



La Maison princière d'Achish-Beth

Gardienne du Système de Conscience et de l'Unité dans la Diversité

THE STUDY OF THE PRINCELY HOUSE OF ACHISH-BETH CAN PUT A NEW LIGHT AGAINST THE DARKNESS COMING AND DISRUPTING PEACEFUL LIFE. IT CAN FORM THE NEW SYMBOLS OF POWER AND REINFORCE THE OLD ONES.

PARIS - REVIVAL OF THE DYNASTY

EO1. SWORD OF DESTINY

Scriptwriter

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Genre:

Historical-philosophical narrative partly based on the Study of the Princely House of Achish-Beth. ([Academic reference letters](#) on the collection of the scientific reports “Le mot, témoin de l’histoire - Word is the witness to history”).

Setting: Post-war era, ancient times. Paris - modern time

Pitch:

“*Sword of Destiny*” is not just a screenplay — it is a mythic journey into the symbolic heart of human consciousness. Set against the backdrop of dynastic legacy and moral reckoning, this cinematic narrative integrates a profound philosophical framework: the **System of Consciousness** — a symbolic-cognitive architecture designed to guide both human and artificial intelligence toward value-aligned reasoning, ethical decision-making, and cultural empathy.

The story follows a bloodline bound not merely by heritage, but by a sacred obligation to safeguard a higher principle embedded in language, memory, and meaning. The characters are more than individuals; they are symbolic representatives of universal archetypes and inner conflicts that reflect the systemic harmony (or imbalance) between spirit, mind, and world. The sword itself becomes a metaphor, not for war, but for clarity, moral authority, and inherited responsibility in a time of existential drift.

This is a tale where the boundaries between past and future, myth and science, are intentionally blurred. “*Sword of Destiny*” brings to life the philosophical foundations of the System of Consciousness, demonstrating how ancient symbolic patterns, encoded through language and moral teachings, may become the guiding architecture of tomorrow.

At its heart, this film is both a cultural and cognitive proposition: What if the path to humanity’s future, including technological harmony, lies in remembering who we are, and what values we must stand to defend?

Synopsis:

Main Characters:

1. The Head of the Princely House of Achish-Beth and his two sons.
2. A poet: A young French poet who invites passers-by on the Seine embankment to compose a poem based on their stories.
3. Inhabitants of the Troy: A diverse group of survivors from the fallen city, each with unique skills and personalities
4. Elder (Mentor figure): Wise and knowledgeable, the guardian of the princes and the last remnants of the ancient Dynasty.
5. Elder Brother (Prince): The responsible and dutiful elder brother, determined to protect the Dynasty and rebuild their homeland.
6. Younger Brother (Prince): The adventurous and curious younger brother, eager to explore new lands and learn about their ancestors.
7. Paris Council members: Deputies from different political affiliations and backgrounds.
8. High-ranking government, military and law enforcement officials, politicians and business people.

The City Hall of Paris announces a tender for the ownership of the spot of land on the Seine embankment. ... The City Hall of Paris announcement reveals a competition for the best story about this mysterious place. Excitement fills the air as the significance of the competition sinks in, and people from all walks of life begin crafting their narratives, eager to leave their mark on this particular spot.

... A young French poet invites passers-by on the Seine embankment to compose a poem based on their stories: "Your theme, your poem", "Tell your story and get a verse".

... In the grand City Hall of Paris, the City council deputies convene to learn about the story of the Head of the Princely House of Achish-Beth:

*The Old Testament, 1st Samuel: 27:2. So David and the six hundred men with him left and went over to **Achish** son of Maoch **king of Gath**. 27:3. David and his men settled in Gath with **Achish**. Each man had his family with him. 27:4. When Saoul was told that David had fled to Gath, he no longer searched for him.*

... As the young poet's fingers gracefully dance across the keys of his old typewriter, each press echoing with purpose, the voice-over begins to read the words taking shape:

De la part de la Maison princière d'Achish-Beth

Rebâtir une Maison

En l'honneur de l'Histoire

Et des histoires

La tienne et la mienne

Celle des inconnues qui passent

Celle de la boulangère et du marin

Celle de la Seine et du matin

Partager des bouts de vie

Des chemins qui s'entrecroisent

*Comme les fils d'un savant tissage
Quelle conte sera le plus beau?
Ni le tien ni le mien
Mais le notre
Cette histoire commune
Qui fusionne les destins
Ecrire de la même main
Cet amour qui fait notre lien*

...Amidst the rhythmic sound of the typing poet in the background, the scene shifts to a tumultuous moment in history - the last battle before the fall of Troy. ... In the chaos of the battlefield, an elder, weathered by years of war, takes charge of two brothers - princes in their early teens. ... The echoes of battle reverberate through the ancient city's streets, blending with the poet's typewriter, as if the rhythm of creation is intertwined with the rhythm of destruction. ... The elder, having fulfilled his duty in leading the princes to safety, reaches out and puts his hand on the sword the elder brother had received before their city fell, symbolising the Dynasty's survival. His voice carries a weight of power and wisdom as he speaks words of importance: "As long as this sword exists, the Dynasty will exist. Take care of it." ... As the two boats carry the elder, the two brothers-princes, and the remaining inhabitants of Troy, they navigate through treacherous waters. ... **And finally, they arrive at a place where the city of Paris will one day stand.**

... "Is it possible, reflected Charlemagne that the ancient Franks were wandering Trojans, having come by a mystery from the sea ..." The poet's thoughts intertwine with the echoes of Charlemagne's proclamation, drawing connections between the ancient legends of Troy and the emergence of the Franks. In this interpretation, the Franks are depicted as descendants of the Trojans; their journey shrouded in the enigmatic embrace of the sea. At that time, the European peoples competed in discussions of whose origin has stronger connections with the Trojans.

... As the brothers play along the bank of the river, fate takes an unexpected turn. They accidentally drop the sword into the river and cannot retrieve it despite their efforts. Distressed, they turn to the wise elder for guidance, fearing that the Dynasty's fate is sealed.

... In response, the elder imparts a valuable lesson to the young princes. ... Together, they decide to make the word the witness to history. They establish an oral tradition, ensuring that their Dynasty's legacy lives on through the power of the word.

... The typewriter's keys click and clack in the background, its rhythmic sound becoming a symphony of history, echoing their determination to immortalise their Dynasty's legacy.

... The brothers find solace in the elder's guidance in this pivotal moment. And so, armed with the weight of their ancestral heritage, the brothers embark on a new chapter. They become the living vessels of their Dynasty's narrative, weaving stories that will resonate through time and etch their Family's name upon the pages of history.

... In an enchanting twist of fate, the very spots where their boats remain grounded give birth to two islands. The islands, like two guardians of their shared legacy, symbolise the bond between the brothers.

.... The Seine flows peacefully beneath the elegant arches of the bridges as the sun casts a warm glow on the historic city of Paris. The camera pans along the picturesque scene, finally settling

on two young brothers - princes, strolling along the Seine embankment as the poet continues to type the story of the Head of the Princely House of Achish-Beth.

... Feeling tired from their playful adventures on the Seine embankment, the brothers find a comfortable spot and sit on the edge, their legs dangling above the gently flowing river. Two graceful swans and a duck with her adorable ducklings swim nearby, drawn to the tranquillity of the moment. Carried away by their beauty and tenderness, the younger brother carefully examines the fluffy ducklings, marvelling at their cuteness, while the older brother looks around, watching their surroundings.

