

The Divine Archive



GIANELLY



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Introducing *The Divine Archive*

Eight Divine beings. All born from the deepest ravines of my colorful mind, yet each one carries a fragment of my own complex life. They are imagined as nature's daughters, radiant with beauty and elemental power, but beneath their crowns and gifts they remain broken beings, scarred by imperfections and daily struggles.

In the novel I dream to publish one day, these sisters stand as embodiments of death and life, the stars and the sands, ice and storm, fire and myth. But more than symbols, they are mirrors: reflections of grief I have endured, freedoms I have longed for, secrets I have hidden, and love I have fought to preserve. To write them is to write myself in disguise. Their letters are not only correspondence across realms and moons, but confessions of my own heart, refracted through myth.

A letter, after all, is both a whisper and a monument. It is the most intimate form of storytelling, a voice pressed onto paper for one reader, yet destined to echo far beyond its intended recipient. In these pages, the Divine sisters whisper across distance, across silence, across the boundaries of mortality itself. And in their whispers, I hear my own voice, controlled by me as author, yet revealing truths I could not otherwise speak. I strive to place myself fully and wholeheartedly through their colors, their struggles and their letters teeming with close bonds and demeanors pulling at their seams.

These eight divine letters consist of sister pairs, writing to each other across the realm and across different moons of their lives; through the ups and downs, in good or bad circumstances, whether young or matured. Each letter is a reflection of a bond: sisters reaching across distance, across silence, across the shifting tides of their own destinies.

These letters are not bound by geography or time alone; they move through elemental cycles: Death Moon, Life Moon, Starry Moon, Sand Moon, Ice Moon, Storm Moon, Fire Moon, Mythic Moon; fantasy markers equivalent to the months we in the real world live through. These moons become more than dates; they are metaphors for their gifts and their upbringings, the rhythms of grief, joy, rebellion, and secrecy. *Their ultimate fates.*

What emerges is something far greater than a linear narrative, but a constellation of voices. Each sister writes from her own vantage point: one facing illness and mortality, another resisting the confines of duty, another longing for the ocean's freedom, and another hiding a dangerous secret. In unison, their letters form a tapestry of divine correspondence, where private emotion collides with public responsibility, and where the intimacy of sisterhood becomes inseparable from the politics of thrones, legacies, and divine gifts.

This collection, in my eyes, is not simply an archive of "make-believe" letters. It is a mirror of my lived experience refracted through fiction and fantasy. The sisters' struggles echo my own encounters with vulnerability and resilience. To read these letters is to glimpse both the imagined world of the Divines and the very real human truths that inspired them. Perhaps you may find them purely entertaining; famished for a larger glimpse of this world. Or perhaps you will feel a spark connecting your own experience. It all comes down to each and every soul who lays their eyes upon these letters from the characters dear to my heart.

As their author, I hold absolute dominion over these eight sisters. *I* decide who lives and who dies, who marries and who resists, who hides and who reveals. Every moon cycle, every coronation, every whispered secret exists because *I* willed it into being. In this sense, the letters are pure invention; mere artifacts of a world that only exists because *I* imagined it. It's so exciting thinking about it.

And yet, the more I write them, the more I recognize myself in their voices. Thana Lynn (Death's daughter) conceals her illness to protect her sister, echoing my own instinct to shield loved ones from pain. Lilybelle Rose (Life's daughter), feels both blessed and cursed by the attention her beauty draws, mirroring my unease with being seen and misunderstood. Astrid Lenore (the Galaxy's daughter), refuses to be caged by duty, reflecting my resistance to society's expectations that would confine me, while Ece Patreece (the Desert's daughter) embraces motherhood and a newfound legacy, reminding me of the weight of responsibility I carry in my own family.

Islette Elizabeth (Winter's daughter), writes with pride for her sister's coronation through sadness, embodying my desire to celebrate others even when I feel distant, while Jurette Serene (the Storms' daughter), longs for the ocean's freedom, resonating with my restless urge to escape and chase horizons beyond the familiar. Katrinara Fey (Fire's daughter), seeks forgiveness for her past, mirroring my own struggles with guilt and the need to heal what has been broken. And finally, Minnari Buttercup (Myth's daughter), hides her secret identity as a night fairy (a fairy born from evil and darkness), reflecting the parts of me that hesitate to reveal vulnerability and fear exposure.

Though I control every detail, the characters reveal truths I cannot hide. They are masks, but the masks are transparent. They are mirrors, but the reflections are distorted just enough to make me see myself anew. In shaping their destinies, I am also shaping my own story. The letters allow me to speak what I might never say aloud; indirectly and distant to my heart's content, to dramatize emotions that otherwise remain unspoken. In giving them voices, I give voice to myself.

