

# Shadow of Bel

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## Preamble

*The world and many parts of its history are a mystery for humankind, and so is the urge to write them down for future beings to learn about – to leave a footprint in the track of time.*

*In this very brief short story, may it be factual or not, a light will be shed on Bel and their Shadow. This story is inspired by my – so far brief – time spent with the Twitch streamer [BELs\\_Shadow](#). However, this work is not part of this streamer's official lore, nor is it approved as such – it may not even be compatible with their lore. Still, one may, if they choose to, intertwine these identities within the confines of this short story.*

*Beware that the story is very short, may be considered unfinished, boring, shocking and overly vague. This is the style I, as an amateur author, enjoy the write in since it sparks the inspiration of not just myself but also (hopefully) those who read this piece.*

## Delusion

Dormant is He, the one who dwells far beyond the boundary of space – in the Outer Dark, the one who stirred everything into creation. He is the Lord of All. Even the being that some of humankind consider “God” answers to the Dormant One’s commands. This “God” finished his creation on the seventh day, but He, the ever-sleeping Achamoth, did not.

It is said that everything that we know and love, everything we hate and desire to destroy, will all vanish upon the day that Achamoth awakens from His primordial slumber. Until that time comes, eternal creation ensues – and with that comes boundless chaos, for it is only when all returns to nothing that harmony and order can shine bright.

## Gehenna

Thousands of years ago on the planet of humankind, Earth, nearby a long-lost city of Bronze Age dwellers, lies the Valley of Gehenna. A desolate place of death that, by the people of that time, was considered to be a place of timeless suffering. The Abyss on Earth. Even the most powerful people of that time, the Stygians, the ones that lived along the ancient river Styx, did not dare to conquer the lands nearby this hellish valley. And so, the long-lost city nearby the Valley of Gehenna remained safe from all humans for many hundreds of years – until the third Cataclysm that would occur a thousand years later.

It is in that valley, during the finest times of that long-lost city, that some of its dwellers, ancient cultists, ventured to this valley for one of their frequent occult rituals. Simple humans with knowledge of archaic sorcery went to that valley wearing robes as dark as coal, adorned with stitched-on crimson red symbolism and scripts that not even they themselves understood fully.

That night, the midnight of their ever-last ritual, the circle of nine cultists gathered around and bound their hands to each other with strong heavy golden wrist-chains, the metal chains’ rattling sounds echoing within the valley. Gathered around a strange set of nine perfectly round spheres made of a dark blue – almost black – material that looked like glass but definitely wasn’t, they started their ritual by chanting scripts in an age-old tongue not known to humans. Their Song of Gehenna echoed within the valley and is rumored to have been heard even beyond the Black Sea. It awakened not only humans but also their nightmares.

And so, with Gehenna’s Chanting growing stronger in power, aided by the ancient sorcery that was unlocked by it, the Silver Moon rained down upon earth as dust that sparkled within the light of itself. Achamoth’s primordial slumber had, from that point on, brought the Silver One into being.

This new being with a form incomprehensible for the human mind, was known as “Bel”, the Silver One. Their form is indescribable – a living void that leaves no light to escape. Described to have been towering far above the tallest mountains during the time of their first breath in the Valley of Gehenna, Bel cast their gaze upon the world with a silver eye. However, as one of the cultists described at a later point in one of their writings, what they saw was not Bel themselves but instead one of their shadows cast upon earth from beyond the moon.

Through some unfathomable way, Bel casts their shadow upon any world, any plane, any dimension, and it is their shadow that lives on and takes its own form. It is said that Bel has a thousand shadows, and so they are sometimes referred to as The One with a Thousand Shadows. Why they are also known as the ‘Silver One’? Each and every form, a shadow cast upon a world, has at least a single silver eye.

That same day, the giant void-like towering First Shadow of Bel had mysteriously disappeared, never to have been seen again. Even to this day people still try to figure out what that First Shadow was exactly and where it went.

Throughout the further couple thousands of years, several Shadows of Bel were cast upon this earth, the mortal realm of humankind. It is unknown why this happens, although it is speculated that the positioning of the planets and stars have an influence on it – after all, it is their reflective light that, with Bel eclipsing in front of it, casts yet another shadow from beyond the moon upon this earth.

## The Ninth Shadow

More than two hundred years ago, Edo period Japan, the people of a small village just finished their yearly ritual at their Shrine of the Fox Spirit. The peaceful and calm night sky made its own offering; a beautiful view of thousands of stars – and the bright full moon. Little did the villagers of that time know what happened far beyond the moon.

A once-in-a-century event was occurring right above their heads. The Silver Moon and the planets Mokusei, Dosei and Kaiousei, respectively known as Jupiter, Saturn and Neptune, were about to be lined up perfectly. Once this triple eclipse occurred, within the peaceful silence of the night, the Ninth Shadow of Bel appeared in this mortal world in the form of a silver-furred fox – one that was later revealed to be a true Fox Spirit, a Kitsune, with one Silver Eye, the identifiable mark of Bel.