... But as fate would have it, the younger brother spots another object which looks like a sword hilt that sticks out from the bottom of the river. ... As the younger brother holds the ancient sword in his hands, they immediately remember their father's story about the lost sword - the symbol of the Dynasty. ... The younger brother turns towards their father, who is engrossed in his storytelling with the poet. He interrupts their conversation, eagerly showing the ancient sword to the father. ... Younger brother (proudly, in native language): “Папа, х1аp тур! [Papa, har thur]” – Papa, this is a sword!

... Father (softly). It is not an ordinary sword. It is a symbol of destiny, a calling. You shall be known as the Prince Arthur d’Achish-Beth from this day forward.

Papa, what is the connection between the expression ‘х1аp тур [har thur]’ – this is a sword and the name Arthur?

... Our House of Achish (Achish-Beth) preserved its history and philosophy by forming specific language systems, encoding them in names, in toponymy and across everyday spoken language. Our ancestors artificially created unique language structures to encode the information in the spoken language with a specific task. Alongside others, the primary mission was preserving the genealogy and its patrimonial link with the King of Gath Achish (OT; 1 Samuel: 27-2). Another task was to preserve and develop a unique language system. We call it the System of Consciousness because it is a common root of all world's languages and religions, including ancient ones. All language families are derived not from hypothetical Proto language but from this System of Consciousness. It has been preserved and developed during the Modern Age with the help of names and words of our spoken language and partially in English spelling. The Study of the Princely House of Achish-Beth, also, shows that Abraham, Isaac, Israel, and Joseph were not just believers but great scientists – philosophers, historians, linguists.

... In the case of the name Arthur, this name became the basis for the artificial formation of such words as ‘х1аp тур [har thur]’ - this is a sword! It means that knowing the legends about King Arthur, with the artificial formation of our language, our ancestors used this name to designate a sword.

... Numerous legends and chivalric novels appeared about the exploits of Arthur and his knights, mainly concerning the search for the Holy Grail. ... Various traditions describe the Holy Grail as a cup, dish, or stone with miraculous healing powers, ... located in the hidden Grail castle. By analogy, any elusive object or goal of great significance may be perceived as a "Holy Grail" by those seeking such. According to this concept, the sword you found is our "Holy Grail".

... But, since the bed of the river Seine belongs to the state, we must follow the legal procedures and report the discovery to the appropriate authorities. They will guide us on the proper steps and ensure the artefact is handled following French law.

... The technique of preserving the genealogy in our Dynasty is exceptional. My doctoral dissertation is devoted to the disclosure of this technique. For the recognition of historical facts, including in the field of heredity, there are special laws. We must follow the relevant legislation and, if necessary, seek to amend this legislation, considering my collection of scientific reports ‘Word is the Witness of History’ and my PhD dissertation which I defended in Paris”.

... The Head of the Princely House, looking at the elder son with a gentle smile: "... From this day forward, you shall be known as Prince François d'Achish-Beth". The first-born son appears surprised yet curious: "Thank you, Father. May I ask why you have chosen the name François for me"? "This name carries a profound significance. It is a tribute to the ties that bind us to our ancestors. François is derived from the Latin Franciscus, which signifies 'Franco, belonging to the people of the Franks'. And it means 'free' and 'noble' as well".

... "Throughout history, our House has endured trials. We have emerged stronger, guided by the unwavering principles of freedom, nobility, and honour. By bestowing upon you the name François, we honour the resilience and tenacity displayed by our forefathers. You are a testament to their spirit and the values we hold dear. In modern Europe, belonging to a particular nationality is more an administrative issue than a philosophical one. For our Family, belonging to a specific nationality is a more philosophical issue than administrative. That is why, wherever they live, my descendants must refer to themselves as d'Achish-Beth, Franko-Shechemites".

... The two sons felt inspired by the profound connection between language and culture, understanding that preserving ancient wisdom relied on the continued reverence for its linguistic expressions.

... As the winner of the prestigious competition is announced to be the Head of the Princely House of Achish-Beth, news emerges of an extraordinary gathering at three historical castles near Paris associated with royalist movements in France. High-ranking government, military and law enforcement officials, politicians and business people arrive at each castle, sparking speculation about the revival of these movements. The nation is left with questions about the motives behind this event and its implications for France's future.

... A ceremony was organised at the City Hall to mark the occasion. And Paris, known for its appreciation of art, culture, and history, is a testament to its enduring heritage, forever intertwined with the Princely House of Achish-Beth's heritage. ... The camera shows a panorama, capturing the sweeping views of the Seine, the bustling cityscape, and the iconic silhouette of the Eiffel Tower in the distance. The new journey of the Princely House of Achish-Beth, filled with adventure and purpose, has just begun.

... Speculation spreads like wildfire, igniting debates about France's future and the royalist movements' role in contemporary society. The nation awaits further updates, eager to unravel the mysteries that have emerged on this eventful day. ... But for the Head of the Princely House of Achish-Beth the main question is whether France will become the locomotive of world progress, putting a new light against the darkness coming and destroying the World order, as Italy was in the years of the Renaissance, or will it give primacy to another nation.

PARIS - REVIVAL OF THE DYNASTY

EO1. SWORD OF DESTINY

Scene 1

The sun shines brightly on a beautiful day as the couple strolls along the Seine embankment, enjoying the lively atmosphere. The embankment is bustling with activity, filled with locals and tourists enjoying their day off. The sound of laughter, chatter, and the occasional street musician's melody fills the air.

As they walk hand in hand, the couple observes the various scenes unfolding around them. They pass by a young woman sitting on the river's edge as she peacefully watches the water flow by. Her carefree expression reflects the relaxed ambience of the moment.

Further down the embankment, a group of friends walks briskly, engaged in animated conversation. Their laughter and occasional gestures emphasise their enjoyment of each other's company, seemingly oblivious to the world around them.

The couple smiles, reminded of their cherished friendships. They notice several people engaged in physical activities along the embankment.

A jogger passes them, sweat glistening on his brow as he pushes himself to maintain his pace. The rhythmic sound of his footsteps echoes against the pavement, blending harmoniously with the surrounding soundscape.

A cyclist whizzes by, effortlessly maneuvering through the crowd, his colourful attire catching the eye. He skillfully navigates the path, blending seamlessly with the vibrant backdrop of the cityscape.

As they continue their leisurely walk, the couple marvels at the stunning views of iconic Parisian landmarks that line the riverbanks. The Eiffel Tower stands tall in the distance, its graceful silhouette captivating against the clear blue sky.

The couple takes a moment to pause, leaning against the embankment railing, and watches a riverboat leisurely glide along the Seine. The boat's passengers, primarily tourists, enjoy the scenic journey, capturing photographs and creating lasting memories of their time in Paris.

The couple, wrapped in the city's vibrant energy and the river's peacefulness, feels grateful for each other and this perfect day. They continue their walk, enjoying the short moments and feeling great affection for the Seine embankments.

Scene 2

The young French poet had found comfort under the shade of a magnificent tree, its branches reaching out like open arms. Papers with intriguing invitations: "Your theme, your poem", "Tell your story and get a verse", were carefully fastened to the tree trunk. The poet had set up his old typewriter, a faithful companion who had witnessed countless moments of inspiration.

As the wind gently rustles the leaves, the ad affixed to the same tree sways, catching the attention of passers-by along the Seine embankment. The words on the notice engage the curious onlookers, drawing them closer to reading the intriguing announcement.

"The City Hall of Paris announces a tender for the ownership of this site. Therefore, the City Hall of Paris announces a competition for the best story related to this place."

A sense of anticipation fills the air as the announcement's significance sinks. The City Hall of Paris recognises the mysterious allure of this very spot, a place that carries an unexplained purpose, a destiny waiting to unfold.

