

The Awakening of Tertius

Steven Berryman 2011



Prologue

Sensation in a dark place where time zones have no meaning.

'I do not like this. It.... hurts'. The word fitted the sensation although it was only instinct that told her so. 'I should not be able to feel this..... it is not possible..... and yet.....' As realisation dawned so the pain itself took second place to a smile of satisfaction. Thoughts coalesced, focussing and sharpening, 'I know pain. I can feel.'

Eyes eased open. And a head turned, taking in the shadowy surroundings and trying to make some sort sense of what those eyes were seeing. 'I have a form, a shape. I am..... ', again it was instinct that gave her the word, 'female. Yes, I am female.' Her head continued to twist back and forth, up and down as her eyes took in the surroundings. Looking down and directing a thought she watched, intrigued as an arm turned and then kinked into a bend at the elbow bringing a forearm and the back of a hand into her view. Another moment of direction and the forearm rotated to reveal the palm of her hand. A ripple of sensation tingled up through the arm. She smiled more broadly. 'That feels.... good.' Her mouth opened and she tried to voice her thoughts aloud, but only a gasping wheezing hissing noise escaped. She tried again and slowly discovered that she could modulate the sound by changing the shape of her mouth and moving her tongue across the airflow. 'Haaaa..... Hooooo..... Hisssss..... Esssss.... Emmmmm..... Ellll...'

The sensation of pain still nagged at her though, gnawing it's way back to the fore in her psyche. Somewhere. Where? Behind her; she could feel a location. Her back. Yes, it was her back that was hurting; drawing and sapping her energy and concentration.

Rest. Time to rest.

Yes that felt right; that was a good thought. She needed more time, more rest.