

# Kickahu's Quest

by Gharveyn

This tale is dedicated to our partner, Tina Eller, whom we will always love dearly.

## The Quest for Water

Young Kickahu was on a quest for water, his father was a great shaman; the small boy knew he had to prove his worth to his father. Finding water would save his tribe. He would prove himself worthy to follow in his father's footsteps.

Kickahu knew he would succeed even though he was scarcely five years old; he was being guided by his grandfather, a powerful spirit who was never wrong about anything. His grandfather had died last autumn, it was mid-summer now. His grandfather's spirit seemed stronger now than when he had been alive.

Grandfather silent spirit voice had spoken to Kickahu through the spirit world all of the young boy's life. Kickahu was not surprised when his grandfather continued speaking to him after he died. Kickahu's grandfather had groomed Kickahu for this quest; now it could wait no longer. Months of hard work had prepared Kickahu for his quest. Kickahu's people might perish from the face of the world if he did not succeed.

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Kickahu travelled to his secret cave with the first light of dawn. The trail to the cave had become densely overgrown; the trail had been abandoned by his people two generations ago, when the water dried up. Kickahu's grandfather had been a young boy then.

At the end of the trail, Kickahu emerged into a tiny canyon. The glade in the depths of the canyon had once held a deep pool of water, a sacred spring of spirit water with healing powers had emerged here. This water had nurtured his people for countless generations...

The spring and its precious waters were gone now; tall ferns grew in the place where the waters of life had once filled this shadowed glade, but now the ferns were succumbing to drought, what little water remained below the sandy bottom was finally drying up.

# Kickahu's Quest

by Gharveyn

The pool had been in the bottom of a large bowl of stone below a chimney in a tall cliff. Stone walls closed the bowl in on three sides so that only a little light reached the bottom.

A shelf of stone projected out near the back of the canyon formed by the surrounding cliffs. The pool of water that once stood in the bottom of this bowl had always risen knee-high or a little higher above this shelf.

The entrance to Kickahu's secret cave was deep within the space below the stone shelf, in the place where the magical waters of the spirit spring had emerged from the earth.

Kickahu got down on his belly and slithered under the stone shelf, deep into the dark shadows that presaged a nearly suffocating darkness to come.

The entrance to Kickahu's cave was a tiny crevice he could barely crawl through; as Kickahu wormed his way into the bowels of Mother Earth the last light disappeared behind him.

Kickahu knew that this would be his last journey into his secret cave.

The narrow crevice shrank tighter around Kickahu, he had to corkscrew his way in below a huge boulder that was poised to fall across the tunnel entrance to his cave. Kickahu was very careful not to disturb the single small boulder that held the huge boulder above him in a delicate balance as Kickahu wriggled deeper into the enveloping darkness.

Pausing for a moment to catch his breath following his strenuous crawl into his cave, Kickahu heard laughter for a moment. Kickahu knew that laughter. He had heard it many times before on earlier visits to his secret cave. It was the laughter of water running over rocks, splashing in small pools as it constantly moved downward, deeper into the mysterious darkness, unseen by any eyes.

Kickahu knew every detail of the tiny chamber beyond the huge deadfall boulder by heart. He reached for his kindling tools in the total darkness surrounding him and picked up each familiar item without hesitation.

Kickahu placed a shallow stone bowl between his knees; this was his fire-bowl. Then he placed tiny bits of dried lichen with tiny scraps of silvery bark in a small pit in the bottom of his fire-bowl.

# Kickahu's Quest

by Gharveyn

Next, Kickahu wrapped the string of his fire-bow around his fire-stick, a stick well hardened by many hours of patient use. Kickahu placed the tip of his fire-stick in the pit in the bottom of the bowl; the shallow pit near had been worn into the bowl by making fire in this way many times before.

Kickahu crouched over his fire-bow; he pumped his bow rapidly back and forth to spin his fire-stick against the worn pit in the stone. He leaned down on the top of his fire-stick gently with a heel-stone to gradually increase the pressure, building more heat with the friction made between his fire-bowl and his fire-stick.

Kickahu was patient as he built up enough heat to make the kindling catch fire. He was in no hurry. He dreaded the task that would come next, once his lamp was lit.

The tinder in Kickahu's bowl slowly began to smolder before finally igniting in tiny flames. Kickahu fed more kindling to the growing flames and soon he had a burning ember with which to light a small clay lamp full of grease.

