

GUVERNIA PARADISE

PROLOGUE

BEHIND EVERY LEGEND IS AN ELEMENT OF TRUTH.

As time goes by, extraordinary events from the past slowly lose their images, then their voices and finally their memories.

Neither the power of time nor forgetful minds could erase such events from the memories of mankind. Hidden in these memories are the secrets of where we really come from and who we truly are, and a parallel, mythical world named Guvernia.

Once thought to be just a myth, this story is of the immortal Guvernians and a mortal man who desperately pursued immortality.

We are separated from the Guvernians by an invisible wall of energy called Quadronia.

Like a pleasant breeze in the wind, from time to time, we feel their existence in our dreams, but we are invisible to

one another. We are two different races who share a common world. We live in a mortal world full of pain and misery, while they live in a utopian society. Unfortunately, this perfect society was shattered when an earthquake rippled through the Sahara Desert, causing an energy shift that divided the Quadronia Wall.

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CHAPTER I — DREAM

BEADS OF SWEAT SLID DOWN HIS FOREHEAD AS he slowly straightened up in his bed and took a deep breath.

“When?” he whispered hopelessly, but paused as if waiting for a reply.

Glancing at the rainbow beams of light reflecting from the chandelier onto his bedroom wall, he sighed. How he craved to see the vivid colours from his dream once more.

But they weren't there. Everything was again a familiar mediocre.

The deep quiet that rang in his ears gave him the same answer he wished he didn't receive, “You have to wait.”

He did not have the strength or the patience to endure it any longer. His heart was bitter like a child who refused to be consoled, and lasted long after the dream. To him, it was not just a dream but also a distant reality.

Jack Lawrence was a young, talented journalist at the top of his profession.

As a child, Jack had a penchant for searching for the truth, and his curiosity only grew as he matured into adulthood, giving him the drive required to become a talented journalist. For Jack, everything had to have a practical explanation and a satisfying answer.

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“My boy, every question has an answer, but only if you look in the right place. Remember, life is like a game of hide and seek. The answers are just waiting to be found.”

and seek. The answers are just waiting to be found.” These are the words his father often said to him and are the same words he founded his entire career upon. Now in his late twenties, Jack had travelled up the ranks in the newsroom be-

cause of his tenacious work ethic.

However, Jack’s obsession lies in something else—finding the origin of those strange dreams that continue to haunt him.

His ruthless search had begun to shadow all of his other successes and had turned him into an introvert. Ever since waking up from that dream, it was always in the back of his mind. He believed he had evidence that proved it was anything but a dream. He had a deep indescribable longing in his heart for the things he had seen, but his logic told him that he couldn’t feel longing for something that didn’t

exist. But this longing, instead of fading, only grew more intensely.

Just before waking up, he had seen a face among those unfamiliar colours. A heavenly voice spoke to him and told him to wait. This voice was his greatest evidence, always reminding him that this was more than a dream.

He would drift to sleep in the hopes of seeing the colours and hearing the voice, and though waking up with disappointment, he never thought of giving up. He had waited for years, and this longing had now become his life's purpose.

Jack was a workaholic. He loved his job with a passion—some of his colleagues mockingly told him he was married to the job.

His introverted personality and existential views gave him an intriguing air of character, and although he attracted many women, he rarely showed interest. He would rather dedicate his time uncovering the truth. His boss, Arnold, thought he was an outstanding employee and would often praise him. Jack was also popular with the readership, with people hanging on his every word. His findings were well trusted by the community and so he was usually given the task of researching breaking news. This meant Jack had plenty of rivals in the newsroom as well as at other companies.

Jack was aware of this, but finding the truth was top priority, and he would risk anything in the pursuit of it. Anything else was unnecessary and distracting.

What Jack knew well but others never seemed to realise was that things were never actually what they appeared to be. It was just a matter of finding the clues.