



# Thærday & Isnever

*And The Battle For Bakhmut*

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*In times of truthful language and meaningful names and the fate that they shaped. A madly entwined path through love, suffering, struggle and always again love because she is the absolute and relatively greatest and strongest force in every universe to all times.*

written by F. H. Paul

4020 BC

## **First Piece - The truthful world**

In the truthful world, many thousands of years ago, to be precise, more than 4020 years BC, it still really mattered. Life was very tangible and you couldn't just go to the supermarket or get something from the fridge. In such a truthful world, communication is or was also truthful.

By whatever means, but if we were to analyze languages and their use today, we realized that objectification and functional analytization and a work-serving untruthfulness have taken hold.

Communication is no longer the truth at all, it is just a kind of shield on which we carry and mask our needs through the world.

However, in the world of that time, language was still something else, not yet so objectified and decoupled from true emotion and affect, rather still the true and authentic carrier of human movement, cooperation and the search for knowledge.

The voice, the original instrument.

The tribal group from which the protagonists of this tale stem settled for unknown times in the fertile and peaceful lands of today's Central Far East

Europe, above the salty sea by a small stream that bore the name Bak.

There, like their ancestors, they indulged in a rural and agricultural life. They enjoyed the community of their tribe with several dozen people, living peacefully without written code of law or the like, shared the land and its resources, treasured their forests and soils, trees and fields, wheels and plows, water and fire, milk and sometimes meat. They loved life and themselves and each other and so they also survived the harsh times of deprivation and danger.

The name of this folk tribe at that time was Baks, because they had always lived by this river, which everyone called Bak and the Baks their home.

Thærday and ïsnever played as usual by the little stream in the valley with the stones, the herbs and the rippling water.

Thærday, thirteen years old at the time, had through the small crack in his brain a strange characteristic: near trickling water or rustling trees, sounds and melodies formed in his head as if by magic and he hummed them out. It often sounded

like a simple, harmonious song for and by children and ïsnever, his playmate of the same age, composed these words which, when sung, sounded like this:

*Awom Awom  
We live our land  
Arum Arum  
We share our land  
Asom Asom  
We defend our land  
Azov Azov  
We die for our land*

The melody and meter could be poetically written down with a two-beat iambus but the pronunciation and melodization is always left to each or everyone and is only imaginary. The actual voices of ïsnever and Thærday are of course never recoverable from the thousands of years in the past. Therefore, we can only imagine the two of them playing and dancing together by the stream instrumentalizing and singing their hymn. They were at an age when girls were already interested in

boys and vice versa, but the real, physical union usually took these young people a few years more. They were a beautiful couple and both of their parents' houses were sometimes already mumbling whether the future would bring them a two-person union that would revive the whole clan to new life.

It so happened that on the day of Thærday's birth, Ísnever was also born.

It was customary in those days that the first sound the child's father made when the child saw the light of the world was chosen as the child's name.

In Thærday's case, the mid-spring sun was just rising and his father was holding his third son bent in both forearms. Moved by an inner restlessness, he moaned like the tides themselves:

“Thææærdaay !”

Having said that relieved him of the duty to participate in reality, for he, like the mother, had no strength left and her son had been given a name that resembled a force of nature.

When his father, who was also the spiritual leader of the folk tribe, slumped to his knees, he finally said:

“Thærday I-give-up.”

And so Thærday got his two-part name. The prophecy of which made the bearer never and ever in the slightest to give up. Only when this half-sentence of his name was pronounced the hairs on his forearms stood up and he began to culminate. And never to give up.

Pronounced that Thærday I-give-up, could only possibly be today and now, stimulated the indomitable powers of resistance of this man and carried Thærday through a life with the will never to give up chiseled into his spirit.

A few hours later, it was Ísnever's father's turn and he named with no other words coming up his throat and in unforgotten respect to the child born before with his double name, his third daughter:

*Ísnot Today*, nicknamed *Ísnever*.

