

CLASH OF THE AROMAS

A SENSATIONAL SUMMIT

The supernatural factions of *OLFACTORIA* hummed on the precipice of the “*Aromatical Summit of Solutions*”. Millennia had passed since the last *Gathering*. Too few were in attendance. The Ancient Summons had been ignored by many, but the shifting vibrations were calling out, begging acknowledgement. Chaos danced on the horizon as the *SCENTLESS’ “Darkness”* spread.

The Ancient *AROMAS*, once revered *Aromatic Mages* now relegated to folklore, were nearly forgotten by the disturbed *SCENTLESS* of the modern Era. Tension cracked, as these walking relics filed into the Sanctuary. Traditional cliques of *Spirituals*, *Medicinals*, *Sensuals* and various *Hybrids* predictably clumped together, whispering in familiar guilds. The agenda was clear – a collaborative problem-solving session.

CEDARWOOD, one of the oldest *Spirituals*, gracefully took center stage. As his *Presence* diffused, a tangible meditative air grounded the cavernous chamber. The *Sensory* attention of the *AROMAS* was captured by his *Scent*, nudging them to settle into their plush burgundy seats. *The Gathering* commenced. Led by CEDARWOOD’s rich baritone, a resounding AUM rumbled through the theater, neutralizing the tones of all, including his own bold *Fragrance*. The crowd’s *Sensual* emanations cleared, cleansed from the chamber by the AUM’s resonant wind. Wise and respected, CEDARWOOD addressed the house with an earthy casualness, summarizing the imminent threat to the Survival of the *SCENTLESS*.

The *SCENTLESS* faced potential Extinction - turning against themselves and each other, killing in uncontrollably destructive waves. Half their beating lights were already extinguished, consumed by an insidious shadow. Originally theorized as an external infectious parasite, it turned out the “*Darkness*” was an engineered Self-Destruction from within the *SCENTLESS* themselves – a *Happening* of self-generated, biochemical suicide, psychopathy and insanity. A plague of *Powerlessness*, incepted and inflamed by the modern Era’ social conditions. Thwarting traditional, therapeutic *Smells*, the *AROMAS*’ solo powers no longer held back the scourge. They rarely healed the afflicted anymore. How far the Mighty had fallen - *Aromatic Smelling* reduced to unreliable emergency triage.

AROMATIC MAYHEM

CAMPHOR, a confident *Medicinal*, raised his potent *Scents* to counter CEDARWOOD’s prediction of impending doom. Fellow *Medicinals* TEATREE and EUCALYPTUS, harmonized fresh and brightly to amplify the intensity of CAMPHOR’s arguments. Guru SANDALWOOD and several *Spirituals* aligned onstage with CEDARWOOD. MYRRH, with his *Hybrid* tone, contributed equally to the deliberations between the clinical trebles and woody basses, while CINNAMON and her kin added spice to the debate. The *Aromatic* chorus clashed - a *Scented* symphony, slightly out of tune.

As tensions rose, the *Sensuals* – PACHOULI, ROSE, JASMINE and company – shifted uncomfortably as the humidity steadily became suffocating. Anxious glances plead for PEPPERMINT to work some cooling *Majik* on the simmering egos to prevent *Scents*-induced

combustion. Recruiting WINTERGREEN and SPEARMINT, they conjured a refreshing vortex in the center of *The Gathering*. Telepathically, the *Mints* invited ROSEMARY and LEMONGRASS to contribute their energizing *Potentials*.

Balance temporarily restored, LAVENDER and CAMOMILE sighed contentedly. Their haunting sopranos, a melodic balm of solace, accentuating the relaxed shift in thermal, paranormal and biological energies in the room. CEDARWOOD's *Scent* once again tapped his colleagues' *Senses*, accompanied with words projecting Ancient Truths. Complacent Arrogance need be shed. Utilizing creative team work, innovative blendings and uncommon concentrations of *Aromatic* power might resolve old clashes AND the current crisis.

With his expertise in therapies and *Smells* for relieving *SCENTLESS* Depression and Grief, BERGAMOT's slightly bitter tone smothered his usual underlying sweetness as he claimed to be the most valuable leader. Other *AROMAS* flared up simultaneously, boasting equal success in battling Despair. Steam and heightened *Scents* oppressively saturated the air, creating a cacophony of chaotic, colliding *Aromatic* and vocal energy waves competing for supremacy.

Startled by the explosive scene, CEDARWOOD recognized no single *AROMA* possessed enough power to end this '*Scented Showdown*'. Understanding also, no individual *Mage* could overcome this *Darkness*, he felt conviction surge. The stakes were too high to let *Aromatic* egos prevail. As he invoked strength to ground his clashing comrades, a terrifying and anguished roar suddenly crushed the din, overpowering *The Gathering*. The *AROMAS'* fields barely quivered, paralyzed in shock.

The ground shook, light fixtures rattled and walls groaned under the pressure of the escalating *SCENTLESS* violence outside. The overwhelming weight of Dread pervaded as the hall held its breath - the sound of Suffering drawing closer, asphyxiating all else in its wake. Recovering, CEDARWOOD urged LAVENDER to gently emit her *Scent* with an enchanting song to accompany his soulful chant. Though barely audible beneath the descending cloak of Misery, their calming effects permeated the tense hush.

