

## A lesson in History

As we all know, history is being told by the winners. However, this story is of the other side, and it is the heritage of everyone who cherish, work or care about magic. Therefore I have a request – if you find this story meaningful for you – please share it, especially to have magic in their heart.

The story is known among those who are linked to the old world, and I translated this version of the story from the book “Witch – the life story of the witch of En-Dor” by Dov Trubnik. Although the translation is not perfect – this story is incredibly important to know to tell and to remember, and, in my eyes, a heritage of us all.

## The story of Dom-Nu

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Domnu is the mother of all those who deal with magic and witchcraft. This is the story of her birth and of her terrible ending. It is our mission, her daughters and sons, to know it and to live the hope it carries. To tell the story and to remember it means to keep our mother and the magic, alive in the world.

Many worlds ago Domnu was born.

She was born underwater, beneath the blessed land called Naga-mu.

She rose from the depth and from the blessed land, and gathered herself a body from water and from earth. From fire and from wind. She was the great mother of magic.

Her rounded body was glorified with tremendous roots that seeped into the earth's futures and pasts. On her head two horns were swirling, burning with the wisdom of the womb of the first mother.

Her magnificent breasts that poured endlessly from her nipples rivers of lava – liquid fire. And if the lava fell on the earth, it instantly turned into a group of butterflies whose colors made even the sky rainbow feel faded and dull. And if the lava fell on water, it instantly turned to songs, magic spells, and ancient stories from the old world. And the winds would then carry those magical words and spread them in the world. And those they especially liked, they carved on rocks on mountain sides and on crevices of dying streams

She was the mother of all the magic in the world, and gave birth to it constantly. She was always fertile and needed nothing to get pregnant and give birth. Her blessed womb, her endless cauldron of potions and witchcraft constantly birthed her children.

Each one of her children was different.

Never two alike were born,

Rainbow scales snake with green feathered wings

A huge water reptile surrounded with lightnings and singing thunders.

Giants, Refas, tiny sparks with messy hair, lizards breathing fire in colors that do not exist, and many many more Domnu gave birth to in our world.

Her words trembled mountains, and had the power of thousand thunders and blowing sun.  
Her singing was the sound of flute in the wind with shining golden strings.  
Domnu and her children filled the land with magic.  
And harmony dwelled among them. Creation and destruction lived side by side, in peace.  
And the people were taught how to harvest the magic those children filled in the sand, the water, the plants and the stars, and how to invite harmony into their lives as well.  
And each one was different and unique, and the world was abounded with colors and full of sounds and smells, and gave birth to a new world, with every sunrise.

But the wheel of time is turning, and the beginning of a new world came one morning that was filled with light...and horrors.  
No one would remember where the murderers came from so their origin has no place in our stories.  
One day will come and they will vanish from our memories forever and we can all take a breath of relief.

They came in ships he sailed in the skies, and on their bows agape monsters made of iron and wood and stone! On their masts blew their pale flags – white they were as the face of the dead, as leprosy, as shrouds, as the end of their world.  
And their sorcerers were carrying might powers, and their warriors had horrible weapons, filled with illuminated poison.  
And in their back blew light.  
So much light, oh mother, so much light!  
And so strong and powerful!

And by the name of their terrible light they claimed the earth! All of it!  
Who would think that earth can be claimed?  
And by the name of light they demanded unity, and complete sameness in every way.  
Everything and everyone must be light and if not – nothing.  
Everyone must follow their complete way, that know nothing but one single utterly truth, and be light and purity.  
And those who cannot, or will not, or those whose birth wasn't bright enough – have no life anymore, and only one destiny awaits them – death.

Can a bird crawl?  
Can a tree walk on water?  
Domnu and her children are neither light nor unity. Each one is different, each has his own song, each has a way of their own, different shape, different destiny, and different place.  
Colorful is the world, and not pale as death.

Indeed, the end of the world  
The illuminators declared war and drew murder on their flags. With blood.  
One by one they persuaded the sons of Domnu and one by one her daughters.  
And those who never knew war, did not know the destiny it has for them.  
The beautiful were murdered,

The giantesses were slaughtered,  
The innocent were burned in agony,  
The magical ones were viciously drowned.

And iron chains, smoked with poison grabbed the throats of the enchanted ones.  
And spells of curses and death and light were spoken above the heads of the wonderful ones.  
And white hot needles were into hearts.  
And limbs were ripped be a blast.  
And bodies were ripped with hammers of steel.  
And plagues were cast upon babies.  
And agony upon the invisible ones who turned visible by the light of the horrors.  
And some, by the spells of light turned into silent stones, and some by the witchcraft of unity became trees of bones or springs, and some by the circles of enlighten incantations were crushed into thousands of glitters, becoming bodies floating on water  
Stench of death oh mother, stench of nightmare over the world.  
And the light, oh the light, so blinding, so cold, so cruel and ruthless

And then they turned to the mother of their enemies, to Domnu.  
Not by war and battle they reached her, but with blinding lights and shines which she could not bare.  
A creature of the depth she was, and not of brightness. Blinded her eyes, deafened her ears and then, by their power united, all of the illuminated sorceress shined light beams out of their bloody hands and they tied mother magic, wrapped her with the ropes of their horrible light so she could do nothing and by the mighty power of their illuminated sorcery they drowned her back in the depth of her own birth, and placed her, choked , beneath the earth of the sea, and buried her deep deep in the grave of death, sealed with words of oblivion.  
And in order to make sure no one will ever try to rescue her, they dropped on her chamber of grave, transparent pointy towers of light to send malice, oblivion and confusion to anyone who might be brave enough to try.

**BUT**

The wheel of time is a serpent biting its own tail!  
The day will come and we will once again enchant a world of color and beauty.  
The day will come when the children of Domnu could once more leave their hiding and have no fear.  
The seeds that were planted by Domnu, the light cannot take, and those we plant in people souls – light cannot destroy. Each seed awaits patiently its time, and then blossoms, and we shall blossom!  
The serpent of time will once again open its eyes and celebrate the rebirth of Naga-mu and Domnu and all of our daughters in the future...and ours as well.  
And until then – we live forever in the stories.  
We live forever in the stories  
We live forever in the stories.

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