



TUPAN, THE LEGEND OF THE WARRIOR- GOD OF THE AMAZON

João José da Costa

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*HIS MISSION IS TO SAVE THE
AMAZON BY FIGHTING AGAINST THE
POWERFUL ENEMIES OF THIS
TRESURE OF NATURE.*

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Important Note: This book also applies as a theme for a long-running cartoon about the vital forest Amazon and the risks that this ecological area faces. It would be a fantastic theme for a cartoon movie studio...

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Children's story that integrates with the natural fantasy and creativity of children and young people, entertaining, educating and adding to the development of character, moral values, citizenship, ecological awareness, family values, culture, knowledge, spirituality, respect for educators, encouragement to study, order and discipline. This book is for children and young people who enjoy intelligent, sensitive, cultural, educational readings and themes of social reality. It is a book with largest literary content, a better reading exercise.

Synopsis:

The book tells the story of Awaru, a young Amazon indian, who becomes Tupan, the Warrior-God of the Amazon. His mission is to save the fauna and flora of the Amazon Region, fighting against the powerful enemies that destroy this treasure of Nature. Awaru inherits from the guardian of the ruins of Machu Picchu the ring of the six magical stones that gives him powers over water, wind, plants, animals, earth, and fire. The book portrays the life of Awaru as a child and youth in the Amazon tribe and their customs. So, it begins a series of fun and exciting adventures of Awaru battling Amazonian predators that engage readers, while raising awareness and inspiring them in the defense of this vital forest. Our young indian hero Awaru, transforms into Tupan, the Warrior-God of the Amazon and fights against his enemies: Setfire, Goldentooth, Sawhead, Oxleather, Kid-Carbon and Jack Ethanol, unscrupulous and ambitious predators who burn the forest and destroy its rich fauna and flora.

Dedication

I dedicate this work to all those who reserve part of their lives to educate children in some way, as a mission and a belief that in them is the hope of a better world.

In special to parents, teachers and grandparents, the basic triangle of early childhood education.

I thank God for the child that He still allows to exist in me.

João José da Costa

Our history begins in a place far from the Amazon, at a university in the United States.

To serve as a volunteer at Yellowstone University was something that George Scott loved to do so much. As a student of archeology, George studied and read everything within his reach about ancient civilizations.

He went wild about the discoveries, culture, and habits of ancient peoples. This helped him to better understand our present civilization, both in terms of its progress as its return compared with ancient civilizations. This knowledge helped him to project the tendencies of future civilizations, too.

He particularly admired the pre-Columbian civilizations of the Americas, especially the Aztec, Inca, and Maia.

He deplored their disintegration and destruction caused by the foreign invaders, who imposed their culture under arms and thwarted the natural development that these civilizations would have. Thus, he regretted:

“If Destiny had let the Aztec, Inca, and Mayan cultures develop naturally and not put in their way the dreaded foreign invaders, what stage would they be now? What spectacular contributions could be giving to astronomy, mathematics, medicine, engineering, and so many other

branches of human knowledge? What a shame, it really was a shame these foreign invasions in the Americas!”.

Thus, one way of keeping in touch with these civilizations was to seek and read reports, books, and all that could enrich his knowledge.

George was a brilliant student and thanks to his special interest, he accumulated a level of knowledge that aroused the admiration of his teachers and classmates.

Not infrequently, he was called upon to give testimony and talk about his findings.

In the library at Yellowstone University, George was busy fixing and restoring old books. He liked to read them, to clean them, to retrieve their leaves and covers, seeking to preserve these true treasures. It was not easy to find someone who would like to do this.

So, George had an attentive treatment of Mrs. Ingrid, Librarian for many years and very picky with all the students when to order and take care of their books. In this respect George had the privilege of free access to all the dependencies and archives of the library.

One afternoon, George had a surprise that would change the course of his life. Lost in the middle of a pile

of old books, still waiting for the time to be restored, George found a small notebook with handwritten notes, some of them already faded by time, which made it difficult to read.

This agenda became George's favorite reading in the intervals of his work.

He could find out that the calendar belonged to someone with the initials **HB**, who signed each sheet of your notes.

George wondered:

“Who would be the author of the notes with these initials?”.

But excited about the notes, he gave no more importance to these initials in the early days.

They were annotations dated from July 1911 and George could read information such as:

“I soon found myself before ruins of walls and buildings built with the finest stonework by the Incas. It was exceedingly difficult to see them since they were partly covered by trees and shrubs, which had been growing there for centuries. But in the dense shade, hidden

among bamboos and creepers, walls of blocks of white granite, carefully cut, and strangely placed together, could be seen here and there. I lost my breath”.

“Ceramic objects spread over several points, in addition to many skeletons. This ancient civilization, which the natives called Machu Picchu, is located at 2,400 meters above sea level and surprises by the shape of its stone constructions on a narrow and uneven hill whose clubs were abysses of more than 400 meters in height”.

George was amazed at everything he read. He now remembered the initials **HB** and was curious and interested in discovering the author of such important notes.

George, as a brilliant student of archeology, understood Hiram Bingham, a Doctor of Philosophy and historian at Yale University, had been the discoverer of Machu Picchu. But there was nothing to prove that this notebook had belonged to him.

One note caught George's attention:

“The natives told a strange story about a ring of the six magic stones of the Inca Emperor Pachacutec. This ring gave him incredible powers over the elements of Nature. According to them, the power of the ring

burned the great granite blocks and levitated them one on top of the others. They claimed that without the ring, nothing would exist in Machu Picchu. Naturally, I did not believe this story told by the descendants of the Incas who accompanied me on the expedition. But curiously, I found several objects in ceramics that carried drawings of the Inca Emperor Pachacutec with the outstretched hand. From an object he carried in his fingers, beams of fire came out and cut stones. I did not attach importance to these reports, and certainly they were the fruit of the imagination of people who had found these drawings in the pottery, plentiful in the region”.

George was curious to take the book written by Hiram Bingham, “The Lost City of the Incas” and read it carefully. However, no citation on the ring of the six magical stones had been made by Bingham in his book.

George was very intrigued:

“If Bingham was the author of notes on the agenda, why would he have scorned this report in his book?”.

George looked for Mrs. Ingrid to talk about his discovery:

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“Mrs. Ingrid, look what I have found lost in the old library books!”

Mrs. Ingrid took the diary in her hands and George added:

“It's an old notebook of notes signed with the initials HB. Had it belonged to Hiram Bingham?”.

“Mr. Bingham? I cannot believe!”. Mrs. Ingrid exclaimed, as she flipped through and read the notes and supplemented:

“Yes, it sounds authentic. By coincidence he has many notes about his expedition when the discovery of Machu Picchu. How fantastic! Let us show the University Council and keep this relic with great affection!”.

“Mrs. Ingrid, one note that caught my attention was about the natives' reports of a ring with six magical stones, which gave incredible powers over the forces in Nature to the Inca Emperor. However, Mr. Bingham did not mention anything in this respect in his book *The Lost City of the Incas*. How do you explain this?”.

“Well, George, it's hard to say anything. But Mr. Bingham was a man of remarkable training and sought to write about facts for which he had good evidence of

truthfulness. If indeed he is the author of these notes, he most likely did not accept these reports as something that might merit further attention. However, there is another possibility...”.

“What Mrs. Ingrid?” George asked visibly curious and anxious.

“Well, Mr. Bingham was a man who studied and worshiped these ancient civilizations. Perhaps he may have given some credence to the natives over occasional reports about the ring with the six magic stones. However, if he has taken notice of these reports, he chose not to highlight this in his reports and books so as not to provoke a race of ambitious adventurers for wealth and power to Machu Picchu and consequently cause more damage to such an important patrimony”.

“That's it, Mrs. Ingrid! This could explain the fact that these reports are registered in the agenda of annotations and, if he is the author, chose not to make public. And you, do you believe in the existence of this powerful ring?”.

Mrs. Ingrid, smiling at George, chose not to answer the question, retreating to her office. But in the distance, George could hear her saying:

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“George, in terms of ancient history, I've heard everything you can imagine!”.

This theme and Machu Picchu became the focus of George's daily attention. He went on to research not only on this lost city, like the story of Mr. Hiram Bingham.

Machu Picchu, the mysterious city of the Incas, mixes the real and the imaginary in perfect doses. Since its discovery on July 24, 1911, by the North American Hiram Bingham, Machu Picchu is considered one of the most important archaeological and architectural monuments in the world. The city was built at 2,400m altitude, at the top of a large mountain with abysses that reach 400m and has an area of one square kilometer. A place considered by the Incas to be magical, especially for joining the Andes to the mighty Amazon River, amidst the rainforest. The astounding perfection of stone constructions millimetrically embedded without any type of material that could unite them, awakens several theories, such as the existence of a plant that dissolves and compresses the rocks giving them the perfect shape for the constructions. Endless mysteries and theories surround Machu Picchu. Some believe that it is a sacred place where young women were trained to serve the Inca and Willac Uno (the greatest religious authority of the Inca empire), a theory sustained by the

discovery of 135 bodies during archaeological explorations, 109 of which were women. Machu Picchu is a city of mysteries and mysteries, hidden in its alleys, its solar clock, its terraces that used to cultivate plants, in its water fountains, its centenary constructions. Sacred city surrounded by mysteries, because until now, archaeologists have not been able to decipher the history and function of this rocky city almost a kilometer long, built by the Incas in a magical area where the Andean and Amazonian regions meet. Perhaps the mystery is never fully realized, leaving, until now, only theories and conjectures. The surprising beauty and perfection of the walls of Machu Picchu, built by the union of stone on stone, with blocks that weigh more than three tons, without any mixture acting as fences between them, gave rise to myths about how they were built. One of these myths tells the story of a bird named Kak'aqllu who learned of the formula to soften and compact the stones through the ancient Inca gods. Another myth speaks of a magic plant, which dissolves the stones and facilitates their compaction, which existed at the time. Other reports tell of the existence of secret cameras and trails that allowed the inhabitants of Machu Picchu to have access to the Amazon region, where they took part of their sustenance in fighters and, mainly, would serve as escape routes in case of invasions.

As he read and studied more about this mysterious and mysterious lost city, George understood that the myths spoke of some greater power that explained how the city can be built. And, of course, he remembered the ring with the six magic stones reported by Mr. Bingham.

George continued his studies and eventually graduated with praise in Archeology. He was determined one day to visit Machu Picchu and do research on these myths, especially the ring with the six magical stones.

And, also, to investigate the existence of the cameras and secret trails that gave access to the Incas of this city to the Amazon region.

Despite careful excavations and restoration by the Bingham teams in 1912 and 1915 and later, by other expeditions the ruins of Machu Picchu remain, for the most part, a mystery.

The sophisticated stonework and the religious character of its structures suggest that the place was used for religious rituals and the residence of priests, although there is no concrete proof in this regard.

Yale University had already sponsored Mr. Bingham's expedition to Machu Picchu. The University of Yellowstone Council, knowing from the notebook of

this famous historian discovered by George in the hidden files of the library, approved the resources so that George and his great friend of school Steve Green could realize this expedition. It was a way that the University of Yellowstone found of recognizing his merit as researcher and scholar.

This was all George and Steve needed to make this great change in their lives and try to unveil to the story the myth of the ring of six magic stones and the cameras and access trails to the Amazon. In 1960, four years after the death of the famous explorer, George and Steve began their expedition to Machu Picchu.

George and Steve had two main objectives: to investigate the existence of cameras and secret tracks that allowed the inhabitants of Machu Picchu to have access to the Amazon region and the place where the ring of the six magic stones could be hidden.

But there was a third goal that George had in mind:

“Steve, I plan to take advantage of our trip to research unexplored regions of the Amazon and to verify the possible existence of prehistoric animals and plants”.

“Yeah, George, and for what purpose?”.

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“I have a very particular theory, perhaps more intuition, about the mass disappearance of dinosaurs and other prehistoric animals”.

“You and your intuitions George and what theory is this?”.

“Steve, you know that the theory most accepted by researchers and scientists is that of the mass disappearance of these animals by the fall of gigantic meteors. This would have created a thick layer of dust that prevented sunlight from penetrating and giving life to animals and plants, triggering a long ice age”.

“It's true, George. This is the most accepted theory. And you have any other different from this? But what is a daring!”.

“I have, Steve. At least, I think a second theory should be studied by scientists and archaeologists. But, as you said, I do not dare yet to comment with anyone!”.

“Why not?”.

“I am aware that my theory would arouse little interest. It would even be considered an affront to everything that has been studied and researched. Maybe it was even laughable!”.

“George, you've made me curious now. And what is your theory to explain the disappearance of dinosaurs?”.

“Steve, look. There is no doubt about the beginning of life in the oceans and the process of adaptation of the reptiles to the earth. But we all know that these reptiles began life on earth in an exceedingly small size. In a long period of time they began to increase in size, slowly and gradually, as the water and the vegetation that served as food changed in their mineral composition. So, Steve, I believe that as the geological features of the Earth changed, the reptiles changed as well”.

“Well, that's a good research path. After all, the mineral salts are responsible for the growth, vigor and strength of any vertebrate's bone system”.

“Yeah, Steve, in my theory I believe that at the beginning of the formation of life on Earth water and plants were extremely rich in minerals and this made the reptiles increase in size drastically. Their eggs were small, but the size continued to increase as the earth's geological conditions changed into water and plants. Thus, the more minerals in water and plants, the larger were the size of reptiles until they reached the gigantic size of dinosaurs and other prehistoric animals”.

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“But, George, archaeologists and scientists have discovered many dinosaur bones and other prehistoric animals accumulated in the same region. How to explain this?”

“Steve, many geological events have occurred, like volcanoes and earthquakes. This would be a routine at this stage of life on Earth. In these instances, the dinosaur population was seriously affected, and many died. But I do not believe in any phenomenon of mass extinction of dinosaurs”.

“I’m beginning to understand your theory, George. Dinosaurs grew up to a time when geological conditions produced a peak in the amount of minerals in water and plants”.

“You are right, Steve! After this peak, the smaller were the amount of minerals in water and plants, the smaller were the size of the dinosaurs. And this process, I believe, is still ongoing. I see the curve of dinosaur life span from small sizes to gigantic sizes, and then the reverse occurred”.

“This is interesting, George. Well, you are not that crazy to confront archaeologists or make scientists laugh!”.

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“Steve, a few years ago I heard news that did not catch too much attention of scientists and researchers but caught my attention”.

“What is it?”.

“An important event happened on a farm in Australia where the cows and sheep began to have a larger size compared to the cows and sheep of other farms in the region. The reason for this growth was water found in a well that served as a drinking fountain. This water had a much larger amount of minerals than the water from other farms and this was causing above average cow and sheep growth. So, I began to wonder: If we continued to supply this water and mineral rich plants to these animals and their young for a period of a million years, would not these cows be as close to dinosaurs as they were? So, this could have happened to the dinosaurs!”.

Thus, George did not believe in the disappearance of dinosaurs - they would have shifted from small to large and large to small based on the dramatic changes in Earth's geological conditions, which produced different levels of water and plants at each time in relation to amount of minerals.

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The fact that researchers and scientists found large amounts of dinosaur bones together was due more to these geological events, the massive volcanoes and earthquakes that followed in this phase of the Earth and decimated numerous groups of dinosaurs.

“Steve, think about it! If dinosaurs and other prehistoric animals had disappeared at once, how we can explain that many animals of today are considered their descendants?”.

“It's true, George. I have never read an explanation in this regard”.

But George kept this theory to himself and asked Steve not to discuss it with anyone.

“Steve, depending on what I find in the Amazon, I will rather confront the scientific class with it and bring about a revolution in the study of the disappearance of the dinosaurs”.

The day of departure of the expedition arrived. And there went the two explorers.

For a while Mrs. Ingrid received letters from the two explorers. In one, they claimed to have found more ceramic pieces that suggested the existence of the ring

with the six magical stones. In another, they spoke of the discovery of an unexplored area and that they would begin excavations.

Another report said the discovery of a new area with closed cameras with large blocks of stone and that would try to remove these stones and to explore the cameras.

The letters suddenly ceased.

George and Steve were never seen or found again, and their disappearance and their discoveries remain a mystery to this day. At the time, newspapers and scientific communities announced their disappearance. Several expeditions of redemptions were sent to Machu Picchu, without any result.

Many years have passed. Never more comments regarding the mystery of the disappearance of George and Steve were heard again...

Mrs. Ingrid, already old and retired as Librarian, was the only one who sometimes remembered George and Steve and wondered what had happened to them. Were they alive or dead?

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Far from Machu Picchu, in an Amazon indian village, life went its normal course, in another daily routine. Well, not so normal...

A bee was looking, intrigued, at the two large black eyes in front of it that drew closer and closer to the flower where it had landed. Frowning, it set its drone ready to strike, making it noticeably clear to the intruder that it was very irritated. The owner of the eyes was Awaru, a young Amazon indian who sought to bewitch the bee, with the fingers of open hands pointing to it:

“Bee, bee, spell, spell! Bee's will is Awaru's will. Listen and obey. I order you to fly to the indian village and chop Adzé!”.

The target for the bee's sting desired by Awaru was his sister Adzé.

The bee began to fly in circles, buzzing, calling its companions who lived in the hive. It was the danger signal to the whole beehive built on top of a palm tree not far away. In a few minutes, a swarm of bees circled Awaru's head and attacked him. Awaru, terrified, stormed off toward his indian village hut, seeking refuge, followed by dozens of angry bees.

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The Amazon indian village was in the vicinity of a river, shaped like a horseshoe, with the opening facing the river. The huts had their doors facing the center of the indian village. At each end of the indian village was the 'Great Hut of Young Indians'. In the center of the indian village there was a large central square used for the 'Adult Indians Meetings'. There, the great decisions of the 'Wise Elder Indians Council' were taken, too.

In the great central square, it was happening another adult indians meeting that morning. The Amazon indians made the decisions about what would happen on the day and the chosen hunting sites. The indian village followed its routine and they did not suspect what was about to happen. All the adult indians spoke aloud and gesticulated. The chief of the Amazon tribe commanded the adult indians meeting.

Suddenly everyone stopped talking in alarm at the cries of a young indian who was hurrying toward the village:

“Father, mother, help me, come to me!”.

He was Awaru chased by dozens of bees that stung his head and his back. Awaru sought refuge among the adult indians who were in meeting and it was a mess.

The bees forgot about Awaru and divided themselves by attacking the adult indians who tried to defend themselves by jumping and slapping the wind, screaming in terror:

“Help, help, bees!”.

But there was no way. That is when the chief ordered:

“Go to the river, to the river! Run to the river!”.

And all the adult indians threw themselves into a river that cut of the indian village, remaining submerged for a few minutes waiting for the bees to leave. After several dives and with the breath almost finishing, the adult indians could leave the river safe and sound.

The bees had returned to their flowers. But not before they took one last look to locate Awaru who had disappeared after the confusion.

The day was hardly starting for Awaru. He now had to face the ‘Wise Elder Indians Council’ and could receive several punishments. The adult indians, all carrying on their arms and back some marks of bee stings, looked for Awaru.

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Awaru's hut was circular in shape and was inhabited by his parents and Adzé. And it would be there that one-day Adzé would also live with her husband and children when she married. This would happen, too, with Awaru.

The hut had a structure of sticks and bamboos that supported the ceiling of a palm tree called “indaiá” that descended to the ground. In the center of the hut, next to the main stele, was the fire, almost always lit.

The hut was the kingdom of Rowe, mother of Awaru. She was the one who provided the construction of the hut, who prepared and distributed the products obtained in the hunt, controlled the farming and its products. Inside the hut, Isahi, Awaru's father, had a secondary importance. He was almost always out of it, in the yard, or in hunting. And it was with Rowe that Awaru sought affection and protection:

“I beg your pardon, Mother! Pardon me!”.

Awaru was crying out for relief to ease the pain of bees' bites:

“Medicine, mother!”.

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Awaru was suffering a lot and his face and back were swollen and had very red lumps. Rowe called for his father Isahi who was truly angry with Awaru and knew that the other adult indians were looking for him.

Isahi spoke with Awaru:

“Awaru is not a baby anymore. Awaru is a headstrong stubborn. Awaru is a joker!”.

Isahi caught the attention of Awaru that caused many problems in the indian village.

Rowe asked for calm:

“Calm down! We must now call the healer to treat Awaru. He is a good boy. Let us go! Go get Marubo. I do not want anyone to know that Awaru is here until he gets well!”.

Isahi came out grumbling and went to look for Marubo. Outside, Isahi was expected by the chief of the Amazon tribe, who spoke to him austere and in a few words:

“Awaru needs to speak to the Wise Elder Indians Council”.

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Isahi respectfully lowered her head in agreement. Awaru should speak to the elder men of the tribe as soon as he could. Many complaints weighed on him, all involving attempts at witchcraft.

And spells could only be performed by the Amazon indians with divine powers within the tribe. These men used elements and the force of nature to heal, to invoke the gods, to seek protection from the tribe, good harvests.

But Awaru was drawn wildly by acts of magic and spell.

Marubo was finally located and taken to Rowe's hut to cure Awaru who burned with fever and swelled more and more. He could barely open his eyes.

