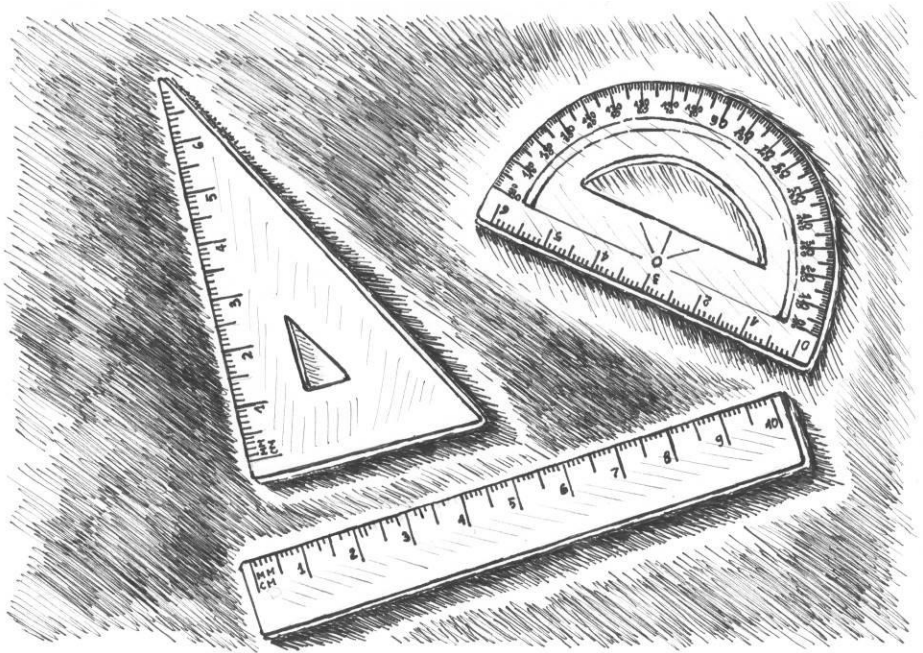
The atmosphere was neither pleasant nor welcoming. The walls and floor were bare stone and scrupulously clean - they looked as if they had been scrubbed. There were windows but they were high up and barred as if to prevent escape, except that no-one would have been able to reach them even if they had climbed on one of the beds. There were no colourful objects like there had been in the kindergarten, and no cheerful, homely touches like curtains or cushions.

The beds had iron frames and each one had white pillows and sheets and a grey blanket. The children were in white pyjamas - all the same. The looks on their faces were the same too because they all felt lost and had no idea how or why they had come to this place. Muko tried to remember. He cudgelled his brains but it was no good; he had no memory of where he was before or of anything that had happened to bring him here.

There were sounds of sobbing from different parts of the



room. Some of the children had woken up crying. Others looked worried, as if they thought something really terrible was about to happen to them, and still others were sweating from fear of the unknown.



One boy stood out as different from all the others. He was the only one dressed in black and it was he who had been ringing the bell. Muko felt he was very different but he was not quite sure in what way.

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