Kickahu inspected his cave.

The deadfall boulder at the entrance to his cave was an obstacle. Two passages converged in Kickahu's tiny cave. The lower passage entered below the large deadfall boulder. The upper passage exited upwards, across the top of the boulder.

Kickahu had carefully excavated the rubble the boulder had stood upon until the boulder was nearly ready to fall. Kickahu had created a deadfall trap that would permanently close the entrance to his cave, trapping him inside when his business here today was begun.

The tiny cave beyond the precariously perched boulder was barely large enough for Kickahu to stand up in. Kickahu's cave resembled a bubble in the stone. The floor was nearly level, composed of small debris that washed through the cave long ago when a stream had made its way through the earth to emerge through the entrance.

The stream that had once flowed through here had been the source of the magic healing water of the spirit spring his people had relied upon for as long as his people could remember. An earthquake had caused the water to change its

# Kickahu's Quest

by Gharveyn

course, diverting it away from the channel Kickahu now stood in so that it no fed the pool in the canyon as it had in his great-grandfather's days.

Young Kickahu's grandfather had been just a boy barely Kickahu's age when the spring had dried up. Kickahu's great-grandfather had sent his grandfather into the cave to find the source of the healing waters.

The story young Kickahu's grandfather told him about his search for the waters of the spirit spring had inspired Kickahu to re-enact his grandfather's journey when Kickahu was only three. The journey had been far easier then, Kickahu had been able to travel much deeper into the water channel than his grandfather had been able to go because he was so much smaller then.

When his grandfather first entered the secret cave his grandfather could go only as far as the first chamber. The ascending passage was partially blocked by the huge boulder; he could not fit through the narrow opening to explore the passage above or beyond.

Kickahu's grandfather had given up then. The young boy had given the matter of how to find the spirit waters a great deal of thought throughout the many long years of life.

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A much larger cave, a cavern, existed higher above Kickahu's secret cave; however, the passage to reach the cavern above was already too small for young Kickahu to squeeze through. The large deadfall boulder partially blocked Kickahu's way; that boulder that would fall away today to open up the passage to the larger cavern that the boy could hear through the opening above him.

The sounds defining the larger space of the cavern above were created by the echoes the falling water made as it passed downward through the cavern on its way deeper into the bowels of the earth. If Kickahu placed his ear against the west wall of his small secret cave he could hear the water gurgling through a channel somewhere within the stone beyond.

When Kickahu was three he had crawled over the deadfall boulder, scraping away the skin on his shoulder and scalp to squeeze into the chimney-hole.

# Kickahu's Quest

by Gharveyn

Kickahu could smell the water in the passage above him. With no thought to the possibility that he would be unable to turn around or crawl backward through the narrow passage that lead to the source of the water smell, the younger Kickahu had crawled upward, eager to find the source of the missing waters of life.

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A sickness had come to Kickahu's people.

Some said the white men had brought the disease, others said it was a punishment from the spirits. No one really knew where the disease came from, but everyone remembered the healing waters of the ancient spirit spring; they all believed that those waters could restore the tribe to health if only the spring would flow again.

Kickahu knew he could make the spirit waters flow again, but he also knew he must almost certainly sacrifice himself in order to return this sacred gift of life to his people.

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Kickahu contemplated his deadfall. The boulder was too big for him to move, even with the help of the strong ash levers he had used to pry away the smaller stones that supported it.

Kickahu inspected the shallow channel he had cut below the boulder. This channel guaranteed the water would find its way past the boulder after the boulder fell.

Kickahu inspected his supplies.

Dried meat, dried maize, and many gourds were stored in Kickahu's cave, food he had been collecting for several weeks, ever since he determined to return to the cave and restore the magic water to the spirit spring.

Kickahu had worked hard for the little food he had stored away. His precious maize was earned by helping the women of his tribe to grind the corn kernels into flour.

# Kickahu's Quest

by Gharveyn

Kickahu's stores of dried meat had been earned by collecting wood for the hunters to help them smoke the meat and cure it.

Kickahu had gathered his gourds himself.

No one asked why Kickahu needed so much food, he would have been welcome to take as much as he required, but he knew he must give something back to his people in trade for what he wanted, so Kickahu had worked to earn his food stores.