Marubo began his healing ritual. He took several dried leaves of different plants, pieces of skins from various animals and dried insects, like scorpions and spiders, depositing them in a small clay pot.

Although ill, Awaru immediately became interested in the ritual of Marubo and asked questions that were not answered by Marubo:

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“What leaves are these, what plants? And these pieces of skins, which animals are they? Where did you get these dried insects?”

Tired of so many questions, Marubo slapped Awaru's head so he would stop asking questions and then set the strange mixture on fire. Rowe's hut was invaded by black smoke and unpleasant smell, while Marubo prayed and sang. The time passed until the fire went out, leaving only ashes at the bottom of the clay pot.

Awaru, despite his swollen face, managed to open his large black eyes and follow with great enthusiasm everything that happened in the hut with Marubo.

Marubo warmed up some water and threw it into the clay pot making tea with the ashes that remained in its bottom and ordered Awaru to drink everything.

“That's how it has to be!”. Rowe replied as a sign of affirmation and recognition to Marubo. Then he handed the clay pot over for Awaru to drink all the tea.

That night, Awaru had a high fever, he sweated a lot. While he slept, Tiemin sneaked into Awaru's hut to see him. She was, after all, his best friend.

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Tiemin tenderly touched Awaru's hair and sought to refresh his forehead, which seemed to burn with fresh water, scattering carefully and slowly using a plant branch. Awaru slept soundly and spoke loudly:

“Awaru does not want to marry Ararare. Awaru has love for Tiemin”.

Awaru declared, in delirium, his love for Tiemin. Tiemin's heart started pounding loudly in his chest. She had a great friendship and affection for Awaru, but she did not know of his love for her. Frightened, she got up quickly and hurried away.

She could not think of Awaru's love, she could not. She was one of those promised to Kuimin, Awaru's closest friend. And her parents had already decided on this marriage. But the days and months that followed were no longer the same for Tiemin.

To her mind, came Awaru's statement: “Awaru has a love for Tiemin”.

Ararare was the young Indian with whom Awaru could marry by the will of his parents. But the choice was not yet final. The engagement would still have to be accepted by Awaru's parents.

Marriage should happen after Awaru undergoes all the initiation rituals and becomes a young adult.

With no idea what had happened the night before, Awaru woke up healed the next morning. This made Awaru even more excited by the art of magic and the spell of the Amazon indians. He already made plans for further attempts.

“This time it will work. The bee and the frog will obey me!”.

Still stretching in the hammock, Awaru heard Isahi talking to Rowe:

“Rowe, the tribal chief wants to anticipate Awaru's apprenticeship at the Great Hut of Young Indians. He is almost a teenager. He must begin to be prepared to be a young warrior and hunter Amazon indian, a young warrior”.

In fact, Awaru was beginning to enter pre-adolescence and he should stay in the Great Hut of Young Indians during the teenager initiation period. In the hut he would learn the tradition of the Amazon indians. There, he and other young indians would be held for five years.

During this time, they would learn from their godparents to make their own ornaments, survival practices such as hunting and fishing, myths, and tribe traditions. This apprenticeship would only end with the ceremony of ear piercing. There, Awaru would be a young warrior and would be ready for the marriage ceremony with Ararare.

Awaru returned to the routine of the village, under the distrustful and angry glances of the adult indians, who still carried the marks of the bees. Quiet and seeking to regain the confidence of the men of the tribe, Awaru went to meet Kuimin:

“What are you doing, Kuimin?”

“Awaru, you finally showed up! And you better take care of yourself for now. The warriors are still terribly angry because of the bees!”

Awaru failed. The spell did not work. It was for the bee to sting Adzé. The warriors are sure to be angry with Awaru.

“Awaru, leave poor Adzé alone! Look! Why don't you start preparing your material to take to when you go to the Great Hut of Young Indians? See, I am doing my club. Then I will make my arch and arrows”.

“I’m still a kid to go to the Great Hut of Young Indians. And why should I need a club and arch and arrows there? Awaru wants to learn witchcraft and magic. Awaru does not want to learn war or hunting. Awaru wants to bewitch the great jaguar!”.

“Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! You make me laugh Awaru. Bewitch the great jaguar? It will devour you before this! Forget it, Awaru. Spells are for the adult indians. Forget it for your own good! You are strong and brave. You will be a great warrior! But you will have to prepare for a long period in the Great Hut of Young Indians. When you leave there as a young warrior you will be able to get married, have your wives and children!”.

“Kuimin, I have no love for Ararare. I like another indian girl”.

“Awaru, you cannot think like that. The bridegroom is chosen by the bride's parents. This is the custom of the tribe. Kuimin also has no love for Tiemin and she can be chosen for my bride. I learned that this is the will of Tiemin's parents!”.

Awaru froze when he learned that Kuimin could be the bridegroom of Tiemin, the young indian for whom he felt great love. And Kuimin liked another indian girl. Who would she be? He did not want to reveal to

Awaru. Thus, Awaru lamented that the custom of the tribe had to be obeyed. Sometime later, Awaru discovered that Kuimin had a love for Ararare.

The tribal chief, when he felt that the situation was calmer in the Amazon indians village, ordered the meeting of the Wise Elder Indians Council to judge Awaru and the problems he had been causing the whole indian village with his attempts at witchcraft and magic.

The meeting of the elder men of the tribe would decide on the fate of Awaru

Awaru was called, accompanied by Isahi, his father. Awaru tightly gripped his dear father's arm for protection.

Rotina asked some of the victims harmed by Awaru's spell attempts to speak, and Padi, a strong, chubby young Amazon indian, began by reporting:

“Awaru gave me water to drink saying that I would be thin and beautiful. When I drank the water, a frog came up my throat and I almost choked to death!”.

Awaru lowered his head and tried to hide behind Isahi. He was sure the frog was bewitched by him that day. And he hoped the toad would draw all the fat of

Uhodó, making her lean and pretty. And that was all she wanted.

“I do not know what went wrong!” . He thought.

The tribal chief only frowned, turning his eyes at Awaru in disapproval. Next, it was Waritire's turn:

“One day I almost drowned! Awaru forced me into the river. Looking at me with wide eyes he said: Spell, spell! Waritire wants to be fish, Waritire will be fish, Awaru will transform Waritire into fish, Waritire will be able to swim through the rivers and breathe underwater! Saying this, Awaru dipped my head in the water and held me for a long time. I only heard him speak: Spell, spell, Waritire fish. Waritire fish! With great difficulty I managed to get rid of Awaru”.

The tribal chief, truly angry, frowned even more. This time he turned his big eyes to Isahi, who listened to the stories with much embarrassment. Awaru was beginning to worry. Waritire's account resonated extraordinarily strong with the Wise Elder Indians Council.

“But I only dipped Waritire's head for a little while, and she had liked the idea of turning a fish!”

Then Tepi said still terribly angry with Awaru:

“Awaru convinced me to climb into a big tree, saying I could fly. He grabbed two young macaws and tied their feet in my arms, one on each side. Awaru said that the red macaw chicks were bewitched by him. When I was up, Awaru shouted: Tepi big red macaws. Spell, spell! Tepi flies like a great red macaw. Tepi I command, fly, fly! When he said this, I threw myself into the air and fell like a stone in the great river. The red macaws’ chicks managed to break free and fly. I sank into the river and clung to an alligator, thinking it was a tree trunk. The great alligator bit my leg, while I desperate swam to the edge of the great river, with the alligator behind me wanting to eat my leg!

Isahi hugged Awaru while the tribal chief talked to the Wise Elder Indians Council. Then he addressed them, shouting,

“Enough! Awaru must go to the Great Hut of Young Indians. This is the decision of the Wise Elder Indians Council!”.

The tribal chief retired very annoyed with Awaru and did not even hear Isahi tell him that Awaru was not yet of age to go to the Great Hut of Young Indians. Awaru ran back to his hut, looking for Rowe:

“Mom, Awaru doesn’t want to go to the Great Hut of Young Indians for apprenticeship. Awaru doesn’t want to be a young warrior”.

Rowe sought to calm and comfort Awaru:

“Awaru, it’ll be good for you to stay in the Great Hut of Young Indians. This would happen sooner or later. It is our tradition. You will learn many things, like making your weapons, how to hunt, how to defend yourself. You will become a true Amazon indian and will forget witchcraft a little. And most importantly, you will be able to marry Ararare!”.

Awaru looked deeply at his mother Rowe, retreating sadly, without saying a word, with the resignation of being forced to accept the tradition of the tribe. For a moment he thought how good it would be if he could choose Tiemin as his wife.

However, Awaru would not give up his of being a great sorcerer and master in the practices of witchcraft and magic. This thought overwhelmed him uncontrollably.

A few days later, Awaru searched for his father, on the eve of the beginning of his apprenticeship, more conformed to the idea.

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“Father Isahi, talk better with Awaru about the apprenticeship in the Great Hut of Young Indians. Awaru is sad, unhappy”.

“Awaru, every teenager like you goes through the initiation period into adulthood in this hut. The Amazon indians build the Great Hut of Young Indians for young indians apprenticeship, which will be their home for a long time, with much affection to house the young Amazon indians who are no longer children. Our tradition must be passed on to young people. When you are an adult, you will pass them on to your children and grandchildren. This is how it has been done for many, many moons. For us Amazon indians the celebration of rituals as taught by our ancestors is fundamental to keep our tradition and culture alive. That is why we perform the Initiation Rite.

“Initiation Rite, Father?”.

“Yes, Awaru, the Initiation Rite, that begins with the experience in the Great Hut of Young Indians”.

Finally, the day came when Awaru would begin his experience at the Great Hut of Young Indians. At home, Awaru, distracted and disinterested, picked up some personal belongings to take. That was when Tiemin approached quietly and carefully.

“Awaru, I wish you good luck in the apprenticeship at the Great Hut of Young Indians. You are young and handsome. A great young warrior will come out after this apprenticeship. Tiemin wants you to be happy”.

Tiemin pressed her nose into Awaru's nose, saying goodbye. And she walked away slowly, looking at Awaru with her beautiful black eyes, hidden among the long black hair that covered part of his face.

In one afternoon, Sereburan gathered all the teenager inmates in the center of the village for information. He was the monitor of the Great Hut of Young Indians.

“You've been in the ceremonial fight since you were two years old. You fought with each other, but they were boy's play fights. But as you are close do apprenticeship you will all be fighting for real in the ceremonial fight. That will happen within five moons in the future. They will be more intense and brutal fights when the young warriors can show all their strength and courage. It is our tradition that the last fight before apprenticeship is like this. After these fights, you will start apprenticeship. And this apprenticeship is expected to last five years”.

The ceremonial fights involved indian boys of about the same age and from different tribes. After the five moons, the day of the ceremonial fights had come.

Awaru, was not very enthusiastic about participating in the fights, but painted his face with Rowe´s help.

Agitated, Sereburan shouted and disciplined the groups of tribal boys to fight:

“Teens show off your warrior personality and character! Do not show fear and pain. Be brave and fight like true warriors”. He encouraged everyone.

The whole tribe watched the young warriors in these fights. Thus, the community could identify those who would be the leaders, the warriors, and the position in the tribe that each would have.

Parents sought to encourage their children with shouts and gestures. In the last fight of the ceremonial, the big boys, the young warriors, really beat! They didn´t have pity of the little ones who cried. This was the custom.

So, the community knew each indian boy, his courage, his fears, his weaknesses. In the fight they revealed themselves. This was the tradition of the tribe that passed from generation to generation.

When Awaru's turn came, Isahi and Rowe sought to give their encouragement. Awaru had to face a young

warrior stronger and taller than him. It was an unequal fight.

But, Awaru had a strategy. Bewitch the young warrior!

Sereburan gave permission for the start of the fight. Dozens of previous fights among teenagers had already occurred. The young warrior stood in a fighting stance, spreading his arms to engage Awaru, positioning his body for the attack.

Awaru tried to do the same and they kept analyzing each other, circling in circles. At one point, Awaru set off for witchcraft:

“Spell, spell! The young warrior is seeing me giant and strong. The young warrior is afraid of Awaru. The young warrior will get beaten by Awaru and sleep when Awaru touches him!”.

With these words, Awaru attempted an attack and touched the young warrior. But it did not work. The stronger opponent embraced Awaru and, with an arm wrench, immobilized him violently, throwing him to the ground, continuing to hold him in his strong arms. Awaru was in pain and desperate. But he couldn't scream or cry. This would be dishonorable to a young

warrior. To his relief, Sereburan intervened, touching the winner's shoulders, and ending the fight.

For Awaru only the retreat remained, humiliated:

“One day you'll all see another Awaru. I will have many powers. You will respect me and fear me”.

Awaru retired without hearing the laughter of the other teenagers, followed by his mother Rowe who sought to comfort him and support him:

“Awaru, you lost the fight, and this was expected. The young warrior was taller and stronger than you. This fight only served to know your limits and learn from a more experienced warrior. You will be a great young warrior someday my son”.

After the ceremonial fights were over, apprenticeship in the Great Hutt of Young Indians would finally begin for Awaru, Kuimin, and other teenagers

The Great Hut of Young Indians is the learning home for all male adolescents of the same generation. There they will be watched by the older men of the tribe called godparents. It will be a long time for the godfathers to pass on to young teenagers all tradition, tribe history,

ceremonies, and the art of hunting, fishing, and war. The entrance to the Great Hut of Young Indians marked the passage from childhood to adolescence. This meant being able to participate in ceremonies and decisions made in the indian village. They could perform all the functions of an adult indian within the Amazon tribe culture.

The Amazon tribe tradition is structured over the warrior man, because throughout history, the Amazon indians had to defend themselves against their enemies, so that they would not be invaded, and their lands would not be taken. Thus, men were responsible for the survival of their family, for their sustenance and protection.

For this reason, most ceremonies are man centered. This doesn't mean that they don't care about women. The Amazon indians have a greater preoccupation with the development of the boys so that, when they become men, they will be able to bear all the responsibilities and duties thus defending the Amazon indian territory.

The apprenticeship in the Great Hut of Young Indians was intense and exhausting.

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Sereburan, a brave warrior, was the monitor of the adolescents and he demanded much discipline, interest, and obedience. Sereburan was helped by the godparents.

“In the next seven moons you will learn the art to make and use weapons, like the arch, arrows and the club”.

Sereburan led the group into the forest to show and choose the best woods and fibers for the construction of weapons so important for the hunting and war of the Amazon indians. The teens had to do the complete job. Cut the wood, harvest the fibers, chop the wood until the arch is obtained with the necessary flexibility, make the arrows. To work with the fibers to make the arch string was more delicate work, since they would give the impulse to the arrows. The club, a large piece of hard, round wood, was one of the most forceful weapons for hunting and especially for war. Then the most anticipated part for all teenagers came in the hands-on exercises.

“Everyone in line, let us train the arrows. Be careful that no one gets behind the targets. You can become hunting!”. Sereburan was shouting as he set various targets on the trees, like pieces of wood, fruits of various sizes, animal skeletons. And the training began.

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While Kuimin was more cautious and preferred to stay further down the line, Awaru took the initiative and stood as the first in line.

“Well, we'll start with you, Awaru. You can shoot your first three arrows. You must be quick and hit at least one. Think as you have a hunt ahead, which will feed you and your family! If it is too slow, it runs away. If you miss all the arrows, it runs away!”. Sereburan taught him.

Awaru looked closely at the target, concentrated, looked at the tip of the arrow, looked well and stretching the arch said:

“Spell, spell! Successful arrow goes and hit the target!”. So, he threw the arrow. But the spell did not work. The arrow, with little thrust, fell halfway. The teens laughed at Awaru, while Sereburan screamed out loud:

“Joker Awaru, joker Awaru!”.

Awaru had to take the end of the line to try again and this was repeated many times. The teenagers who hit the target three consecutive times were released from the queue. Those who missed had to stand in line for further attempts. Kuimin was a great warrior and was

one of the first to hit the targets and be released from the line.

However, Awaru, as a rule, was the last to stay in training. After hours and much wrath from Sereburan, Awaru finally was able to hit the targets three consecutive times and without witchcraft and magic.

But everyone liked it when Sereburan screamed, ending the day's training.

“Tomorrow, let's practice the use of the club”. Sereburan finished by demonstrating a few blows of club.

At night, only a small torch lit the interior of the Great Hut of Young Indians. The teens had gathered and talked about each other's success with the arch and arrow. As usual, they laughed at Awaru:

“Spell, spell! Successful arrow goes and hit the target. Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! If it were a jaguar you would not be here anymore”.

Awaru barely heard what they said. He preferred to put a blindfold on his eyes and move inside the hut of apprenticeship in complete darkness. He tried to be like

the owl and be able to see in the dark. In fact, this game played by Awaru started to work.

After several moons of training, when the Great Hut of Young Indians was in complete darkness, Awaru stood up and could see the teenagers lying in their hammocks. Initially, Awaru could see the figures and, after many nights, even by the physiognomy. Awaru had the best night vision among teenagers and sought to impress his friends:

“Spell, spell! Awaru sorcerer, Awaru sees in the dark. Here’s Kuimin’s head, this is Kuimin’s arm!”. Awaru spoke grimly, while at dawn he was walking through the hut of apprenticeship.

“Awaru, go to sleep! Let the other teenagers sleep! This head is mine; this is my arm!”. Sereburan answered angry.

“Well, it doesn’t always work out!”. Awaru tried to conform himself.

The screams of monkeys and the songs of birds in the forest announced a new day, and everyone in Great Hut of Young Indians was preparing for the first meal of the day at the base of manioc flour and fruits of the forest,

and for the classes on the club. Sereburan began the training by explaining:

“The arch and arrow are for hunting and attack when the hunt or enemy is far away. The club is for hunting and attacking closely when the hunt or enemy is in front of you. Therefore, the beat must be accurate and decisive, otherwise you may not survive. Either the hunt attacks you or the enemy attacks you”.

With these words, Sereburan led the group of teenagers into the forest to find the tree that would provide the hardwood and sturdy timber for the manufacture of the clubs.

The size of the club depended on the size of the warrior. Usually the size obeyed the height of the warrior's chest. Each one tried to manufacture his club with all the care and whim. They understood, from the beginning, that it was an important weapon of hunting and of war.

Sereburan, in the end, asked everyone to paint and decorate their clubs at the discretion and taste of each one. These would be their marks on the weapon.

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Made the clubs, training had begun. Sereburan placed a large trunk of rubber tree and a skin of a wild pig, and saying:

“This trunk is the enemy warrior. This skin is the hunting. Each one of you is going to give blows of club, knocking down the enemy or the hunting”.

The teens stood in line and prepared for this important training to be future warriors. Before, Sereburan showed the right blows that should be applied, but not before warning Awaru:

“Awaru, no spell, no spell!”. And he made the teenagers laugh.

Awaru disliked the joke and pledged to use his club perfectly, and he did so. Staring at the hunting Awaru stepped into a warrior's position with a firm, strong expression, and eyebrows down. Then, he lifted the club raising it at shoulder height. Holding it tightly, he made the attack with extreme agility, striking right in the middle of the wild pig neck, which fell. Everyone was amazed and applauded Awaru, who stood motionless, leaning on the club. And with his head held high and proud, as he listened to his friends', he looked like a true warrior!

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Sereburan's smile showed his contentment, but he made no mention of it to the teenagers. He did not usually make compliments easily. He felt that this could make future warriors weak and dependent. And so, he continued his training with ornamentation classes, visits to the forest to select plants that had poison for arrowheads, plants that could bear fruit that could be eaten, hunting and fishing techniques for each type of animal and fish.

The nights were dedicated to the various ceremonies and to the learning of the tribe's culture and tradition by the Wise Elder Indians Council.

In addition to continuing to practice seeing in the dark, Awaru sought to find cobwebs in the apprenticeship hut in total darkness.

For this, he developed a technique. He held a thin bamboo rod and with it he touched the webs without breaking them, only sensing their delicate strands. He learned by watching insects do this with their antennae, turning away from the dangers of the forest and the darkness.

Kuimin, unlike Awaru, behaved with enthusiasm in the Great Hut of Young Indians and apprenticeship. He learned to have good dexterity in the handling of the

arch and arrow, he was a great hunter, he was enthusiastic, and he paid attention, learning from the experience of the elder and wise men of the tribe.

And so, after many and many moons, time passed.

The life inside the hut was agitated among all the adolescents by the expectation of the end of the period of apprenticeship. The period of five years was almost over, and the young indians were no longer teenagers. They had grown and developed strong, healthy bodies. In short, they were, at last, young warriors.

Awaru began to have strange visions.

“Kuimin, I have had visions in my dreams and these visions are appearing, too, when I am awake!”.

“Awaru, is this long period in the Great Hut of Young Indians and the apprenticeship bringing madness to your head? What are these visions?”.

“Kuimin, I see an old city built in stone on top of great mountains that reach to the sky! It is a city with no one, it seems abandoned. I see a figure alone in a large dark room, seated, and lit only by a torch, a torch that is almost fading. This person sings a sad song, as if calling someone”.

“Awaru, are you feeling well? Wouldn't it be better to call for Marubo, the healer?”

