



GODEONIA

J.K. GOTARD

Godeonia, a legendary world from the dream of thinkers



Are we capable of creating an ideal world, fair to all and devoid of suffering? Such ideas have appeared in history since the dawn of time.

What did Plato really want to convey in the story of Atlantis?

Would the Utopia created by Thomas Morus really be a paradise?

Visions of an ideal world have always inspired, prompting us to ask questions and improve reality.

What would a world look like where society strives to live in harmony with nature and where there are no such concepts as pride, wealth or the enemy?

Godeonia is a place where respect for life is of utmost importance.

Where is this great island located and does it really exist?

Each of us, searching for the truth about ourselves and the world, becomes a traveler who can discover his own better world, his Godeonia.

The great island in the chronicles of Captain Hugo



Once upon a time, in a small country of great sailors, Captain Hugo, called Red Beard, was

about to set sail on his last voyage.

He was also an advisor to the queen, who pinned her hopes on him to find goods from the new worlds. These were to help rebuild the country after a great plague preceded by a cruel war. At the royal court, Hugo presented the hypothetical existence of the islands, which were mentioned in some maps and records of ancient travelers. Finding precious treasures like spices and gold would bolster the treasury, allowing the country to flourish again.

Hugo had recently lost many friends and loved ones. He was also tired of seeing sadness and all kinds of injustice. The memory of those who had passed away in suffering gave him no peace. The sea had always released joy in him, bringing relief to his soul. He knew that the queen had high hopes for him, but he wanted above all peace and forgetfulness.

The next morning Hugo arrived at the port. He poked his head upward, admiring the masts of a great sailing ship named Gotard glistening in the sun. The two-masted ship could overcome great distances and difficulties. Two smaller assistant ships, the Siren and the Anna, were also prepared for the expedition.

The white sails were unfurled. The expedition commander looked at the port city, which was receding with each passing moment. With this view, memories also blurred, and sadness slowly gave way to a feeling of calm and curiosity about what the voyage would bring.

The next few days on the ocean seemed to drag on forever. Each morning, fogs hindered visibility, so the expedition missed the archipelago of small tropical islands, sailing in close proximity to them. Later, for a long time, the ships were accompanied by joyfully prancing curious dolphins. The sunny aura filled the captain with great confidence and optimism.

One evening there was a big storm. Some crew members reported that so to speak, they had seen a sea monster in the storm, but Hugo refused to believe the news.

By morning, the sky and water were calm, and the coveted land was looming on the horizon.

Faced with drowning supplies, a small flat island overgrown with palm trees proved to be salvation. Deep in this uninhabited land, a lake was found in a vast clearing.

After replenishing the barrels of provisions and a short rest, the ship's crews moved on.

The waters were not described on any maps known to the captain.

Soon after the peculiar flat island disappeared from the horizon, the sky darkened ominously....

Hugo spotted a great wave on the horizon, a harbinger of a storm that was not to end for many days to come. Powerful sea idols battered the ships like nut shells. The compass raged, failing to show sailing direction....

In this struggle one of the smaller ships fell. After a long and fruitless search for Anna, crews of the other sailing ships paid tribute to the lost sailors.

When the storm stopped, there was an unusual calm and silence....

The dark clouds gave way to a thick fog that did not descend for many days to come.

The crewmen of the Siren, sailing behind the Gotard, took this as a bad omen. Soon a mutiny broke out on the ship. Sounds of gunfire could be heard in the distance. The smallest ship of the expedition had already disappeared forever in those hellish fumes, the captain wrote in his notes of the voyage.

Hugo feared that an equally inevitable end would also befall his ship and crew. However, the ominous fog soon cleared.

An unusually beautiful starry sky offered one last hope for a better tomorrow.

At dawn the next day, the crew spotted seagulls in the sky, whose joyful squawking heralded the longed-for land. The captain saw in the distance monumental white cliffs glistening in the warm glow of the morning sun. This joy-piercing sight was greeted by everyone on the ship with a joyful shout.

From afar Hugo heard the ringing of bells and something like the singing of women....

He ordered a cruise along the high cliffs towards the mysterious sounds.

Soon to the eyes of the crew appeared the sight of a great port city. A harbor full of sailing ships with numerous colorful townhouses on the waterfront in the shadow of massive Gothic temples, seemed a sight surprisingly familiar, and yet completely foreign....

Soon the ship stately entered the port.

On the wharf, a large crowd of spectators watched the ship.

The locals mostly wore interestingly colorful costumes and headdresses and some wore robes resembling the clothing of a monk, although these too were sometimes covered in colors.

Dressed in black for a change, the native invited the crew with a gesture to come ashore.

The captain at first understood little of his speech, but as a humanist who knows many languages, after a short time he associated the approximate content of his statement.

The bearded man invited Hugo and his crew to a beautiful high house, where, using drawings and gestures, they talked at length about their homelands.



The captain spun a tale of his small but proud kingdom full of contradictions.

He told of bribed courts, a noisy parliament, public executions gathering an amused rabble, and girthy priests selling absolution for worldly goods.

With nostalgia in his voice, he described beautiful cities and castles. He also mentioned his mission to return when he found the goods his queen had indicated.

The host named Deonks seemed deeply moved by the captain's tale.

