

The background of the cover is a vibrant tropical island scene. In the foreground, the curved wooden deck of a boat is visible, with two figures in dark, hooded robes standing near the railing. The water is a clear, bright turquoise. In the middle ground, a lush island with many palm trees and a few buildings is visible. The background features towering, misty mountains under a blue sky with light clouds. The entire scene is framed by a yellow border with decorative floral corner pieces.

# The Overshadow Of Asonabis

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## Recognition:

I would like to thank my cousin, Simonetta, for inspiring me to write. If I had not met her in 2010 this might not have been a possibility.

I would also like to cite The Shadow Of Israphel series on Youtube by The Yogscast as an inspiration.

I would also like to thank my family and teachers for supporting me through this.

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*In the baited, shadowed seas of death, the waves turn belligerently. They crash, they roll, but they never tumble. Modeled directly after the idea of pride, as even when it falls it always rises back. The dark water turned over itself.*



# Prologue,

I could feel him smiling wildly. His intentions were as black as the shadow he was standing in; concealing himself. I had been feeling extremely weakened since I was knocked out, whenever that was, for I had no perception of time right now. I was counting down until he started to steal my Xolt<sup>1</sup>. I knew he was going to try.

“I don’t even know your name, Unknown One. Your battle might be strong, but I bet I could name something that is weak”, I spoke with a feverous tongue. We had fought a huge battle on our first confrontation, but I had never seen someone abuse blinking<sup>2</sup> quite like him.

He gave a laugh. Promptly, the chains that bound me in a T pose and hanging like Voalker<sup>3</sup>, tightened, pulling my arms, legs and neck apart from each other. I yelped a loud scream and felt tears coming in pain.

“It is good that you know not my name. The less known, the easier the taking”, he said, still encased in the shadow.

“What do you want?” I was starting to smell of discouragement. The chains loosened and I was in a small relief for it.

“Asonavis, what I want is what the gods have”, he leaned forwards into the light with a crippling hardened stare, revealing his purple eyes, the right of which had a long scar over it, and said, “Power.”

He leaned back from the light. We listened in silence for a moment. “Zekaos”, his voice sounded distant and soft-spoken.

“What?”, I spoke. I shook the chains that held me in another small attempt to get free.

“My name.. you were wondering.”

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<sup>1</sup> Xolt - The personification of the energy that everything in existence, even Aethaedar itself (Existence), runs off of. Though, this personification is normally referred at as an inanimate object for obvious reasons. Everything in Existence has a set amount of Xolt. Deities can regenerate Xolt to live essentially forever, mortals can’t. Xolt makes up everything, it makes what is visible and physical, and what is invisible and unattainable.

<sup>2</sup> Blinking - Blinking is the word of choice to describe teleportation. Because teleportation happens at the blink of an eye.

<sup>3</sup> Voalker - An evil primordial being of whoms xolt and consciousness is bound by unbreakable chains in the bottom layer of the underworld Nehro. He is held in Acrazar, in the void below the giant Acrazar Prison. Acrazar is the lowest level, of five, in the Underworld.

# The Beginning,

It was high noon, and as the hot sun beat down on my head I looked boredly off at the crashing waters below. I stood on the left port side of the boat, the Silver Bough, as I awaited my arrival in the New World. I was heading to the subcontinent of Khers<sup>4</sup> of said world. I was, myself, a fresh man of whom was a Riitusin<sup>5</sup>, hailing from the city of Unehtradein, Neasend<sup>6</sup>, of the Old World.

I am to meet my Uncle, of which I had seen many-a times before, but only when he came to visit the Old World. I had never actually been to the New World, as far as I knew it could be a land of anarchy like Aldranamor<sup>7</sup> Island, or a land of order like Tylacta<sup>8</sup>. The excitement of travel built through me, although the time it's taken to get here has made me fall into constant stupors.

Boredly, my mind wandered on about Tylacta, the capital providence of the world empire, Gouma, or The Gouman Empire. In recent years Truon Leaus<sup>9</sup> Uchron Demensvásen, *Uchron Madvase*, was elected emperor from the quietus of his brother the previous Truon Leaus, Nuvather Demensvásen.

I liked the new Truon Leaus though, especially within the last year as he had been sending men to recruit menfolk of knowledge to work with what they called 'machines'. These machines were awe inspiring, running on steam and were full of gears. I, most of all though, liked their camera that could take paintings of life instantly! I smiled at the ingenuity of this new steam age.

Soon though, I was forced out of my daydreaming thought when I heard, "Sceur". Silvantus Felo was calling me. Silvantus was also a Riitusin from Unehtradein, Neasend. I looked over at him running towards. "Mosa", *What*, I asked? "Binduota", *Land Ho*, Silvantus exclaimed excitedly! My face lit up with exhilaration and we ran towards the front of the ship. Standing on the forecandle, we looked anticipatory off towards the slim view of land. We could just scarcely see five of the seven peaks that make up the Pharklad mountain range, the towering mountains reached higher than the clouds and funnily looked to have made necklaces of them. They gradually grew from the slim view, into a long piece of land that stretched from left to right, to out of sight on both sides. I unintendedly fell into another

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<sup>4</sup> Khers - A subcontinent in the new world south of the subcontinent of Orwana, north of the subcontinent Eamand, west of the subcontinent island Naum and east of the Isalp ocean. Not to be mixed up with the Lusomnin word for dog, *Ker* or plural *Keraes*, and the Lusomnin word for get, *Cer*.

<sup>5</sup> Riitusin - People who are from the subcontinent of Neasend; comes from the name of an old empire, Rettus.

<sup>6</sup> Neasend - A subcontinent north of the Aeko Elo subcontinent, south of the Vlasts Sea, east of the Nuveths ocean and west of the Orbert and Raandeler subcontinents.

<sup>7</sup> Aldranamor Island - A land of anarchy that everybody avoids at all costs, as it is run by the Vraothaen, a race of beings almost as powerful as the gods, but not quite so. Most are known for being beings of pure evil, namely Erumak, Flehdan and Valcron. Though these deities live in Plane of Kroplizen.

<sup>8</sup> Tylacta - A subcontinent north of the subconinents of Hranast and Vlahs, west of the subcontinent of Heoin Rost and east of the Unttlus Ocean.

<sup>9</sup> Truon Leaus - The official title of the emperor of the Gouman Empire, like The Roman Empire had the Caesar and the Aztecs had the Tlatoani.

daydream as I started to think of my future experiences here in the New World. I had heard stories of this place, some good, some bad. I was coming to this new land hoping for two things, a life trade and a possible significant other.

“I must say”, Silvantus started snapping me out of my memorization, “the four week wait was worth it! It seems Tháttuost<sup>10</sup> has blessed us.” He looked over at me, “And Paduon<sup>11</sup> has blessed you!”

“Yeah”, I agreed, “The Gods are great in their ways.” Silvantus nodded and then put his hand on my shoulder smiling, “And I wanted to thank you again for letting me stay with you and your uncle. I’ve never really had someone I could rely on to do something as kind as this.”

“No problem! You saved my life from the barbaric dock men. It’s the least I could do”, I said with a smile.

We looked back out at the view. We could see the townless port of Lahn now. The port grew and grew until we were waving to the dock men. As the ship pulled into its dock we practically jumped off and onto the wooden quay. Once on the dock we traversed the townless port and dispelled the outrageous rumors of the new world. We also made sure to stop at the shrine for Cranii<sup>12</sup> and Waka<sup>13</sup>.

Soon we came to and stared upwards at the tall Sabsot, *Cloudship*<sup>14</sup>, terminal; which was where we were destined anyway. The relatively short marble building erected a tall, highly decorated stone and marble tower. We marveled at the Cloudship that floated there, the hull of a sea ship and one huge pure white envelope. We walked into the building, climbed up the tall tower and boarded the Cloudship. Looking down from such a height, I felt a little nauseated but my excitement seemed to be dissolving it.

A few more people boarded that they had seen on the Silver Bough and the Cloudship was off. We watched as the lush forest on the coast dissipated into desert once we were halfway around the mountain range. From here we could see the Egward Pyramid<sup>15</sup>. It was a giant hexagonal pyramid made only of sandstone. It was huge, about a third the size of the towering mountain range that laid hundreds of miles from it.

We watched in specular sight, but the Cloudship turned its course southward and the view of the pyramid grew slim. The lands below turned to grassland and soon a town grew into our vision. It was a small town and didn’t appear to have any buildings higher than three floors. “Dahlmer”, I said. Silvantus nodded, almost memorized like as his eyes scraped the landscape.

The town was small with a statue at the middle. Very few buildings were behind one another, but those who did lay at the back were taller and had an equally amazing view of the center. The Cloudship flew over to an equally tall tower as the tower in Lahn, but this tower was

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<sup>10</sup> Tháttuost - The Patron God of Construction Builders and Foremen and the New God of Logic, Planning and Building.

<sup>11</sup> Paduon - The Protector of Houses and Old Goddess of Lakes, Streams, Deer and of Writing.

<sup>12</sup> Cranii - The Younger God of Water, The Depths of the Oceans and of Mirth

<sup>13</sup> Waka - The Older Goddess of the Shruk (Race), Water, Seas and Oceans

<sup>14</sup> Sabsot, *Cloudship* - The name of choice for airships / blimps

<sup>15</sup> Perhaps one of the most interesting things about this giant pyramid, besides it’s size, is the fact that the creator or creators are unknown. Nobody knows who built the structure, but it is rumoured that Jabuso, Older God of the Zepco, Astronomy, Plague and Medicine knows as he and his book Eclait know every secret of the universe.

a little out of the ways of the town, on a hill. I noticed, also, that there was a graveyard on another hill to the north of the town, in the direction of the desert and mountain range.

We exited the ship; I noted that we were the only to do so. We descended the tower and out of the building where we were met with a longish stone path decorated at the sides with a plethora of flowers and trees. We paused, momentarily as we watched the Cloudship fly away. We then made our way down the path and when we came close to the town of Dahlmer, "Sceur", someone called out!

Silvantus and I looked towards a man wearing simple plaid. I grew a smile, threw out my arms and exclaimed, "Uncle", running up to him! My uncle, Barag, ran back with open arms and hugged me.

"I missed you", I said! We looked joyfully at each other before Uncle Barag looked over at Silvantus. He put out his hand and said, "Hello! I'm Barag, Sceur's uncle."

The two shook hands, "I'm Silvantus", Silvantus said, "I've heard many good things about you."

"Really, you talked me up", Uncle said with a smile as he turned towards me.

"Yep. I hope you don't mind, I offered him stay for saving my life at the dock in Neasend", I said!

Uncle looked over to Silvantus, "Thank you for saving my nephew's life. You can stay for as long as you please!" Silvantus thanked him. "Now, I'm sure you are very enthusiastic about being here. Follow me!"

Uncle turned and lead us into the town and to the center. There were smooth stone paths leading to all of the buildings that were themselves simply decorated marble and cobblestone, and some of wood. The town felt very cozy. I watched as a pretty lady walked out of a shop with a sign that read "Jovorker", *Jeweler*, and to behind the building, no doubt to her house. There didn't seem to be many people here, but the town felt fit for few. Once we reached the middle and up to the statue, we admired it and the small fountain behind it. It was of a man holding a sword high in the air with one hand and in the other a shield by his waist. The stone statue had a bronze plate on the front that read, "Kuevero, Zaldaker Áchea Furdker", *Kuevero, Adventurer And Founder*.

"This statue is of Kuevero", Uncle said, "He was a famous explorer during the Fourth Medieval Era<sup>16</sup> and he founded this town." Uncle stood for a second in veneration, before he turned and walked up to the first building to the right of the stone path we had walked from. The building had two floors, as no buildings were behind it, and it was majority made of wood. Uncle opened the wooden door and walked in, Silvantus and I peered in for a second before we entered. We entered into a sitting room with large wooden couches covered in, no doubt, sheep wool and an unlit fireplace at the corner of the room. To the right and through a door frame was the kitchen with the stairs at the back going over it.

"Welcome", Uncle said as he turned around, "It's not much but", he pointed to a picture with the knitted words that read Home Sweet Home, "It's home."

I gave a little laugh, followed by Silvantus, as we looked at the picture with the knitted words Bless This Mess that hung over the door above us. Uncle led us upstairs to a wide room

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<sup>16</sup> The Fourth Medieval Era - The fourth of six Medieval Eras. The Fourth Medieval Era was four eras ago. The current era is The Classical Era.



with a double bed against the right wall and two big windows on the left and back wall. There was a single bed in the front window.

Uncle then led us back down to the first floor. He held his hand out to draw attention to the couch closest, "This is where you will be sleeping Silvantus. I'm sorry, the house is so small and I didn't know you were coming." But Silvantus seemed fine with it saying, "Don't worry about it, I wasn't expecting a mansion on such short notice."

Suddenly, I had just remembered some bad news that I had to tell uncle. "Uncle", I started, "I have some bad news that I urgently must share with you." Silvantus must of known exactly what I was thinking of and nodded in agreement. Uncle walked over to the couch and sat down, not knowing what to expect.

"Uncle, terrible news hails from the Gods. Paft<sup>17</sup> has left godhood", I told. At first Uncle looked as though he didn't know how to react, but soon exhaled and looked on frustrated.

"Such a shame. He had such a good upbringing. But confusing yet; a God running away from Godhood, why I don't think that's ever happened before", Uncle said. "But, if Paft doesn't feel like a God anymore then that's up to him. I just hope nothing like Asnaer<sup>18</sup> happens and that he's safe from monsters like Gegemost<sup>19</sup>. Do you know where he went?"

"Aeko Elo<sup>20</sup>", Silvantus said, "The appointed king of Interon<sup>21</sup> accepted him with open arms, but he seemed more interested in buying a ship and becoming a pirate."

Uncle looked a little surprised, and a little jealous. Silvantus and I looked awkwardly, not knowing what to say next. Uncle instead stood up and again exhaled, "Well, on a better note follow me. I have some people I want you to meet."

Uncle lead us outside, around the left of the building and to a farm at the back of the town. In the field was a dozen or so Criei<sup>22</sup>, but what caught my eyes wasn't the scenery, it was the elongated ears and white skin of a Gata<sup>23</sup> who seemed to be talking pleasantly to the Criei.

"Naharos", Uncle called! The Gata, Naharos, looked over and smiled.

"¡Tudos, migh go'ote cusco! ¿Glisen-bob?", *Hello, my good friend! How are you*, Naharos said!

"Ichen Omna Optam, áchea ho'o", *I'm very fine, and you*, Uncle responded?

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<sup>17</sup> Paft - Or as he became known as, The Lost God, isn't a god of anything as he didn't choose anything to be God of. He left "Godhood" because he didn't want to be held to the responsibility of a god, he just wanted to live as a pirate. He was eventually killed by Mugdom, of which they were in love. This happened because Mugdom was created by Vaolker in hopes she would free him. She didn't and as a result he causes her to have "fits" where she goes berserk at random moments and tries to kill everything around her, including Paft her lover.

<sup>18</sup> Asnaer - A huge fight between all of the Gods that occurred during The Fourth Medieval Era, caused by a fight between Sthet and Piyrae over the title of Goddess Of Beauty.

<sup>19</sup> Gegemost - Perhaps one of the most enduring beings that is an enemy of the Gods. It is a huge spider with the head of a frog and white scales all over it's body.

<sup>20</sup> Aeko Elo - A subcontinent that is the equivalent of the Caribbean. Recently, there has been a huge spur in interest in becoming a pirate.

<sup>21</sup> Interon - A section of the Gouman Empire in Aeko Elo. It retains its name from it's old empire. It's kings are appointed to rulership from the Truon Leaus, emperors of the Gouman Empire.

