

with a renewed energy. The air grew thick with the scents of the night market: *palaw*(lamb with rice), *lagman*(pulled noodles), fragrant dove soup, and the sharp sweetness of fresh pomegranate juice. The people, dressed with a refined neatness, exuded a palpable sense of joy, their faces illuminated by the melodies of Uyghur music that filled the night.

They shared dinner at a local restaurant, where Amyna spoke of her devotion to her home in Xinjiang and her pride in the business she had built. Later, they walked along the battlements of the ancient city walls. The roar of the market faded into a gentle murmur, giving way to the rhythmic crunch of their footsteps on the weathered stone. Amyna pointed out the city's architectural secrets, weaving history into the present.

As they reached the end of the ramparts, Amyna turned to him with a playful, mischievous glint in her eyes. "So, John, have you ever considered trading your travels for a life in Kashgar?"

John paused, the weight of the city's ancient beauty settling on his shoulders. "To be honest," he replied softly, "I hadn't until this moment. But now... I find the idea quite compelling."

Amyna beamed. "Then I shall look forward to the day you return." They parted with a warm embrace and a promise to remain in touch.

In the days that followed, their friendship deepened. They became fixtures of the city's historical sites, exploring together the culinary and spiritual heart of Kashgar. For John, the town had become a second home, and Amyna its beating heart. Yet the call of his research persisted. He knew his mission on the Pamir Plateau could not wait.

The following dawn, John bid a reluctant farewell to Amyna. He rented a rugged SUV at the base of the Kunlun Tower and turned his sights toward the enigmatic Pamir Plateau. The vehicle bucked and swayed along the fractured roads, but the further he climbed into the mountains, the more the world fell away. He was swallowed by vast valleys and crowned by snow-capped peaks—a landscape of such humbling isolation that it felt as though he were leaving the modern world behind.

This was more than a geographic traverse; it was a shift in his very

state of mind. Each encounter with the plateau's inhabitants felt like placing a piece in a cosmic puzzle—one that transcended history to touch the very essence of the human spirit. He passed through shifting deserts and beneath towering massifs, each vista revealing a new facet of Xinjiang's multifaceted soul.

Upon arriving in Tashikuergan County, John found refuge in a nomadic tent on the Roof of the World. The mountains here were not merely large; they were majestic, overwhelming the senses. The air was so thin and pure it seemed to shimmer like a veil. Glacial meltwater meandered through fields of jade-like stones, and the lush grasses, untouched by the lowlands' dust, exuded a calming, primal freshness. Yaks moved like slow, dark clouds across the meadows, silent sentinels of this harsh paradise.



Life here was a study in austerity. Yak meat provided the primary sustenance, and the people—both men and women—wore distinctive, vibrant round hats. Their language was a living fossil, a tapestry woven from ancient Qiang, Sanskrit, and Persian. While it belonged to the eastern linguistic branch, it was overshadowed by Wakhan, a nomadic language of the Wakhan Corridor that carried distinct echoes of Western

linguistics.

John's stay in Tashikuergan became an inner odyssey. He lived among the locals, his ears becoming attuned to the subtle shifts in their phonology. He was no longer just a linguist; he was a witness to the resilience of human diversity.

Then, on a day that would alter the course of his research, John stumbled upon a startling clue hidden within the Wakhan tongue. It was a linguistic fragment that seemed to predate the Great Flood. As he delved into the syntax and the archaic roots of these words, he realized he was looking at a historical account of a lost epoch. This civilization had flourished before the world was drowned, possessing knowledge and technology far beyond what history recorded. As the waters rose, a handful of survivors fled to these very highlands, their memories preserved in the brittle, beautiful structure of the Wakhan language.

As John worked late into the night beneath the flickering light of the tent, the shadows of the "Pre-Flood" world began to take shape, emerging from the silence of ten thousand years.