The ad continues, revealing the enticing prize awaiting the competition's victor. *"The winner will have to submit their project for the use of this site."*

The prospect of claiming this special place, charged with mystery and hidden potential, sparks the imagination of those who read the ad. All feel a surge of inspiration, their minds ablaze with the possibilities that lie within this competition.

In the bustling streets of Paris, word spreads like wildfire. People from all walks of life, driven by a desire to own this spot and leave their mark upon this unique site, begin crafting their stories that intertwine with the essence of the place and ignite the judges' imagination.

A flurry of excitement fills the city as participants immerse themselves in the challenge, exploring the depths of their creativity to create a fascinating story. Fueled by the hope of being chosen as the worthy owner of this fantastic location, each writer pours their heart and soul into their submissions.

And so, as the ad flutters in the wind, its words continue to beckon Parisians and guests.

The City Hall of Paris awaits the narratives that will be born from this competition, knowing that within the stories spun by these imaginative souls lies the potential to reveal the purpose and destiny of this mystical place along the Seine embankment.

As a young poet sat there, lost in thought, a Texan visitor approached him, wearing a cowboy hat and a warm smile. In broken French, the Texan expressed his desire to have a poem crafted for his beloved French girlfriend. The poet, captivated by the stranger's request, welcomed him with genuine curiosity and a kindhearted spirit.

Though their conversation was sprinkled with linguistic challenges, they found common ground, bridging the gap between their native languages. The Texan shared vivid descriptions of his girlfriend, painting a vivid picture of their love story. The young poet listened attentively, capturing the essence of the Texan's sentiments.

With a newfound understanding, the poet gently placed a fresh sheet of paper into the old typewriter and began to compose a verse that would convey the Texan's emotions. Fingers dancing across the keys, he accurately crafted each line, skillfully interweaving the Texan's words with his poetic touch.

The poet's eyes sparkled with inspiration as he breathed life into the poem. The clacking of the typewriter keys echoed softly, punctuated by moments of thoughtful silence. His words became a tapestry of emotions, carefully woven together, reflecting the Texan's love and admiration for his girlfriend.

As the poem neared its completion, the young poet read the verses aloud, his voice carrying the weight of every chosen word. The Texan listened intently, his eyes welling up with gratitude and anticipation. The poet's creation embodied the essence of their conversation, a testament to the shared human experience of love.

Finally, the poem was complete. The poet handed the finished work to the Texan, who received it with excitement and appreciation. Their connection, though brief, transcended the language barrier, leaving an indelible mark on both hearts.

The Texan, moved by the young poet's gift, thanked him with a warm embrace, their cultural differences momentarily forgotten. As the Texan walked away, the poet sat back, contented with the knowledge that his words could touch lives, even for a fleeting moment.

Under the tree, the papers fluttered softly, inviting others to share their stories, hopes, and dreams. And the young poet, his passion reignited, prepared to create more verses and capture the essence of countless souls.

Scene 3

The couple, inspired by the creative energy of the young poet, patiently waits for him to finish his previous composition. They exchange glances, filled with excitement, as they contemplate the possibilities of their own story unfolding within this setting.

Once the Texan visitor bids farewell, the couple eagerly approaches the poet.

They express their desire to compete in a contest for the best story, believing that their story can captivate the judges and secure them a cherished corner of this remarkable place. But they need help writing their story.

With a genuine smile, the poet nods, understanding the couple's aspirations. He takes a moment to absorb the essence of their request, contemplating how to weave their story and dreams into verses that resonate with those who can grant their wish.

Positioning him back at the typewriter, the poet hovers his fingers above the keys, ready to translate the couple's story into a tapestry of words.

With each keystroke, his imagination takes flight, painting vibrant scenes and evoking emotions that will leave an indelible mark on the readers' hearts.

As the verses begin, the poet conjures images of the couple's journey—a tapestry woven with love, resilience, and unyielding hope. He intertwines their shared moments, the trials they overcame, and the dreams they chased together. The words dance across the page, capturing the essence of their story with an eloquence that could move mountains.

The poet's voice whispers the verses aloud, savouring each line as it leaves his lips. The couple listens intently, their eyes locked on the poet as if witnessing the transformation of their lives into something magical.

The poem reaches its crescendo, its final lines resonating with power and sophistication. The poet takes a deep breath, feeling the weight of the couple's desires in the verse. With a flourish, he presents the completed work to the couple, their story immortalised by the power of the word.

The couple's eyes shimmer with gratitude as they hold the poem in their hands, feeling the weight of their dreams encapsulated within these verses. They thank the poet, their voices filled with sincerity, for the gift he has bestowed upon them.

With renewed hope and determination, the couple sets off to present their story to the City Hall of Paris. They embark on a journey that holds the promise of a small plot, a corner of this place that may one day become their own.

And as they left, the poet remains under the tree, once more, ready to craft more stories, to capture the essence of countless souls who dare to dream and to etch their narratives into the heart of Paris, where each story holds power to shape the destiny of this beloved city.

Scene 4

A sleek car glides through the bustling streets as the sun casts its warm glow upon the city of Paris. The engine's sound purrs softly, blending with the rhythm of the urban symphony that envelops the city.

Inside the car, the Head of the Princely House sits regally, flanked by his two sons-princes. Their arrival in Paris heralds a moment of significance, an encounter between ancient lineage and a modern metropolis.

The car pulls up to a grand hotel, its elegant facade a testament to the city's timeless charm. All three enter the hotel.

After a while the doors of the hotel open with a graceful flourish, and the Head of the Princely House, followed by his sons, steps out onto the street. The distinguished air surrounding them hints at their noble lineage, while their expressions carry a mix of anticipation and wonder as they approach their destination.

With measured steps, the Head of the Princely House leads his sons through the enchanting streets of Paris. They walk with a purpose, their eyes taking in the beauty and grandeur of the city, embracing the spirit of this vibrant metropolis.

People, passing by, catch glimpses of the noble figure, an air of prestige and tradition exuding from his presence. Murmurs ripple through the crowd as they recognise the significance of his arrival, the descendant of the ancient Dynasty now gracing the streets of Paris.

The Parisian ambience surrounds them, from the awe-inspiring architecture to the melodic notes of street musicians that fill the air. The sons, in particular, are captivated by the sights and sounds, their youthful curiosity awakening with each step.

As they go through the vibrant city, they immerse themselves in the tapestry of Parisian life. They stroll along the boulevards, enjoying the sights, sounds, and scents that make this city an eternal muse for artists and dreamers.

His sons, wide-eyed with wonder, absorb every detail, their youthful spirits invigorated by the energy pulsating through the streets. They catch glimpses of iconic landmarks, from the Eiffel Tower standing tall in the distance to the elegant bridges that span the Seine.

The Head of the Princely House leads his sons with grace and dignity. They carry with them the weight of their ancestral legacy. They seek to connect their lineage to the present and discover where their past and future intertwine within the heart of Paris.

Guided by a sense of purpose, he and his sons arrive at the location along the Seine embankment, where the poet helps those who wish to turn their stories into poems. They stand momentarily, taking in the surroundings, feeling the city's pulse resonating through their beings.

In this pivotal moment, they become part of the tapestry of Paris, ready to contribute their chapter to the city's rich history. Their arrival marks the beginning of a new chapter. It symbolises a harmonious convergence of ancient heritage and contemporary allure, a testament to the enduring spirit of their noble House.

And so, with determination in their hearts, they prepare to immerse themselves in the competition, ready to share their Family's story and weave their destiny into the fabric of Parisian lore.