<sup>22</sup> Criei - Cows that are slightly smaller than the cows on Earth that are all black and have two short horns.

<sup>23</sup> The Gata - Essentially snow elves that hail from south of the Anist Desert. They are tall, thin, have snow white skin with elongated eyes and ears. **Note: The Yonkapas, the race the main characters are and the main race of the world, are light blue skinned. The Yonkapas are essentially Humans with light blue skin, and a few small other differences as well.**

“I’m great! And it’s all because the Crie are growing swell”, he said! “I’m sure to make good money in market.”

The two smiled at each other warmly after they shook each other's hand, “This is my nephew and his friend, Sceur and Silvantus”, Uncle introduced.

“Tud”, *Hi*, I said!

“Tuda”, *Hey*, Silvantus said.

We shook hands before Uncle turned to me and said, “Naharos was the clergy that married your late Aunt Thormorah and I. In fact, our family has lived here since the War Of The Mad King<sup>24</sup>. It was your Grandfather, my dad, that moved to Neasend to be a scribe in Unehradein<sup>25</sup> twenty two years ago. Your Aunt and I decided to stay here in Khers because we preferred the rural feel of the town.”

“Wow”, I said, awe inspired.

Barag turned back to Naharos, “Thank you old friend, but we best be going to meet the others before sun down.”

“Understandable”, Naharos said, “I have some tending to do anyway.”

Uncle turned and lead us back to the stone paths at the middle of the town. “Next to meet is Chas. She is a woman from Chedor<sup>26</sup>.”

“Chedor? Wow. I’m surprised a Chedan came here”, Silvantus said. I nodded in agreement, “I’m just surprised a Chedan left the island<sup>27</sup>.”

“I was at first surprised too. But despite popular belief, she’s a very nice young lady”, Barag said.

Barag walked to the building that held a sign out front that read, Jovorker, *Jeweler*. As we reached the door, the lady that I had noticed before came walking around holding a small chest under her arm, no doubt full of gems.

“Tudos Barag”, *Hello Barag*, she spoke in an up toned voice.

“Farverñuugen Chas”, *Pleasure Chas*<sup>28</sup>, Uncle said! “I wanted to introduce you into my nephew and his friend, Sceur and Silvantus.”

Silvantus and I stood in awkward motion before we reached our hands out to shake hers, saying hello. Once done she looked back towards Uncle, “Did you hear, we just got a shipment of mead and ale.”

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<sup>24</sup> The War Of The Mad King - Also called The Invasion War, was a giant war three eras ago, in the Sixth Medieval Era, when the Yonkapas invaded the underworld, Nehro, lead by Emperor Horenda The Mad. This war caused the Underworld Brawl, where the Younger Gods, in a surprise attack, beat up the Older Gods and took over as the main Gods of worship. General Usafer Baddro(Buddromein - Battle Stone), who later became Emperor(Truon Leaus) Battle Stone the Wise, was the one that cut off Horenda’s head to stop the underworld siege. This is also when Tuttlus, The Older God of the Yonkapas, Half God of the Kochein, Of Moons and of the Night was almost killed by Parda, The Older God Of Death. Though at this point everyone thinks Tuttlus is dead. Though, this act from Parda showed a weak point in the Older Gods, causing said Underworld Brawl.

<sup>25</sup> Unehradein - The largest city in Neasend. Was the capital kingdom of the empire of Rettus.

<sup>26</sup> Chedor - A gigantic island subcontinent east of Orbert, south of Blanroth, west of Homsla.

<sup>27</sup> Chedan - Chedan is the demonym of people who hail from Chedor. They are known for being isolationists and for not leaving their island subcontinent. Whenever it does happen, it takes people by surprise.

<sup>28</sup> In this sense, pleasure is used as a greeting.

“Ooh”, Uncle said! “I’ll have to check that out!”

Chas smiled before she said, “I’m sorry I’m short on talk, I have a huge order to fill. Apparently the rich are coming from Lounda<sup>29</sup> and I have to have a hundred necklaces, bracelets and rings made in two weeks.”

“Really, Lounda?”

“Yeah. It’s some rich family getting married, but hey, money’s money”, Chas said before she opened the door to her shop and hurried in.

“Abrito biiŕo Ich poii’ra illmor”, *I know where we’re going next*, Uncle said with almost a skip in his step as we walked around the fountain and to a building that had a sign that read, *Aldalin, Tavern*. The building was only one floor and the front windows were stained multicolored glass. The left glass had the picture of a tall glass of ale, and the other had the image of a lady leaning back, pouring a tall glass of ale into her mouth.

Uncle opened the door and walked in. The room was small, with the bar to the left and four tables to the right. Uncle walked right up and sat down at the bar, Silvantus followed. But a sole man at the back of the room caught my eye and I stared for a second. The man was wearing reddish light leather armour and had an eye patch over his left eye. I broke my gaze when the man looked up and I joined Uncle and Silvantus.

Looking down the bar was the bartender, who was a tall man with blue hair<sup>30</sup>, wearing simple plaid, like Uncle, and a brown apron. He was cleaning a mug, and when he finished he walked over and said hello.

“Biy-Mare”, *Welcome*, the man said!

“How ya’ doing Ervetis”, Uncle asked?

“Really well. I just got a shipment of ale and mead. I hope that people come from Wood Town like last time, really helps the business!”

“Well, don’t give them too much! Save some for us”, Uncle laughed!

“Don’t worry friend! I would never forget the peoples of this town!”

Uncle introduced Silvantus and I and once done, “What’ll it be”, Ervetis asked?

“Just a tankard o’ ale”, Barag said, I wasn’t thirsty and Silvantus asked for a glass of water.

“Coming right up”, Ervetis said.

Ervetis walked halfway down the bar, turned with a tankard in his hand and released the cap to a barrel that I had just noticed was one of four lying against the wall.

“Poor Ironeye”, Uncle said to no one in particular. Silvantus and I look on confused, but all Uncle did was nonchalantly nod towards the man with the eye patch sitting aloof in the corner of the room.

“What’s his story”, Silvantus asked?

“Can’t say I know. He never talks much. I knew his mother briefly before she died five years ago, and afterwards I didn’t see him for a while. Until one day he returned, more distraught than ever, and ever since then he’s been hanging around Dahlmer”, Uncle told.

“Should we say hi”, I asked?

“Best if we not. He’s merely grumpy anymore. Shame, he was such a good fighter.”

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<sup>29</sup> Lounda - A very rich city located in south east Tylacta.

<sup>30</sup> The Yonkapas can have naturally blue and bright red hair.

Ervetis walked up and put the tankard in front of Uncle and a glass of water in front of Silvantus. They both thanked him, with Uncle holding out his hand giving a few coins as payment that I recognized to be the currency of Neasend, Drahkit<sup>31</sup>.

As Uncle began drinking, I peered towards the windows and noticed that it was becoming dawn. The beautiful multicolored sky shone through the multi stained glass windows and gave shafts of multiple colors in an array that I was beginning to think was the most basic but wondrous collage.

As Uncle and Ervetis engaged in conversation, I turned my attention from the shafts to Ironeye almost indistinctly. I, though not knowing why, felt bad for Ironeye. Why he was even called Ironeye made me think that he had been shot through the eye or something other of the such, in order to get iron in the eye or just the name sake.

“Did you hear that Scur”, Uncle asked. I looked over, “No, I’m sorry.”

“Ervetis was just telling me that we should stray from the deserts. Says that it’s been acting weird lately.”

I looked to Ervetis, “What do you mean?”

“Well, I’ve heard stories of people walking towards the desert and never returning. Some guy said he saw a whole deer get swallowed by the sands a week back. True or not, I’m not going anywhere near that sand. I’m fine on this here dirt!”

“I’ll take that as advise. You know I trust your word over everyone else’s”, Uncle said.

“Thanks old friend”, Ervetis said. Uncle nodded before he took the last sip from his tankard,

“Well we must be going”, he stood up. He looked to Silvantus and I and we headed out and to Uncle’s house. Here, we got Silvantus a blanket, of whom passed out almost immediately, and I followed Uncle up to the second floor. I climbed into the window sill bed and, just like Silvantus, passed out instantly.

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<sup>31</sup> Drahkit - The currency of the Neasend area. After the world had been united by the beloved Emperor Battle Stone the Wise, Emperor Battle Stone made it so that every region kept its own currency from the previous eras in hopes of keeping the economy easy for everyone. All money though, from that point on was based solely on gold.

# Lorewalk 1,

When I was younger, my grandmother used to tell me the Tales of Gods. The most endearing story was of Anteros. He was a demigod, who died from the hate of others but used his kindness to benefit those who had killed him.

During the Sixth Medieval Era, after the Yonkapas had invaded the Underworld and Parda had tried to kill them, the Yonkapas returned to the Third Dimension. The Younger Gods, in retaliation of the actions that the Yonkapas had done, banned all mortal races from entering the Heavens and Underworld.

From this the mortal races built a huge hatred for Parda, of whom they blamed for their own faux pas, and took their anger out on his only son: Anteros. Anteros was living in the Graf'then mountains in a log cabin in Neasend. In this hatred, they marched up to his house, beat him, tied him up and threw him in the back of a wagon. They transported him to one of the largest squares in Unehraedain Kingdom where they built a huge pit to burn him at the stake.

As they lit the fire to burn Anteros at the stake, he somehow reached a state of Adeake<sup>32</sup>. He became one with Aethaedar, and instead of doing anything hate fueled, he reopened the Soul Roads for the Yonkapas's souls to get to the Heavens and Underworld.

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<sup>32</sup> State of Adeake - This state is an act of the conscious mind. It is when a person is in true tranquil with themselves and existence, and they become apart of existence. Depending on the amount of Xolt a person has, a god compared to a mortal, the person can live in this state. By doing this, and living through the state, one can harness the power of existence. It must be said though that once a person leaves Adeake, all the power they can harness is released from them and the person is always ripped to pieces in the process. Father Time is the only known survivor of this state, and some say that he is still in some form of it to still be alive.

# The Mine In The Graveyard,

I woke as the light passed my forehead. I stared blankly up at the curved window arch. I climbed from the bed and stared out at the room that was lit by shafts. Uncle wasn't in his bed and I smelled bacon being cooked from downstairs. I proceeded down and was met with nobody in the living room. I turned into the kitchen and found Uncle finishing the last of the bacon and was putting it into a plate. He turned and allowed me to select.

"Qwad-Naze Sceur", *Good Morning Sceur*, Uncle said!

"Good morning Uncle", I said as I picked a couple a pieces of bacon and begun eating them, "Where's Silvantus?"

"He's outside. Said he wanted to see the fountain in the morning light", Uncle told.

"I think I'll join him", I said. I turned for the door before Uncle said, "Why don't the two of you visit the graveyard after. You know the saying, Pay mind to the dead, and the dead will pay you with their lives."<sup>33</sup>

I nodded and then headed out the door. Immediately I saw Silvantus flipping small rocks into the fountain, staring at it with a memorized look.

"Hey", I said. He looked over and then looked back at the fountain. "It's beautiful here", he said.

"I know. I'm so overjoyed to be here! I can't wait to start exploring, maybe find a lady friend too", I said!

"Most definitely", he said! His eye didn't move from the fountain.

"What's wrong?", I asked standing next to him.

"Nothing, it's just this fountain reminds me of the one I was left on back in East Unehraidein", he said bleakly. I felt bad, but I didn't know what to say. Instead of talking I put my hand on his shoulder and we stood there for a minute.

"Say, when did you wake up this morning? It's still pretty early", I asked.

"Daybreak", he said, he looked over at me with a soft smile.

"Why", I asked, giving a little laugh in my voice?

"Because back in Unehradien I was an orphan boy, so I like to imagine that one of these mornings I'll be watching the same sunrise as my parents", he said.

"That's truly heartfull."

"But you see, there's also another reason, one I haven't really told anyone else about. Back in the orphanage I met the love of my life. We used to do this, watch the sun and hope we're doing the same as our parents. But then one day", he paused, "she was adopted, and taken only the Gods know where. Somewhere up north."

"Silvantus", I said, "I never knew."

"I know. Like I said before I haven't really told anyone else", he gave another warm smile, "But I figured I could tell you. I trust you enough."

Honestly I didn't know what to say. I had never had someone tell me something that personal before. I felt a sense of honor about it.

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<sup>33</sup> This quote refers to Hjalt whom are the corpses of the dead that will rise to protect you if you run into a graveyard, yell a certain phrase and stab the ground with a Soul Stone.



“I wish I could tell you something that deep. Unfortunately I don't have any stories like that.”  
“Trust me, consider yourself lucky. You at least knew your parents.”

I nodded lightly and then lightly shrugged.

“Why hello there”, a voice said from behind me.

We turned to see a man wearing a white tunic and brown pants, of whom looked to be a butcher, walking towards us. “The name’s Toristen”, he said as he reached us and then extending his hand!

We all shook hands before he asked, “I’m not familiar with you, where might you be from?” He had a high pitched voice that seemed to appropriately match his stature.

“We’re from Unehradein. We’re staying with my Uncle, Barag”, I told him.

“Ah, good ole Barag. A valued customer! I’m the town’s butcher, my shop’s by the grazing fields at the back of the town. Stop by at any time of the day”, he said with a smile before he started to walk away. We smiled. Once he walked away, “Anyway, we should probably visit the graveyard to pay respect.<sup>34</sup>”, Silvantus said.

“That’s what Uncle just said to me”, I said.

“You wanna head there now?”, he asked.

“Yeah, I’d rather do it now than at sundown”, I said.

“Same”, he said. He lead, as we walked in between the buildings following one of the stone paths that lead straight to the graveyard. This path was also adorned with flowers and trees at both sides. When we arrived after the short walk we slowed our pace to appreciate more.

“Sure is a shame”, I said.

“Yeah, I’d just like to take solace in that they hopefully died in peace”, he said.

We walked towards the back, where a few small mausoleums, and one big highly adorned one, sat.

“Sceur, who’s that?”, Silvantus asked suddenly. I followed his pointed finger with my eyes until I reached the sight of a figure dressed in a large black robe with the hood covering their face. My eye’s widened and I pulled Silvantus to the ground, behind a large gravestone.

“I don’t know. I hope it’s not Stle-lim<sup>35</sup>”, I responded in a whisper.

“Why would the Vraothaen<sup>36</sup> be here?”, Silvantus asked. I shrugged, “Small town, less to interfere.”

We peeked around the side of the gravestone; how had the man not seen us, I thought. We watched him walk along the graves until he arrived at the largest mausoleum. The figure stood in front of the door for a second before a light blue light flashed in front of them and the doors opened. Silvantus’ and my mouths dropped. The man walked inside and the doors shut behind him. We crouched there for a second, not knowing what to do. Soon I got the courage to stand up.

“Lases kwo tass gara”, *Let’s follow him*, I said.

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<sup>34</sup> Along with the quote, it is also just a custom to visit graveyards to pay respect to those who had died.

<sup>35</sup> Stle-Lim - The personification of death, associated directly with Flehdan, the Vraothaen of Death, and sometimes Slaucus, the Vraothaen of Decay and Rejuvenation.

<sup>36</sup> Vraothaen - The Vraothaen are price gods, and inhabit Kroplizen in Pahmer. They are almost as powerful as the Gods but aren’t quite so; and most are known for being pure evil, namely Erumak, Flehdan and Valcron.

“What! No, you must be mad”, Silvantus said back.

“Where is your spirit of adventure”, I asked?

“Back in Neasend where I left it.” I looked at him funny, “Let’s go!” Silvantus made a face and we walked up to the mausoleum. I tried the handle on the door but it wouldn’t budge.

“See, even the mausoleum doesn’t want us to enter”, Silvantus said.

