

# THE MAGNUS UNDA

To this end, a wizened man of considerable faith who had endeavoured his life's entirety devoutly studying the paths to enlightenment rested upon a small hillock. It was a tranquil morn upon which he had discovered that he would both cease to be in a short amount of time and in parallel, the true meaning of all life. Upon these dual discoveries, the monk twinned both joy and melancholy and only owing to his monumental life's tuition was he capable to regulate himself for here he had now found himself possessing the supreme gift known to the infinite and but a scant fraction of time to commit any action with it.

The elder of all was powerful in his discipline and it was consuming a vast quantity of energy to remain composed. His concentration only broke for but a blinking instant as a gentle wisp of wind flitted across the bare skin of his long balded scalp. At that moment he smirked, so quick was the recoil to proper posture that not one spying eye would have witnessed. Yet it occurred.

The monk knew that what he now housed could not be contained and was left with a cruel decision. He could scream his tale as loud as thunder only to have his companions flee like the rain, believing him to have lost his mind. His final days would have been squandered in the care of others who meant well but could not apply it. His second choice was as hefty as it meant his own demise. To all external views and examinations, he would have appeared to have committed suicide. His family, his brotherhood forever shamed. Though to himself, the wondrous treasure to be had assured him of something more pleasing than the obvious machinations.

And so it was that the monk, taking the time his body needed, shuffled to the peak of the mound amidst the most beautiful gardens below. The spot favoured for the way the sunlight surrounds one self. He sat there on his meditation pillow, gently folded his palms in his lap, allowed what could afford to be, go limp and went perfectly still. Yet he was not still. A movement so minute that it began only as a thought of movement was occurring. Over time, the movement built upon itself becoming more significant with each miniscule undulation. The monk had left strict instructions to not be disturbed no matter what their eyes beheld. He, himself was unsure of just how long he would be put to this task. His training had provided him many favours including the disciplines of abstinence and will. He was able to go for quite extended periods without food or drink, without sleep or exercise. These items mattered no longer to him now that he had reached the apex of understanding.

The motion steadily grew. It took several days before keener senses could detect his building pattern. The sun revolved again and again whilst the monk's movements became more and more pronounced. He could be clearly viewed to be rocking from side to side. It was gentle in the beginning but at the rate he was progressing momentum, if he was allowed to continue, he surely would fall over in no time. The monk's decree had been quite clear and the fellowship would honour his wishes.

Just in case, they surrounded the great and wise master in cushions that should he inevitably tilt, he would at least land upon comfort and not stone.

Days became weeks and the priory's concern had grown alongside the motions of the monk. His lean was so fierce that it was miraculous to all that he was able to still right himself at all. To their cumulative astonishment, it happened that one day he tilted to a complete right angle and seemed to bounce back up, flying all of the way to the opposing side to make contact with the ground again.

Several members of the order shouted in sorrow as they tried to run to his aid, fighting the grasping arms of their comrades.

Over and over again, the monk slammed into the cushions placed to each of his sides. The temple lamented at the site yet held true to what they now considered his dying command. Some of the more esteemed monks believed that they could find understanding by re-enacting what the wise sage was doing and they meted territory of their own where they could and began rocking. Despite the howls of the brotherhood and of the spectacle of the mimics, the monk never ceased to slow his momentum.

After but a few more days, his rocking was aggressive enough that his seat was lifting from the ground and he was literally rocking right onto his shoulders and head. His posture never changed as if he had been cast in bronze. Back and forth he would go, gaining strength. It was a day of sheer amazement that a hush fell over the saddened voices. All mimics had long given up their trivial pursuit. All gazed in disbelief as the monk rocked so harshly that he had rolled into a full headstand. When he came back down, the swing was so much that he forced beyond the central axis and wheeled right off of his perch and began to revolve, head over seat, down the slope of the hill he had rested himself upon. He was gaining speed as he tumbled.

The fellowship careened after him, flailing themselves forward to try to catch the great master and halt his progress before he was seriously injured. They were not quick enough and the wise monk was only gaining in velocity. On he rolled down the hill, his speed carrying him to the far side of the gently sloping valley. As he gained the incline, gravity's sensitive hand slowed his momentum until he came to rest beneath a fruit tree, dense with spring blossoms and imbibing the air with its sweet fragrances. The monk then opened his eyes and inhaled a deep cleansing breath.

An instant later, he crumbled to the ground, broken and bent. His followers reached him but a moment later.

"Master, oh Master, what have you done?"

Though the pain and agony of his body was great, he was not filled with fear or regret for he had discovered the secret of life and tested it true.

"My dear brother, I did it. I was able to move the world."

"But Master, it was you who was moving; you rolled off of the hill and fell."

But his words went unheard. The wise monk had slipped away, a smile lighting his face.