The village community celebrated throughout the day and night. The birth of new members of the folk

tribe was always a cause for great joy because they are the absolute core of the Folk's continued existence.

The first fifteen years of Ísnever and Thærday's life were beautiful. The Baks led a prosperous existence with little shortage of supplies and a lot of social exchange. Peace prevailed for the most part between the clans of the Baks and they gathered under the leaders of the individual clans, who in turn formed the Council of the Baks who decided on the well-being and most of the Bak's destinies.

In the decades before 4020 years BC there was an unusually long period of peace in the land of the Baks. Attacks from outside, from raiders and expansionists from other peoples, had ceased ever since the Baks as a tribal group had become strong enough to defend themselves. Internal disputes never completely ceased, but there were no gross injustices or violence. There was almost a balance of power between the individual clans, wisely and prudently managed by the spiritual leader and the Council of the Baks. Since the guru was already born

with reddish hair, his father uttered loudly at his birth:

“Foxrun”. And so it became his name. His father repeated it and added:

“Foxrun Forever” and held him up with both hands high and the Baks cheered because they knew that the new, future spiritual leader had just been born. Indeed: Foxrun’s era was characterized by balance, love, care, peace and procreation. The folk of the Baks prospered and created a community in the valley near their stream in permanent dwellings, next to fertile fields and flowing water. The peace lasted long and sustainably and the memories of past times of war and crisis faded more and more.

However, catastrophic times were yet to come for the people and their land...

## **Second Piece - All is never lost**

Into this idyll of pre-Christian cohesion shattered one night the unimaginable eruption of a large volcano several thousand kilometers west on an island in the Atlantic Ocean, which consisted entirely of volcanic eruptions and is now called Iceland.

Due to the unfavorable wind conditions at the time, all the smoke and debris was blown all over Europe. The world sank into the darkness of the force of nature, the sun could not be seen for days, the plants died, the water made you sick if you drank it and the animals died like the humans.

Thærday got a large piece of blasted rock on his skull and transformed into a state of disorientation in which he couldn't say anything except his own name and was catapulted back several stages of development.

Ísnever suffered smoke and fear poisoning. She saw black and feared suffocation. She ran blindly like Thærday as far and wide as she could run. The remaining Baks tormented on the ground in pain and almost coughed their guts out of their bellies.

Their lungs collapsed, their blood vessels in the brain burst, their bodies perished.

The volcanic eruption of April 20, 4020 BC left the Baks' land in chaos and a desert. It was the turning point in their civilization.

Ísnever finally came to a halt after an indeterminate distance from the stream and as her psyche would have it, she suffered amnesia about her entire past. From then on, she lived only in the present, she told herself, and erected a lounger on two parallel branches of a maple tree. She could sleep safely there.

During the day, she collected berries in the forest, where she met a bear after a while, whom she won over with her kind nature. She called him Bägars and they invented a common, functional communication system. In this basic situation Ísnever rehabilitated herself slowly and steadily, but she continued not to think about the past, it seemed to her as if it had been erased, forced into repression.

One day, towards the fall of the same year, a strange young man crossed Ísnever's sleeping place.

He seemed to have the habit of knocking on objects and the ground, making the sound: "Thærday!". Further words were not included in his current speech. Ísnever eyed the little klutz and was delighted that she now had another companion besides the bear. Slowly but steadily she taught him more words and enabled him by varying the pronunciation of his one word, which seemed to be his name, to answer her questions or comment on statements. She guessed in her foresight that they had to prepare for the winter. More shelter, more warmth, more supplies.

Thærday and Bärgars helped wonderfully and so by the winter solstice they had built themselves a home at the edge of the forest, where they could live. Of course, it wasn't like it used to be in the heyday of the Baks, but Ísnever felt comfortable again for the first time since the catastrophe like a person who lives in a satisfying social environment and has a perspective for the future.

