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## Chapter 1 The Cosmos: A Vibrant String

*Om...*

*Everything in the universe is a manifestation of the vibration of Om.*

*Reality is a vibrational dance, and we are part of the music.*

In the abyssal silence of the primordial void, the cosmos appeared as a hollow expanse, an echo-less and deathly realm. Yet, within the fathomless depths of this darkness, a singular, ethereal note shivered into existence—the sacred “Om”. It was an ancient and cryptic vibration, a sonic vessel brimming with infinite wisdom and celestial mystery.



The resonance of “Om” was like a seed germinating in the stillness of the vacuum. It unfurled slowly, diffusing through the infinite dark like ripples upon a cosmic pond. Every vibration was a gentle plucking of

an unseen string, carrying ineffable energy and primordial intelligence. Through this resonance, the substance of the universe began to coalesce, manifesting from nothingness into the grand architecture of galaxies, stars, and planets.

The birth of the Solar System was a miracle of divine craftsmanship. The Sun sat enthroned at the center, radiating the light and heat that breathed vitality into the void. Bound by the choreography of gravity and mutual resonance, the nine planets performed a majestic symphony. Each world carried its own unique melody and rhythm, interlaced into a shimmering tapestry of cosmic secrets.

Legend whispers that the sacred vowel “Om”, which thunders through the heavens, originated from the first cry of the divine bird “Khyung” as it pierced the shroud of chaos. In the Han tradition, this bird is revered as the Golden-Winged Great Eagle; on the snow-en shrouded plateaus, its legend traces back to the ancient Zhangzhung civilization and the primordial Bon religion of the Ngari region.

Searching the deep strata of history, this adoration of the celestial raptor flows from the same vein as the “Sun Bird” totem of the Eastern Yi people. Turning one’s gaze toward the vast Manchu-Mongolian steppes, the descendants of the Sushen people call the King of All Hawks—the Haidongqing—by the name “Šongkoro”, a phoneme that echoes the resonance of “Khyung”. Even the traditional Mongolian yurt, known anciently as the “Qionglu”(the vaulted hut), mirrors the sun’s shadow upon the earth—a terrestrial mimicry of the vast “Qiong”(the Vault of Heaven) where the divine bird soars.

Then there is the enigmatic “Kunlun”. To this day, its proper form remains elusive to mortal eyes, for perhaps it never belonged to the mundane world. In ancient Tibetan, the Great Bird is called “Khyung”, while the archaic reconstruction of “Kunlun” sounds remarkably like “Kurun” or “Kunlong”. Does this hint at a hidden bloodline connection to the “Youqiong” tribe of the Great Archer Yi? “Qiong” signifies the Firmament. Thus, Kunlun may not be a mountain of stone and earth, but rather the “Heavenly Mountain”—the ladder to the celestial race.

Imagine the splendor of that ancient dawn: atop the peak of Mount

Kailash, the Ancestor of All Mountains, iridescent auroras converge into a void-blooming lotus. At its heart, a Cosmic Egg gestates, shimmering with the breath of the stars. With a thunderous crack like the rending of silk, the shell shatters, and from its depths erupts the miraculous “Khyung”—the ancestral eagle of all birds!

This is the “World Egg” motif, a mythic universal. This sacred egg not only brought forth the winged Khyung; in Han mythology, it manifested as Pan Gu, the giant who cleaved the heavens from the earth.

When we peel back the mists of linguistics, we find that “Pan Gu” embodies a primordial archetype shared by all humanity. In the ancient Yue language and its descendants within the Kra-Dai family, “Pan” does not refer to a vessel, but to the “Father”—the supreme progenitor. This phoneme converges across time and space with “Bu” in the name of the Zhuang creator god, “Buluotuo”; in the Zhuang tongue, “Bu” signifies the Father, the Ancestor, or the Venerable One.

Thus, Pan Gu is the “Primordial Father”. He is of the same essence as the Khyung bird, both being incarnations of the shattered Cosmic Egg. The upper shell became the vault of heaven, the lower became the terrestrial foundation, and the force that broke the shell was personified in the West as the “Khyung”, in the South as “Buluotuo”, and in the Central Plains as “Pan Gu”.

Moreover, as we cross the snow-peaks into the boundless northern steppes, this same divine raptor is known as Būrged in Mongolian, and the sacred Būrkūt in the tongues of the Kazakhs and Uyghurs. This sound strikes like a thunderclap across Eurasia. In the Shaman’s ancestral memory, the Būrkūt is no mere bird; it is the “Scion of Heaven”, the bearer of the Sun. Its etymological roots intertwine with ancient words for “Mountain” and “Chieftain”.

