**THE FIRST TALE**

…But there is the strange amnesia. Indeed, all written and oral stories fade away in an instant or almost. In fact, the very first oral narrative transmitted tells us about a world that seems absolutely different from ours. All of this is probably due to the corruption of the meaning of words and transmission.

At the beginning, some found themselves before an impenetrable door by their own means, before it opened by itself. Where did they come from? It is unknown, except that they all came from different places. Then they were guided through a labyrinth of obstacles, falling, as we know, once into unknown waters before disappearing entirely.

In the infinite shadows, beings awakened, mysterious travelers, wandering in a voracious desert where mountains break and lush lands fade. The first tangible trace of our reality emerges, lost in the mythical desert of Hlassaïad, in the enchanting era of Iâodunaï, without mentioning the eternal snows, witnesses of the ancient tale.

Fleeing toward the distant horizon, they sought refuge and enlightenment atop a mountain overlooking the abyss. There, in the unfathomable heights, they bathed in transcendent wisdom as the world shattered once again.

Falling into the skies, rescued by a colossal, flying, and gelatinous being, they were regenerated like embryos. Under the guardianship of their savior, they returned to the desert, perhaps still the same, but their guide had foretold a collapse of the world, releasing the abyssal waters. No connection, no explanation, no parallel has yet been revealed.

Rebounding, they emerged from a sand abyss, chained, breaking their bonds and those of their future jailer. They saved the one who quenched their thirst and were granted a ship, exploding into an infinite void. Wandering in the sands, they were enchanted by a blazing tent, seduced by its promise of mercantile and genocidal exchanges, orchestrated in the depths.

Under the nocturnal stars, they encountered madness, guided by luminous orbs, echoes of the ancestral Nûrh'sai. Fools leading luminous livestock, naming ideas in songs from elsewhere, an unknown language. Thus the first Wall was etched, and with it, a nascent fissure. Avoiding shipwreck, they pierced their path under the sands, accomplishing their underground war.

They then discovered the first convoy of wading animals, carrying their drivers beneath their bellies, like the current Arvadoy, witnesses of immemorial times. They were welcomed, then banished into the skies, falling into the sands, eternal. Carrying one of them, whose essence revealed itself as primitive.

Finally emerged from the desert, they landed on a desolate plateau, primitively inhabited. There they discovered larvae whose innards still distill their secrets. They settled, grew bored, and ran toward a distant destiny, abandoning their fortune. After that, the entire group vanished in turn.

Another narrative arose, in frozen lands, evoking a distant arid desert, and another nearby, always icy—perhaps Adriûhn and Hlassaïad. They found themselves in the darkness of a gigantic woolly larva, led to the depths, brushing against our Seraskâmp, revealing features approaching known peoples. Aristois, Naotil, Kharde, primitive and close to their origins, accompanied by unknown beings. There, captured in the midst of an epic, naked in the snow, bodies appeared for the first time under the effects of the Rilie, which they mastered to give birth to unified bodies, to lantern flames, or to mystical vapor, pouring out a lake. They then confirmed the appearance of the ancestors of our Nuhrs'aï, peaceful and shining with a different light, strangers to our being, without fur or language. Countless adventures under the snows, a hamlet enveloped in thermal vapors, an ivory prison, and a suspended village producing a honey brew, whose details remain obscure. Only an amber stone, exchanged for unrevealed powers, but perhaps betrayed.

After all this, an essential transformation of the world takes shape in all its forms, a cataclysm whose reality eludes current observations. Various races take shape, but many of them succumb and vanish, primitive, even foreign to our time.