**Introduction**

Lor is the primordial Elemental that was the first to make it to the massive temple Nn raised from the ground. He was immediately trapped inside the city-sized space, and since has had no contact with anyone but Nn.

The First Age

In the First Age, Nn taught Lor to take records of events. Nn would transmit information to Lor in the form of visions. Lor’s energy had not fully bonded to any one Element, and he remained that way. With some effort, he could produce fire, water, earth, wind, as well as accelerate the growth of plants. His powers were very weak compared to his kin, the Elemental Gods, but the flexibility allowed him to hone his skills until he could create paper, ink, and writing utensils; as well as candles to light his work.

All through the First Age, Lor was dutiful in his recordkeeping. Within years the temple was filled with many concentric circles of shelves holding scrolls and books of every event Nn sent to Lor. As the Dark Age settled over the planet, Lor found his visions becoming less frequent, weaker, and stranger. He did his best to recreate the information sent to him, but his catalogs of Nn’s journey through the galaxy are vague at best.

The Second Age

As Nn experimented with the Stone Elemental civilization and peered at the natural life, he sent fewer experiences to Lor. The Elemental took the break well, needing to perform upkeep on all of the First Age artifacts anyway. Lor was just glad Nn had returned, and the experiences were mostly back to normal.

Here and there, though, he would get deafeningly vivid visions. He would be unable to focus on anything except the vision Nn sent his way. In a pool of water at the center of the temple, Lor finds a crack has formed in his left eye. He spends centuries trying to fix the error, but only worsens.

As the Second Dark Age takes over, Nn once again leaves. This time, without relating any visions to Lor. The record-keeping Elemental feels the complete absence of his creator, and wanders confused around the temple for millenia. Upkeep continues, but on a much smaller section of the temple. Precious scrolls begin to rot and turn to dust outside of Lor’s pocket of reality.

The Third Age

Lor feels the impact of the Mothership, but is in a very deep stupor at the time. Centuries are flying by in what feel like seconds. This all stops suddenly as Nn reappears. Lor’s fast-forwarded experience is halted back to real time. Suddenly Nn sends him a deluge of visions. Humans exploring, fighting, revelling. These strange creatures terrify Lor, and the visions are too vivid to focus on recordkeeping. He can feel visions beginning, as his body begins to shake and seize. They last for a few minutes, but leave Lor in unreality for minutes to days. He catches a look at himself, one of the days of recovering, and sees the crack has extended across his entire face.

Lor’s psyche strains with the constant barrage of information. Events begin to get scattered as Nn relays them. Familiar, ancient events blend with the new, and sometimes the visions skip or repeat like a scratched record. Even visions that should be pleasant and peaceful--A quiet wedding at sunset, a man sweeping his doorstep in the morning, trader caravans resting through the night--Are torn apart and re-pieced back together. Lor has periods where he attempts to hash together what is happening, scrawling illegibly on the very stone of the floor, but cannot keep up.

Over the centuries of human expansion on the planet, Lor builds many projects to attempt to escape the temple. His confusion with Nn has morphed into all-encompassing hatred. Derelict wooden towers rise to the roof at the center of the temple. Broken tools of stone and obsidian lay around the far edges, unable to nick the supernatural stone of the walls and floor. One section of the temple still burns, a large scorch mark near where the far wall meets the floor. Beyond all the fury Lor feels for his captor, what gnaws at him most is the loneliness. In visions before, he was able to form some sort of parasocial relationship with Nn and those being viewed. Now he is left with no connection to form.