第四章 喀什

喀什，这座在历史长河中余音袅袅的古城，千百年来始终是古丝绸之路上一条跳动不息的脉搏。它是进入中原大地的门户——是那些从波斯、印度、中亚和阿拉伯翻山越岭而来的疲惫旅人所见到的第一座重镇。在这里，世界文明并非仅仅是简单的交汇，而是激烈的碰撞与深度的融合，编织成了一幅由百货万商与巴扎喧嚣交织而成的绚丽锦缎。

喀什古城是一场感官的交响乐。窄巷深处，空气中弥漫着令人垂涎的烤肉香气。孜然的味道在风中占尽风头，那是一种辛辣而厚实的芬芳，预告着一场饕餮盛宴的到来。当炭火轻舔着鲜嫩多汁的羊肉，洋溢着洋葱清香的肉汁滴落而下，为每一块肉都镀上了一层晶莹剔透的诱人光泽。在当地维吾尔语中，这种烤肉被称为“卡瓦普”（Kawap）——这是烧烤最原始也最完美的形态。John 发现，在酸爽的腌黄瓜和西红柿的陪伴下，自己竟能一口气吃下二十串。



这里的烤肉种类之繁多令人惊叹，见证了当地人将任何食材转化为珍馐的奇妙造化：烤鱼（bilek Kawap）、烤鸡（tuhu Kawap）、烤鸽子（basca Kawap），甚至是烤鸡蛋（tuhum Kawap）。对 John 而言，这不仅是果腹之物，更是对古老“烹饪之道”的守望。不同于现代煤气灶那冰冷而受控的蓝色火焰，木炭之火随风而舞。烧烤的艺术，全在于燃烧的红炭与大气呼吸之间那场无声的对话。这正是中国哲学中“道法自然”的生动写照。人类不过是自然织锦上的一根丝线，受大地恩泽而生——这便是生命之道。

John 怀着一颗赤诚之心穿行在城中，像对待失散多年的亲人般亲切地问候当地人：称呼少女为“辛格里姆”（Singlim，妹妹），称呼长者为“阿卡”（Aka，哥哥）。在这座历史与好客并存的古城里，他竟生出了一种意想不到的归属感。

在一个慵懒的午后，John 走进了一家古色古香的茶馆。他坐在庭院大树的浓荫下，品读着茶香。桌上如万花筒般陈列着当地生活的缩影：酥软的饅饼、冰爽的酸奶刨冰（ketek）、晶莹的葡萄、如蜜的西瓜以及金黄的烤包子。午后的阳光给庭院镀上了一层金辉，酒客们仿佛沐浴在暖融融的光晕中。John 正沉浸在《上古神话》的字里行间，一个温柔而悦耳的声音打破了他的沉思。

他抬起头，看见一位女子正站在近旁，她的笑容仿佛比午后的阳光还要灿烂。

“你好，”她优雅地伸出手，“我叫阿米娜（Amyna），是这家茶馆的主人。我注意到你经常来这里，总是沉浸在这本迷人的书里。我可以坐下来吗？”

John 被这突如其来的优雅气息惊艳了一瞬，随即微笑着恢复了神采。“当然可以，我是 John。这里大概是我所见过的、最适合让自己迷失在故事里的地方了。”

阿米娜坐下后，目光落在桌上的书上。“我在大学时学的是神话学，”她感叹道，“看到这个封面，勾起了我太多的回忆。”

John 的兴趣被勾了起来。“真的吗？你在哪里读的大学？”

“新疆大学，”她回答道，“我主攻中亚神话，不过也曾沉醉于中国甚至波斯的神话传说之中。”

John 眼中流露出职业性的敬意：“那是一片广博而深邃的研究领域。”

阿米娜点头道：“确实是一场冒险。不同文化之间，即便相隔万里，竟能孕育出如此相似却又各具魅力的传说，这始终令我着迷。”

