



Silo **& the Game of Spheres**

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Creation Myth of the Universal Human Nation

from the Archives
of the End of Human Pre-History

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In those cruel times at the end of the Old Era, the era of Despair, Silo and his Companions arose in the high mountains in the South, near the center of the world.

These mountains, the mountains ruled by the great Aconcagua, Sentinel of Light, were the next link in the great chain that binds and charges the Earth, making her ready for the next Leap.

There in the high mountains, far from the din and stink of the great cities, far from the corporate citadels of inhumanity, Silo and his Companions heard and felt the first tremors of the great Snake who awoke, rank with dark power, slithering and vomiting in the bowels of the earth, consuming his own refuse.

Swollen with contradiction under his ancient scales, he dreamt vipers of despair and sent them into the sleep of the unformed children of earth, poisoning many and many of them with his venom, convincing them in the innocence of their dreams that fear and greed were their only defense against Death, Loss and Annihilation.

As the tremors shook the earth, Silo and his Companions sensed the growing danger, and saw the crisis that if unchecked would bring Death and Despair to all humanity. And they spoke among themselves. To their High Council they invited the lowliest of the children of earth, that they might become Children of the Dawn, Warriors of Light.

And together they devised a Plan, in accordance with the Plan that is held in the City of the Done and the Yet-to-be-Done, the City of Light. They devised a plan to vanquish Death – a plan whereby the Snake and his servants would be disemboweled and blasted, their remains sanctified and returned into the dust of the earth.

On the roof of the world Silo and his Companions strengthened themselves, mastering the high Game of Spheres. Opening their hearts they leapt high, their spirits awakening with joy as they summoned from Within the power of the Light.

To the Snake and his cowering minions they were invisible.

But many of the children of earth saw them playing, and drawn by the joy of the game, they joined in, dancing and singing and laughing with delight. And the earth shook with the terrible and brilliant Force of their game.

Soon the shaking became so great, this shaking of laughter and delight, that even the servants of the Dark were aroused, and looked up from their vile machinations, and wondered what was happening there above them to make the roof of their world tremble.

But in their obsession with possession and destruction, they believed themselves to be the Kings of Time – and so they returned to their slaughter and their gorging, their skins stretched taut over their swollen bodies...

Above, in the sunlight, Silo and his Companions called more and more of the children of earth into their Game. In the fields of Light they flung their spheres high into the sun; accosting the heavens they soared over the great mountain ranges, making obeisance, as they passed, to the Aconcagua, Sentinel of Light.

Leaving no corner of the earth in darkness, they dove even into the Seas, parting the waters and everywhere bringing the brilliant music of their Spheres.

And Humanity awoke, singing and rejoicing and making love, and their Children arose strong and pure from the earth.

But the minions of the Snake recoiled from each other in terror and hid under their mountains of wealth in the vast darkness of their souls. Hoarding what they thought was treasure but was really their own refuse, swallowing their own entrails in their terror of loss, they poisoned themselves and became hopelessly confused in their subterranean mazes, tripping over each other's inert forms and stabbing each other in the dark.

And above, in the Sunlight, Silo and his Companions, the Children of the Dawn, Warriors of Light, became strong in Love and Compassion, until they resolved to penetrate even the Hells. Exulting and intent, with deadly aim, armed with their bright swords and their gleaming spheres, they plunged into the infernal depths.

There they found the Snake awaiting them. Rearing up, it coiled its massive body around Silo and his Warriors and crushed them until their mangled bodies burst, and their remains were sucked into the bottomless void.

The Snake roared and spat flames of triumph – but in the midst of his millennial roaring, Silo and his Warriors, laughing and nimble with Light, sprang whole out of the Abyss.

Whirling their swords in a whirlwind of light, they severed the heavy coils and blasted all the creatures of darkness, until the Snake and his unformed servants were disemboweled and blasted, and all the children of Darkness lay eviscerated under their feet, like humus for the new spring and the new fertility of the earth.

And Silo and his Companions rose up through the earth and became the seeds and flowers, the sunlight and the water and the wind and the very earth of the New Times.

And to this day the Hells remain the place of despair and dark seclusion, of illusion and dismay, for all servants of Self-doubt.

But even in the blackest depths of Hell, there remains a single door out: the opening of the Heart of Light.

– inspired by “The Ball Game in the Hells,” from the *Popol Vuh*, creation myth of the Quiche people of Guatemala.