Scene 5

As the young poet's fingers gracefully dance across the keys of his old typewriter, each press echoing with purpose, the voice-over begins to read the words taking shape:

De la part de la Maison princière d'Achish-Beth

Rebâtir une Maison

En l'honneur de l'Histoire

Et des histoires

La tienne et la mienne

Celle des inconnues qui passent

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Quelle conte sera le plus beau?

Ni le tien ni le mien

Mais le notre

Cette histoire commune

Qui fusionne les destins

Ecrire de la même main

Cet amour qui fait notre lien

The voice-over carries the poetic words into the air, infusing the scene with charm. The poet's fingers continue their rhythmic dance, crafting lines that honour the story's narrative interwoven with the tapestry of Paris itself.

Scene 6

Amidst the rhythmic sound of the typing poet in the background, the scene shifts to a tumultuous moment in history—the last battle before the fall of Troy. The air is heavy with the scent of smoke and the clash of weapons as warriors from both sides engage in a fierce struggle.

In the chaos of the battlefield, an elder, weathered by years of war, takes charge of two brothers – princes in their early teens. He leads them and the remaining survivors through the underpass, with steadfast determination, towards the safety of two waiting boats.

The echoes of battle reverberate through the ancient city's streets, blending with the poet's typewriter, as if the rhythm of creation is intertwined with the rhythm of destruction.

The elder guides the princes, shielding them from harm, as they navigate through the labyrinthine pathways of the city they once called home.

Amidst the cries of fallen warriors and the crumbling walls of Troy, the elder's wisdom shines through, his experience providing a beacon of hope amidst the chaos. With every step, he imparts lessons of resilience and survival, preparing the young princes for the challenges.

Through dimly lit underpasses, where shadows dance along the walls, the small group emerges into a fleeting moment of respite—a harbour where two sturdy boats await. The vessels, ready to sail, represent salvation and the promise of a future beyond the ruins of Troy.

The typing poet's rhythm persists, accompanying the unfolding scene with a sense of urgency and longing.

The elder, his weathered face etched with determination, ushers the princes onto the different boats, their faces a mixture of fear and hope.

As the boats set sail, gliding away from the fallen city, the sound of the typing poet gradually fades into the distance, leaving behind the whispers of the poet's words echoing through time.

The elder stands on the boat, his gaze fixed on the shore, knowing that their departure marks the end of an era and the beginning of a new chapter. In that fleeting moment, with the underpass and the battle left behind, the elder carries the weight of Troy's legacy and the dreams of a future rebuilt from its ashes.

The poet continues to knit the poem, capturing the essence of courage, sacrifice, and the resilience of the human spirit, echoing throughout the ages.

Scene 7

As the poet makes pause, listening to the story of the Head of the Princely House, his fingers hover above the typewriter keys. In the background, the scene shifts again, bringing us to a moment shrouded in mystery and significance.

Behind the scene, the elder, having fulfilled his duty in leading the princes to safety, reaches out and puts his hand on the sword the elder brother had received before their city fell, symbolising the Dynasty's survival. His voice carries a weight of power and wisdom as he speaks words of importance:

"As long as this sword exists, the Dynasty will exist. Take care of it."

The words resonate with profound meaning, the passing of a legacy and the responsibility entrusted to the older prince. The sword, a symbol of power and lineage, represents the continuation of their heritage, their Family's destiny intertwined with its presence.

The elder prince, now holding the weight of the sword and his newfound responsibility, gazes intently at the weapon before him. He understands the significance of his role, the importance of the past, and the hopes for the future that rest upon his shoulders. The unspoken bond between the elder and the prince conveys a deep understanding - a passing of wisdom and the torch of leadership.

The poet's presence lingers at this moment, capturing the scene's essence in his poetic composition. The sound of the typewriter, now silent, serves as a reminder of the power of words and their ability to transcend time.

As the prince tucks the sword securely at his side, he steps forward, ready to embrace the weight of his newfound role.

The poet understands the significance of their story interwoven with the fabric of time. And as the scene fades, the poet's verses, the elder's words, and the sword's legacy echo through the ages, carrying the hopes, dreams, and enduring spirit of the Dynasty, ensuring its presence as long as the sword remains.

Scene 8

As the two boats carry the elder, the two brothers-princes, and the remaining inhabitants of Troy, they navigate through treacherous waters. The elder placed the two princes on different boats in case of an incident at sea. The sound of waves crashing against the hulls reverberates in the air, their rhythm a reminder of the trials endured and the hope ahead.

The boats sail onward, guided by a sense of purpose and destiny. And finally, they arrive at a place where the city of Paris will one day stand. It is a land untouched, waiting to be shaped by the hands of those who will call it home.

The elder, his eyes filled with a mixture of nostalgia and anticipation, gazes upon the newfound land. He senses the profound significance of this moment—the beginning of a new chapter, a chance to rebuild and create a future for them.

As the brothers step ashore, a sense of purpose fills their hearts. They realise that this land, where their boats now stand, holds the potential to become their legacy—a place where their dreams can take root and flourish.

The inhabitants who have journeyed with the elder and princes, weary yet filled with hope, disembark from the boats, finding solace in the promise of this new land. They, too, understand that they are the threads that will weave the fabric of this land, contributing to its growth.

As the elder stands on the shore he imparts his words of guidance to the brothers and the people who have endured the trials of their journey. He speaks of unity and the importance of preserving the legacy of their ancestors.

With gratitude, the brothers listen intently, absorbing the elder's wisdom. They take on the stewardship responsibility, vowing to honour the past while forging a bright future for their people.

In an enchanting twist of fate, the very spots where their boats remain grounded give birth to two islands. The islands, like two guardians of their shared legacy, symbolise the bond between the brothers and their commitment to the future of their people.

The elder sees the intertwining of their past and future. He carries with him the wisdom of generations, knowing that their actions at this moment will shape the destiny of their descendants for years to come.

And so, at this moment, the foundations are laid—the city of Paris will rise from these humble beginnings, nurtured by the hands and hearts of those who ventured across treacherous seas.

As the scene fades, the islands stand as a testament to the two boats on which two princes arrived, a testament to the enduring spirit of the people, a reminder of their shared history, and a symbol of the Dynasty's resilience.

And the poet, inspired by this story, begins to weave words, capturing the essence of their journey, their hopes, and the birth of a city destined to leave an indelible mark on the world.

Scene 9

In the depths of his contemplation, the poet's mind delves into the corridors of history, recalling the words attributed to the great Emperor of the Franks, Charlemagne, as Harold Lamb wrote in his book 'Charlemagne. Founder of the Carolingian Empire':

"Then something unique happened in the West! The lost Empire remained engraved for centuries in the memory that created a new world in the West. Charlemagne was a legend that amplified and spread over all Christian lands. It was not a simple recollection of an imaginary golden age or an extraordinary Monarch; it was something that belonged to all humanity. This Monarch made his subjects reach unheard-of achievements in a very short time. The memory of this man went beyond the walls of palaces and churches, entered simple dwellings and began to travel the roads " "Charlemagne wanted to preserve the language and the traditions of songs of his ancestors" ... "After hearing tales of the adventures of the Trojans, described by William, Charlemagne remembered that one of his ancestors bore the name Anhus." (Ancient Greek – Anhus / English - Achish / French - Akish) OT; 1 Samuel: 27-2) "... Is it possible, reflected Charlemagne, that the ancient Franks were wandering Trojans, having come by a mystery from the sea and led by Anhus ... ".

