

# *Mélina*



Quytelda Kahja

# Mélíma

This is our story: it is the history of the universe, the seven worlds, and all the people. This is the story of the Tamélinin, the first tribe, who were once called the People of the Stars. This tale is our tale; we were the first, we are the oldest, and we will be the last.

It starts at the birth of the universe, with the origin of the people and the beginning of the world, which we recount as such:

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In the beginning, there was Elóndenin in his endless palace of wonders in the unending void; Elóndenin always was, is, and will be. In that time, the earth had not yet been formed, and no other thing than the great palace of Elóndenin existed. It was surrounded by the unending void, where dark shadows covered all and none could see but Elóndenin.

As he sat on his throne in the place without time, he made his great plan: He would narrate the Great Story, and and make it be. So He drew up a world in the void, raw and unformed, which He set into motion and made alive. It was covered only by water, as the sea filled the whole surface of the earth, but Elóndenin raised a land in the waters. There He made the first people from the earth and awoke them, blessing them with the gift of speech. Inside each of them, He left a piece of himself, so that they knew what should be done.

Also, He placed a number of spirits upon the earth that are called the *Aivar*. Unlike the people, the Aivar have no fixed form, but can be in many different places at once. Chief among them are Ustúi, the wind, Quen, the water, and Vaine, the fire, but there are many others. There was also Mmévaine, of colourless flame, but he is now called Karavaine because he is evil.

In the beginning, the people awoke upon the dark and unformed earth, and found that they could speak. From among themselves (there was nine men and nine women that were present), they chose Veilin, the wisest, to be their leader as they began their work. They began to raise mountains and hollow vallies, seperating the waters from the lands.

As their work neared completion, the tribe encountered a new creature that they did not remember from before. It had followed them for some time, and they were wary. The people had dreams about it, so they called it *kahja*. One night as they rested, it came to them and sat on the edge of their camp. The people were afraid of it, but it said to them: "Do not be afraid; go east, all the way to the sea - there is good land a short way across the water where you should live." Then the

kahja shook the dew from his coat and blew the sparkling dust into the sky, which became stars sparkling against the purple firmament. When the people turned back, it had gone, but it left behind a small amount of scintillating dust which the people collected; Veilin kept it safe. Then the people travelled eastward following the stars to find the promised land, and they called it Tamélin when they saw that it was beautiful.



*Kahja Milloro Syl Mil*

After many long ages had passed, Elóndenin once again placed a race of men on the earth, and endowed them with the gift of speech. They called themselves the Quenin, the people of the water, because Elóndenin placed in them a passion for the seas and waters of the world. They explored the seas and came to many lands, and eventually they came upon Tamélin, calling them the Sýlin, or "The People of the Stars".

For a long time, the Tamélinin and the Quenin lived together in harmony, enjoying a prosperous golden age. However, at that time a new tribe was awaking across the waters, and it's coming heralded the end of unity. Karavaine, a fire spirit who was once called Mmevaine came upon them first. Through them, he saw an opportunity to achieve greater power, and he took it. Not long after



the new people had awoken, the Aivar appeared to them, wreathed in flame. He said: "Children, hear me! I am your father. From me you were created and to me you will return, for I am the beginning and the end. I am God." The new people were unsure, and wary of the newcomer, but he gave them good things so they listened. Thus Karavaine became their idol; anything he spoke was done, and their true purpose was cast aside. The Tamelin named them the Numórin, because they dug many holes for no apparent reason.