Now, you may wonder: *Why did she choose these eight elements in particular?* They were my perfect foundation of the realm (called Meliore) itself. Death, Life, the Stars, the Desert, Ice, Storm, Fire, and Myth are the cosmic forces that shape the realm. When woven into flesh and spirit, they become daughters who carry both the grandeur of nature and their own fleshed-out imperfections. In their letters, we see how what they wrote about to their sisters goes hand in hand with their divine element:

Death signifies endings, silence, and transformation; the inevitable passage from one state to another. Death within Thana's letter is fragile, intimate, and deeply human: it is the choice to suffer alone so another may remain strong.

Life embodies vitality, beauty, and growth, but also the burden of visibility. Life in Lilybelle's letter is not just flourishing; it is exposure, vulnerability, and the weight of being seen too clearly by others.

The **Stars/Galaxy** symbolize destiny, vastness, and guidance across the night sky. The stars, in Astrid's voice, are not fixed points of fate but sparks of defiance, illuminating the possibility of choosing one's own path even against tradition.

Sand/the Desert represents ancient legacy and the grounding of life in the earth. The desert is both nurturing and unstable; it shifts beneath Ece's feet, reminding her that legacy is fragile, that even blessings can feel heavy when exposed to the scrutiny of others.

Ice embodies restraint, stability, and clarity, but also distance and coldness. Ice/Winter in Islette's eyes is not cruelty but composure; the ability to celebrate others while holding back her own warmth, embodying dignity even in separation.

The **Storms** symbolize chaos, wanderlust, and freedom, the restless energy of nature.

Storm is not destruction through Jurette, but yearning; the desire to chase horizons, to live untamed and unbound.

Fire represents destruction, passion, and renewal. Fire in Katrinara's voice is both ruin and rebirth; the destructive force that left scars, and the cleansing flame that can purify and restore. Her words remind us that fire is never neutral: it burns, but it also transforms.

Myth, despite being one of the most abstract and subjective concepts, embodies secrecy, identity, and the unseen truths that shape perception. Myth here is not wonder but danger, the fragile balance between the persona Minnari shows the world and the secret she hides. It is the mask, the story told to protect oneself, even when it strains against reality.

Have you paid any close attention to this book cover? Pause and look closely. The design is not merely ornament but a representation, layered with symbols that echo the sisters' struggles. Every detail is deliberate, every stroke a reflection of the themes you will encounter within. Have you already uncovered the deeper meaning behind these subtle marks? Or will the letters themselves teach you how to see what lies hidden in plain sight?

5th Day of the Death Moon

My dearest Lilybelle Rose,

I hope you receive this long after the divine of Death has embraced me and taken me to the heavens. My beloved baby sister, all I ever wished was to conceal my grave illness from your knowledge, for it would have been the end for me long before seeing you bawl at the sight of my frail state.

I loved you too much to let you see me so vulnerable, so ghostly; being so close to the edge of the void. And yet, even as the shadows lengthened and the chill of the grave crept into my bones, my heart remained warm with the thought of your laughter. It was the single flame that kept me from surrendering too soon.

It broke my heart to hear from my mother Lilith that you begged and cried to see me. To give me one last hug; to spend one last day together. It was for your own good; so that you would remain a strong young elfling during the darkest times. Know this, Lilybelle, though my body falters and my breath grows thin, my spirit lingers beside you. Do not think me gone entirely, for love such as ours cannot be buried beneath soil nor silenced by the tolling of death's bell.

I beg of you, do not let sorrow consume you. Instead, carry me in the gentlest recess of your memory, as one who cherished you beyond measure. Let my absence be not a wound but a reminder that you were—and always shall be—the light that guided me through the darkness. In a crumbling world, I held on to you, and you showed me colors and lights I never knew I would see again.

Send love to your mother Raven on my behalf for all of the kindness and love she showed me. She should feel so blessed to have a daughter like you. Be nice to father; do not treat him as I did. He deserves some tolerance at ~~most~~ least.

Love (one final time) a million times, your elder sister, Thana Lynn

21st Day of the Life Moon

Thana Lynn,

Sister! I had the most amazing time with you in the land of Dethalia! I wish I were able to reside with you. Now...more than ever. You make the withering land bloom because I love you so much and you show me that love tenfold.

Florestia is a beautiful place, and you are right that it is where I belong. I am quite happy with my mother Raven and our father... yet those within the castle have me alert. Their eyes linger too long, their whispers coil in the corridors. I have seen the nobles bow with smiles that do not reach their eyes, and subjects who speak in unsettling tones.