那个午后在深度交谈中消融了。他们聊到 John 穿越中国的旅程，也聊到阿米娜在国外的求学经历。在对世界隐秘传统的共同热爱中，他们找到了灵魂的共鸣。暮色降临，喀什的街道换上了另一副面孔。华灯初上，整座城市焕发出新的活力。空气中弥漫着夜市的香气：抓饭、拉条子、清炖鸽子汤，还有鲜榨石榴汁的清甜。人们衣着整洁得体，洋溢着显而易见的喜悦，那灿烂的笑容在维吾尔乐曲的旋律中更显动人。

他们在当地餐厅共进晚餐。阿米娜讲述了她对家乡新疆的眷恋，以及对经营这家成功茶馆的自豪。饭后，他们漫步在古城墙上。市井的喧嚣逐渐退去，取而代之的是轻声细语和脚步踩在斑驳石砖上的节奏声。阿米娜如数家珍般向 John 介绍着古城的建筑秘密，将历史编织进现实。

当走到城墙尽头，阿米娜带着一丝调皮而狡黠的微笑转过头问：“那么，John，你有没有想过留在喀什生活？”

John 停下脚步，古城千年之美仿佛压在他的肩头。“坦白说，”他轻声回答，“在这之前我从未想过。但现在……我觉得这个提议极具诱惑力。”

阿米娜喜笑颜开：“那么，我期待着归来的那天。”两人相拥而别，相约保持联络。

在接下来的日子里，他们的友谊愈发深厚。他们一同探访历史古迹，品味市井烟火。对 John 而言，喀什已成了他的第二故乡，

而阿米娜则是这座城市跳动的核心。然而，研究的使命始终萦绕心头，他深知帕米尔高原的探险刻不容缓。

次日黎明，John 依依不舍地告别了阿米娜。他在昆仑塔下租了一辆强悍的越野车，驶向那片充满谜团的帕米尔高原。车辆在崎岖不平的荒径上剧烈颠簸，但随着他愈发深入群山，世俗的繁杂渐渐远去。万丈深壑与皑皑雪峰将他包围，那种孤绝而宏大的景象令人心生敬畏，仿佛正在告别现代文明。

这不仅是一场地理上的横跨，更是一场心灵的蜕变。与高原居民的每一次邂逅，都像是拼凑宇宙拼图的一块碎片——这拼图超越了地理与历史，直抵人类精神的内核。他穿越流沙荒漠，掠过巍峨群山，每一处胜景都揭示了新疆多元灵魂的一个侧面。



抵达塔什库尔干县后，John 在一顶位于“世界屋脊”的牧民毡房中安顿下来。这里的山峦已不能仅用宏伟来形容，它们简直压倒了感官。空气稀薄纯净得仿佛在闪烁，冰川融水流过如玉般的石滩，未经尘土沾染的绿草散发出沁人心脾的芬芳。偶尔有几头牦牛在草甸上缓缓移动，犹如沉静的哨兵，守望着这片严酷而美丽的

乐土。

在这里，生活是极简的。牦牛肉是主要的能量来源，男女老少都戴着色彩斑斓的圆形高帽。他们的语言是一块活化石，是由古羌语、梵语和波斯语交织而成的锦缎。尽管它被划归为东部语支，却又时刻受到瓦罕语——这种带有浓厚西方语言特征的游牧语言的影响。

John 在塔什库尔干的停留演变成了一场内在的奥德赛。他在当地人中间生活，耳朵逐渐适应了那些微妙的音韵起伏。他不再仅仅是一名语言学家，他成了人类文明韧性的见证者。

终于，在一个注定被载入研究史册的日子里，John 在瓦罕语中发现了一个惊天动地的线索。那是一个似乎可以追溯到大洪水之前的语言残片。随着他深入挖掘这些词语的句法和古老词根，他惊觉自己正面对着一个失落时代的史实——那是一个在大洪水淹没世界之前便已存在、拥有高度文明与智慧的时代。似乎当洪水灭世之时，少数幸存者逃到了这片高地，将他们的记忆封存在了瓦罕语那古老而美丽的结构之中。

