

# **The Gospel of G'Kar**

*The River of Truth – Chronicle Edition*

by Rudolf Stepan

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The Gospel of G'Kar - The River of Truth - Chronicler's Edition

A Homage to the Spiritual Depth of Babylon 5

by Rudolf Stepan

## Acknowledgment

My gratitude extends to **J. Michael Straczynski**, whose imagination revealed that fiction can serve as a mirror in which truth recognizes itself. Through *Babylon 5*, he shaped not merely a story, but a place of inquiry — a crossroads where myth, morality, and the restless search for meaning meet.

The character of **G'Kar** is one of his most luminous creations: a wanderer between destiny and doubt, anger and awakening. In giving voice to such a being, Straczynski offered more than narrative. He offered a philosophical companion — one who challenges, unsettles, and ultimately transforms those who listen.

This Chronicle is written in humble acknowledgment that the river of thought which flows through it began long before me. Its source lies in the creativity of a storyteller who understood that the deepest truths often arrive dressed in fiction, and that a single well-crafted idea can echo through the lives and questions of countless others.

To him, I owe the spark that allowed these reflections to take form.

## Abstract

This literary work is a fictional philosophical chronicle set within the universe of Babylon 5.

Written from the perspective of a Centauri archivist one hundred years after the disappearance of the Narn known as G'Kar, it seeks to reconstruct the spiritual essence and fragmentary wisdom attributed to him. The text is not a religious document, but a reflective homage to the depth of thought created by J. Michael Straczynski in his groundbreaking series.

It explores timeless themes such as truth, suffering, time, and the nature of belief — presented in the form of poetic scripture. As a stand-alone literary tribute, this work is meant to inspire contemplation and honor the fictional legacy of G'Kar, whose philosophical voice transcends the boundaries of science fiction.

## Author's Preface

I am a long-time admirer of the universe created by J. Michael Straczynski. Babylon 5 is more than just a science fiction series — it is a vessel for philosophical inquiry, moral reflection, and deep spiritual archetypes. This work is my personal homage to the character of G'Kar, whose transformation from warrior to philosopher has left a lasting impression on many viewers, including myself.

What follows is not doctrine. It is not a belief system. It is an imaginative literary exercise — a 'what if?' told through the voice of a Centauri chronicler who, a century after G'Kar's disappearance, attempts to reconstruct the essence of his wisdom from fragments, legends, and contradictory accounts.

This Gospel is therefore both fiction and philosophy: a reflection on how truth flows not from certainty, but from seeking. May it serve as an invitation to look inward — not to find G'Kar, but to discover what his journey awakens in each of us.

## **The Gospel of G'Kar**

### **I. On the Beginning of Questions**

In the beginning, there was not the Word, but the Question. For to question is to open a gate, and every gate leads to a mirror. He who sees himself, sees the universe.

### **II. On the Waters of Understanding**

Religion is the water in which we grow. It carries us while we are small. But the river demands that we learn to swim. Follow it to the sea, and you will see: all rivers are one.

### **III. On the Shores of Faith**

Man builds walls from words, temples from fear. Yet faith is not a house, but a path. To walk it, one must learn to hold on to nothing.

### **IV. On Hearing the Truth**

Truth does not reside in words — it lives in the readiness to hear. A stone can speak it, a child can carry it, an enemy can teach it.

### **V. On the Enemy and the Friend**

The enemy is your mirror. He shows you what you deny. Fight him — and you fight yourself. Embrace him — and you come to know yourself.

### **VI. On Pain as Teacher**

Nothing heals more swiftly than pain — if we do not flee from it. He who looks upon his pain will glimpse the face of wisdom. For from the wound flows the light.

### **VII. On the Clashing of Worlds**

Each world cries: Only we are right! But the universe is silent. It knows no nation, no name, only movement. And movement is life.

### **VIII. On the River of Time**

Time is a river — but it does not flow only forward. Sometimes, it touches itself. Past and future drink from the same source. So fear no guilt, and no tomorrow. Both are water in the same stream.

