

Case N° 47258749

# The ORACLE Files

**CONFIDENTIAL**

From the journal of King Tambo, released to the public as written in his will upon his death in the year 1667. These entries were back to back, so heed the dates and read with caution, for these stories were always met with question of his sanity:

August 8, 1942

Legend has it, an oracle hides in the Caves of Akishuna: a heavenly being born with the beginning of time to make sure it ran smoothly. Of course, that purpose was promptly exhausted, but yet he remains, or so they say. "They" as in the Histologists. "They" as in the fools that believe such nonsense. "They" as in the geniuses that pointed me in the right direction and started me on my way. "They" as in the ones that sent me off on my own to die in this wretched jungle. Ha. No wonder none of them has even actually found him.

Needless to say, this is my last entry before I go inside the cave. I've been sitting outside here for a few days now, and I'm sure I've found it this time. You see, at night, there is this, well, ticking. Like a clock. Coming from inside the cave. Tell me, what else could it be?

Okay, enough procrastinating. If something happens to me, hopefully someone finds this and knows that I didn't actually lose my mind.

Tambo out.

August 8, 1592

Already the memory fades like a dream, so I will write fast. I am not who I was a minute ago, or, perhaps, who I will be? If this is real. Sorry, I don't understand either, but I'll try to explain.

I was correct. I would say I was the first, but that would be a lie. There were seven before me, that I know for a fact.

He was just there, in the center of the cave. A griffin, his feathers and fur golden orange in the flickering light from a single candle. He didn't say anything at first, just gazed at me. So, I, well, I told him I liked his timepiece that was hanging around his neck because surely that's where the ticking noise had come from. He chuckled at me, just like an old friend.

He said (and this I will never forget), "Time telling, huh? Yes, that would be the obvious explanation, but further from the truth than you could imagine..." His deep voice trailed off, then he looked down at the clock-resembling medallion hanging from his neck and tossed it to me without hesitation, adding, "Go ahead. See if you can figure it out,"

At that, I scoffed. I wasn't dumb, only dumbfounded. It instantly became clear to me that it was not anywhere near a clock, although its carvings and crown proved that it had something to do with time. No glass covered its surface, it was as thin as a coin, and no subtle ticking echoed from within to move its single hand.

Even so, the large golden disk (despite showing signs of age to which he added, "It's gone everywhere with me, so it's seen better days,") was stunning. Its glittering surface was covered in intricate carvings, with some of which recognizable as dates upon closer inspection, seven to be exact. The others appeared to be small symbols, like leaves and swords, all connected as if to form one big picture. The most beautiful part, though, was the gleaming jewel in the center. It took up about half of the surface, and the single hand pointed out from it. When turned and tilted, the jewel reflected a new color so that it was impossible to say for sure what type of gem it really was. Regardless, it was obviously priceless. From the size to the elaborately-carved shape and afore-mentioned color, everything about it seemed expensive and rare.

I tossed it back to him, just as confused as I had been. He was completely unperturbed to be in possession of such an artifact, but I was amazed.

He said to me, "So, do you want to see the real magic?" and held up the medallion by the chain so that the gem glittered as if a rainbow were actually trapped in it. I could only nod. He chuckled in that quiet way once again, and turned to grab the candle from the sconce on the wall behind him. As he approached me, the chamber danced in the eerie lighting, and I had to hold down my breakfast.

He stood right alongside me, and held up the medallion and candle. The medallion was backwards, so I could now see a small hole in the back and the colorful gem through it. He expertly held the candle up to this hole so that it could cast light through it, and when the flames licked the metal, the magic began.

The smooth wall of the cave across from us was illuminated in a brilliant blue, and as he adjusted the candle's position, an image began to form. Now, I can't for the life of me remember what it showed, but I remember it was a kingly lion in some ancient environment. As the candle flickered, the image seemed to move like a film, but it could have been my imagination. Soon, he lowered both objects and turned the crown of the medallion, and the arm moved to a new date. Then, he raised it as before to show another image, this one orange. Next it was purple, then yellow, then red, green, and pink, which was the last of the dates. Each showed a different lion from a different time period doing something different, but I can't remember what.