“No, Kuimin. They will punish me again. This vision is very real. It is something that draws me and attracts me strongly. I see it really awake. This city and this figure appear in the middle of a white fog, even when I'm awake, bewitching me!”

“Awaru, you really have no way. The spell and magic took over his head”.

The period of apprenticeship was nearing the end. It was five long years. The teens were now preparing for the ear-piercing ceremony. This ceremony involves several phases, from the preparation of young people to entry into the water, to their presentation to their brides. This ceremony marks the departure of the youngsters who have completed their passage through the Great Hut of Young Indians. They spend about a month immersed in the water of the river, closer to the village, hitting water, always accompanied by the elder men and godparents. In addition to the purifying and strengthening power that water has for the Amazon indians, it makes the ears tips soften, allowing a better perforation. There the very anxious teenagers sit and, containing their emotions and feelings, have their ears pierced by the godparents who use a pointed jaguar

bone. This bone is replaced by a special grass stalk. Later, when the hole has healed, a piece of wood made for this purpose is laid.

Sereburan, who led these ceremonies, announces to the new young warriors:

“In the thirty moons that will follow, all go to the last stage of the development of adult indian, ritual that happens every fifteen years, being the ceremonial space forbidden to women. Everyone should keep a secret about everything they saw there. For thirty days you will go through trials such as hunger, thirst, cold, heat and sun exposure, during which you are watched by a group of guardians”.

At the end of this period, the young warriors weakened by fasting to the point of fainting, but spiritually strengthened, are already considered grown adult indian and may attend the ceremonial sacred space. Youngers are adult indians now and are no longer teenagers to become warriors.

A day later, they meet their brides, who have been promised to them since the entrance into the Great Hut of Young Indians. At this revelation time the bride and bridegroom lie on a mat at the place where they were in

the apprenticeship hut, waiting for the bride's parents to bring her to lie next to him.

Having done this, the young warriors are finally released into social life. The bride lies down beside the bridegroom, and so the revelation is made. However, marriage is only made official once the bridegroom makes public the love relationship between the two.

Following this ritual, Tiemin lay down, embarrassed, beside Kuimin and Ararare alongside Awaru, leaving him, equally, disguised. But, Awaru did not publicly confirm the love relationship with Ararare. Nor did Kuimin confirm the love affair with Tiemin, to the annoyance and anger of their parents and the brides' parents.

“Awaru, we need to talk about this!”. His father Isahi said in a menacing tone.

The marriage ceremony continued among couples who officially announced the love relationship. Awaru's situation in the village was causing him much embarrassment after the refusal to marry Ararare. Awaru was in love with Tiemin, but this was not at his choice. A few days later, Awaru participated in a hunt.

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The Amazon indians hunt is an activity restricted to men and is responsible for supplying protein to the entire indian village. The hunt begins with the Adult Indians Meeting, where the oldest ones define where, how, and what to hunt.

Everyone wondered how Awaru got ready for this hunt. He stocked up with water, picked up some fruit, picked up his weapons - a knife, arch, many arrows, and the club. And he put his arch on his head and brought the thin bamboo rod, the one which he felt the cobwebs in the dark.

Awaru looked sad and sinister. He was determined to go into the unknown!

The hunt continued in the woods and, in the commotion among the hunters, Awaru disappeared in the immense Amazon forest.

As he stepped deeper and deeper into the forest, without looking back and heartbroken and sad, Awaru remembered his visions of the incredibly old abandoned city built of stone high in the great mountains that reached the sky! He could see a figure of an old man standing alone in a large dark room sitting, lit only by a torch, a torch that was about to go out. This

old man's sad singing seemed to guide Awaru through the forest.

The vegetation in the forest was becoming increasingly aggressive towards Awaru. There were gigantic trees, many animals and different sounds, no other Indian villages. But Awaru was attracted and determined to continue his journey into the unknown.

When he stopped to fish and to eat some fruits, Awaru remembers Isahi and Rowe, his sister Adze.

His life and childhood began to pass in his mind and he tiredly fell asleep at the feet of a large wild fig tree, nestling among its enormous roots.

In his dream, he remembered facts from his childhood life, the events that marked his childhood, reported by Isahi and Rowe:

That night, in the Amazon tribe village, in the thick and immense forest, it was not a normal night. A strong storm fell upon the village, with noisy thunder and lightning that illuminated the heavens and turned the night into day.

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Marubo, the Pajé, the old healer and sorcerer, felt that this was a sign of a great event. Marubo felt that the gods and great spirits of the ancestors were present that night.

In Isahi and Rowe's hut, Awaru was born, the biggest and strongest son the Amazon indians village had ever seen born. The other Amazon indians boys presented Awaru with forest animals. They would accompany Awaru on his journey through life. Little Awaru, crawling, looked with great interest at the pups of an owl, tapir, parrot, and monkey, who would become his great friends.

Most of the time, Awaru spent playing with his friends, whom he called Kurrupaco, Huhaha, Uhodó and Kikiki. Awaru grew strong and big, always accompanied by his friends, showing a spectacular strength, intelligence, and leadership that, from an early age, made everyone in the village respect and admire him.

Awaru had no difficulty in dealing with the animals in the forest and was once seen to be cornering a jaguar with a bamboo. Huhaha watched from the tree, Kurrupaco pecked the ear of the jaguar, Kikiki held his tail and Uhodó, in the distance, looking wild, stood ready to intervene.

Awaru's coexistence made him learn the meaning of the gestures and sounds of his little friends, and he understood them completely.

To communicate with them, Awaru imitated his gestures and sounds. It was common to see Awaru gesturing and shouting to Uhodó and Kikiki, disputing some wild strawberries, his favorite fruit.

Awaru, seeing the Amazon indians with headdresses, decided he had to have his. Without further hesitation, he drew a feather from the tail of Huhaha and Kurrupaco. It was the only Indian headdress with two feathers, one parrot and the other an owl. While Awaru was displaying his lovely two feathered headdress, Huhaha and the Kurrupaco parrot were truly angry with him. Awaru proudly paraded through the Amazon indian village with his new headdress. This gave him a sense of security and equality with others, despite the rest of the indians laughing at his different headdress.

On one occasion, Awaru found the skin of a jaguar that had died long ago. He cut the skin and tied it around his shoulders. Surely this would make him a warrior, he thought.

Isahi, seeing Awaru playing warrior, decided to make him an arch with a few arrows. This was the greatest gift

that Awaru could win. "I'm a warrior!" He was shouting for joy in the village, and amazed he walked down the village with the headdress, the arch and arrows, and the jaguar skin on his shoulders.

Awaru had a weakness. He slept soundly when his headdress fell on his eyes. Several times he was seen asleep standing, with the headdress of two feathers covering his eyes. It was a habit he had acquired since he was a baby, when his mother covered his eyes with a piece of skin for him to sleep on.

Awaru was often seen with the headdress fallen over his eyes sleeping on foot, with the village children laughing and pointing at him.

Awaru, Huhaha, Kikiki, Kurrupaco and Uhodó tightened their eternal bonds of friendship, sometimes taking turns, arguing, and fighting. Not infrequently, Awaru would arrive at home, scratched and bitten by his friends, but without gravity.

Awaru, on one occasion, when he was sailing in a river near the village, let the headdress fall into his eyes and he slept soundly, letting the boat approach dangerously close to the waterfall.

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Uhodó, an excellent swimmer, went to her rescue, pulling the headdress on her forehead, waking him immediately. Upon awakening, Awaru shouted: Pororoca (tidal bore at Amazon River), by the waters of the Amazon, what happened?

Uhodó and friends of Awaru decided that someone should accompany Awaru whenever possible. He could die in one of his deep sleeps. Kikiki was cast for this task. Kikiki would live on Awaru's shoulders most of the time, mindful of the headdress not falling into his eyes.

Awaru loved honey and wild strawberries and spared in the effort and courage to reach them. On these occasions, he almost always got into trouble. Once, taking honey from a beekeeper, it was stung and threatened by the bees.

Awaru grew more and more. Their little animal friends stayed most of the time in the forest, though they always met. Only Kikiki remained with him all the time. Huhaha, Uhodó and Kurrupaco always followed, hiding in the woods. As a child Awaru suffered and was outraged by the news that came from all the messengers of the village about the destruction of the forest, its plants and animals, the bad and ambitious men. Burnings, mines, logs were scattered everywhere, steadily reducing the vital space of the Awaru tribe.

The childhood memory about the destruction of the forest made Awaru awaken from his fast sleep. He got up, in a hurry to continue his expedition through the dense forest.

At this point, Awaru thought:

“Wow, I have missed Huhaha, Uhodó, Kurrupaco, and Kikiki. I have lost contact with them since the hut of apprenticeship. They could be with me and I would not feel as lonely as I am feeling now”. Awaru lamented.

Awaru went his way steadily going deeper and deeper into the forest. He could no longer develop a normal gait because of the tangle of vines and shrubs that made it difficult for him to pass. His walks stretched to exhaustion, including the night. Awaru saw many hunting animals among the wild animals. But despite being created a great hunter he did not kill these animals, which aroused great affection and friendship. It was limited to eating fish, fruit, and roots of the bush.

At night he was accompanied by the glow of animal stares hidden in the trees. But two pairs of eyes that accompanied him all the time began to catch his eye. However, he could not see what animals were. They followed him permanently on their walks.

One beautiful morning, when Awaru opened his eyes, he saw Kikiki and Kurrupaco, his faithful friends, who hesitated to get remarkably close to him. Perhaps they were not sure that he was really the great friend of the time as a child. After all, Awaru was now a man, a warrior.

Immediately and with a broad smile on his lips, Awaru called for both:

“Come on, Kikiki! You too, Kurrupaco!”.

Hearing Awaru's voice, Kikiki and Kurrupaco jumped on Awaru's shoulders and stood there as he caressed them and said:

“How I missed you! Where have you been? Why did they leave me? Where are Huhaha and Uhodó?”.

Kikiki seemed to understand Awaru and pointed to the woods and clapped his hands on his small chest, repeatedly.

“What are you trying to tell me, Kikiki?” Huhaha and Uhodó are gone?”.

Kikiki nodded, repeating the sound just like his name: “Kikiki”.

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“They found their mates, formed couples, and went to take care of the puppies far away from the Amazon indians, didn't they?” This was to be expected one day!”.

Kikiki nodded again: “Kikiki”.

For a moment, Awaru thought of Tiemin.

“Who knows, one day, we will meet again and, like Huhaha and Uhodó, form a family!”.

Awaru's motivation changed after the arrival of his two friends. He no longer felt so alone. There was joy in his face, which gave him a breath to walk with more determination in the forest. Awaru passed through a stretch of the vastness of the Amazon rainforest with vegetation and trees that were not known to him. Some animals also seemed strange to him.

At one point, Awaru spotted a pyramid-shaped stone building hidden in the enclosed vegetation. It was an all-stone building, partially covered with large roots of wild fig tree and vines. The stones were placed on top of each other with great precision and care.

In the pyramid there were no windows, no doors. Two more large camera-shaped buildings lined the side of

the pyramid. But they were almost hidden in the dense, gigantic, overgrown forest.

“These buildings are very strange. They must have belonged to some very ancient civilization and don’t look like our huts”. Awaru thought.

But his surprise would not stop there.

A few meters from the strange and unknown pyramid, Awaru saw a human skeleton, with remnants of clothing and a strange hat. It was not a warrior.

“Were they an inhabitant of this pyramid?” But where would the others be? What strange things are these?”.

Awaru picked up a ring and took a piece that seemed strange to him. It was made of metal, holding a round disc with inscriptions and two pointers. There were other things in the pockets of the leather shelter. Some showed a person's face, in a small square that looked like thin skin.

“Who would this person be? Awaru wondered as he saw inscriptions he did not understand in the square object with the man's face”.

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Curious, Awaru pocketed the ring, the watch, the ID with photo, leaving the other objects lying on the floor near the poor man's skeleton.

In the same area, Awaru could see trees of gigantic size and he came across two large animals that fed on leaves and fruits in the place, moving slowly. From a distance, they did not appear to be dangerous. They simply looked at Awaru and returned to their food. It was the size of twenty tapirs. Awaru paused to contemplate these two huge, beautiful animals.

“They look a lot like the sloth. But how could it have reached this size? They look like giant sloths. What a strange forest is this!”.

Awaru continued his way, leaving behind the stone constructions of the great pyramids, the skeleton of the man, and the giant sloths. He felt he was entering an increasingly mysterious world. In the distance, the two giant sloths watched Awaru disappear into the dense forest.

Awaru had walked for more than 100 moons. One afternoon Awaru had the big surprise - he discovered a trail hidden in the woods made of incredibly old stones. Awaru stopped and a strange sensation filled his soul, wondering:

- Where is this trail going? Who built it, so well made of neatly laid stones? What dangers could this trail offer me?

Awaru had learned that in the face of doubt the best attitude is to wait and think. And so, he proceeded.

He sat near the trail, stocked himself with water and fruit, and made a quick review of the weapons he was carrying as he decided to continue his trek along the trail. It was something unknown to him. He wondered if it would give in a new village, what the Indians would be like there and how they would receive him. Could it be a trap? And so, Awaru spent a day and a night.

The songs of the birds and the sounds of the forest animals woke him up early. Beside him, Kikiki and Kurrupaco were still dozing, almost falling from their branches.

Awaru went back to the beginning of the trail, walked a distance, and can see that a long time no one passed there. The thick grass, the cobwebs, and the dust that covered the stones showed this.

So, he decided to continue his journey on this unknown and mysterious trail. He also felt a strong call to proceed in this way.

Followed by Kikiki and Kurrupaco, Awaru walked slowly and carefully, making room with his club. Not infrequently, he had to use his knife to cut larger branches.

Some stretches of this trail were cleaner, which facilitates the speed of the walk. Others were more closed.

Awaru was feeling confident and walking steadily as he entered the dense forest with some trees so large, he had never seen before. They seemed to watch and follow Awaru's footsteps.

Kikiki, always bolder, went ahead. Kurrupaco preferred to rest on Awaru's shoulders. Fruits, roots, and fish were not lacking for everyone. Awaru counted the nights, marking the number of moons on a small piece of wood. It had been 48 moons when:

“Look! What is that on the floor?” Awaru shouted, stepping back in fright.

Kikiki immediately approached, fiddling with a figure lying on the floor. Kikiki was not afraid of anything in Awaru's presence. He got used to having confidence in his friend who always saved him from dangerous situations.

Awaru approached and could see something that paralyzed him for a moment. Her black eyes widened between her long, fallen hair on her forehead.

“It's a skeleton of a warrior! What strange clothes! I have never seen any Indian like this before!”.

Awaru examined the skeleton of a warrior who had died long ago.

His outfits proved to be a warrior of some civilization far away. He had shoes made of unknown animal leather from Awaru. He did not carry many weapons. Just a big spear and a little stone ax. Two large round gold earrings were near his head. Around his waist was a cloth with a thick cloth attached to a leather strap.

Wrapped in the bones of her hands, Awaru could pick up a piece of skin with some designs.

“Looks like a map! They have buildings, paths, tracks. It seems to be signaling the location of a strange civilization, with buildings all in stone!”.

Awaru sat down to examine this map better, while Kikiki and Kurrupaco played with their bones and bit the leather of the unfortunate warrior's shoes. The map clearly showed a stone camera, the landmarks to find it,

the trails that gave access to this ancient civilization. It also showed a king with his hand outstretched, with lightning coming from an object attached to his finger.

It showed points marked with skulls along the trail and in the corridors of access to the camera. There were six skulls in all.

Awaru wondered:

“Who would this warrior be?” Would it be an emissary? Would he be looking for someone to hand over this map? Who would have sent him? How long ago did he leave for this mission?

After a thorough analysis of the map, Awaru was able to stand on the trail and figure out the direction he should take to reach this mysterious civilization. He was intrigued by the skull marks. There were six in all. What dangers did they want to signal? Would he have to go through these places? A chill of fear ran down her spine.

Determined, Awaru hurried on his march, leaving the remains of this emissary warrior inert and littered by Kikiki and Kurrupaco. He felt that everything was coinciding with his visions. In his mind came his conversation with Kuimin:

“Kuimin, I see an incredibly old city built in stone on top of great mountains that reach to the sky! It is a city with no one, it seems abandoned. I see a figure alone in a large dark room, seated, and lit only by a torch, a torch that is almost fading. This person sings a sad song, as if calling someone”.

Awaru was increasingly convinced that he had been called to this mission by someone who had something particularly important to tell him. But if this were true, what would it be?

Awaru continued his march for many, many moons, until he reached a point that...

“Kikiki, Kurrupaco, see the trail has disappeared into total darkness! Has it finished?”.

Awaru paused for a moment. His eyes were still blinded by the darkness. But as time went by, he began to see something. Awaru had training to see in the dark. He could see signs of the trail. However, some points of the trail disappeared marked by squares of total darkness. Awaru realized that these squares were interspersed at the same distance. That is to say, the signs of the trail appeared and disappeared to each dark square.

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“This can only be traps. These dark squares are ditches! Anyone who falls into one of these ditches may never be able to leave!”.

Awaru groped the ground and found some pieces of stones and, to confirm his suspicion, threw these stones into the dark squares and the path. The rocks that fell on the trail made a noise. Those that fell into the dark squares took a long time to make noise and, after a few seconds, made the sound of stone falling into water.

“They are water wells and they are very deep!”.

Awaru had no doubt that these were the first pitfalls of the trail toward mysterious civilization. He could only proceed on the trail through these dark openings in the water pits. As the size of these openings was larger than his own step, Awaru decided:

“I’ll jump over these dark squares! This will be the best way. Trying to dodge through the woods and get back on track will be much more complicated and dangerous”.

Kurupaco, sensing what was ahead, immediately left Awaru's shoulders, while Kikiki jumped to the tree branches that closed the path along the sides. Awaru

took his distance and jumped the large dark squares in calibrated jumps.

There were thirteen long jumps. But a surprise waited for Awaru as he jumped on the dark square number 13, Awaru felt that his feet did not have the tread to step. This square was larger than the other twelve. Feeling the fall into the moat, Awaru managed to grasp the edge of the moat with one hand. After several seconds, the falling edge pieces clattered into the water, showing the depth of the moat.

Awaru stayed in this position for a long time and his arm could no longer stand. He thought this would be the end. Kikiki and Kurrupaco wanted to help, but only heard Awaru's cry for help, but did not see him.

Kurrupaco then flew over the treetops so dense that they darkened the forest and with its sharp beak began to defoliate a small part of it. After a great effort, the small opening in the treetop led to a beam of sunlight that illuminated part of the moat and showed where Awaru was. He, in turn, was about to faint from such exertion.

Kikiki could see him, leaped toward him, tossing a tip of a thick vine. Awaru, with great effort, clung to this vine

and managed to get out of the pit. It was his salvation. His friends saved him.

After the fright, Awaru found that the trail was complete again and the forest was no longer dark.

“Wow, we escaped from it!”. Awaru was glad for this first success and thanking Kikiki and Kurrupaco for the act of bravery.

Looking at the map, Awaru confirmed that he was not so far from the area of this ancient civilization. But on the trail, the reason for the second skull would soon appear.

The air was colder. Awaru was looking for something to protect himself and a dead tapir skin had been adjusted to serve as a protective cover against the intensifying cold.

Kikiki and Kurrupaco shivered, wondering at the cold that they were not used to. At night they sought shelter by Awaru, who protected them with his cloak.

The trail was now beginning a rather steep climb. At one point the trail passed between two extremely high walls. Awaru was going steady, despite the great effort he

had to make. Never in his life had he walked uphill like that.

But, unexpectedly, it had to stop and retreat. In front of him, large webs of giant spiders were armed. Its stingers were the size of Awaru's finger.

Awaru had no doubt that he was facing skull number two. Kikiki overtook the webs through the cracks in the walls, and Kurrupaco, who was in a more comfortable situation with his flight, also overtook the webs and the two disappeared behind them. Awaru felt alone as he stared at the large spider web.

Immediately he reached for a thin piece of branch. He had previous experiences with spider webs, but not like these. Awaru realized the best way to get through the webs of huge spiders:

“I'm crawling slowly across the floor, where I can see some openings through the cobwebs." I need to be careful not to touch the cobwebs and cause vibrations. This would catch the attention of these great spiders!”

Spiders are extremely sensitive to web vibrations. They are signs that insects and other animals have fallen into the webs and this means that their food has arrived. Spiders are extremely fast when they feel a vibration and

immediately rush towards the point of vibration to grab the prey and tie it with the webs, making a ball. Then they bite the prey and the poison's effect causes it to dissolve inside and get sucked into the spiders.

Kurrupaco and Kikiki were already set high above the trees and saw Awaru below trapped by thick trees and the huge cobwebs ahead. The webs intertwined, forming a huge and complex tangle of dangerous threads.

Awaru began the crossing, crawling across the ground and staring at the spiders. With his right hand he carried the thin rod. Some webs were thin, and the darkness made it difficult to see. So Awaru could feel them with the delicate touch of the little rod.

The crossing went well, with Awaru moved forward inch by inch, crawling across the floor. Awaru felt the thinnest webs with the rod in his hand, without causing vibrations.