“Don’t give the mausoleum a say in this”, I said.

“What about my say?”, Silvantus asked, chills running his spine.

I stopped and looked at him, “I’m not stopping you from returning to the house.”

Silvantus looked at me awkwardly. “Didn’t think so, now help me get in.” We tried the door at the same time but it just wouldn’t budge.

“What should we do”, Silvantus asked?

“Not sure.” I peered at the door, looking up and down-~~it~~. I noticed that on the ground in front of the door were little blue crystals. “What do you think *they* are?”, I asked pointing.

“I’m not sure... at all”, Silvantus said. Silvantus reached down and touched them, “They feel like gems. Do you think that’s how he entered?”

I touched and then picked up a hand full of them. I stood back up, stared at them, and then made eye contact with the door. When Silvantus backed up, I tossed the gems at the door and once they made contact the door unlocked and opened. Silvantus and I stared wide eyed, again.

Inside was a large single room, empty. The only thing in the room was two large cellar like doors on the ground. Silvantus and I exchanged looks before we walked over. We each grabbed a door and then lifted simultaneously. To our surprise, hidden underneath was a large tunnel that descended. The slope that lead down had two sides, to the left was a staircase and to the right was tracks for what looked like minercarts. What surprised me the most wasn’t the tracks or even that the mausoleum was empty, it was the fact that about a half a mile down, where the descent ended and another level tunnel started, there was light that looked like it was from a torch.

“I have the feeling that someone’s been down there”, I said.

“I’m starting to get that feeling too”, Silvantus said back.

I started to walk down the staircase, carved from rock. I noted that the track was most likely made from iron. “Do you think that a mine was here?”, Silvantus asked.

“Or a crypts deep underground”, I responded.

When we finally traversed the staircase we came to a hall that lead into a much larger room. In the center was a statue and at the edges of the room there was lava flowing behind glass. We walked up to the statue. It was a sculpture of a women, but the head was missing along with several random chunks. As there was no sign to say what it was, or even who did it, we looked beyond and found a large arch behind. The rail continued through as well.

We walked through to the large adjoined room. This room was wider than long and at the center laid a canal of lava with a wide cobblestone bridge over it.

“It’s terribly hot in here”, Silvantus said.

“I know”, I agreed, wiping the sweat that was starting to form on my forehead.

On both sides of the lava river were passages that all looked like they lead to whole other parts. One of which, looking through, I could see what seemed to be another larger room

like this one. That must have been where the lava flowed from. The rail went off down one of the doors to the right. I peered up at the back wall, just over about the middle point of the wall, which had a long window that stretched from left to right. On the other side of the window I assumed was another passageway. Suddenly I started to hear echoed talking, Silvantus heard it too. In a random hurry we darted across the bridge and through the door arch on the left at the back of the room. Through, we found another smaller room full of barrels, but at the back was a staircase that lead up. We rushed up the staircase. We found a long hall that ran to the right with the long window I had seen from before. In the hall was a couple of barrels and boxes and some pickaxes leaned up against the wall. The end of the hallway was pitch black as there was no light to illuminate there. Here we crouched as the talking loudened.

Eventually we saw three people walking out the door arch that the rail disappeared into and towards the canal of lava. One of them I recognized to be Toristen. The person to the very right was completely hidden by a large cloak, the same we saw outside. The middle man was wearing leather armour, with his left hand rested on the sword that hung from his belt. But I was shrouded in confusion ~~about~~ how Toristen was standing there when we had just seen him ~~about~~ ~~a half an hour ago~~ in town.

"I must say Toristen, we are making substantial progress", the man in leather armour said.

"Yes indeed Tren", Toristen responded to the man in leather, "But we need more power!"

The man in the cloak turned to him, in a deep voice he said, "The orb has been set up. Now only time will support us. As the sands have started, we have started."

I looked over at Silvantus, "The sands started?", I said in confused.

"Well, I hope we don't mess up like in Krosa<sup>37</sup>", Tren said.

"Most definitely", Toristen said, the man in the cloak nodded.

The man in the cloak turned to Tren, "Report to Aesanae, my child." Tren nodded and then walked back through one of the corridors.

I looked back over at Silvantus, "A child of Aesanae?"

"Who is Aesanae?", Silvantus said.

When the man in leather walked out through the doorway, Toristen and the man in the cloak turned to each other. "Don't forget who runs this show here in Dahlmer", Toristen said highly annoyed.

"Toristen, calm down", the man said back.

"No, Aesanae put me in charge, not you. Just because you're some fancyman close to her doesn't mean you're in charge here. I am!"

The man in the cloak stood undeterred. In one swift move the man in the cloak pulled out a sword and drove it into the chest of Toristen. The eyes of Toristen grew wide, "Treason", Toristen said, but he was muffled by the hand of the man in the cloak. The man in the cloak laid Toristen on the ground as he took his last breath.

"We have to leave", Silvantus said. "Immediately!", I said.

The man in the cloak looked around, but he soon turned to leave down the same hallway as the man in leather, but there was a sudden loud clink. I looked over to see that Silvantus had

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<sup>37</sup> Krosa - A subcontinent to the east of Orbert, to the west of Gata Vur, *Gata Pass*, of which is in between Krosa and Chedor, to the south of Raandeler and north of Teligims Ulhaf, *Teligims Oceans*.

knocked over one of the pickaxes. Silvantus and I froze with dead fear. We watched as the man in the cloak stopped and stood still, listening. After a second he nodded and then continued to walk, as if he knew the we were here and decided to ignore it. When he left, we slowly descended the staircase, walked over the canal of lava, through the room with the statue and up the stairs, where we found the cellar doors open, and the doors to the mausoleum partly closed. We exited and ran through the graveyard, not seeing the man in the cloak, and to Dahlmer where we found Uncle.

“Barag”, Silvantus called!

“Uncle”, I called!

“What’s wrong”, Uncle said confused as he watched our scared run?

We scrambled to catch our breath, “A man.. Toristen”, Silvantus said. “Sands”, I said. Uncle looked at us as if we had two heads, “Is Toristen in the desert?”

“Close”, Silvantus said.

“Aesanae”, I said.

“Who’s Aesanae”, Uncle asked.

“We don’t know”, I said with a small attitude, frustrated that I didn’t know how to explain.

“Listen, catch your breath and tell me when you can speak”, Uncle said. Silvantus and I nodded, and as we caught our breath we began from the beginning. Once done Uncle peered off towards the hill that held the graveyards. “Interesting indeed. We should consult Ervetis on this.”

“No, what if he’s apart of the cult”, I said.

“Cult”, Uncle said?

“Yeah, The Children Of Aesanae. The cult. It’s gotta be some kind of cult if they kill each other so easily”, I said.

“Well, let’s not get ahead of ourselves now. We don’t know for sure, and we don’t know who Aesanae is either”, Uncle said.

“What about Toristen”, Silvantus asked?

“Our town butcher”, Uncle asked?

“Yeah”, I said!

“I don’t know if he’s involved”, Uncle said.

“We just told you he was”, I said!

“We could check his shop for answers then”, Silvantus said.

Uncle nodded, “Maybe we should, I’m still not sold on him being apart of a cult.”

Uncle lead us around the town, towards the grazing fields, before we came to a two story building with the sign that read *Átavast, Butcher*. The shop was dark, and so was the upstairs windows. Uncle tried the door, which opened as if the store was too.

“Toristen”, he called? No reply returned. We entered. Inside was a counter with freshly cut meat on it, to the right was a staircase up, to the left was a staircase down and at the back was all of the tables for cutting with the appropriate knives hanging on the wall just overhead.

“I’ll check up stairs”, Uncle told, “You two stay here.” We nodded. He turned and walked up the stairs. After a minute Uncle walked back down saying, “This can’t be right. Where is Toristen? He must be out gathering materials.”

“Could he be in the basement”, I asked?

Uncle looked over at the staircase down, “Why, yes he could”, he said in a new light, hoping to disprove any wrong doing that tarnished Toristen’s name!

He started for the stairs, followed by Silvantus and I. Once down, we came to a wide room with what looked like a shrine at the back. The shrine had many curves in it, with two impressive green gems at the top that watched the room like eyes.

“Probably a shrine to Eckos<sup>38</sup>, right”, Uncle said rhetorically. He huffed and then said, “I guess you’re right. If this doesn’t smell of cult doings that I don’t know what does.”

I put my hand on Uncle shoulder, of whom seemed be to disdained about Toristen now. “I should have realized his new patterns. A broken heart is hard to mend”, he said.

“What”, I asked? Uncle turned to us, “Well, you see him and Chas had a very loving relationship, but when he got mixed up in a fight with some kind of cultist years ago Chas suddenly had forgotten all about Toristen. He fell heart broken because of it, but I didn’t think it would cause him to join a cult.”

Uncle turned, distraught like, and walked up the stairs. Silvantus and I spent no time staying in the basement and followed Uncle up. He walked out of the store, Silvantus closed the door behind us. We stopped out front of the house.

“And you say he’s dead”, Uncle asked over his shoulder as he stared out at the grazing Criei?

“I think so”, I said. He nodded and then walked into the town center and to the bar where we followed. He sat down at the bar again and ordered a tankard of mead. We sat awkwardly at the bar.

Suddenly, a man sitting in the corner of the room caught my eye. It was the same man as before, Ironeye, I think his name was. He stared shocked like before he turned his attention back down at the tankard in front of him.

“Hey, Eretis”, Uncle called, “You havn’t seen Toristen around, have you?”

Eretis walked over while cleaning a mug, “No, I can’t say I’ve seen him today. Why?”

“Oh no reason”, Uncle said, he played it off as if he wasn’t still hurt by all that he had heard and seen.

Once Uncle finished his drink he turned to us and said, “I need to visit Naharos.”

“Should we come”, I asked?

“If you want”, he replied. He paid Eretis, stood up and walked out followed by us.

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<sup>38</sup>Eckos - The Tutelary of Agrarian Culture (not of sheep or cattle though), and The Younger God of the Harvest, Food, Alcohol and of Fall.

## Obtaining Stones,

South of the town and at a cabin was where we found ourselves. The cabin was seldom in the woods. Uncle had explained to us on the way that Naharos was a Tlántlíi<sup>39</sup>, and that he was bound to the deity Marais<sup>40</sup>.

Once we reached the cabin, Uncle knocked on the door and Naharos stood in the doorway. Naharos invited us in immediately. The cabin was small, with everything in one room. The kitchen to the left back, bedroom to the right back and sitting room to the close right. We sat on the leather couch as Uncle explained everything to him.

"I see", Naharos said once Uncle concluded. "This is dire indeed!"

"I don't know what to do. What if this cult ends up being the Nuwaz Cult<sup>41</sup>", Uncle said in dismay!

"Now Barag, don't think like that. My soul may belong to Marais, but I'd be damned if I couldn't promise you that Kovit<sup>42</sup> is watching over you with a protective eye", Naharos said.

"It's a welcoming thought indeed, but I still don't know what to make of it", Uncle told.

Naharos turned to us, "And you two were in the graveyard and saw it?"

"Just like he told it", I said.

"Than describe the three men to me", Naharos said.

"One was wearing a black cloak", Silvantus said.

"Did it have any symbols on it, or were they wearing any masks", Naharos asked, to which we shook our heads no.

"The other was wearing leather armor and the last was Toristen", I told. Silvantus nodded to that.

Naharos turned back to Uncle, "I'm afraid to inform you that it couldn't be the Nuwaz Cult."

"How can you be so sure", Uncle asked?

"Because when the Nuwaz members meet they wear black bone masks", Naharos said.

"Well, what about the Eustrido cult", Uncle asked?

"Nope, they have a symbol on the back of their clothing: a stick figure with a circle overhead. I have to say I've never seen a cult act with a lack of symbolism. It means that we might be dealing with a new cult or what ever they are", Naharos said.

"Great, just what we need", Uncle said.

"Well actually you might want to hold your tongue. From the sound of things this cult might actually be pretty big or have some really good supporters. Did you hear a name", Naharos asked?

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<sup>39</sup> Tlántlíi - Very special clergy that receive "visions" about events that are going to happen. They normally live in solitude on the edges of towns and cities to stay high on Mattenoot, a smelly root that increases the likelihood of having these visions.

<sup>40</sup> Marais - Old Goddess of Mountains, Caves and Volcanoes.

<sup>41</sup> Nuwaz Cult - a cult based around death in the subcontinent of Raandeler. They are known for killing tons of people and capturing their souls in Soul Stones.

<sup>42</sup> Kovit - The Patron Goddess of the Shadow Night Order Guild and New Goddess of Dark Knowledge (Magic), Mysteries and Secrets.



“Um, they called the man in leather Tren, if that helps”, I said.

“Yes it does. I assume that it might be Tren Emvana, a Vraovrama<sup>43</sup>. I say that because that’s also how he dresses, in leather armor”, Naharos told.

“A Vraovrama”, Uncle said? He looked worried, and honestly a little sickly, “This is some heavy stuff Naharos.”

“You’re telling me”, Naharos said, himself starting to look worried as he kept a pondering face.

“Well, what should we do”, Uncle asked after a brief moment of silence?

“I’m not sure”, Naharos said.

“Well what do the Gods say”, Uncle said a little aggressively?

“Never mind what the Gods say, what do you say”, Naharos snapped back. He apologized and then said, “The Gods only put us here, they gave us the gifts of thought and opinions. They also gave us moral strength, I use it everyday”, Naharos said as he looked out through a window at the far end of the house.

Naharos stood up looking a little disconcert, “What I mean is, it may seem hard to not hold the Gods responsible to having constant interactions in our lives, I learned that when my son died.” Naharos started to grow tears from the corners of his eyes, “And I know that’s even harder to hear from a clergy. But what you think is best, is the best advice I can give you on this matter. I’m sorry, honestly I don’t know what to do.”

Uncle stood up too and hugged Naharos. “I’m sorry dear friend. I didn’t mean to get irrational and strick a nerve.”

“It’s fine”, Naharos said, “I’m also kinda emotional because I’m partly high on Mattenoot.”

Uncle smiled and gave a little laugh, “I knew I smelled something smelly on you!” Naharos wiped away a tear and then joined in with a small laugh too.

“Now Barag, can I ask a quest of you”, Naharos asked?

“Sure, what is it”, Barag asked?

“It’s not a long quest, only a trek to gather somethings for me”, Naharos said.

“I think we can handle it”, Uncle said with .

“Great. I stumbled upon a small source of Dirt Stones<sup>44</sup> a little ways to the east from here in a small grove with a small ruined temple surrounding it. The path is relatively worn into the wildlife so it shouldn’t be *that* hard to follow. Could you go collect some for me”, Naharos explained?

“I’m not sure I want to mess with Delard Illmortha<sup>45</sup>”, *Dark Knowledge*, Uncle said.

“Don’t worry. All you’ll be doing is collecting them, not using them. I can promise that nothing bad will come from merely possessing them”, Naharos said.

“Okay”, Uncle said, he seemed distraught but I couldn’t tell if it was because of earlier or of this new task.

“Just keep in mind, if I’m not here when you return it’s because I might be in a vision or something might have happened. In that case, just hold on to them”, Naharos told.

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<sup>43</sup> Vraovrama - The Vraovrama are essentially lesser powerful Vraovthaen. They are most comparable to demons.

<sup>44</sup> Dirt Stones - Apart of a collection of Elemental Stones, this falls under Dark Knowledge.

<sup>45</sup> Dark Knowledge - The name of choice for magic. It has two branches, Alpher Meines, *Element(al) Stones*, and Nurec, magic directly.

Uncle nodded. Silvantus and I stood as Uncle declared “We best be off to gather them than.”