The poet's thoughts intertwine with the echoes of Charlemagne's proclamation, drawing connections between the ancient legends of Troy and the emergence of the Franks. In this interpretation, the Franks are depicted as descendants of the Trojans; their journey shrouded in the enigmatic embrace of the sea. At that time, the Romans, Franks and other European peoples competed in discussions of whose origin has stronger connections with the Trojans.

Through the mist of time, the poet envisions the figure of Achish, representative of the Achish Dynasty, guiding the wandering Trojans, akin to the fabled Anhus, the father of Aeneas, in Greek mythology. *Achish (Greek Anhus), the King of Gath (OT; 1 Samuel: 27-2).* This parallel

hints at the mythical origin and heroic lineage attributed to the Franks, invoking a sense of grandeur and destiny.

The poet's mind weaves a tapestry of connections, drawing upon the power of narrative and the ability of words to bridge the gaps between eras and cultures. The story of the Franks, intertwined with the legend of Troy, resonates with the spirit of exploration, migration, and the endurance of the heritage of the Princely House of Achish-Beth.

In the poet's contemplation, these words hold deeper meaning—an exploration of identity, a quest for origin, and the recognition of shared human experiences across time. They remind us that history is a tapestry woven from countless threads, where the narratives of distant lands and ancient civilisations converge, shaping the tapestry of our collective consciousness.

With these reflections lingering in his mind, the poet returns to his craft, infused with a renewed sense of inspiration. His fingers find their place upon the typewriter keys once more, ready to unravel stories, myths, and dreams, illuminating the interconnectedness of the human experience.

And as the poet continues to type, the words spill forth, carrying echoes of Charlemagne's proclamation and the ancient legends of Troy, blending them with the stories of the present, intertwining past and present, myth and reality, and inviting the reader to embark on a timeless journey of discovery and reflection.

Scene 10

As the brothers-princes enjoy their leisurely play along the scenic bank of the river, their carefree laughter and joyful antics fill the air with a sense of innocence and adventure. The sun casts its warm glow upon the glistening water, creating a serene backdrop for their lighthearted moments. However, fate, with its unpredictable nature, decides to intervene.

In an unfortunate twist, the younger brother accidentally loses his grip on the sword, causing it to slip from his hands and plunge into the river's depths. Time seems to slow as their eyes widen in disbelief, their hearts sinking with the weight of the perception of what happened.

A sense of urgency fills their being as they hastily dive into the water, their hands outstretched in a desperate attempt to retrieve the precious sword. But despite their valiant efforts, the swift currents of the river prove to be a formidable adversary. *L'épée a disparu comme si elle n'était pas tombée dans la rivière, mais sous terre.*

With each passing moment, their frustration mounts as they struggle against the powerful force of the river. Their bodies become weary, their spirits dampened by the understanding that the sword, an embodiment of their heritage and responsibility, has slipped from their grasp.

As they reluctantly emerge from the water, their clothes soaked and their faces etched with disappointment and determination, a profound silence settles upon the brothers. They exchange a knowing glance, silently acknowledging the weight of the situation. In the face of this unexpected setback, they find solace in their bond, their unbreakable connection as brothers and as heirs to their lineage.

Scene 11

The brothers, their voices filled with concern, approach the elder and share the news of their serious mishap. They recount the accidental loss of the sword, symbolising the Dynasty's endurance and continuity. Anxiety lingers in the air. Distressed, they turn to the wise elder for guidance, fearing that the Dynasty's fate is sealed.

"What should we do?" they inquire, their words tinged with worry. "You said that the Dynasty will exist as long as that sword exists."

The elder listens attentively to their words. He understands their question's weight and the lost sword's significance. With a thoughtful expression, he responds, his voice filled with conviction: "We will make Word the witness to history," his words carrying a sense of purpose.

The elder imparts a valuable lesson to the young princes. He tells them that the true strength of their Dynasty lies not only in physical objects like a sword but in the collective memory and stories passed down through generations. The brothers listen intently, their eyes widening with curiosity and hope. They recognise the wisdom in the elder's response and grasp the transformative power of words. Through the spoken and written word, their Dynasty's legacy can be preserved, even without the physical presence of that sword.

United by a newfound determination, the brothers promise to become the custodians of their Dynasty's heritage. Together, they decide to make word the witness to history, to establish an oral tradition, ensuring that their Dynasty's legacy lives on through storytelling and recounting their people's experiences. They and their descendants will become the keepers of their Family's history. They will pass down the history of their ancestors, encoding them in names, toponyms, in spoken language, ensuring that future generations understand and accept their Dynasty's legacy. Thus, the power of the word will immortalise their Dynasty's history, triumphs, struggles, and values.

As the comprehension settles upon them, a spark of resilience lights up within the brothers' hearts. They understand that the power of their Dynasty lies not solely in physical objects but in the enduring spirit and stories that define their lineage. They set on their path with renewed purpose, committed to capturing their Dynasty's essence through the spoken word.

The typewriter's keys click and clack in the background, its rhythmic sound becoming a symphony of history, echoing their determination to immortalise their Dynasty's legacy.

The brothers find solace in the elder's guidance in this pivotal moment. And so, armed with the weight of their ancestral heritage, the brothers embark on a new chapter. They become the living vessels of their Dynasty's narrative, weaving stories that will resonate through time and etch their Family's name upon the pages of history.

Scene 12

The Seine flows peacefully beneath the elegant arches of the bridges as the sun casts a warm glow on the historic city of Paris. The camera pans along the picturesque scene, finally settling on two young brothers - princes, strolling along the Seine embankment as the poet continues to type the story of the Head of the Princely House of Achish-Beth.

The sun shines brightly, illuminating the vibrant colours of the surrounding scenery. The Seine's water is unusually shallow today, revealing the riverbed with remarkable clarity.

Feeling tired from their playful adventures on the Seine embankment, the brothers find a comfortable spot and sit on the edge, their legs dangling above the gently flowing river. Two graceful swans and a duck with her adorable ducklings swim nearby, drawn to the tranquillity of the moment.

Carried away by their beauty and tenderness, the younger brother carefully examines the fluffy ducklings, marvelling at their cuteness, while the older brother looks around, watching their surroundings.

But as fate would have it, the younger brother spots another object which looks like a sword hilt that sticks out from the bottom of the river. His eyes widen with astonishment, and he can hardly contain his excitement. He nudges his brother eagerly, pointing his finger at the mysterious object. Both brothers, propelled by curiosity and anticipation, react swiftly. They throw themselves into the river and pull out an extraordinary artefact. To their surprise and delight, it is indeed an ancient sword, a true testament to the historical secrets held by the Seine.

As the younger brother holds the ancient sword in his hands, they immediately remember their father's story about the lost sword - the symbol of the Dynasty. They can't help but imagine the stories and adventures that must have accompanied this long-lost weapon. A sense of awe and wonder fills their hearts as they ponder the mysteries hidden beneath the Seine, forever altering their perception of history and their place within it.

Excitement fills their eyes, and their hearts race with the thrill of discovery. The younger brother turns towards their father, who is engrossed in his storytelling with the poet. He interrupts their conversation, eagerly showing the ancient sword to the father.

Younger brother (proudly, in native language): “Πανα, xlap typ! [Papa, har thur]’! – Papa, this is a sword!

Father's gaze shifts from his son to the ancient sword, a sense of recognition dawning upon him. A mixture of astonishment and pride fills his eyes as he realises the significance of this discovery. He approaches his sons.

Father (softly). It is not an ordinary sword. It is a symbol of destiny, a calling. You shall be known as the Prince Arthur d’Achish-Beth from this day forward.