### **IX. On the Stillness of the Heart**

He who seeks the truth, let him become still. In the silence of the heart, the universe speaks. One breath is enough to hear all questions — and forget all answers.

## **X. On the End That Is Not an End**

The path does not end in death. We are waves in the great ocean of being. We rise, break, vanish — and the sea remains. So fear nothing. Nothing is lost that was part of the river.

## **XI. On the Imperfect Gaze**

Truth is too vast for us to grasp whole. We see only fragments, broken in the prism of our own perspective. Always, something remains in shadow. But in this limitation lies the beauty of the search. For if all were revealed, there would be nothing left to discover, nothing left to love, nothing left to become.

The river shows us only what we are ready to bear — and flows on, quiet, patient, infinite.

## **Epilogue – On the Disappearance of the Teacher**

Among the Narn, there persists a rumor: that G'Kar did not die, but disappeared. They say he was last seen with Centauri Emperor Londo Mollari, on Centauri Prime, shortly before both vanished from history. Some claim they freed one another — each from a guilt no court could absolve.

Others believe G'Kar left his body and entered 'the light of the river', as his late writings suggest. They say his eyes shone like the stars over Narn in the moment of his departure.

As a historian, I must be cautious. I have found no evidence. No record, no witness, no fragment of reality to confirm such an event. Yet neither is there proof against it.

And so the teacher's disappearance remains between history and legend — a shadow that casts light.

Perhaps, I sometimes think, G'Kar did not ascend, but simply returned — into that stream of truth he so often spoke of. Perhaps his disappearance was not an end, but a homecoming.

I cannot know. But as one who has devoted his life to the search for truth, I must not remain silent before the unknowable. For perhaps it is there — where our knowledge ends

— that what G'Kar called 'seeing' begins.



## Postscript of the Chronicler

These words, however imperfect their transmission, carry the faint echo of a mind that once pierced the darkness of years with nothing more than the sharpened edge of insight. I am but a chronicler, a collector of fragments washed ashore by time, and I know well how much is lost between the moment a thought is born and the moment it reaches another's hands. Still, I have tried to preserve the light as faithfully as a Centauri may — though even the brightest lantern distorts the shape of the flame it protects.

As I assembled these testimonies, commentaries, and whispered legends, I came to understand something unsettling: that truth — the kind my forebears sought in the halls of our greatest libraries — is not an artifact to be held, but a motion to be followed. G'Kar seemed to embody this motion. He lived not as one who possessed truth, but as one who was perpetually undone by it, reshaped and refined again and again. Perhaps that is why so many were drawn to him, even those who once feared or despised him. There is a gravity to sincerity, a quiet pull that outlives the speaker.

What remains of him now are only ripples on the river he spoke of — accounts drifting between worlds, contradictions that refuse to be resolved, insights that strike with the weight of inevitability. And in these inconsistencies, I find not a flaw but a testament. For no great soul is ever captured whole. The universe itself resists description; how much more so a being who sought to understand it?

I, a Centauri of ink and scrolls, have spent my life stitching together histories of emperors and wars, victories and humiliations, always believing that clarity awaited at the far end of documentation. But in the course of tracing the path of this Narn philosopher, I discovered a humbler truth: that some lives are not meant to be illuminated from above, but approached from the side — as one stands beside a river at dusk, perceiving not its depths, but its motion.

And so I offer this Chronicle to those who read it, knowing full well that it is incomplete, as all honest works must be. May each reader become a drop in that river G'Kar named truth, adding their own clarity, their own turbulence, their own reflection. For the river does not end; it merely widens, carrying each of us a little further than we could go alone.

If these pages serve any purpose, let it be this: that in remembering him, we learn to hear the quiet questions we have long ignored. And that in hearing them, we find courage enough to step into the current, wherever it may lead.

— **Archivist Marodien Valto di Brescari,**  
**Royal Histories Division, Centauri Prime**

## **Edition Notes**

This Chronicle Edition combines aesthetic literary formatting with a scientific structural layout, designed to honor both the fictional nature of the text and its philosophical depth.

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