CEDARWOOD's optimistic twinkle of Anticipation was instantly snuffed as the *SCENTLESS' Victims* suddenly broke through the Majikal barrier of the Sanctuary, attacking and dragging their war to the *AROMAS'* feet. In response, powerful *Smells* blasted from the *Mages*, creating *Aromatic* Mayhem. Driven to stave off slaughter, rescue as many as possible and for some, to prove primacy. They fought valiantly, attempting to calm, ground, uplift, sedate, cool, sensualize and otherwise prevent further death. In the Aftermath, only carnage met the desolate glances sweeping the stillness. *The Reaper* alone, reveled in joyous victory. Amidst the Chaos, every *AROMA* discovered the painful and humbling Truth – their individual powers were not enough to single-handedly save the *SCENTLESS*.

THE *OLFACTORY* REVOLUTION

Silent tears glistening on her cheeks, LAVENDER mustered timid courage, hesitantly ascending the stairs to the stage. Though the most popular Aroma among the *SCENTLESS*, and secretly adored by the *AROMAS*, no one had ever witnessed LAVENDER take charge. A stunned, curious quiet vibrated almost imperceptibly, everyone intrigued by the unlikely leader emerging before

them. They fell captivated by the Vulnerability and Determination shining in LAVENDER's violet eyes.

Humbly and heartfelt, LAVENDER expressed a lack of wisdom in matters of Violence, but firmly believed the *Darkness* was surmountable. Seeking forgiveness for any offense, she shared her greatest Fear, identifying the AROMAS' failure to save lives as a result of their own Hubris. They depended solely on past successful strategies, believing themselves almighty and infallible. She proposed a perspective shift rooted in Humility, imploring a release of preconceptions moving ahead.

It was time to slough what they thought they knew, revealing unsurpassed *Aromatic Creative Potential* underneath. They needed to all be allied, bridge gaps and learn from one another, abandoning the idea of *one* all-powerful essential AROMA, or blend, to heal the entirety of the *SCENTLESS*. *It was important* to consider each individual's unique energy field of Emotions – a fluid and ever-changing labyrinth of vibrations - acknowledging the infinite paths to infection, thereby tailoring their *Scent* and *Smelling* approaches accordingly. Studies proved at any given time, a person might respond differently to any AROMA's *Scent*, and though many symptoms manifested similarly across all *SCENTLESS*, their permutations and combinations were limitless. Akin to the *Darkness* created by *Powerlessness* from within, wouldn't it follow that Empowerment – the *Light* - must necessarily arise internally? The room buzzed with excitement and skepticism.

Recognizing the brilliance in her words and sensing LAVENDER's insecurity, CEDARWOOD stepped behind her, emanating his grounding musk as a show of support.

Flawlessly he carried the conversation forward with confidence, commanding the audience with unrivalled mastery. He humbly acknowledged his own unintentional Arrogance during the massacre. In short order, the atmosphere lightened, as led by CEDARWOOD, the AROMAS vulnerably re-evaluated, shared and catalogued their own strengths and weaknesses. Released from their Self-Importance, and understanding the energetic complexity of every *SCENTLESS*, the AROMAS explored uncharted territories of *Olfactory* Enchantment.

Moved beyond reason, LAVENDER reluctantly accepted her nomination as the universal base *AROMA*, becoming a catalyst for an *Aromatical* Revolution to empower the *SCENTLESS*. She was the only one who didn't believe herself vital and necessary. In fact, her humble sweetness and innocent Empathy proved the most beautifully versatile and essential ingredients in supporting the journeys of all.

There was no 'One-Size-Fits-All' formula for the multitude of Beings. Many *SCENTLESS* were beyond reach, entrenched in the psychopathy of Self-Destruction. Through Collaboration, Vulnerability, and Humility, the AROMAS led the majority of the *SCENTLESS* to Transformation. Training *Sensual Mindfulness*, and influencing their Emotional energy fields subtly through *Aromatic* vibration, the AROMAS coached the them on methods to slowly soothe and fully reverse their own rampant biochemical madness, naturally. Each individual in their own time and way with Encouragement and Support, could bravely shift their energy from the clutches of *Powerlessness*, through the vibrational perspectives of Fear, Anger and Impatience, all the way to the blissful '*Light*' of *Empowerment* - free from the crippling grip of *Darkness*.

True power came from collective Wisdom, Unity and Compassion, not individual superiority. In Partnership, the *AROMAS* discovered a solution – a *Sensual* revelation that was not “The Cure”, but a myriad of vibrant possibilities. In the end, no single *AROMA* or dominant blend was the unsung hero, but the harmonious blending of their individual *Aromatic* essences. They would win the war by uplifting the desperate masses one *Scent* at a time.

The tale of the ‘*Clash of the Aromas*’ during that final “*Aromatical Summit of Solutions*”, became immortalized in the tapestry of Time on *OLFACTORIA*. A great legend embracing the joy of Collaboration, the thrill of Exploration, and the power of Unity over Adversity. The *Aromatic* symphonies of the *Olfactory* Revolution echoed across the Ages, heralding the triumph of Ease and Satisfaction over Tension and Stress.

abandon Arrogance

embrace Humility

collaborate vulnerably

harness the power of Diversity and collective Synergy

bring about positive Change