He pledged to acquaint his guests as much as possible with his world, providing lodging on the upper floors and food in abundance. From then on, Hugo took notes on every thing he told them. He also drew landscapes and scenes, describing a vast land on a great island.

This world was overgrown with ancient forests full of great trees, including the Sacred Forest that occupied the entire central part of the island. The largest river named Goderiv divided the country almost in half.

On it and its tributaries lay many towns and villages.

The river was also a busy ship route, connecting many of the country's most important cities

from the port city of Mondeon on the west coast, where the captain's ship docked, to distant Adgard on the east of the island. Numerous minor rivers and canals served a similar function.

The large island called Godeonia was divided into five lands:

The West Coast with the port city of Mondeon, the semi-arid South Coast, the cold mountainous North inhabited by the ancient Likud people, and the vast Middle Kingdom with the great Holy Forest and the equally important city of Mokos for the islanders. The last land was the Eastern Principality with its main center in Adgard.

Hugo enjoyed the view from his window of the ships bobbing at the wharf and the imposing buildings of Mondeon. Tall narrow houses and majestic brick temples stood here above the numerous water channels. The town was famous for its great crane, a brick structure combining the features of a defense gate and a harbor crane.



Mondeon was even considered more beautiful and larger than Godeon, which was a sort of occasional capital of the island. Indeed, there was no typical authority, king or other form of hierarchy here. The latter city, however, was the most important rallying point for emergencies. It was here that plans and ways to deal with the effects of any disaster were to be determined.

Hugo called this stronghold a temporary capital in his notes, to remember the role of this place on the island. He was amazed by a prosperous country without a king or imposed authority.

The captain was also intrigued by the legend of the brothers from across the ocean, which the host cited modestly in many of his stories.

The legend mentioned two mysterious sages and a time called great chaos. According to the tale, centuries of wars fought between small city-kingdoms ended with the recognition of the existence of Godeonia, a united people of all regions of the island rejecting the old world order. The end of the shameful era was owed here to these newcomers, who were initially called gods from across the great water or brother kings. They brought a true rebirth to the island and, as Deonks pointed out, opened people's minds to the knowledge that everyone already had.

They may also have been the authors of an important book for the Godeonians called the Codex Godeonum or book of life.



Najważniejsze dla wyspiarzy wydawały się trzy miasta. Oprócz ich okna na świat, czyli

portowego Mondeonu oraz tymczasowej stolicy w Godeonie istniało kolejne równie dla nich ważne miejsce – Prastare Mokos, które było duchowym sercem tego świata.

The city, located on the main Goderiv River in the heart of a vast sacred forest occupying almost the entire Middle Kingdom, was a place of worship for the all-powerful goddess Mokia, Mother Earth, personifying the generosity and power of nature. Around the castle, on the tops of lofty hills, there were ancient stone circles, where bonfires visible from very far away were lit in her honor, as well as in memory of ancestors.

The symbol of the power of nature was also the largest tree on the island, growing near Mokos.

Winters were mild here and rains in the summer season were quite frequent.

To the south stretched a drier and sparsely populated land, the South Coast called. A small desert near the port city of Timeria hid mysterious ancient ruins covered with sand.

The main center of the region differed from most of the island's strongholds in its white sandstone architecture.

The castle located here once housed Timerion, a cruel ruler from the time of the Great Chaos, who disappeared under unknown circumstances after being dethroned.



The Eastern Principality was full of old fortresses on hilltops, often falling into ruin.

Were a memory of the splendor of a region once made up of many tiny countries that, like the North, were not involved in the many conflicts of the Age of Great Chaos.

Adgard was the only major and also the main center here, famous for the great statue of the goddess Mokia.

The main settlement of the northern part of the island, full of majestic mountains and fjords, was a large wooden settlement called Likuda.

Due to the cold weather and treacherous rocky coastline, ships from other regions rarely ventured into the local waters.

The land was inhabited by the Likud, a people somewhat distinct in culture and mysterious, though friendly. Occasionally their long boats ventured into Mondeon and the port cities of the South Coast, bringing amber even to distant Timeria.

The Likud were associated with ancient shamanic traditions and magic.



The main, but at the same time only symbolic worship, both here and throughout the island, was given to the goddess Mokia.

In his notes, Captain Hugo called the whole trend “Mokonism.”

Images of the mother of all life, a half-woman and a tree or woman with powerful branches instead of hair filled the interiors of temples all over the island.

Old stone circles found in the Middle Island region, especially near Mokos, were also reminders of the protection and prosperity that comes from living in harmony with nature.

As the captain detailed in his chronicles, bonfires were burned in them symbolizing the power of life and the sun pointing the way for pilgrims to the holy city and for the souls of the dead to the other world.

Mokia being an image of mother nature, reminded of what riches the surrounding world bestowed on man. She was not a goddess as Hugo knew her, but an important symbol of fulfilling the message of this idea in everyday life.



Also important to the islanders was the ruler of the waters Ocevid, seen mainly in the culture of the North and the port cities of the West Coast. He was usually depicted as a bearded sage with a fish tail. The third in the pantheon of local deities was Chorsnox, known as the Lord of

Dreams. The Godeonians liked to meditate on dreams, seeking answers as to whether they had any meaning. Chorsnox appeared as a symbol guarding this mystery.

