

The Birth

A short story by
Francesco Moramarco

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In principle there were the Seven, the Primes. These spiritual entities enjoyed the interaction between one another, and that was enough. They did not have a name, because nothing existed except for the Seven, and they did not necessitate of a language to communicate. They did have neither body nor physical shape, because the Void surrounded them in every dimension.

After few seconds, or maybe after eons, the Primes started to feel bored of just communicating among themselves. To the prospect of spending an eternity as such, they decided to unite their minds with the purpose of changing the Void, hoping to create something that could distract them from their eternal, ethereal existence. Sitting in a circle there where the Void, dark and black, enveloped everything, the seven Primes focused their thoughts on a single point: a vibration of energy stained the Void for a moment. The Seven, excited, tried again.

More vibrations followed, but they would die just as they were born. The Seven insisted, and slowly the vibrations started to thicken, becoming more intense and long-lived, illuminating the Void for an instant, like sparkles, before dispersing in it.

Billions of years went by, or perhaps just a few minutes. The Seven grew tired of this phenomenon, which happened in an unpredictable and sporadic manner, outside of their control. As their minds began to wander off and

lose focus on the task, the vibrations lost intensity, and the noise created smaller vibrations in different directions.

Then it happened. Two opposite, orthogonal vibrations brushed the Void almost at the same time, a phenomenon never happened before: the Void did not hold. A point of infinite matter and unimaginable energy ripped the dimensions. The Seven, both scared and excited, regained their focus and observed the wonder.

The singularity point exploded. It expanded at extreme speed, and the first particles seceded from it to fill the Void. The Universe was born.

The Primes observed, enraptured, the continuous growth of their creation, which kept on expanding, pushing away the Void, and creating Space. The primordial particles aggregated together to build bigger and more complex ones. Galaxies and Stars were born.

Two of the Seven left their ethereal dimensions and went to dwell in them. They were marvelled by the light and fire the stars generated and wanted to observe their children closely. The other five Primes observed the Universe from the Aether, where they had always existed.

After a few billion years, some of the stars died. New, smaller stars formed from the explosion of their parents and, during their birth, part of their matter aggregated around them and solidified to form planets. One of the five Primes in the Aether, attracted by this solid matter, that is rock and metal, left the Aether to dwell the Universe. It was him to notice, in a small planet in the Universe, the creation of two new materials, a liquid and a gas. Two of the Seven found the discovery fascinating. They left their dimension and went to live in the new planet. One of them dwelled in the water, the other one in the air.

The attention of the Primes moved to the new planet. One of the two Seven still dwelling in the Aether reached the small planet when the first plants and animals were born. She loved these sentient creatures, which moved and reproduced, although just pushed by their survival instincts.

The last of the Seven waited in the Aether to observe the Universe. Unlike the other six, she did not despise the Void, nay, she thought of the stars as useless clusters of energy and matter, too hot and too bright. She silently watched the Universe grow and the Earth populate of plants and animals. The other six were happy to contemplate the world and its natural wonders, but she wanted more; she wanted to create.

One dark night, when the moon and the stars were covered, the last of the Seven descended on Earth, invoked all the others to gather and proposed them her idea. "The whole Universe is our handiwork," she began. "With our

powers, we have created matter and energy from the Void. They are beautiful, but they are not sublime. I here beg you to unite our minds once again, to create a being able to conceive real thoughts, a being capable of choosing the paths of her life without being pushed by survival instinct, a being who might worship us as her Gods and creators!"

The other Primes pondered such demand for a long time. Some of them were charmed by the Prime's speech, others worried that such a deed might rip the dimensions and destroy all they had created. After ninety revolutions of the Earth around its nearest star, the Sevens agreed with the demand.

They gathered in a small continent in the planet, a place where nature flourished proudly, and joined their minds for a second time. The Prime who loved nature, having observed all living beings, created the shape of the new creature. Every other entity added something of their own to the creature. The only one who didn't give input on the shape of the new being was the one who had persuaded the others to create her, because her only interest was to shape her mind, a mind capable to think, communicate, feel pleasure and pain.

In a day of quivering creation, the new being was moulded and came to life: it was a total success. The being was bigger of every animal and taller than every tree. Her body was strong and tapered like the body of a reptile, her neck long and muscly, her clawed legs were able to grab and root up the biggest redwoods. Enormous velvet wings, as wide as hills, were

attached to her back, where tendons as thick as trunks held her enormous weight. Her head was tapered and had two big, dark eyes. The dragon did not have a colour, as the Seven did not agree. The being, therefore, was transparent and reflected every colour like a crystal.