There was plenty of food.

Kickahu knew he had more than enough food to complete the work he must do in the larger cave further in. However, this was all the food Kickahu would ever have for the rest of his life if Kickahu could not dig his way out from the earth once his work was done.

Kickahu examined his digging tools.

The precious metal spear was Kickahu's best tool to dig with. Kickahu's great-grandfather had carried a Spaniard's spear point home with him, buried in his chest. Great-grandfather had eventually died of his wounds.

Kickahu had desecrated his great-grandfather's grave to recover the magical spear point. Of all the treasures of his people, only his grandfather's rusted steel spear point might save his life once his work was done.

Beside his stores of food and tools, Kickahu had a rope, several extra bowls of grease, a clay lamp, and many carefully made torches. Kickahu would need light at times to help him survey the caves and find all the stones he would need to complete his work.

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Kickahu stood to nearly his full height, bracing his shoulders against the roof of the tiny cave. He felt trapped. It was suddenly difficult to breath. But Kickahu knew the channel he had cut for the water to flow out through would let air in. A draft pulled air in through Kickahu's entrance from the outside and up through the small chimney-hole leading to the cavern above.

# Kickahu's Quest

by Gharveyn

Kickahu lifted his best ash wood lever and carefully wedged it behind the small boulder that supported the larger boulder that blocked Kickahu's way into the cavern above.

Once Kickahu pulled this rock out of its place the huge boulder would fall and Kickahu would be buried alive, perhaps to the end of his days.

Kickahu took a deep breath, sighing out slowly as he leaned into his lever and the small supporting boulder popped free.

The great boulder above it fell with a deep groaning sound, as if it were reluctant to move, as if the mighty stone did not want to fall and perhaps forever seal Kickahu into his tiny secret cave to deliver him to doom.

The huge boulder finally fell with a grinding crash settling into its new position precisely where Kickahu had built a cradle of smaller boulders to receive it.

It was done.

Kickahu had committed himself, there was no longer any turning back.

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The climb into the chimney-hole that led to the cavern above was steeper than Kickahu had anticipated. He could not reach its lower lip to brace himself to wriggle up its hollow shaft.

Kickahu considered his levers.

Kickahu did not want to take the time to build a ladder but the levers could be braced against the walls and floor of his small cave at angles that reached different heights. Kickahu might improvise a ladder of sorts this way, with very little effort. Besides, Kickahu thought, the levers would still be needed for the work that waited for him high above.

Kickahu would carry one end of his rope with him, along with the sturdiest haft of a torch he would not light; he tore away the fuel woven into the head of the torch.

# Kickahu's Quest

by Gharveyn

The haft of the torch could be wedged into a crevice in the chimney tightly enough to hold his rope.

Kickahu tied the rope firmly around the torch haft. Examining the knots carefully he decided they would hold well enough to reach the cleft in the wall of the chimney where he meant to secure them.

Kickahu coiled the rope below the chimney-hole to one side, away from his makeshift ladder. Clenching the rope in his teeth, the torch haft dangled near his waist. Kickahu rapidly climbed towards the lip of the chimney-hole, wedging himself in place just as the last of his levers fell away from his quickly rising foot.

It was only a short, cramped wriggle to the cleft in the chimney wall where Kickahu could secure his rope. The fit was a bit loose, but Kickahu knew his weight would draw the haft of the torch down tightly when he climbed back down.

Sure enough, with a dull 'click' Kickahu felt the torch haft snap into place, firmly wedging itself in, dragged into place by his weight on the rope. Kickahu slithered down the rope into his secret cave and considered which of his supplies he would need first.

There would be faint light in the cavern above for about half the day before shadows covered over the hole through the cliff face that admitted the dim light entry from somewhere higher above.

Kickahu would prepare for the greater darkness to come before it grew too dark.

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As darkness slowly swallowed the last glimmers of daylight in the upper cavern Kickahu was twirling his fire-stick, preparing to re-light his lantern. Kickahu's tools were arrayed around him, along with some of his other supplies. He must bring everything up before his project was completed, so he may as well be done with bringing it all up today.

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Kickahu had climbed up the chimney-hole time and time again, carrying his

# Kickahu's Quest

by Gharveyn

supplies carefully in small net bags that dangled beneath him. He had gathered his supplies in the place with strongest light, nearly directly below the hole in the wall high above that allowed the dim light in.

