

Abstract from  
**Vajraryan Origins: Ibu**  
Project  
**The Vajraryans (Action Adventure Game Documentation)**

Ibu woke up with a start inhaling deeply as some water splashed onto his face. The oxygen level was low up here. Had he made it to the peak of Mt. Antim? Puzzled, he sat up to notice a stream emerging from the cave ahead. It flowed off the cliff, beyond which lay the vista of all of Zaha, his country. Tired and thirsty, he crawled up to the stream and cupped his hands to gulp in some water. The stream was so clear that he could see through it, all the way down to its bed. What he could also see, was a tall figure's reflection on the water surface. Grabbing a rock in one swift motion, he jumped into a defensive stance facing his onlooker.

"Master Dharo?!" Ibu let out a cry filled with mixed emotions, "Is it really you?"

"Well, that is what I'm known as among the people in the living realm" Master Dharo replied.

"Living realm? Wait. Are we... are we dead? Is this the afterlife?" Ibu asked in a shaky voice.

"We are a lot of things depending on our place in time. As of right now, dead is not one of them" Master Dharo smiled with the familiar mystic tone.

"But master, if you were alive, why didn't you come back to the Monastery? Where have you been all these..." Ibu stopped abruptly with his unfinished chain of questions knowing pretty well that at this rate, his master would answer none.

"I see you've grown wiser. However your curiosity remains untamed. I can tell, having known you ever since your mother left you under my tutelage. A child barely a few days old" At this Ibu's eyes gave away his utmost desire to find answers to the one question that had haunted him all his life.

"Does she live?" Ibu asked softly.

"Some answers you will find on journeys that you are yet to embark on" Master Dharo answered, "But some others are already in your mind, waiting for you to acknowledge them"

"I don't understand. The last thing I remember, I was fighting some tribal men and then... They got the better of me. You saved me didn't you?" Ibu was trying to fill in the gaps of uncertainty.

"Why do you risk your life out here, fighting others' battles?" Master Dharo questioned.

Ibu closed his eyes in an attempt to prevent his emotions from blocking his conscience. He knew he couldn't lie to his Master.

"I guess... I wanted to impress them, and prove myself worthy of love and respect" Ibu replied.

"Impress whom?" It seemed as if Master Dharo's question had been ready before Ibu had answered.

"The society" Ibu replied. He didn't want to explain why he had been chased out of the monastery. The others had found out his secret.

"I know you are a eunuch" Master Dhara answered as if he were reading Ibu's mind, "Not all people are wise enough to accept certain truths over their prejudices. That doesn't mean you try to impress them by oppressing someone else"

"Accept?" Ibu muttered through tears, "You don't know how I was treated when you were gone master!"

"What I do know my child is that acceptance is like a stream. To have it flow, you need to clear the blocks at its source" saying so Master Dhara swayed his staff in the direction of a huge boulder seated on the other side of the stream. As Ibu observed in amazement, a gust of wind from out of nowhere pushed the boulder off the edge, creating another stream that grew out from the existing one.

Realization dawned upon Ibu as he took in the analogy that his Master had just demonstrated. As a graceful smile returned to Ibu's face, he turned back to his master, only to discover that Master Dhara was gone. But Ibu now knew that his quest for acceptance would be accomplished not by helping the society on the outside by showing off his prowess, but by solving their problems for them in everyday life.