Codex Godeonum, which was believed to have been written by the legendary brothers, the founders of Godeonia, was not a typical book of laws restraining the local society, but something quite different. It gave complete freedom to philosophy, however, as the captain noted: great devotion to nature was usually combined here with the aforementioned Mokiya, even if it remained only a symbol.

There were few holidays or cyclical rituals practiced in Godeonia, such as the masses in Hugo's native country. The gods here were seen more like mythical sages reminding people of what was important.



From time to time, priests gathered in old circles, temples and around sacred trees to express their gratitude and respect for all the gifts together in words and sometimes in dance. A daily occurrence in the cities was the chanting heard from the temple towers in honor of Mokia, or really the ever-present nature, often preceding the ringing of bells or interspersed with their sound. Ocevid also required no celebration. Hugo noted in his diary that it was more philosophy than faith, and described it as a reflection of his own spirit and courage within

himself. He had always believed that an awareness of one's own capabilities was a trait of truly free people, but it was only here that he recognized a world built on such a philosophy. The Godeonians used to say that everyone has his or her own Ocevid, or the power to overcome adversity with the right attitude of mind. Inner Mokia reminded of love for every being and for oneself, while Horsnox provoked a deeper knowledge of consciousness and dreams.

Hugo was curious about this philosophy, which only on the surface resembled religious cults, seeing it as the opposite of what he knew from his homeland. He admired the zeal for the daily fulfillment of the message associated with the figure of Mokiya and in line with the most universal values. These aspirations were not corrupted here by human hierarchy or wanton worship of the figure. Absolute respect for the world around gave open-mindedness, and thus also joy in life. Hugo wondered how it all worked. He also noted that, in fact, without these cults, the people of the big island would most likely adhere to the same values. However, they did not reject the ancient figures, knowing that such a reinforcement of the message they want to follow is worth preserving and in no way distracts the mind.

Near the cities there were distinctive villages with many windmills. They were additional facilities for scarcity. Anyone could settle there temporarily or permanently.

The landlord talked to the captain every day, often taking him on short trips to nearby places. The traveler was puzzled by the negligible weight of gold, which here on the island was worth little more than any ore rarer than sand.

Deonks did not share this surprise, especially hearing from the captain about how much evil is caused by the desire to accumulate gold, or other wealth in his home world. He was also surprised by the harsh laws that do not bring true justice. The ones the captain told him about were not needed in this world.

Self-sufficiency and true awareness of what was important gave people smiles and purpose. He was also puzzled by the authority that must be forcibly removed when it stops listening to the people, as well as the division into social classes that predetermine everyone's role and place.

He also stressed that in the old time in Godeonia it might have been similar and even mutual bloody conquests, the rulers of individual city-states called a glorious deed.

However, the time of the so-called "great chaos" was not too readily recalled, not to set an example for anyone in the future, but remembered as a kind of founding legend.

- How is it possible that you have made such a great change? - Hugo asked.

- It is not known exactly when and how it happened, but human consciousness began to grow," began Deonks mysteriously, then continued his story.

- It's ancient history and not quite remembered anymore, but every great city a republic once was, and all of them almost fought wars for territory and influence. A nation once one, into small pieces, and mutual resentment for the purposes of their wickedness was fueled by local rulers.

It's not entirely clear where the two wise men who changed everything came from, opening people's minds and showing them that the world could work very differently. One legend says that they appeared as you do from afar and brought a new order, but another story traces them back to the Likud living in the northern lands, a people whose knowledge is ancient and also present in the book of life. They visited each of the rulers, offering their remedy for the disease of power and everything that causes the human mind to close in a circle of evil, to repeat the same mistakes over and over again.

They were received with great distrust in Mondeon and Godeon, but soon after the two hitherto strongly feuding countries merged into one, and others followed their example.

The fiery speeches of the Brothers of the Kings, as they were initially called in the many cities and fortresses of our island, were invaluable. Never before had anyone, by speech and good thought alone, achieved so much. The independent countries joined the union on an equal

footing, recognizing the aforementioned Codex Godeonum manuscript, which is still important to us today.

It is not entirely certain whether the brothers were its authors, or whether the inspiration came from records in scrolls found among the ruins of an ancient city near Timeria.

Deonks also explained that ancient thinkers from the time of the Great Chaos attributed the existence of these dilapidated buildings to ancestors who already knew how to create a better world. However, relics of their writings were found so sporadically that it was difficult to say anything more about the mysterious civilization of many centuries ago.



- What we know about them is that they viewed every living being as the highest good. So they did not take away the dignity or freedom of any creature. We have managed to read so much from the relics in the ruins, but this gives us today an additional basis for persisting in the same belief as they did, even though it was previously forgotten for a very long time,” the host added.

The captain was surprised that beyond the edge of the known world he had found a land in his own way so similar and at the same time different from everything he had known before.

The legend of two brothers

One thought did not give the captain peace of mind. As he watched the smiling people from the window, he wondered how come, even disbelieving all those stories about the island, he doesn't see here those drowning their anguish in pernicious intoxication or cussing in mutual anger over greed, but only laughter and the sound of squawking seagulls, mixed with the gentle creaking of the masts on the many ships bobbing at the wharf. The sound of bells also reached him from time to time, although they too sounded as if more cheerful than those he knew from his homeland, heralding only the time of day and the chanting heard moments later from the temple towers.