But near the end of the crossing, Awaru bumped his shoulders into one of the webs as he was about to get up and finish his crossing. The vibrations were felt by one of the spiders that immediately went to the point of vibration.

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Awaru freaked out.

The spider came toward the vibration, but Awaru stood motionless near a large bank, crouching, and barely breathing. The vibration of the web stopped for a moment and the big spider was searching for its prey on all sides. Worse yet, it stood still a few paces from Awaru, who was dead end and felt death close.

Awaru saw that the safe continuation of the trail was a few yards from him. But he had to get rid of this spider. Any movement would be fatal. That was when he saw a turtle hull beside him, and he had an idea.

“I’m going to throw this hull in the middle of the web. I hope this catches the attention of this spider!”.

And it worked! As the hulk hulled into the web, all the spiders rushed to the vibrating point, giving Awaru time to get up and run toward the safe trail.

“That was close!”. He vented with relief.

Kurupaco and Kikiki kept laughing at this dangerous situation of Awaru. They thought: “He has always loved danger; he is finding what he wanted!

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Awaru consulted his map and headed in the indicated direction. But he knew he would soon meet the third skull challenge shown on the map. What would it be?

Awaru continued the trail, the cold growing more intense, no longer finding wild fruits so easily. He felt he was far from his forest.

He used to pick up other animal skins to protect himself from the cold. With the already dry skin of two rabbits he improvised two shoes. His feet were freezing cold.

It was not long before Awaru faced the third skull challenge. In front of him, a huge, high stone wall seemed to interrupt the trail. Approaching Awaru saw that the trail disappeared into an open cave in the wall and, worse, flames of fire washed over the entire cave, blocking entry.

Awaru thought for a moment that his mission had ended there. There was no way into this burning cave. Awaru sat desolate on a rock by the trail. Kurrupaco and Kikiki climbed onto their shoulders for support. But one thing puzzled Awaru:

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“If the map continued the trail after this third skull, it meant there was some way to cross this cave!”.

Looking up, Awaru could see that the mountain was covered in white and it was very cold.

“What is this white cover? Why is it so cold?”.

Looking at Kurrupaco and Kikiki, Awaru decided:

“It's time for you to come back. This place is not good for you and you may freeze to death. Return to the village and tell Isahi, Rowe and Tiemin that Awaru is fine and will be back one day”.

Standing up, Awaru spread his arms, clapped his hands, and shouted for his friends to understand that it was time for them to come back. Kurrupaco and Kikiki were a little surprised by Awaru's attitude. But knowing that he was their best friend, they lowered their heads, sadly and worried, and set off on their return trip. It would be a long and dangerous journey.

“I hope they get along well and get my message across to my parents and the woman I love!”. Awaru thought feeling lonely and sad.

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At the same time, Awaru laughed to foresee the scene of Kikiki and Kurrupaco trying to explain this whole adventure to his parents and Tiemin:

“I would very much love to be there and see how they are going to do this. It will be very funny!”.

Awaru turned to his challenge. He felt that climbing the great stone wall would not be possible. Entering the cave in fire would be deadly. What to do?

Awaru approached the entrance of the cave and had a first feeling that there was no heat in the flames. He found this very strange.

“This fire should burn anyone who gets too close to the entrance of the cave. But it did not. It is cold out here! What a strange thing!”.

Awaru took a piece of dry leafy branch and threw it into the flames of the cave. And to his surprise, he saw that it was not burn.

“This can only be a spell!”. He concluded.

But a small mouse that Awaru saw entering the cave died carbonized instantly. And the spell was confirmed when Awaru saw a group of bats enter the cave.

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“It's spell, it's spell! Bats are not seeing the fire. They are not guided by the eyes. This is the secret of the third skull! You cannot see the fire!”.

Awaru, leaning on his club, closed his eyes and decided to enter the cave. He would risk that this fire was a spell and that it didn't really exist. Slowly and carefully, Awaru began his walk through the cave, with his eyes closed and guiding with the club, as do the beetles with their antennae.

Awaru was right. He had discovered the secret of the third skull. The fire did not burn him, and he made a safe crossing, being disturbed only by the bursts of the bats. At one point he felt the sunlight again, after the dark cave crossing. Still hesitating to open his eyes, he thought:

“This clarity can only be the end of the cave!”. Awaru concluded by opening his eyes.

To his relief, Awaru found himself again on the trail. It was the beginning of a sunny afternoon, and the sun gave him great comfort. Awaru took the opportunity to refill water and food.

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He caught a fish in the nearby river with very freezing waters. He even tried to take a bath in the river, but could not:

“What cold water! But what river is this? What a strange place will it be? Where will this trail take me?”. He thought worried.

Awaru had to eat the raw fish. There was no way to make a fire in the place. After, a few hours of walking and lulled by the warm sun and a full belly, Awaru fell asleep on the edge of the path, leaning against a tree.

In his sleep he felt himself being carried upward, as if slowly levitating. He felt great bonds loop around his body and lift him high. He thought until he was in Tiemin's lap. But suddenly Awaru woke up and had a big surprise:

“I'm being taken to those carnivorous plants. I am stuck. Why did I go to sleep like this?”.

Awaru was undoubtedly facing the challenge of the fourth skull. A large carnivorous plant, with tentacles wrapped around Awaru's body, carried him into a large bag with a lid open and ready to close.

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“It's a big carnivorous plant. It will trap me in that bag and feed on my body!

Awaru fought bravely but could not shake off the tentacles. They looked like strong vines that bound him. The tentacles of the carnivorous plant carried Awaru into the bag and the lid closed as he struggled and tried to get out.

Inside the bag, Awaru felt a sticky liquid that held him even more tightly like a quicksand. He was overly complicated in this situation and he was losing strength very quickly.

But when Awaru fell asleep, he had held his knife to his waist and remembered it in time. Bravely, he threw himself with the knife against the walls of the absorption bag, driving it in and cutting it out. The bag was very thick, but the sticky liquid was beginning to flow through the holes opened by Awaru's knife.

Already with muscles aching badly, Awaru kept cutting the wall of the bag until he managed to open a hole that allowed his exit, saving himself. Throwing himself into the air, Awaru fell into the vegetation that helped him fall.

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Immediately, Awaru grabbed his belongings and ran out of this place. On the trail, he got rid of the tentacles of many other carnivorous plants.

“Wow, this is a forest of carnivorous plants!”. Awaru shouted, running as hard as he could. He had passed the challenge of the fourth skull.

Feeling that he was already far from the forest of carnivorous plants, Awaru returned to the trail. The cold night was beginning and Awaru sought shelter, venting:

“Just two more skulls left. Will I take it? Sometimes I wonder if I should have stayed in the village!”.

Awaru was very tired and dejected. He sought shelter to review the map and rest for a few days. Looking ahead, he realized that he had to start climbing a remarkably high mountain into the icy white dust and would have to be very physically well. This would mean eating well and resting.

On his walks through this new forest, Awaru saw animals he had never seen before and birds strange to him. He did not know what fruits and roots he could eat. But, as always being guided by animals, Awaru has been learning new eating habits. And he tried to make a

good supply of water and food. At night, he covered himself with leaves to shelter from the cold:

“But why is it so cold in this forest?”. Het said getting goose bumps.

A few days later, Awaru resumed his trail, starting the climb of the great mountain and searching for the fifth skull. He was curious and frightened with the challenge that would be waiting for him.

Awaru did the climbing very well, his physical training was enviable, and he had a lot of experience climbing trees. His arms were strong, like a true warrior.

Rarely stopping to rest, Awaru kept going. He wanted to reach the top of the mountain where the icy white dust was, as soon as possible.

Suddenly an extraordinarily strong wind dragged him off the trail and knocked him off the ground several times. Awaru had never seen it before or even imagined that such a windstorm could exist. He clung to tree limbs or rocks

The wind was so strong that Awaru was lifted into the air, grasped with both arms and legs on the trunk of a palm tree. Awaru and the palm tree flew fast, and the

gale swirled to make him dizzy. Sometimes he thought he would faint.

Awaru had no doubt:

This is the fifth skull test. But where do we stop? Where is this wind blowing us?

Awaru continued to hold tight to the palm tree trunk and closed his eyes. The stones and dust punished his body.

The wind seemed endless and the palm tree with Awaru was carried up the mountain. Suddenly it ceased. The palm tree with Awaru fell hard to the ground. Awaru was hurled away and passed out.

Awaru stayed like this for a few hours. But the bitter cold woke him up. He was lying in a heap of icy white snow. He was purple with cold.

“I have to do something fast or I’ll freeze to death here”.

Awaru spotted a flock of a strange animal, but it seemed to have very warm skin and grazed nearby without feeling cold. It looked like a deer, but it had a long neck, large ears, and thick fur. It had no horns. Awaru

picked up his bow and arrow, chose a large, older male, and aimed at the animal.

He needed him to survive. He did not like killing animals of this size. He always preferred fish, fruit, and roots. But this time it was his survival.

In fact, Awaru had benefited from the flesh and wool-covered leather of a male Guanaco, a camel family animal living in the Andes.

Awaru skinned the animal, peeled it off and cut some good pieces of meat to eat. With its skin, he made excellent coverage for his body and felt warmer.

Of all his weapons, he had only the dagger at his waist and the map tied with a cord around his neck. The rest went with the wind.

“Now the last skull remains! If I can handle this last challenge, I will be entering the civilization of stone huts!”. Awaru thought looking at the map.

Awaru proved to be a great warrior. It was strong and brave. Now he had his last challenge ahead. Protected from the cold with the skin of this animal unknown to him, Awaru looked up, where mountains with great

ridges awaited him. A long, steep stairway dug into the stone continued the trail.

The staircase had hundreds of steps, which would require Awaru for extraordinary effort. But Awaru wanted to reach the summit before nightfall and began to climb the steps with great vigor.

Halfway there, Awaru was looking down at the valleys below. Regarding animals he saw only large and strange eagles that he did not see in his home forest.

Finally, Awaru arrived.

Astonished, Awaru spotted the large stone city, just as the map predicted. He could see from afar the presence of several strange white-faced men. And Awaru hid:

“How did they get here before me? Did they face the challenges of skulls too?”.

But the white men had clothes, no guns, with shoes. They walked around, talked a lot, sat, and looked down at the valleys below. They did not look like they had been through any challenge or danger.

Awaru had already seen many white-faced men in the village, so he was not scared. Only, he did not want to

be noticed by them. After all, he had a mission to accomplish. Awaru waited until the group of white-faced men left the stone city at dusk. Still with a bit of sunshine, which was already setting over the vast horizon, Awaru reached the final on the trail.

It overlooked a large stone wall with a water-filled canal in front of it. The map showed that the trail continued to the interior of the stone wall, where he could see some cameras pointed out.

“But how to move to these cameras, as the map showed?”.

Awaru analyzed the water channel, measured the depth. It covered an adult indian, but it was not a moat:

“I think I'm facing the sixth and last skull. If the map is showing a true situation, at the end of this water channel should have the opening that gives access to the cameras. But what will be the distance? I will have to dive, but for how long? Will my breath be enough? If not, I will not be able to return, and I will drown!”.

Awaru was very hesitant. But he knew he could not give up and come back. He had made so many efforts and felt that the messenger had entrusted him with a unique and special mission.

“I’m going diving. Night is falling. I cannot wait anymore!”.

Far from Awaru's adventures, finally, Kikiki and Kurrupaco were back in the Amazon indian village and were trying to give Isahi, Rowe and Tiemin news of Awaru. They knew that Kikiki and Kurrupaco were inseparable friends of Awaru, so they were startled by their presence without Awaru.

“Where is Awaru?”. Tiemin asked immediately.

Kikiki and Kurrupaco lined the ground, looking back and forth, throwing their arms and wings down, shaking their bodies in weariness.

“Is he walking, walking a lot?”.

Kikiki and Kurrupaco shook their heads in agreement.

Kikiki began to jump, as if jumping through holes, while Kurrupaco tossed him a vine. Then Kikiki began to crawl across the floor with difficulty, while Kurrupaco spread his wings as if to catch Kikiki, mimicking a spider. Next, Kikiki showed the fire that heated a clay pot.

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“They mean something. It seems that Awaru is facing some dangers. But is he alive?” Isahi asked.

Kikiki and Kurrupaco widened their eyes and shook their heads confirming yes.

Then they walked back in a row on the floor, looking back and forth, shaking their bodies in weariness.

“Awaru keeps walking, but where to?” Rowe asked. Kikiki spread his arms and Kurrupaco spread his wings, shaking his head negatively, showing ignorance.

“Awaru went alone, without Kikiki and Kurrupaco. But where did he go? When will he come back? And will he come back?” Tiemin said, worried.

Well, anyway, Kikiki and Kurrupaco managed to convey something about Awaru to the relief of their parents and Tiemin.

“Awaru brave warrior, he will be able to return!” Rowe said with hope. Mother always has the greatest hope of the family.

Far away, Awaru was on his journey. He plunged bravely into the channel; swimming as fast as he could with vigorous strokes. He did not know how far the

channel was, but he wanted to get to the end as soon as possible. The canal was in absolute darkness.

Awaru dove for a few minutes, but the end of the channel was not coming. He was already running out of breath and was terrified:

“Was this the deadly final challenge for me? I am losing my strength. I think I will not be able to!”.

Awaru still swam for a few more minutes, but his pace slowed, slowing until he fainted. Awaru didn't know and will never know, but at this moment a stream of water moved Awaru quickly to the end of the channel, throwing him into the staircase that gave access to the cameras. He was still fainted. He had bravely fulfilled his mission.

Awaru, after a few hours, regained consciousness. Still dizzy, he opened his eyes slowly and realized he was alive and had reached the end of the canal. But he didn't quite understand how he had done it.

He stood up, confirmed that the map was still around his neck, and consulted it. The map showed a long corridor that ended in a large stone camera.

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But it was very dark and Awaru could barely see the map. But he kept walking down the long corridor.

At this time, Awaru had a surprise. As he walked down the corridor torches lit and warmed his way, as if welcoming him. Awaru filled his chest with pride and courage and walked with firm, sassy steps toward the camera

Reaching the camera's front door, Awaru came across the most dazzling scene of his life.

The camera was tall, had large vases and decorated urns filled with gold and precious stones. Torches lit the place.

Tall statues with strange warriors holding huge spears seemed to guard the place. On the back wall of the camera, a throne with a human figure awaited him, wrapped in a large cloak that covered part of his face. The human figure was alone and Awaru could not see his face at a distance. Awaru stood waiting and hesitant to come in until he heard a voice.

“Walk, young man. You proved to be a brave warrior and worth of the ring of the six magical stones of Inca Emperor Pachacutec of Machu Picchu. I am Ahirakuran, the keeper of the ring. My existence in this

camera of this ancient civilization ends with the passing of the ring to the brave warrior. With this ring you will have superpowers. You passed the 6 skull tests. Each showed the power of the ring. This power is represented by the precious stones of the ring - the topaz, the power over the earth; aquamarine, the power over water; the ruby, the power over the fire; the diamond, the power over the wind; the emerald, the power over plants and amethyst, the power over animals. You will have the power of Tupan. With every danger or threat, you need, you should call him by raising his right arm high, calling for Tupan and asking for one of the ring's powers. The thunder and flash of lightning will confirm Tupan's response to your request. When you want to be the young warrior again, raise your left arm up and your right arm down. When you become a young warrior again, a cloud of smoke will hide you”.

Awaru listened attentively without asking questions and the old guardian continued:

“But that will bring you a great mission. Protect the entire Amazon from the destruction imposed by the greedy and unscrupulous men who do their best to make money. These men are trading infinitely greater wealth for smaller ones. But, ignore this. They do not care about the destruction of the forests; they ignore the

harm it does to other men and to future generations. If you fail in your mission and the Amazon is destroyed, this will be the beginning of the end life on Earth. And it will be an incredibly sad and painful end for all mankind. We hide here the riches of gold and precious stones to show men that true wealth is out there in nature”.

And the venerable elder continued:

“The Amazon is a special gift from the gods. Through it humanity breathes, its flora can give medicine to many diseases; its fauna is of a wealth and beauty without equal. It will keep the temperature so that men can live and purify the air so that they can breathe. But many men are reversing these values and destroying the Amazon and choosing to destroy life”.

The old guardian asked Awaru to approach and kneel before him. Awaru respectfully approached and knelt.

“Take your oath that accepts this great mission”.

Awaru replied, repeating Ahirakuran’s words.

“I accept this challenge and feel enormously proud to have been indicated to continue this great mission. I will make the most of my efforts; I will use the best of my

wisdom and justice to always honor it. I feel small as a young warrior, but big and powerful as Tupan - the God Warrior. I will never use this power to harm good men or for self-interest. I will keep this secret forever”.

The old guardian handed the ring to Awaru with these last words:

“My young warrior, this ring will not give you the power of eternity. However, when you get old you will have to appoint a successor, inside or outside the village as I did. When you receive signals from your nature that it is time to pass the ring with the 6 magic stones to another, you should retreat to this camera and wait. Here you will have the power of eternity until your successor comes to you. Exercise this power with great responsibility and justice”.

And the great Ahirakuran concluded:

“My young warrior, you will not have the power of immortality, omnipotence, and omnipresence." The ring of 6 magic stones will give you unlimited powers over Nature, but you will remain a mortal, have no unrestricted powers over everything and everyone and cannot be in multiple places at once!”.

Awaru asked:

“Great Ahirakuran, how does Tupan look like? Does the Warrior-God introduce himself? How does he appear to others?”.

“Tupan takes on the young warrior's face and body as an adult. Not to be recognized, he hides behind a gold mask with the features of the dreaded jaguar, the greatest symbol of forest power and strength”.

Saying this, the old guardian handed the ring to Awaru and began a transformation, disfiguring, turning to dust and disappearing with a wind that lifted his ashes high. He would finally meet with his ancestors and could rest in his spiritual world.

Instead of being frightened, Awaru witnessed this scene with much respect and clutched the ring in his hands as he watched the ashes of the old guardian be blown to the heavens that would receive him.

“One day I'll be going through this moment! He reflected”.

Awaru stopped to admire the ring. It was a thick, sturdy ring of pure gold. At the top he could see six beautiful gemstones. He put it on the finger of his right hand. He clenched his fists and paused for a moment how he would transform his life.

Looking at the large decorated vessels and urns filled with gold and precious stones in the place, Awaru had the same sense of contempt as Ahirakuran. Awaru already knew that the true treasures lie in the beauties and benefits offered by Nature.

But, Awaru had to go back to the village. He knew he could count on the power of the ring so he would not have to go through the six challenges again and take the 100 moons time.

Raising his right hand high, Awaru exclaimed:

"Tupan, give me the power over animals and I order big eagle wings to take me back to my village!"

Immediately, the Amethyst gem emitted an intense glow and a ray of strong light from the magic ring rose to the sky and the glare illuminated the camera and the sky opened in its ceiling. Awaru now was Tupan, the Warrior-God of the Amazon.

This was the first time that Awaru saw his rich forest from above and admires all its beauty in an angle of vision that had never experienced before. And this certainly will motivate him, even more, to the challenge of protecting it!

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With the eagle's great wings, he flew quickly and quietly to near the Amazon indian village, where he raised his left hand up and right down, reappearing behind smoke like Awaru again.

Awaru waited for the evening and went to the hut of Isahi and Rowe, his parents. It was a big surprise:

“Awaru, what a tough head you are. Where have you been all this time?”. Isahi asked as Rowe ran to hug him.

“Mother, I got lost in the woods hunting with the young warriors. I thought I could find more animals to hunt by going further and I got lost. It took 100 moons for me to find my way back”.

Isahi did not believe much in Awaru's story. He sensed that he was hiding something but was pleased with his son's return to the village.

When Tiemin learned of Awaru's return, he immediately went to his hut.

“Awaru, I´m glad you're back safe and sound. I missed you so much. In fact, we all missed you so much. Awaru is exceptionally beautiful!”. Tiemin said touching her nose to Awaru's nose in affection.

Awaru, although he liked Tiemin very much, was shy in front of her and only smiled, lowering his head in shame.

A few days went by and Awaru rejoined the village routine. But he avoided participating in hunting and fighting. On the contrary, as he had always been attracted to acts of magic and spell, he sought to approach Marubo.

Marubo had been a village healer for many years and saw his strength diminish more and more. He needed to get another tribe indian to replace him, and he liked Awaru very much. He felt that Awaru had the skills and interest for this role in the tribe.

“Awaru, you are a strong young warrior, and you are most interested in being the village wizard and healer. Marubo feels increasingly weak and will soon be meeting our ancestors. You have shown that you have been chosen by the gods to take my place. This will happen in the future. You must prepare for this, gain more maturity and experience. Do you accept?”

Awaru widened his black eyes and immediately replied,

“Yes, Marubo, I accept and would like very much!”.

Awaru, besides being very fond of spells and magic, saw that this activity would allow him to better keep his secret and better perform his action as the Tupan - the God Warrior-God of the Amazon.

Marubo spent the remaining days of his life teaching Awaru all he knew about magic and how to be a healer. He knew his death was near. Awaru was quite easy to learn what Marubo taught him.

