

# The Story of Knowledge

By  
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The children looked up as their teacher came through the door.

“Hello, children. My name is Uriel,” she said.

The children felt as though this teacher had a sort of real knowledge. One in particular watched Uriel with interest. Some of the other children were passing around notes and giggling through the lessons that day. Children who will never see the light that Uriel was trying to show them.

Later that day the one boy who had paid attention in class came to speak to Uriel.

“Uriel,” he started, “Why is it you let the children carry on the way they do in class?”

Uriel turned around to face the boy. She stood up and the child could only cower under Uriel’s straight face as she said, “Young boy, I encourage you to listen to the truth of my teachings. But I would never bombard the students with information that only few would grasp.”

The boy stood up strong and fixed his eyes upon Uriel’s. “Can I light that candle over there?” The boy pointed to a large altar filled with thousands of candles.

Uriel looked down at the boy. Her figure was three times that of the child. She knelt down beside the boy and offered him a match. The boy refused the match and walked to stand next to the altar. The child knelt at the altar and looked for one candle in particular. Uriel watched as the boy’s hands started at his waist and he raised them high

above the altar. His eyes were closed. When he had finished the motioning of his arms he clasped his hands together fiercely in a loud clap.

“My name is Semjaza,” he devoutly stated. Upon hearing his name the wind rushed through the room blowing his hair in his eyes. One candle lit in the center of the altar.

Uriel looked to the boy, “You are quite gifted in shedding light.”

Semjaza stood up and seemed to shake off a trance. He looked to Uriel, “I have seen all of the light at once as you have shown me in class. I learned my name because when I turned around to the altar I could already see my candle burning, though it was not lit.”

Uriel stood up, “I can show you so many things, child.” Uriel opened the blinds revealing a light brighter than the morning sun. “Adjust your eyes to the light, Semjaza.”

Semjaza walked over to the window and saw everything. He seemed to be stamped with knowledge, he saw the cycles of things – the way the clouds moved in rhythmic patterns – the way the planets moved in such a way that they balanced the entire universe. Semjaza obtained the Key Knowledge and when he realized what he had been taught he felt sorry for everyone else who would never receive the lesson.

Uriel watched unblinking. “Semjaza, you cannot teach what I have shown you. The stars know who holds the truth. The clouds have shown you a new alphabet. You are a great leader, though you are very young, you will learn to act as a guide for those whom I cannot teach. You may not understand, but you mustn’t teach this to anyone.”

Semjaza looked up at Uriel, “I will guide the people with what you have shown me.” With that Semjaza left to go find his friends.

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Semjaza looked at his friends. His nameless friends of which were each unique and distinguishable among others. He knew them by voice and by face, and somehow he seemed to figure out the names of his peers. He looked around at them and pointed to each and gave them a name.

“You,” he said pointing to a dark haired boy with wildly blue fiery eyes, “Your name is Baraqijal.”

Baraqijal laughed and then hesitantly looked around with the suspicion that the name seemed to fit and then his face was enveloped with a smile. There were children everywhere awaiting their new names. They had never had a name before. Each child seemed to like or dislike the name, but all of them became comfortable with their names before long.

Semjaza looked around the table hearing their names as he peered at their faces. “... and you are Kokabel.” He pointed to a white haired girl with blue eyes. “... And you are Ezeqeel.” He pointed to a blond haired boy with blue eyes. “Araqiel,” he said to the brown haired, brown-eyed girl.

Two of his friends were yet to be named. Most all of the children had names by now. He walked up to them and put one of his hands on one of them and one of his hands on the other. “Shamsiel,” He said to his friend on his right, whose red hair shown like the sun around her green eyes. “Sariel,” He said to his friend at his left, whose black hair seemed to enlighten her almost white hazel eyes. “Will both of you meet with me after school today.”

Shamsiel replied, “Sure, I can’t wait school has been so dull today until you gave us names.”

Sariel nodded in agreement.

“I need you both to grab the others. I need Baraqijal, Kokabel, Ezeqeel and Araziel to meet with us. With that the children walked off. Semjaza listened as the children were completely entertained the rest of the day with their new names. It seemed like such a simple thing, and it brought so much happiness to the children to entertain their new names.

