

TEUVO VIRÉN

**THE  
ANCESTOR 1**

# THE ANCESTOR 1

## Preface

A new series, new antics, and the same utterly appalling crap from start to finish. Neither of us is particularly sensible. I can't write anything better to read, and you, despite your countless previous disappointments and against your better judgement, believed so when choosing this book. What sets this series apart from Flac? The Ancestor series takes place in a parallel universe, where human history bears little resemblance to our own.

Teuvo Virén 25.10.2022

### Warning!

I didn't have the money to have this translated by a professional, so I did it myself using AI and my limited English skills. Although I managed to fix quite a few translation mistakes, there are certainly still plenty of errors and awkward phrases remaining.


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Arba, 455-, country

Cerv, 205-, country:

Athlonier, 433-877, a fortress

Naraca, Giumlin, king 2443-2491

Kurda, 561-877, a fortress

Tordo, Rud, 2955-3009, Chairman

Dirmel, 133-677, country

Glann, 677-, country:

Lanvar, Ada, 2983-3352 ambassador

Hadalda 677-, country:

Arca, Constance, 2970-3066, Chief Archaeologist of the Archaeological Institute of Recr

Body Hill, a hill in Recr

Brendbrach, 859-899, king

Cadracc, coastal area

Caumann, Medr, 838-894, leader of The Protectors

Cave of Knowledge, 500-, legendary hideout of wisdom

Ceiliau, Aldor, 2952-3017, director of television camera crew

Cerellini, Nicklas, 2966-3038, director of excavators in Leann Ito's expedition

Cerria, 642-715, queen, Joleus's spouse

Challat, Grika, 2070-3044, supervisor of the excavators

Corath, Meel, 2962-3028, government special investigator

Cula, 732-, city

Daznar, Jyb, 2957-3039, leader of The Protectors, Opren's brother

Daznar, Opren, 2955-3028, Uu's deputy chief of the border office, Jyb's brother  
Drekmar, 901-938, king, spouse of Ninea, father of Prolleus and Limne  
Magn, Chrowan, 2957-3011, tax chief of Recr  
The Echoes, written 298-655, national epic  
Egat, 662-698, Joleus and Cerria's son, one of the Triplets  
Elss, Kirsten, 2955-3032, Krafa Fannrak's secretary  
Etneq, border area  
Fannrak, Jaze, 2945-3033, president's spouse  
Fannrak, Krafa, 2944-3029, president  
Getzin, Halmar, 2069-3045, supervisor of the excavators  
Glazzak, Tuur, 2955-3017, security adviser  
Horwar the Honorable, 473-533, king, Zaznat's son  
Ito, Leann, 2974-3054, Constance Arca's closest subordinate  
Joleus, 637-677, king  
Komra, Hierondymos, 802-862, baron of Jacda  
Korban, Huz, 2965-3041, supervisor of the excavators  
Krafnau, 1551-1633, King  
Kronnius the Younger, 1203-1255  
Kyznar, Er, 2956-3022, Director of Science  
Lachten, 122-677, capital of Dirmel  
Lardell, Samuel, 2935-3012, Director of the Recr Archaeological Institute  
Larra, Eciel, 814-855, founder of The Protectors  
Limne, 935-977, princess, daughter of Drekmar and Ninea, Prolleus the Four-Eye's sister  
Lochke, 662-698, Joleus and Cerria's son, of the Triplets  
Milia, 982-1051, historian  
Muldon, Germel, 2001-2045, baron