Awaru accompanied Marubo in healing the men and women of the village who sought him. And for each disease, Marubo had a remedy made from the medicinal plants collected in the forest.

In the hut, in a single day, Awaru could follow Marubo's intense and responsible work. An adult tribe indian entered with a cough that could barely speak. Marubo prepared syrup of "copaiba" peel (medicinal tree) and advised the indian to take twice a day for five days.

Then Marubo attended a wounded teenager with cuts and scratches. Teenagers, anyway, get hurt very easily. Marubo rubbed "andiroba" oil (medicinal tree) and asked the teenager to come back the next day for another application.

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Awaru also witnessed a scene of the mother of a baby on her lap with diarrhea and she was very distressed by this situation. Marubo saw the baby with dry, dehydrated skin. Marubo was successful in treating “açai” root tea (medicinal tree) after five moons.

At the end of the day an old man appeared, looking very discouraged and with a headache. The elder tribe indian seemed to lose the will to live. Marubo prepared him a drink with “guarana” powder (medicinal tree). Days later, the elder was even participating in the hunt.

Marubo used “pariri” leaf tea (medicinal tree) for anemia and to clean wounds. It was common for babies and teenagers with earaches to appear. Marubo already knew the right medicine, applied drops of “cumaru” oil (medicinal tree) to his ears.

Marubo combated the roundworms with the “caxinguba” (medicinal tree) and used many other plants extracted from the rich Amazon region, which huts 50% of the world's biodiversity! Awaru knew that there he could find a cure for many other diseases.

Awaru was enchanted by all this. It was really his great vocation since childhood:

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“Marubo, I’ll be a great healer one day!”. He exclaimed with joy and motivation”.

But, Awaru was still noticeably young and had a childlike spirit. He liked to play, hunt, swim and help in the village at parties and sports fights. At night, when he retired to his hut, he held the sacred ring and remembered the old guard Ahirakuran.

Awaru realized more and more that the destruction of men was remarkably close to the village, frightening the hunt, polluting the rivers. A “garimpo” (illegal exploitation of gold mine), clearing and polluting the rivers, was observed by Awaru from the top of a tree.

However, he had not yet used of his powers. Until one day...

Awaru stood up, startled by the shouts that came from all over the village: Fire! Fire!

A distant burnout from prospectors had started a fire in the woods coming toward the village. Awaru could for the first time see, feel, and smell the terrible effect of forest fire.

The animals desperately sought to leave the premises. Some managed to take refuge in the unburnt forest.

Others, especially the puppies, died charred in the inferno of fire.

Where the fire passed was only destruction and death. Awaru was shocked. He saw the beauty of his forest, with all the richness of its biodiversity, being destroyed. Orchids, medicinal plants, secular trees, nests, and burrows of wild animals all turning to gray from the fire caused by cruel and ignorant illegal gold miners.

Awaru, for the first time, would make his intervention.

He quickly ran to his hut, put the sacred ring on his finger and raised his right arm with his fist up and shouted:

“TUPAN!”.

Lightning struck the hut, spawning the spectacular Tupan, the Warrior- God of the Amazon.

In seconds, Tupan was before the big forest fire.

Tupan, looking at the burnt shouted:

“By the power of Tupan, I command you to give me the power on water and make it rain and make the water to extinguish this forest fire!”.

Immediately, the Emerald gem emitted an intense glow and a ray of strong light from the magic ring rose to the sky.

Within seconds, a strong thunderstorm hit the woods for hours. The fire went out throughout the forest, protecting the village. Nearby rivers rose as the stormwater increased and a stream of water descended downstream.

In the “garimpo”, the greedy and vicious gold miners who set fire to the woods celebrated the opening of more space to continue their criminal excavations. They searched for gold and opened large holes on the banks of the river. But this joy was interrupted by the flood that descended downstream toward the “garimpo”. The strong current of water took with it the prospectors, their tools, their tents. In that part of the forest there would be no more “garimpos”.

In the village, shouts of joy were heard from everywhere. The Indians celebrated and shouted, calling: Tupan, Tupan, Tupan!

Tupan the Warrior-God of the Amazon disappeared in a cloud of smoke, Awaru reappearing.

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In the hut, rising in a daze, Awaru could not remember exactly what had happened. He heard the shouts of joy from his friends calling for Tupan, who rushed toward him to tell him what had happened. Awaru, in a slight smile, preferred to remain silent, keeping his secret.

It will take many years for this devastated area to regain its richness and beauty. But nature has a lot of patience.

It will throw again the seeds of its plants, flowers, and trees. The birds and other wild animals that were saved will continue to have their and they will occupy that part of the forest after its recovery.

Over time, the flowers of the orchids and bromeliads would be clinging to the tree trunks, gracing life again. But this will take from 10 to 30 years. We will all have to wait...

Awaru felt that the mystery of the powers transferred to him by the guardian and the sacred ring would have to be kept secret and the ring kept in a safe and secret place.

“I’ll find a safe hiding place in the woods as soon as possible”.’ Awaru thought, heading for the trails that led into the dense forest.

After hours of searching, Awaru spotted a huge “Jequitibá” (one of the biggest trees of the Amazon. It can last more than 3.000 years), with a diameter that could only be embraced by 12 men, grown amid large stones.

“This will be the place where Tupan's hiding place will be - The Warrior-God of the Amazon”. Awaru concluded, willing to dig a small cave below the rocks that would give access to the interior of Jequitibá's large trunk.

Awaru completed the work after several mysterious absences from the village. Everyone asked: “What will Awaru are doing this time?”.

The hiding place was incredibly good. The cave entrance below the stones would be closed with a heavy round stone. The interior of the “Jequitibá” trunk was carefully dug to form a small and comfortable room, but without damaging the majestic tree.

Awaru drilled a small hole below a large branch where he could watch the movement outside and allow air to enter. There Awaru would guard the sacred ring and be hidden. He would catch it every time it was needed.

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Over time, Awaru outfitted his little hideout with a seating bench, hammock stand, water pot, and food place. Awaru felt protected and well in his hiding place. Placed on granite stone was the sacred ring that would now have a definite and safe place to be kept. The granite stone has become a stone of the purest crystal thanks to the magical force of the ring.

Tiemin was Awaru's best friend and they always went out together, talked, joked, and laughed a lot. Tiemin noticed a transformation in Awaru and an air of mystery in his behavior and became very intrigued, especially with his mysterious absences from the village.

One day Tiemin decided to follow Awaru from afar on his escape into the woods, hidden in a trail, without his noticing. At one-point Tiemin saw Awaru move toward the large stones and disappear. Tiemin was startled and very curious about what might have happened to Awaru.

A few hours later, when she saw Awaru in the village, she immediately went towards him and asked:

“Awaru, where were you and how did you disappear between the rocks?”.

Awaru was startled by the question and could not hide in his face that he was embarrassed and not knowing

what to answer. It was not only Tiemin who was finding it weird and decided to follow Awaru in his wanderings and disappearances. Kuimin, Awaru's envious and treacherous friend, also found Awaru's change of attitude strange.

Kuimin felt he needed to find out. This could be an excellent way of showing his superiority over Awaru and perhaps conquering Tiemin, for whom he had an unrequited passion. Kuimin remained for several hours where he saw Awaru disappear. He felt that there was something strange about the place of the stones and near the great tree “Jequitibá”.

“I don’t know what, but I will find out””. Unsuccessful, Kuimin gave up and returned to the village with a promise: “Next time I'll find out what's going on here”.

On the way back to the village, Tiemin walked quietly along the trail when suddenly she was surrounded by a jaguar, which cornered her in a tree and was preparing for a fierce attack. Tiemin began to scream desperately:

“Help! Help! Someone helps me!”.

Awaru, inside the trunk of “Jequitibá” and in his secret hiding place, heard Tiemin's shouts and decided to act

immediately. He put the ring on his finger and raised his arm with a closed fist and shouted:

“TUPAN!”.

A strong lightning struck the village and, in the smoke, came the spectacular Tupan - The Warrior-God of the Amazon.

In seconds, Tupan was between Tiemin and the jaguar.

Tupan, looking at the jaguar, shouted:

“By the power of Tupan, I command you to give me the power on fire and let there be a circle of fire around this jaguar!”.

Immediately, the Ruby gem emitted an intense glow and a ray of strong light from the magic ring rose to the sky.

A circle of fire formed around the jaguar, sealing it, giving Tiemin time to escape. Tiemin was pleased and looked for Tupan in admiration. Tupan, looking fondly at Tiemin, walked away quickly. The jaguar, frightened, hastened to disappear into the woods, taking with it two beautiful puppies.

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Kuimin had witnessed the scene in which Tupan saved Tiemin. Then, running toward her, came Awaru:

“What happened? I heard your screams! I came running”.

While Tiemin explained to Awaru what had happened, Kuimin was intrigued by Tupan’s disappearance and Awaru’s appearance afterwards.

Tiemin in the village told everyone that Tupan had saved her from the jaguar, to the admiring gaze of all the Indians. Tupan! Tupan! The Indians shouted and celebrated for another Tupan intervention. They were happy and believed that Tupan was the powerful God.

The tribe indians were beginning to feel that they would have a protector in Tupan. Everyone was happy, except for Kuimin, who had a growing hatred for Awaru and Tupan.

The tribe indians danced and jumped for joy in the village, with Kuimin, in the distance, looking with spite. Awaru returned to his daily deal in the village and sought to avoid his hiding place. He learned that Tiemin and Kuimin had followed him. You had to preserve his identity and protect his secret.

Awaru searched for Marubo to continue his learning. He found Marubo concentrated in an act of “pajelança”, seeking to save the life of an old Indian of the tribe. He was beside the dying old indian. Marubo had covered her body with medicinal leaves, and the smoke of burning dry leaves gave off a pleasant, relaxing smell. Marubo sang chants evoking the forest Gods and tribe ancestors, asking for their help in healing the old warrior.

Awaru stopped to admire Marubo's work:

“What a wonderful work of the old and good Marubo!”.

He has the respect of all the tribe indians as priest and healer. He seems to be able to fly and have access and contact with his allies, beings of other dimensions and the ancestral spirits.

Marubo was ecstatic, calling to himself and incorporating the spirits of nature and their ancestors. He entered the supernatural universe. His song was one of regret, almost a cry.

The atmosphere in the maloca was one of mystery and anxiety. Marubo made a secret, magical potion of medicinal plants and parts of forest animals that only he

could choose and find. The old Indian warrior gradually gave signs of life and reacted well to the “pajelança” of Marubo.

“Marubo definitely has connections with our Gods and our ancestor spirits!”. Awaru concluded with all admiration.

Marubo, seeing the old Indian warrior rise and return to his home, left slowly. He seemed mentally drained. He walked as if he saw no one, passing Awaru without noticing him. The next day, Awaru returned to this subject with Marubo, seeking to know more about the “pajelança”. Marubo merely replied:

“Awaru, only after many years of experience and practice and after getting the respect of everyone in the village can you be initiated into the “pajelança”. You will discover this new power as shaman that you will one day be! But in the next “pajelança” you will accompany me. But you will need to have a spirit blessed by our Gods and ancestors and an extraordinarily strong mind”.

That day, Awaru accompanied his father in fishing for goldfish, a fish much appreciated by the entire tribe. Awaru grew strong and was an excellent fisherman and hunter to his father's pride.

Awaru and his father Isahi followed the river in the tree trunk canoe, along with other canoes of the tribe.

Kuimin sought to strive to fish more goldfish than Awaru. Awaru playfully accepted the challenge with Kuimin, which he considered as a friend and companion. Awaru did not realize that he was facing a false and traitorous friend.

“Hold this one more, Kuimin!”. Awaru laughed and joked.

Kuimin tried to laugh but did not disguise his feelings about Awaru. Next to a waterfall, Kuimin simulated an accident, throwing Isahi into the river. He wanted to see Awaru's reaction and see if Tupan would come to Isahi's rescue.

Awaru watched his father roll down the river swallowed by the waterfall and could do nothing. He could not run into hiding in time and call for Tupan. Isahi's death would completely transform Awaru's life

Isahi died, thus, swallowed by the waters of the river under the look of dread of Awaru. Kuimin was sympathetic to Awaru for the death of his father but did not disguise his satisfaction at seeing his partner's suffering and cynically sought to comfort Awaru.

Isahi's funeral in the village was the saddest scene Awaru had ever lived. His father was his idol. Awaru knew that his father would be living in the kingdom of heroes, as was the belief among the tribe's Indians, for he was a hunter and brave warrior of the tribe. However, his lack would be irreparable. The body had been placed in a large ceramic vase with his personal belongings and the Indians carried him into the cave of the dead.

Rowe, his mother, spoke to Awaru:

“You are now the family hunter and warrior and must honor your father's image and value”.

Awaru, sad and depressed, just listened and hugged his mother.

It had been several weeks since Isahi's death and Awaru was still sad, isolated, remaining hours and hours on the riverbanks, high in the rocks, hidden in the tree branches.

He was no longer in his hiding. In a way, he felt guilty that he could not do anything for Isahi.

In a beautiful sunset, as Awaru watched the sunset on the Negro River near his village, an eagle dived into the water and disappeared right in front of him. In the place

of diving, waves formed and then the depiction of Isahi appeared.

“Awaru, you need to free yourself from your sadness. I am fine with my ancestors. I can see the strength you have now in Tupan. You must dedicate yourself and protect everyone, not just our tribe friends”. Isahi said.

“Go in search of your destiny. Beware of venomous snakes that disguise themselves as innocent tortoises. Be careful when you call for Tupan so that the enemy tortoises cannot discover your secret”. Isahi concluded.

Awaru, thoughtful but calm at the sight of Isahi, walked slowly away from the banks of the river and headed for his hiding place. He stayed there for several days reflecting on the new directions he should give his life, following Isahi's advice.

He remembered that he could have saved Isahi if he had the sacred ring.

“But how to take the sacred ring everywhere?”. Awaru thought as he stared at the ring.

On the way, Awaru found the skin of a long-dead jaguar. Looking at his big paws he thought:

“I already know! I'm going to make a necklace with one of these paws and inside I'll hide the sacred and magic ring!”.

The necklace was perfect. The adornment matched Awaru well, and no one would suspect that the sacred ring was hidden inside the jaguar's paw. Awaru could now call for Tupan wherever he was.

“If I had the sacred ring with me, I would have saved my father!” He thought sadly.

The precious stones could never be lost because lost would be the powers represented in them.

Awaru retreated into the Jequitibá for several days to meditate and pray for his father when, through the small opening of the tree, he saw Tiemin surrounding the place curiously and slowly walking. He thought:

"How long can I hide this secret from Tiemin?"

Kuimin, who followed Tiemin, also surprised by Awaru's absence, approached the scene and, gripping Tiemin's arm, questioned:

“What are you doing here? What are you hiding from me? You and the arrogant Awaru?”.

For the first time, Awaru realized that Kuimin was not a reliable friend. Unfortunately, he could not intercede for Tiemin.

“Tiemin is a strong and brave young woman, and she will know how to defend herself”. He believed.

And indeed, Tiemin reacted firmly to Kuimin's onslaught, throwing his arm down as he walked away, muttering:

"You two will still regret what you are hiding from me." You'll see!". Tiemin stood still, scared.

In a distraction from Tiemin, Awaru managed to get out of hiding, pretending to be coming from the woods.

"You are here, Tiemin?" What are you doing?

Tiemin, weeping, recounted her experience with Kuimin, and both concluded that they should beware of Kuimin. He no longer deserved their trust.

“Tiemin, you're my best friend. I'll always be by your side protecting you!”. Awaru assured her.

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“I am just friend? I hoped I would be a little more than a friend for him!”. Tiemin thought with a romantic feeling.

Awaru, then was embarrassed when Tiemin hugged him and their eyes met.

He felt something strange. Something he was feeling for the first time. As he embraced Tiemin, Awaru's headdress fell into his eyes and he slept, deeply. When Kikiki lifted his headdress, Awaru woke up startled:

“Pororoca! By the teeth of the boar! It happened again!”. (Pororoca: tidal wave that occurs with great violence as the Amazon River meets the Atlantic Ocean).

This was Awaru's weakness. He slept soundly when the headdress on his head falls and covers his eyes...

Awaru felt that he needed allies to be able to watch the entire forest for alarms and information about the destruction of nature. So, he decided to call his closest friends: Kurrupaco, Huhaha, Uhodó and Kikiki for a meeting.

Kurrupaco was a very talkative and fun parrot. He liked to play with everyone and was very noisy. Kurrupaco

was a very talkative and fun parrot. He liked to play with everyone and was very noisy. He animated any environment he was in.

Huhaha was the wise, low-spoken owl. She took life seriously and her advice was of great wisdom. She said little, but with great depth.

Uhodó was the plump and vain tapir, but very fearless and brave. She was truly angry when someone talked about her extra pounds. On these occasions, she showed how fearless and brave she was.

Kikiki was the clever, happy, and very mischievous monkey. He was the most agile of them all and could hardly be seen and found if he wanted to hide. He would be a great ally of Awaru and Tiemin.

Awaru had been living with his friends since childhood and he gave these names because of the sounds his friends emit. Huhaha, the owl, usually screams this way at night when hunting. Kurrupaco, the parrot, keeps talking all the time this way. Kikiki, the monkey when he sees Awaru, makes this sound.

Awaru called for Tupan and ordered his friends Kurrupaco, Huhaha, Kikiki and Uhodó to have the ability to speak to Awaru and Tiemin.

“My friends!”. Awaru said firmly and convincingly, in a campaign tone and with Tiemin at his side.

“The ambition of men is increasing, and the destruction of all nature is frightening! We need to do something urgent if we want to preserve what's left!”.

You need to visit the forest animals and talk about Tupan, Warrior-God of the Amazon and his power to fight these evil predatory men. Tell them to send alert messages one by one until they reach me or Tiemin. We will make these messages reach Tupan!”.

After Awaru's words, always encouraged by Tiemin's support, Kurrupaco, Huhaha, Uhodó and Kikiki, went out into the woods to spread the good news. They knew they would have a long battle ahead, but it would be worth it.

“How do we get the messages to Tupan?”. Tiemin asked Awaru.

He was embarrassed, disoriented and replied:

“You shout and call for Tupan.”. The scream must be so loud that Awaru can hear!

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Tiemin found Awaru's orientation strange but gave no importance. Within weeks, Awaru's friends had been able to spread the word to a large portion of the forest animals, based on which one spoke to the others, in a multiplying stream.

Awaru, in his wanderings through the forest, came upon a strange type of an old white man, wearing a strange hat and wearing a leather jacket. Awaru approached and found that the strange man was picking flowers, fruit, insect larvae and roots, placing them in his mouth. He had wide, frightened eyes.

“What is this man doing? Why is he eating these things?”. Awaru thought curiously.

Without bothering the strange visitor, Awaru preferred to walk away and follow the old white man's footsteps for days to come. One day Awaru was surprised by the absence of the white man and approached the tent where he was camped. All around was silent, the fire out, a mystery hanging in the air. Something strange was happening.

In the camp there was a tent, bonfire, objects, and things scattered on the ground. Awaru, through a crack in the door, could see the man lying on a stretcher, his eyes closed, sweating heavily and with yellowish skin. Awaru

soon realized that he was sick. He went in, took his hand, and could see that he was burning with fever.

“It's the mosquito disease. I must do something”.

Awaru prepared a medicine made from various herbs in the woods and gave it to the man to drink.

He had learned from Marubo how to fight mosquito disease. The next day the strange visitor showed signs of improvement and slowly opened his eyes and was surprised at Awaru's presence:

“Who are you? I am George ... George Scott. I am lost ... in this jungle for many years ... since I and my friend Steve Green left Machu Picchu. We were looking for the 6 precious stones magic ring... and for the trails from Machu Picchu to the Amazon forest. My God... I'm feeling so bad!”.

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Awaru understood nothing of what the white man was talking about but tried to make in his own tribe language.

“Calm down! I am Awaru, from the Amazon tribe. You had the mosquito disease and I gave you medicine I learned from Marubo, an old healer”.

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“I can't understand what you're saying!”. The old white man answered.

Awaru needed to understand what this white man was trying to say and decided to resort to Tupan, temporarily moving away from the site.

Awaru called for Kurrupaco, then for Tupan:

“TUPAN!”.

A strong thunderbolt struck the village, and in the smoke came the spectacular Tupan, The Warrior-God of the Amazon.

In seconds, Tupan was before Kurrupaco and the white man.

Tupan, looking at Kurrupaco, shouted:

“By the power of Tupan, I command you to make Kurrupaco understand the language of this man!”.

Immediately, the Amethyst gem emitted an intense glow and a ray of strong light from the magic ring rose to the sky.

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In seconds Tupan gave the power of polyglot to Kurrupaco.

With Kurrupaco on his shoulders, Awaru went back to address the stranger white man with his faithful parrot as his interpreter.

And Kurrupaco asked the white-faced man:

“Hi! May I help you?”.

