Origin of the Gods

Achaea sits upon a throne of intrigue. The gods they weave and plot a story still. Their arms span leagues, yet man besieged, were carvers of the gods by their own will.

Man long ago once held a crown Achaean. luxury upon a land abundant. Each race of man adapted to their world of life arcane. While races three, there were of four, who to the mainland came, they shaped the truth of their ideals, in lofty dreams and epic tales. And nurtured gods in awe and grail. Oblivious, what this entailed.

Against the prickling heat of fiction, life began to seem quite stale.

And bathed in glorious benediction, golden gods would turn away

, til life began to seem quite stale, against the prickling heat of \_\_\_

Man long ago once held a crown Achaean. They lived a life of luxury, upon a land abundant. Each race of man adapting to a world that was arcane. While three of these there were of four, who walk the wasteland still, they shaped the truth of their ideals, the gods upon their wills.

And over all who rested in the gentle light of day, Tirnodiost would serve and watch the boundaries of their clay. He split the earth from up and down, the skies above and fertile ground, and light and dark of fragile night, of sunny plains and magic ripe.

And in the west the monsters came, of magic dark on which orcs feast, while in the east a magic bright would fill the earth, with life and light. So in the centre, these did mix, and man grew farther and betwixt. Upon these lands did man adapt, three races each to magic trapped.

The teiflings walk a tightrope that is made of night and day, and their magic seems to balance on the dusk and dawn in play. Far east the humans feed on light and west the monsters fed the night of orcs and goblins travelling and teiflings in their bargaining.

Yet those who cross to either side madness waits, of form or mind, as dark transforms and light may blind, those unaccustomed to its kind. And thus the world remained divined, as divinations of divide, a world of comfort yet confined.

Upon this rock unyielding do I let the record show, the history of man and god, the heralds of the snow.

Of Justice and of scarcity, yet man once lived of these things free. Til in their golden revelry the gods grew trite and cold. Disaster struck the earth, in tales laid buried and untold.

300 years ago, monsters were common upon the surface of Achaea. People lived nomadic lives, with different races relying on the gifts of a prosperous, magic-filled land and the sustenance of monsters.

Magic was a common practice used in daily life, to heal and to fight. Man enjoyed the bounty of the soil and constructed temporary shelters of earth as they travelled, spreading their consumption out over the great wooded lands. Those who could not travel were assisted with magic. Time was free and plentiful, and a rich tradition of oration and craftsmanship began among the people.

Orcs constructed weapons out of stone and natural metal deposits, shaping them with their honed magical skills. They begot a strong warrior culture, hunting and battling for sport. They lived for the fight, and pushed each other to greater heights, chasing the highs of adrenaline and revelling in their spoils. They were skilled and merciless, they were strong and lithe. They spread far across the continent, searching for a challenge and honing their craft of the kill. Thus they created the war god Ares.

Humans began weaving and clothmaking, knitting together garments and baskets of all manner, and shaping clay into pendants and vases and hardening them with fire magic. They tamed horses and constructed wagons to transport these things, and formed tribal families. Their community was their home. The most susceptible to the dark magic of monsters, humans honoured those who protected the tribe and spun fanciful stories and heroic tales of them. To this was drawn Athena, who lived in closeness with them and walked alongside them.

Tieflings were the natural orators, and still preserve an oral history of the age of magic. They were wild in their dances and performances, dancing with fire and lighting and swirling waters and sparkling lights. They performed acrobatics, and their tricks often took them to the razor's edge with their dives and twirls. They developed, in tandem with this, a great mastery over fire and air, began to walk upon it and to fly as if winged. In this revelry the god Dionysus was born.

Tirnodiost, the god of Division, and in that Autonomy, was already present. He had been the creator of monsters, separating them from the creatures of the land by coalescing the dark magic that emerged from the (magic) plane. He ruled over the (in-between), allowing those upon the earth to hold stable forms, and freeing them from the transformations of dark magic at the price of the creation of monsters.

Some had developed a resistance to dark magic, able to process it in varying amounts within themselves, and these races continued to consume monsters for the potent magic they contained. The monsters had no minds of their own, and dark magic lashed out of them as their unstable forms shifted and bubbled in a roiling, ever-transforming murmuration. (arigatin keeps this piece of the story hidden.)

He was born from the will of self-determination. And from this the fate of mankind was born, to create what they wished and be who they pleased.

