



DAYAN RHETOR

Factor: DNA of a Warrior

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FACTOR: DNA OF A WARRIOR

PROLOGUE

Captain Rojar Burek was ecstatic. With the team of archeologists, paleontologists, and scientists that he had funded, and following old family records, legends, stories, and historical documents hidden in musty museums, old monasteries, and old castles, he had found the pre-historic ancient burial sites that he had long sought. On a high bluff above the river here in the North Central Euro-Asian Continent, using ground penetrating radar, and other super technology of the time, archeological remains of ancient villages and burial sites had finally been located.

It had taken many years, and Captain Burek spent all his off time, with his wife, Jenna

Marie, from his duties as the Senior Captain Fleet Commander of the Solar Alliance, before the galactic wars, searching for these ancient villages and burial grounds.

Captain Burek and his wife, Commander Jenna Marie Burek, had searched many of the ancient sites together, and now they stood on this bluff above the river, where the archeologists had opened the burial tombs of the long-dead remains of an ancient clan of people of this area.

For several weeks, the scientists had tested the remains from the various gravesites, and a few days before Captain Burek and Commander Jenna Marie had to report back to the starfleet duty station, one of the medical scientists came to the cubicle domed quarters of the captain and his wife to announce the findings to them.

“We have a match. We have tested, checked and rechecked, and there is no room for error. One grave contained some charred bones and other human bones and remains from which we were able to extract enough DNA material and it completely and perfectly matches your DNA. One of your ancestors is buried in one of the caves in the bluff above the river, Captain Burek. The lineage is yours, also, sir, not Commander Jenna Marie’s. From the bones and remains, this person was of extraordinary height, around ten or eleven feet tall. From the relics, he was a leader of some kind, and, apparently a warrior and hunter. There is a carved stone burial memorial, and apparently, from the translation, his name was Elam. Many of the skeletons remains we found in this cave were from nine to over eleven feet tall, some possibly as tall as thirteen or fourteen feet tall.”

Captain Burek and his wife stood up to thank the scientist. Captain Burek, a star fleet admiral by rank, but with the nomenclature of Captain due to his duties as commander of one of the star fleet groups, stood over ten feet tall, and Jenna Marie was over nine feet tall. They were descendants of a group of DNA engineered military people from the early 21st century that was an effort by the then military complex and scientists to create a “superhuman” group of military people. There had been some twentieth and twenty-first century archeological expeditions that had recently discovered and excavated extra large skeletons of people from the mid-east and other areas of the Euro-Asia and Africa continents. The archeologists had found them deeply embedded in mountainous areas where many ancient burial sites, and

even more recent burial sites had been discovered. The archeologists had announced their finds, and many of the remains were sent to a military science base in the then United States for the DNA experimentation that resulted in DNA engineered large humans, some as tall as twelve feet, over the next two centuries.

One of those skeletons excavated, a relatively recent burial, as time-dating goes, was over thirteen feet tall. That particular skeleton had been a prime supplier of excellent samples of DNA. It was this DNA that was traced back to the burial sites that Captain Rojar Burek and Major Jenna Burek had searched for, finally found, and archeologists had excavated ancient remains that connected them by their DNA to these ancient peoples. In time, families of these large military people spread, and eventually the parents of Captain Burek and Major Jenna Marie brought forth children of large stature, who met at the military academy for these special military progeny. Rojar Burek and Jenna Marie Samuelson eventually were married, and soon had sons and daughters, and one daughter, Jennalee, had become a star-ship medical personnel director, and traveled with her parents under their command. She was married to Randall Jackson, an Ensign on the star-ship Burek commanded.





