

# **The Birth**

A short story by  
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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 a language to communicate. They had neither body nor physical shape, because the Void surrounded them in every dimension.

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After a few seconds, or maybe after eons, the Primes started to feel bored of just communicating amongst themselves. At 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 cut the Void for a moment. The Seven, excited, tried again.

More vibrations followed, but they would die as quickly 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 before dispersing.

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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 more, smaller vibrations appeared in different directions.

Then it happened. Two opposite, orthogonal vibrations brushed the Void almost at the same time, a phenomenon never seen 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.

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

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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.

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Two of the Seven left their ethereal dimensions and went to dwell in the galaxies. They marvelled at 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.

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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 in the Universe. It was he who noticed, on 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 on the new planet. One of them dwelled in the Water, the other in the Air.

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The attention of the Seven moved to the new planet. One of the two Primes 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, albeit just driven by their survival instincts.

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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 with plants and animals. The other six were happy to contemplate the world and its natural wonders, but she wanted more; she wanted to create.

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One dark night, when the moon and the stars were covered, the last of the Seven descended to Earth, invoked all the others to gather and proposed to 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 hereby 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!"

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The other Primes pondered this 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 to the demand.

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They gathered on 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 of thinking, communicating, feeling pleasure and pain.

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In a day of trepidatious creation, the new being was moulded and came to life: it was a great success. The being was bigger than 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 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 young trunks held her enormous weight. Her head was tapered and marked by 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.

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When the creation was complete, the Primes disunited their minds and observed their creature in expectation. The dragon took 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 in 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.

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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 on her back legs and took off into her new world.

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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.

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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.

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Eons passed, in which the great dragons populated the planet, often fighting each other 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 of precious metals and rocks of the Earth. They preferred to overfly the great rocky mountains scattered accross the continent, rather than dig the rock to extract 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 in his image, out of bare rock.

The dwarves, small and sturdy bipeds, with long beards the 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 newborn 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 onwards, all the Seven began to create new races.

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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. They had great physical strength and were endorsed by the Goddesses with the power to modify matter and energy with their minds, a gift they themselves defined Magic. The new creatures dwelled in the great and sunny forests of the planet, singing in devotion to their creators, whom they called Seleren and Aerienel.

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The God of Wind, eager to give birth to his own offspring, closely studied 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 in rocks and gems, as well as the elves' love of nature. On the 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 or even 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 from finding 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.

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The Goddess of Water created her own creatures, which 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 of it, if worthy.

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The Goddess of Darkness watched the new races populate the world with rising anger. She excelled in intelligence and ambition but lacked dedication and creativity; therefore, her creatures either did not survive in the world or revolted against her.

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Everything changed one day, a 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. Sentenced to death, he fled the village for the wild and deserted lands. The young man delved deeper and deeper into that which the villagers called Wyneth, or Dark Forest, a place that served as an occasional abode to the Goddess of Darkness, who, in her wrath would make every living being flee from her beloved places.

Nortas, fuelled by his 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 for power and vengeance. Excited to finally find a kindred soul, albeit as weak as a 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 exert his vengeance on the village. The Goddess watched with pride as the boy bowed before her and called her *his queen*.

In the destruction of the village and the 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 demonstrated that what had happened did not depend on her interference, but rather the free will Vorhal had gifted to the humans.

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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 enchanted by her words and promises formed the ranks of her army.

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When the inhabitants of Earth found out they could choose Darkness instead of Light, wars multiplied, driven by the desire for land 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. 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 closely watched 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 behind them 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 in surprise, as they had lost their bodies and gone back to being 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.

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In the meantime, the populations of Earth divided into followers of Light, followers of Darkness, and those who didn't choose a front. Soon, some commotion 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 for war, power and avidity. The most numerous, whom the humans degradedly named ogres, were strong, muscly bipeds with ocher skin. 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 directly intervening and eliminating 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, who dissuaded 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 had grown too affectionate towards their creatures to take such a risk.

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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 binding the Seven to a divine pact that would force 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 within 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.

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The Gods abandoned Earth.