

EVERY DREAM HAS A BEGINNING.
SOME CHANGE DESTINY.

CHILDREN OF THE FIRST DREAM

A SAGA OF LOVE, CHOICE & DESTINY

SAHIL

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For suggestions and
feedback:sahilworkbgu@gmail.com

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

SAHIL

Sahil is a student with a deep interest in reading and writing stories. Fascinated by imagination, mystery, adventure, and the endless possibilities of the universe, he enjoys creating stories that explore love, family, destiny, and the choices that shape our lives. *Children of the First Dream* is his journey into a world where a simple beginning becomes something far greater than anyone could have imagined.

“Reality is only the beginning of what the human mind can create.”

— Sahil

Every story begins with a dream

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CHAPTER : 1

THE AWAKENING



Darkness. Not the darkness of night. Not the darkness of a cave. A deeper darkness, where neither time nor distance seemed to exist. Then came light. A gentle warmth touched the face of a man lying upon soft grass. His eyes opened. Above him stretched a sky so vast that it seemed endless. White clouds drifted slowly across a sea of blue unlike anything he had ever seen.

For several moments he did not move. The air was cool. A soft breeze passed over him. The scent of flowers and fresh earth filled his senses. Birds sang somewhere above. Leaves whispered in the wind. Everything was alive. Slowly, he sat up. Before him spread a valley of breathtaking beauty. Rolling fields of green stretched toward distant forests.

A river shimmered beneath the morning sun. Beyond it stood mountains crowned with snow. The world seemed untouched. Perfect. Silent. The man rose to his feet. Though he had never stood in this place before, he felt no confusion about who he was. He knew language. He knew the names of the trees surrounding him.

He knew the birds singing overhead. He knew the river flowing through the valley. He knew the seasons that would come. Most importantly, he knew the One who had created everything. The Creator. The Lord of all worlds. He lowered his head. For the first time upon the Earth, a human voice spoke.

"All praise belongs to You, my Lord."

His words disappeared into the vastness of the valley. No answer came. Only the sound of the wind. Yet he felt peace. A deep peace. The kind that settles within the heart when one knows they are not truly alone. For hours he walked. Every sight filled him with wonder. He saw deer drinking from the river.

He saw great eagles circling above the mountains. He saw forests so dense that sunlight barely reached the ground beneath them. He crossed fields filled with fruits hanging from wild trees. Everything was abundant. Everything was beautiful. Yet as evening approached, another feeling

entered his heart. Silence. The Earth was full of life. But none of that life was like him.

No voice answered his. No footsteps followed his. No eyes met his. The birds sang. The wolves howled in distant forests. The river flowed. Yet among all living things, he seemed alone. As the sun began to sink below the horizon, he climbed a small hill overlooking the valley. Golden light spread across the land.

For a long time he stood there, watching. The world seemed endless. How many forests lay beyond those mountains? How many rivers flowed beyond the horizon? How much of this world remained unseen? Questions filled his mind. Questions with no answers. Night came. Stars appeared one by one. Soon the entire sky glittered with countless lights.

The man had never seen such beauty. He sat upon the hill and looked upward. Hours passed. Then something moved in the darkness below. His eyes narrowed. A shadow. Large. Silent. Watching. The creature stood at the edge of the forest. Its eyes reflected the moonlight. The man remained still. The beast remained still. Neither moved.

Neither looked away. For several long moments they watched one another across the darkness. Then the creature turned and disappeared among the trees. The forest swallowed it completely. The man slowly exhaled. For the first time since arriving, he understood something. The Earth was beautiful. But it was not harmless. As the cold wind swept across the hilltop, he rose to his feet.

Tomorrow he would begin building a shelter. Tomorrow he would begin making a home. Tomorrow his true life upon the Earth would begin. Unseen by him, thousands of miles away, beneath another sky and beside another land, another pair of eyes opened for the first time. A woman had awakened. And the story of humanity had begun.

CHAPTER : 2

THE FIRST SHELTER



The morning arrived wrapped in silver mist. The First Man awoke beneath the open sky. For a few moments he remained still, watching the clouds drift above him. The world was quiet. Only the distant sound of birds and the gentle flow of the river broke the silence. He rose from the hillside and looked toward the valley below.

The memory of the creature he had seen during the night remained fresh in his mind. The Earth was beautiful. But beauty alone could not protect him. He needed shelter. A place to rest. A place to store food. A place safe from storms and wild animals. After offering his morning prayer, he descended the hill and began searching.

The sun climbed steadily higher. Hours passed. He examined many places. Some were too close to the river. A flood could destroy them. Some were too deep within the forest. Danger could hide among the shadows. Others were exposed to wind and rain. None felt right. Then, near midday, he found it. A small rise overlooking the river.

Behind it stood a group of ancient trees. A freshwater stream flowed nearby. The ground was firm. The location was high enough to avoid flooding. The moment he saw it, he knew. This would be his home. For now. The First Man smiled. For the first time since arriving on Earth, he felt a sense of purpose.