当 John 在夜色中对着毡房内摇曳的灯火彻夜钻研时，那个“洪水前世界”的轮廓开始逐渐清晰，从一万年的沉寂中呼之欲出。

Chapter 5 Fuxi and Sphinx

The young linguist John possessed a profound talent for languages and a unique cross-cultural perspective. Born and raised abroad, he was fluent in multiple languages, allowing him to discover the inherent connections between various cultures. His international schooling equipped him with a broad worldview, enabling him to inspect civilisations from a global perspective.

The air was thin, and the pounding of his heart seemed to match the rhythm of the SUV's engine as John cruised through the county. It wasn't a prominent place, but it was dense with tourist hubs. John preferred to avoid the crowds of Chinese mainland visitors that filled the streets, as they all looked so familiar, much like his face reflected in the rear-view mirror. He longed to meet the locals to discover the unique essence of this place.

His eyes locked on a young girl as he turned onto the road that hugged the eastern edge of town. She had a striking appearance, with features that were distinctly Aryan: a regal nose, deep-set eyes, and lips like cherries. She looked fresh out of college and had returned to her hometown to work. John parked his car and approached the girl, hoping to ask for directions. To his surprise, her Mandarin was impeccable, and their conversation flowed effortlessly.

Her name was Merrian,¹ and she worked for the local geological department as a contracted employee. Her undergraduate degree in geography explained her comprehensive knowledge of the field. John told her about his research trip and his desire to learn more about the local culture. Merrian, without hesitation, agreed to be his guide.

1 Merrian is a 25-year-old Chinese Tajik girl with a bachelor's degree in geography. She is passionate about his field of study and has unique insights into geographical phenomena and the natural environment. Merrian frequently participates in field surveys and expeditions, accumulating rich practical experience in geography research. Her dedication and enthusiasm for the subject make her a promising young geographer.

The two spent the rest of the day exploring the county. Merrian took John to a restaurant that specialised in local dishes. They tried the tomato lamb noodles and the yak meat, both of which were delicious. John marvelled at the authenticity of the food and its connection to the land it came from.

As they strolled through the bustling bazaar, Merrian pointed out various landmarks and shared stories about the area's history. She described how her ancestors had migrated from Central Asia centuries ago and settled in this region. John found himself captivated by her tales and the unique perspective she offered on this place he had only known through books and research papers.

As dusk settled over Tashikuergan County, John and Merrian sat on a hill overlooking the valley. The air was more relaxed here, and John shivered in his thin jacket. Merrian draped her coat around his shoulders, and he gratefully hugged it close.

"Thank you for today," he said, facing her. "I feel like I've learned more in these few hours with you than in all my readings."

Merrian smiled, her teeth flashing white in the dimming light. "You're welcome. I'm glad I could help."

"I don't want this trip to end."

Merrian's smile widened. "There's still much more to see."

John nodded, feeling a sense of contentment settle over him. For once, he was precisely where he wanted to be in the middle of a beautiful, uncharted territory with a girl who made him feel more at home than anywhere else.

Tajik's song is playing as John drives with Merrian.

A romantic Tajik song is like a whispered love letter carried on the breeze across the mountains and valleys of its homeland. The melody is sweet and yearning, like the first tentative steps of a young couple towards each other. The lyrics, sung in the rich tapestry of the Tajik language, speak of undying affection and the promise of eternity, weaving together the threads of fate and destiny. The singer's voice is filled with emotion, each note trembling with the intensity of their feelings. The song is a testament to the power of love, as timeless and

enduring as the mountains surrounding the Tajik people. It celebrates the beauty and depth of human emotion, a reminder that love can conquer all.

