

First Tale

In the beginning there was nothing.

Then there was Ka, as golden sunlight shining down through the clouds that were yet not.

From golden light came the world's cradle; the sky, its children, an eternal clock and a place to rest. But nothing rested there.

Down came, one, two, three, to fill the empty cradle.

Eissi, like countless emerald leaves, made the fields and the forests. Every blooming flower and every beast that lived there.

Sairya, like a blue wind in the sky, set the seasons in motion and gave the birds their wings.

Volmane, like an eternal orange flame, raised the mountains, carved out the caves and filled the earth with warmth.

Together they filled the cradle and made the world. Together and alone they carved out the lands. The hills and plains, covered in gentle grass were made by all, but each added their own part to make a better whole. The groves of trees would not be without Eissi's loving care, the rivers and springs flowed for the first time at Sairya's wish, and Volmane formed every hill and vale.

Their work continued, and every place was made.

The great Ocean stretches East and South. A realm of water as vast as the sky. Its blue surface is both dark and shining. Islands may rise above its waves but it continues around and beyond them onto the sky. Boats and ships may conquer its surface but the Mer and the fish rule its depths. A realm all its own, boarded by cliffs and sand.

In the west the sands have their own home. Hills and valleys with no shape or place. Those that live there fear the sun, as its warm gaze turns to fiery

wrath. Some live in the sand and others there shift with the land. Stone and darkness be the only comforts in the land of harsh light.

To the north the sands are halted by great mountains that stretch upwards to touch the sky. Those that saw them called them the Sky Wall, for it be a wall that only the sky may cross.

To the east of the last mountain of the wall is Woodsea, where trees are numbered like drops of water. Here it is said Eissi spend the longest of all, for those that live there are beyond counting.

In the south it is said Volmane never tread. The ground is cold and embraced with snow and ice. Beasts of the cold walk the land, as do those who are warm even as they are covered in snow.

So, the world completed and their work done, the three returned to where they had begun. Ka looked out over the world and gave his approval of what had been made.

The three left behind what they had made and travel away, past the sky where mortals never tread. Ka was soon to follow but before he did he breathed one final gift onto the world, the spark of magic that grew and wrapped the world in its embrace. Then the last of the creators departed, never to come again.

So ends the first tale. So begins the rest of history.

-{The First Tale as inscribed upon the doors of the Historia Temple