And the poor man, who was already weakened, was even more scared when he saw a parrot talking to him, but repeated:

“I am George ... George Scott. I am lost ... in this jungle for many years ... since I and my friend Steve Green left Machu Picchu. We were looking for the 6 precious stones magic ring... and for the trails from Machu Picchu to the Amazon forest. My God... I'm feeling so bad!”.

Kurrupaco whispered in Awaru's ear:

“Well, he says his name is George, he's been lost for a long time with some Steve, since they left... I did not get the name of the place. They were looking for a magic

ring and trails from this place to our forest. He says he's feeling really bad”.

“Kurrupaco, tell him I'm Awaru from the Amazon tribe village and ask what the white man is doing alone in the forest?”. Awaru said.

“Sir, this is Awaru, the Amazon indian. He wants to know what you are doing in the forest alone”.

Tired but recovering, the stranger tried to talk to Awaru:

“I live in the United States of America. I and my friend Steve Greene left for a trip to the ancient civilization of Machu Picchu”.

“Machu Picchu?”. Awaru confirmed.

“Yes, it is an ancient and wonderful Inca civilization high in Peruvian mountains. We came to check the existence of a 6 precious stone magic ring and if Machu Picchu had trails and constructions in the Amazon forest!”.

Awaru interrupted the old white man's speech to give him some more medicinal herbal tea and put damp leaves on his forehead to ease the fever.

And Kurrupaco was repeating the questions in English and translating the answers to Awaru:

“We only found evidence of the magic ring's existence... but we didn't find it. There were reports and inscriptions of the incredible power of this magical ring that cut fire stones and levitate them one upon another. That was how the constructions would have been possible. Steve and I set off to discover the trails. We were doing very well ... until, at one point, ... the trail split into two ... I followed one ... and Steve the other. We never saw each other again. This ... it has been a long time ... I do not know how many years ... but many years must have passed. I got lost in this huge forest and have been living ... so, feeding on what I find...”.

Awaru remembered the strange and unknown pyramid he had found hidden under thick vegetation at the beginning of his adventure. He remembered the human skeleton, with scraps of clothing and a strange hat, much like the old white man.

George had in his arms the same strange objects that Awaru had found along with the skeleton.

“Awaru, look this picture I took with Steve on our departure for Machu Picchu!”. George said.

Awaru, seeing the picture of George and Steve, recognized Steve's face. It was the same face he had seen in the small square of thin skin that he had in the pocket of his leather jacket beside the skeleton.

“George, many moons ago, I found a pyramid and two cameras, built in stone and hidden by dense vegetation in the middle of the forest. It was a part of the strange forest, with giant trees, with animals that I had never seen before, like two giant sloths”.

The old white man was closely following Awaru's account:

“Near these incredibly old buildings, I found a skeleton of a man. He had beside him a hat and a leather coat remarkably similar to yours. In the pocket of his coat was a small square with a picture. This picture looked like your friend Steve Green, but younger. I am afraid Steve is dead! I also had this paper written”.

George picked up the written paper and read the note:

“George Dear George, you are in the right way regarding your theory about dinosaurs. At this place I saw huge trees and two giant sloths. The water that I was drinking looked too rich in minerals. It had a heavy

taste. Keep going in your search. I am terribly ill and have a shivering sensation”

Very moved, George stopped the reading for a moment to take a deep breath and continued reading Steve´s notes:

“My energies are exhausting. I believe I am not going to hold out. Thank you very much my friend for this opportunity. The Destiny wanted a different end for me. God protects you. Steve”.

George nodded, believing that Awaru had found Steve and that he was no longer alive.

“So, my dear friend Steve found the trail that connects Machu Picchu to the Amazon rainforest. These buildings prove it. Our surveys were right!”. George said

George bowed his head in remembrance and respect for Steve's death.

“Awaru, what about the magic ring? Did you find any evidence of its existence? Several accounts and inscriptions found at Machu Picchu spoke of a magic ring with the power to cut the stones and levitate them one upon another”.

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Awaru simply fell silent on this question.

“Awaru, I need to go back to the United States. Can you help me?”.

“George, I can't, but I know who can! Awaru replied, retreating into the forest for a moment”.

Kurupaco was relieved that this tiresome conversation was coming to an end. He could not take this translator job anymore!

Awaru called for Tupan:

“TUPAN!”.

A strong thunderbolt struck the village, and in the smoke came the spectacular Tupan, The Warrior-God of the Amazon.

In seconds, Tupan was before an eagle and ordered:

“By the power of Tupan, I command you to make this eagle turn into a giant eagle and take this white man to his destination!”.

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Immediately, the Amethyst gem emitted an intense glow and a ray of strong light from the magic ring rose to the sky.

In seconds Tupan made the eagle turned into a giant one.

Returning with the huge eagle, Awaru told George:

“This eagle will take you to your village. Ride on its back!”.

George was startled at first, but already recognized in Awaru special powers and a friend.

“Awaru, before returning to the United States, I would like to visit the hidden pyramids in the jungle where Steve's remains are. I would also like to better research the giant sloths that have been found and the giant trees and gather data for my theory about the disappearance of dinosaurs”.

“George, that will be done as you wished!”. Awaru replied.

The huge eagle, leading George toward the most hidden and mysterious part of the Amazon rainforest, took off. George waved, thanking Awaru gratefully.

“Goodbye friend! Maybe one day we'll see each other again!”.

Awaru waved to George, pleased with this good deed he could do thanks to Tupan's strength.

Awaru returned to his life in the village and in the forest. Kurrupaco flew in search of his seeds and fruits.

One day Awaru heard desperate shouts:

“It is happening destruction of trees! Destruction of trees! Warn Tupan!”. Kurrupaco shouted to Awaru.

Awaru wanted to know where it was happening. With the tip of his wing, Kurrupaco pointed north toward the mountains.

“Come on, I'll follow you!”. Awaru told Kurrupaco, asking him to point the way.

While Kurrupaco flew and landed on the branches from time to time, Awaru sometimes ran, sometimes swam, and sometimes used vines to accompany Kurrupaco.

“Why wasn't I born with wings?”. He wondered.

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“Are we already coming?” Exhasted and angry, Awaru asked.

Kurrupaco nodded in a far more comfortable situation than Awaru.

“Are we coming?” He asked Kurrupaco again.

Kurrupaco pointed to the cliffs. Awaru even considered calling for Tupan but decided to continue. After all, just one more rock was missing. It was tall, but only one. Kurrupaco pointed to the destruction of the trees with a victorious air of revenge.

Awaru looked up, preparing to turn into Tupan the Warrior-God of the Amazon, but he could not believe what he was seeing - a woodpecker and two pups pecked at a leafy tree for insect larvae!

“Kurrupaco, I'll pluck your feathers!”. Awaru shouted.

His friend parrot was scared and did not understand what was happening and thought:

“What did I do wrong? Didn't he ask to report the forest destroyers?”.

Awaru, concluding that Kurrupaco was with good intention, laughed and added:

“Trees hut and feed many bird species that dig their trunks to build nests and feed on insect larvae. They are not enemies. These same birds return this favor of the trees by spreading their seeds through the forest. Anyway, thanks Kurrupaco!”.

And bigger threats to the Amazon rainforest were happening. News came that “jagunços” (criminals hired as a bodyguard of an influential, powerful person) of the well-known unscrupulous Sawhead, and his faithful accomplice Dirtysoya, had invaded the indigenous reserve to exploit and destroy the forest.

Centennial trees were turning into planks and sawdust. Several Indians had been killed.

Sawhead was a dangerous enemy of nature and what he loved to do in his life was to cut trees, the bigger the better. He operated a clandestine timber mill company that invaded forests under protection to illegally take over the tree trunks.

He was named Sawhead after his curly blond hair that ran up his saw-shaped forehead. In addition, he had a chain saw on his back and an ax on his belt.

Kikiki, the smart and naughty monkey, was watching.

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“Awaru will not like anything that is happening here!”. He thought, darting into the tree branches and vines to find Awaru.

“This is absurd! These bad guys will pay a high-priced punishment for what they are doing. Thank you, Kikiki. Go ahead to give me the direction”. Awaru spoke.

Looking for a safe place, Awaru called for Tupan:

“TUPAN!”.

A strong thunderbolt struck the village, and amid the smoke appeared the spectacular Tupan, The Warrior-God of the Amazon.

In seconds, Tupan was before the invaders and ordered:

“Tupan, give me power over the birds, the woods and the wind!”.

Immediately, the Amethyst and Diamond gems emitted an intense glow and a ray of strong light from the magic ring rose to the sky.

"Let every felled tree fall upon the destroyers of the woods!". Tupan ordered.

“Let the wind be so strong to carry all these henchmen to the Amazon River”. Tupan ordered.

The henchmen that operated wood saws saw the sawed trees fall on them. Many of them died crushed by the trees trunks that they themselves sawed. A lot of them were carried by the strong wind to the Amazon River and died drowned.

Sawhead, terrified, took refuge in the timber mill headquarter. Looking at the Sawhead’s clandestine timber mill, Tupan ordered:

“May the force of the wind destroy and take away these wicked predators!”.

A wind never seen in the woods dragged the timber mill premises, and with it Sawhead and his “jagunços”. In the timber mill dozens of henchmen disappeared crushed by the trunks of lifeless trees. We never heard of Sawhead and the henchmen anymore... at least for a while.

One day Awaru rested in the hammock, tired of a long journey. In his deep sleep he betrayed himself by leaving on his finger the ring with the six sacred stones on display.

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Kuimin, who passed by the site, could observe.

“Where did Awaru find this ring? Has he discovered a hidden treasure in the forest? This explains his disappearances and mysterious attitudes”. He thought.

Approaching, he tried to remove the ring and found that this would be impossible. Awaru would wake up for sure.

"Maybe I can get some of the stones out!". Kuimin thought, taking a small knife he was carrying.

So, he stealthily removed, without Awaru's feeling, the Aquamarine stone that gave Awaru power over the waters.

Kuimin hurried away, content with the theft of the stone and the damage done to Awaru. He felt an air of revenge.

“I'll sell it in the village. With the money I will buy gifts for Tiemin!”. He said, thus believing to attract her attention.

A few days later, another disaster struck the forest.

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“Fire! Fire! The forest is on fire, run everyone!”. The Indians shouted, scaring, and waking Awaru.

“I have to do something!”. Awaru thought, taking sheltering behind a hut, and calling for Tupan:

“TUPAN!”.

A strong thunderbolt struck the village, and amid the smoke appeared the spectacular Tupan, The Warrior-God of the Amazon.

In seconds, Tupan was before the great forest fire and ordered:

“Tupan, give me power over the water and let it rain and the water extinguish the fire!”.

But nothing happened. The Aquamarine gem was not in the magic ring to emit the intense glow and a ray of strong light to the sky.

The rain did not come, much to Tupan's surprise, as he stared indignantly at the fire spreading and destroying the forest. At that moment, he could do nothing to save the forest. Looking at the ring, he noticed the missing Aquamarine stone. He had lost his power over the waters.

“What happened? Where is my sacred stone? I have to find it”.

Awaru was very depressed and sad to see part of the forest catch fire and could not do anything.

Some weeks later...

Goldentooth was an ambitious and dishonest prospector. He spared no one and respected nothing to achieve his purpose of life - gold and precious stones. He already had a history of nature destruction and crimes. He was outlawed in unauthorized mining areas. But that did not deter him.

To show his power, he had all his teeth coated in gold and gave a false smile to show them. Goldentooth was so named for its characteristic figure, with his golden teeth in his mouth, gemstone earrings, gold sieve in his hands, and shovel on his back.

Goldentooth had long coveted an area where he was sure he would find plenty of gold and gems. It was the Parrots Mountain all covered with forests, with beautiful lakes, rivers, and waterfalls.

In this mountain lived many animals and... Awaru!

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Goldentooth had a true army of prospectors and “jagunços”. They were people without fear of anything who obeyed all orders of Goldentooth. These prospectors could in a few days remove thousands of trees and tons of land. When threatened, the heavily armed “jagunços” intervened.

“Next week, we'll break into that area and install another gold panning. Prepare the tools, the tents; I want food supplies and a lot of ammunition. We will stay there a long time. There is a lot of gold and gems in there. I guarantee!”. Goldentooth ordered to his henchmen.

The army of Golden Tooth set in motion. Hundreds of prospectors and “jagunços” were taking the roads towards indian village. They were determined to invade it and begin the installation of the “garimpo” (gold mining) in the Mountain of the Parrots.

Awaru's hideout in the centenary “Jequitibá” was right in the middle of the mountain that, in a few days, would be taken by Goldentooth. Awaru rested inside his hiding place, enjoying Kikiki and Kurrupaco without suspicious of anything.

Awaru mourned the loss of the Aquamarine gemstone, which gave him power over the waters.

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One day Tiemin was approached by Kuimin who offered her a gift.

“Kuimin thank you very much for the gift. But how did you make money to buy a necklace that expensive?”. Tiemin asked Kuimin. Kuimin immediately replied:

“I found a gemstone, light blue and special brilliance, and sold it to Goldentooth, a well-known gold prospector in the village”.

Tiemin hurried to look for Awaru and tell him the news.

“Awaru, Kuimin found a gemstone and sold it to the Goldentooth. Where did he find this gemstone?”

Awaru knew very well where Kuimin had found, or rather stolen, the gemstone.

Immediately, he looked for the Golden Tooth in the village.

“Goldentooth is not here!”. The attendant answered at gold and precious stones shop in the prospector's village.

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“By the way, you will find neither Goldentooth nor any other gold prospectors. They are marching to the indian village to install a new gold panning there. They say there is a lot of gold and gems in the mountain”. The attendant added.

Awaru shivered down his spine of anger and worry.

He knew that the prospectors had the courage for everything when they were determined to install a new “garimpo”. They will be able to destroy the forest and its animals and kill many of his friends in the village.

Awaru called his friends Tiemin, Kikiki, Huhaha, Uhodó and Kurrupaco to an urgent meeting near the hideout.

“We need to combine a defense plan. We are in serious threat to nature and our village”. Awaru explained.

“And it will be a great opportunity for me to recover my sacred stone”. He thought.

Awaru and all his friends placed themselves in strategic positions at the entrance of the indian tribe reserve. Huhaha stayed on top of a large rock. Uhodó submerged in the lake. Kikiki and Tiemin stood

together near the trail, while Awaru moved away. Kurrupaco flew in circles to give the initial alarm.

The Goldentooth march and his gold prospectors and henchmen entered the indian village reserve. Kurrupaco was the first to spot the predators of nature.

“Awaru, Awaru, they are coming!”.

Awaru sent Kurrupaco back to his post and called for Tupan:

“TUPAN!”.

A strong thunderbolt struck the village, and amid the smoke appeared the spectacular Tupan, The Warrior-God of the Amazon.

In seconds, Tupan was before the threatened forest and ordered:

“Tupan, give me powers over the wind, fire, air, plants and animals!”.

Immediately, the Ruby, Amethyst, Emerald and Diamond gems emitted an intense glow and a ray of strong light from the magic ring rose to the sky.

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And Tupan ordered:

“May all the bees and the terrible red ants of the Mountain of the Parrots attack the Goldentooth and his henchmen!”.

Millions of bees and the dreaded red ants immediately began to sting the heads and arms and feet of the damned group and Goldentooth and his henchmen became desperate and bewildered.

“Let a circle of fire isolate these bandits and wind throw them far away from here.”

A circle of fire formed around the march, and Golden Tooth and his henchmen sought to escape from the bee and ants’ bites in vain. A strong wind blew them all away, killing many of them. Golden Tooth, unfortunately, managed to hide in the lake.

Goldentooth, with a bag in his hands full of precious stones, hid in the waters of the lake, behind a thicket. Unfortunately for him, Uhodó was there and, taking his valuable bag, swam toward Awaru.

Awaru, as he examined the stones, soon recognized his sacred stone that shone brightly among the others and

placed it back in the ring. Tupan regained power over the waters!

“Huhaha and Kurrupaco scatter the rest of the stones in the forest and return them to nature”. Tupan ordered.

Tiemin and Kikiki rushed to Awaru:

“Tupan came to our rescue and saved our village!”.

Goldentooth retreated, alone, promising revenge.

Tranquility has settled again in the indian village at the Mountain of the Parrots and life continued its course in the forest...

Awaru was truly crazy about wild strawberries and bee honey. When in his wanderings through the forest and seeing these delights, Awaru totally lost his mind.

One afternoon Awaru saw a huge beehive on top of a tree and exclaimed:

“Pororoça, by the piranha's teeth, how much honey!”.

Awaru asked Kikiki for help and he decided to climb the tree. He would rise halfway until he had a foothold

to shoot an arrow into the hive and knock it down. Above, the hive was buzzing with bees.

Awaru took aim and fired the arrow, following its course towards the hive. Kikiki, on Awaru's shoulders, closed his eyes.

The arrow struck the middle of the hive, but it did not fall to the ground as Awaru hoped. But the soldier bees immediately sounded the alarm and looked around for the attacker, who was not far away.

Awaru and Kikiki had to rush out and receive many stings from the mischievous bees and fell from the tree into the bushes. The soldier bees returned to the hive.

Honey from the hive dripped from the arrow hole, falling to the ground. Awaru and Kikiki, all minced, had the consolation of drinking a few drops of honey that fell from the hive to the ground.

“Bees don’t like Awaru, definitely they do not like me!”. He complained.

Another and dangerous enemy of nature arose into Awaru's life.

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Oxleather was a dishonest and crook ox breeder. He kept changing his neighbors' fences at night to increase his pastures, and when his neighbors complained, his gunmen threatened their families. Thus, the law of silence prevailed. He also extended the boundaries of his pastures by invading nature preservation parks. He did it all in the name of his ambition to have the largest herd in the world.

He always said:

“I want to be the king of cattle breeding!”.

Oxleather was a typical cowboy, bearded, ugly faced, armed and carrying a permanent cowboy bow on his back.

Oxleather was not just cruel to his neighbors. He was equally cruel to nature on their lands. Oxleather absolutely devastated everything to put more cattle in the pastures. Nor even the slightest reserve of green space required by law he complied.

He came with his pasture to the riverside, not leaving a standing tree to protect the rivers from erosion.

Oxleather used to say:

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“Ecology does not give money. Ox does not eat trees. Humanity increasingly needs meat to eat. The land has to be for my oxen!”.

Oxleather was preparing to invade an extensive plain near the indian village, in the demarcated area belonging to the indigenous park. He intended to do this by releasing over 10,000 oxen heads.

“I want to see who can stop my oxen from grazing on that plain”. Oxleather challenged.

Tiemin and Huhaha used to stroll on this plain in the late afternoon. It was an exceptionally beautiful place with vast green and flowering fields, where a stream of pure water ran and where rare multicolored fish swam.

One of these afternoons, Tiemin saw a scene that worried her greatly. In the distance, half obscured by a cloud of dust, thousands of oxen were striding toward the plain, with an evil-looking man and his gunslingers in front of him - he was Oxleather.

“Huhaha, we need to warn Awaru”. Tiemin exclaimed.

Awaru fished by the river and relaxed when Huhaha arrived.

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“Huhaha, why are you so terrified?”. Awaru asked him.

“Awaru, Tiemin has asked you to go urgently to the Sun Plain. It looks like we'll have trouble there!”. Huhaha replied.

“What kind of problem?”. Awaru insisted.

“We do not know. Thousands of white oxen and cowboys on horseback are on their march toward the Sun Plain. They all look awfully bad people!”. Huhaha stated.

Awaru called for Kurrupaco and asked him to approach the march and try to hear some conversation. That is what Kurrupaco did. When landing on a branch near the knights of destruction, Kurrupaco could hear a gunslinger speak:

“Oxleather and what if the Indians show-up and make trouble?”.

Oxleather answered without any hesitation:

“It's to shoot to kill! No one will stop me from feeding my oxen and raising my cattle, no one!”.

“My friends, this Oxleather will have a lesson he will never forget in his life”. Awaru promised.

Saying this, Awaru turned away and called for Tupan:

“TUPAN!”.

A strong thunderbolt struck the village, and in the smoke came the spectacular Tupan, The Warrior-God of the Amazon.

In seconds, Tupan was before the threatened Sun Plain and ordered:

“Tupan, give me power over plants and animals!”.

Immediately, the Amethyst and Emerald gems emitted an intense glow and a ray of strong light from the magic ring rose to the sky.

And Tupan ordered: “Capybaras turn into jaguars and attack the oxen!”.

Hundreds of jaguars appeared on the Sun Plain and immediately rushed against the oxen.

The frightened oxen burst toward Oxleather and his gunslingers. All they were terrified, seeking to flee. The oxen passed over and killed most of gunslingers. Other ones were lost in the forest chased by the jaguars.

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Oxleather, inside a puddle of mud and trampled by the oxen, raged angrily:

“You will pay me, you stupid oxen! You will pay me, you and yours stinking jaguars!”.

In the distance, Awaru, Tiemin and his friends laughed at all this confusion.

And the enemies of the nature did not stop there. It did not last long, and a terrible new enemy came to threaten the forests.

