



**LEGEND OF TAHINA-CAN:  
THE NEW STAR  
ON THE HORIZON**



KriAna

# The Legend of Tahina-Can

Volume 1  
"A New Star on the Horizon"



2022.



## FROM THE AUTHOR

Dear reader, if you have opened this book, then you are a big fan of the fantasy genre. This novel was written in the summer of 2021 in Kyiv and is based on a South American legend.

An ancient legend in the Amazon rainforest says that in the twilight of the starry sky, Tahina-Kan, the "big star", descended from the sky to teach the people of Karaj how to plant corn, pineapple, cassava, and many other crops that they did not know. Thus, the "Big Star" or "Evening Star" led this Amazonian tribe to a more prosperous future. Based on this idea, I created a whole fictional world based on the folklore of the Incas and Mayans. I hope you enjoy it!

## CHAPTER 1. STAR LIGHT

The end of summer was approaching and the grass was already colored, in places, with molten gold flowing straight from the sky. You can see how the bright greens blended with a palette of all kinds of colors here.

The air had a smell of hot earth and corn and distant sounds of voices were obscured by the measured chirping of the cicadas. It was real polyphony. The sounds, at first glance, are harsh, but over time, they become imperceptible and even soothing.

The weather was not conducive to work at all, and the best thing to do was to hide somewhere under a spreading tree with a vessel full of freshwater from the spring and wait for the evening.

Everyone in the village knew that the weather at this time of the year is changeable, and one has only to hear the echoing croaking of frogs - there is no doubt that it will rain very soon, and maybe a thunderstorm. There were, of course, other signs indicating a change in the atmosphere.

Observing the clouds and the setting of the sun was still the most faithful, but also difficult. This business was done by the family of the head of the tribe and concurrently the supreme shaman named Inti Vaman. Knowledge has been passed from mouth to mouth for many generations. Traditionally, the shaman's wife Sula was engaged in weather forecasting and taught her art to the daughters: Kuichi, Killa, and Nuna.

The shaman had other very important duties. He not only maintained discipline in the village but also cared about protection from external physical and spiritual threats, invoking the essences of nature. The most important was the God of the Storm since he patronized agriculture and the cultivation of corn in particular, but in fact, he was of little use, since this spirit preferred to stay away and was doing exactly what he wanted...

The spirits of fire, smoke, and predatory animals were also revered, which were irreplaceable allies in battle. There were also plant spirits that contributed to clairvoyance.

The chirping of the cicadas was replaced by the evening roll-call of parrots. A barely noticeable breeze blew. The inhabitants of the village resumed their work.

A small group of women with baskets crowded around the sweet yellow fruit tree. Some were plucking them straight from the lower branches, others were jumping up with sticks in their hands, trying to reach those higher.

"Why is it always the sweetest and juiciest at the top, it's unfair!" - they complained.

"Because it's closer to the light," came the soft voice of a girl who was walking by the fruit collectors.

Hearing her, everyone immediately turned around and gazed piercingly. But Kuichi was not at all embarrassed, and only a knowing half-smile crept across her face.

She winked at the one who had recently asked the rhetorical question.

"Sorry to interrupt your thoughts, but I just guessed you wanted to know the answer."

One of the older women snorted.

"Don't be smart! Better forecast the weather for tomorrow. Isn't this your job, right?"

The girl respectfully nodded as if agreeing with this remark and went on. The path led to the cliff - the highest place from which, as usual, the people of the P'hakchai tribe watched the sky.

When the girl disappeared from sight, the older woman sighed in sorrow and shook her head.

"I bet she'll skip the Smoke deity worship ceremony again.

The other woman nodded.

"She was seriously late for the Water Festival last week. It seems that the daughter of the leader is completely arrogant and does not respect our traditions.