When the creation was complete, the Primes disunited their minds and observed their creature with expectation. The dragon moved her first steps on the grassy ground, testing her body, the soil under her feet and the nature around her; she then noticed her creators. She bowed her head with awe and respect before the Seven, who watched full of joy and admiration. The Goddess who had given the being intelligence, observed her with pride and superiority.

The dragon raised her head and, with a roar that made all the animals in the forest flee, emitted a blinding blaze of all the colours of the rainbow. She then bent her back legs and, with an impressive kick, took off in her new world.

Amazed by their creation, whom they named Marvel, the Gods rushed back to their respective sacred homes on Earth and started working on creating more dragons, using Marvel as a blueprint.

In a short time, the Earth populated with dragons, with every one of the Seven starting a new breed, each with different colours and powers.

The Age of Creation had begun.

Red dragons appeared, work of the God of Fire.

Golden dragons were the children of the Goddess of Light.

Green dragons were born from the Goddess of Nature.

Blue dragons came out of the ocean thanks to the Goddess of Water.

Silver dragons were the work of the God of Rocks and Metals.

White dragons were created by the God of Wind.

And black dragons were born from the Prime who liked being called the Goddess of Darkness.

Eons passed by, in which the great chromed dragons populated the planet, often fighting each others to control different lands. As time went by, the Seven learnt to understand their creatures, and share with them the secrets of the Universe.

And so it was that the God of Rocks found himself dissatisfied. The Silver dragons, although forged by him, did not reciprocate his love for precious metals and rocks of the Earth. They preferred to overfly the great rocky mountains scattered in the continent, rather than dig the rock to bring out its wonders.

One day, when the attention of the Gods was focused on a great battle that saw red, golden and black dragons, the God of Rocks locked himself in his forge in the depths of Earth and moulded new beings at his image, out of bare rock.

The dwarves, small and sturdy bipeds, with long beards of the different colours of precious metals, emerged from the God's dwelling and populated the surrounding mountains. They dug luxurious homes out of bare rock and aroused the intolerance of the silver dragons, who considered the new born an inferior race.

When the dwarves were discovered, the other Gods rebelled. They accused the God of Rocks of having betrayed them, and they threatened to destroy his creatures. Rhotgar, as he was called by his children, ardently defended his actions, managing to placate the other Gods' wrath; all but the Goddess of Darkness', who, unbeknownst to the others, had previously tried to create her own creatures, with disastrous effects. From that day, all the Seven began to create new races.

The Goddess of Light and the Goddess of Nature met in the largest forest of the planet and joined their voices in a melodic chant. They sang of all that was beautiful and bright in the world, shaping with their chant their new creatures: the elves. The elves were tall and slender, pale skinned and extremely long-lived. They had pointed ears, long straight hair and colourful eyes. Of discrete physical strength, they were endorsed by the Goddesses of the power to modify matter and energy with their minds, a gift they themselves defined Magic. The new creatures took dwelling in the great and sunny forests of the planet, singing in devotion of their creators, whom they called Seleren and Aerienel.

The God of Wind, eager to give birth to his own offspring, studied closely these two races to understand their strengths and weaknesses. He admired the magical skills of the elves, the endurance of the dwarves and their interest towards rocks and gems, as well as the elves's love for nature. Contrary, he did not like the dedication and servility of the two races towards their creators. After his studies and deductions, the God of Wind gave birth to the race of humans. In the new beings, the God gave his biggest gift: free will.

Humans were not bound to their creator, they could choose which God to worship as well as reject them all. They were subject to quick changes, like the wind, and had a short life and a changing body. They could choose whether to train their physical or spiritual abilities. The God of Wind, Vorhal, as he was named, did not give them the gift of magic, nor did he prevent them to find out how to use it by themselves. He showed them both light and darkness, so that each being could choose which path to take. Satisfied with his work, Vorhal watched his offspring take their first steps into the world.

The Goddess of Water created her own creatures, whose she kept close and safe in the oceans, whereas the God of Fire, too fond of dragons, whom he thought were the perfect race, preferred not to give birth to his own offspring, but spread his power everywhere on Earth so that each being could make use, if worthy of it.

The Goddess of Darkness watched the new races populate the world with rising anger. She loved intelligence and ambition, but lacked dedication

and creativity; therefore, her creatures did not survive in the world or revolted against her.

Everything changed one day, few millennia after the birth of the human race, when a young man was banned from his village, after being accused responsible of the death of his younger sister, who had fallen from a cliff. Nortas, as he was called by his acquaintances, tried in every way to explain the accident, but was not believed. On threat of death, he fled the village for the wild and deserted lands. The young man went deeper and deeper in that which the villagers called Wyneth, or Dark Forest. A place that served as an occasional house to the Goddess of Darkness, who, in her wrath and glossy would make every living being flee from her beloved places.