-SNIP next excerpt from chapter 1-

CHAPTER ONE

The Hunter is the Hunted

Elam, the Hunter

Tara, wife of Elam

In the chapters of this narrative of the life cycles, life is ever present, and the strand of that life is ever present as it appears, blooms, and then fades into silence, leaving behind not only the echo of history, but also a distinct trail, one that humanity has finally unraveled. But new life springs forth to replace that which has faded and fallen. New footprints appear in the sands of time, making a trail, and fade out as the rivulets of the sands of time slowly fills in the marks. The light dims, flickers, until silence and the dark fill the gap where the life shed its light. Before life, there is the vastness of silence, after life, the echo of silence again, as it is the beginning and the end. Life appears and bringing sounds, both joy and sadness. The husky squall of the newborn, mewing of young life, growing sounds, proud sounds, mothering sounds, all portend the emergence of new life. But also is the weeping, the despair of the sobs of heartache, as often a life ceases to exist, many times prematurely, suddenly, unexpected. These sounds are also part of the human experience of all ages.

The sound of love, the sound of discipline, and soon the sound of manhood or womanhood echo through the canyons of history. The trail deepens and grows wider as the cycle of life and the circle of life become entwined. Soon the new life is full-grown, and goes to meet its destiny. Because of love, conflict, and peace, and the cycles of such, there is a coming together and then a parting of lives, and the conflicts of life begin, with the challenges, heartaches, sorrows, and joys, the life sounding its cry in answer to the challenges. Sometimes the conflict is violent, as two lives often struggle together in personal battle, and sometimes it is called 'War' when hordes of life struggle together in a vast conflict. But also there is love, patient, giving, working, seeking, and fulfilling the destiny of lives together. Love is the building block of humanity; conflict is the destroyer of the societies that are being built on love and compassion.

Conflict, whether between two lives, two who are at odds, or hordes of individuals as in war, all wishing to preserve life and a way of life, or a religion, or a dogma, philosophy, or financial kingdom, often makes drastic and unwanted changes, often bringing feelings of hopelessness and helplessness to those who love life, and have found a bonding with another. Sometimes the bonding is between an individual man and an individual woman, in love, and with families, sometimes it is a bonding in families between brothers, and sisters, or parents and children.

And often, it is the intent to preserve a certain way of life that brings an end to that very way, when one individual or horde of individuals are unsuccessful in the conflict in which they are engaged. War or any conflict often brings a premature finality, and life is often not prepared for the sudden violence and conflict nor the sudden change in the course of that particular history. Sometimes this finality is painfully abrupt, leaving a sudden void in the span of the bridges of life or lives. It is in war and /or some type of conflict where the beginning of the end that is life is seen, and a lifeless being is borne to the final resting place of the physical being, and the spirit returns to the One who gave it.

The Hunter Goes Home

The clan stood together on the wind-swept rocky ledge, above the river. There was a great silence, almost a brooding, as if once again, the advent of the death of one of the clan was a foreboding, chilling happening, that each began to realize would soon be the destiny of each

of the clan. The funeral bier was before them, and on the bier the body of the young hunter, the clan leader, had been laid, carefully wrapped in his best furs, with his hunter's weapons beside him, and with his mystic headdress placed over his face. The other hunters placed the last of the bundles of brush and sticks around the bier, and the elder of the clan stepped forward with a torch of pitch. Slowly, ceremoniously, he circled the bier, lighting each bundle of brush and sticks until the entire bier was ablaze, consuming the bier, the brush and sticks, the furs, and the body of the young warrior.

The villagers were gathered around the funeral bier, and were in solemn silence as the flames began to consume the bier, the wrappings, and the body of Elam. Soon, however, a low moan began from the clan, and then it became a chant, a hunter's chant and lament, saying, "Peace to you, young hunter, go to the place where you can hunt in freedom and peace, with plenty of game to sustain you. No more shall you fear the beast you hunt, for they will fall before you as easily as the ripe fruit falls from the tree in the forest. You are a great hunter; you have brought much meat to the clan. You are honored and your name will be spoken by hunters for ages to come, for you are Elam, the great hunter".