The temples here were open constantly, though Deonks often emphasized that the true temple is the body of every living thing and the natural world to which we owe everything, and these places and images only reinforce and remind us of the force creating it all.

The captain liked what he heard about this world more and more over time. Enchanted with Godeonia, he almost forgot about the gold, spices or other goods that would have pleased his queen.

When asked by the captain how it was possible that this world had changed so much, the host began to spin the tale of the two wise men again.

The mysterious newcomers appeared in the annals of the island suddenly and most likely came from another distant world beyond the great water. At the time, the various principalities on the island had been fighting devastating wars with each other for a very long time.

The biggest rivals were the princes of Mondeon and Godeon, whose age-old feud had caused much suffering to the people of both lands.

When the two rulers were visited by mysterious brothers, there was an unexpected breakthrough and a kind of miracle.

The king of Godeon experienced enlightenment after their visit.

He realized how much he had done wrong in wanting more power, which did not give him true happiness. Soon the two countries became one, and that was just the beginning.

The two sages carried a new vision of the world to every principality on the island, one that would forever eradicate the evils of war, envy and greed.

The philosophy they preached opened the islanders' minds to the extent of trusting one's own will when one rejects all that destroys: hatred, the concept of the enemy, greed or exalting oneself above other beings.

According to this idea, everyone created his own fate by taking care not to spoil his sense of self-efficacy with doubt or ill-will. The sense of influence over the course of events was very strong there.

The rulers of the various lands felt tired of the conflicts that had been going on for decades, so they were inclined to embrace the new knowledge, seeing it as an attempt to put an end to what has brought no real benefit to anyone and seems to have no end.

The vision of a common world without borders and all feelings that destroy the common good did not convince only Timerion, the behemoth ruler of the principality of Timeria in the south of the island, known for cruelty and greed.

His vision was to rule over the entire land. There are chroniclers' records testifying that he was the one who tried to quarrel the various kingdoms with each other.

In time, after the consent process initiated by the wise men, also known as the brother kings, only he remained outside the union of the united countries.

In the new situation, his subjects rebelled, and the brothers again came to the city to meet with him. The next day he fled under cover of darkness, and from then on he was never seen again.

It was later said that he lacked the true courage to face his own deeds.



The book, attributed to the brothers, was called Codex Godeonum or, less officially, the book of life.

It recorded texts about how much a person can change if he believes in his own abilities and will. This right of state made sense only when the human being had already given up all anger and envy.

The texts helped to understand the idea according to which, guided only by good intentions towards another human being and other beings, one can achieve true happiness oneself.

It was important to eradicate even in one's thoughts any anger or envy, looking at everyone with the undying love one should have for the other.

As it is written in this book:

“Where there is power, there is no room for love, and a world without it cannot be just or good in the final analysis for anyone. Where, on the other hand, there is love and respect for all life, power is not needed by anyone as a freedom-hampering relic of the past.”

According to the code, everyone was equal here, and they also knew the importance of not hurting any being or human neighbor, even by word or even thought.

It was not surprising that parents took great care in passing on this knowledge to their children. After all, could there be greater and more authentic values that are important for future generations? A specially balanced diet based on old plant knowledge, a certain type of grain and a mysterious thing called lamir, facilitated the complete elimination of animal use, which was a very important basis in the book. Every living being, as rational and sentient on a par with humans, had the same right to life and liberty. Therefore, animals were not exploited in any way. The journeys took a long time, and there was no harnessing or other forms of what would be called enslavement.

Hugo later wrote that the book in fact confirmed natural laws, which, according to him, perhaps everyone even in his world subconsciously felt, although no one had previously taken the trouble to change the world so strongly according to them.

After the conflicts of the former principalities, times worthy of oblivion have become mere echoes of the past, sporadically immortalized in frescoes. The story was remembered more as a legend involving the rise of a common island kingdom. In recalling it, the new order was considered more important than the old infamous history before it.

Deonks went on to spin a tale about the customs of Godeonia, which Captain Hugo questioned him about with great curiosity.

The strangest thing seemed to him the lack of top-down authority and the familiar organization of social life.

The independent islanders regarded the code of the brothers like a holy book as a model of conduct, although what it contained they had in their minds as everyday and commonplace laws.

In the great respect for nature was manifested gratitude to the protective Mother Earth for all that she gives to humans and all creation.

This philosophy was commonplace here, typifying the sense of the texts in this book of life.

The captain, noting his observations in his diary, noted that people who were free from the practice of killing and enslaving animals also seemed to understand more the need for this harmony with the world around them and a natural gratitude for all that nature gives them.

Perhaps this is why the ancient cult of the goddess Mokia was revived at a similar time when the whole order of things changed here.

The vast old forest, overgrowing numerous hills, was called the Sacred Forest.

This area occupied most of the vast Midlands.

The forest was free of logging. These were carried out only in small groves planted specifically for temporal needs.

The currency that existed in the form of metal coins had symbolic value here and could be used interchangeably with products for exchange as a convenience.