Although, of course, there was always that sinking feeling in her stomach as to what had happened at all, what the past was, who or what this Thærday

man actually was and whether or how long they could still be here in peace...

### **Third Piece - Names shape destiny**

Times after catastrophes always open the door for those tribal groups who have warlike intentions. In principle, war means to appropriate something unjustifiably. That is why there is a linguistic difference in German language between 'getting something' (kriegen) and 'getting something' (bekommen), although the result of the action is the same. The former is only obtained by someone who takes it by force; the latter is obtained by someone who has earned to get it.

Since we all need to receive things, socially and materially, this problem can be solved either by war or by getting through earning.

A society that is civilized and evolving, increasingly relies on getting through earning in life because it is simply better for everyone. However, this does not exclude the possibility that, then as now societies or ruling elites continue to follow the warlike principle to settle their needs and wants. It becomes all the stronger the more peaceful the other tribal groups become and the greater their need in the world.

And that was immense after the volcanic eruption. The Baks were decimated in their numbers and

weakened in their strength. The collection of their fortified dwellings only looked like a field of rubble and the people were writhing in their injuries.

At the beginning of the new year after the volcanic eruption, the folk tribe of the Huptlins appeared on the scene. Above all, they were easily irritable, warlike and expansionist. In the years of peace and the strength of the Baks the Huptlins did not dare to attack. They were patient for a long time and rearmed. They knew that the right moment would come again and they would take what they could get.

On the anniversary of the volcanic eruption, the warlike, belligerently lustful Huptlins stood suddenly in the valley of the Bak. They bludgeoned the remaining Baks and locked them in a large cage. In the bushes a Huptler saw Thærday, who was on one of his long forays through the country and noticed that something was going on in the valley. He wanted to take a closer look and was pulled out by the neck and presented to the other laughing and roaring Huptlins.

They ordered him to submit, but Thærday only said “Thærday, Thærday” and jumped up and down. So the Huptlin foot soldiers led this unruly little opponent to the Head Huptler. In his warlike mind he could only think of piling large, heavy menhirs over Thærday.

At a bush on the edge of the valley Bärgars, the bear, and ïsnever, who had read Thærday's scent, approached quietly watching the disgusting pseudo-tribunal of the Huptlins, which they set down on Thærday.

His refractory objections to the demanded subjugation were gratified by the Head Huptler pile up another menhir over Thærday.

Thærday was buried under a stone pyramid weighing several tons and the Head Huptler indulged in vile satisfaction.

The lives of free people briefly sank to their knees.

But it never stayed that way!

The old folk tribe group leader Foxrun Forever cried out with all his remaining lung volume in his feverish delirium:

“Thææææææærdaay!”

Something shook under the stone prison.

The old man repeated his cry:

“Thæææææærdaay! **Thærday I give up!**”

So he also called the second birth name of his son or expressed his annoyance at his continuous failure.

So what then exactly was going on in the minds of these people of over 4000 years BC is relatively difficult to reconstruct.

Let us say it spoke the primal voice from the old man's body and soul out. He, Foxrun Forever, was merely the transmitting medium.

Ísnot and Bärgars heard the signals and finally she remembered everything.

Of Thærday and their times together, of the great natural disaster and her amnesia.  
She knew who she was again.  
By recognizing another old friend.

**He was Thærday.**

**Thærday I give up.**

In a frenzy of goose bumps all over her body and tears of joy in her eyes she looked at Bärgars and he understood just by the way she looked.  
They nodded to each other in deep understanding and fierce loyalty.

Ísnever said solemnly now:

“Bärgars, my bear, it is and has been my honor to be your friend. Will you ride me into the final battle?”

Bärgars replied:

“My friend, I always knew that you would realize and seize it again. Take these long blades and swing them against death! I'll ride them to hell!” he swore and uttered the loudest bear cry ever heard in the lands east of the Atlantic Ocean.