John and Merrian embarked on a daring adventure deep into the heart of this breathtaking region. Their journey was filled with thrilling moments and emotional connections that tested their limits and strengthened their bond. As they traversed the vast high-altitude landscape, they faced more than a physical challenge. It was a testament to their growing closeness and mutual understanding. The Pamir Plateau, with its breathtaking vistas and rugged terrain, became a living testimony of their adventure, a canvas for their emotional growth, and a testament to the power of human connection in the face of nature's vastness.

Every day, John found himself engrossed in Merrian's native tongue. He was captivated by the unique sounds, the subtle inflexions, and the depth of meaning behind each word. He recorded each one diligently, attempting to connect the language and other tongues he was familiar with.

As they travelled through the Pamir Plateau, John Wang peppered Merrian with questions, eager to understand more about her culture and the language that was so integral to it. She patiently explained the meanings behind each word, the context in which they were used, and the stories they carried.

Wang found himself making associations between Merriman's language and others he had studied. He compared the sounds and structures, seeking commonalities and differences. It was a challenging but rewarding task, deepening his appreciation for both languages and their unique histories.

As their journey progressed, Wang's command of the language grew, and he found himself able to have more complex conversations with Merrian. They shared stories and experiences, laughing and learning from each other.

This daily language lesson became a highlight of their travels, a symbol of their growing closeness. It was more than just a linguistic

exercise; it was a window into another world, a bridge between their two cultures. Through the language, they could share more than just words; they could share their dreams, hopes, and understanding of life.

The Pamir Plateau, known as the Roof of the World, was a canvas of natural wonders that left them speechless. The snow-capped mountains, clear blue lakes, and vast grasslands were more than just scenery; they were a testament to nature's resilience and beauty. As they traversed this vast landscape, their hearts raced in sync with the altitude, and their breath quickened with every discovery.



One day, while exploring a remote valley, they stumbled upon a mystical lake at the base of a towering mountain. The lake's crystal-clear waters reflected the sky above, giving it an ethereal quality. John found himself captivated by its beauty, and at that moment, he realised how much he had grown to care for Merrian. Her bright smile and unwavering spirit had become the light in his life, and he found himself drawn to her in ways he had never experienced before.

As John gazed upon the crystal-clear lake, his heart stirred with peace and tranquillity. The serene waters mirrored the sky above, reflecting a perfect harmony in his soul. At that moment, the melodic sounds of the *dutar* and flute filled the air, weaving a tapestry of sound that spoke to the depths of his being.

The *dutar*'s strings plucked out a melancholy tune that seemed to echo the whispers of the past, while the flute's clear and ethereal notes carried the promises of the future. Together, they created a haunting and uplifting harmony that speaks to the complexities of the human heart.

John felt the sounds drew him into a deeper understanding of himself, reflecting the turbulent emotions that swirled within his soul. The music seemed to capture the essence of his being, resonating with the very fibres of his existence. As the last notes faded into the lake's stillness, John was left with a sense of clarity and peace, knowing that the music had touched the core of his soul.

As they continued their journey, they discovered more hidden gems of the Pamir Plateau: ancient petroglyphs etched into rocks by ancient nomads, abandoned villages with unique cultural relics, and rich biodiversity that thrived in this harsh environment. Each discovery brought them closer together, strengthening their bond. They shared stories of their lives, dreams, and aspirations, finding that their paths had more in common than they had thought.

As they neared the end of their journey, John felt a sense of closure and excitement for what lay ahead. The Pamir Plateau had given him much knowledge, personal growth, and understanding. He realised that his search for the origins of civilisation was not just about piecing together ancient civilisations but also about understanding the threads that connected him to the world around him and to Merrian.

With Merrian by his side, he vowed to continue his exploration and discovery, always considering the vast beauty and mysteries of the world ahead. He knew that no matter where life's path led them, they would always share this special bond forged by a shared passion for history and culture, the vast beauty of the Pamir Plateau, and the promise of a future filled with new adventures.

