



PROLOGUE

A white eagle flew swiftly through a sea of stars, as if eager to carry out an important mission. He drifted above the swirling disk of the Milky Way for an instant, then dove resolutely into its heart. Once in the center, the eagle suspended his flight for a minute to gaze at the miraculous vision. It was like discovering a precious gem.

The majestic Earth appeared behind white spiral patterns formed by vaporous clouds.

Since time immemorial, the ancient Earth has been the jewel of the cosmos, radiating beauty and harboring sacred secrets.

Behind the Mountain of the Moon, in the Earth's heart, lives Eterna, the Spirit of Earth and the source of all life.

At the beginning of time, every human lived in harmony with Nature and was connected to Eterna's heart by a filament of light.

Earth was a lush paradise and humans glowed with happiness.

But on a winter day, in a faraway galaxy, on a planet without a sun, the Dark Planet, jealous of Earth's beauty, severed the luminous threads, hoping to take over the source of beauty for herself.

A terrible battle ensued. Now disconnected from Eterna, humans turned on her and started to destroy Nature!

The Luminous Beings, a peaceful species from a more highly evolved universe, sacrificed themselves to infuse a crystal with their own light in order to restore the sacred filaments. This crystal is the Supreme Stone, Eterna's last hope of survival.

Only three children of the Luminous Beings survived, hidden somewhere on Earth along with the Supreme Stone. One of them is the Guardian of the Forests, another is the Guardian of the Waters, and the last one is the legendary Guardian of Earth.

Suddenly, melodic singing, gentle birdsong and the sound of flowing water rose into the air, emanating from the depths of Earth. The eagle bowed his head as he recognized the voice of Eterna, suffused with melancholy: “*N’ gala kaet’. Nelh ap nehn nh’ilni nanih ...*” [Our world is in peril. We feel it in our hearts. Soon, it will be too late ...].

The eagle swooped toward Earth. He flew in circles in the cloudless, dusky sky that dwarfed Los Angeles. The feathers of the noble bird’s glowing plumage formed a perfect geometrical pattern, nested inside each other like Russian dolls to infinity, and his kind, sparkling eyes reflected the continents of Earth. In the far distance, the incandescent sun was sinking into the ocean, striking its surface with iridescent purple rays. The majestic bird began to cough as he flew through smoke from chimneys and cars stuck in heavy traffic below: the grey fog of human civilization. His heart tightened, his eyes expressing a profound sadness.

A single feather twirled through the air, descended between the city’s shining glass and steel monoliths, then gently dropped into the grass at the feet of a young girl wearing yellow sneakers.