Kickahu's gathering place was a sort of sloping shelf that curved away on three sides but was nearly level at the top where it met the wall of the cavern. Pressed up against the wall, snuggled within a shallow crevice between the wall and shelf, Kickahu's supplies were safe. There was enough room for Kickahu to sleep but Kickahu did not want to waste any time sleeping.

When Kickahu was only three he had quickly grown too big to crawl past the deadfall boulder into the cavern above it; what little Kickahu could remember about the upper cavern had haunted his dreams until he seemed to know every niche and cranny of this small, damp, chilly cavern by heart.

Three groups of stalactites grew down into stalagmites to the northwest from where Kickahu sat. Between these pillars of stone there were pools of water. One of these pools extended to Kickahu's southwest to spill into a large hole. That was the hole which Kickahu intended to close. His grandfather had shown him what he must do.

The eastern part of the cavern had a different sort of stone, stone that had fallen in fairly recently from the roof and wall above. Remnants of stone that might once have been parts of stalagmites or stalactites littered the floor. The floor was higher here, but it must once have been lower before being partly filled in by the rubble from the cave-in. The ceiling above held several large empty sockets where parts of it had fallen in. Some of this rubble would be used to help plug the hole where the spirit water ran down into the dark mysterious earth.

Kickahu must start with the very biggest pieces first, excavating them from the floor, rolling them down into the pool, and then rolling them through the water and over the brink into the dark hole that swallowed all the water.

'The biggest first!'

'The biggest first!' his grandfather whispered to him in the near dark as he led his grandson to the first stone he must dig out.

The boy followed his grandfather's directions without question. His grandfather was a mighty spirit who could not be disobeyed without peril.

# Kickahu's Quest

by Gharveyn

Kickahu wore last winter's clothing as he worked; still he was too cold. He had to remove his clothes to enter the water. The pools of water were very cold; they kept the cavern cold all day. At night the cold could become brutal.

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Kickahu worked throughout all the darkest, coldest hours with only his hard labor to keep him warm as he toiled. Kickahu used those few hours of the day that were the brightest to sleep in the meager heat of the afternoon.

The largest boulder had taken two days to excavate and move. Many other boulders could have been moved more easily but Kickahu's grandfather insisted that only this stone was large enough to choke the dark hole and hold the smaller stones in place.

When the first boulder finally tipped over the edge of the pit it seemed to suck the air with it, pulling Kickahu towards the utter darkness far below. Kickahu drew back, breaking from the trance-like state in which he had labored under his grandfather's constant guidance.

The small boy was already badly worn by the time he had dropped the first stone into place. He felt it jar the floor of the pool of water in which he stood. A strangled noise rose out of the hole as the water fought its way past the huge rock he had set in its path.

The boy smiled.

Wading through the pool he stood in the boy climbed upwards, out of the water and onto his shelf. The last of the daylight was vanishing as he dressed in his warm clothes.

Kickahu prepared a meager meal which he slowly ate; then he slept.

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When Kickahu awoke his grandfather was tugging at his ear, urging him to get on with his work. The next largest boulder was buried deeper than the first. Nearly

# Kickahu's Quest

by Gharveyn

two days later Kickahu rolled his second boulder down the gurgling throat that drank all the water from the cavern's pools.

The sound of the boulder crashing to rest below was partly a loud cracking noise and partly a slow grinding noise as the second boulder shoved the first one deeper down the throat.

The light from the chimney was just beginning to glimmer as Kickahu made his daily meal and rested.

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Each boulder Kickahu's grandfather directed him to excavate was smaller than the one before.

The fifth stone had taken only a single day to prize from the floor of the cavern and roll down the wet throat that swallowed all the water that spilled from the cavern's pools.

The eighth stone splashed as it hit the bottom!

The water was beginning to well up. Less and less was falling through.

The boy was done with rolling giant boulders down the throat of the well. The boy's grandfather directed him to carry smaller stones, stones so large the small boy's legs and back were bowed by the effort, but still, much smaller than the boy had rolled with his levers. These stones were less rounded, more triangular in shape, than the first stones the boy had sent down the well.

Each day the boy dropped hundreds of stones down the well. Each stone was nearly always very slightly smaller than the next, or sometimes a bit larger, but the stones grew gradually smaller and smaller over time.

