

# Mistral – Protector of the Sky

*The god of wind, a force present everywhere, moving eternally — from quiet breezes to raging storms.*

- From the moment of his creation, Mistral, like the other gods, struggled with his power but eventually found peace in following his own wind. He descended to Earth, exploring currents and leaving behind secrets and hidden gifts for his siblings — and even for humans who happened to cross his path.
  - Mistral was playful and curious. He loved speed, movement, and optimal paths. He became the gods' messenger: whenever they needed to communicate, Mistral, the fastest of all, carried their words. He loved every moment of it.
  - He walked the Earth as humans would in the future, hoping others would embrace the joy of movement and freedom, and perhaps one day, fly as he did.
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## Humanity's Descent

- When humans fell from Cox, Mother asked for his help. Mistral aided them, but in his own style: he gave blessings and spread the ruins of wind, encouraging exploration and freedom.
  - His guidance was relaxed, non-forcing. He wanted followers to feel free like the wind itself. He often flew among them, observing and delighting in their growth, their curiosity, and their discoveries. He genuinely loved watching them flourish.
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## The War of Gold

- Mistral, usually carefree, did not anticipate the horror of the Evernight Curse. He had been asleep within a wind current until Alve awakened him. By then, it was too late — many of his followers had fallen, even those who could fly.
- His negligence, caused by choosing to “sleep until a better season,” filled him with disgust and rage. In response, Mistral unleashed a storm of such fury that not even Blikssem could match it. Entire landscapes were shattered, yet the monsters pressed on.
- Ridden with guilt, he fought with unmatched intensity, fueling his power with anger and regret. Even Blikssem, normally cold and merciless, gave him a nod of approval for harnessing his wrath to drive vengeance.
- When the Evernight was finally sealed, Mistral reshaped the land permanently. A slow, deadly cold now reigns over the new mountains, creating harsh and unforgiving terrain for

those who inhabit it. Exhausted and guilt-ridden, Mistral went into slumber on a small island in the sky, dormant but full of unresolved hatred for what he had allowed to happen.

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## Teachings of the Sky

- **Embrace freedom and movement.** Like the wind, flow where life carries you.
- **Curiosity is sacred.** Explore, discover, and leave gifts for those who follow.
- **Freedom of choice is the highest gift.** Teach others to move unbound, but always guide when danger threatens.