Morac, 662-698, Joleus and Cerria's son, one of the Triplets  
Mtongo, Ellen, 2955-3018, Head of Hadalda in PUP  
Nene, 344-, city  
Ninea 903-938, queen, Dreknar's spouse, Prolleus and Limne's mother  
Nizra, Meilin, 2965-3037, Uu's Chief of police  
One Stone Castle, 100-, mythical fortress  
Plenius, 1517-1588, historian  
Prolleus the Four-Eye, 933-990, king, Dreknar and Ninea's son, Limne's brother  
The Protectors, 877-, ancient organization  
PUP, 851-, Parallel Universe Products  
Zumme, Ellen, 1320-1377, leader of The Protectors  
Rauan, Mizle, 2968-3019, border guard chief  
Recr, 187-, capital from 677-  
Recr University, 940-  
Rutte, Yrmel, 215-286, army commander  
Ruun, Gazmir, 2949-3022, bank director  
The Silent, gladiator legend  
Tornol, river  
The Triplets, Joleus and Cerria's sons Egat, Lochke and Morac  
Uu, 201-, city  
Vaderov, Vacu, 2973-3055, one of The Protectors  
Zada, 953-1011, queen, Prolleus the Four-Eeye's wife  
Zaznat, 455-510, king  
Zezlii 634-672, Joleus's sister  
Zizlee 642-683, Joleus's sister  
  
Rexar, 209-, country:



Rugenic, 207-, country

Ryndd, 211, country:

Mohmot I, 2812-2844, dictator

Mohmot VII 2956-2989, dictator

Mohmot VIII, 2982-, dictator

Zall 677-, country

Constance Arca wiped the sweat from her forehead with the back of her hand. She let her gaze wander over the rugged slopes of the rocky hill in front of her. Of the funds granted to her by the Recr's Archaeological Institute, there was still enough remaining for her to thoroughly investigate either one location or, perhaps hastily, two or even three.

Her expedition was one of the many searching for Joleus's tomb. All previous attempts had ended in failure. Arca had an unpleasant feeling that her name would join those of the previous leaders on the forgotten pages of history.

The three previous excavation sites had been predetermined. The semi-sane leader of The Archaeological Institute had studied ancient drawings based on legends and attempted to find Hadalda's last great king's tomb using these and more recent maps. Arca had doubted Lardell's success, and despite thorough excavations at the designated sites, nothing had been discovered.

Having taken a couple of sips from the water flask hanging on her hip, the very exhausted Arca glanced at the sun blazing overhead. It was precisely the hottest time of the day. And of the entire summer, to be exact.

— Set up camp here, Leann, the leader of the expedition, commanded her subordinate.

— You might get complaints.

— No need to remind me. I'll hear grumbling through my tent walls anyway. You can, of course, ask them if they prefer to go down as the evening snack for millions of whining insects or spend the night up here, higher.

— What if they want to go by the water?

— Feel free. I am staying here anyway. The ground is mostly bare rock, but the wind blows those damn flying nuisances elsewhere. Oh, by the way, that patch of grass is reserved for my tent, Arca announced, pointing to the designated spot a little away from their current location.

About half of the expedition's members had decided to spend their night by the slowly flowing river. Let them have fun, muttered the leader of the expedition, engrossed in a tattered map found from who knows what surplus crate at the bottom.

A quick glance revealed about one million five hundred possible burial sites in the area. Every slightly larger hillock could conceal the remains of Dirmel's last ruler. Countless depressions and valleys could accommodate the bones of an entire nation. Not to mention the lakes along the flowing river nearby.

According to the legends, Joleus was buried in the grand hall of his castle. Complete nonsense. Even ordinary kings were invariably laid to rest in caves or specially made tombs as a tribute to those resting within. Placing the great king with all his treasures in a completely unprotected place was absurd, even considering the grave robbers.

The maps of the region, were old and quite undetailed. The oldest of them had been created hundreds of years ago. Most of them were based on even older descriptions. Someone had once attempted to refine the maps but, for some reason, had changed their mind and abandoned the effort. As a testament to the person who momentarily lost his or her sanity, a small part of the area surprisingly held up quite well.

— Come in! Arca exclaimed upon hearing someone's approaching footsteps in the tent, which was three times larger than usual.

— Am I disturbing?

— No. I'm trying to find a suitable place to squander our money.

— Any pile of rocks will do for that, Leann Ito, who had taken off her wide-brimmed hat, laughed.

— I know. Since the three excavation sites assigned to us, unsurprisingly, turned out to be damp squibs, we can't fare any worse with the option left entirely to our discretion. On the other hand, I would like to find some promising spot.

— I understand. Have you found anything?