The bier burned fiercely, fueled by the pitch in the branches, and the pine logs the young hunter was laid upon in this final ceremony. The smoke and stench of burned flesh drifted over the river, and upward, as if carrying his remains to the heavens. Slowly the clan began to file away, toward the small village in the near distance. The younger men and their families leaving first, followed by those older, and lastly, the elders of the clan, waiting to see that the flames did their duty, and that only ashes to be borne by the winds remained at the funeral bier. As the embers began to fade, the ceremony was complete. Ash, and some larger blackened bones remained from the funeral bier, some larger bones barely blackened. The evening winds on the ledge were strengthening, gusting the ashes toward the river, as the last elders of the clan stirred the ashes to disperse them in the growing wind. The blacken bones, his ashes, his remains, were wrapped in a wild-ox hide, and were buried in a cave hollowed out in the upper part of the bluff above the river. Stones were carried to cover the hide-wrapped remains, to prevent wild animals from disturbing the remains. Elam, the warrior, his hunter's spirit, had gone to meet his warrior father, and Elam, the warrior, was at rest.

A storm was rolling across the hills and over the valleys, bringing lightening, winds stronger

than usual, thundering roars booming with each bolt of lightening. It was as if the very elements were striving to remove the remains of the young hunter from the very face of the earth, as if to say, "You never existed, nothing of you remains. Who were you to think that you were a mighty hunter, for now you are nothing, and the wild beasts you hunted is still there, defying young hunters who claim to be so mighty".

The day had begun fiercely, with the hot sun blazing above the horizon with suddenness. It was a stifling heat, portending a time of drought, a time of hardship, as the herds of the great ox and deer, moved further away from the drying river in search of water, and grazing. The beasts, lions, and the leopards, followed the herds, striking the weakening animals and the young ones that dropped behind. It was a desperate time for all, hunted and hunter alike. The young hunters were roaming farther and farther, seeking game, searching for animals for meat that would sustain the clan, that would provide food for the young ones, and the women of the clan. The search was also for food that would feed the elders of the tribe, who were no longer able to go forth to the hunt, because of weakness, injuries, and age.

There was jubilation at the hunt ceremony in the evening before the hunt was to begin. The young hunters, the women, and the elders, even the older of the young children, danced and sang around the pit fire in the middle of the village. Each hunter played out his braggadocio of the impending hunt. Each promised with solemn vows to be the one to bring in the most meat. With confidence, and bravado, they danced, and played out how they would spear the game, shooting imaginary arrows at imaginary game around the pit fire. Each in turn spoke of his previous successes, and embellished his previous accomplishments, sometime to the cheers when they were close to fact and sometimes to the jeers of his companions when they were completely windy. The young hunter Elam waited until the last, to take his turn. His successes were well known; he had no need to brag.

"I am Elam, the hunter," he said simply. "I have brought much game to our village, and to my family, and now to my wife of 12 moons. Soon, I will have a young hunter born to me, and I must teach him to hunt as I learned from my father. Tomorrow, we will go to the great forest where the animals have fled to escape the heat, where there are springs and pools that have not been seared by the heat. Tomorrow, I will bring much meat as before, for our village, my mother, my wife, and my soon to come son." He spoke with a solemn tone, for he knew the

village was facing hardship, as their food supplies had become dangerously low because of the severe drought. They had to roam farther and farther to find game, and often it was weak and emaciated animals that were found, that hardly had meat on the bones. It was a desperate time for the village.

“And what if you ‘son’ is a girl,” spoke one of the elders. “ Will you teach her to become a mighty hunter also,” he mocked.

“My child will be a son”, the young hunter spoke sharply, “but if it be a girl, her mother will teach her the ways of women, so she will be a hunter’s wife someday and we will have more children, some sons, some daughters”. He was forceful, adamant, as if whether boy or girl, his child, and others to follow, would be well taught, to be good people of the village. “You will be a good elder, some day, my son,” another of the elder’s intoned, “as your father was before he departed to the land of the spirits”. Elam stood tall, close to twelve feet in height, one of the progeny of a group later to become known as the Nephilim, the Anak, and some of the others were known later as the Rephaim, clans of the giants. Tara, his wife of just over a year, who stood by his side at this clan meeting, was nearly ten feet tall, and was in the late stages of child bearing, expecting their first child at any time now.