Papa, what is the connection between the expression ‘xlap typ [har thur] – this is a sword’ and the name Arthur?

Our House of Achish (Achish-Beth) preserved its history and philosophy by forming specific language systems, encoding them in names, in toponymy and across everyday spoken language. Our ancestors artificially created unique language structures to encode the information in the spoken language with a specific task. Alongside others, the primary mission was preserving the genealogy and its patrimonial link with the King of Gath Achish (OT; 1 Samuel: 27-2).

Another task was to preserve and develop a unique language system. We call it the System of Consciousness because it is a common root of all world's languages and religions, including ancient ones. All language families are derived not from hypothetical Proto language but from this System of Consciousness. It has been preserved and developed during the Modern Age with

the help of names and words of our spoken language and partially in English spelling. The Study of the Princely House of Achish-Beth, also, shows that Abraham, Isaac, Israel, and Joseph were not just believers but great scientists – philosophers, historians, linguists.

The Head of the Princely House requested that the poet gives a piece of paper and a pen. Having received them, he began to demonstrate some information encoding through names. He first addressed his sons, who stood beside him. The poet leaned in attentively, eager to observe this fascinating display.

Father wrote down a series of names on the paper. His voice carried a profound pride and reverence for their language as he spoke.

"These names," he explained, "are more than just labels; they serve as vessels of encoded knowledge. Within each name lies a story, a piece of history, even a secret message waiting to be unravelled."

With a flourish, he continued to write. He pointed out specific examples, highlighting the nuances and hidden meanings embedded within the names and words.

“Indeed, the interconnections between languages and religions can often reveal fascinating insights into our ancestors' shared consciousness and beliefs. The system of names and family names in our language exemplifies this interconnectedness”.

The poet found himself captivated by the power of language and its weight in preserving the heritage of the Princely House of Achish-Beth.

The Head of the Princely House continues: “Through the sequence of names of the System of Consciousness, described in my book “Word is the Witness of History”, and in my PhD dissertation, it becomes apparent that the formation of these names follows a pattern, suggesting a common thread that runs through various religious and cultural traditions. The evolution of names and words within this System of Consciousness reflects the influence of different languages and religious beliefs on one another.

For instance, the progression from Ida to Dima to Mada to Adam signifies a transformation or variation of the same name, Adam, which is recognised across different cultures and religions as a significant figure representing humanity's origin. It indicates the reverence and acknowledgement of the shared consciousness in multiple beliefs.

Ida – Ima – Dima – Mada - **Adam**

Similarly, the names Iba, Dzhaba, Bazha, Dzhabir, Radzhab, Djabrail, and Gabriel demonstrate a progression where the name Gabriel emerges. It highlights how different cultures and languages have shaped and interpreted this name, signifying their respect for this holy name.

Iba – Dzhaba – Bazha – Dzhabir – Radzhab- Djabrail - **Gabriel**

The examples continue with names like Iba, Saba, Tsiba, Sahab, As(k)hab, Shaba, Shahab, and Shiva, which exhibit a transformation leading to the name Shiva. It showcases how the influence of different languages and religious contexts has contributed to the formation and interpretation of the name Shiva across various cultures.

Iba - Saba - Tsiba - Sahab - As(k)hab - Shaba – Shahab - **Shiva**

The pattern repeats with Viskh, Baskh, Bacha, Baissar, and Bashir, ultimately leading to the name Vishnu. This progression also demonstrates how different linguistic and religious influences have shaped the understanding and significance of Vishnu within various cultural contexts.

Viskh - Baskh - Bacha - Baissar – Bashir – **Vishnu**

The names Issa, Rassa, Saraly, Israil, Izrail, and Yasrail offer insight into the evolution of the name Israel and its variations, reflecting the way different languages and cultural backgrounds have contributed to the formation of this significant name.

Issa - Rassa - Saraly - Israil - Izrail – Yasrail – **Israel**

Furthermore, the progression from Issa (Jesus) to Musa to Masa to Salam, Islam, and Ismael represents an evolution of names associated with the Islamic faith. It showcases the influence of language and religious beliefs on one another, with each name describing a variation or interpretation within the broader context of Islam.

Issa (Jesus) - Musa - Masa - Salam - Islam – Ismael - Islam

And all these names are accumulated in our modern native language. These examples illustrate the inherent respect within our language for the diversity of religious beliefs, acknowledging the interconnectedness of various traditions and the shared consciousness that underlies them. At the same time, it serves as a testament to the inclusiveness and appreciation for different religions our ancestors followed during various historical periods, as evidenced by the formation and progression of names within our modern language.

Another name-forming system, our proper names as Arbi, Guerman, etc., are formed from the name of the ethnic groups Arabs, Germans, etc.

This naming convention reflects a cultural and historical practice of using the names of ethnic groups as a basis for personal names. It can serve various purposes, such as honouring or indicating affiliation with a particular ethnic or cultural heritage.

In the case of the name Arthur, this name became the basis for the artificial formation of such words as 'xlap typ [har thur]' / this is a sword'! It means that knowing the legends about King Arthur, with the artificial formation of our language, our ancestors used this name to designate a sword.

According to legend, King Arthur is the ruler of Logres's Kingdom. He was the legendary leader of the Britons, the most famous of the Celtic heroes, the central character of the British epic and numerous romances of chivalry. According to the legends, Arthur became King in fulfilment of the prophecy, defended Britain from the Saxon raids and gathered the most valiant and noblest Knights of the Round Table at his court in Camelot.

Numerous legends and chivalric novels appeared about the exploits of Arthur and his knights, mainly concerning the search for the Holy Grail. The epic about King Arthur and his knights served as the basis for works of literature, painting, cinema and other forms of art. The Holy Grail - Saint Graal is a treasure that serves as an essential motif in Arthurian literature. Various traditions describe the Holy Grail as a cup, dish, or stone with miraculous healing powers, sometimes providing eternal youth or sustenance in infinite abundance, located in the hidden

Grail castle. By analogy, any elusive object or goal of great significance may be perceived as a "Holy Grail" by those seeking such.

According to this concept, the sword you found is our "Holy Grail".

But, since the bed of the river Seine belongs to the state, we must follow the legal procedures and report the discovery to the appropriate authorities. They will guide us on the proper steps and ensure the artefact is handled following French law.

The technique of preserving the genealogy in our Dynasty is exceptional. My doctoral dissertation is devoted to the disclosure of this technique.

For the recognition of historical facts, including in the field of heredity, there are special laws. We must follow the relevant legislation and, if necessary, seek to amend this legislation, considering my collection of scientific reports 'Word is the Witness of History' and my PhD dissertation which I defended in Paris".

Arthur's face illuminates with a mixture of awe and determination. The weight of his newfound identity settles upon him as he embraces his father's words. Observing the exchange, the elder brother looks on with admiration, realising the discovery's significance.

Elder brother: "Arthur, this sword suits you".

Arthur: "You should keep it because you are the guardian of the Dynasty's material symbols. I am a Lore keeper of the House".

Arthur reminds his brother of the Family Constitution.

Scene 13

The Article-2 of the Constitution of the Princely House of Achish-Beth appears in the background.

Article 2

Title of members of the Princely House

Following the two different traditions of our ancestors, the European hereditary and Caucasian (Achish-Beth) hereditary rules, we establish two hereditary titles: Reigning Prince, the first-born son and Cadet Prince, the youngest son.

1) The Reigning Prince shall own the title: Reigning Prince of Achish-Beth, Sovereign of the House of Achish-Beth.

2) The youngest Prince shall own the title: Cadet Prince of Achish-Beth, Lore keeper of the House of Achish-Beth.