— No. If you have nothing better to do, I wouldn't mind if you lend a hand. There are three extra camping chairs on the left side of the entrance.

Leann turned around, spotted the mentioned seats, and fetched one of them. Placing it next to the makeshift table, she then focused on discussing various possibilities for Joleus's burial site with the tent's occupant.

A couple of hours later, the duo had identified several dozen of potential sites within just a fifty-kilometer radius. After doubling the distance, the number of possible excavation locations had become staggering.

— This won't work, Arca leaned back, frustrated, and almost toppling over due to the missing backrest.

— Even if we divide those marked locations in half, choose the closest ones, and each get our own subordinates, we still wouldn't have enough time **to go through them** in our lifetime.

— What if we tried to narrow down the places?

— Haven't we already done that?

— Yes, but we did it by thinking about where the fortress could be built, Leann came up with the on the fly.

— What if we spend a moment thinking about where the fortress should be built? Or, well, where it was worthwhile back then.

— You want us to find the best place for defense? Arca got excited.

— The palisades were wooden. There may not be much left of them. The same applies, of course, to possible towers.

Half an hour later, the duo had narrowed down the potential excavations to eighteen. After diligent consideration, they had six left, with at least three too many.

— I don't see any practical difference with those, Arca grumbled and was ready to draw lots for the site when she thought of something.

— There have been many people in the fortress. They must have had access to an unlimited amount of water.

— A well? Lake? River?

— A well may not be enough. The water needed to suffice for hundreds, or even thousands, of people.

The new method identified about twenty lakes and one river in nearby area. There were approximately three times as many potential fortress sites. After choosing those that dominated their surroundings, thirteen options remained. Some were eliminated due to poor accessibility. A river flowing too fast also ruled out a few presumed castle locations. Hauling extremely heavy foundation stones up steep hills also did not sound promising with the technology available at that time.

Two. Constance Arca, the leader of the expedition sent by the Recr Archaeological Institute, grinned with satisfaction as she thought about the result of their efforts. Finally, they had the future excavation sites identified. The available funds wouldn't be enough for an in-depth investigation of both, but they would focus on the more promising location after the preliminary examination.

— Sounds good, Ito admitted after measuring the distance between the excavation sites on the map.

— Three kilometers aren't much per se, but trudging back and forth is pointless.

— Three? Did you check the scale correctly?

— Oops. Do you really want to choose the site thirty kilometers away?

— What's wrong with that? Arca surprised her nearest assistant.

— You'll have eleven subordinates. I'll have ten.

— Why do you want to ride such a distance? Ito asked, looking suspiciously at the woman sitting across from her.

— Didn't you look at the map closely? I am not going much more than a few kilometers extra. My destination is almost on the straight route home from your site. We can go there together and share our subordinates there.

Ito concealed her confusion more or less successfully. The thought of beating herself with some of the accompanying sledgehammers came and went. The recent mistake wasn't the first, and certainly wouldn't be the last.

— I would hope that those maps were in the same scale, Arca chuckled upon seeing her subordinate's self-examination.

— Or even in two. But each one has its own! Guess how many times I led us to the wrong place?

— I thought you were navigating around the terrain.

— I was doing that too, but at least five times, I disguised my navigation error by claiming to want a better view of the surrounding terrain.

— So, you didn't bother asking anyone to read the map for you?

— And admitted that I'm terrible at that? Never. My all-knowing leader role would have crumbled.

— What difference would it have made? Ito wondered, feeling slightly better about herself.

— We are archaeologists. I doubt anyone expects us to be perfect in everything else. I'm not particularly good at any sport. I can't cook. And I can't sing.

— I know. The last time, unfortunately, I was within earshot when you decided to sing. My horse went wild and almost threw me off. I had to calm the panicked creature for quite a while before it agreed to come near our camp.

After the conversation continued in the same manner for some time, the actual topic was forgotten. The discussion trailed into the thorough examination of both of their immensely tragic family trees, followed by the unfortunate traits of the disputing parties and their incomplete brain functions. Finally, they ended

up with in-depth analyses of each other's questionable zoophilic sexual preferences.