The bond between John and Merrian grew stronger with each passing day. They were not just travel companions anymore; they were friends, possibly even more. The shared experiences and memories created an unbreakable bond between them.

One evening, as they sat by a campfire under a starlit sky, John reached for Merrian's hand. Their eyes met, and at that moment, all the accumulated emotions finally spilt over. John confessed his feelings for her. He said he had never felt this way about anyone before, and that she had become the most important person in his life. Merrian looked

at him, tears in her eyes, and smiled. She said she had felt the same way but was afraid to express her feelings.



One day, while reading ancient Egyptian mythology, John Wang stumbled upon an intriguing research topic. Some scholars suggest that the proportions of the Sphinx's head and body are incorrect, with the body significantly larger than the head, leading to speculation that later rulers might have altered it to resemble themselves. Furthermore, based on historical evidence, it has been proposed that the Sphinx might have been constructed earlier than previously thought, possibly even before the pyramids. This statue faces the sun, sitting precisely between two pyramids, as the sun rises and sets, symbolising the immortality of life. All this piqued John's curiosity.

Many website questions:

1.Is there an explanation for the disproportionately small head of the Great Sphinx of Giza?

2.What Was The Sphinx, And What Is Wrong With Its Body And Head?

3.Head Of The Great Sphinx Was Changed—It's The Gateway To A Secret Underground City, Historians Suggest

One of the articles states, “I do not believe that the Sphinx is 12,500 years old. I do think that the Sphinx is more senior than conventionally assumed.”

Could the ancient Egyptian civilisation indeed be traced back to the African continent? This question gnawed at him, prompting further research. Increasing evidence suggests that ancient Egyptian civilisation may have been introduced to the Nile River by foreigners. This revelation challenges traditional historical beliefs, driving John to re-evaluate history.

While delving into the monument’s origins, John turned his attention to the word *sphinx* itself—an etymological enigma that had long defied explanation. Drawing upon his linguistic expertise, he dissected the term across ancient Greek, Old Persian, and various Eastern dialects, unearthing a series of startling parallels.

He noted that the Mandarin word for lion, *shi*(狮), echoed through the Pamir mountains as *sir* in Wakhan and *xieyr* in Sarikoli, closely mirroring the Persian *shir*. This shared phonetic thread suggested a profound, ancient cultural exchange.

“If my deductions serve me right,” John mused, “the legendary Queen Mother of the West, Xi Wangmu, must have reigned over this very region stretching westward from the Pamirs.”

It was a chilling realization that led him to another connection immediately. Ancient Chinese texts described Xi Wangmu not as the regal human queen of later myths, but as a being possessing feral features. John’s pulse quickened as he compared the texts. In the *Classic of Mountains and Seas*(山海经), the early Xi Wangmu was depicted with “tiger’s teeth” and a wild nature—a terrifying deity of the Western Wilds.

John sat back, the blue light of his laptop screen illuminating a face etched with equal parts exhaustion and exhilaration. On the left side of his screen was a digital scan of a Han Dynasty rubbing, depicting the Queen Mother of the West(西王母) as a feral, shamanic figure. On the right was the golden, leonine visage of the Egyptian goddess Sekhmet.

The resemblance was no longer just a coincidence; it was a

revelation.

In the *Classic of Mountains and Seas* (山海经), Xi Wangmu was described as a terrifying deity of the Western Wilds with "tiger's teeth". But as John stared at the image of Sekhmet—the lion-headed goddess who guarded the Egyptian West—the scales fell from his eyes. To an ancient traveler from the East who had never seen a lion, the fierce, leonine muzzle of Sekhmet could only be described as "tiger-like". They were likely the same entity: a singular, powerful goddess whose cult stretched from the Nile to the Pamirs, guarding the gates of the setting sun. The "Tiger-toothed" Queen of the East was simply the Lion-headed Goddess of the West, distorted by thousands of miles of distance and the evolution of language.