At first the stones ricocheted freely down the dark gulping throat before splashing into the pool that was developing at the bottom of the well that the boy had built.

Day after day the ricochet noises ended sooner and the splashing noises came more quickly.

# Kickahu's Quest

by Gharveyn

The water was rising.

When the water in the well reached the lip of the pool nearly half of the small boy's rations were gone. The job was nearly done. Now the boy used his nets to carry bushels of small stones to drop down the well.

Soon he would line his nets with hide to carry gravel.

The pools of water between the stalagmites grew into one pool. The pool slowly grew too deep for the boy to continue his work, therefore his work was done.

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Kickahu sat on his shelf.

Two thirds of his rations were gone. His labor had taken many days. He had lost count. One hand, then two hands, three hands, four; had there been more?

Kickahu's thoughts turned toward escape from his prison.

Already a trickle of water was spilling down the chimney-hole through which he had climbed to reach the chilly cavern where he had labored.

As Kickahu lay on his back looking up at the fading light that came through the hole in the wall high overhead he felt faint, as if his spirit were swirling away.

Was he already dying?

There by his side his grandfather said, 'No. Relax. Accept this vision'.

The boy swirled upwards towards the light...

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The boy lay upon a sunken raft. There was too little wood to build a raft that would hold him out of the rising water, but at least he would not drown.

# Kickahu's Quest

by Gharveyn

The raft was made from the boy's wooden levers tied with bits of leather cut from the hides he had carried gravel with. He had cut the hides with the steel lance head which he had sharpened with a smooth stone.

The last of the food was gone. It was taking a very long time to lift the boy out of the cavern into the hole above him.

When at last the boy reached the small hole where the light came in he discovered the hole was in the side of a chimney that opened above him to the east through the wall of a cliff.

Kickahu's strength was nearly spent. Kickahu began climbing up the chimney with his rope tied around his waist, dangling away below him. His three best levers were tied to the rope. He wedged the levers in place beneath him when he needed to rest.

It took two days to climb up the chimney-hole. Kickahu needed to rest a lot. He struggled to stay ahead of the rising water.

When at last Kickahu emerged from the chimney into the bright light of a clear blue sky he was amazed to see the familiar world of his people sprawling across the land below him.

It would be a long climb down.

As the small boy walked into the center of his village great news was being shouted. Kickahu's friend Ead'wah had discovered water flowing into the basin of the old pool while he was searching for his missing friend.

A new waterfall was falling from the cliffs high above!

The sacred waters had returned to heal their people.

Kickahu fainted...

# Kickahu's Quest

by Gharveyn

*Bio:*

*We have been collectively known by the name Greg Gourdian for the purposes of publishing our articles however some of our stories, poetry, and songs have bylines with our given name, Roger Holler.*

*We are currently known as Grigori Rho Gharveyn, or simply Gharveyn.*

*We perceive ourselves as a collective of people spanning many worlds in different universes. We seem to share many bodies; however we have only one body here in this world we share with you now.*

*We worked with the general public as a psychic reader in several psychic fairs for a little over four years from 1981 to 1986.*

*Much of our written work has been channeled however we often have no idea whose voices are speaking through us when we are channeling.*

*We have many strange tales to tell regarding our odd adventures in this world, in other worlds, or on our spiritual journeys.*

*We try to tell our tales in a humorous, engaging, entertaining manner.*

*While we were a high-school student we channeled classes in metaphysics and parapsychology, and taught classes in sociology, and psychology.*

*We are still emerging from the closet in regard to being a collective of many people inhabiting what appears to be a single body in the context of the world we appear to share with you. Our current written works reflect this change in our personal perspective by adopting plural forms of reference to ourselves that may not always appear consistently, particularly in our older work. Using plural forms of self-reference helps us to develop a greater awareness of ourselves as a collective as well as conveying to other people how we perceive ourselves.*

*We hope you will understand if we may sometimes sound awkward, confusing, or conceited as a consequence of making this adjustment to our self-references.*

*Our group's primary beliefs share these ideals:*

- Love should always be universal.*
- Liberty should be unconditional for everyone.*
- Justice is best served by not judging yourself or any other people.*

*For further details please read the section [about Gharveyn](#) on our website or view our profiles on [Linked In](#) or on [Temple Illuminatus...](#)*

*namaste*

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