The rest of the day was spent gathering materials. Branches. Vines. Large leaves. Fallen logs. By sunset, his hands ached. His back hurt. His clothes were covered in dirt. Yet he felt satisfaction. The shelter was far from perfect. It leaned slightly to one side. Several gaps remained in the roof. The floor was uneven.

But it stood. The first home built by human hands upon the Earth. As darkness approached, he stepped inside and looked around. A simple structure. Nothing more. Yet it belonged to him. Outside, the forest slowly awakened to the sounds of night. Insects chirped. Owls called from distant

trees. Something moved through the undergrowth. The First Man sat quietly.

Listening. Learning. The Earth spoke in many voices. Every sound carried meaning. Every movement carried a warning. Then suddenly— A loud crack echoed from the forest. He immediately stood. Another crack followed. Closer. Branches breaking. Heavy footsteps. Something large was approaching. His heart began to race. Slowly he stepped outside. Moonlight spilled across the clearing.

For several moments he saw nothing. Only darkness. Only trees. Only silence. Then a shape emerged. A massive deer. Larger than any he had seen before. The animal stepped into the clearing and stared at him. The First Man stared back. Neither moved. The creature's breath rose into the cold air. Its ears twitched. Its dark eyes studied him carefully.

As if it too had never seen a human before. For a long moment they simply looked at one another. Two living beings. Both strangers to this new world. Then the deer lowered its head, drank from the stream, and disappeared back into the forest. The First Man watched until it vanished. A smile slowly appeared on his face.

Not every unknown thing was an enemy. That night, lying inside his shelter, he listened to the sounds of the Earth. The wind. The water. The distant cries of animals. And for the first time since awakening, he felt something close to home. Far away, beyond mountains, forests, rivers, and lands yet unseen, another human was beginning her own journey.

But neither knew the other existed. Not yet. The Earth still kept its greatest secret.

CHAPTER : 3

A WORLD WITHOUT VOICES



The days passed peacefully. Each morning, the First Man rose with the sun. Each evening, he returned to his shelter before darkness covered the valley. Slowly, the land around him became familiar. He learned where the sweetest fruits grew. He learned which streams carried the clearest water. He learned where deer traveled and where wolves hunted.

The Earth no longer felt strange. Yet it still felt enormous. Every day, when he climbed the nearby hill, he saw the same thing. Endless land. Forests beyond forests. Mountains beyond mountains. A world so vast that it seemed impossible for one man to ever know it all. One morning, curiosity overcame him. After his prayers, he packed dried fruits and water into a woven pouch and began walking north.

He wanted to see what lay beyond the distant forest. The journey lasted several days. Each night he slept beneath the stars. Each morning he continued forward. The deeper he traveled, the more wonderful the world became. He discovered waterfalls crashing down cliffs of black stone. He discovered fields covered in flowers of every color.

He discovered caves hidden behind curtains of water. Many times he stopped simply to admire the beauty around him. Yet no matter how far he walked, he never found another human. Only animals. Only birds. Only silence. On the fifth day of his journey, he reached the edge of a great plain. The sight stole his breath.

Thousands of animals moved across the grasslands. Herds stretched farther than he could see. The ground itself seemed alive. The First Man stood there for hours watching them. The Creator's world was far greater than he had imagined. As evening approached, he climbed a rocky hill overlooking the plain. There he made a small fire.

The orange flames danced beneath the darkening sky. For a long time he sat beside them. Watching. Thinking. Listening. The stars slowly appeared above. One by one. Hundreds. Then thousands. The night sky became a

river of light. The First Man looked upward. His heart felt heavy. Not from fear. Not from hunger. Not from pain.

Something else. A feeling he could not fully understand. The world was full of life. Yet there was no one with whom he could share it. No one to show the waterfalls. No one to admire the stars beside him. No one to speak to around the fire. The thought remained with him throughout the night.

The next morning, he began his journey home. Several hours after sunrise, he noticed something unusual. A flock of birds suddenly burst from the trees ahead. Dozens of them. Perhaps hundreds. They rose into the sky in panic. The First Man stopped. Animals often fled from danger. Something had frightened them. Slowly, he moved forward.

Every sense alert. The forest became strangely quiet. No birds sang. No insects buzzed. Even the wind seemed to hold its breath. Then he saw it. Large footprints in the mud. Not deer. Not wolves. Not bears. Something much larger. The prints disappeared into the forest ahead. The First Man crouched beside them. Examining them carefully.

Whatever creature had made them was powerful. Very powerful. And recent. The mud around the tracks was still wet. His heart beat faster. For several moments he considered following them. But wisdom told him otherwise. The creature knew these woods. He did not. So he turned and took another route home. Yet all day he felt watched.

Not once did he see anything. Not once did he hear anything unusual. Still, the feeling remained. As though unseen eyes followed him through the trees. By the time he reached his shelter, the sun was setting. Relief washed over him. Home. Safe. Familiar. That night, as rain gently tapped against the roof of his shelter, he lay awake.

Thinking. About the world. About its beauty. About its dangers. And about the strange loneliness that seemed to grow with every passing year. Far away, beyond countless rivers and forests, another human sat beside another fire beneath the same stars. She too looked at the heavens. She too wondered whether she was alone. And neither knew that destiny was already moving them slowly toward one another.

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