Nature has many enemies, but none compares to Setfire in terms of the mass destruction capacity of flora and fauna. Setfire is a selfish and ambitious farmer who wants easy profit in dealing with the land. In addition, he does not miss an opportunity to expand his farms in protected lands and nature parks. His strategy was always the same - felling the trees, setting fire, changing their fences, illegally appropriating the land, and finally expanding their soybean and corn fields.

Setfire was a figure with farmer's clothes and hand-firing equipment, matches, and gasoline.

Setfire, with each cultivation cycle of the land, set fire to the fields to burn the bush and clean the land for the

next cultivation without spending anything and without much work.

Setfire did not worry at all if the fire started in his fields would expand into the forest, scaring and killing the animals. Even he protected his fields from the forest, hoeing a strip of bare earth so that the fire would not expand.

Setfire did it on purpose. It was a way of destroying the forest and being able to expand his crop, always thinking of himself. Thus, he destroyed an incalculable wealth of fauna and flora, with rich biodiversity, to plant a few more feet of corn. Setfire was an ignorant in the extreme.

Tiemin, Uhodó, Kikiki, Huhaha and Kurrupaco suffered greatly from this situation and saw the natural habitat of animals increasingly destroyed by fire. And they decided to talk to Setfire.

Wanted by Tiemin and his friends, Setfire did not want to talk:

“I have always burned the bush, my father always burned the bush, and my grandfather already burned the bush. It has always been like that. We need to

advance in the forests to plant more and more. Humanity is hungry!”. Setfire tried to argue.

“And you all can get off my farm and do not come back here again to say this bullshit that setting fire to the bush is bad for me! I know what's good for me!”. Setfire raged to Tiemin's disappointment.

Joe Match, John Gasoline and Setfire headed into the forest for another incendiary action helped by his two henchmen.

“In the next crop I want more corn and soybeans instead of that useless forest!”. He ordered to his henchmen.

Huhaha, Kikiki, Uhodó, and Kurrupaco hurried to the forest to warn the animals of the danger they would be running with Setfire's presence and their henchmen.

Huhaha and Kurrupaco flew warning the birds. Kikiki jumped from branch to branch, warning the other monkeys, and Uhodó swam across the rivers, warning turtles and fish.

Tiemin ran to warn Awaru

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"I'm going to teach this infamous Setfire a lesson!". Awaru thought.

"Tiemin, return to the forest and try to hinder for some minutes the action of Setfire and his henchmen. I will go next". Awaru ordered.

As soon Tiemin retired, Awaru called out to Tupan:

"TUPAN!".

A strong thunderbolt struck the village, and amid the smoke appeared the spectacular Tupan, The Warrior-God of the Amazon.

In seconds, Tupan was before the threatened part of the Amazon forest and ordered:

"Tupan, give me power over fire and water!".

Immediately, the Ruby and Aquamarine gems emitted an intense glow and a ray of strong light from the magic ring rose to the sky.

Setfire, Joe Match and John Gasoline had already begun their work of destruction, to the joy of Setfire.

Tupan struck back: “Let the flames advance to the arsonists and not to the forest! Gasoline turn into a water fountain!”.

Setfire was struck by the flames in his pants from behind and fled desperately, accompanied by his clumsy thugs who sought to quench the fire in their pants.

Tupan, Tiemin and their friends, hiding in the woods, laughed at the despair of Setfire and his henchmen.

Running desperately, Setfire and his henchmen shouted: "This forest is bewitched. Let us get out of here as soon as possible and I will never put my feet here again!".

Tupan was called by Awaru all the time. The enemies of the forest multiplied and created other forms of destruction, always driven by greed and easy profit.

Huhaha one day appeared very scared and sad. The tree where he had made his nest, with three eggs, was felled by another great enemy of the forest, the Kid-Carbon, an unscrupulous charcoal burner who used all means to produce charcoal by removing noble and native woods from the forest.

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Huhaha followed the truck carrying his tree in a vain attempt to try to save his nest. Until it reached a large clearing where hundreds of kilns burned to produce charcoal. Beside it, large piles of wood taken from the forest awaited their moment to be turned into charcoal.

Kid-Carbon accounted for his easy profits and used to say:

“With the charcoal money I buy everything and everyone!”.

So, Kid-Carbon bought, with his money as filthy as the charcoal he produced, the owners of the woods and the silence of the people who could prevent this destruction.

Huhaha thus saw his tree, where he had made his nest with all affection, be transformed into charcoal.

“I need to warn Awaru as urgently as possible!”.

Saying this, Huhaha flew looking for Awaru and told him everything he saw. Awaru was very worried. Kid-Carbon's action sadly explained the large clearings of deforestation in the forest.

Awaru called for Tupan:

“TUPAN!”.

A strong thunderbolt struck the village, and amid the smoke appeared the spectacular Tupan, The Warrior-God of the Amazon.

In seconds, Tupan was before the threatened part of the Amazon forest and ordered:

“May the rain erase and destroy these hundreds of charcoal kilns!”.

Immediately, the Ruby and Aquamarine gems emitted an intense glow and a ray of strong light from the magic ring rose to the sky.

A heavy thunderstorm concentrated in the great clearing where the charcoal kilns were.

The braziers went out and the kilns turned to mud, which was washed away by the rain.

And Tupan continued: “Let the ground become a great brazier!”.

Suddenly the rain-soaked soil dried up into a large brazier. Kid-Carbon and all his criminal accomplices

were cornered. They would have to flee by stepping on the burning charcoals or they would be burned to death.

Thus, they experienced in their own skin the punishment of fire.

Their feet were so burned that for a long time they could not walk. So, they learned the lesson.

Henceforth, they would have to figure out a new honest way to make money.

Awaru did not rest, and neither did Tupan. But his enemies did not rest either.

Once, Oxleather, Setfire, Kid-Carbon, Sawhead and Goldentooth met for a meeting. At this meeting they discussed Tupan´s power and the problems that he had been causing for the nature bandits gang actions:

“Tupan is the greatest enemy of progress. He is disrupting our great mission to explore the riches of the forest and make everyone's life better. We need to do something! Oxleather said raging.

“We need to unite and destroy this enemy!”. Setfire completed.

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“Let us get our best men after him and finish him off. He must have some vulnerable point!”. Kid-Carbon creamed.

“I can offer my best henchmen for this!”. Sawhead promised.

“I know very well the rivers that give access to the villages. Let us find out who this Tupan is and how we can get him out of our way!”. Goldentooth raged.

As these Tupan archenemies articulated, a powerful new enemy crept into the scene. It was the hitherto unknown Jack Ethanol. In fact, Jack Ethanol did not act directly on forest destruction. There had never been reported that he had cut down trees to plant his sugarcane fields. But the danger came from the wealth he accumulated from selling ethanol.

Thus, he acted furtively by buying land already deforested by Oxleather and Setfire to expand his domain, Jack Ethanol always dressed very elegant, spoke well, was very prestigious and his pockets were filled with money, a lot of money.

When selling their deforested land to Jack Ethanol, Oxleather and Setfire immediately looked for other areas to clear, destroying the forests. Thus, they could

keep the money paid for Jack ethanol and continue with their pastures and crops, amplifying the destruction.

Thus, Jack Ethanol contributed indirectly to deforestation.

Goldentooth, as he had promised, penetrated de forest together with his best henchmen searching for information on Tupan. Some Indians had not yet heard of Tupan, others already knew its power:

“Tupan is our God Warrior. He was sent by our gods and ancestors to protect us and protect our forests from destruction. Long live Tupan!”.

“Nonsense!”. Goldentooth answered.

“The forests were made to serve men, to give us wood for our huts, to give us gold and precious stones, to give us areas for planting. This is what counts!”. Goldentooth completed.

Sawhead was also looking for Tupan and new logging areas when he met Kuimin:

“Young Indian where can I buy wood here? I pay well!”.

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Kuimin, surprised by the question, answered:

“We have a lot of good and big trees around here to cut down. But, Tupan won´t allow it!”.

“Tupan, what do you know about this enemy of progress, Indian?”. Sawhead continued.

“Tupan appears every time some forest destruction is being done. We do not know who he is. But I suspect someone...”.

“As whom...?”. Sawhead asked extremely interested.

“Awaru! He walks with strange attitudes and whenever Tupan appears, he disappears. When Tupan disappears, then he appears. He is always near where Tupan is. Isn´t that strange?”.

“Hum... this sound strange to me too! We need to know this Awaru better! Sawhead completed.

Immediately, Sawhead took this information to Oxleather, Setfire, Kid-Carbon and Goldentooth. They now had the name of Awaru and needed only a plan to find Awaru.

“Let's set a trap for this Awaru!”. Kid-Carbon suggested.

“What do you suggest?” Oxleather asked.

“Let us simulate the forest destruction near Awaru village and deploy our best armed men. If Awaru disappears when Tupan appears, we'll make sure he really is Tupan”. Kid-Carbon said.

Kikiki and Kurrupaco watched from the top of the trees as the movement of many armed men headed for the indian village. They did not look friendly at all. They were armed with rifles, machetes, chainsaws, and gasoline gallons.

Immediately, Kikiki and Kurrupaco went to warn Awaru.

Awaru very carefully picked up his archery, his club, painted himself for better camouflage in the jungle, and went to meet the group. On his chest, hidden in the jaguar's paw necklace, was his ring with the 6 magic stones.

The group moved and Awaru followed, slowly and carefully, hidden in the woods. He was very worried. He had never seen a move of this size heading for his village:

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“Sure, we'll have problems. But, Tupan will know how to deal with them!”.

At one point, the rogue group split on several fronts, initiating several destructions at the same time. The armed henchmen positioned themselves to shoot. Awaru was very worried. He could not keep up with all this movement, hidden in the woods.

At one point, Awaru was surprised by Kuimin:

“You here, Kuimin, what are you doing?”. Awaru asked him.

“I learned of the threat of these strange white-faced men. I came to help”. Kuimin replied.

But in fact, Kuimin wanted to confirm Awaru's presence and inform Sawhead and his accomplices.

“Sawhead, Awaru is here and tracking all your movement. I think the time has come to start the destruction and try to confirm Tupan's presence!”.

“Kuimin, you are our ally and you will be well rewarded. Stay close to Awaru and do not let him go alone. Let us start several destructions. Follow Awaru's reactions and then let us know!”.

Sawhead warned Tupan's other enemies and began several fronts of destruction.

Meanwhile, Kuimin met again with Awaru:

“Awaru, I think we'll have trouble with these bad guys. I will stay with you to help in whatever you need. Can I?”.

Awaru was embarrassed and did not know what to answer to Kuimin other than nodding silently.

Sawhead and his henchmen began to cut large trees trunks in a part of the forest.

Setfire and his accomplices took advantage of some of the dry forest and started a fire.

Oxleather advanced with hundreds of oxen in a portion of the indian village crop. The oxen ate and destroyed all that lay ahead.

Golden Tooth used the sawn logs to dam the river by blocking the flow of water to the village. And naturally, he sought to find his gems and gold.

Kid-Carbon and his charcoal burners supported Setfire and took the opportunity to separate the charcoal from

the burned logs. This would give you good tons of charcoal!

Awaru was terrified. I had to call for Tupan. The forest was being destroyed at various points. But Kuimin, by his side, gave no respite. Where Awaru went, so did Kuimin.

On a trail, Awaru saw a saving alternative. A trap was set up to catch wild pigs. It was a loop hidden in the ground between the leaves, tied in a twisted tree branch and attached to a stake on the ground. In the middle of the loop was a rod that, when stepped on, would loosen the stake, and the twisted twig would pull the wild pig upwards. This is a quite common type of trap used by wicked hunters.

Skillfully, Awaru walked the path beside Kuimin and directed him toward the loop.

It worked! Kuimin stepped on the stem, the noose loosened, and the twisted branch pulled Kuimin up his legs.

“Help Awaru, help me get out of here!”. Kuimin screamed desperately.

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“Stay calm Kuimin! I'll find a bamboo to get you out of there”.

It was the time Awaru needed to call for Tupan:

“TUPAN!”.

A strong thunderbolt struck the village, and amid the smoke appeared the spectacular Tupan, The Warrior-God of the Amazon. In seconds, Tupan was before the threatened parts of the Amazon forest and ordered:

“Tupan, give me the powers over fire, water, animals, plants, wind and earth!”.

Immediately, the Ruby, Aquamarine, Amethyst, Emerald, Diamond and Topaz gems emitted an intense glow and a ray of strong light from the magic ring rose to the sky.

Kuimin heard the crash of lightning in the distance. Tupan wasted no time and attacked all focuses of destruction:

Against Sawhead and his henchmen he commanded:

"Let the fallen trees turn into big snakes and attack them all!"

Immediately, the large, thick trunks turned into giant pitons that embraced and swallowed Sawhead's henchmen.

Against Setfire and his accomplices he commanded:

“Let it rain and put out this fire. May a cyclone take these bandits to the great river!”.

A thunderstorm struck the burning forest, extinguishing the fire. Setfire and his accomplices were taken by the cyclone that threw them into the Amazon River. Many disappeared in its waters.

Against Oxleather he ordered:

“Let the manioc crop turn into great carnivorous plants and destroy the oxen!”.

The manioc crop of the indian village begins to take another form. Gigantic carnivorous plants sprouted from the ground and picked up the oxen and threw them into the large bag for digestion. The frightened oxen ran everywhere, trampling Oxleather and his cowboys who left in a desperate escape.

Against Goldentooth he commanded:

“Let the earth open in the dam and the flood take Goldentooth and his gold miners downstream!”

The dam made by Goldentooth with the fallen logs burst suddenly and the accumulated water ran out in a great flood. Goldentooth, holding on a log, screamed for help.

Many prospectors disappeared downstream.

Against Kid-Carbon ordered:

"May this charcoal melt under the feet of these wicked charcoal burners!".

The mountains of charcoal, which Kid-Carbon and his charcoal burners had accumulated, melted like volcanic lava that rushed toward them. Jumping on burnt feet, Kid-Carbon once again felt the pain of the fire, the same fire he used to destroy the trees of the forest.

But Kid-Carbon, before leaving the place, managed to aim his shotgun at Tupan and fired:

“Die, you damned enemy of progress”.

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Tupan was so busy fighting the various fronts of destruction that he did not see the threat coming from Kid-Carbon.

So, for the first time, Tupan was injured. Kid-Carbon's gunshot hit hard on Tupan's right arm, which was injured.

Tupan remembered the great Ahirakuran:

“Young warrior, you will not have the power of immortality, omnipotence, and omnipresence. The ring of the 6 magical stones will give you unlimited powers over Nature, but you will remain a mortal, will not have unrestricted powers over everything and everyone and cannot be in several places at once!”.

And he pondered on this:

“This shot could have been fatal to me!”

Mission accomplished despite the injury, Tupan became Awaru again. Awaru watched the wound on his bleeding and aching arm. He remembered Kuimin tied in the noose and ran toward him.

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“Kuimin, someone shot me. That is why it took me so long. I will release you. I need your help now!”.

Kuimin was already purple by the long time he was upside down trapped and took some time to get to his feet. He was dizzy and barely listening to what Awaru told him.

“Awaru, what's this on your arm? It's bleeding!”.

“I was hit by a shot. Some of these bad guys shot me!”

Awaru and Kuimin returned to the village. Awaru was weakened by the loss of blood. He needed to be dealt with urgently.

In the village, Tiemin immediately rescued Awaru. Lying on a mat, Awaru looked fondly at Tiemin as she carefully and skillfully removed the bullet hidden in Awaru's arm:

“But how did this happen, Awaru?”.

“I was in the woods when a group of bad guys started destroying the woods at various points. I hid in the woods while Tupan fought the bad guys and protected the forest. But one shot hit me. I do not know who shot me!”

“It is alright, Awaru. The bullet was taken. Let us look for Marubo. You will need an urgent curative!”.

Marubo analyzed Awaru's injuries:

“I'll make a bandage of honey and cicatrizing leaves. Now, you will rest for a few days and be noticeably quiet here!”.

While Awaru was recovering from his injury, Kuimin met Sawhead, a few days after the unsuccessful onslaught of forest destruction. Also present was Kid-Carbon.

"Once again this damn Tupan has got in the way of our work!" Sawhead vented.

“But this time I was able to shoot him!”. Kid-Carbon said.

“Really, did you manage to hit Tupan with one shot? Kuimin asked very enthusiastically.

“Yes, certainly, I watched as he felt the shot and retreated”. Kid-Carbon confirmed.

Kuimin linked the shot at Tupan with Awaru's arm wound. This was an extraordinarily strong indication

that Tupan and Awaru was the same person. And he thought:

“I have to check this very well. But if I am right, Tupan is near the end!”.

A few days passed and Kuimin was betraying his village by selling woods to Sawhead and making a lot of money from it.

The Amazon forest gives food and protection to the Indians tribes that depend on it.

But weird white-faced men with the power of dirty and criminally earned money are alluring the Indians, and some of them, like Kuimin, betray their tribe by allying themselves with the enemies of nature for the money offered to them. Thus, some Indians collaborate in the destruction of the forest.

Kuimin felt more confident playing this game with the white men for the certainty that he could destroy Tupan by destroying Awaru.

“I will be the new chieftain, with the power of money and the end of Awaru. Tiemin will be mine too!”. Kuimin imagined.

One day, Kuimin confided his suspicion about Awaru to Oxleather, Sawhead, Goldentooth, Setfire, and Kid-Carbon.

“It is too much coincidence! On the same day that Tupan was shot in the right arm, Awaru appeared with a gunshot wound to the same arm! Don´t you think so?”. Kuimin said trying to convince everyone.

“There is no doubt!”. They all answered at the same time.

“But, there's only one way to prove it definitively. We need to arrest and hide Awaru and create situations for Tupan to intervene. Then we will all know the truth!”. Kuimin suggested.

Kuimin, who now also became an enemy of nature and allied with dangerous criminals, prepared an ambush for Awaru. Waiting for him there would be the dreaded quintet.

The plan was to take Awaru to a place where he would be imprisoned by the quintet of criminals. Then, several forest destructions would be triggered. Awaru would be under permanent surveillance and could not call for Tupan. Thus, the doubt would be clarified:

“If Tupan does not show up, prove he's Awaru! If he appears, it proves we were all wrong!”. Kuimin clarified.

“I have a place where to imprison Awaru! One of my clandestine gold mines has a well-closed, windowless room with thick walls and an iron door. That is where I keep the gold and precious stones found. I have 24-hour guard. There is no way Awaru can escape from there!”. Goldentooth said.

“I'll find a way to get Awaru to meet you!”. Kuimin undertook.

The plan was outlined. Kuimin would convince Awaru to go to the underground gold digger and there he would be arrested by the Goldentooth prospectors.

The wicked quintet prepared for the ambush of Awaru in the Goldentooth clandestine panning. Armed men were stationed hidden at various points in the woods. All Kuimin needed to appear with Awaru.

In the village, Kuimin searched for Awaru:

“Awaru, I found a gold digger in the forest and it seemed to me that the prospectors have been there for a long time." There are even buildings to store gold and precious stones. Let us see this better?”.

“Come on, Kuimin. Thanks for your notice! You are one of my friends and I always count on you to help us protect the forest from these destroyers. I'll get my archery and my club”. Awaru replied.

“I'll go with you Awaru!”. Kuimin replied.

Tiemin, Kurrupaco, and Kikiki were looking at Awaru's encounter with Kuimin from afar and decided to follow them unnoticed.

“Kurrupaco, Kikiki, let us keep an eye on this Kuimin and where he's taking Awaru. I do not trust him!”. Said Tiemin said.

When they get close to the panning, Awaru stopped to review and confirmed:

“Kuimin, it is a clandestine gold digger and one of the great ones. Look at the destruction these evil prospectors have done! The trees that protected the riverbanks were destroyed. The erosion of the banks is already large. This is one of the problems. Erosion takes a lot of soil to the river, silting the riverbed, meaning that the riverbed is increasingly shallow. Look at the huge holes they drove for gold and gems. And what is worse. They are melting gold right here. For this,

they use mercury that contaminates water and kills thousands of fish. How can we allow this?”.

Kuimin pretended to agree as he led Awaru toward the ambush of the tragic quintet's henchmen.

At one point, a large net fell on Awaru who was desperately seeking to get rid of it. Immediately, many henchmen held Awaru and tied him up.

“Awaru, I will seek help!”. Kuimin said, running from the scene and trying to mislead his involvement.

Awaru was led by the henchmen and prospectors to the panning room as directed by Goldentooth.

“Tie this Indian very well tied! Seize him in the storeroom. The key stays with me!”. Goldentooth ordered.

“Now the time has come for the truth!”. Sawhead replied.

“Let's see who's going to save the forest from the destruction we're going to do next!”. Oxleather said with enthusiasm.

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“Let's see if Tupan comes to put out the fire I'm going to make!”. Setfire answered, already preparing the gasoline gallons and matches.

“This is it Setfire! Then I collect my black gold, the charcoal. I am sure that this time there will be no Tupan to help!”. Kid-Carbon spoke with an air of revenge.

Awaru was taken to the dark room and tied up. Startled and disoriented, he leaned against the wall. A dim light came in from the cracks in the iron door.