We walked outside and looked to the left where we saw the worn out path Naharos instructed us to go forthward on. He than instructed us as we all walked outside that we were to follow the path and that it would shortly come to a four way fork. We had to follow the third one which would lead to the temple and stones.

We started forwards, the trees and grass and bushes seemed to be welcoming us as they waved in the wind. The path was a little perilous and thin at times, but we made it to the four way fork within the minutes.

“Third one”, Uncle said as he walked towards it. We followed Uncle, noting that this path was significantly less defined than the last. The path soon ran next to a creek, and the path dangerously clung to the edge of said creek. We followed the creek for a while before the path split away and to a small grove. At the center was what looked like an ancient temple. It was a small building, didn’t take up that much room as it seemed to be placed in between three trees probably twenty feet from each other. The decomposed structure, what was left anyway, was made of blue colored stone bricks. The ruin had no roof to cover the short hallway that lead to the also roofless main room, which was not much bigger then the hallway leading to it.

At the center of the room was a small swirl of light, interestingly. It seemed to be twirling the leaves and rocks that laid around it and then softly throw them away. At the core of this swirl of soft light was a pile of brown colored, tetragonal shaped crystals. These obviously were the source of the light swirl around them.

“Are those what we need”, Silvantus asked, breaking the omnipresent silence?

“Uot”, Yes, Uncle said. The three of us walked over and circled around them. I had never seen any, I’ve only heard of them in stories.

Uncle squatted to get a closer look at them before slowly reaching forwards. He seemed scared of what would happen to his hand if it touched the swirling light, but when he did the swirling light simply dissipated. He stared for a second before he reached and grabbed the handful of crystals. He opened a handkerchief and carefully placed the gems in. Uncle stood. “We might be wise to leave now”, he said.

“Wait a second”, Silvantus said, “Look, there’s words on the wall.”

Silvantus pointed to the back wall. Looking at the cracked, carved in words on the wall I managed to read, *Taken the glaive on this very day, For our master all must pay.*

“It’s the first stanza from the poem The Rune Of The Lost King God”, Uncle said as he tilted his head in interest and moved closer, but as he retracted he looked more confused then consoled.

“What”, I asked?

“I don’t think I’ve ever heard of a Lost King God”, Silvantus said. I nodded.

“Well, nothing is really known about him. Except that he ruled a tribe during the Third New Era, and he wasn’t a good tribe leader in the slightest. Stories tell that he was a vicious miscreant. Not to be missed in the slightest; in fact the story is apocryphal”, Uncle told.

“I’m not a big fan of this place anymore, we should leave”, Silvantus confessed.

Uncle nodded and lead the way out. But as we exited the ruin I got a yell from my bladder.

“As eerie as this place is, we must stay for a moment longer”, I said.

“Why”, Uncle asked?

“Cause I gotta see a river<sup>46</sup>”, I said.

“Oh”, he said. He nodded.

I turned and walked a good thirty-forty feet into the woods and found a nice size tree. After a second or two: “Sceur”, I suddenly heard someone call from behind the tree. I finished going to the bathroom and then I looked around said tree. There I saw, sitting on a rock, was a woman with silver hair and a loose black dress. I stared for a second, not knowing what to think. The woman wore a sensual smile and was twirling strands of her hair in between her fingers. Within the next second I dropped to my knee and bowed my head as a sudden realization grew over me, it was the deity Kovit.

“Stand Sceur, and you may speak your tongue freely”, she told. She gave a little alluring laugh. “My Goddess, I’m humbled to be in your presence”, I stood.

She stood up as well and walked over to me, “My child, it may have crossed your mind, might not of, but I am here to help guide you on a quest you know nothing about and for a long time this ignorance will stand.” She brushed her hand down my cheek and smiled. I blushed.

“What do you mean, my Goddess?”

“You will know soon enough, but do not let this slip through your lips to anyone”, she said before she walked away and to behind a tree where the sound of her footsteps disappeared.

Not knowing what else to do, I turned and returned to Uncle and Silvantus feeling especially honored, but as the Goddess spoke I didn’t let on.

“Let’s go”, Uncle said in an upward tone, he seemed happy to leave this ruin. “It’s gonna start raining anyway.”

I looked to the sky and for the first time noticed the dark clouds overhead. We walked away and within the minutes it started raining. We started running. We made our way back to Naharos’s house, but we found that the lights were off and the door was locked, he also didn’t answer when we knocked.

“Back to the house”, Uncle called!

Silvantus and I nodded vigorously. We ran the way back to Dahlmer, trying our best to avoid the mud. Uncle ended up slipping on mud so we rushed to help him to his feet. We almost cursed as the rain poured down hard.

“Might as well live in the Gods damned desert, there’s no rain there”, Uncle yelled!

When we finally got back to Uncle’s house we changed into dry clothes and Uncle hung the wet clothing near the fire with a very large pot underneath to catch the water that fell. We sat by the fire for a bit, not really saying anything. My mind was caught with the Goddess and I couldn’t shake what she said. That I was on a quest that I knew nothing about. What did she mean? Why me? So many questions formed before Uncle finally said, “Do you remember anything about your aunt, Sceur?”

I looked over at him, while Silvantus looked at who was talking. Uncle just stared into the fire. “Um, not much. I remember her warm smiles, her nice blue dresses, her cookies.” Uncle nodded, “She always was a fan of those blue dresses.”

“Why, what’s pulling your mind”, I asked?

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<sup>46</sup> This is one of many alternatives to saying you have to pee.

“The rain. It was the same kind of rain on her funeral. I like to tell myself that the Gods were crying, especially The Silent Lady<sup>47</sup>, but I know that’s not true.” He stood up and walked into the kitchen where he started to make tea. I knew he left for the kitchen because he was close to tears, I always remembered Uncle being like that, strong.

Silvantus looked on when Uncle brought the tea out. “Sorry about that”, Uncle apologized, “I just miss her so, ya know.” I nodded, “So do I.”

We sat in an awkward silence as we sipped our tea and watched the fire. Once finished Uncle and I headed upstairs as Silvantus made himself comfortable on the couch. I crawled into the window sill bed as the three of us called out, “Qwad-niš”, *Goodnight*, to each other. I, soon after, drifted off to Kraunlarg<sup>48</sup> where I knew Asta<sup>49</sup> would watch over my mind.

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<sup>47</sup> Hulena - Older Goddess of Rain and Servitude(not slavery), and is associated with Sacrifices in Life.

<sup>48</sup> Kraunlarg - *Dreamland*, is a plane in Pahmer(the Third Dimension) that holds the dreams of the Yonkapas and all other beings. It was created by Skiymens and Asta, with the help of Lopetag of course, as a gift to the Yonkapas for being created. Dreams themselves were a gift to the Yonkapas by Protas, but being a Galooagotic she couldn’t do much, so she handed the title over to Asta. Belfarus(a Vraothen), though, has also tried to stay on the good side of the Yonkapas by deeming himself a bearer of good dreams. So while Kraunlarg is a real place, it doesn’t have an actual “God”, instead it has a protector, Asta, whom watches over it and keeps order among those whose minds had been teleported to the realm.

<sup>49</sup> Asta - Mavmen Kraun, *Lady Dream*, The Patron Goddess of Dreams and the New Goddess of Moon's, Darkness and Sleep.

## Lorewalk 2,

Of the stories my grandmother use to tell me, one of my favorites was the titular of Farso Theka, *Father Time*<sup>50</sup>. The story goes, Aeraaner<sup>51</sup> had to fight Time<sup>52</sup>(the Force of Existence<sup>53</sup>) and stop it from destroying everything.

Over the years, since Times rebirth during the era F.Z.U.F., the Force of Existence Time had been getting considerably more powerful. It was tightening its hold on the other Forces of Existence and was starting to take a Physical Form<sup>54</sup>, which looked like a white black hole. Everyone immediately got defensive and a fight soon broke out between Time and The Older Gods, the Younger Gods<sup>55</sup> and The Three Spirits<sup>56</sup>. The fight took place in the space above Planet Green<sup>57</sup>.

While fighting though, Time had severely wounded Hiyathan<sup>58</sup> and was about to kill him when Zarna<sup>59</sup>, his wife, stepped in front of Time and took all of the damage, rendering her also close to death. Zarna and Hiyathan then transferred most of their little Xolt<sup>60</sup> to Aeraaner. Aeraaner started to battle Time with this new gained strength. The other gods saw this and convinced Aeraaner that he had to be the one to conquer Time. The Three Spirits told him that they would do their best to postpone Time to let Aeraaner have as much time as possible.

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<sup>50</sup> Father Time - New God of Planets and Time and is associated with History and Ageing.

<sup>51</sup> Aeraaner is Father Time's 'dead' name, of which he took the name Father Time when he defeated Time.

<sup>52</sup> Time is an existential force that can never be stopped or reversed. This is the most powerful Force of Existence there is. It makes sure that existence 'flows' one way and can never be repeated. This Force works in coherence with the other two Planes of Existence.

<sup>53</sup> The Forces of Existence are formless beings that don't take a Physical form. There are nine of them, one of which was born and another of which is not technically a Force or real. The nine are: Time, Fate, Luck, Death, Life, Evil, Good, Gravity and The Happening. They are so powerful that they manipulate the worlds to bend to their wills and essentially control how events play out.

<sup>54</sup> Forms is a very simple thing to understand, as there are two of them: Physical and Nonphysical. In a Physical Form you have a materialistic appearance and body, which is made of Xolt and secures your livelihood. In a Nonphysical Form you survive solely through Xolt, in a Metaphorical state. You can still be sentient and communicate in a Nonphysical Form, but it will take a lot of Xolt to create a new Physical Form, and without one you will slowly start to run out of Xolt until you disappear from existence entirely.

<sup>55</sup> The Older Gods are the children of the Galooagotic, of whom in comparison are the 'Titans' of this mythology. The Younger Gods are the children of the Older Gods, who didn't form their own branch of Godlyhood like the Older Gods from the Galooagotic, they conglomerated with their parents, the Older Gods.

<sup>56</sup> They are the rulers and enforcers/safe holders of Fate and Luck. All bow before them expect The First Five and the Galooagotic as they have no authority over Pookii. They are also not aligned with any Gods.

<sup>57</sup> Planet Green is the world where this book takes place.

<sup>58</sup> Hiyathan - God of Autumn and Nature, specifically Trees, of which he came to inhabit.

<sup>59</sup> Zarna - Old Goddess of the Night, of which she became.

<sup>60</sup> Xolt is a very tricky idea to master. Nobody knows where it came from, and it does not have a voice to tell us like the Forces. It is the single thing that everything runs off of, even Aethaedar itself. It is an energy force only just barely controlled by the Forces. It is the fuel to life, to death and to existence. Xolt determines your appearance and the amount of Xolt you have is randomized by the Force Of Existence Luck.

He left for Yaeber<sup>61</sup>, hoping his knowledge and closeness to Ysdrucker<sup>62</sup> would help. He found out that Time had a heart outside of the dimension, in Litlatlargo<sup>63</sup>. Yaeber told him never to forget about Aeraaners' children. He told about how he lost his children, The Olversket<sup>64</sup>, first because they were banished by Fregdeaviyte<sup>65</sup>, and second when they fought the Older Gods and were banished to Voahela<sup>66</sup>. This gave Aeraaner the push that he needed to reach the state of Adeake, full tranquility. He then moved sideways, through Existence itself, and into Litlatlargo where he found Time's Heart, a literal heart that produced the Xolt that Time needed to exist, and beat it up: officially making Aeraaner the God of Time and earning him the nickname, Father Time. This stopping the Force of Existence Time from becoming ultimately powerful and destroying another universe like the Genesis World<sup>67</sup>.

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<sup>61</sup> Yaeber - Yaeber is the only god that isn't quite a god. Only son to Fregdeaviyte he is considered the "God" of Knowledge, Life and Destruction.

He is not considered a "god" because he was born way before the Gods were and he has considerably much more Xolt than the Gods.

<sup>62</sup> Ysdrucker - The Eternal Creator of The Forces and First Planes of Existence, and the Progenitor of birth.

<sup>63</sup> Litlat is a primordial being that when the Genesis World was destroyed from the Force of Existence Time, he became The Holder of Existence, protecting Aethaedar (Existence) from being destroyed. He created a shell around Aethaedar called Litlatlargo or Litlat's land. The Force of Existence Time keeps its 'heart' here.

<sup>64</sup> The Olversket are giant humanoids with the upper half of a human, the lower half of a wolf and the tail of a scorpion. They weren't the gods of anything but had talents in certain things. They were created by Yaeber as his children.

<sup>65</sup> Fregdeaviyte - He is destruction and chaos in a physical form and is the second oldest living source of evil. Vaolker is the first oldest.

<sup>66</sup> Voahela is a Plane in the Second Dimension that is basically a place between heaven and hell.

<sup>67</sup> The Genesis World is the world before the four current dimensions that was destroyed by the Force of Existence Time when he killed the primordial being Teogic Fts, and in doing so he destroyed the Genesis World. From the death of Teogic Fts, his Xolt formed the two voids Vaolker(The Void of Chaos) and Galactis(The Void of Perfection). This is also when Litlat created Litlatlargo to protect Aethaedar from the destruction of the Genesis World.



# Ironeye,

*Argult, 28, Nelha, Year 2,896, Era 20<sup>68</sup>*

*Yesterday I arrived in the New World. It was great to see Uncle again, it's been years. The lands that we call the New World aren't as bad as they talk about at home, maybe the traders are just trying to scare the youth; the rumors hold up like sand.*

*Queer like though, there is also some kind of mysterious cult here that troubles me. They seem more in the open then back in Unehraein. Uncle seemed full of dismay at the hearing that a man by the name of Toristen had died, of whom was a member of said cult and was shockingly killed by another member in a black robe.*

I peered up, thinking of what to write next. I let the journal lay flat across my legs.

*All of this happened in a mine underneath of the cemetery on a hill adjoined to the town. Not that I'm not scared that anything is going to happen to me, but I feel apprehensive to leave my bed.*

I looked up and over at Uncle's bed, of which he did seem to be in. I climbed from my bed and put my journal in my satchel that I keep on my person at all times. I walked down to the first floor where I also didn't find Silvantus. I shrugged it off and looked to the kitchen to make myself some quick breakfast. Once done I looked out through the front window and saw Silvantus on his knees, obviously praying. I walked out front with a smile and up to him; he was whispering and didn't seem to notice me approach. I reached out and tapped his shoulder, of which he jumped forwards, scared like.

"Sceur, thank the Gods you're still here", he said!

"What do you mean", I asked?

"Everyone in the town is gone, and worst yet the town is surrounded by sand", he said!

"What", I looked around for the first time, noticing. My eye's widened as I came to realize that the town was in fact surrounded by a wall of sand at least twenty feet high. The tan sands fretted not as it encompassed all. It blocked the way to the Cloudship hub, it blocked all routes leading out of the town, but interestingly enough it didn't block the route to the graveyard on the hill, instead it encompassed that too, forming a misshaped oval.

"This can't be happening", I said!

"By the Gods, open your eyes! It's happening! I've been praying all damn morning", Silvantus said, strenuated!

"With dirt nuggets<sup>69</sup>, what are we going to do!"

"I don't know!"

"We have to think of something!"

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<sup>68</sup> Thursday, the 28th of the month Nelha, in the year 2,896. The Era has not been named yet so the amount of Eras so far is numbered. They won't find out what the era is named until the Dahdelpanei comes and exclaims it. This normally happens after a huge event happens. The Dahdelpanei is, in short, the Courtship of the Gods. There are five deities in this group, Sátarus - New God of Order, Uaı̂on - New God of Justice, Áttoune - New Goddess of Prophacy, Eviiı̂s - New God of Freedom Rights, and Thákı̂nı̂s - New God of Rights Established by Customs and Laws.