My praised beauty and the divine gift I carry seem to draw forth all the wrong attention. What should be a blessing feels at times like a curse, for it makes me a spectacle in their gaze. They circle me, not out of love or kinship, but out of hunger for what they cannot possess. I feel their desire, their schemes pressing against me like shadows at dusk.

As this goes on, I will stop at nothing and beg to be with you and your loving family. I feel safer with you. I want mother to follow, but she refuses and shoves my worries aside. Please, sister, let me reunite with you permanently. It is the only thing I want in this cruel lifetime.

Love your favorite being, Lilybelle Rose

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19th Day of the Sand Moon

Dear Astrid Lenore,

The child has been born. Your niece. Heretta Anipe. I wanted you to be the first to know, and we are overjoyed to have you in her life. We lead different yet rich and busy lives, having our own divine gifts upon us, and the distance is gruesome. We may never have grown up together as children; only visitations, but now I hope this child of mine is the key to bring us closer together. The land of Ninkha always welcomes you with loving arms.

My sister Tamisa has been a blessing and has shown Heretta so much love, but deep down I believe you are the one she will want to follow. You have always been so good with children despite your... life choices, and Tamisa has never shown anything other than tough love. I want a perfect balance for Heretta, and I want her to be spoiled as well. You are just the one to do that.

I never thought as a divine I would be able to bear fruit of my own. Our cousin Lilybelle has adopted a child, yet it's different. I wonder how the realm will react. I am scared to announce it and see it be written in history. I have always loathed receiving all the attention. Still, I will not let these worries tarnish this blessing. She is mine, ours, and I trust you to help shield her with love rather than judgment.

Let history write what it will. I care only that Heretta grows surrounded by those who cherish her, not those who seek to claim her story.

Ever yours, Ece Patreece

22nd Day of the Ice Moon

My Darling Jirette Serene,

It has only been a week since you have been married and coronated Empress of Ocerelai, but I miss you terribly. How are you adjusting to your new life? I hope you can spare enough time to write back often. Life is different without you around. It will take some time to get used to, I will admit. Yet I know the grand responsibility that has been grated upon you, especially

now that Ocerelai has been blessed with its rightful ruler. I hope your time with me has taught you much, and that you avoid doing the wrong I have committed in my past.

The people of Aurelice have shifted in curious ways. Some rejoice openly, proud to see one of their own ascend to such heights, while others whisper in corners in uncertainty. The elders speak of omens, of balance restored, yet the younger folk seem restless yet eager to show off one of their own in history. Even the merchants in the square weigh their words more carefully, as though every phrase might be carried across the winds to your throne.

I watch them all, and I see how your absence has left both pride and unease. You have become more than the divine of Ice's sister; you are now a beacon that shines through the entirety of the land of Meliore. And though I miss you dearly, I cannot help but marvel at how swiftly the world bends itself around your name. I shall take no credit through my involvement of raising you, because you have grown into a powerful woman, independent with her own choices. But I will

praise you for making the best decisions and becoming a better being than I ever was.

Best regards from your proud elder sister, Islette Elizabeth

25th Day of the Storm Moon

Dear Islette Elizabeth,

I am writing to remind you that I will forever be upset that you decided to leave me behind in this boring palace while you went overseas to a new realm. And you dare instruct me to stay within the sight of the servants? Can I not wander around the city of Vouivre? Could they not take me every now and then to the Cote villages so I can spend some time at the beach? Snow is your muse, Isla! Not mine! Why deprive me of a boat trip claiming it's "dangerous" when in truth you are probably going to visit another one of your "gal friends" in peace because you think I can be a burden! I have severe wanderlust...why can you not ever help me clear it?

My place of belonging is the ocean. The palace walls suffocate me, the marble floors echo with emptiness, but the sea . . . ah, the sea sings to me. Its waves call my name louder than any courtly decree; its salt air fills me with life that no banquet or ceremony ever could. I was not born to sit idle beneath chandeliers; I was born to chase horizons, to let the tide carry me where it wills.

Every time I look out from the palace balcony, I imagine the ships cutting through the foam, the gulls wheeling above, the endless blue stretching beyond sight. That is where I should be, not trapped here like some fragile ornament. You may find your inspiration in snow and silence, but mine lies in the roar of the surf, in the freedom of the open waters.

So do not scold me for longing next time, Isla, when you leave me behind like sickening luggage when in truth a change the scenery would be the solution to everything. The ocean is

my home, my sanctuary, my destiny. And until you allow me to go to it as much as my heart needs, I will remain restless, forever reminding you that I am no creature of stone hall.