He heard truly little of the sounds coming from outside. But he heard the shouts of euphoria and words of command of the accursed quintet, directing his henchmen to deforestation. Bringing his hands to his neck, he was relieved to find that the jaguar-paw necklace that held the ring with the 6 magic stones had not been removed from it.

“But I cannot call for Tupan now. They will find out that I, Awaru, have this power!”.

The henchmen of the criminal quintet began several points of forest destruction. They were testing Tupan.

Fires, felling of trees, damming of streams, destruction of crops all started at the same time. The suspense was

in the air. A few minutes had passed and no Tupan appeared.

“Kuimin, I think you were right. Awaru is Tupan. Look! No Tupan while Awaru is under arrest. What coincidences, right?”. Sawhead shouted as everyone laughed.

Tiemin, Kurrupaco, and Kikiki saw by afar everything that had happened to Awaru.

“We need to save him. Those men can kill him. But why did they arrest Awaru? He doesn't hurt anybody!”. Tiemin said.

Tiemin managed to approach the back of the room where Awaru was trapped.

She saw that there was no window and there was no way for Awaru to escape from there. For a moment, the guards the guards who were watching Awaru distracted themselves to see the destruction of the forest. Tiemin could speak to Awaru quickly through the door crack.

“Awaru, we'll try to get you out of there. Let us ask our friends for help!”.

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“Do this Tiemin, hurry up, I can smell the fire in the woods and noise of saw. These criminals are destroying the forest. We need to do something!”.

“Kurrupaco, Kikiki, run to the forest and bring as many armadillos as you can!”. Tiemin asked.

Kikiki and Kurrupaco darted toward the forest. After a few minutes, they appeared with no less than fifteen armadillos.

The armadillos began digging a tunnel behind Awaru's room. They worked fast. Drilling holes in the floor is the specialty of armadillos.

But they needed to make a large hole for Tiemin to have access to Awaru inside the room. Everyone worked fast and within minutes they had opened a passageway where Tiemin came in to help Awaru:

“Awaru, quiet, it's me, Tiemin. I will let you go! Our friendly armadillos have dug a tunnel through which you can get out this room!”.

“Tiemin, go ahead and seek shelter and hide from these bandits. They are extremely dangerous!”. Awaru warned.

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While Tiemin was doing what Awaru had requested, Awaru wondered how he would act:

“I have to get out, call for Tupan, rescue the forest and return in a split second. I am sure that when Tupan shows up the quintet will rush to the room to see if I am stuck here! If this does not happen, the bandits and Kuimin will be sure that Awaru is Tupan. So, there would be no more doubt - to kill Awaru will be killing Tupan!”.

Awaru left quietly through the tunnel dug by the armadillos and in a corner of the forest called by Tupan:

“TUPAN!”.

A strong thunderbolt struck the forest and amid the smoke came the spectacular Tupan, The Warrior-God of the Amazon.

In seconds, Tupan was before the threatened parts of the Amazon forest and ordered:

“Tupan, give me your powers over the water, over the fire, over the earth and lightning speed!”.

Immediately, the Ruby, Aquamarine, Diamond and Topaz gems emitted an intense glow and a ray of strong light from the magic ring rose to the sky.

The lightning crash caught the attention of Kuimin and the criminal quintet

“Tupan is present. Run to the panning room and see if Awaru is still trapped there!”. Goldentooth ordered.

Tupan, with lightning speed, fought every point of destruction - the forest fire, the damming of the river, the use of charcoal wood, the felling of trees, and returned to the panning room as Awaru.

“I'll open the door! I am sure that Awaru is no longer there!”. Kuimin said.

Kuimin hurried to go to the panning room where Awaru was arrested and quickly opened the door:

“Awaru, you are here! What are you doing here? Who did arrest you?”. Kuimin said visibly disappointed and at the same time embarrassed.

“Kuimin, I'm glad you found me! I was arrested here by the Goldentooth's gangsters and I don't know why!”.

Awaru replied, already getting up to leave and abandon the place.

Facing the embarrassing situation, Kuimin had no choice but to accompany Awaru back to the village.

“But, Kuimin what happened? There was so much noise outside the room, smell of smoke!”. Asked Awaru asked cynically.

“The forest was under simultaneous attack at various points driven by Goldentooth, Sawhead, Oxleather, Kid-Carbon and Setfire”. Kuimin disguised.

“But fortunately, Tupan intervened once more in our defense. Long live Tupan!”. Kuimin finished further embittering this defeat to Awaru.

Tiemin was returning to the village when she witnessed a talk of the destructive quintet with Kuimin:

“Indian, you fooled us when you said Awaru was Tupan!" You are looking to please us to make money by betraying your tribe! You are worse than us! You deserve to die”.

Tiemin saw Kuimin killed by dozens of henchmen bandits. She knew that Kuimin was not Awaru's a true

friend, but she had no idea that he would reach this point.

Anyway, she felt for Kuimin's death and searched for Awaru to tell him everything she had seen and heard.

“Tiemin, it is sad to see that an Indian of our own tribe betrays our people and joins forest-destroying bandits. I feel for Kuimin, but he sought this fate for him!”. Awaru concluded.

The forest went through a long period of calm. There were no reports of destruction and devastation, nor was there any mention of the evildoers. Awaru returned to his learning routine with Marubo.

The Tupan myth had already spread throughout the Amazon and imposed respect.

Along with his friends Kikiki, Huhaha, Uhodó and Kurrupaco, Awaru multiplied his efforts in defense of nature, its fauna, and its flora. He created an army of Nature Watchers, who came to do their part, whenever possible and at every opportunity, so that future generations will have the benefit and happiness of seeing Nature's splendor.

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And Tiemin took charge of spreading the word to all the children who also lived in the forest.

“You should help protect nature. Tupan, the Warrior-God of the Amazon cannot always be everywhere. Children must combat the destructive actions of men”.

“They should mainly guide predatory men who, through ignorance and hunger, destroy the resources of nature. This will further worsen their poverty”. Awaru said.

“So, nature has come to rely on a powerful network of Nature Watchers, and surely you can count on the sacred powers of Tupan - the Warrior-God of the Amazon!”.

Uhodó, the plump and vain tapir, swam along the Solimões River when, on one of its beaches, she saw a small village of humble fishermen, formed by some simple huts with several canoes on the riverbank.

Approaching carefully, Uhodó watched the fishermen gather eggs from a nearby cove that the turtles had just laid. These fishermen fed their families fish and turtle eggs.

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“Too bad, thousands of turtles stop being born!”. Uhodó thought sadly.

“Tiemin, we need to do something to protect the turtles. But what about the poor fishermen, how are they going to do with their families?”.

Tiemin decided to go to the village and talk to the leader of the fishermen, mister Manoel.

“Mr. Manoel, I am a Nature Watcher and would like to talk about preserving the turtles and ensuring the family's livelihood. Today fishermen destroy all turtle eggs to feed themselves. In a few years, you will not have any eggs because the turtles will disappear!”. Tiemin explained.

“But how can we do it? We live here; we depend on fishing and turtle eggs to feed our children. We are sorry to do this, but we have no choice. We do not earn money; we live only to feed ourselves!”. Mister Manoel justified.

Tiemin gave him two alternatives:

“You could just take part of the eggs, or better yet, preserve them all and create the Turtles Park. Over

time, dozens of tourists would come to visit the place; you could charge a fee and sell handicrafts!”.

Mr. Manoel decided to try, along with his friends, the Turtles Park alternative.

After a while, Tiemin returned to the village and could see that her suggestion had worked. The Turtles Park was visited by a growing number of tourists, who increased the sale of handicrafts and the sale of fried fish and natural juice. The village prospered and everyone was content with the new quality of life.

“We saved the turtles and improved the lives of the fishermen. I’m a Nature Watcher!”. Tiemin exclaimed happily.

“This damn habit of burning the field to clear the bush is old and done much more out of ignorance than spite”. Tiemin said.

“We have to call up all our Nature Watchers to a re-education work of our farmers and show them how much they are missing out on this practice!”. The wise Huhaha completed.

Today, we are still fortunate to be able to contemplate the nature that is present in many places in Brazil. But

what will it be like in the future if this destruction continues? Will future generations be as lucky as we are today?

Yes, if all the children have in their hearts the legend of Tupan. The children will be the future men who will act in government, environmental police, agriculture, livestock, fishing. Anyway, if they were conscious as children, they will be conscious adults as well.

Marubo died in Awaru's arms. Gradually, the Amazon indian tribe began to search for the cures and spells of Awaru, who increasingly gained their trust. Awaru was already established as the new “Pajé” of the tribe.

His interventions like Tupan became increasingly rare.

“Tiemin, I'm pretty much missing the absence of Setfire, Goldentooth, Cowhide, Sawhead, and Kid-Carbon. Have they redeemed themselves and finally understood that they were destroying the greatest wealth we have in the Amazon rainforest?”. Awaru said.

“Awaru, I believe so. Tupan gave the lesson and punishment they deserved several times. One hour they had to learn and convince themselves!”. Tiemin replied.

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Awaru never heard of it... but one of the reasons for the disappearance of Setfire, Goldentooth, Oxleather, Sawhead, and Kid-Carbon was their arrests for environmental and humans crimes they had practiced... their property was expropriated by the Justice and they must spend many years in prison!

Awaru decided to know the entire Amazon rainforest and confirm that all was well. He would visit every river, every corner of the forest, every village in the vast forest. And for that, would rely on the powers of Tupan:

“TUPAN!”.

A strong thunderbolt struck the village, and amid the smoke appeared the spectacular Tupan, The Warrior-God of the Amazon.

In seconds, Tupan was before the Amazon forest and ordered:

“Tupan, give me the powers over the animals! May I get big wings and fly with eagle speed!”

Immediately, the Amethyst gem emitted an intense glow and a ray of strong light from de magic ring rose to the sky.

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Immediately, Awaru turned into Tupan with large and powerful wings and could fly faster than the eagle.

Tupan launched himself for a high flight. Finally, he would know his domain in the vast Amazon rainforest. From above, he could see the immense Amazon River with its great tributaries, the preserved forest, birds of all kinds that cut the air, waterfalls of pure water, various Indian villages with their huts.

But as he approached the lands dominated by white-faced men, Tupan had the biggest surprise and disappointment of his life.

There was destruction everywhere. The enemies of the forest, Setfire, Goldentooth, Oxleather, Kid-Carbon, Jack Ethanol and Sawhead, had multiplied by the thousands. The destruction of the forest was everywhere.

His beloved Amazon rainforest had already lost more than 20% of its area. Hundreds of burnings, clearing of the woods, kilns of charcoal plants, advance of crops, advanced and destroyed the rich forest.

On his way back, Tiemin was picking blackberries in the forest when she saw Tupan arrive. He sat on a log, alone in the woods, took off his jaguar mask in pure

gold, and for the first time Tupan wept. He cried disoriented, sad, and depressed.

Tiemin watched frightened this scene of Tupan. When Tupan took off his mask, she recognized Awaru, though he looked a little older and a stronger body.

This was Awaru's secret. He and Tupan is the same person!

Tiemin approached Tupan quietly and calmly as he wiped the tears from his face.

Seeing Tiemin, instead of being surprised, Tupan came toward her and cried on her shoulder, as if he were a child, venting:

“I do not have the power of omnipresence, omnipotence, and immortality. But the enemies of the forest seem to have these powers. They are everywhere, multiplied by the thousands. They are winning this fight. I am feeling powerless and defeated. I do not know what to do. If only Ahirakuran could hear me!”

Tiemin embraced him with affection, seeking to give comfort to that demigod who recognized his weakness in fighting so many enemies of the forest at one.

But when he recovered from his despair, Tupan looked at Tiemin deeply, put on his mask again, and disappeared saying nothing more.

Tiemin understood that he did not want or could not reveal his secret. And she promised herself that this secret would die with her.

Tupan was still very depressed and frustrated. He felt he was unsuccessful in the mission entrusted by Ahirakuran. He was thinking of something he could do within his powers. He knew that he could not be everywhere in destruction at the same time. The Amazon was being mercilessly and rapidly destroyed”.

Already like Awaru again, he thought:

“In this rhythm of destruction, in 50 years there will be no more the Amazon forest!”.

Awaru thought of a way to fight and punish all those who, by action or omission, promote the destruction of the forest.

“I cannot be present in all places of destruction at the same time. But I can, with the power of Tupan, create the Commandments of Nature. These commandments will prevail in all places at once. They will punish

everyone who promotes the devastation of this great wealth. They will punish all, either by effective action or by omission of not acting against the criminals that cause the destruction of the forest”.

In a rush of revolt and anger, Awaru called out to Tupan:

“TUPAN!”.

A strong thunderbolt struck the village, and amid the smoke came the spectacular Tupan, The Warrior-God of the Amazon.

In seconds, Tupan before the Amazon forest and ordered:

“Tupan, give me the most powers over water, wind, animals, plants, water and fire!”.

Immediately, the Topaz, Amethyst, Ruby, Diamond, Emerald and Aquamarine gems emitted an intense glow and a ray of strong light from de magic ring rose to the sky.

Once again, the strongest rays announcing the arrival of Tupan were heard.

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With a shout that echoed throughout the forest, Tupan said:

I ORDER THE FOLLOWING 12 COMMANDMENTS OF NATURE IN ORDER THEY PUNISH ALL THE INHERITORS OF SETFIRE, SAWHEAD, OXLEATHER, KID-CARBON, GOLDENTooth, JACK-ETHANOL, CRIMINALS AND AMBITIOUS PERSONS WHEN ACTING AS NATURE ENEMIES. IN ORDER TO ADVERSE ALL THOSE WHO, BY OMISSION AND INDIFFERENCE, COLLABORATE WITH THE DESTRUCTION OF FORESTS FOR NOT COMBATING THEIR ENEMIES!

I - YOU WILL NOT DISCHARGE GARBAGE IN NATURE; OTHERWISE WILL YOU BE CONDEMNED TO DRINK THE WATER OF CONTAMINATED SOURCES!

II - YOU WILL NOT DESTROY THE TREES; OTHERWISE YOU WILL BE CONDEMNED TO BREATHE AN AIR WITH LESS OXYGEN; YOU WILL HAVE LESS FLOWERS AND FRUITS; YOU WILL PROVIDE THE DRY, EROSION OF THE MARGINS OF THE RIVERS AND YOU WILL LIVE UNDER FLOODS AND POLLUTED AIR!

III - YOU WILL NOT DESTROY THE NATURAL FORESTS AND WOODS TO MAKE YOUR CROPS; OTHERWISE YOU WILL BE CONDEMNED TO SUFFER WITH THE INVASION OF THE INSECTS AND PEST BY DESTROYING THEIR NATURAL PREDATORS!

IV - YOU WILL NOT DESTROY THE FLOWERS AND PLANTS, THE BIRDS AND THE WILD ANIMALS; OTHERWISE WILL YOU BE CONDEMNED TO A SAD AND DESOLATED LIFE, WITHOUT THE ENCHANTMENT OFFERED BY THE FOREST!

V - YOU WILL NOT DESTROY THE FORESTS; OTHERWISE WILL YOU BE CONDEMNED TO WALK THROUGH THE ABRASING SUN, WITHOUT THE PROTECTION OF THE SHADOW AND FRESHNESS OF THE TREES AND WITHOUT THE RELIEF OF THE PURE WATER FOUNTAINS!

VI - YOU WILL NOT TRAFFIC WILD ANIMALS; OTHERWISE YOU WILL BE CONDEMNED TO A LIFE OF FEAR AND FRUSTRATION AND YOU WILL HAVE AN UNCERTAIN AND UNHAPPY DESTINY WITH THE EXTINCTION OF THESE WILD ANIMALS.

VII - YOU WILL NOT DESTROY THE ECOSYSTEMS; OTHERWISE WILL YOU BE CONDEMNED TO AN ENVIRONMENT WHERE PREVALENCE OF MORTAL DISEASES AND PROLIFERATION OF HARMFUL INSECTS.

VIII - YOU WILL NOT EDUCATE YOUR SON FOR HUNTING, POLLUTION AND THE DESTRUCTION OF NATURE; OTHERWISE YOU WILL BE CONDEMNED THAT HE WILL RETURN AGAINST YOU AS A CHILD DEVOID OF CHARACTER, CITIZENSHIP AND LOVE TO NATURE.

IX - YOU WILL NOT POLLUTE, YOU WILL NOT TAKE OFF THE TREES, YOU WILL NOT FIRE THE FORESTS; OTHERWISE YOU WILL BE CONDEMNED TO SUFFER THE GREENHUT EFFECT OF THE PLANET, IMPROVING THE HIGH TEMPERATURE, RAINS AND FLOODS; THE MELTING OF THE POLAR ICE CAP; THE SEA LEVEL ELEVATION; TORNADOES AND DESERTIFICATION, MAKING YOUR LIFE A HELL.

X - YOU WILL NOT HAZE THE ANIMALS; OTHERWISE YOU WILL BE CONDEMNED TO LIVE A VIOLENT HUMAN SOCIETY AND THIS VIOLENCE WILL RETURN AGAINST YOU.

XI - YOU WILL NOT EXPLORER NATURAL RESOURCES FOR CONSUMPTION AND MATERIALISM WITHOUT LIMIT; OTHERWISE YOU WILL BE CONDEMNED TO A LIFE OF PRIVATION AND POVERTY AND OF THE WARS THAT WILL OCCUR BY THE DISPUTE OF THE DISPOSAL OF RESOURCES.

XII - YOU WILL NOT FAIL TO LEARN FROM THESE PUNISHMENTS; OTHERWISE YOU WILL BE CONDEMNED TO THE COLLECTIVE SUICIDE, ENDING THE CYCLE OF EXISTENCE OF THE HUMAN RACE ON THE EARTH PLANET AND THAT A NEW CYCLE BEGINS WITHOUT HUMAN PRESENCE.

Exhausted by the effort, Tupan went to rest in the shade of the trees in his beloved Amazonian forest. It was fulfilled one of its greatest mission. In his mind, one last sentence rested:

WHAT THE EARTH SUFFERS, SO THE EARTH SONS WILL SUFFER TOO!

Awaru returned to his normal life as an Amazon indian... he married Tiemin, had two sons, a boy, and a

girl... and he knew that one day he will have to pass the magic ring to another guardian when he must go back to Machu Picchu. There he will stay until a new magic ring keeper receive the call of the ancestors and decide to face the secrets and challenges of the 6 skulls...

Awaru occasionally remembered the old guardian words when he handed him the magic ring:

“My young warrior, this ring will not give you the power of eternity. The ring of 6 magic stones will give you unlimited powers over Nature, but you will remain a mortal, have no unrestricted powers over everything and everyone and cannot be in multiple places at once! However, when you get old you will have to appoint a successor, inside or outside the village as I did. When you receive signals from your nature that it is time to pass the ring with the 6 magic stones to another, you should retreat to this camera and wait. Here you will have the power of eternity until your successor comes to you. Exercise this power with great responsibility and justice”.

So, Awaru realized that one day Tupan, the Warrior-Gold of the Amazon will take him back to his origin and he will be waiting for a new guardian to continue the mission to protect and save the Amazon Forest.

But it was still too early for Awaru to worry about this... his greatest mission at the moment was to educate his two sons, making them wise and teaching them all the culture, customs and habits of their tribe and especially teaching them how to love the Amazon forest and fight to defend it from predators.

Tupan's enemies disappeared from the region and Tupan came to believe that his 12 commandments could change the course of Amazonian destruction for the good of all humanity.

Only time will tell...

As they always did every afternoon, Awaru and Tiemin took their children Diaurum and Capotira to admire the sunset on the Amazon River. At these times, Awaru forgot for a while his enemies and the evils they caused to the magnificent forest. And Awaru put his hands in the little bag he carried around his neck and felt the magic ring, knowing that Tupan would always be ready to intervene...

As he contemplated the sunset and the beauty of his wonderful Amazon forest, Awaru remembered the words of the previous master guardian of the magic ring:

“But that will bring you a great mission. Protect the entire Amazon from the destruction imposed by the greedy and unscrupulous men who do their best to make money. These men are trading infinitely greater wealth for smaller ones. But, ignore this. They do not care about the destruction of the forests; they ignore the harm it does to other men and to future generations. If you fail in your mission and the Amazon is destroyed, this will be the beginning of the end life on Earth. And it will be an incredibly sad and painful end for all mankind. We hide here the riches of gold and precious stones to show men that true wealth is out there in nature”.

“The Amazon is a special gift from the gods. Through it humanity breathes, its flora can give medicine to many diseases; its fauna is of a wealth and beauty without equal. It will keep the temperature so that men can live and purify the air so that they can breathe. But many men are reversing these values and destroying the Amazon and choosing to destroy life”.

And Tupan will never rest while there are enemies of the Amazon forest.

As long if there are enemies of nature, such as: Oxleathers, Goldentooths, Kid-Carbons, Sawheads, Setfires and Jacks Ethanol.

TUPAN, THE LEGEND OF THE WARRIOR-GOD OF THE AMAZON, BY JOÃO JOSÉ DA COSTA

THE END

THE AMAZON MUST BE PRESERVED AS ONE OF
THE LAST PIECES OF GOD'S CREATED PARADISE
FOR THE WITNESS OF ALL MANKIND.