



AHISLAN

The lost book



AHISIAN

The lost book translated • chapter 1 book 1

**To Ainu & the family that has kept this book alive
from generation to generation**

“May your footsteps guide...”

Introduction:

Ahisian (/Ay<feeshan>/) is thought to mean 'ones with life'; it is a belief system of directing ones inner self to the connection of all things living and even non living, it is the empowerment and understanding of music, love, courage, hate, power, patience, life, death & true morality. Ahisians, or those who follow the belief are driven to the captivation of all that belongs to the world, they are not held captive by their limits, they exceed what were to be their limits. In this book you will explore the great boundaries of yourself, as you come to realize there are none. The original book 'Ahisian' was found in Egypt over 500 years ago by a woman who took the name of AINU we do not know where her origins stand but her husband was a man of high standards in the Egyptian life. All of the previous owners of the book wrote their names, the names of their rulers and small passages of their lives in notes within the book. For the sake of keeping her identity AINU did not write her real name within notes of the book, her husband was unaware that she could read so she often hid the book from him as she found it, hiring translators and researchers with her husband's allowance, she is the reason the book still exists. Out of all the rulers mentioned and noted in the book; it managed to get lost, either by rage of war or dictation of time. The book contains secrets of kings, or men thought to be kings. It is the knowledge that has led many men to power, and the very heart of enlightenment. This book being available to you for your mental and spiritual consumption, as you explore its essence, you are cautioned to adhere to its ability to devour you, if not you cannot explore its full capabilities. For the sake of understanding, we have set this book different from its original as in we are giving it to you from the end to the beginning; therefore there are still stories to be told, graphics to be shown, and knowledge to be read, every 2 weeks we will release more of the book.

Passage 5342: Blessed is the sight of a man who not only sees with his eyes, but understands as well. Who waits or refrain with the strengths that derive from their pleasures. For life's tasks are like committing ones travel to a walk in deep morass exhausting ones stride to waste, they will follow you as of your shadow never breaking from your skin, like dreams they will wait till the sun has tired itself from the day and escape into your mind, meeting flesh to flesh with your pondering mind. Taking no release until its battle is won and you are left to endure. Then so we may give in as in this, one will find so that the stride or the journey thereof is the reason for ones continuation. As fire does not live if it does not burn, so it is that you cannot thrive without the exhaust from the journey.

Passage 5341: How brave is he that thinks, for his will to do so is flawed by the troubles of this world, cut short by mouths, but only for a moment. For it is within this moment he arranges his flaws, so decisively they seem only elusive, for whatever denies your thoughts of progress denies your will to live. And if so it is not in your heart then so you shall begin with mind burry yourself; until the drop of others grow more of you, more of your thoughts, so that you may contradict your troubling mind.

Passage 5340: For seeds are what we are, and remain just this until, until the things that surrounds us assist us in our growth. For we grow with the things we have now, for what we have we will always have; what we eat is what we eat, is what we will always eat. For our consumption remains the same, but what comes of it rapidly changes as we do so to our consumption. The love we consume remains the same, it is because it is the same that we look for its differences, that we may find entertainment in its meditated destruction, but only

subconsciously, for our outer selves always seems to be of foe to what we truly are. Blessed is the man who befriends his foe, not just in place of strategic outcome set in place to derive of good intent; but to know one's self as it may be ones foe is but one's own beating heart.

Passage 5339: It is so, that only time can reveal ones direction, for a man if truly asked cannot tell who he is as he knows not where his own thoughts derive from; he does not know who they belong to. For the world empties itself into the openness of ourselves, where residue sits and waits to be absorbed, but nothing is fair; the good of this always seems to bear heavy weight, so the moment is rare for its absorption, while the bad lifts easy.

Passage 5338: Cursed is a man who lifts easy, for he is a man of sloth; he thinks too long, and in the wrong direction does he think, he is weak by what he sees and everything appears to catch his eyes, his eyes search behind him, but what he truly longs for is always in front of him. To cure himself he must no longer looks for what he wants, he must journey his eyes into a world where he cannot desire, in this he will find what he needs; then only will he turn around to capture what has been in front of him.

Passage 5337: Tired is he that waits, for time kisses his skin like a mother does forth her young. Like time, her heart quickly dances as if moving to be somewhere, it slows when given to boredom and speeds when given to action; but does so it goes on. It bites like a lamia in the night, always taunting at the edge of your fears, its bite is always inevitable as long as you continue to lurk in its halls, one day when it is presumed you know its halls, as if you know thyself then will it bite; therefore he that accepts unfavorable action is unfair to his own heart, for every action is yours no matter the surroundings.

Passage 5336: Great is a man who leads others but follows their thoughts for he knows his own are poisoned by his own understanding, a leader is not blinded by differences but views only that which is real. He is weak, not in capabilities but in compassion, weak to consume love. Weak in his independence for he knows his place is to lead, he knows that strength is only found in the unification of all.

Passage 5335: Bravery is a man who walks in the light, but rests his head in the dark, for all who live thereof fear the opening of his eyes, for if he does so, he views that which is made inevitable for change and does so forth he change it; by the will of his god does he consume his purpose or reason of which to carry on.

Passage 5334: Test the man whose deepest thoughts birth from the storms, for he troubles himself as he must, if not his mind lingers and prolongs his will to overcome, and for greatness. Like Melyya of the tribe who sings of the coming of the seasons, always await ones fortune and unsatisfactory, like Melyya praise all, as he prepares.

Passage 5333: Understanding is what a man should breath for, within his young years he should have no tongue for conversation and his ears should be his heart; he should use this as constant as there is night and morning, it is the only gift a man is to give to himself as his understanding come from his efforts and they have no such boundaries, for as long as a man has will, he has power and as long as a man has power, there a man shall derive a thought to carry on by the means of existence or inexistence.

Passage 5332: Blessed is a man who arrives at his destination, for he is not fulfilled, but upon his arrival begins the journey of fulfillment. So that it is, work is never done; to be complete is inexistent as there is always progress to be made. Do not let a man work himself to his death in strive for this, he a man of norm can only complete a milestone. Work is to be progressed further by his followers, he must set little days to do and much of his days to teach for true global inspiration cannot spring from the mouth of one, united and leveled thoughts overcome the mouth of a giant but let his direction serve good purpose for if it does not the many will fall, and the like the giant Lar, will rise again; the many will be of such loss that they will beg for even the dirt that falls from his garments.

