

# The Pagan Creation Story of The Goddess Luonnotar

(The text of Genesis was derived from earlier Pagan writings of nearby societies.)



Can you imagine a time before time was born?

Try to imagine a time when there was no sun to light a black sky. A time when there was no moon shine silver upon a dark world. No birds sang in the woodland, no badger ran through the grass, looking for worms and no fox hunted for rabbits.

There was no air, no water, and no earth. Nothing lived, nothing was born or died, nothing! In the whole universe, only three things existed. There was a river, in which gushed an eddying mix of possibility. There was space, blank and black as we know it today, but without so much as a single twinkling star.

But there was a girl.

The river gave the power of movement to the universe. Black space gave the power of stillness. And this girl was their only daughter.

Her name was Luonnotar, the child of nature. She was quite alone, with no sisters or brothers no friends, no attendants. There was nowhere to walk, so she didn't walk. There was nowhere to run, so she did not run. She did nothing but rest in the stillness of space, watching the river slide into eternity.



There is no name for what Luonnotar did. We cannot say that she was sleeping. To sleep is to dream, and if we dream we must dream about something. But nothing had ever happened in the entire endless world that Luonnotar recollected. And we cannot dream of nothingness. But she was not really awake either. That would mean she would move, and speak, and sing, and feel pain and happiness. But Luonnotar had nothing to speak about, nothing to sing about, because nothing had ever happened. Luonnotar felt no pain. But she felt no happiness either. She just drifted, and observed, and waited.

Then one day, something changed for Luonnotar.

Something in Luonnotar's chest tightened. She felt as if her heart were aching and sore. She just lay there, floating in space beside the endless river, wondering at this strange feeling. In endless time, she slowly realized that she was feeling something.

She felt a yearning. She felt empty. Into that emptiness ran a river of desire, need, and craving. What did she crave? Nothing had ever happened in her world, so Luonnotar didn't realise that she yearned for action. Nothing had ever altered, so she could not know that she yearned for change.

But, at that moment, as Luonnotar rested in the cold vacuum of space watching the dark river streaming around her, something was different.

Much more slowly than any of us can imagine, an idea came to Luonnotar. There had never been such a thing as an idea in the universe before, so it took a long time to develop. After that incalculable time, when her idea was complete, Luonnotar felt it rise like the first light of consciousness. It shone bright and strong in her mind, and she acted. Luonnotar dived from cold, dark space into the great flowing river.



It only took a single moment and she was suddenly on the surface of the river. It was infinitely deep, but Luonnotar did not sink to the bottom. Lying on her back, floating in the great dark waters, she stared up into the space from which she had just leapt. There was no light; no brilliant stars lit up the darkness, no radiant moon, nor shining sun to cast a glow. There was only emptiness and perfect tranquility.

Luonnotar rested, drifting through the universe on the ripples of the river that flowed through space. She travelled huge distances, but she felt as though she was still. Everywhere, everything looked the same.

There was still just a river, dark and empty space, and a girl.

But no action, however small, has a reaction. Everything in the universe is linked to everything else. Luonnotar's dive had changed everything, forever. Now, of course, it took endless time for the change to show itself, but finally, something happened.

A water bird swam up to Luonnotar.



A duck! In the whole uninhabited universe there had only  
were now two. How had this happened?

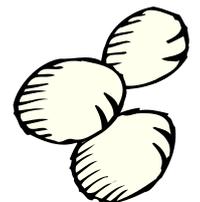
ever been one being - there

It had happened because Luonnotar had moved. When she did, she changed the alignment of the whole universe, as the flutter of a butterfly's wings can create a hurricane on the other side of the world. In her longing for change, this one small girl had created a whole new world, a world in which a bird could exist.

Luonnotar lay there, very still. The tiny bird swam around and around, looking at the floating being. Then it clambered onto Luonnotar's knee and sat there.

The duck sat there peacefully, out of the chill of the great wide, dark river, seated upon the warm knee of the girl.

Then something wonderful happened, something so beautiful that Luonnotar could not believe her own eyes. The duck laid three little eggs on her knee.



Of course, Luonnotar's knee was the only warm, dry spot in the whole universe. It was the only place where the future could hatch.

