

Blikxem – Endless Scourge

A god born of thunder. A mind carved from storms. A terror that even other gods whispered about.

- The god of lightning, destruction incarnate, a force that both births invention and ends nations. While the other gods trembled beneath the weight of their own elements, Blikxem faced his. His mind was an endless storm, roaring, tearing, devouring.
But unlike the others, whom he saw as weak, trembling things, Blikxem did not drown in his chaos. He mastered it.
He found the eye of the storm absolute stillness within infinite violence and shaped it into power.
- With this mastery, he waged war on his siblings, carving out a land where no mortal or god could stand. A continent wrapped in thunderstorms, lightning that never ceased, winds that peeled mountains like bark. He claimed it as his throne, and he believed he needed no one. Not allies.
Not followers.
Not family.
Only the storm.

Then humanity came.

- Castaways of society, murderers, torturers, the vilest that humanity could offer. Thrown into the storm as punishment, as disposal. Thousands died before their bodies even touched Blikxem's shores.
Yet some survived.
Broken things, burned things, howling things.
They crawled toward the center of the storm to look upon the god himself.
- Blikxem killed most. His lightning judged them unworthy, tearing their bodies apart faster than thought.
But a few...
A few impressed him.
Humanity's rage, brutality, and instinct for survival resonated with him. They reflected his own chaos.
He blessed them, marked them with lightning, set them to live under his rule. Their one duty was simple:
Fight. Bleed. Entertain the god who had chosen them.
- These were the only followers Blikxem ever accepted. When the Evernight rose, these lightning-marked warriors fought until mountains shattered beneath their feet. They were

storms given flesh.

The War of Gold

Blikxem watched humans fall. Gods fall. The world rotting beneath the weight of darkness.

For the first time in eternity, he felt the pull of something unfamiliar: necessity.

He joined his siblings. He sent his men. They fought on the last frontiers of the dying world, lightning against abyss, thunder against the whispering dark.

But even storms die.

Blikxem fell. His followers were erased. His religion was the first to break.

Before the final sealing, he tore a shard of his power from his breaking form and forged it into a weapon. A weapon that could shatter heavens.

It is now lost to time... waiting for the one mad enough to claim it.

Teachings of the Endless Scourge

(His followers carved these into stone with their bare hands.)

- **Weakness is a sin paid in blood.**
- **Those who cannot fight do not deserve breath.**
- **Let lightning devour your mind. Surrender to chaos. Become its vessel.**
- **Revenge is purpose. Revenge is purity. Revenge is life.**
- **Only the strongest of men may walk the path.** Women, the disabled, the gentle, the compassionate — Blikxem rejects them.
- His followers are storms. Mountains of rage. Unbreakable. Unyielding.
They sharpen their hate, their strength, their scars.
They bow to no one but the storm.

For Blikxem does not want the weak.

The weak died on his shores.

Only the storm-born remain.