The Head of the Princely House holds the gold letter 'C' framed in diamonds, symbolising the Family's heritage.

"Good decision. But you should keep this. The youngest son is destined to inherit the gold letter 'C' and become the next Lore Keeper. The appearance of this symbol in our Family also has a mystical beginning. This symbol will be passed from the youngest son to the youngest as the direct heir - Lore keeper of the House of Achish-Beth".

He reveals the significance of the gold letter 'C' ornamented with diamonds: "The letter embodies the essence of the Family's noble virtues: the spirit - Ca[sA] that guides our actions, the

dignity - Cи [si] that upholds our honour, and the legacy of our ancestral House - Ц1а[tsΛ], Ц1е[tse] and Ц1и[tsi]”.

He writes on the paper:

Co[sɔ] - ca[sΛ] ca[sΛ] and says: "From our language, it translates as *I am my spirit*.

Co[sɔ] - ca[sΛ] cu[si] translates as *I am my dignity, nobility*.

With the artificial formation of our language, each sound with vowels that correspond to each letter of the alphabet was given semantic meanings.

For example:

Ca[sΛ] - spirit, soul, light, vision, my;

Cи[si] – dignity, nobility, nobleness, generosity, honor, splendor;

Co[sɔ] - I, me;

Ц1а[tsΛ] – house, home;

Ц1е[tse] - name, fire, red;

Ц1и[tsi] – blood.

As you can see, these concepts have a strong philosophical relationship. That is why the same sound but with different vowels consciously defines all these concepts”.

He explains that the gold letter ‘C’ ornamented with diamonds must pass down from generation to generation, from the youngest son to the youngest, symbolising the continuous preservation of the Family's wisdom.

"As the direct Heir and future Lore Keeper, you embrace your role with reverence and carry on the Dynasty’s legacy. You become the custodian of the gold letter 'C' and the beacon of wisdom and hope for the Princely House of Achish-Beth. You should embrace your role as the Lore Keeper, harnessing the power of spirit, dignity, and the legacy of our House and protect it by the power of the word from rising darkness.

Nowadays, we face our greatest trial yet, confronting the source of the darkness that threatens to engulf all of our Earth. Through the combined knowledge, inner strength, and the power of the word, the Princely House of Achish-Beth will help to overcome this darkness, restoring balance and reaffirming the enduring legacy of our Dynasty”.

His speech concludes with passing the gold letter ‘C’ to Prince Arthur, his youngest son, continuing the ancient tradition and ensuring the Family's wisdom and connection to this sound C[s] endure for generations.

As the demonstration concluded, the Head of the Princely House lowered the paper and looked at his sons solemnly: "Remember," he said, "these names and words are not mere sounds or symbols. They embody our Dynasty’s legacy and how we preserve and pass down our history. Cherish them, protect them, and let them guide you in pursuing knowledge and wisdom".

Scene 14

The Head of the Princely House, looking at the elder son with a gentle smile: “My dear son, today I bestow upon you, too, a new name. From this day forward, you shall be known as Prince François d’Achish-Beth”.

The first-born son appears surprised yet curious: “Thank you, Father. May I ask why you have chosen the name François for me”?

“This name carries a profound significance. It is a tribute to the ties that bind us to our ancestors. François is derived from the Latin Franciscus, which signifies ‘Franco, belonging to the people of the Franks’. And it means ‘free’ and ‘noble’ as well”.

Prince François listens attentively, his curiosity growing.

“Throughout history, our House has endured trials. We have emerged stronger, guided by the unwavering principles of freedom, nobility, and honour. By bestowing upon you the name François, we honour the resilience and tenacity displayed by our forefathers. You are a testament to their spirit and the values we hold dear. In modern Europe, belonging to a particular nationality is more an administrative issue than a philosophical one. For our Family, belonging to a specific nationality is a more philosophical issue than administrative. That is why, wherever they live, my descendants must refer to themselves as d’Achish-Beth, Franko-Shechemites”.

Prince François stands straight, a newfound sense of purpose radiating from him.

Addressing both sons: “May your names inspire you to lead with compassion, wisdom, and dignity; let them constantly remind you of our House's noble heritage and the responsibilities you bear as princes; may you uphold the legacy passed down to us through the ages”!

The two sons felt inspired by the profound connection between language and culture, understanding that preserving ancient wisdom relied on the continued reverence for its linguistic expressions.

Scene: 15

The sun began to set, casting a warm golden glow over the banks of the Seine. The atmosphere was charged with anticipation as a small group of people gathered near the mystical spot along the embankment.

The Head of the Princely House asked the poet to inform the French Ministry of Culture about the discovery. The poet called and immediately received information that a specialised service would urgently leave for the place of discovery.

Meanwhile, in a hastily and spontaneously organised ceremony, Prince Arthur stood beside his father, the Head of the Princely House of Achish-Beth. An ancient sword rested in Prince Arthur's hands, its hilt intricately adorned with symbols of Trojan inheritance. Among the onlookers were admirers who often found solace and inspiration in the beauty of the river.

Prince François stood before Prince Arthur with a mix of surprise and curiosity in his eyes. He had not anticipated such an event, yet there was a sense of recognition and reverence in his gaze as he looked upon the sword.

Prince Arthur, with a voice filled with emotion, addressed his brother: "My brother, François, today I present this sword to you. With these two symbols, this sword and the letter 'C', you and me, we will carry the honour and duty of our ancestors and the weight of our Dynasty's name."

Prince François stepped forward, his eyes fixed on the sword, its blade reflecting the fading sunlight. He extended his hand, and Arthur carefully placed the sword into his brother's grasp. As their hands met, there was a momentary silence, as if time held its breath.

The onlookers watched, filled with amazement, as the exchange took place. The ever-flowing river mirrors the significance of this moment, its gentle ripples lending an air of tranquillity and sacredness to the scene.

Prince François spoke softly, his voice carrying a mix of gratitude and determination: "I accept this symbol with humility and reverence. May I wield it with strength, courage, and wisdom! I will honour our Dynasty's legacy and strive to protect and uplift those entrusted to our care."

A murmur of approval and admiration rippled through the gathered crowd. It was a powerful and poignant moment, witnessing the passing of responsibility and the bond between brothers.

The sun dipped below the horizon as the ceremony concluded, casting a warm afterglow over the Seine. From that day forward, the two symbols, the sword and the gold letter 'C' ornamented with diamonds, would constantly remind them of their duty to their Family and the enduring legacy of the Princely House of Achish-Beth. And the Seine, ever-flowing and mystical, would forever hold the memory of this poignant and spontaneous ceremony.

A regional archaeological service arrived. Its representative explained to Prince Arthur and Prince François that:

- In France, discovering an artefact in the Seine would fall under the legal framework for cultural heritage preservation. French law protects archaeological and historical objects as part of the country's cultural heritage.
- If you find an artefact in the Seine River, it is essential to report the discovery to the relevant authorities. They have the expertise to assess the find's significance and determine the appropriate course of action.
- Upon reporting the discovery, the authorities may investigate the artefact further and potentially excavate the area if necessary. The artefact could be catalogued, analysed, and preserved for further study. In some cases, if the artefact is deemed to be of significant historical or archaeological value, it may be displayed in a museum or become part of a cultural collection.

Scene 16

On the bank of the serene Seine river, a gathering of admirers has assembled to bid a fond farewell to the poet who has just unveiled his masterful creation—an enchanting poem inspired by the captivating story of the Head of the Princely House of Achish-Beth. The setting exhaled an air of tranquillity, with gentle ripples cascading across the water's surface and the soft murmur of the river providing a soothing soundtrack.

