

THE AMERICANA CHRONICLES

Volume I: The River Knew Before We Did

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~ FREE SAMPLE ~



YEAR ZERO FROSTBITE'S FIRST

~ Brothers and sisters... Welcome home. ~

Written words of President Theodore Roosevelt:



I - Lilyday

The River found us before we found it.

That's the only way to describe it.

Our people - the settlers and the warriors, men and women, and children alike - followed me as we moved through a dense, uniquely shaped green wall; a massive rainforest shaped like a horseshoe pressed in on all sides as if the land itself was trying to be our personal guardian.

As we were making good progress, looking in all directions, our eyes fixated on each little thing in the rainforest... We spotted her through the opening among the trees.

The sun was at its zenith - it was a prime example of an awesome winter's day with the view so clear, you could see into the future.

It was breathtaking.

Her beauty settled in my eyes. Without a single “may we?” they teared up.

There she was, in all her glory.

The River.

We hurried toward her. My teary eyes fixated exclusively on her. She was exactly like I imagined her.

Wide and blue and cold and rapid and beautiful and... And simply catching the sunlight in a way that made a man stop. Not stop walking or stop talking - stop. Freeze time. Be in the now.

The settlers stopped. I stopped.

Nobody said a word. We could do nothing but stare - as if her beauty was transferable by sight.

The River was presenting her arguments to us. Motherly kind of arguments. The ones you heard when she stood on the porch, imploring you to briefly abandon your everlasting project of changing the landscape by digging with a stone, just to invite you inside your home for a warm meal and safety.

The arguments we always took for granted. Not this time. Not today. Not ever again.

It was at this precise moment that I knew she was indubitably, absolutely, one hundred percent - in the right. You don't argue with a river. You don't second-guess when she makes you listen.

I am a blessed man. Walks of life always seemed to take me back to my oldest and strictest teacher - Ms. History herself.

And it is precisely because of Ms. History that I know damn well rivers have been deciding where people live long before people knew they were even making geopolitical decisions.

The River had already chosen. We just had the good sense to agree. Hard to resist the allure of a beautiful lady wanting to take care of you.

I decided to call her Delaware on the very spot and turned to my settlers and warriors.

“Brothers and sisters... Welcome home.”

“Look around you. Look at those holding the fate of the Grand American Nation in their arms. But also look behind me. What you see flowing as freely as we as people desire - has chosen us.”

“It shall bear the name Delaware. We shan't forget the fallen ones!”

A flock of birds flew above us. It was magnificent, and it had to be another sign.

I looked at my people again, emboldened and valiant, fists clenched, and a throat ready for shouting.

“This is our front page! This is our new age!”

I turned my eyes towards the very green and very empty plot of land, safely cushioned between the rainforest trees.

The people looked in the direction I was pointing.

They were waiting for the signal.

"Over there!" finally arrived, like the first taste of deserved water after great thirst.

"Yes, my dearest brothers and sisters. You Chosen Few with big hearts and gentle souls. Over there is where countless generations of free Americans will slumber peacefully, love wholeheartedly, protect unconditionally, and trust faithfully. This is where you will hear the laughter of a child. A lover's quarrel. Where we shall have a reason to give life another day back."

My eyes squinted with authority and ambition alike as I nodded.

"Yes. We shall find our Capital over there."

"What shall we name it, sir?" yelled one of the settlers.

"That is not for me to decide. What does the Grand American Nation want?"

"Roosevelt!" they all shouted, almost simultaneously.

Taken aback, trying to meet each of their gazes, I asked a simple "What is it?" and closed my eyes as the realization tickled my mind the moment I asked.

"No, we should name the Capital Roosevelt!" they yelled even louder, bathing in the joyful occasion that is naming the haven you've waited all your lives for.

"You deserve it, Mister President! Thank you for taking us out o-"

I interrupted the woman with a loud cough.

"Very well."

"It shall be named - Roosevelt!"

And so, despite my embarrassment, it was settled. The Capital of the Grand American Nation was named and founded.

Now let me tell you what we're sitting on, because geography either turns you into a victim or a victor, and I believe that with every bone in my body.

To our east, the volcano.

Just sitting there. Quiet and cold and arrogant and... Watching us. She is enormous. It would take at least two months to go around her. She is constant. Inactive, however. At least that's what they tell me.

I choose to believe them.

One week's walk of distance between her and us - that's what we've got. Whether that's enough when she decides to wake up is a question I deliberately don't think about until I have to.

But here's the thing about that volcano. She's not just a mere titan, looking down on us. She's a wall. Nothing comes at us from the east without either climbing her or going around her, and going around her means entering our sight lines.

I'll take that trade.

Northeast of Roosevelt lie massive amounts of usable stone. They are positioned right between the Delaware and the volcano, at least a two-week walk from the Capital. Good stone. I saw it when we discovered the river.

Gray and solid, and there, the way stone ought to be.

That's future walls. Future towers. Future proof that we were serious when we came here.

Wheat across the river, directly north. That'll feed us for years to come. Hunger is the first enemy of any new thing, and we won't be hungry long.

To our southwest, a modest mountain. Snow-capped, raw, constant. Exactly what our people need watching their backs.

It stands exactly where we need it, closing off our southwestern approach. Between that mountain, the volcano, and the rainforest horseshoe, Roosevelt is sitting in what very well might be the most naturally defensible position I could have hoped to find on a strange, new continent.

The land chose us back. We are blessed.

V - Neday

My warriors moved out on foot the same week we broke ground.

I'll be honest - the prospect of sending them out into the unknown scared the living hell out of me.

Should I highlight the fact that they're the only protection Roosevelt has right now?

Watching them disappear into the green edge of the Horseshoe settled an uncomfortable weight in my chest.

Now, we are alone here.

The army won't train the scouts we need for some time yet, and until they are, warriors serve double duty - they will need to be our shield and eyes alike.

They marched Lilyday, Arthday, Nukaday, and Cededay. One league of ground - almost a full week of marching.

Their runner reached me today.

"They've reached the bottom-left edge of the Rainforest Horseshoe," the messenger boy told me.

He arrived at dusk, trail-dusty and breathing hard, with nothing remarkable to report beyond their position.

I ordered young Mister Wayne to rest up and rejoin the men the day after tomorrow.

Although I suspect he shall be on his way by tomorrow's sundown.

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