"But how?" John whispered, his mind racing to find the bridge. "How did her shadow cast itself across half the world?"

He began to map out the possibilities, his pen flying across a notepad.

The First Thread: The Lapis Lazuli Road John's thoughts went first to the most ancient of trade routes. Long before the Silk Road existed, there was the "Lapis Lazuli Road". He noted that the deep blue stone cherished by Egyptian Pharaohs—the same stone used in Tutankhamun's death mask—was mined almost exclusively in the Badakhshan region of modern-day Afghanistan, nestled right against the Pamir Plateau.

Since at least 4,000 BCE, traders had been moving this "blue gold" from the Pamirs into Mesopotamia and Egypt. John realized that these caravans carried more than just cargo; they carried myths. To the Egyptians, this "Queen of the Mountain Beasts" from the East was a powerful foreign force. Lacking tigers in the Nile Valley, they adapted her image to their own apex predator: the lioness. Thus, the "Tiger-toothed Queen" of the trade route was reborn in Egypt as Sekhmet.

The Second Thread: The Tribe of the West. But trade was only part of the story. John began to suspect a physical migration—a lost tribe. He looked at the ancient Chinese character for West, *Xi* (西), and considered the mysterious "Tribe of the West" mentioned in archaic

records.

Linguistic and genetic echoes suggested a “Proto-Pamir” culture that had expanded outward in two directions. One branch, a matriarchal warrior clan, migrated East into China, becoming the ancestors of the Qiang people and bringing the legend of Xi Wangmu to the Central Plains. Meanwhile, another branch migrated West, crossing the Zagros Mountains into the Fertile Crescent and eventually the Nile. They brought the same shamanic deity—a goddess of destruction, plague, and the setting sun—who would subsequently be carved in stone as both the Sphinx’s precursor and the goddess Sekhmet.

The Third Thread: The Solar Empire and Sanxingdui John’s research then took a more radical turn. He looked at photos of the Sanxingdui bronze masks found in Sichuan—those haunting, alien-like faces with bulging eyes and prominent noses that bore little resemblance to the traditional inhabitants of ancient China.

“The Solar Empire.” he murmured.

He hypothesized that Sanxingdui was the easternmost outpost of a vast, prehistoric cultural network that spanned from Egypt to East Asia. In this world, the “Queen Mother” wasn’t a single individual, but a title for a High Priestess of a global solar cult. In Egypt, she was the High Priestess of the Lion(Sekhmet); in the Pamirs and China, she was the High Priestess of the Tiger.

This migration of ideas wasn’t a one-way street, but a continuous loop of cultural exchange along the steppe. It was here, in this ancient “internet” of the Bronze Age, that the iconography of the “Lion-Eagle”(the Sphinx) and the “Eagle-Dragon”(Fuxi) merged and split. The Sphinx, John realized, was not just an Egyptian monument; it was a silent sentinel of a unified human history that the modern world had long forgotten.

Yet these clues seemed to point to an even larger mystery. The Sphinx, the word *sphinx*, and the connections among various languages all seemed to suggest a deeper cross-cultural and cross-temporal connection. This led him to rethink the origins and development trajectory of human civilisation.

Isn't the Sphinx a winged creature with a lion's body and a human head? Supposing it didn't have a human head, what would be the combined term for an eagle + lion?



On the wind-swept plateaus of the Pamirs, where the borders of nations blur into the high clouds, John sat listening to the ancient tongues of the mountains. He was searching for the origins of a god, tracing a thread that would pull him across the entire Eurasian continent.

He began by asking the locals for the names of their most revered predators. In the Sarikoli Tajik language, the words for eagle were *heijft*, and for lion were *xieyr*. A disjointed combination. But when he crossed the valley to speak with the Wakhan people, the sounds shifted. Here, the eagle was *besbert*—a word echoing the thunderous *bürküt* found in Turkic and Altai legends—and the lion was *xir*.