But as the gods watched mankind change, they, immortal, slow-growing and still in their infancy, were afraid. For their power came from the faith (that?) their charges held in them, and their wills from the ideals that formed them. Man, however, was ever changing in its goals, and oft tempered by morals and fears.

The orcs, growing lax on the abundance of monsters and confident in their abilities to kill them, started to settle the caves along the hills in the east. They built a shrine to Ares, and heaped it with meats and magic. They burned pyres in his honour, and by the heat of them rested and relaxed, growing fat and content. In the warm paradise they had created, Ares grew restless. He urged them to kill more, to battle amongst themselves, to improve further despite the lack of need. The heights the orcish magical weapons had reached could easily smite down any monster present in their time, and this he knew. They lacked motivation, and for the first time Ares was struck with a fear he could not dismiss with a sword or a spear. He stewed in his offerings.

Athena, the youngest of the gods, began to grow obsessed with the fables of heroes. She found humankind lacking, that their images outstripped their prowess. In pursuit of the dreams of humankind, she contrived to chain the form of her humans to their ideals. These are virtues taken too far. Their minds were molded, their forms deformed, as she shaped the clay of their being with magic, dark and light alike. But her dark magic was limited to the monsters that they killed, and she found her experiments paltry and undone by the magic of the world. She sought to weave and tie its power to herself, to twist the knots of fate and nature into pattern and form. And so she came forth to Ares and Dionysus with a proposal. A story yet to be written.

This first was told to Dionysus, whose love of stories grand and booming (?) was known to her, for she feared that Ares' love of the orcs would blind him to her tale. She told him of its propensity for tragedy, the humour in its struggle, and he was besotted. He had long grown bored of the spun fabrications of his people, and sought to bring about something new, something so real and raw that its drive for life and death could be felt in the very bones he lacked. He embodied the perfectionism of the writer, the hubris of the stage. He delighted in delicious desperation, in the tragedy of being so obsessed as to bring upon your own demise.

(a sword of Damocles..) (she's the first character in the play.. a tragedy).

And so the play began.

Among the three fledgeling gods, Ares was indeed the most hesitant. His people served him well, and honoured him with their spars and sacrifice. But desperate was he to save the image of the orcs he once knew, and Dionysus whispered to him of orcs and goblins cavorting in his court, drinking wine and dancing through the night. He told him tales of the comfort of their lives giving way to softness, of people laying down their swords to join the endless carnival, and of the sunburnt heat of battle mellowing to gentle rest in the sunbathed hills of spring.

So Ares rose behind the orcs the Oὖρος (Oûros), dark and desolate against the skies, as barren fangs of rock picked clean by cliffs of ice. Then, he whipped the air to call forth Βορέᾱς (Boréās), the mountain wind, to bite at heels of those who walked, and howl against the mountain’s face. To Boréās he gave a key, which sealed the magic to the east. Upon its door he made his home, nestled in the rock of Oûros.

In this way, desperation spread among the orcs.

Athena, the dreamer, was lost in thoughts of glinting swords and untold sacrifices. The pedestrian lives of her people wept for enlightenment. They went about their days in peace, spinning epics that seemed like fairytales. In reality, so-called heroes were plentiful, average and boring. They were timid, shying away for fear of contamination as they cleaved dark magic asunder. They needed a way to prove themselves, to rise up as smarter, more courageous, wittier and wiser than their peers.

So Athena cast upon the west (name), shielding her people from the slow death of magic, which took their lives in placid (placant) days and wasted courage. Abandoned by their boons, the tides turned in an instant. Amidst a symphony of screams and wails, all around the humans fell. Those who dared to face the onslaught found their battles damning, futile, cruel, and they met quick and pointless deaths.

But not quite so, for in the hour of despair, they ascended. Golden, radiant, shining, they seemed to glitter like blades in the night. They descended like thunder, they struck like lightning. One by one, they felled great beasts of magic. And in their wake they left a refuge for the helpless. Here was founded noble Athens, named as such in honour of the god whose power had saved them. And there (here?) lay fair Athena, who shared excitedly with her champions endless stories of battle and glory, now made true.

In this way, reliance spread among the humans.

Dionysus, his play unfolding, was the happiest of them all. Ecstatically he danced and wove, and drawing dusk from up above, he knit between the east and west, with puppet strings that knew no rest. Along the fabric of the world, they hung and tangled as he twirled. The tieflings, caught inside his play, they kneeled before him now to pray. He made them dance, he made them cry, he made them laugh and wish to die. He sewed the magic tighter still, and bled it dry to do his will. And in his joyful tragedy, a great song spread, cacophony of crossing threads - it lies in wait, to play that day, in darkest fate.