As the sun begins to set, casting an amber radiance upon the scene, the attendees find their places in an elegantly arranged seating area facing a small stage. They are eager to immerse themselves in the poet's lyrical rendition of the story that has captivated his imagination.

The poet steps onto the stage, his presence commanding attention. A hushed silence descends upon the gathering, punctuated only by the whisper of leaves in the breeze. With a deep breath, the poet begins to recite his poem, his voice carrying the weight of emotion and the essence of the Head of the Princely House of Achish-Beth's story. As the poet weaves his words, the audience becomes entranced, drawn into the story that unfolds through the verses. Each line reverberates with the richness of the story, painting vivid imagery and evoking a range of emotions.

Soft gasps of awe and subtle nods of appreciation ripple through the gathering as the poem reaches its crescendo, culminating in a profound and heartfelt climax. The crowd's faces reflect myriad emotions—awe, admiration, and a shared sense of connection to the story and the poet's skill in capturing its essence.

As the final words fade, the audience rises as one, erupting into a thunderous applause that reverberates along the riverbank. The applause is a testament to the power of the poet's craft, the way his words have brought the story to life and left an indelible mark upon their hearts.

In a moment of unity and gratitude, the attendees approach the stage one by one, offering words of appreciation and heartfelt thanks to the poet. The poet, humbled by the outpouring of support, graciously accepts their expressions of gratitude. He acknowledges each person with a nod, a smile, or a gentle touch of their hand, cherishing the connection he has forged through his words.

As the gathering comes to a close, the attendees disperse along the riverbank, their hearts brimming with the resonance of the poet's verses. Conversations linger in the air, filled with animated discussions about the power of the word.

The Seine flows steadily, bearing witness to the farewell that has transpired, carrying the echoes of the poem and the collective reverence for the story of the Head of the Princely House of Achish-Beth. And as the evening fades into twilight, the poet's words continue to inspire and ignite the imaginations of all those fortunate enough to have experienced the magic of his art.

Scene 17

In the grand City Hall of Paris, the meeting of the city council deputies was in full swing. The chamber was adorned with elegant décor, and the air was thick with the sense of importance that permeated the room. The topic of discussion on this occasion was the unique and remarkable story of the Head of the Princely House of Achish-Beth.

Deputies from different political affiliations and backgrounds had gathered to learn about the illustrious lineage and contributions of the Princely House. As the presentation unfolded, a profound admiration grew within the hearts of the council members. Discussions echoed throughout the chamber, with voices praising and appreciating the noble Family's heritage. The council members recognised the depth of the Princely House's contributions to their community and the world.

Driven by unanimous gratitude and respect, one deputy rose from his seat and addressed the council. "Esteemed colleagues, it is abundantly clear that the Princely House of Achish-Beth has enriched our world through their efforts and devotion. Their remarkable legacy also resonates in Paris, a city that thrives on art, culture, and a profound appreciation for history."

A murmur of agreement filled the chamber as other deputies nodded in approval.

The deputy continued: "In recognition of their extraordinary contributions, I propose that we declare the Head of the Princely House of Achish-Beth the winner of our esteemed competition. I want to add that on behalf of the Mayor of Paris, Director of the Department of International Cooperation of the City Hall of Paris, PhD in History Mr Bernard Pignerol has sent to the Head of the Princely House thank you letter for the presentation of his collection of scientific reports "Word is the Witness of History" and congratulations on the interesting content and historical richness of his research. The Head of the Princely House of Achish-Beth defended his PhD thesis – Unity in Diversity in the Heat of Diplomacy and the Greatest Turning Points in History - at the Paris Center for Diplomatic and Strategic Studies of the Graduate School of International and Political Studies.

We also have expert opinions from:

1. Professor of Philosophy (PhD) at Sorbonne University John Salem "Dear Sir, a thousand thanks for your collection of reports "Word is the Witness of History", which I carefully read, and I want to note its quality. Congratulations on the quality, interesting content and usefulness of your research. ..."
2. Mrs Valerie Pouzol, Philosophy doctor in Social Sciences (School of Advanced Studies in Social Sciences): "I certify that the work 'Word is the Witness of History' is of greater interest to the history of Judaism. It is a great contribution to our science".
3. Mrs Françoise Guerin, Philosophy doctor in Linguistics at Sorbonne University: "Dear Sir, I read your collection of scientific reports 'Word is the Witness of History' with great pleasure ... Your approach is original ... It opens a new look at your people ... Good luck in discovering the links between your nation and the Franks, which opens a new era in the history".

The proposal hung in the air and met with collective admiration and support. The council members recognised the significance of this honour, understanding that it would strengthen the bond between the Princely House of Achish-Beth and the city of Paris.

After a moment's pause, the Mayor, presiding over the meeting called for a vote. One by one, the deputies cast their ballots. With an overwhelming majority, the decision was made, and applause filled the chamber.

The news of this momentous decision spread throughout the city, reaching the ears of the Head of the Princely House of Achish-Beth, his sons and the poet.

A ceremony was organised at the City Hall to mark the occasion. And Paris, known for its appreciation of art, culture, and history, is a testament to its enduring heritage, forever intertwined with the Princely House of Achish-Beth's heritage.

The camera shows a panorama, capturing the sweeping views of the Seine, the bustling cityscape, and the iconic silhouette of the Eiffel Tower in the distance. The new journey of the Princely House of Achish-Beth, filled with adventure and purpose, has just begun.

Scene 18

As TV ... reports live from the prestigious ceremony, capturing the anticipation in the air, the cameras shift focus to the moment of truth—the announcement of the competition winner. Tension fills the room as the host unveils the envelope containing victor's name. As the presenter reads the winning name - “The Head of the Princely House of Achish-Beth” - aloud, a murmur arises in the crowd.

Simultaneously, news reaches the journalists that something unprecedented has unfolded in three historical castles near Paris. The camera feed cuts to the breathtaking sight of the grand estates, each associated with one of the three royalist movements in France: the Orleans, the Legitimists, and the Bonapartists.

Intrigued viewers witness processions of representative cars pulling up to the castles' entrances. Some of the vehicles are accompanied by police escorts, signalling the importance of the arrivals. Whispers ripple through the crowd as they recognise the faces of high-ranking government officials, military and law enforcement officers, politicians and business people stepping out of the cars, mingling with three royal families' descendants.

At the Orleans castle, the grand doors swing open, revealing the arrival of prominent political figures known for supporting the Orleans' claim to the French throne. The camera captures the flash of paparazzi cameras as they strive to capture every moment of this unexpected gathering.

Meanwhile, at the Legitimists' castle, distinguished guests, donning formal attire and carrying themselves with an air of regality, make their way inside. The camera pans across the crowd, capturing the mixture of surprise and curiosity on their faces.

The atmosphere at the Bonapartists' castle crackles with anticipation as the representatives and government officials enter the historic grounds. Reporters scramble to get exclusive interviews, attempting to decipher the significance of this unprecedented revival of the three royalist movements.

As the scene unfolds in real-time, the nation is left with many questions. What prompted this simultaneous revival in the three castles? Is it a coincidence, or is there a hidden agenda at play?

Speculation spreads like wildfire, igniting debates about France's future and these royalist movements' role in contemporary society. The nation awaits further updates, eager to unravel the mysteries that have emerged on this eventful day.

But for the Head of the Princely House of Achish-Beth the main question is whether France will become the locomotive of world progress, putting a new light against the darkness coming and destroying the World order, as Italy was in the years of the Renaissance, or will it give primacy to another nation.

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