“I can’t wait to talk to my mother and tell her my name,” one child said.

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Semjaza met with the other children after school. They all walked down to a place that was by a river that glistened in sunlight. They played in the stream and began to talk about what things were made of. They were in a deep discussion of why the clouds were there, and why the stars only come out at night. It was so fun to wonder about the mysteries of nature and to a child’s imagination these things each took on different meanings. Things to children don’t mean symbols and knowledge. Things are to be observed and are thought to be more beautiful with the mystery that bonds the universe.

Semjaza wasn’t really having a good time he heard his friends play in the stream and what fun they were having talking about what things might be. Semjaza let it out. He took each of them in private and taught them simply how to figure things out.

He taught Baraqijal Astrology, and the constellations he taught to Kokabel. He told Ezeqeel how to read and understand the knowledge of the clouds, He taught Araqiel the signs of the earth. Shamsiel, he showed the signs of the sun. Semjaza taught Sariel the course of the moon. And when each of them had an understanding, it wasn't so much fun to wonder anymore.

Semjaza thought that if he only taught the children one of the many Great Knowledges than they were still able to wonder about the other things. He thought that would truly entertain them. But the children after knowing one bit of knowledge pushed to find out more. They weren't satisfied with wondering anymore, now that they realized that they could really see how things were.

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The children in school the next day were quarrelling over what was true and what was not. Some of the children were telling others what they had learned and more bickering erupted. The children seemed to be fighting for this information. They lied to other children to trick them into teaching them what they knew, and when the bell rang for class the bickering and fighting didn't cease. Uriel stepped inside and instructed the children to find their seats. The classroom was out of control and when Uriel stepped into the middle of the group she found Semjaza with his head on his desk covering his ears. He had never heard quarrelling before. Uriel already knew what the fighting was about. She lifted Semjaza by his arm and dragged him to her office.

“Semjaza, why did you teach the children what I have shown only to you?”

“Great Uriel, I was saddened because the other children had so much fun wondering how things worked. I told only a few people just a small bit of information. I thought that it would make their imagination that much more powerful.” Semjaza explained.

Uriel was only shaking her head as she looked into the classroom to see her classroom being destroyed, by the bickering. “You have brought forbidden knowledge into the world. Not everyone is content with knowing so little.”

“I only thought that it would make things more fun.”

Uriel walked over to the window and called in students that had talked with Semjaza on the day before. The students entered the room and were hushed by a light so bright that it hurt their ears. Their ears were ringing with anger. Uriel then instructed the students that they were to be thrown out of school to learn forever the consequences of their mistakes. Only if they made it up to the rest of the world were they allowed to come back to the school.

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The group of children argued all the way out of class. The others were blaming Semjaza for getting them kicked out.

“What am I going to tell my mom?” Asked Shamsiel.

“I know I’m not even going home. I think I’m just going to go off far away from here,” said Semjaza.

The other children stopped arguing. They never considered the possibility of having that choice.

“You mean we can all just not go home?” Asked Kokabel.

“We could all start over. We can show Uriel that we can make it on our own. We’ll do better for the world.” Semjaza sounded convincing.

The children set off. They traveled the earth set out to find hope in the world. Along the way they practiced the Great Knowledge that they had learned. Little did they know that someone was following close behind, watching and learning each of their strengths and weaknesses. It wasn’t but three days after they set out that the man approached the young children.

Semjaza was teaching the children that they shouldn’t use their abilities unless it was critical. There was no hiding what they knew, but to use the gifts excessively, he felt, would keep them out of the school forever.

“Information unused is information lost.” The man said to the children as he rounded a tree, taking them by surprise. “What is a group of children like you doing getting so far away from the institution?”

Araziel stepped back a bit. “Who are you?”

“My name is Sammael.” He said to the children. “Do you know where it is that this path takes you, children?”

Semjaza stepped forward. “Where this path takes us is yet to be found out. One of the last mysteries we have left is knowing where we are going.”