Dangerous or not, I simply do not care. I hold no ill will for the land of Aurelice, but there is no place here for me. When I grow, I shall become a traveler and settle down in a land that calls my name; where the ocean is just out of my grasp. I could, perhaps, live *within* its waters... but I know that would be much too harsh for you, sister. I am a siren, after all. You and I are complete opposites, so I want to propose from now on minds to understand and help each other. I shall eagerly wait for your response on this when you return.

†sincerely, your snow-sick sister, Jirette Serene

14th Day of the Fire Moon

Minnari Buttercup,

I hear you are alive and well. You never really died, despite everyone's claims. It seemed we have suffered the same fate; fallen into a years-long coma. Except you were mourned and wept for. My coma brought relief to the land of Ocerelai.

I have been pondering when we will cross paths again. If, that it, you wish for such. We became enemies before your "death"; something I punish myself for every day since I was told what happened. Years of healing—courtesy of the Divine of the Stars Astrid—and my personal choice of going around and trying to mend the chaos and agony I caused in my corrupted state of mind have brought me to writing this overdue letter.

Our brother Velriyami is to be coronated as emperor of Ocerelai. Given that this is a divine throne, it is expected for all the Divines to attend. Perhaps this is where fate will reunite us. Despite the extensive evidence I was in no control during the historic war of Ocerelai and Wisparelle led by me against my will, there are beings who will forever blame and loathe me. I, indeed, murdered many, and will hold myself responsible regardless. I just hope you will not do the same. My heart yearns for the love of my baby siblings, and I would love to see how you've grown as the Grand Duchess of Pixadia. You have much to teach me, now that the throne of Wisparelle is in my hands alongside our brother Adrian, my life goal is to heal the land of all evil and past darkness. I beg you, Mina, do not ignore my plea.

All my love and more, Katrinara Fey

11th Day of the Mythic Moon

To Katrinara Fey,

My heart pounds out of my chest! My secret was almost uncovered by our parents. They want me to venture the realm more often with them and our siblings. You know I cannot be outside during the night. And I cannot encounter people that are sure to anger me in a way I have yet to see, fortunately. You must talk to them for me. I am not ready to reveal myself to a hateful world.

There have been too many close calls already. The servants glance at me strangely when I retreat too quickly, and the council whisper when I vanish before dusk. I feel their suspicion tightening around me like a net. And yet, you—only you—have pieced together the truth. I should be furious that you discovered it, but instead I am left with no choice but to depend on you.

Do you realize how much I loathe that? To have my fate balanced in your hands, to know that one careless word from you could undo me entirely. I resent it, Katia, yet I cling to you because I cannot endure the burden alone. You are the only one who knows, the only one who can shield me from their questions.

If the world learns what I am while I remain as the distressed Princess of Ocerelai, they will not forgive me; they will destroy me. And though I despise being so vulnerable before you, I would rather suffer that than face the cruelty of all the rest. The persona and life I strive to build with sweat and tears is far from that of a night fairy's.

Dearly, Minnari Buttercup

Meet the Author!



Gianelly “Gia” M. Ayala-Rodriguez is a first-generation US-born Puerto Rican student of the University of Colorado at Colorado Springs majoring in English Rhetoric and Writing as well as minoring in Creative Writing and Visual Arts. She is an obsessed fan of the fantasy genre, the medieval and renaissance time periods and all things colorful as you can see in this book’s cover hand-drawn by her. At the time of this being written, she is currently working on a huge project: an epic/high fantasy novel while designing all of the characters herself by hand. Most of the complex topics she includes in her written works stem from her tough life of being a military kid followed by becoming a kid of divorced parents. Through her colorful palette pushing through the gloomy realities of life, she hopes to enlighten readers with her art, her characters and her stories while also delivering the message that nobody is alone in their struggles and nothing is permanent. She also has some work published in the 52nd edition of the Riverrun journal of UCCS: her poem *My Desires Undone*, her nonfiction piece *Tostones*, and her sculpture/photograph titled *Home is where you make it*.

The Divine Archive is a collection of letters written by eight sisters; of Death, Life, Stars, Sand, Ice, Storm, Fire, and Myth who embody both the grandeur of nature and the fragility of human struggle. Across realms and moons, they confess secrets, griefs, rebellions, and longings, weaving a tapestry of divine correspondence that mirrors the author’s own vulnerabilities and resilience. More than fantasy, these letters are whispers of truth disguised in myth, inviting readers to uncover the deeper meaning hidden within their words and even upon the book’s cover itself.