And thus, helplessness was spread among the tieflings.

But this offended most of all Tirnodiost, whose eyes had turned towards their folly. And Dionysus, knowing this, conspiring, had planned ahead. He’d asked for his accomplices to place their seal below the (x). Tirnodiost oft lived between, a realm at the division between magic and mortals. And it was here he was maintaining when the gods began their plan, weaving light and sealing him in. So he watched in helpless desperation as his realm was shut to time.. (?) (continue for a bit)

At first he tried to stem their wills, to turn their minds against this choice. But unbending were they in their decision. In response, (???) he pushed them to extremes, drove their obsessions to desperation higher still, feeding their will to take and take until their minds were driven by only this, and broke. And in their snapping, he hoped that they would ruin this world, until it needed him so much that they turned to beg for him for his help. And yet, in this, he ensured that they could never bear to free him again, lest their plans be thwarted and their obsessions end.

And for those dared to turn and fight, death awaited before night. The fight was damning, futile, cruel. But come the morn these fallen found themselves awake and yet unharmed.

who stood and fought, futile though it was, perhaps in hope that their peers could run, perhaps in defiance or stupidity (?). For those, Athena gifted life. She rose them from the dead, she gave to them her favour, and with her magic in their veins they held a life of honour.

As sunlight dazzled on the seas, Athena turned her mind to stories. Epic tales of heroes told, off to distant lands of old

It teemed with life and filled the air with salted scents and breezes fair.

And the three of them cast an eye upon the sun, to watch over Tirnodiost from the mortal world in day, and from the underworld in night.

Across the seas, the Elves lived in gentle attunement with the earth. Theirs was a land blessed by abundant magic, even more so than the mortals, and with it came a long life and a natural affinity for its use. The flora in their land was sustained by it, the air thick with light, and their god was a cleansing one which purifies it still. On the eve of Athena's plan, the Elven god Frey had her premonition, and dove into the land to bring it light. As magic faded from the eastern shore, she pulsed and grew, swallowing the earth with her form as she spread thin throughout its roots. In this way, she saved the bounty of the earth. But Elves were built to thrive alongside her spirit, and found themselves abandoned in this sacrifice. As she fell into that deepest sleep, awaiting the return of magic, the elves found themselves defenceless.

When Athena learned of the limitations of her charges, she turned her eyes across the sea, where traders oft disembarked from perilous journeys upon the waves. She led campaigns to steal away the foreign peoples, in chase (pursuit?) of gifting them ascension from their mundane forms. And in her quest she found the elves. Starving for magic, their bodies were not designed to attack with so little. Like cannons fired with a bowstring.

While they drew more magic from the earth than a human could handle, the air was thin with magic, and as they breathed they struggled to replace what they once had, a world much thicker in light than any race on \_\_\_\_.

In the wake of these evolving tides, the gods sought to anchor themselves. Rather than move with the flow of time, they conspired to seal from the earth (the impetus of change -) the magic that so freely inspired their people.

(inhale..exhale (puff)) A blade is a blade. He cuts along the side of his foot, and uses the blood to draw a sigil circle on the ground, all the while chanting:

God of the vengeful. God of the fight. God of the creatures who hide in the night. When prey must survive and all hope is lost. The hunted will battle regardless of cost. No longer for glory, now I fight for life. For you are the god of the fear and the strife.

Then, seated in the centre, he steels himself and calls out:

Ares, your orcs are dwindling. Soon they will see the last dying struggles of their kind. And though their desperation might please you, your time is limited. Would you not rather the desperation of the elves, who may bring about a struggle far grander than this? Bestow onto me the power of your kind, and I shall strive to herald the bane of peace, a horde of monsters set upon a world unaccustomed. In commitment to our covenant, I pledge to you my very flesh, to execute the future that I have divined. (Give to me this blessing, and I shall take action, this sacrifice, to carry out our will.)

The blade flashes bright, grinning red along its wicked curve. Magic thrums to life like an engine, and with a final breath, he brings it down upon his leg.

Achievement Unlocked: Break a leg!

Captive audience

Emeris, King of Monsters - Champion of Athena --> Aransanya, King of Truth - Champion of the Elves.

Aranvanya, Blessed of Frey... Healer of Frey..

(Already they begin the.. to..?)

If tirnodiost is the god of determination, will there be an achievement ‘but it refused’ if you get revived by him???

Tragedy –