Since this was finished, he said to me, "You have made it this far to find me, so I have no doubt you are worthy. The final say, though, is not up to me. I am only a messenger. Here, take the medallion. Find a place, and try to carve the date you would like to travel to with your claw. If you are able to carve into it, you will find yourself there. Do be careful, though, because if it takes, you will find yourself at whatever date you carved, mistake or

not. If the carving doesn't take, well, I cannot help you any further. You will awaken in your own den, and this will all be forgotten like a dream. Whenever you are ready, you may begin."

I was so excited, but also nervous. At first I scratched lightly at the precious artifact, but once I noticed that the carving was taking, I began to carve at a rapid pace. When I was finished, a tiny orange glow from within the disk moved along my messy carving, straightening it somehow but not changing what I had written, then adding another shape: a crown.

That's the last thing I remember seeing, and also the first thing. I blinked and found myself not looking down at the medallion in that dimly lit cave, but instead looking out over a sea of lions in a sunny courtyard, a crown being lifted atop my head.

Truth be told, that was the first time I truly believed in him. If only I had thought to ask his name.

From the *Ukusizana Times*, August 9, 1942:

# UKUSIZANA TIMES

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Member of the Associated Press .  
Aenean commodo ligula eget dolor.  
Aenean, Aenean commodo ligula eget  
dolor. Aenhswe. Cefhciebce fcdhdcd.

Est. 1869

Sunday, August 9, 1942

Price 6d

## 17 Year Old Utamboka Missing!

**The well-known teen left on a near-normal day-trip Monday but has yet to return.**

His last known contact, Okudala Indoda, a well-known Histologist from Yuka Pride, says he was journeying into the Akishuna Jungle in pursuit of his "true purpose" on August 3rd. According to Indoda, he spoke a lot of his family heritage and how he felt like he was missing his potential, but seemed rushed. He asked for any clues on the whereabouts of "the Oracle," before setting out on his own. There have been no sightings of him since. If you have any information at all please contact



From *Trolls, Naked Mole Rats, and Other Ancient Mythical Beings* by Okudala Indoda, circa 1942:

# The Oracle

Confirmed sightings: None

Location of origin story: Unknown

Date of origin story: Unknown

Rumored appearance: Orange-coated Griffin

Rumored location: Constantly changing

Most reports originate from the Akishuna Jungle.

eight

Notes: ~~Seven~~ have gone missing in search of this being. Most notable account is from the journal of King Tambo (?-1667), although he was rumored insane.

From the legal record of the arresture of 47258749:

DEPARTMENT OF POLICE, Ukusizana Pride Record of Arrest		
NAME Okuphakade		
SPECIES Griffon	ID 47258749	
SEX Male	BIRTHDATE 00/00/0000 N/A	
HEIGHT 58"	BIRTHPLACE Unknown	
LENGTH 8.1'	EYES Light Blue	
PRIDE Unknown	WEIGHT 507.3 lbs	
STATUS Unknown	SCARS N/A	
DESCRIPTION Maned, orange and brown spots and stripes, grey face, wings, bird front legs, feathered mane and ears		
ITEMS CONFISCATED Golden clock-faced medallion, origin unknown, to be returned upon completion of sentence		
DETAILS OF ARRESTURE		
DATE 12/18/2020	TIME 23:08	PLACE Chasm Cave
DESCRIPTION Offender was located in this cave when those living nearby heard a strange ticking coming from inside starting at the 11 o'clock hour. Offender didn't struggle, but only offers strange answers. Further questioning is in progress.		
PROPOSED CHARGE 200 hours of community service to be completed within the Ukusizana Pride		
PREVIOUS CRIMINAL HISTORY		
DATE	DESCRIPTION	

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