Many years later, as the earth continued to mature, the last tribe of people was placed upon it. They called themselves the Imain, or those of green, and they also spoke with language. They settled in the southern fields of the mainland around the river Enwa. They cared for the young earth, tending the growing things in the fields and forests, but they were always harassed by Karavaine's people. Soon a traveler abroad from Tamélin came and found the Imain in their meadows, and he wondered at their creations. His name was Kénjain, and Kýrin, Nímins daughter, brought him to speak with Nímin, the leader of the Imain. Kénjain went back to Veilin, and told him all of what he had seen and heard, and suggested the Imain might join the Tamélinin across the waters. Veilin approved of the idea, and sent Kénjain back to tell them of the invitation. This they gladly accepted, wanting a land untouched by the destruction of the Numórin. So the great host of the Imain waded across the shallow waters to Tamélin, and they mingled with the Tamélinin, and they became fast friends. As a gift to the Tamélinin to show their gratitude, the Imain created the Gendólin tree, and presented it to Veilin. Veilin took the tree and planted it in his garden, and its saplings were planted far and wide. The leaves of the gendólin tree were pale gold, and its bark was a silvery gray. The Tamélinin, the Quenin, and the Imain co-existed in Tamélin in perfect peace, and together they made many wonders.

However, a time came eventually when all the peoples began to grow discontent with their world. The Imain felt a deep longing for the land where they had awoken back on the mainland; they were tied to it, and desired to return. Meanwhile, the Quenin and the Tamelinin had begun to grow malcontented with one another; the Quenin envied the Tamelinin because they were first and had grown further, and the Tamelinin were angered by the sentiment. Neither side would acknowledge or yield, so they gave in to greed and began to steal from one another.

Veilin saw the strife among the people, and he worried about it. He wondered what would become of the harmony between the nations, and he did not foresee good. One night, as Veilin slept, a kahja came to him in a dream. The kahja answered him with a prophecy:

Gai ge syl kiro te mil  
umoran weivelon  
Elen karja amber mil  
jeníar mana gendol.

Deep below the bright stars,  
we live among the trees  
in the pale days  
of silver and gold.

Theo rynira mindavet,  
ustúi mar ni embavet  
arton mil le angoret,  
sovoenje ve alimuir.

As the stream flows,  
the ancient wind will carry  
the leaves that fall,  
seperated from their fathers.

Engais gaiwin siloret,  
gai ge ama mana kar.  
Nenor ven men le foret.

The roots grow deep below the light,  
deep below life and light.  
Not all is as it seems.

Eventually, a large part of the Imain decided to travel back to the Mainland, to the Ira Enwa and reclaim their old lands. So the Tamélinin and the Imain built great ships out of the plentiful gendólin wood, and a great many of the Imain went on board, sailing away from Tamélin, back to the mainlands. There they settled again in the forests and fields they once tended, but they were seen by the Numórin arriving in great droves. The Numórin perceived them as a threat, and meant to destroy them, because they were afraid.

Thirteen days after the Imain disembarked on the southern shore of the Ira Enwa, they were attacked by a Numórin army. While the people had expected conflict, they had not expected the Numórin to be organized and they struggled to defend themselves. Then Karavaine arose angrily against the people, bringing fire from the mountains of the North down upon them. The two tribes were not strong enough to fight him; no one could withstand the fiery rain that quickly forced them southward. For nine days, the Imain fled the flames and nearly half their numbers died. But then the Quenin came at last, and with them they brought the Aivar Quen of the Water, and Ustúi of the wind. Together they battled Karavaine, and the young earth was shaken. The lands in the North cracked and broke and were scorched by the fire so that nothing ever grew there again, and the stars in the sky were scattered far away, deep into the blackness, so the world became dark and cold except for the fire. All the people and the Numórin cowered in fear, taking refuge wherever they could find it as they watched the Northern mountains erupt in violence where the spirits fought.

Finally, the other Aivar overcame Karavaine and captured him. They imprisoned him deep under the mountains of the North until the ending of the world, but they could not erase his illness from the weary earth. The world was dark, and the stars were far away - too far to light the earth anymore. But Veilin still had the light dust from the beginning times, and he brought it out. He presented it

to all the tribes, who gathered near into the small island of light. When he held it aloft, two of the Aivar came to him and said "Allow us to light the earth." And so, the two Aivar, Dorma and Yenna, joined with the people to create the sun and moon from the dust of the stars, and guided them through the sky as sentinels of the day and night. When they saw it, all the people rejoiced together.