Gold itself was found in abundance on the island, so it was only appreciated as one of the more ornamental bullions for home decor. Had it been scarce, it would probably have been replaced with some other ornamental metal, without mourning the loss as would have been the case in the world from which Hugo came.

The concept of wealth was completely foreign to the islanders, so hoarding coins would not have brought anyone anything here. Trade was mainly in the form of barter. Getting rich oneself would probably be considered a strange thing here, and by no means as meaningful as on the captain's home land.

Thanks to the code or perhaps more to the consciousness in which this book established the citizens here, Godeonia was to be forever free of power, exploitation and thus injustice caused by unnecessary divisions of the past, which were no longer even remembered here.

As Hugo listened to the customs of this world, he also wondered more and more whether it would be possible to transplant these ideas to his homeland, built for generations in such a different way.

Remembering the islanders' treatment of gold and similar worldly goods, he was also reminded of how important the purpose of the voyage should remain to him. As he listened to more stories from his friendly Godeonian, however, he realized more and more strongly what a meager and short-lived asset the potential wealth he would bring back from here for his home country could be.

- Friend Deonks, I am grateful for everything, but my world is in as much chaos as yours once was. After the plague, gold is there hope to rebuild the country. You've made me aware of much, but since it doesn't matter much here.... - began Hugo timidly.

- What's the use of gold, which in your world brings pain and humiliation, even being a reason to kill? - he was interrupted by Deonks.

Slightly embarrassed, Hugo realized that bringing bullion from here could also spell doom for this world and everything built here.

Appreciating the wisdom of his friend from Mondeon, he asked if he could obtain something else that would not threaten the existence of Godeonia, stipulating that he would never betray in a single word the existence of the great island.

- With the hope that you will leave here, my friend, richer in what is most precious, I will also offer you something that may be helpful in saving yourself from what your country and your former life have destroyed," Deonks replied in a promising voice.



The book also described all the creatures and plants known on this great island.

The forests were inhabited by tourneys, similar to bison but even more powerful than them, and other numerous creatures. There were deer, foxes, cat-like animals called kamiras, wolves and smaller creatures mostly similar to those Hugo knew.

The species of birds seemed countless here, or perhaps the islanders' knowledge of their world was simply greater than that of his compatriots?

Deonks' stories also featured large plane-like trees, given special attention. They were attributed with mysterious and strongly felt powers.

Platanus trees grew mainly in the forest area of Middle Island, and the oldest of them had the beginnings of human history on the island to remember.

The book wrote down knowledge of the many miracle cures that were at hand here, as well as a lot of useful information about all sorts of herbs and the mysterious fern-like plant Deonks mentioned.

It is not entirely known whether the wise men returned to their world. It's generally accepted that they drifted away once they saw their message like a new flower sprout and consciousness change all that they found here.



The islanders' world was also characterized by peculiar inventions. Wooden pipes and tanks at the back of the buildings, collected rainwater, used mainly to irrigate the plots.

Everyone also had a bathhouse with a small waterfall, as Hugo called this tabernacle of technology. In a special room, water, after unblocking a wooden valve, flowed from a pipe under the ceiling.

Similar tricks were also supposed to help in villages when irrigating the fields there.

Temples here were similar to those in Hugo's native country.

Art of all kinds seemed to play a large role. Paintings were sometimes visible even on the facades of buildings. Most impressive to the sailor were the large frescoes on the high inner walls of the temples.

The traveler was curious about further areas of this vast country and hungry for more experiences.

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Expedition to Mokos

The next day, Deonks came to the captain to propose a trip to further explore the country and fulfill a promise. Hugo readily agreed to the proposal for a longer trip.

- Where are we going my friend and what do you actually want to show me ? - asked the captain.

- I'll tell you more about what you'll see once you've seen it," replied Deonks.

They set out on foot the next day. Several sailors also went on the journey with them.

The distances between towns allowed them to reach a comfortable resting place before nightfall each day. Some of the roads were water canals and rivers.

Beyond the walls of the port city of Mondeon, there was an expansive view of gentle hills with fields of crops.

Numerous wooden windmills standing here spun slowly in the wind, and a pleasant and distinct smell of fresh, crisp air hit the nostrils.

Hugo again had the impression that what seems so close and familiar is something completely different; the countryside looked idyllic, but he was surprised by the lack of animals.

Rarely seen here, the natives were dressed in both colorful outfits as in the city, as well as monk-like robes, which were alternative comfortable clothing sometimes not devoid of color either.

Some wore exceptionally colorful garments, consisting, for example, of leggings of two different shades and a capote of yet another color, just like most city dwellers.

The colors were meant to express the diversity and richness of nature and the joy of its gifts. Hugo wondered how it was possible for the world to function in this way, and whether everyone was really as happy here as he thought.

After all, justice is beautifully presented, where there are no nobles and the gifts of the earth are equally available to everyone. In this world, where everyone is taught only the truest universal values from a young age, no coercion or form of supervision would be right. With a sense of their own and the common good, the islanders took care of their towns and villages themselves, with a sincere zeal to do so.

Indeed, it's probably hard to have a more welcoming world when one is given sincere faith in it all, and doubts are extinguished by the justice of things achieved here.