Luonnotar sat very, very still - hardly daring to breathe.

She forced herself not to move in even the smallest way. The duck sat on her clutch of eggs, and the eggs grew warmer and warmer. The future, in all its wonderful diversity, grew nearer and nearer.

Luonnotar longed for that future. She ached so much that the dull pain returned to her heart. But she ignored it. Her skin stung from the heat, the brush of the feathers, and the scratches from the duck's webbed feet. But she ignored it all. The future was in the balance, and she wanted to safeguard it. So day after day she floated there, keeping perfectly still. The duck sat upon the eggs, and the eggs lay upon the girl's knee, while the girl floated upon heaven's river.

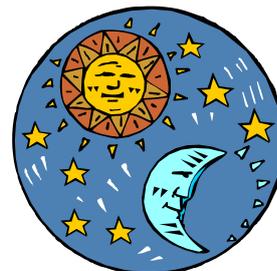
Suddenly, the duck changed her position. Her tail feathers tickled Luonnotar. Her knee jerked. She didn't mean to move. It just happened and she couldn't control it. It was not much: such a tiny twitch. But it was enough.

Luonnotar watched in dismay as the precious eggs rolled off her knee and into the endless, bottomless river.

What had she done? This was the only task she had ever had to do in her entire existence, and she had failed! Had she wrecked everything before it had even begun? Luonnotar watched the eggs disappear into the river. She feared they would sink forever out of sight. She dreaded that the future would be lost in the deep, black river of time.

Instead, the eggs cracked open.

Then something marvellous spilled forth. The yellow yolks joined together, forming a great yellow ball, which rose, shining, into the sky. The whites joined together and formed the silver moon. Tiny bits of shell glistened and floated upwards, until they shone down as the countless stars. In the void of space, where there had been nothing but emptiness for so long, light appeared.



It was magical. And Luonnotar, from whose longings these marvels were given birth, was transformed. She dived beneath the surface of the heavenly river. Down, down she dived. Something was there. She could feel it calling to her.

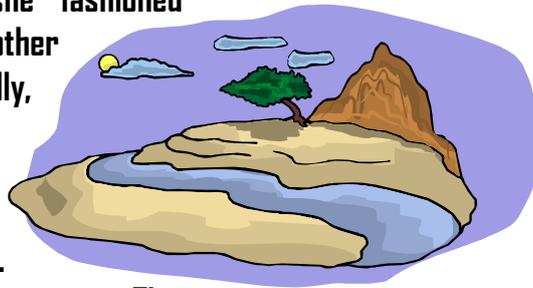
There it was! Luonnotar spotted a tiny piece of mud in the darkness of the river. She grabbed some in her hand and swam back to the surface. She floated on her back, shaping the mud into a cone upon her chest. She placed it gently on the surface of the great river, and it rose up into a huge mountain. She dived again, and again, and again. Every time she returned with a handful of mud, she fashioned something new. Once it was an island, another time a forested valley. Feverishly, blissfully,



Luonnotar toiled in the waters.

She built continents, towering peaks and beautiful fertile plains. She scraped rivers into the land and hollowed out lakes.

Overhead, the little stars gathered themselves into symbols and patterns. The moon learned how to show its one face to the new earth. The bright glowing sun learned to rise and set, dividing time into day and night.



Luonnotar built the land, and it exploded into bloom. Beautiful flowers sprang up. Soft grasses waved in the new breeze. Great forests grew, and tiny blooms sprang between the hard grey stones.

And then animals appeared, to populate the new world. Birds sang in the trees of the forests. Deer ran among the waving grass. In the mountains, all manner of animals made their dens. Monkeys babbled in the trees of the great jungles. Whales dived down into the chilly ocean waters and emerged again to blow out their great gusts of breath.



Eagles and buzzards wheeled and soared in the new blue sky, searching for the small animals that would sustain them and their

offspring.



But now she was weary and Luonnotar, the creator sank down upon a great mountain. She stared up at the beautiful sky. She gazed around at the green earth. She considered the dark blue waters shimmering in the new sunlight.



She looked at all that she had made, and she saw that it was good.

**TASK:** Re-write this story in 'comic-book' form. You can use as many pages as you wish. Illustrate it carefully as you go along.