<sup>69</sup> It's an alternative to saying by the gods.

“We’re going to die”, he sat down on the edge of the fountain and cried. I started to pace back and forth before I dropped to my knees to pray: *Please Guider Timenii, guide us through this perilous time, please give us the umph to save what can be saved of ourselves. And you too Kovit, if you’re here with us please help. Shadow Mother, I’m afraid of dying. You came to me for a reason.*

I climbed to my feet and looked over at Silvantus, who was still crying. *If the gods won’t help, than we’ll have to do this ourselves*, I thought!

“Silvantus, stand! We must save ourselves, we can’t rely on the Gods for everything. Naharos was right, we must take action too”, I said.

He looked up wiping the tears from his eyes. He nodded and then stood. “Maybe the Graveyard”, he said.

“What about it?”

“Didn’t the tunnels below the Graveyard have other routes? What if one leads out of the town?”

“Now you’re thinking!”

“Blazing inferno, why is this reality!”, someone yelled. We looked over towards the bar and saw the man Uncle described as Ironeye. He looked directly to us, “You! Thank Luck that I’m not the only one stuck here!” He ran over to us, “We have to leave now!”

“By route of the graveyard”, I studied his eye patch.

“The graveyard?”, he quandered.

“Yeah, there are tunnels underneath”, Silvantus said.

“What? No!”, he exclaimed. “I refuse to dig through the graves!”

“That’s not nearly what I meant”, Silvantus said, “The mausoleum has a staircase into tunnels! Some kind of mine’s down there.”

Ironeye paused while displaying a thinking face, “The cursed mine?”

“Cursed?”, I asked.

“Yeah! A mine use to exist there. The Gods grew weary of their digging and demanded that they not dig to the Pharklad Mountains. But greed took the better of them and they dubiously dug anyway. Than one day, the mine collapsed and they built the mausoleum over the shaft”, he explained.

“Oh”, Silvantus and I said.

Ironeye sat down on the edge of the fountain next to Silvantus, “Don’t suppose you have any other ideas, do you?” His voice sounded lighter; the thought of the lack of ideas and the imminent death seemed to disperse the panic and brought some version of acceptance.

Silvantus pointed at the graveyard, “That might be our only escape.” Ironeye sighed, and then ran his hand through his straight brown hair. I noticed, as well, that he had eyes like lapis lazuli, deep blue and bright. I wondered why he wore an eyepatch and what had happened that made him wear it.

“I guess you’re right, I don’t want to spend any more time here”, he said, standing. Silvantus stood.

“But wait, where do we go after the tunnels”, I asked?

Ironeye looked of to the distance, where the Pharklad Mountain Range could be seen.

“There”, he said simply. “Lases cer abrigo”, *Let’s get going.*

We walked towards the graveyard, watching as the motionless sand towered over us. I felt like I was in a crevice, or like an ant in the cracks of cement.

“The name’s Ironeye, by the way”, he said, he didn’t turn around. I found it weird how our fear had turned into a slight worriedness and that we could talk without yelling at each other.

“My name’s Silvantus.”

“I’m Scur.”

He nodded, again while not looking at us. He looked stern, for a lack of a better word. Even though I knew nothing about him, and seeing him lie around in the bar, I would assume him to be a drunk, full of dereliction. But something about his stature, the lack of the smell of alcohol and the way he presented himself made me feel that *he* had been failed and fell into a version of depression. I would pray to Diira<sup>70</sup> for his sake.

We walked in awkward silence for the short walk we had, and when we reached the mausoleum Ironeye looked a little hesitant. But with him or without we were going to leave the town, so Silvantus and I opened the doors and led to the cellar doors. Opening them too, Ironeye peered down with a new found interest.

“If the gods punish us for this, I’ll never forgive you”, he said, his pointer finger up. He turned and then started the descent, us following.

“You know, I’d bet that it’s the Vraothen doing this”, Silvantus said.

“Who else would be doing this”, I said.

“True.”

“Vraothen or not, I don’t want to stick around to find out. This may be my homeland, but I’d leave if the Vraothen were running rampant. Unless it’s Belfarus<sup>71</sup>, but where he is the others follow”, Ironeye said.

When we had traversed the stairs we came to the hall that lead to the room with the statue. Ironeye studied it, never breaking eye contact with it; though he also seemed weary about the lava behind the glass. We walked through the second large arch and into the room with the canal of lava. Ironeye did not seem in the slightest thrilled to be here, and quite frankly neither was I.

“Wow”, Ironeye spoke, “I had never thought it would be this big, or prestigious. The gods must have had a good reason to stop the mining.”

“Yeah”, I said, “Maybe there were summoning things.” Ironeye shrugged.

We stood, looking around until we all noticed that there was a distant sound of indecipherable motion coming from the same door arch that we had previously seen the man in leather, Tren, and the man in the black cloak walk through. Once I realized that, I did a double take. Toristens body wasn’t there anylonger. Silvantus didn’t seem to of remembered and so I spent no time rejoying his memory.

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<sup>70</sup> Diira - The Patron Goddess of those who are Depressed, and The New Goddess of Islands, Lagoons, Mirages and of Depression.

<sup>71</sup> Belfarus - The Prince God of Wishes, Good Omens, Ambitions, Hedonism and Good Dreams. He is the only Vraothen that any being, god, Yonkapas, etc., trust because he persistently tries to prove that he’s good and to get away from the Vraothen. But that’s also hard because he’s in love with Lunacratii, Prince Goddess of Darkness, Nightmares, Debauchery and Bad Omens, whom normally follows him around.

“Where do we go than”, Ironeye asked?

“Where the noise is”, I responded walking towards the arch. Even though I was indeed scared of what was making the sound, I was also very curious.

We walked through and found that, after a small hallway, there was a huge, square excavation with a staircase-rail track that wrapped around the edge. The staircase had a large wooden railing, and the rail track was powered by VuStone<sup>72</sup>, as there was VuStone tracks built in every few feet. We walked to the staircase and peered down at the depth.

“I can’t believe this”, Ironeye said!

“What”, I asked?

“I’ve dreamt about all of this. You two, the sands, this mine”, he told, “It’s baffling me.”

Ironeye lead down quite fast, which actually surprised me given his level of precaution previously. The walk down wasn’t fun as it was a long descent. But when we got near the bottom, the sounds of people talking started to grow and when we reached the bottom itself Ironeye stopped to listen. The staircase lead to an opening in the wall and we had ducked behind the right side. Ironeye peered around the edge of the rock, “By the Gods, there’s Yonkapas down here. Traitorous bastards”, he whispered.

“Are you sure”, I asked?

“I can see it with my eye, and you can obviously hear their talking”, Ironeye said.

I looked around the corner, making sure to stay out of sight. Around the corner lead to long stone platform, running left to right, with a large ledge based metal fence. On the wideish platform was two rail tracks, leading out of a small mouth opening so only the minecarts could pass through on the right. The left lead on a good distance and the track followed before going into a taller mouth, of which I assumed that people could ride the minecarts to somewhere else.

There were two Yonkapases standing on the other side of the farthest track, one was holding a clipboard, though what they were saying was drowned out into mumbles. They watched as a minecart came slowly down besides them.

“Where are we”, Silvantus asked?

“The mine beneath the graveyard. Beyond that I haven’t the slightest”, Ironeye confessed.

“Should we try to get their attention”, Silvantus asked?

Ironeye turned, “What if they don’t want us here, or to know of this place? This mine has been closed for nearly two centuries.”

“Oh”, Silvantus said, “My fault.”

“So how do we proceed”, I asked?

“We can’t do anything until they move. As I said, they might not want us here”, Ironeye said. It was kinda hard to hear him.

So we waited for a couple-a minutes before the two guys dressed like miners, and as dirty as them too, turned and walked away. Once they disappeared down a staircase Ironeye stood, but looked around frantically again. “You can never be too safe”, he said. Quickly he, followed by us, darted across the platform to the rail. Looking over we found ourselves dumbfounded at the sight. Looking out at the colossal cavern, with all of the catwalks of rail

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<sup>72</sup> VuStone - A graphite stone, found semi deep in rock, always near lava. This stone is a greenish black, but when activated with a Malt Torch, made of crushed up Sufralt gems, which causes a reaction in the Vu to glow red and actually power things like minecarts.

tracks, out at the floor that seemed to be seven or eight levels down, each level seeming to be twenty feet, and at the mine holes that dotted the walls like the stars in the night sky. On the floor were huge furnaces, smelting pots, plentitude of anvils, each with a person manning them and hammering away, there was huge machines compressing what I only could assume was the metal being mined. Those compressing machines, with their giant pumps on top, seemed to be what was making the extremely loud piston sounds.

“With Sthet<sup>73</sup>, I’ve never seen anything like this in my life”, he flipped his eye patch up and I was even more shocked then when I first saw the cavern, that his eye under the patch was an ‘iron eye’ and looked exactly like a normal eye, with a pupil. I kinda stared at him for a few seconds, watching his eye look back and forth, before I forced myself to look away. *So that’s where his name came from*, I thought.

“Where do we go?”, Silvantus asked, yelling over the sound.

Ironeye flipped his patch back down before, he thought, anyone would see his eye, “I have no idea. I wish I knew.”

*The portal Scur, find the portal*, I suddenly heard in the back of my mind. My eyes opened wide, but I came to realize that it must have been Kovit. I remembered the stories my mom use to tell me about Gods that choose Yonkapas for quests and talked to them through their mind.

“Portal”, I said.

“What”, Ironeye said, “Speak up, I can’t hear you!”

“Portal, there’s a portal”, I said louder.

“How do you know that”, Ironeye said, his eyebrows slanting giving him a suspicious look.

“I’ll have to explain later”, I told, “Right now we have to find the portal.”

“Okay...”, Ironeye said. He turned his attention back towards the floor. “Look for a deep red glow.”

I looked down and watched the miners walking around, pushing carts, carrying tools from here to there, and others that looked like they were on a break.

“There!”, Silvantus exclaimed, pointing towards the back wall.

I saw it after a few seconds, Ironeye nodded once he saw it.

“But the question is now, how do we get over there? That’s about three levels down”, he said. A minecart passed behind us. “I’m not sure”, I said, “There’s too many miners here. A good thing, we don’t have to worry about making noise. I can just about hear you!”

“Exactly”, Ironeye said!

We scanned the two levels on the far wall. “What about the carts”, Silvantus asked?

“What about them”, I asked?

“Well, if the tracks connect we could hid in one and get out in front of the portal”, he said.

“Now that’s thinking!”, Ironeye said with a smile as he patted Silvantus’ back.

We stood and walked to the rail track behind us, “What happens if they don’t connect”, I asked?

“Than we have to do everything in our power to not get caught”, Ironeye told simply.

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<sup>73</sup> Sthet - The New Goddess of Battle, War Tactics and one of two Goddesses of Beauty.

When the next minecart came by, empty, we climbed in. "Now do everything you can to not fly out!", Ironeye said. I nodded with a smile. The cart slowly pulled forwards until we came to the tall mouth at the end of the platform. The minecart suddenly picked up speed and I knew we hit a VuStone powered rail. We went rapidly into the torch lit tunnel, holding on for dear life as the minecart tipped down with the groove and made a sharp turn. We found that it came out on the level below us.

"They should make a ride out of this", Silvantus said.

Ironeye peaked his head out and looked around. He quickly ducked back in and said, "Don't move, there's people around."

He was right, as the minecart, slowed by the lack of momentum, passed by I could hear their chatter. I was clenching my eyes shut, thinking, *Just don't look in this one!* I breathed easy when their talking drifted out and was consumed by the piston sound of the compression machines. I jumped a little when the cart again hit another VuStone powered rail and we picked up speed again. Just as before we rapidly flew down the tunnel and came to another slow down on the third level down.

"We have to get out here", Ironeye peak his head out and looked. He must have seen nobody because he, while keeping himself low, climbed from the cart. Silvantus practically jumped out, but I did the same as Ironeye. Ironeye lead us to the cavern wall and we stopped. We gazed out at the sliver of portal that we could see, through a doorway.

"We gotta get over there", he said.

"There's three tracks here, do you think that one leads around to that side", I asked?

Ironeye scanned the level, "I guess, we'll have to wait and see if another one comes around."

And soon enough one did. We, again while keeping low to the floor, ran over to the cart and jumped in. But we were not happy that we found that the cart had a ton of coal and our clothing got blackened.

"Almost there", Ironeye said, keeping his head peaked. I felt the cart make the first turn, hitting another VuStone powered rail, and then the second, hitting a final VuStone powered rail.

"Out, out, out", Ironeye said!

We all jumped out and ran into the room with the portal. We leaned against the wall with the door as not to be seen and caught our breath, we all were in a state of panic. The air was also thick and hot from the furnaces and smelting.

"The portal", Ironeye spoke semi out of breath. "I've never one in person, only in tales!"

The portal's black and lava, looking, translucent form resembled a vortex, though no through image showed on it's surface. It glowed a deep red color, much like VuStone when it's activated. It was encased by either bedrock or some other kind of dark stone.

"Should we press through", Silvantus asked?

"Do we have any other choice? I think not, we must", I told.

"You first", Silvantus said!

I looked over at Ironeye, "You first." He huffed and then walked up to the towering portal. He stepped up and entered the portal, disappearing instantly. Silvantus and I stood in stupor, before Ironeye reappeared and said, "Břául", *come on!* He disappeared again and then we jumped through. It felt a little weird, and lasted only a second.

Once through, we found ourselves in another room. Ironeye lead us out, but made us hide behind a bolder to the right because there were people walking around.

“Oh boy”, I said, “More people, we can’t catch a break!”

We were in a cave, a large cave. Nowhere near the size of the last, and this one looked like it formed naturally. Ironeye suddenly dropped his mouth, “The Helcras<sup>74</sup>!”

We looked over and found that the lifeless bodies of the Helcras laid in the rocks of the cave side like fossils. They looked peaceful, but at the same time like they were in pain.

“A race that disobeyed the Gods and payed the ultimate price. Honestly I thought it was one of those myths used to keep the children in line under the Gods. Now I know for sure the Culture Leaders<sup>75</sup> weren’t lying”, Ironeye confessed.

“Not at all”, I said.

“I’d never turn my back on the Gods”, Silvantus said!

“Neither would I”, I said!

“Me three, look at what happens to those that do. Look at Horendinii<sup>76</sup> and their place in Nehro<sup>77</sup>”, Ironeye agreed!

We smiled at each other, and I was happy that we had just made our first connection together! We looked back out at the cave, also lit by torches. It, by far, was more quiet in here and we could actually hear what they were saying, well in parts. The people were talking about how the cave was much more colder than the outside, and that there was a man on a ledge near the cave entrance with an Airship. Though they doubted that he had any knowledge of the cave or what they were doing. I didn’t even know what they were doing.

“Did you hear that”, I said!

“Yeah, there’s a cave entrance”, Ironeye said, “But where?”

I pointed to the right, where there was a bend in the cave, “That way, that’s where they walked from.”

“Good eye”, he said!

Ironeye then started, leading us from boulder to boulder as to not be seen. Eventually we got on the edge of the bend of the cave, still a little ways down from the bodies of the Helcras, and we could see the very bright light from outside.

“There”, Silvantus said!

“I can’t believe we’re gonna get out of here alive”, I said!

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<sup>74</sup> The Helcras were tall and dense, and had a resilient grey skeleton that made up their body. They also had a small flame in their chest, and if by chance or some kind of intervention it goes out, they die. They were killed by the Gods for worshipping their Pretender God, Buolwarke.