But, the era of harmony between the tribes had finally ended; the three tribes were forced to part ways. The Imain remained on the Mainland, while the Tamélinin returned home. The remaining Quenin disappeared, and were not heard from again for many ages.

Then Veilin, with his work completed, left the world forever to the halls of Aie to be with Elóndenin forever. In his memory, the Tamélinin created the *aquavele*, or the remembering flower. It had purple petals that shone with a tinted golden hue and collected pale dewdrops which shone like the moon in the light. It was deemed one of the most beautiful things that grew on the earth, and it was the last part ever made.

The world was finished.

*Pan le que ylomet im oluir mil,  
mana silma inen komet yoe,  
mana quin ni vymet urmilleth,  
siles mil inen urvymo yoe.*

*- Imainlambe, 3*

*When the sea shall take from us this place,  
all lands shall become one,  
and the earth remade,  
and all people will again be one.*

*- Song of the Imain, 3*

# Kaie Veilinar

There was a dream, a strange dream, that I had many times:

I was standing alone in a forest - there was not a sound to be heard. Sweet sunlight dripped through the canopy, splashing a waterfall of light onto the ground. I don't know where I was, but the time passed slowly, if at all. For several days I stood in the forest, watching the light in the sky wax and wane, yet nothing changed and nothing moved.

Eventually, I started to wander westward, toward the setting sun; I don't know how long I traveled. On my journey, I saw a majestic mountain looming over me. The great walls of its jagged cliffs looked ancient, and it still bore the face of an unmovable strength. As I passed it, I walked through an endless field of golden grass swaying in the wind. Still, nowhere did I see anything move but the breeze.

In the end, I arrived at a gentle sea where blue waves lapping upon the shore were the only sounds to be heard. The reflections of the starlight played upon the waves at night, and I was mesmerized. But then, gazing out into the distance, I could see a bright white light just over the horizon. Voices whispered to me from the distance, calling me, calling my name. There were many - so many - as the echoes danced on the water with the starlight.

As I felt the water on my feet - so warm and smooth - I turned and looked back into the forest. I saw two eyes there, watching me silently, and then the voices faded. The starlight on the water lasted a little longer, but soon it too began to fade, along with the water, the trees, the fields, and the mountains. Then I entered a deep sleep, and I had no more dreams.

- Veilin Tamélinar at the close of the Twilight Age

# Kenjain mana Kírin

During the twilight age, Veilin sent Kénjain to the mainland to see the Numórin, of whom they had become aware. After crossing the shallows and coming on the shores of the mainland, he beheld the lands of the Imain. He was drawn to the beauty and scent of the flowers of the fields, which he had not seen before, and he deemed them beautiful. As he gazed upon them he was filled with delight and wonder at the new sight, and he was surrounded by the soft scent of the fields. And then he saw Kírin, Nímin's daughter, tending to the fields, and he felt she was even more so. She wore green robes and a silver and golden circlet upon her head, indicating her noble descent. Kénjain then spoke to her and asked to meet her people. She led him through fields, until they entered the forests of trees, which Kénjain had never before seen. Together, they wove among the trees, and they laughed. They danced around the interwoven paths of the forests, singing lightly, and time disappeared. Together they made their way across the River Enwa, and arrived at the field where Nímin's house was. Then Kénjain and Kírin were forced to part, though they had both become attached to one another with a bond that would never be broken. When Nímin and Kénjain met, Kénjain described aloud his homeland, and Nímin was entranced as he heard of its wonders. Then, in turn, Nímin described to Kénjain his homeland, and the Numórin, who destroyed their work and lived in sin and darkness. Now Kénjain desired for Kírin to come to Tamélin with him, so he suggested to Nímin that the Imain might live in Tamélin, away from the Numórin. Nímin agreed and Kénjain left back to Tamélin to tell Veilin of what he had seen and heard, and to request that the Imain come together with the Tamélinin.