Nortas, fuelled by rage towards the villagers and pushed by desperation, got lost in the forest never touched by light. It so happened that the Goddess of Darkness, dwelling in those places, noticed that wandering soul and was impressed by the strength of his emotions: anger, desire of power and vengeance. Excited to finally find a kindred soul, though as weak as every child of the God of Wind, she revealed herself to the young Nortas and consoled him with sweet words. The Goddess explained he should not repress his emotions, and gave him the power to claim his vengeance on the village. The Goddess watched with pride the boy bow before her and call her his queen.

To the destruction of the village and death of all its inhabitants, Vorhal, God of Wind, recognised the intervention of Darkness. He railed against her, accusing her of interfering with his creatures, but failed to prove his point when the Goddess made him notice that what had happened did not

depend on her interference, but rather the free will Vorhal had gifted the humans with.

Darkness had found its place in the world, and the other Seven had to accept it. She acquired several names: Goddess of Darkness, queen of Nightfall, majesty of Ambitions, Pride, and Power, though her favourite name was Fhynaral, the Sublime. Her creatures did not belong to a single race. Dragons, humans, dwarves, even elves who were spelled by her words and promises formed the ranks of her army.

When the inhabitants of Earth found out they could choose Darkness instead of Light, wars multiplied, driven by desire of lands and power. Deeply afflicted by the death of so many souls, the Goddess of Nature and the Goddess of Light gathered the other Gods.

They expressed their sufferings, explaining they could not endure the loss of their offspring souls after their death. Rhotgar, God of Rocks and father of the dwarves, stroked his long white beard and explained that the minds of material beings could not dwell in the physical dimensions of the Universe. It was the God of Fire, Aras, as he was called by the elves, who proposed a solution.

"Since the creation of the Universe," began the God, "I have watched closely the dilation of space and time, and I do believe this phenomenon only belongs to this dimension. In all the other dimensions, the Void reigns supreme.

"So, what do you suggest?" asked Ashira, Goddess of Water.

Aras, who loved to show himself in the shape of a red dragon, arched his neck towards the sky and produced a huge crimson blaze. The flames soon dissipated, leaving space to a circular portal, black as the abyss. The red dragon jumped straight into it, inviting the others to follow him.

The Gods traversed the portal, and the Void surrounded them. They looked at each other surprised, as they had lost their bodies and gone back to be spiritual entities, as it was in the beginning.

The God of Fire explained: "In our mother dimension, the Aether, we can create our spiritual realms and, when our creatures abandon their physical bodies, they will reach us here and spend the eternity close to us."

The Gods consented.

In the meantime, the populations of the Earth divided in followers of the Light, followers of the Darkness, and those who didn't choose a front. Soon, some commotions in the lands of Darkness attracted the attention of the Gods. From the mountains of Thakhas, the main dwelling of the Dark Queen on Earth, an army of new beings came out: a set of diverse races, united by their desire of war, power and avidity. The most numerous, whom the humans degradedly named ogres, were bipeds with ocher skin, strong and muscled. They were followed by goblins: smaller, agile, green skinned creatures. Other beings with neither name nor face filled their ranks. They all had amazing and destructive powers.

The Gods railed against Fhynaral, accusing her of having created such monsters. Even she looked at the new creatures with disgust. She thought her attempts to create an offspring had failed, but she was wrong. Some of the Gods suggested to directly intervene to eliminate the new creatures.

After some hesitation, the Goddess of Darkness also agreed to get rid of them.

However, before the Seven could hurl their bolts, the ogres and the other dark creatures, realising they had no chance of escape, bowed before their mother, begging for asylum and promising eternal loyalty. Fhynaral, struck by so much devotion, put herself between her creatures and the other Gods, threatening to hit them and their children if they tried to touch the new beings.

The other Seven were not intimidated, for they were six against one. It was Aerienel, Goddess of Nature, to dissuade them. She explained that a battle between the Gods would cause the end of the Earth and maybe the end of the whole Universe. The Primes were too affectioned to their creatures to take such a risk.

They joined one more time in reunion and, after years of debating, it was Aras, God of Fire, who once again offered a solution. He suggested to bind the Seven to a divine pact that would constrain them to leave Earth forever and find dwelling in the Aether. From there, they could watch and help their creatures without directly intervening in their lives.

Albeit grudgingly, the proposal was accepted and, to seal the divine pact, seven medallions were forged by the God of Metals. Each locket would contain a gem, blessed by each divinity, who left a trace of themselves in it. They were hidden in seven different places on Earth. This way, the Seven could observe the Earth and extend part of their powers to the planet without dwelling physically on it.

The Gods abandoned Earth.