<sup>75</sup> Culture Leaders - They are the Cultural Leaders of the Yonkapas society. They remind the people of their places in the world under the Eyrthruosus Religion and of the history of all the lands, where they live in particular. They are normally arbiters, scholars and priests and can be found primarily in cities or other important locations.

<sup>76</sup> Horendinii is the belief in what Horenda, The Mad King, said and did. He, himself wasn’t as when he died the faith was made in his honor, but the belief is against the entire religion, the New Gods, the Old Gods, the Galooagasic, the First Seven, etc..

They are against the Gods and are for humanism, not divinism.

<sup>77</sup> Nehro is the Underworld of this mythology.

“Well believe, we’re gonna do it”, Ironeye said, “But we gotta get there first and we’re running out of boulders on this side.”

I looked at Ironeye and then to Silvantus, making eye contact, “What are you thinking?”

“Do you think that Ironeye could pull off being Tren Emvana”, I asked?

“Who me”, Ironeye asked, pointing to himself before sneezing.

“I think he could”, Silvantus agreed, “But what about the eye patch?”

“If they question him he can question who they think they’re talking to. You know they’ll buckle under the pressure, or they think they’ll be killed”, I said.

“That’s smart”, Ironeye said, “But how do we pull it off, what about you two?”

“Easy, we’ll walk back to the portal and act like you just caught us snooping around. If anyone asks, tell them that you want to personally ‘deal’ with us, if you know what I mean”, I said.

“Yep”, he said, he drug his thumb across his neck and made a neck snapping sound.

Ironeye turned and we, low to the ground, walked back to the portal. Once there I instructed Ironeye to hold one of our arms each behind our back. He nodded and then we walked out.

“Make sure to look scared Silvantus”, I said!

“I will”, he said, and boy did he look it. I felt the same way because if this didn’t work we would be killed on the spot. We walked down the path to the main way of the cave and everyone looked at us, but we kept walking. Soon though, before we reached the bend, approached us.

“Hey, who are you”, the portly man questioned?

Ironeye turned to him, sinister and annoyed like. It actually kinda scared me.

“Who do you think moron, do you not recognize me”, Ironeye said!

The man looked a little intimidated, “N-n-no sir.”

“I’m Tren”, Ironeye said!

“Oh, yeah it’s just that you look a little different”, he put out his hands in a calm down way, “Not that there’s anything wrong with your look! Um, who are these two though?”

“Two Gods lovers I found snooping around”, Ironeye said, “But I’m gonna deal with them personally. Now mortal, lead me to the cave exit so I can do what excites me and throw them from the cliff!”

“Y-y-yes sir”, the man turned nervously around and I couldn’t help but to grow a small smile in the corner of my mouth. The portly man walked pretty fast, as he was obviously scared out of his wits. As we walked by everyone stared at us as well, unnerving me.

“And portly man”, Ironeye called, “What’s this talk about a man with an airship?”

The man turned and started to walk backwards, “Word is he’s a Cloudheart from the Old World. Don’t worry though, sir, he doesn’t suspect a thing that’s happening here!”

“Good”, Ironeye said slowly with a smile.

We walked what seemed like a mile until we finally reached the cave entrance. “Here ya go sir. Nobody’ll bother you while you do your doings”, the portly man assured Ironeye.

“Thank you”, Ironeye said, “and where in location is the Cloudheart, I wanna spook him. I can dump these two as well near him. Hit two things done at once. Make today efficient, ya know.”

“Yes, of course sir. He’s in that direction”, the portly man said pointing to the right and down a path, “If you follow this trail it’ll take you to just underneath him. And good luck with your scare!”

“Luck, ha, I don’t need luck. I’m a Vraovrama”, Ironeye said!



The portly man nodded with a smile, nervously rubbing his hands together before he power walked back into the cave. Ironeye lead us down the trail before I said, "Alright we're far enough, let my arm go."

"Oh right", Ironeye said, "Sorry!"

Looking down off the edge of the mountain we were on, the Pharklad mountain, I could see the extremely large Ogarii Nalsad, *Ogarii Desert*.

"Wait, where are we", I asked?

Ironeye and Silvantus both look over, realizing to the same degree as I that we weren't near Dahlmer anymore.

"I don't know. I don't like it", Ironeye said.

"I second that", Silvantus said.

"Third", I said.

"We need to stop staring and move though, they're going to notice my lack of return within the hour and have search parties."

"Look, there's - er was Dahlmer", Silvantus said, pointing. He was right, there was nothing but a big lump in the sand where the town use to stand. Most of the forest around it too was also consumed by the sands.

"Grim indeed", Ironeye said

"Most definitely", I said!

"Dahlmer aside though, we have to leave now. I'll scale this damn mountain if I have to to reach that Cloudheart", Ironeye said! We started to climb for a few minutes before Ironeye suddenly stopped and looked shallow in the face, "What's that?" He pointed out, and after following his finger, I could just barely make out a giant pulsating orb in the middle of the desert, "No way", I said, "It's just a mirage!" The orb was almost masked by the heat waves that emitted from the heat.

"That's no mirage!"

He turned and started again with much more umph. I wondered how long we had been climbing until we could see the shadow of the envelope on the mountain side. Not having a trail we had to walk up the semi steep slope. We started running when we when the slope leveled and little until we reached the cloudship. There we found a man with a tight white, but dirty, sleeveless shirt, big baggy jeans and a big utility belt, and goggles.

At first when he saw us he was a little apprehensive, but he soon gave a warm welcoming smile.

"How can I help you folks", he said, "Honestly I didn't think anybody'd be up here."

"Please take us as far away from this mountain as we can go!", Ironeye sounded frantic almost.

The man's expression deepened, "Why?", he asked.

"There's a cult mining this mountain", Ironeye told.

The man looked around, "This mountain?"

"Yep."

"But that's forbidden by the Gods."

"I know, but they're a cult. They don't listen to rules."

The man huffed, "This better not be a whoose to rob me."

"We swear, let's just go!"

We boarded the ship and as the Cloudheart started up the Cloudship he talked to us from the exposed engine in the middle of the small deck, "The name's Cloudheart Sterd."

"I'm Sceur", I said.

"I'm Ironeye", Ironeye said.

"And I'm Silvantus", Silvantus told.

"Nice to meet you all", Cloudheart Sterd said!

We stood up straight and walked towards the steering wheel, "So where'ya going?"

"That orb", Ironeye said pointing. Cloudheart Sterd did a double take, looking as if he hadn't noticed it before.

"I guess, I don't wanna stay here anymore anyway, if there is that cult you were talking about."

## The Red Orb,

I reflected softly, falling into a reverie. I seemingly traveled back, years ago, when my father would bring me to the mountains of Neasend, to my grandfather's house. It was a small house, made of bricks with a white spackle finish. I use to lay in the grass near the patio that overlooked the sloped green and lush valley below. Grandmom use to come sit with me and tell me the stories of the Gods and of our people. The view from the left port side of the cloudship brought back a flow of memories. I only wish they were still alive.

I looked over towards the steering wheel and saw Silvantus and Ironeye standing next to Cloudheart Sterd. They were engaged in a conversation, so I walked over to join in.

"So from the Kelp Forest<sup>78</sup> we flew to Krosa", Sterd told.

"Wow, you've been all over", Silvantus said.

"Tell me, what was the Kelp Forest like? I know what it looks like, but what's the feeling", Ironeye asked?

Sterd paused and grew a thinking face while fluctuating his chin, "Eerie. Very eerie. It creeped my cartographer out even though he had been there many-a times."

"I'll bet", Ironeye agreed.

"Hey Sterd, if you're from the Old World, why'd ya come to the New World", Silvantus asked? I nodded.

"Well, I came to the New World on a quest. A search for a god. I need to ask a favor of him", he told.

"What god is in the New World", I asked?

"Sterdigii<sup>79</sup>", he responded.

"The Mountain God, but why", Ironeye asked? Sterd looked over, expressionless.

"There's only one reason why someone would want to speak with Sterdigii...", Ironeye told. The look in his eye was empathy and he grew a long face. He put his hand on Sterd's shoulder saying, "I'm sorry."

"It's okay", Sterd said.

"Wait, what happened? What does that mean", I asked? I looked over at Silvantus who shrugged.

"One day you'll understand why people look for The Mountain God", Ironeye told, "Just hope you never have to."

Sterd put a wooden square box around the steering wheel, I think to keep it from moving, and walked over to the engines again. Silvantus and I walked over to the front of the ship and stared off at the long desert under and to the right of us, and the seemingly receding

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<sup>78</sup> Imagine a forest where the trees are kelp and there is a very heavy mist overhead, that's a Kelp Forest. It's on land, not in the water.

<sup>79</sup> Sterdigii - Moniker: The Mountain God, is a really powerful being made from stone, who deals specifically with necromancy for loved ones. Though very, very few actually find him.

subtropical landscape to the left. We watched the Jóvairn<sup>80</sup> floating around on the desert floor, which didn't seem to care if they were blended in or not. I looked over, he was sweating and so was I.

"Sure is much much hotter here than Unehraein", I said.

"Much, but we are pretty far from the Anist Desert", he said.

"That's true too", I said in agreement.

I let my head fall into my arms that I was leaning my chin on and exasperated, lifting my head back up, "I can't believe that all of this has happened so far", I said. Silvantus looked over, "I know what you mean."

"Well yeah. I just - It's happening so fast! That's what I can't wrap my head around", I said.

"Yeah, only, what like two weeks ago we met. And now we're in the New World avoiding a cult and riding in a Cloudship", he said.

"I'm just glad to have someone to go through this with. It would suck a lot more if we're weren't in a pair, ya know", I said.

"By far", he replied.

I took a second, right there, to stop and just enjoy the cool wind that was blowing past us. It felt welcoming, like a refreshing hug. Even if the discussion earlier was slightly downing, there was a tranquil about all of this.

Just then Silvantus tapped me, pointing out at the lands to the far forwards left, "Look! There's a town, must be the one Ironeye talked about!"

"Oh yeah.. I see it. Ironeye, look", I called!

Ironeye and Sterd came power walking over.

As the Okta Ucran, Hollow Mercy, Sterd's cloudship, flew closer and closer I could see the orb in a greater glory now. It was as tall as a ten story building and as wide as a whole neighborhood block! It pulsated red from the inside, where there was a swirl that reached from the sand it stood on to the top of the orb.

Suddenly the winds started to pick up and Sterd ran back to the controls, "I guess I can't get too close, Imma have to drop you off near it!"

The Cloudship descended and once it reached the ground we exited and said our goodbyes to Sterd. Sterd spoke up saying, "I'm sorry, but I really must be going."

The three of us looked over at Sterd. There was no point in asking why. Even if I didn't understand who the Mountain God was, or why people go looking for him, I knew it had great importance.

"Well, good luck adventurer", Ironeye said!

"Yeah, it was very nice meeting you", I said!

"I hope you are able to find the Mountain God", Silvantus said!

Sterd shook all of our hands and then turned to walk on the ship, but he stopped suddenly and then walked back to Ironeye. He put his hand on Ironeye's shoulder and then said to him full heartedly, "You'll find a way. I can bet my life on that."

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<sup>80</sup> The Jóvairn - Human sized floating snow monsters typically found in the north and on mountains. Their counterpart is a copy but in sand form. They both have a swirl under them that basically keeps them afloat, snow for the snow one and sand for the sand one.

Ironeye looked very emotionally, knowing exactly what he meant even though I was in the dark for a second time. They shook hands again.

“You have safe travels, you hear! May the Gods bless your journey”, Ironeye told!

Sterd smiled and then walked onto the ship. We stood watching as Sterd piloted the soon to move Cloudship. We watched as it ascended and then fly off back in the direction of the Pharklad Mountains.

Ironeye turned to the Orb, “We must go and investigate!” He lead us, walking with our hands near our eyes to try and block the sands whipping around with the brutal wind. As we stood next to the orb the amount of energy seemed to feel like pressure from all around us. “I finally realize now”, Ironeye said suddenly, his voice could be heard clearly even at the edge of the windy swirl.

“Realize what?”, I asked.

“To sacrifice myself to save Aduona<sup>81</sup> would surely win the gratitude of Isttus<sup>82</sup>”, he said.

“What, are you mad!”, Silvantus asked in an urgent manner.

Ironeye look over with a peaceful smile, no doubt he was thinking all of the time he had spent with Aduona, “Yes.. mad with love.”

Ironeye took a step forwards, but Silvantus jumped in front of him. I grabbed Silvantus, of whom Ironeye hadn't even noticed was there, and pulled him out of the way shaking my head.

“Are you just gonna let him kill himself!”, Silvantus said with a face the mixture of anger and worriedness.

“It's what he wants. Let him have his peace. For once he is tranquil with himself. Let him have his moment, even if it's the last he'll ever have”, I said, tears forming at my eye. Even though I could feel more and more tears coming as I looked towards Ironeye, I did nothing but I felt all. Walking towards his inevitable doom he looked serene and for once, happy. And as for Silvantus and I, we felt wrecked and saddened as he entered the swirl and lightly began to be pulled apart as his Xolt seemed to be stolen from him.

He stopped in the middle and turned around towards us. He had a smile on, but tears flowing down his cheeks. He waved goodbye, closed his eyes and then sat down in the middle of the swirl. He tilted his head towards the sky and for the next few seconds he sat there as the swirl ate at him, tearing little parts of his skin and clothing from him. Promptly, the red swirl, from behind Ironeye started to turn yellow and soon the whole swirl was engulfed said color. We watched in horror as Ironeye began to dissolve completely and within a few minutes, he and the swirl was gone for forever.

“Ironeye”, Silvantus said lightly.

The brightness of the orb left us in a slightly darker standing, emotionally and luminescently.

“NO!”, a womanly voice screamed omnisciently. Suddenly, to the right, a cloud of black burst into existence and out stepped a woman, obviously a deity as she was a good ten feet taller than us, with long flowing white hair and bright black eyes. She wore light brown leather armour

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<sup>81</sup> Aduona - Protector of Forests. Daughter of Isttus and Gol.

<sup>82</sup> Isttus - The New God of the Gata, Swamps and and Woods of Any Kind of Tree and Location.

with a long black cape accompanied by a hood. I couldn't help but to be drawn to her deep-set black eyes, they looked like two spheres of night-black marble. "Asonavis<sup>83</sup>", was all I could say. "What have you done!", she yelled at us.

We were dumbfounded and found that we couldn't answer. She walked over to us with an extremely angry Rottweiler smile, "I'm gonna kill you!" She pulled her arm back and swung, knocking us back on to our rumps. I practically jumped back up, feeling the shattered elemental stones under my butt. But the pain was subsided by the view of an explosion of blue. There Kovit stood with her long silver hair and black dress fluttering in the wind. She had on a sinister smile.

"Kovit, I should have know", Asonavis said. I assumed that the elemental stones had summoned her.

"You should have", Kovit pointed and a bolt of lightning shot out, striking Asonavis and knocking her off her feet.

Asonavis stood up, obviously more excited to fight her, and punched the ground sending a wall of sand like a wave of water at Kovit. Kovit tried to dodge it but she was struck and knocked over. She stood up and the two deities ran at each other, Asonavis gave the first punch across Kovit's face, but she didn't seemed deterred as she fired another one back into Asonavis's gut.

The air suddenly stopped, motionless. Lightning struck through the sky, even as no rain fell. The two deities stopped fighting and stared. The sand about twenty feet from us started to circle, forming a small tornado, and then dropped forming a hole. Out of this hole jumped Ygmar<sup>84</sup>, and she looked angry. She held with her an Odar<sup>85</sup>.

"Who is fighting in my lands!", she yelled. Asonavis turned slowly to look, annoyed like, but Kovit grew a small smile. Ygmar's braided light green hair blew with the wind. She only wore a short dress from the waist down.

