

Chapter 21: After the dust - Myrah and Earth

Epilogue - (5 years later)

Will slowly walked through the doorway of his small hut. In the far reaches of Myrah, life had really started to return. A healthy world. There was hardly any grey left in the skies above. He couldn't remember much of the past five years. Too much had happened. The controlling forces of the world, the elites, had since been ousted from power. The citizenry of Myrah had awoke to a world where the power over them had faded. The revolution had its fits and starts, but enough of the 2nd and 3rd class Magi had suffered long enough. The walls crumbled from within and even the dreaded Magi-police were no match for the sheer number of dissidents and rebels.

What had been the great unified world split into dozens of smaller city-states, republics, and kingdoms. The people had decided to choose for themselves. While some expected civil war, it never came to that. Everyone was content to take care of their own matters. The division had been mostly peaceful with the Elite-Magi now executed or exiled to the farthest reaches of society.

It was a simpler world in ways, but people continued to live their lives. The capital ceased to be vital for anything but trade. Talent spread out of the main cities back to the countries where it had been taken from. A balance had returned. There was still magic; none of that had changed at all. Magi were welcomed into the non-magi communities as scholars, medics, healers, shamans, and a myriad of other roles.

The world turned on and somehow Will had simply become the ghost of change. Anything anyone remembered was the great rumblings in the capital those years ago. Anyone who might have known had lost the desire to care. Will vanished just as he had from Myrah all those years ago.

Will was calm. He felt peace. It was going to be a day just like any other today. The hut was located on the outskirts of a decent sized village. He helped with crops, construction, and repairs when needed. His village was home to other Magi, but he didn't pry. He was just that young man who wandered alone, lost in thought, through the hills and forests.

But Julia was still out there. So far away. Yet, maybe not so far...

Julia had missed the entire remainder of her school year. She'd vanished one morning, leaving no note, nothing. Her roommates assumed she'd just eloped with that strange guy she'd been meeting with. "I was backpacking, okay" became her response. And it wasn't completely untrue. She'd been farther than most could imagine: Geb, Alth, Myrah. Probably too far for even the Hubble to spot.

"We went places," she'd say if asked by classmates. "A lot of places."

It was harder to explain to her parents. She still had to pay for tuition, and a year lost was still a lot of money. It had been a mess that first month back, telling everyone she wasn't dead. That had been a while ago. "Back in the wild days of youth," she'd tell herself. After graduating, she found work for an

NGO abroad and was helping children build a new school in South America. It wasn't a high paying job, but she was following her dreams of helping people.

It was a cool day that morning. She'd been in touch with her parents the night before on Skype. They were proud of her and so on... It was still two months until her contract was up, but she was looking forward to coming home. She took out the stone that Will had given her all those years ago. Had it been over five years? The stone was now a pendant she wore. It was her "lucky" charm, she'd say to people.

Whether or not it still had any magic, she couldn't quite tell. She wasn't a Magi. But, at times she felt like maybe she'd learned some form of magic from Will. Things just seemed to be "good" on good days—like catching the buses she needed to get from place to place, or always finding "lost" things for people. She wasn't sure, but it felt like magic.

The fresh air felt nice. It was going to be a "good" day; she could feel it. They had her team housed at a local hotel. It was nice. Breakfast was simple, but free, so no problems there. The bedding was a bit lumpy, but she couldn't complain. The six months with Will had really changed her perspective on how the world really ought to be.

She was eating some toasted bread outside. While it may have been fall where she was, she knew back home it'd be spring. Funny how things are opposite in the Southern hemisphere. The sun was getting higher in the sky as she could see a strange shape in the distance. It looked like one of the local gauchos, or "cowboys." There were plenty of farms and ranches nearby, always a few coming into town to pick up things. What looked weird was his poncho; it didn't have quite the same design or shape. It looked more like a robe or cloak.

He walked kind of "clunky," if that were the word. But it was the staff that really set her heart racing. She hadn't seen a young man carrying a staff since that fateful day. A quick look at his belt showed an odd shape slanted from the back at an odd angle, like a machete or short sword of some type.

Julia didn't get a good look until he was about 100 meters away. He looked familiar-ish. It was hard to tell; she kind of hoped it was Will, but kind of didn't. Finally, he was nearly level with the hotel and the road before he spoke.

"Hello, Julia. It's been a long time, hasn't it?"

Julia didn't know what to say. Will had said "good-bye" all those years ago, but she wasn't sure what kind of person would cross the space between worlds to see her.

"You sent me away... didn't you? Knowing that it would be too dangerous?" she said, half sad, half glad.

Will kind of smiled. He had tried to keep her safe from the chaos. He couldn't find the right words. He simply held out his arms. Julia slowly came forward. They embraced for the first time in over five years. A lot had happened. A lot still would happen. "Change" is the only constant, and they both knew that now.

But it would be worth it.

THE END?

Author's Notes:

1. Treat the Two Worlds as the Conscious and Unconscious In this framework, Earth is the “Conscious Ego” (structured, societal, mundane), and Myrah is the “Unconscious” (magical, chaotic, repressed).

The Rewrite: Emphasize that Will's “revolution” in Myrah was actually the psyche overthrowing a rigid, tyrannical Ego (the Elite Magi). When Julia returns to Earth, she isn't just “back home”; she is the Ego trying to integrate the lessons of the Unconscious into her daily life.

2. Mirror their Environments Symbolically To show they are two halves of one whole, their surroundings should reflect one another.

The Rewrite: Use the “Southern Hemisphere” spring/fall contrast more deeply. When Julia feels the “fresh air,” describe it as the same “healthy world” Will sees in Myrah. If Will is building a “hut,” Julia is building a “school.” They are performing the same labor of “reconstruction” within the same soul, just in different rooms.

3. Transform the “Magic” into Psychic Energy Instead of magic being an external force, treat it as the “libido” or psychic energy of the individual.

The Rewrite: Julia's “luck”—finding lost things or catching the bus—can be written as her becoming “whole.” She is no longer fighting her internal Animus (Will); therefore, her intuition and logic are in sync. The “stone pendant” isn't a lucky charm; it is a Talisman of Integration, a physical bridge between her conscious self and her inner Will.

4. Frame the Reunion as the Syzygy The final embrace is the most important moment for this theme. In Jungian terms, the union of Anima and Animus is called the Syzygy.

The Rewrite: Make the reunion feel less like a “boyfriend coming back” and more like a “return to wholeness.” When Will says, “It's been a long time,” he is the inner voice of action returning to a psyche that has finally prepared a place for him. Their embrace shouldn't just be romantic; it should feel like the “ending of a civil war” within a single mind.

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