This faith is difficult to achieve without ceasing comparisons, but every idea is born of courage and rejection of what was to be upheld.

For there are no indisputable things, even if they have existed for a thousand years, when they do not have the desired effect, Hugo reflected.

He believed more and more strongly in the true happiness and wisdom of this people.

The group of travelers passed a few more old windmills and, after a short rest, continued eastward toward the central part of the island, known as the Middle Island.

Deonks revealed to his traveling companion that they would visit the aforementioned Godeon and many other places.

Beyond the vast meadows, crops and the last windmill, there began an old forest growing partly on a swamp. It could be crossed thanks to the wooden footbridges that had been prepared, continuing the route to the first town.



From a clearing at the edge of the forest, a distant panorama of the picturesque castle was drawn. The white walls of a small city on a hill shone in the light of the setting sun. It was the old Gryfia.

Here, in the midst of winding streets - built up with similar single-story half-timbered houses - stood also a slightly taller and more imposing building, where the wanderers would stay. At sunset, the view from the windows was exceptionally beautiful.

Hugo admired the lofty tower of the temple dominating the city, standing in the glow of the sunset rays.

In the distance, beyond the walls encircling the castle, the mountains towards which the travelers were to set out in the morning were visible.

The next day, the rocky road ascended steeper and steeper hills, becoming more picturesque with each passing moment.

Often from the tract beautiful valleys below or majestic rocks of sometimes bizarre shapes were visible.

The travelers slowly made their way toward the valley of the island's largest river, named Goderiv.

The view of the great water ribbon and the majestic city of Godeon was remarkable.

On the other bank of the mighty river, white temple towers towered above the city surrounded by high defensive walls, built of white stone and invaded by many towers. Numerous gates guarded access to the colorful buildings rising slightly upward.

These fortifications, the Mondeon guide mentioned, were only a reminder of a distant time of chaos, but they were left in many cities, often giving them residential functions as well.

No bridge led into the city. The only way to cross was by boats and rafts at a small wharf.

There were rowers waiting there. One of them encouraged the travelers with a gesture.

After crossing the city gate on the other bank, Hugo admired the tall slender houses along the wide road of the capital.

The architecture here was somewhat different from that of the port city of Mondeon. White stone houses, decorated with carvings and ornate gables, prevailed here, and next to them also rose half-timbered and brick tenements. Some of them were covered with colorful frescoes on their facades, and the roofs of almost all of them were finished with black shingles.

Walking along the colorful patchwork of houses, Hugo poked his head up, looking at the massive tower of the cathedral, whose tall spacious interior was covered with colorful paintings. The large wall frescoes depicted images of animals and plants, as well as an image of the goddess Mokia.

As a powerful being symbolizing the goodness of nature, she was considered the mother of all life.

The vaults were decorated with images of stars, birds and dragon-like creatures.

The magical atmosphere of this monumental interior aroused the admiration of the captain, who had never seen such a beautiful interior full of frescoes before.

A stately silence reigned here and every whisper, even the tiniest one, echoed with a wide multiplied echo. The tall windows let in plenty of light, making the paintings seem as if they were alive. Hugo, impressed by the place, called it a temple of light in his chronicles. There were no regular masses or rituals here but only quiet and art to help contemplate at any time during the day or night.

The priests, except for the occasional holiday, took care only of order and keeping the torchlight symbolizing the life-giving sun.

Rituals occurred only a few times a year, reminding us that the true sanctuary is also the omnipresent nature to which man owes everything, especially if he respects it with devotion.

The captain noted in his notes that in some ways this was somewhat reminiscent of the faith familiar to him from his homeland but here untainted by anything. The Godeonians valued fulfilling with their attitude in everyday life the message of their faith more than the worship of the image of the goddess herself. The embodiment of nature in the form of Mokia was omnipresent here, however. Somewhere from on high came chanting, reverberating softly through the interior.

On the temple tower, a priestess was performing a song of thanksgiving to Mokia.

Every day, especially at dawn and dusk, a similar chant could be heard from the towers of numerous temples. Hugo, fascinated by all this, asked Deonks to stay in the capital a little longer. As a result, he saw an old mighty castle, once the seat of a local ruler.

The original manuscript attributed to the Wise Brothers, the Codex Godeonum, was kept here. The captain was also impressed by the many houses with paintings of floral motifs on their facades. Most surprising, however, was a massive monument depicting the legendary brothers, covered with colorful glazed tiles.

Paradoxically, it was a reminder that as ordinary men they were able to change so much, giving everyone the strength within themselves to have similar faith in changing the reality around them. The crowns on their heads here symbolized not power but knowledge.

A thought occurred to the captain that he would like to stay in this world for a long time or maybe even forever, if he could.



After spending some time in the city, the travelers moved on. They traveled for many hours by boat through the canal leading to the next town. At first, they again viewed soothingly tranquil landscapes full of wooden windmills, only to later cross a more mountainous and forested section of the waterway in a slightly more brisk current.

After a few hours, the small town of Bordeny appeared to the hikers' eyes.

The picturesque town with its colorful houses was perfect for another rest.

The next day the traveling companions reached a large ancient forest.

The trail was well blazed and paved with stones, but in many places the roots of large trees were pounding the pavement, and huge ferns, horsetails and other plants were encroaching on the road.

