

Transformation through Serpent's Hibernation

By: Risa Vinzant

"Momma, isn't it time to go to the den?" Kan slithered up close to her, trying to get warm. Snowflakes fell into formidable looking mounds all around them, making it impossible to navigate.

Momma just smiled widely, "There's still plenty of time."

"But the others are already there." The words came out as a whine despite his best efforts. How he hated the snow. It was getting worse by the second. Soon he wouldn't even be able to see her.

"When you're grown like me you'll know it is best not to be hasty... to take your time. Don't you want a full belly before we go inside? Much better dreams," she said coaxingly.

Kan coiled into the tightest ball he possibly could, hoping to conserve his dwindling energy. But then he poked his head out. Maybe she'd catch them something right away, and they could head to their den.

Flicking her tail, Momma's eyes zeroed in on something ahead. But the harsh rattling startled the large rodent.

Momma sighed. Nudging him, she said, "Let's go. I can see you're getting cold."

He was nearly frozen. He slinked across the rocks, trying to keep up with her much faster pace. He hoped he'd make it, for all he wanted to do was sleep. Reaching the mouth of the den, he followed her down, down, down... into blackness.

He smacked into something hard. Blinking his eyes, he made out what looked like a large shell. Kan couldn't believe it. There were dozens of turtles huddled around the coiled bodies of their friends.

"Why are there so many turtles in here?" Kan squeaked. He'd expected hundreds of their *snake* friends, but not *turtles*.

Momma beckoned for him to join her in the center of the circle with the tangled bodies of their friends. They were clearly already hibernating.

"We have an open door policy. More bodies in here helps keep the temps toasty. Better for everyone."

He'd never understand Momma or her mysterious ways. Reluctantly, Kan slid over the cool turtle shells and lay close to Momma.

"Now close your eyes, sweet Kan. Dream that you have the most splendid feathers. Take flight, sailing high in the sky."

Her voice seemed to hypnotize him. Kan fought the sleepiness pulling at his eyes. He so wanted to hear how the story turned out.

“Remember, we are Mayan—the Feathered Serpent. Transformation of any kind is within our reach. You need only the spark of lightening to rise from the base of your spine to then manifest your new reality.”

Out of nowhere, heat ran like electricity from his tail all the way up to his head. A cocoon of warmth lulled him to sleep. Before letting the world go, he nuzzled into Momma.

“Fly high sweet one,” Momma whispered. “Join me in the Heart of Sky, Heart of Earth.”

Suddenly, he saw himself as an eagle looking down on this very den. He marveled at how far his dark wings outstretched from either side. With the wind propelling him, he soared higher and higher in the vast sky. He felt so alive!

Then the last words his Momma said before he drifted off to sleep echoed in his mind: “What will you choose to be when you awake?”

Parisa writes under the pen name Risa Vinzant and can be contacted at mayanchildrenstories@gmail.com. The short story “Transformation through Serpent’s Hibernation” is the result of her personal studies of Mayan Majix’s website and informational resources, Carlos Barrios’ *The Book of Destiny*, flip calendar by William and Viola Welsch, and writings and personal Mayan reading by Kenneth Johnson.