“Would you like to know where this path takes you?”

The children were all nodding their heads, very interested. Semjaza was shaking his head, “No! I’m better off with the curiosities that I have left. I can walk day to day and not know what lies ahead, though I may know what lurks ahead. I won’t have any part of knowing this path.”

The other children teased Semjaza. They desperately wanted to know.

“For those of you who are going with me, I will teach great things. Who would like to learn with me?” Sammael asked.

The other six children were stepping up to Sammael with their hands in the air, jumping up and down.

“Me, me, me!” They shouted.

Semjaza crossed his arms over his chest. The children walked off with Sammael leaving him behind. They didn’t even turn to wave goodbye.

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Semjaza walked for three days, living off of herbs and other natural vegetation that he had been taught at school. He walked through a vast forest before finding a clearing. Three years later Semjaza had created a small village. More people from the school had found their way to his village. After the outbreak at school there were some children who were able to except the knowledge while others passed it off as if the incident had never happened. The other children set off to the southwest where they had divided the land that Sammael had appointed to them. The other children had built small villages, where they ruled over the others that entered and became citizens.

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Semjaza walked along the corridor of the building he and the villagers had built from clay bricks. The bricks seemed to be sturdy throughout the effects of weather. He rounded the corner and stepped through a doorway. In there were children of the ages of eleven to thirteen. He was five years older than they and was their teacher.

He had worked hard to make sure that the students didn't find out about the other villages where the ways of the universe were taught. He had raised his village to be shaped by simple knowledge of survival. "A place where things were fair," he would tell people. Semjaza was proven to be a great leader and learned to respect the knowledge that had been given to him. He also respected Uriel, and would not teach what he knew, for he knew the consequences. He had seen it for himself in the other villages where the villagers of Baraqijal were fashioning great metal tools with sharp edges for piercing flesh. He once went to see Kokabel who had threatened to have him beaten for his knowledge. He left while the villagers through rocks at him. Semjaza went out to see Ezeqeel. While there he had only been shunned and booed out of the marketplace.

On his way to see Araziel he was surprised to find that Araziel, too, had found a peaceful and tranquil method of teaching the beauties of the earth. She had taught her people natural healing and how to use knowledge for the good of things. Araziel met him as he entered the village with a big hug.

"Times are getting better, but great mischief is stirring." Araziel explained.

Semjaza nodded. "I have seen the rest forming weapons, but I haven't gotten to see Shamsiel or Sariel."

“I have sent people to watch them. They both have massed armies.” Araquel assured him. “Don’t give them what they want.”

“I can’t. I would die before I taught the forbidden Knowledges again. I’ve seen what knowledge can do to the greedy,” Semjaza said. “I must get to my village to warn them, we will move off into the night never to be heard of again, but we will leave the history of the simple ways in hieroglyphs. The good ways will prevail, Araquel.”

“I will have some of my villagers help you back to your village. Be careful while returning home. You are at the start of a spiral, your lessons will live on forever,” Araquel said, embracing him once more. “The light will guide you, Semjaza.”

Semjaza made for his village, but never made it home. His party was ambushed. Troops had them surrounded, but one villager had made it out in time to warn the others. Semjaza was taken to Sammael. His villagers were warned and instructed to find their way up the Spine Mountains to form separate villages and teach the simple ways. By the time the troops made it into Semjaza’s village there was not a living soul there, and no sign of when they left. The troops pillaged the village and returned.

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Sammael tortured and degraded Semjaza, the leader, who would not teach the Knowledge again. Semjaza died and his body was tossed into the forest for the animals to eat. Araquel came across the body with a couple of servants. They buried the body and released the soul.

One servant asked Araquel, “If he was so great a leader, why was he killed?”

Araqiel answered. "His death has started a spiral of knowledge, simple knowledge." She explained. "His lessons are now taught to several, and his memory will grow. The cycle of life will return him to us in time. The world will know his presence. One day the seven tribes will have to battle for the knowledge that Semjaza tried to protect us from. Someday all seven of us will decide that the best thing for humankind is to leave it forever. But that is at the end of the cycle."