At one point the tract became sandy, and branches had to be deflected by hand.

The forest here was dark and gloomy. Only beams of sunlight gently illuminated the road.

Hugo stopped by the glowing mushrooms. He was curious about the fern-like plants with small red fruits on their stems.

He also occasionally noticed mysterious tall monuments with engraved inscriptions drowning in thick greenery.

- This is a sacred forest that has existed here since prehistory. We don't gather anything here for any purpose other than to satisfy hunger or to make medicinal potions. What you are looking at is a precious lamiru.

I'll tell you about what it is later," Deonks explained with a smile, pointing to a fern-like plant with red fruits.

- Are you really not hunting for anything here? - Hugo asked.

- In your world, creatures are killed in their own home, even though you already keep others in cramped enclosures. Here, as you already know, it is not necessary or righteous. The trick is to live in such a way that our existence is not at the expense of others' suffering. This is not as difficult as you may think. Therefore, animals do not fear us, and this allows us to enjoy living in harmony with the world around us. I apologize to my friend for continuing to criticize what you hold dear, but you have already told me too much about the brutal rules of your world," his traveling companion replied.



Hugo was increasingly embarrassed by the customs of his native land. He already knew that no matter what else Deonks wanted to show him, the real treasure for him would be the knowledge he would take from this place. although he feared that it would be difficult to make these ideas spread in his country.

Suddenly, a herd of deer ran in front of the hikers, and one of them, with a large antler, stately stood in their way, watching calmly, like a curious host of the place.

He looked like a true king of the forest and was clearly not afraid of human contact.

He stood so close that one could almost touch him, and there was no fear in his gaze.

The captain later described this magnificent sight as proof of nature's surprising ability to show gratitude for the ever-present respect for it.

After a while, the forest thinned.

A clearing with an ancient stone circle glittered in the sunlight.

Just beyond it a great cliff began, revealing a wide view of the valley below.

The hikers turned walking down a rather steep road to reach a place where a panorama of a hilltop town loomed in the distance in the fork of the river.

This town, though small, was invaded by temple towers, and Deonks explained that it was already the famous Aterby, known as little Mokos.

They settled in for the night. The mythical city of pilgrims was not far from here.

Aterby itself was an important stop for pilgrimages, arriving once a year from all over the island to the holy city, barely half a day's drive away. For this reason, they were sometimes called little Mokos. The buildings here were constructed of white sandstone.

The town was unusually quiet. Behind the walls, numerous sounds of creatures could be heard from the surrounding great forest and swamps. Birds, insects and the sounds of animals going out into the swampy meadows lulled the captain to sleep as he contemplated how beautiful and in its own way rich this world is.

In the morning, the travelers continued on their way, passing by the town's unremarkable white buildings, and then picturesque fields on gentle hills with a few old wooden windmills, before reaching the grand old forest again.

It took them little time to reach their desired destination, the majestic town of Mokos.

This town climbed to a high lonely hill in the middle of a vast flat valley full of swamps and lakes. From a distance it somewhat resembled Aterby, but the scale of the entire establishment was incomparably greater.

In the distance - on the hills surrounding this space - were monumental stone circles.

Approaching the city along a thin causeway cutting through marshes and lakes, wanderers could hear both the ringing of bells and the equally frequent chanting of priestesses and priests from the temple towers. The crisp air carried the sounds very far, mixing them with the chirping of unusually numerous birds.

After passing through the gateway tower to the city, Hugo could see picturesque streets climbing upwards, steep and full of curves. The very top of the city was dominated by a massive magnificent temple, the city's main cathedral built of white stone and brick. The climate here was slightly cooler than in port city Mondeon, which is probably why the buildings here had noticeably smaller windows. Beautiful singing, coming from the cathedral's tower, welcomed the captain to this unusual place. Until sunset, Hugo traversed the narrow, steep streets, sometimes in the form of stairs, visiting several temples. He was soothed by the tranquility of the place and the smiles of the people passing along the way. When he reached the highest point, he looked out from under the cathedral at the city streets below and the vast panorama of the great valley surrounding the city.

He wondered if this was his most beautiful dream or reality after all.

He also contemplated how Deonks would fulfill his promise, although all this seemed to matter little now....



The crisp evening fully relaxed the captain, who was tired from his long trek. He and his guide Deonks sat down on a stone bench in the shadow of the cathedral to continue their conversation and find out what else he could discover in this extraordinary land.

- It is unworthy of me to return empty-handed, it is my duty to fill my ship with goods, venerable Deonks. I know that the most valuable thing I will bring back from here will be knowledge, which is a true treasure as much as any memory from this world, but perhaps you can advise at least some rare herbs or spices? - Hugo asked.

- Soon you will see the ancient forest again, full of wonders and trees that remember the earliest times. Wonderful medicines are hidden there and among them is the one you have already seen and it will be extremely valuable to you,” Deonks replied.

The next day, the momentous chanting from the temple towers awoke the captain curious about further discoveries. After an extended stay in the city of pilgrims, everyone set off again, returning to the old forest.

With the beginning of the wilderness, the road became bumpy and seemingly somewhat forlorn. The captain inquired about the dewy fern-like plants with red fruits that he had seen before.