The dawn came, hot and stifling. The young hunters moved swiftly toward the great forest. They had left before the first light of dawn, moving swiftly in the cool of the predawn morning, knowing that soon the fierceness of the blazing sun would sap their strength and resolve. They had nearly reached the forest when the sun spilled over the distant horizon, as a ball of flame reaching its tendrils into every part of the plains before the forest. With no rain, and no water in the river to carry to the plants, the village had little food left, and with the game leaving the scorched plains for the woodlands, it was becoming difficult for the clan to sustain life. Even in the great forest, many of the trees were becoming scorched, wilting each day under the blazing sun. The grasses and underbrush in the forest was tender dry, and the young hunters knew that even a spark, a bolt of lightening, could send the scorched forest and plains into a wall of flames. Each day, storm clouds gathered on the horizon, only to disappear with the ever increasing heat of the sun. Soon, they knew, there would be dry lightening. It had happened before, many moons ago, when the hunter Elam was a boy, learning at his father’s knee. His father had taught him well, and he knew that the dry lightening could bring devastation to the village. It had been his and his father’s insistence that the village move from the dry plains by the river, to the rocky hills that were mostly clear

of growth. The last time, when he was a lad, the lightening had come, after long dry times, and burned the village when the prairie grasses became a wall of flame. Many died, including some of his family, a sister, her hunter husband, and several others succumbed to the terrible heat of the flames.

He was mindful of this as he studied the gathering clouds on the horizon. Each day they came closer before they melted in the heat. Today, they might reach the great forest.

The young hunters were entering the forest, now hushed, moving quietly among the trees, creeping from bush to bush, searching out the fast deer, the great wild-ox, even the smaller animals that scurried from brush pile to brush pile. Arrows and spears flew swiftly, striking an animal here and there, small ones, but the fleet deer and wild-ox were not to be found. Elam spoke quietly to the others in his hunt party. "We will have to go deep into the forest to find the deer and wild-ox," he said. "They will have gone to where the springs still flow, and where the grass is still green under the trees, for they do not like the dry grass when green grass is to be found". He spoke with authority, and the other hunters nodded with agreement. Slowly, cautiously, quietly, they made their way deeper into the bush, searching, watching the trees that made a canopy over their heads. They knew that the spotted beast could come out of the trees in a flash, and tear them into pieces. They knew that the tawny beast could spring from a clump of brush, or a rock ledge and rip them with the sharp claws. They knew the wild-ox could be on them in an instant, from a hidden den, with its cruel horns, gouging and tearing at their body. They watched the brush, the ground for the adder that could strike in an instant, bringing a poisonous agony to a hunter. Elam held up his hand for silence, and to signal the hunters to hold in their place. They listened carefully. Then the sound came again. It was the snort and lowing of the wild-ox, just ahead in a thick stand of trees. Elam was elated, for he knew his hunter group would be honored, if they could bring back some of the wild-ox to the village. One wild-ox would feed the village for several days. If they could kill several, there would be food for many moons.

Elam motioned with his hand to bring the young hunters together. He drew silently on the ground the plan to a successful hunt. Each hunter nodded in agreement as he was assigned a station. The animals were in a small grassy clearing in the midst of a grove of trees, next to a small bluff. The wind was coming toward the hunters, giving them the advantage of not being discovered by the keen nostrils of the wild-ox. The hunters took their places, several on each side of openings between the trees, where trails led into the clearing. The plan was to be in place beside the trails, and as the wild-ox bolted from the clearing down the trails to

escape the hunters, the hunters could spear them as thundered by the hunters. It was a logical plan, and because of the closeness of the trees, there were only three trails into the clearing below the low hanging cliff behind the wild-ox in the meadow.

Each hunter took his place, silently slipping into the trees along side the trails. At the signal of Elam, when all were ready, they began a chorus of shouting and hooting at the wild-ox. The beasts bolted for the trails, spooked by the hunters, and crowded into the three trails. Confusion reigned among the wild-ox as the trees closed the trails to narrow gaps that only let the beasts through in single file. Elam's spears struck once, twice, three times, and three of the great beasts staggered to their knees and fell, blocking the trail preventing for a moment, any beasts to escape. Some of the beasts bolted over the dead and dying animals while at each trail, the same scene was played out. Beasts were bellowing, hunters were shouting, and uncoordinated bedlam ensued. Elam's spears flashed again and again. Then, as suddenly as it began, it was over. Elam counted the beasts he had taken. The tally came to six. The other hunters counted their kill, some had three, some four, two had five, but none had reached six. There would be plenty of meat for the village now.