"I figured I take a walk through and smell the cacti", Asonavis said sarcastically, turning to face her.

"Leave now and you will be spared the embarrassment", Ygmar told, pointing the top tip of the Odar at her. Kovit seemed overjoyed.

"Flee? You must be mad, just like when you chose to be the goddess of these infertile lands!", Asonavis shouted back.

"You dare make mockery of my choice! How about we mock your attempts at wooing Valcron!", Ygmar shoot back.

Asonavis looked extremely irritated by that. Ygmar lifted and aimed her Odar, an arrow spawning in her hand, and she fired at Asonavis of whom effortlessly deflected it with a swing of a spear she had just spawned. Asonavis yelled, "My turn!", as she walked towards Ygmar, forgetting completely about Kovit who just stood watching, and then stood battle ready with her spear in her hands.

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<sup>83</sup> Prince Goddess of Tricks, Drawn Out Plots(for evil or good), Guile and Labvadu(The power of giving evil tendencies to inanimate objects and having them come to life).

<sup>84</sup> Ygmar - The New Goddess of Deserts, Plateaus and the giver of life to the deserts(of which the other Gods ignored).

<sup>85</sup> Odar - A double sided scythe with a bow string through the middle of it.

“You and your kind were banished from this dimension long ago, stay out of where you don’t belong”, Ygmar said. Asonavis shifted her movement, and so did Ygmar. Promptly Ygmar swung at Asonavis but Asonavis blocked it with her spear and pushed Ygmar back. Asonavis put the spear over her shoulders and swung across at Ygmar, but she blocked it with her Odar.

Without noticing, Kovit snuck up behind Asonavis and punched, hard, into her back, sending Asonavis falling forwards. Without hesitation Asonavis kicked back, hitting Kovit and she fell backwards. Ygmar stabbed her Odar down at Asonavis but she rolled out of the way, swung her spear and knocked Ygmar off her feet.

“Ah, you’re not going to win this!”, Ygmar yelled.

“We’ll see”, Asonavis said as she pulled and then threw her spear at Kovit, striking her square in the chest. Kovit backwards, almost thrown. She held the spear and was breathing with clear pain. Asonavis walked over and grabbed the spear, leaning close to her, “This is where you die.” But before Asonavis could do anything she was than impaled from behind by the end of Ygmar’s Odar. Ygmar pushed it further into her, the tip coming out of the front of her chest. She pulled the Odar back and Asonavis fell onto the ground next to Kovit.

Another flash of lightning struck and a fireball fell from the sky. Once it struck the ground, the fire dissipated and there stood Umbalaca<sup>86</sup>. Her bright yellow and red hair blew with the wind and her one armed white toga seemed too baggy.

“What is going on here! I can sense the violence from Ulephatii<sup>87</sup>!”, she exclaimed. Once she saw Asonavis lying on the ground, clearly in pain, she shook her head with a disappointed look. “I can’t believe youse are still trying. I killed Erumak<sup>88</sup> eras ago, but yet you still persist”, Umbalaca walked over to her. She looked at Ygmar and Kovit, “Good job.” She turned back to Asonavis, “You know what has to happen now.” Asonavis shook her head frantically, knowing exactly what she meant.

“Do you wish me to spare you?”, Umbalaca asked.

Asonavis smiled and then spat, the spit hitting Umbalaca’s face. Umbalaca looked extraordinarily upset, spawned a fireball in her hands above her head and then smashed it onto Asonavis’s body on the ground. Asonavis erupted in flames, screaming, and then exploded in a cloud of purple.

A Nightingale flew in from the forest besides the desert. It transformed, in a black enigma like form, into a man with a Nightingale head wearing only a linen cloth around his waist. “Were you watching Akouma<sup>89</sup>?”, Umbalaca asked. Akouma nodded, “Very exciting.”

Kovit was helped to her feet by Umbalaca and Akouma; Umbalaca looked towards us while Kovit walked over.

“Thank you Sceur and Silvantus”, she said holding her chest, “This is one less problem we have to deal with.”

“You’re very welcome!”, we said.

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<sup>86</sup> Umbalaca - The Protector of the Gods, and Old Goddess of Defenses and of the Day.

<sup>87</sup> Ulephatii - Home of the Younger Gods.

<sup>88</sup> Erumak - Perhaps the most powerful Vraothen to ever live, he was the Prince God of Evil itself. He was killed by Umbalaca during the Second Medieval Era.

<sup>89</sup> Akouma - Old God of the Gryberk, Nighingales, birds, insects, and of propitiation for God's.

“But I have a question”, I asked as Kovit turned, she looked back to me, “Why didn’t my Goddess deal with the problem from the beginning?”

“Because of the Faete law<sup>90</sup>”, she said simply. I looked past her to see the other deities walk into a portal and presumably back to Ulephatii and Oçehull. The portal had a black and lava, looking, translucent form resembled a vortex, though no through image showed on it’s surface. It glowed a deep red color. It was encased by either bedrock or some other kind of dark stone. She hobbled over and exited through the portal too. Ygmar was still here though as the portal closed, “I assume you were looking for the missing Yonkapas? I found them in a deep cavern.”

She pointed to an empty area where a portal rose from the sands. Out from the portal stepped all of the people from Dahlmer, a much more. When I saw Uncle step out I was overjoyed and ran directly up to him to hug him. He was very disoriented but hugged me back once he realized it was me.

“Thank Ygmar you’re okay!”, I said peering over at Ygmar and then back to Uncle. Ygmar summoned a hole, of which she jumped into. We all stood in appreciation for a minute or two before we turned to walk back to the town of Dahlmer. I told Uncle everything that happened and especially about Ironeye.

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“NO!”, I heard Silvantus yell from downstairs. It was the middle of the night, but I still rushed down to him.

“What Silvantus?” I woke him, he was in a cold sweat. He grabbed me in fear, “I have to go!”

“What do you mean? Do you know what time it is?”

“I have to go! It’s very important!”

“What is it? What are you doing?”

“Remember how I told you about that girl I liked”, he said getting dressed.

“Yeah.”

“Well I had a dream-no, not a dream a vision of her in trouble. I have to go save her!”

“What? A vision? Look Silvantus, you just had a nightmare.”

“That was no dream, nor nightmare! She’s in trouble and I need to go!”

He finished and headed for the door before I stopped him, “Wait”, I grabbed his arm. He looked back at me, a little annoyed.

“I’m not gonna stop you, I just wanna wish you good luck. And whenever you get the chance, send me a letter!” He nodded a smile, turned and hugged me, “Thanks for being my best friend!”

“Thank you!”, I said back! We separated and smiled for a second before he darted out of the door.

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<sup>90</sup> The Faete is a set of laws made by the courtship of the gods, The Dahdelpanei, to keep the Gods in line. The specific law Kovit is referring to is An Ferar Lesk, *The War Law*, which prohibits deities from fighting on the surface of the planet, unless a deities attacks mortals.







## Lorewalk 3,

Another story my Grandmother told me was about the Incident At Blue Lake during the Dark Era.

In the subcontinent of Orbert, Waka created the Shrulk, Humanoid Painted Turtles, in the belly of the Blue Lake, Orbert. Paduon quickly got mad at her, as Paduon was the goddess of lakes and claimed sole responsibility for all life in all lakes. Having Waka now a goddess of something in a lake made her furious.

The two Goddess got into an argument that soon lead to heated fight, literally. The fighting soon moved to inside of the lake where the water around them heated up. The rough fighting also caused water to fly everywhere, even as far as Rettus in some cases.

Cranii caught wind of the fighting and went as fast as he could to try and stop it. When he arrived he broke up the fight, forcing them talk to explain. No matter what was said the two Goddess could not agree on anything and were nothing but hostile to each other. The Dahdelpanei was called to deal with this, coming up with the idea to move the Shrulk to Voahela. Waka at first resisted this, but she soon agreed to it in fear of being punished for resisting the Dahdelpanei and receiving a punishment like the one in The Third New Era. Thus ended the incident.

## An Underhanded Deal,

“Zekaos, you say?”, I asked.

“Yep”, he said.

“Well, if you let me out of these chains I can get you just that, power.”

“I’m interested”, he said.

“If we summon enough power we can create a new dimension to encompass and replace the Third. It was something Erumak talked about briefly before he was killed by that brain-dead asshole Umbalaca.”

“Hmm”, he said, “Interesting indeed.”

“Yeah, so do you call it a deal?”

He leaned back into the light with an evil looking smile, “Yes I do.” The chains that held me released and I fell onto my hands and knees. I stood up immediately, “We should start with the plans.”

“Right away I hope.”

“Why, of course. First I’ll need more Xolt, give me some.”

He looked at me like I was a mad woman, “What?”

“Give me some Xolt to be able to start the dimension. If there’s no place to transfer the Xolt than the whole plan is compromised.” He nodded, not thrilled in the least.

# All About The Eyrthruosus Religion,

The Eyrthruosus Religion is a very unique religion most comparable to that of Dodekatheism. Drawing upon such for influences, this also includes The Elder Scrolls, Norse and Nahuatl religions. This chapter is dedicated to answer questions about the religion to an extent. This chapter will only be naming the deities, the races, planes and the timeline, no further explanation will be given than what is told as some explanations could be a book in itself.

## Deities:

### **An Tilutherg Pah: The Genesis World:**

- Aethaedar - Existence itself
  - The Stear-Ott
  - Litlat - The Holder Of Existence
  - Teogic Fts
- 
- The Genesis World is shrouded in mystery. This time tells of a deity or deities named Teogic Fts, The Force of Existence Time, Litlat, The Stear-Ott and Aethaedar(Existence). Among the rest of the mystery, nobody knows who the parents of The Stear-Ott, Teogic Fts and The Force of Existence Time were and nobody actually knows, even today, how Aethaedar is conceptualized. But there has been speculation that Teogic Fts was the parent or parents of The Stear-Ott and The Force Of Existence Time.
  - What is known is that The Stear-Ott were primordial beings with almost limitless Xolt and the parents of Litlat. It is also known that Teogic Fts was killed by The Force Of Existence Time, and that The Stear-Ott and Teogic Fts constantly fought, but nobody knows why; and nobody knows what happened to The Stear-Ott. When Teogic Fts was killed though the Two Voids formed from his Xolt, and Litlat became the Holder of Existence; essentially keeping Aethaedar from dying. We know all of this from when Time told Zeponion during the Era E.P., but most of Time's memory was wiped when he killed Teogic Fts because of how much Xolt it required from him.

### **An Unei Ogilthsch: The Two Voids:**

- Vaolker - The Void Of Chaos
  - Moniker: The Nothingness
- Galactis - The Void Of Perfection
  - Moniker: The Shining Light

### **An Zeponor Intamo: The First Five:**

- Zeponar\_on - The First Born, Name translates to One Create, or First Creator
  - Born from Vaolker, Children Are The Galooagotic
- Uneimon - The Second Born, Name translates to Two Desire, or The Second Desire
  - Born from Vaolker, Children Are The Galooagotic
- Fregdeaviyte - The Third Born, Name translates Third Chaos
  - Born from Vaolker, Child Is Yaebert
- Ysdrucker - The Progenitor Of Birth
  - Born from Galactis, Her Children Is The Plane Of Pookii And The Forces of Existence of Fate, Luck, Death, Life, Evil and Good.
- Yaebert - The Sorcerer Of Knowledge, Death and Destruction
  - Created By Fregdeaviyte, Children Are The Olversket

### **An Intasch Na Aethaedar: The Forces Of Existence:**

- Time
- Fate
- Luck
- Death
- Life
- Evil
- Good
- Gravity

### **An Olversket: The Olversket:**

- Zodos - Olversket of Forge And Smithing
- Galtch - Olversket of Nature
- Utemus - Olversket of Skies
- Ásmot - Olversket of Fire
- Rautkit - Olversket of Water
- Unehraf - Olversket of War

### **An Galooagotic: The Galooagotic:**

- Tiydra - Titan of the Seas and Oceans, Rain and Thunderstorms
- Natrel - Titaness of Ground(Dirt, Stone...) and Life
- Parga - Titan of the Sky and of Rulers of Any Kind
- Lopetag - Titan of Dimensions
- Niydon - Titaness of Light, Monks, Guilds, Intelligence and Enlightenment
- Sirga - Titan of Medicine, Healing and Travel

- Nothis - Titan of Glory, Proclamations, Doctoring and Pain
- Ebocka - Titan of Trickery, Sneakiness and Greed
- Prota - Titaness of Moons, Darkness and Dreams
- Hepahtittane - Titan of War and Forge
- Apnos - Titaness of Fire
- Yhene - Titan of Hearths, Misfortune and Forgiveness
- Aldis - Titan of Power and of the Will to do Things
- Wuondusfard - Titan of Winter
- Avlia - Titaness of Summer

#### **An Teclnatl: The Teclnatl:**

- Mnace - Teclnatl of Fire and Light
  - Child is Pahldahl
- Gda - Teclnatlness of Life
  - Child is Pahldahl
- Urgek - Teclnatl of Water
- Aniiia - Teclnatlness of Death
- Pahldahl - Teclnatl Protector and Eater of and from Fear, Greed and Misfortune  
Projected by Fregdeaviyte

#### **An Galooagotic Váusch Loor: The Galooagotic Old Gods:**

- Nanuotusah: The Galooagotic Old God of Life and Planet Pahnagaeah, of Which He Became
- Esomusa: The Galooagotic Old Goddess of Oceans, The Depths of the Oceans, Those Overthrown and of Revenge
- Keverma: The Galooagotic Old Goddess of Light and Fire

#### **An Cana Claetuses: The Three Spirits:**

- Feldon: Spirit of Luck, The Past and of Good Doing.
  - Moniker: An Haundes Na Feldon or The Hands of Fate
- Puslo: Spirit of Luck, The Present and of Bad Doing.
  - Moniker: An Baca Haund Na Feldon or The Back Hand Of Fate
- Intos: Spirit of Luck, The Future and of Future Doings.
  - Moniker: An Amet Na Cana or The Truth Of The Three

#### **An Vraothaen: The Vraothaen:**

- Valcron - Prince God of Wars, Domination and Slavery
- Čehŷeh and Aporeu - Twin Prince Goddesses of Tormentation, Upheavals, of Deceiving and of Lying

- Lunacratii - Prince Goddess of Darkness, Nightmares, Debauchery and of Bad Omens
- Voladia - Prince Goddess of Tournaments, Over Throwings, Obfuscation and Conspiracies
- Aelluvos - The Prince God of Destruction, Revolution, Assaultment and Vepathinii(Werecats)
- Belfarus - The Prince God of Wishes, of Good Omens, Ambitions, Hedonism and of Good Dreams
- Erumak - Prince God of Evil Itself
  - Moniker: An Diloon Zepon, The Dead One
- Dar Gehden - Prince Goddess of Fire, Reprimanding and Reconciling, with yourself and others.
  - Moniker: An Gu'unav Fos, The Golden Fire
- Slaucus - The Prince God of the Ongenga and of Decay And Rejuvenation.
- Flehdan - Prince God of Death
- Asonavis - Prince Goddess of tricks, drawn out plots(for evil or good), Guile and Labvadu(The power of giving evil tendencies to inanimate objects and having them come to life)
- Voberek Laneh - Prince God of the Damned, Punishments and of people getting what they deserve, justice in a sense
  - Moniker: The Nameless God
- Zekaos - Prince God of Takeovers
  - Moniker: The Unknown One