This reinforces the grand architecture of our vision: whether it be the Khyung of Tibet, the Šongkoro of Manchuria, or the Būrkūt of the steppes, they are but echoes of the same divinity in different dialects. They point toward the “Primordial Father”—the “Pan”, the “Bu”, the inaugural Will that shattered the silence of the beginning.

To commemorate this miracle of the broken shell, the capital of the

Zhangzhung Kingdom was built upon the towering heights of Ngari: “Khyunglung Ngulkhar”(The Silver Castle of the Garuda Valley). From the “Khyunglung” of the west to the “Qionglou Yuyu”(the Jade Palaces of the Sky) in Han legend, the phoneme “Qiong” is the cry of the divine bird, the silhouette of the firmament, and the very first sacred vowel uttered from the depths of the human throat when gazing upward at the stars.



The Earth, as a member of this solar choir, possesses its own unique melody. As it awakened from a world of ice, oceans began to form, and lakes scattered across the land like fallen petals. The emergence of life was like a sublime modulation in a musical score; every species—whether silent or spirited—expressed itself in its own way, playing its part in the cosmic symphony.

From the solitary cell to the complexity of multicellular life, from the abyssal trenches to the shifting tectonic plates, every form of life carries the memory and cadence of the universe. They flourish, evolve, and intertwine, composing a symphony that transcends multi-dimensional space. Within this orchestration, beings adapt, procreate, and explore the unknown, maintaining a mystical tether to the cosmos, as if they were intrinsic beats of the peerless universal rhythm.

As the sapient life of this planet, we listen to this cosmic symphony and strive to decode its profound meaning. We interpret it through the lenses of science, philosophy, and religion. Though shadows of confusion and unsolved riddles remain, every discovery provides a deeper insight into the complex melody of the whole. We realize that we are inextricably linked to the universe; our existence is but a fleeting yet exquisite moment in the river of its evolution.

When we gaze into the starry night, we see not just flickering points of light, but the very rhythm of the cosmos. We understand that our existence is a wondrous instant in a grand unfolding. We ponder our role in this symphony and strive to forge a deeper connection with the infinite.

Perhaps, in some unknown corner or dimension, the universe plays other symphonies. But for us, this world is a String of Vitality, tethering us to every corner of existence. Each of us is a note upon this string, collaborating to perform this eternal music. We must cherish its beauty and strive to comprehend its hidden depths. Only then can we harmonize with the cosmos and become a legendary chapter in this everlasting symphony.

In the depths of philosophical contemplation, one may encounter a startling revelation: the essence of the universe is music. Yet, this music is not merely a collection of notes; it is the primordial force that gives birth to all things. At the heart of this music lies Emotion—a powerful, inaugural force that precedes all existence.

In this sense, Emotion is the fundamental cornerstone of reality. It existed before any physical form, before the atoms and molecules that constitute our world. Emotion is the primordial substrate of the universe, the raw material of creation.

But from whence does this emotion arise? According to this wisdom, it springs from a Vibrating String—a singular, primordial stream of energy that oscillates and resonates, giving birth to the infinite feelings and experiences we call reality.

In Chinese philosophy, this vibrating string is known as “Yi Qi”(一炁, the Primordial Breath). It is the ultimate source of creation,

the original impetus that endows the universe with life. Just as a musician plucks a string to create sound, the universe plucks the "String of Vitality"(Yi Qi) to generate the emotions that form the foundation of all being.

The concept of “Yi Qi” as the source of emotion and creation carries profound implications. It suggests that the universe is not a cold, dead void, but a realm brimming with vitality and feeling, overflowing with sentience. Our world is not merely a collection of material objects, but a symphony of emotions and experiences, continuously generated and transformed by the primordial power of the String of Vitality.

This philosophical vision—viewing music as the essence of the universe and emotion as the force preceding matter—provides an extraordinary perspective on reality. It suggests that we are not merely flesh and blood living in a material world. Still, emotional beings swim in a vast ocean of vibrational energy, forever birthing new feelings and horizons.

The essence of our universe is music; its heart is Emotion. It preceded all things, born from what the ancients called “Yi Qi”—the primordial impetus of creation, the eternal, vibrating String.



## 第一章 宇宙：生机之弦

Om...