He whispered the combination to himself: *Besbert... Xir*. Bes-xir. The Eagle-Lion. A supreme totemic duality.

Eagle + Lion = (1) *heijft* + *xieyr*(Sarikoli)
(2) *besbert* + *xir*(Wakhan)

The sound triggered a memory of a figure thousands of miles to the East: Fuxi(伏羲), the mythical first emperor of China.

In modern Mandarin, the name is soft: *Fúxī*. But the researcher knew that language, like stone, wears down over time. He dusted off the phonology of Old Chinese and found that millennia ago, the name was

sharper, heavier. It was pronounced Buik-xia or Beks-xia—sometimes written as Baoxi(庖牺).

The resemblance was chilling—Bes-xir in the Pamirs; *Beks-xia* in the Yellow River Valley.

He looked closer at the ancient Chinese script for Fuxi's name. The characters were not abstract; they were pictures. They did not depict a farmer in a rice paddy. Instead, he saw the radical for “man”(人) leaning against a “dog”(犬), and the complex script for “Xi” revealed a sacrificial “sheep”(羊) and a weapon(戈). These were the symbols of a nomadic chieftain, a master of animal husbandry, a hunter walking out of the steppes with his hound.

Tracing this “B” sound further East, he crossed the Yalu River. In Korea, where ancient pronunciations are often preserved like insects in amber, the name refused to shift to the modern “F”. It remained Bok-hui.

Finally, he stood in the birch forests of the Ewenki people in Siberia. Here, the shamans spoke of a creation goddess who formed humanity from mud. Her name was Borgal(or *Baoligen*).

The circle closed from the Wakhan *Bes-xir*(Eagle-Lion), to the Old Chinese *Baoxi*(Master of Animals), to the Korean *Bok-hui*, and finally the Ewenki *Borgal*.

He realized then that Fuxi was not merely a Chinese king. He was a survivor of a lost epoch—a singular, prehistoric concept of a Creator God, a “Master of the Wild”, whose name had traveled the spine of Asia, carried on the tongues of shamans and hunters long before the first cities were ever built.

Wait a minute. Let us think again. Isn't Fuxi a snake-bodied and human-faced God? Or maybe he is a hybrid animal with Eagle wings, a Lion-man face, and a snake body?

In the ancient silence of the Pamir Mountains, where the “Roof of the World” touches the heavens, a secret is hidden within the very sounds of human speech. We have long been told that Fuxi was a simple deity with a human face and a serpent's tail. But if we look more closely at the linguistic fossils left behind by the tribes of the Silk Road, a much

grander image emerges: a magnificent, winged Chimera with the wings of an Eagle, the face of a **Lion**, and the body of a Snake.



This was not just a god, but a Clan—the original “Master of the Three Realms”.

The story begins with a name that split in two as it traveled the mountain passes. To the south, the Sarikoli people—whose tongue carries the echoes of the ancient Qiang and Tibetan languages—called the eagle *heijft* and the lion *xieyr*. As their tribes migrated eastward into the heart of China, the soft prefix *heij* was weathered away by time, leaving the stressed *ft-xi*. This became the *Fuxi* we know today.

To the north, the Wakhan people, influenced by the fierce cultures of the West, called the eagle *besbert* and the lion *xir*. Their composite name, *Bes-xir*, traveled the steppes to become the archaic *Beks-xia* or *Buik-xia* found in the oldest Chinese texts, eventually reaching the Korean peninsula as *Bok-hui*.

But the Fuxi clan did not remain in the mountains. Their descendants became the Youqiongshi(有穹氏)—the Sky Clan. Among them was the legendary archer Dayi(大羿). When history tells us that Emperor Yao ordered Dayi to shoot down the nine “Suns”, it is not a story of celestial archery, but of a war for unification. These “Suns” were the leaders of rival tribes, each represented by their own Golden Crow(金 乌) totem. These crows were not mere birds, but diverse