Deonks told of lamiru, which were quite common throughout the great forest of the Middle Kingdom. They cured many ailments, and were also used as a spice and as an additive to cereals, giving surprising extra caloric effects to baked goods.

The smell of the infusion of this plant, could soothe and cure but also induce hallucinations and surprising reactions from people, which is why they were called “lamiru” which in the local language meant more or less “treacherous miracle.”

This miracle could cure even the worst lung diseases, so Hugo already knew what he wanted to fill the ship with. Deonks was a bit hesitant with his opinion about such a load, but in the end the captain inspired enough of his confidence.

- I'll trust you my friend and let someone who gathers lamiru know, because I'm counting on our ideas to cross the great water, but remember that your story about our world could destroy it,” declared the man dressed in black.



The land of waterfalls and the tree of life

Deonks suggested the captain take a longer route back to show the travelers a section of the remarkable Land of Waterfalls, which is part of the vast forest of the Midlands.

For several hours, the sailors with the captain and a friendly local guide traversed the mountain road. Hearing the powerful sound of water in the distance, they approached the promised place. After a short time, the sight of majestic rocks with numerous waterfalls appeared to the eyes of the hikers. All of them flowed into small lakes, which continued to merge into one big one. The waterfalls were omnipresent here, so the noise generated by the water made conversation difficult.

- This is the land of Aquiti Teri,” Deonks explained. The name literally meant the water of the land in his language. He also said that since ancient times, the islanders believed that this was where the water of all the rivers and lakes on the island was born and merged into one life-giving force.



Everyone went lower down to the basin by the waterfalls to rest. All around them grew both lamiru and other ferns sometimes taking the form of low trees.

Glistening in the sunlight, the lake water was remarkably clear.

Some rocks resembled silhouettes of various creatures and human faces.

The climate here was quite cold, as the land bordered the great mountains of the vast cold North.

The figure of the mythical Chorsnox, known as the lord of dreams, was identified with this picturesque place. Deonks told with conviction that a night spent there would bring travelers not only health, but also visions that would have meaning in the real world. In them peace and the solution to tribulations of all kinds was to be found by everyone, if only they trusted in the power of this place.

There were also numerous caves. Some of them were inhabited by hermits who, by the power of their minds, were able to make it so that they needed nothing but water to live. They were said to explore the greatest mysteries of dreams.

At early dawn, the hikers continued along the lakes and soon reached the place their friendly guide called the mother of all trees and the tree of life.

The dense coniferous forest soon gave way to large plane-like trees, tangled together by their roots. They were called plane trees.

- Here they are! The mother of the forest, or the oldest plant in our world, the tree of life called. Hugging it gives you true will power," Deonks explained mysteriously.

Hugo looked around, but saw only many similar huge trees. Each of them was probably more than a thousand years old. The mighty trunks, which not even twenty people would embrace, were connected to each other by roots protruding from the ground and branches, letting in a small amount of sunlight.

- Which tree is this, a noble friend? - asked the captain.

- The one you just saw! - replied Deonks.

In fact, each of these ancient trees was an offshoot of a single mighty plant, so mighty - that the whole enormity of it would be hard to imagine.

Hugo instinctively hugged one of the branches. He felt extraordinary solace and power at the same time. At the same time, he imagined how interconnected all the creatures were.

The islanders had long wondered how far the roots of this majestic tree, forming a real forest on the surface, reached.

-Captain! Let's go on," announced one of the sailors to the tree-hugging leader.



According to ancient beliefs, the tree of life gave the power to change reality through willpower. Hugo was beginning to understand this message and felt as strong as ever.

Apparently, near this extraordinary tree, thinking intensely about what he wanted, he could fulfill it. He wanted to stay here forever and discover other unusual secrets of the big island. Here he found the longed-for peace and joy of life - the greatest treasure there is.

After many days of traveling back to the port of Mondeon, the seeds of the miraculous Lamir plant and several other priceless gifts of nature, along with generous provisions, filled the

ship's hold.

Hugo vowed never to reveal the existence of this island or even a similar sailing direction. The true origin of the lamir was to remain a secret for centuries.

Deonks asked that the crew be given an infusion of the plant when they were close to home, which was to take away the memory of their many last days.

In the year of our Lord 1525, on the penultimate day of the week, the sailing ship Gotard, after numerous repairs and replenishment of supplies, was ready for the return journey.



As the land slowly disappeared over the horizon, the captain contemplated how to convince his compatriots that a world like the one in Godeonia would be better than what had been built in his world for generations.

The next day, as if in a dream, the captain woke up again in his room overlooking the harbor, with chants from the temple towers coming from the window.... Confused, he didn't know if it was a dream or a java, or perhaps a vision after the infusion of lamir drank to say goodbye to Deonks. However, he knew that no matter what happened - he wished he could stay here forever...

Song of Godeonia

Parallel to this story, the musical journey of the GOTARD project was also created.

The album “Godeonia” is a journey through songs inspired by the imagery of this land. The individual titles refer to places and events from the story.

More about the Godeonia project:

gotard.bandcamp.com

gotard.manifo.com



J.K.Gotard 2025



Each of us,
seeking the truth about ourselves and the world around us,
becomes a traveler who can discover his own better world,
his own Godeonia.