万物皆是梵籁的余响。世界是一场振动的弦动。

你我，不过是弦上共舞的尘埃，或是乐章里一次必然的呼吸。

在混沌的远古虚空中，宇宙看似空无一物，绝响且死寂。然而，在这无垠的黑暗深处，一声微弱的音符悄然浮现——那是“Om”（唵），一种古老而神秘的音调，蕴含着无尽的智慧与玄机。

“Om”的振动，宛如一颗在虚空中静默萌发的种子。它缓缓舒展，如涟漪般在无尽的黑暗中扩散。每一次振动都像是一次轻柔的拨弦，承载着不可言说的能量与讯息。在这一过程中，宇宙的物质开始凝聚，从虚无中诞生，化作星系、恒星与行星。

太阳系的诞生，宛如一场匠心独运的奇迹。太阳高居其中心，辐射出光与热，为整个星系注入了生命与活力。九大行星依循各自的轨道、相互作用与引力牵引，共同演奏出一部宏大的交响乐。每一颗行星都携带着独特的旋律与节奏，彼此交织，编织出宇宙奥秘的挂毯。

传说中，那响彻宇宙的神圣元音——“Om”，最早竟是源于神鸟“琼”划破混沌的第一声啼鸣！这只神鸟，在汉地被尊为金翅大鹏，在雪域高原，它的传说始于古老的象雄（阿里地区）苯教文明。

若向历史的深处追溯，这股对神鸟的崇拜或许与东夷族奉为图腾的“太阳神鸟”一脉相承。视野转向辽阔的满蒙大地，肃慎后裔唤那万鹰之神海东青为“Šongkoro”，其音韵竟与“琼”遥相呼应。你看那草原上的蒙古包，古称“穹庐”，其圆顶不正像是大地

上的一轮日影，是对浩瀚苍穹的模仿吗？

再看那神秘莫测的“昆仑”，至今无人能定其真容，或许它本就不在凡尘。古藏语中，大鹏鸟唤作“Khyung”，而“昆仑”的上古拟音酷似“Kurun”或“Kunlong”——这与大羿所属的“有穹氏”是否有某种隐秘的血脉关联？“穹”，即苍天。昆仑，或许并非一座土石之山，而是意指“天山”，是通往天族的阶梯。

想象一下那远古的壮丽图景：在万山之祖的冈仁波齐山之巅，五彩神光汇聚成一朵盛放于虚空的莲花。花蕊中心，正孕育着一枚流转着星辰气息的“宇宙之卵”。随着一声响彻寰宇、如裂帛般的清脆巨响，蛋壳崩裂，从中振翅飞出的，正是那只神异非凡的“琼鸟”，万鸟之祖的雄鹰！

这便是世界神话中共通的“宇宙卵生说”。而这枚神圣的“蛋”，不仅孕育了振翅的琼鸟，更在汉族神话中化身为开天辟地的盘古。

当我们拨开文字的迷雾，会发现“盘古”之名蕴含着人类共有的原始母题。在古越语及其演化至今的壮侗语系中，“盘”（Pan）并非指盘子，其深层语义指向的是“父”，是至高无上的始祖。这一发音与壮族创世神“布洛陀”（Buluotuo）中的“布”（Bu）跨越时空地汇合了——在壮语中，“布”正是“父”“祖先”或“具有威望的老人”之意。

因此，所谓的“盘古”，即“原始之父”。他与琼鸟同源，皆是那枚宇宙之卵碎裂后的化身。蛋壳的上半部化作了苍穹，下半部化作了大地，而那破壳而出的原始之力，在藏地被具象化为横跨时空的“琼鸟”，在南方的山林间被尊为“布洛陀”，在中原的史记中被定格为“盘古”。

不仅如此，当我们跨过雪山，来到广袤的北方草原，那只破壳而出的神鸟在蒙古语中化作了 Būrged，在哈萨克与维吾尔人的口中则是神圣的 Būrkūt。

这个发音，如同一道横贯欧亚大陆的雷鸣。在萨满的古老记忆

里，Bürküt 并非凡鸟，它是“天之骄子”，是太阳的搬运者。若我们深究其词根，它与代表“山”的古语和代表“首领”的词汇有着隐秘的重叠。

这再次验证了那个伟大的构想：无论是西藏的 Khyung（琼），满族的 Šongkoro，还是草原上的 Bürküt，它们都是同一个神格在不同语言里的回响。它们共同指向了那个“原始之父”——即“盘”，即“布”，即那开天辟地的最初意志。

于是，从“穹隆银城”到“琼楼玉宇”，再到草原英雄们手臂上站立的 Bürküt，整个人类文明都在以不同的方言，共同歌颂着那只从“宇宙之卵”中飞出、划破苍穹的神鸟。



为了铭记这一破壳而出的神迹，在西藏阿里那高耸入云的山巅，曾屹立着象雄王国的都城——“穹隆银城”（Khyunglung Ngulkhār）。从“穹隆”到汉地传说中高不可攀的“琼楼玉宇”，这个“Qiong”的发音，既是神鸟的啼鸣，也是苍穹的缩影，更是人类对那位“原始之父”仰望天空时，从喉咙深处发出的第一个神圣元音。