Quickly the hunters began the task of butchering the big animals. One of the fastest hunters was sent to find the other hunting parties that had only found small game. Soon all the hunters were there at the clearing, helping to prepare the beasts for taking the meat to the village. First the great beasts were to be skinned, then gutted and quartered. Some hunters began the task of cutting poles to make carrying racks. Elam began working on one of the great beasts that had fallen some distance across the meadow; it having retreated toward the cliff after Elam had speared it through its lungs. He did not notice the great bull wild-ox that had hidden itself in the trees, an old bull, not easily stampeded or frightened, having lived through many attempts to bring it to some village cooking pot.

Elam was nearly finished with the skinning when the scent of the bloody wild-ox reached the old bull. The old bull, enraged at the smell of blood, charged across the meadow from the edge of the trees. It was but a short distance to where Elam was bent over the dead beast, intent on his work. A young hunter saw, too late, the charge, and his cry caused Elam to stand erect, sensing danger, but too late. The bull hit him just below the shoulders, propelling him into a broken, twisted heap some fifty paces away from where he had been butchering the

beast. Hunters scattered as the bull charged for the closest trail, disappearing in a cloud of dust as he charged through the trees.

As the hunters gathered back together, they found Elam where he had landed after the wild-ox had hit him full force. Hunter's hands tenderly lifted Elam from the clump of brush where he lay twisted and broken. Slowly they laid him out straight on the earth, placing one of the wild-ox skins beneath him to cushion his body. He was contorted in pain, gasping for breath, and bleeding from mouth, ears, and nostrils. He convulsed several times, and lay still, unconscious, barely breathing. The young hunter who took charge ordered poles to be brought, and the hunters deftly fashioned a carrying litter with two of the wild-ox hides. Gently they placed the young hunter Elam on the litter, and two of the strongest of the young hunters began a trek toward the village, walking in step-time to prevent the litter from bouncing. It swayed gently between them as they marched quickly over the prairie.

As the young hunters approached the village, the look-outs sounded the alarm that two of the hunters were coming, carrying one wounded. The village people gathered at the village edge, watching in silence as the hunters approached. One of the old elders called, "Who do you carry there".

"Elam", replied the young hunter in the lead. "It is not good," he finished. Elam, with a great cry rising from his throat, thrashed about on the litter as the hunters carrying the litter entered the village. Then he fell silent, never to speak again, never again to lead the hunters forth to the hunt. The spirit of Elam went to meet his ancestors.

The villagers spoke the name in hushed tones, as it was passed from one to the other. "Elam", "Elam", "Elam", was whispered from one to another. In a village hut, lying on the bed of furs that Elam had made for her, his young wife Tara heard the whispering, and heard the name 'Elam' being spoken. With a great cry, she sobbed as the fear of the knowledge of this tragedy racked her. "Elam", she cried, and the pangs of childbirth came upon her, causing her to cry out even louder, in agony of pain and heartbreak. Suddenly, a new sound broke through the wracking sobs, the cry of a newborn as it drew its first breath, and gave forth the sound of life.

“It’s a boy”, the midwife intoned, “and he looks like Elam”.

There was little joy in the village as the young hunters began coming in with the great heaps of meat from the wild-ox slaughter. Their leader, the great hunter Elam, was not there to share the joy. Sadly, silently, the meat was prepared in strips to be sun-dried and preserved for the village. Others in the village began building the funeral bier by the cliff edge. In the village, in Elam’s house of poles, the newborn cried out, seeking sustenance from its mother’s breast. This new son, child of Elam and Tara, would be a child of destiny, someday to take his place as a tribal leader, following in the steps of his father, and generations before him. He was named Elamson. It would be the task of Elam’s uncle, his father’s brother, to see to his upbringing and training him to be a warrior-hunter.

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