A bear call of this kind will never go unheard. The wolves gathered together and joined the wolf-fox pact with the foxes. They flocked from all directions and circling the valley of the Bak that the Huptlins had taken possession of. The falcons rushed through the air and circled the scene from above with a watchful eye.

At that moment Head Huptler caught a whiff of something irritating in his nose and sneezed involuntarily.

In this moment of distraction, Bärgars with īsnever on his back dashed out of the thicket in long shooting into the valley.

She shouted her friend's name as freely and wildly as no human had ever done before.

She rode as only the most ferocious bear riders can achieve.

She swung the two blades in both hands, freehand galloping, in circular movements and slit the throats of her Huptlin victims, bellies and skulls.

From the cage at the back, the old man shouted incessantly and increasingly all the other prisoners of the free world repeating:

**“Thærday I give up!”**

They all outdid each other with their cries and invocations to their friend and companion, but the menhir tower still remained standing.

Thærday heard his folk friends very well. It began to bubble inside him. If he spoke or heard his full name, it always awakened extraordinary powers in him.

However, the inner movement and passionate cooking brought him very little under a pile of stones weighing several tons. He pushed as hard as he could, but the stone prison did not move.

And Ísnever sensed this, for she had loved Thærday since the days by the stream, even in the days when she did not recognize him, but all the more decisively Now-and-in-this-moment.

Through the regression of her amnesia, the memory of a song was revealed to her.

The song she shared with Thærday.

And she lifted both her voice and her seat and sang:

*Awom Awom  
We live our land  
Arum Arum  
We share our land  
Asom Asom  
We defend our land  
Azov Azov  
We die for our land*

And it finally dawned on Thærday's brain cells.

He suddenly knew who was there and who he himself was, by recognizing someone else he had loved since the days by the stream. Stronger than all nature and human force is only love. It is what holds this world together at its core.

From the prisoner's cage came a powerful:

**“Thærday I give up!”**

Then ïsnever's song gave wings to the prophecy of Thærday's name and he shouted out of himself, through each of the tons of menhirs in response to the call of his full name:

**“Isneeeeeer!”**

And ran with all his might against his stone prison walls. They repeated these desperate and powerful mutual calls of their truly significant names on and on and Thærday ran faster and faster and faster. It was his speed that made the difference. He ran as fast as he could and that was quite fast. The pile of stones finally moved slowly forward with him and crushed the Head Huptler on the rock wall at his back.

ïsnever and Bärgars continued to slaughter the remaining Huptlin fighters who had not yet fled and the prisoners' cage of the Baks burst in two and all the free women and men and children ran with clenched fists and bloodthirsty liberation motives onto the battlefield. They fought for their freedom. The foxes, wolves, bears and falcons also did their part as they then climbed and flew into battle and

defeated the brutal and vile human imperialists and tyrants.

In their hearts, in this valley by the stream, which they later called Bakhmut, burned freedom, the will, honor, courage and love and a single message burned brightly and boldly:

**Thærday I give up ïsnever**

We all have our names.  
We speak them as we are.  
We are like what we say.  
And we say a lot of things quickly.

On the sea of life  
Our true language is  
Harbor, ship and storm at the same time.  
It is strength and lighthouse  
In moments of separation  
The greatest threat  
The most beautiful unions  
And simply in all of life.

### **So language can really mean something.**

It carries. It carries more than just words and information, synthetically and analytically formed and sequentially strung together in a meaningful way.

It carries whole people, in their thoughts, impulses and vibrations.

It drives mercilessly towards fulfillment of the promise of its **own naming and sign setting.**

Ultimately, it always comes down to the eternal  
perpetual question of the comprehending living  
being:

*Why am I here?*

Don't think about it anymore.  
Follow your inner voice now.  
Listen to the song it sings.  
Shape your destiny.  
Never forget your names.  
And start dancing endlessly.

**The day you give up is not today.**

**Thærday you give up ïsnever**