### **An Váusch Looker: The Older Gods:**

#### Males:

- Horck - Old God of War, Travel and Revenge
- Jabuso - Old God of Zepco(Race), Astronomy, Plague, Medicine and is Associated with Longevity
  - Moniker: Drimual
- Embrosus - Patron God of Locksmiths and Door Makers, and The Old God of Doors, Keys, Secrets and Portals
- Tuttlus - Old God of Yonkapas(Race), Half God of Kochein(Race), Moons and of Night
  - Moniker: Ul Farso, *All Father* & Farso Na Ul, *Father Of All*
- Paduon - Protector of Houses, and The Old Goddess of Lakes, Streams, Deer and of Writing
  - Moniker: Holfkin Gardo, *House Guard*
- Skiymens - Safeguarder of Empires(Fed, Nat...), and The Old God of the Cloko(Race), Kings, Skies, Lightning/Thunder and of Map Making
  - Moniker: Zethus & Fjorth
- Xtamus - The Patron Old God of Blacksmiths, and The Old God of Celestial Space, Planets, Gravity, Earthquakes and of Blacksmithing
  - Moniker: Farso Gaamin-Thuca, *Father Earthquake*



- Parda - Old God of Death
  - Moniker: Pherbus
- Timenii - Old God of Guidance, Trust, Deception, Following and Confusion
- Akouma - Old God of the Gryberk(Race), Birds, Insects and of Propitiation(sacrifices) for God's
- Heamot - Old God of Summer, Heat and Suns
  - Moniker: Sactrov Na Yalderves, Lord Of Cinders
- Tel - The Old God of Poetry, Song, Dance and Art
  - Moniker: Tellos, Telandro & Illusamit
- Hiyathan - God of Autumn and Nature, Specifically Trees, of Which He Came to Inhabit

#### Females:

- Gohja - Older Goddess of Nature, Queens and of Life
  - Moniker: Hanil Váug Garda, Heart God Guardian
- Marais - Older Goddess of Mountains, Caves and Volcanoes
  - Moniker: Mardo Grauv, Mother Grey & Maranacka
- Kumusa: The Older Goddess of the Kochien(Race), Cats, Thieves, Jewels and Ores
- Oma - Older Goddess of the Gusgar(Godly Summoned Race), Pleasures, Women and Fashion
  - Moniker: Osavandra
- Waka - Older Goddess of Water, Seas and Oceans
  - Moniker: Gthara & Tida(Her Dead Name)
- Hokyeda - The Older Goddess of the Helcras(Race(Deceased)), Winter, Ice and Fire
  - Moniker: Hakean & Hakaenah
- Atlmus - Protector from the Vraovrama, and Older Goddess of Fertility, War, Women and Sexual Pleasure
- Umbalaca - Protector of the Gods, and Older Goddess of Defenses and of Day
- Unapar - Patron Goddess of Tribes, and Older Goddess of the Denbora and of the Aestra Nedo of Which She Became Part of
- Zarna - Older Goddess of the Night, of Which She Became

#### **An Váusch Laarker: The Younger Gods:**

##### Male Adults:

- Theka - Younger God of Time, Planets and of Aging
  - Moniker: Farso Theka, Father Time & Aeraaner(His Dead Name)
- Taran - Younger God of Gambling, Diplomacy and of Spring
- Cranii - Younger God of Water, The Depths of the Oceans and of Mirth
  - Moniker: Sark Aga, Leader Water
- Gultdii - Younger God of Suns, Light and of Summer
- Eckos - Tutelary of Agrarian Culture(Agriculture(Not the deity of Sheep or Cattle though), The Younger God of the Harvest, Alcohol and of Fall
  - Moniker: Farso Gilk, Father Food

- Waraponda - Younger God of War, Skill, Honor and Half Ruler of Nehro(The Underworld)
  - Moniker: Camos
- Theacou - Younger God of Poetry, Art, Song, Dance and Music
- Linexic - Patron God of Those With OCD, and Younger God of Cleanness, Soaps, Baths and Bathrooms/Restrooms.
  - Moniker: The Bathroom Guard
- Gustus - Patron God of Scholars, and the Younger God of Education, Currency, Herders(of Sheep & Cattle Only) and Libraries
- Keaken - Younger God of Gladiators, Courts, Proclamations and Victory
- Moniker: Kaenso
- Ebmus - Patron God of Doctors, and the Younger God of Healing, Pain, Medicine and Plagues
- Thouttuost - Patron God of Construction Builders and Foremen, and The Younger God of Logic, Planning and Building
- Orkliiop - Younger God of Grytos(Race), Cheating, Backstabbing and Messes
- Roghdaer - Enforcer of Oaths and Younger God of Oaths, Promises and Punishments(To Be Blacken, To Be Punished).
  - Moniker: An Drok Etiker, The Black Bringer
- Usafer Baddro - Younger God of The Yonkapas(Race) and of Strength and Will
  - Moniker: Buddro Mein, Battle Stone

#### Female Adults:

- Nanso - Protector of the Wilderness and The Younger Goddess of Nature and of Women
  - Moniker: Mardo Nanso, *Mother Nature* & Kynas(Her Dead Name)
- Ygmar - Younger Goddess of Deserts, Plateaus and The Giver of Life to the Deserts (of which the other Gods ignored).
- Asta - Patron Goddess of Dreams and The Younger Goddess of Moons, Darkness and Sleep
  - Moniker: Mavmen Kraun, *Lady Dream*
- Yhodon - Younger Goddess of the Ground(Dirt, Stone, Lava), Enlightenment, of Science and of Math
  - Moniker: Hanil-Wruto, *Heart-White*
- Oris - Younger Goddess of Astronomy, Ice, Snow and of Winter
  - Moniker: Mardo na Falkamus, *Mother of Winter*
- Aeroovon - Patron Goddess of Miners, and Younger Goddess of Stone, Precious Metals and of Riches Like Treasure
  - Moniker: Sokar Mardo, *Silver Mother*
- Mugdom - Patron Goddess of Pirates, and The Younger Goddess of Pirates, Seas, Victory and of Treasure
- Diira - Patron Goddess of Those Who Are Depressed, and The Younger Goddess of Islands, Lagoons, Mirages and of Relaxation
  - Moniker: Harcratniiah & Hsr

#### Male Younger Gods:

- Areena - Younger God of Hunt and Thievery
- Uthar - Younger God of Travel, Trade, Communication and Events of All Kinds
- Isttus - Younger God of The Gata, Swamps and Woods of Any Kind of Tree and Location
- Aeus - The Collector of Souls from Wars, Only. He Sometimes Also Guides Souls in Nehro(The Underworld)
  - Moniker: Esten

#### Female Younger Goddess:

- Roop - Younger Goddess of Life and Happiness
  - Moniker: Tygna(Her Dead Name)
- Diloon - Younger Goddess of Death and Half Ruler of Nehro(The Underworld)
  - Moniker: Joris(Her Dead Name)
- Persanaphoon - Younger Goddess of Babies, Kids and Young Adults
- Piyrae - Younger Goddess of Love, Poetry and of Beauty
- Sthet - Younger Goddess of Battle, War Tactics and Beauty
- Cartiiriii - Younger Goddess of Seas, Rivers, Streams and of Droughts
- Urena - Younger Goddess of Marriage and Sex
- Domera - Younger Goddess of Peace, Prosperity, Thankfulness and Wolfs
- Uher - Younger Goddess of The Skies, Winds and of Rulers of Any Kind
- Egtris - The Collector of Souls of Whom Die in Anyway Expect in Wars.

#### Twins, Triplets And Quintuplets:

- Fol & Gol - Twin God and Goddess of Trickery, Opposites, Choices and Madness
  - Moniker: An Opnakaat Váusch, The Opheliac Gods
- Vodeu And Nemt - Twin Gods of whom are the collect of souls from those who commit suicide.
- Katsu, Koots & Nuphon - Patron Gods and Goddess of Smiths, and Triplet Younger Gods and Goddess of Metalworking, Crafts and Remembrance
  - Moniker: The Smith Gods
- Omis, Apho & Oro'os - Keeper Gods and Goddess of Sound
  - Omis: New God of Low Pitched Sounds
  - Oro'os: New God of Medium Pitched Sounds
  - Apho: New Goddess of High Pitched Sounds
- The Dahdelpanei - Patron Gods and Goddesses of Courts and Everything Associated with Courts
  - Satarus - Younger God of Order
  - Uion - Younger God of Justice
  - Attoune - Younger Goddess of Prophecy
  - Eviius - Younger God of Freedom Rights

- Thakonus - Younger God of The Rights Established by Customs and Laws

### **An Yocasi - An Aíon Váusch: The Yocasi - The Created Gods:**

- Opeois - Created God of Waraponda
- Atos - Created God of Cranii
- Fernus - Created Goddess of Piyrae
- Uvydros - Created God of Aeraaner (Father Time)
- Latia - Created Goddess of Theacou
- Odemis - Created God of Gultdii

### **Races: \*Of The Third Dimension**

Alive:

- Yonkapas

The Yonkapas are the closest to Humans, with a few exceptions like the Yonkapas have light blue skin. They hail from Planet Green, Color Solar System, a planet at the heart of their space empire. Their deity creator is Tuttlus.

- Gertádii

The Gertádii are humanoid Lizards. They hail from Homsla, Planet Green, Color Solar System. Their deity creator is Gustus.

- Gata

The Gata are Snow Elves essentially. They hail from Krosa, Planet Green, Color Solar System. Their deity creator is Isttus.

- Zepco

The Zepco are Dark Elves with bluish, reddish, almost purple skin. They hail from Heoin Rost, Planet Green, Color Solar System. Their creation deity is Jabuso.

- Cloko

The Cloko are basically Yonkapas's with phosphorescent skin that gives a light white glow, they have bright blue eyes that also give a small blue glow, pointed ears and they can only have white hair. They hail from east and southeast Homsla, Planet Green, Color Solar System. Their deity creator is Skiymens.

- Kochien

The Kochein are essentially Khajiits. They hail from Raandeler, Planet Green, Color Solar System. Their deity creator is Kumusa, but Tuttlus helped create them too by allowing her to use the Yonkapas as a mold.

- Grytos

The Grytos are essentially Orcs. They hail from Grybos Islands, Planet Green, Color Solar System, which were named after them. Their deity creator is Orcliop.

- Gryberk

The Gryberk are short bird humanoids. They hail from Raandeler, Planet Green, Color Solar System. Their deity creator is Akouma.

- Denbora

The Denbora are Yonkapas with gold for their blood and their pupils. They hail from Homsla, Planet Green, Color Solar System. Their deity creator is Skiymens.

- Jlarner

The Jlarner are comparable to Dwarves, but they are are Yonkapas with grey skin and two horns on both sides of their foreheads. They hail from Raandeler, Planet Green, Color Solar System, but after they lost their home during the First Medieval Era the remaining Jlarner just spread out to other Subcontinents. Their deity creator is The Smith Gods.

- Svagin Nahl

The Svagin Nahl are humanoid Flans. They hail from Raandeler, Planet Green, in one city named Alderhaben, Planet Green, Color Solar System. Their deity creator is Theacou.

- Ongenga

The Ongenga are a race of tall humanoid Mushrooms. They hail from Raandeler, Planet Green, Color Solar System. Their deity creator is actually the Vraothaen Slaucus.

- Kronocos

The Kronocos are essentially lizard humanoids, that look a lot like T-Rex's. They hail from Fodra, a planet at the heart of their space empire. Their deity creator is Horck.

- Flocs

The Flocs are basically frog humanoids. They hail from Tre'san, a planet at the heart of their space empire. Their deity creator is Embrosus.

- Ortimông

The Ortimong are tall bird humanoids, based on the Gryberk. They hail from Grodot, a planet at the heart of their space empire. Their deity creator is Embrosus.

- Bloog

The Bloog are one eyed humanoids. After a war declared on them by the Kronocos, their home planet was rendered uninhabitable, Rarpa, they were invited to live with the Yonkapas in their space empire. Their deity creator is Yhodon.

- Stas

The Stas have almost a block like head with a floating eye in the front. They are tall and slender with dark green skin. They hail from Nusen, a planet at the heart of their space empire. Their deity creator is Gustus.

- Una

The Una are Mermaids and Mermen. They hail from the Tohst sea, Planet Blue, Color Solar System. Their deity creator is Cranii.

- Ob

The Ob are fish humanoids. They hail from the Krept Sea, Planet Blue, Color Solar System. Their deity creator is Cranii.

- Uge

They are lizard humanoids based off of the Gertádii. They hail from Uskeatov, a planet at the heart of their space empire. Their deity creator is Embrosus.

Deceased:

- Helcras

The Helcras are tall humanoid grey boned skeletons. They hailed from Raandeler. Their deity creator is Hokyeda.

### **Planes:**

In the Eyrthruosus Religion, there are four dimensions with ten sub dimension.

- Pookii

If you can imagine a flat planet that stretches on for forever in any direction, that's Pookii.

This dimension was created by Ysdrucker, who essentially gave birth to it after Vaolker was defeated and she was given a lot of his energy.

Pookii is split into three parts, The Sky, The Ground and The Rock Beneath the Ground.

Ysdrucker gave birth to all three and most Forces before Galactis put an eye in her viginia to make sure she didn't give birth anymore. He feared that if she kept having worlds and forces that one of them could hold the key to Vaolkers escape and potential revenge.

There is a giant castle named, Yargasar Hvalholt, Yargasar Palace, in what is called, An Ilsta Meinsoones, The Rim Mountains.

This is also where the Galooagasic reside.

No Yonkapas/Humans or any other beings are allowed, including the New Gods and the Old Gods.

- Pahmer

This dimension was created by Lopetag to get away from Parga.

This is also where if you die, your soul would come here to be dead.

This dimension is split up into eight planes:

- Ulephatii - This is where the Younger Gods live.
- Oçehull - This is where the Older Gods live.
- Voahela - This is a place that's half hell and half heaven.
- Kroplizen - This is where the Vraothaen live.
- Aestra Nedo Runa - These series of realms are the heavens.
- Nehro - This is the Underworld as a whole.
- Remus - This is where Athaos lives.
- Kraunlarg - Translates as Dreamland, this is where dreams live and are manifested.

- Pahldahl

This is the other dimension that is like ours, but it only contains one galaxy and twenty different races of beings.

This dimension was made by Lopetag as a gift to the Older Gods.

This was the first dimension that had powerful species other than the Eýrthũuosus Gods, like the Yonkapas, Kronocas, Kochien etc.

It was named after the Deity Pahldahl.

- Sub-Dimensions: Haarhan & Streiv
- Pahgan

This is our dimension.

This dimension was created by Lopetag because during the Great Yonkapas Civil War(Second Galactic Era) that they put almost the entire inhabitants of Planet Blue here. They originally created one huge planet called, Theda meaning No-time.

Waraponda was set in charge of watching the Yonkapas but instead influenced them to blow themselves up for entertainment, thus creating the Big Bang.

### **Timeline:**

- The Broken Time Era
- FZUF or Fodero Zeponaı\_on, Uneimon áchea Fregdeaviyte, Before Zeponaı\_on, Uneimon and Fregdeaviyte
- EP or Eder Pooki, After Pookii
- The First Era
- The Second Era
- The Third Era
- The Fourth Era
- The First New Era - Yonkapas Are Created
- The Second New Era
- The Third New Era
- The Philosophy Era
- The First Medieval Era
- The Second Medieval Era
- The Third Medieval Era
- The Fourth Medieval Era
- The Fifth Medieval Era
- The Sixth Medieval Era
- The Dark Era
- The Empire Era
- The Classical Era - The Story Takes Place Here
- The Modernization Era
- The Fortune Era
- The First Galactic Era
- The Second Galactic Era - Humans Evolve In Pahgan
- The Third Galactic Era - Current Era
- The Rising Era - The (Hopeful) Name For The Next Future Era