— Come in! Arca ordered to get the nuisance outside the tent, who was rattling a cowbell-like noisemaker, to stop.

— Could you perhaps be a bit quieter? the leader of the excavation team, poking his head into the tent, inquired, shifting his gaze between Ito and Arca.

— What are you babbling about?

— Your yelling prevents anyone in either camp from sleeping. It's nice to listen to you and learn new curse words, but if we're supposed to either use our shovels or move somewhere tomorrow, we'd better do it well-rested.

— Are you claiming we're keeping everyone awake?

— I am sorry, Const, Halmar Getzin spread his hands in an apologetic gesture.

— Are you going to cease your verbal slaughter, or should I move camps to the other side of the lake?

— Well, if you're so inclined to bother? Arca delighted at the thought of being left in peace.

After the muttering Getzin left on his own, the female duo decided to go for an evening swim. With the same effort, they could both stretch their muscles and cleanse themselves.

Upon reaching the riverbank, Arca and Ito noticed that they weren't the only ones who had come up with the same idea. About a dozen others were splashing in the river. Some in swimwear and some without.

The undressed women ran in the rapidly deepening shore water and then plunged into the water. After a couple of dozen strokes, they stopped and turned to swim upstream.

About a kilometer away, the duo stopped swimming, looked around and noticed a large, shallow rock near the riverbank. A minute later, they enjoyed the evening sun naked on top of the boulder.

- Damn light orb, Ito muttered discontentedly, watching the sun descend behind the treetops.
- Just when you get to enjoy the warmth, night comes. The temperature would have been perfect for relaxation during the day. Unfortunately, that and this should somehow switch places. It would be a bit cooler earlier, and when resting in the evening, one could enjoy the warmth.
- Judging by your expression, you have some absurd idea?
- All my ideas are brilliant, Const. What if we rest during the day and continue our journey in the evening?
- If that was your excellent idea, I don't want to hear the bad one. We can't know in advance how long it will take us to find a suitable campsite. Horses don't like walking in the dark. Neither do I. Besides, moving in the light of torches is very slow.
- If even bats can move in the dark, and we are smarter than them, we should easily do the same, Ito expressed her unwavering opinion.
- We don't fly. Should we perhaps leave? I don't want to bump into every rock waiting for us along the way. Besides, those morons might not have lit a fire, and in the worst case, we swim past them.
- Let's go. The splashing downstream shouldn't take long.
- Have you ever done this before and swam in the wrong direction first?
- Once, Ito admitted, grimacing at the memory.
- We enjoyed so much good company that we forgot we had to swim back. It took quite a few hours.
- I made the same mistake with a canoe in my youth. Since then, I've always gone either upstream or against the wind.
- Have you tried a canoe with additional floats and a sail?
- Tricanoe? Of course. I've had one for a couple of years now.
- Does it go as fast as I imagine?
- It depends on your imagination a bit, Arca chuckled, glanced around and slid into the water.



- In the right wind, it goes fast. Although, I have never dared to try it in a proper gale. You can test it yourself if you ever want to borrow it.
- I'll consider that, Ito quipped, took a run, and jumped feet first into the water.
- Let's swim to that bend and float the rest of the way?

Everyone knows what happened a long time ago in a distant galaxy. However, few know what happened even farther away, closer to our time. No one knows about the events in a parallel universe.

Archaeologists Constance Arca and Leann Ito, along with their most trusted subordinate, Halmar Getzin, received an invitation to meet with the director of the world's largest company. After their previous mission ended in a predicted failure, the sidelined trio was offered the opportunity of a lifetime.

Arca, Ito, and Getzin have the opportunity to express their wishes for their upcoming archaeological find. They each choose a site and receive a map that leads them close to it. The soon-to-arrive guide will lead each expedition to the destination chosen by its leader.

None of the trio believes that anyone could know the locations of the sites they are seeking, lost thousands of years ago. Expeditions sent over the past few centuries had uniformly failed, and Arca, Ito, and Getzin knew that their fate would be the same. However, it was a small price to pay for the chance to choose their own destinations in two months and start exploring them.