Now when Veilin heard Kénjain's description of what had become on the mainland, he was amazed, and desired to meet the Imain immediately. But Kénjain told Veilin that the Imain were beset on all sides by the destruction of the Numórin. So Veilin agreed to allow the Imain to join the Tamélin as one people while they were young, and Kénjain went back to the mainland to find the Imain. Veilin approved of the idea, and brought sent Kénjain back to tell them of the invitation. This they gladly accepted, wanting a land where they could wander among the trees untouched by the destruction of the Numórin. So the great host of the Imain waded across the shallow waters to Tamélin, and they mingled with the Tamélinin, and they became fast friends. The Tamélinin also adopted the dress of the Imain, clothing themselves in green and gold. As a gift to the Tamélinin to show their awe and gratitude, the Imain created the Gendólin tree, and presented it to Veilin. So Tamélinin and the Imain co-existed in Tamélin in perfect peace, and together, they made many wonders. In this time in Tamélin,



Kénjain and Kírin openly declared their love, and together they were wed. They were the first to unite the Tamélin and the Imain truly as one people, and through them, peace was attained.

Many years later, Kírin bore a son, and they called him Galánin, because Kírin heard in a dream that one day he would speak great things to the world. But Kírin died in giving birth to the child, and Kénjain was greatly greived at her departure. He cried out to her in his dreams, but she did not answer him. So, by night under the light of the full moon, Kénjain left the world forever, and departed to find her, leaving Galánin under the care of his father Veilin, who raised him as his own. And in this manner Kénjain and Kírin left the world in the twilight age, in the time before death or war, and departed first to Aie.

Now Kírin had an elder brother, Lámharin, who was greatly grieved at her departure, for he had watched her birth and they had cared for each other as children. As Lámharin grieved he took hold of a burning ember from the fire and swallowed it, and he became a great fire-colored bird with long shining feathers: the Phoenix. He flew away to the mainlands, the place of his birth, and made his nest in the birthplace of his house. He became father of the guardians of the land, elder of the House of Vainlámhar, and watched over the people of the land, and told the Tamélinin everything that passed.



# Mille Ílametar

In the twilight age, not long before the arrival of the Imain, Aiava, the great granddaughter of Veilin gave birth to five children. Four sons she had and one daughter, who was called Ílame. As a child, Ílame was equally if not more adventurous than her four brothers, and she dreamed of having great adventures in lands far away. She was also an avid craftsman, and learned from her father the art of smithing since she was old enough to raise a hammer.

Eventually the time came when the Imain wished to leave Tamélin and reclaim their homeland of Quithimai on the mainland. Many Tamélin volunteered to assist the Imain in this mission, and among them were Ílame and her brothers. However, her mother, Aiava, bade her not to leave. "You are my only daughter, I treasure you beyond all things. Please do not leave me upon this shore for many who board these ships may not return again." But Ílame did not listen; she wanted to go with her brothers and help rebuild the old kingdom of the Imain. So, against the wishes of her mother, she disguised herself as a man by the name of Amároin and forged herself a sword that she named Femyatorelda. The sword was light and curved - the smiths of the forge were amazed by her skill for they had not seen this young man before. When the Gendólin wood ships were finally completed, Ílame was first aboard and sat upon the bow of the ship.

During the voyage, Ílame met Miryanin, who had taken up leadership of the Imain people. The two became fast friends, and Miryanin truly admired the fiery spirit of the young man he saw. "I do not wish to lead an army, but I fear our homeland will be overrun with foes" he said to her one night as the end of their journey drew near, "Will you help me with this great task?" Ílame drew her sword and held it aloft in the moonlight, while the surprised Miryanin gazed upon her in wonder. "With great honor, I accept this task. I will not fail." she said, then resheathed her sword.

At last they came to the bay of Lúnkello at the mouth of the river Enwa, and there they found a great and fertile land called Siliratuve, the land between the rivers, which was yet unmarred by the Numórin, and the trees they had planted many years ago still stood. They they founded a great city called Lúnin for the first sun of morning could be seen there. However, another group of travellers travelled further westward and settled in the brown forest called Melzombeth, by Kui Lirno, the lonely lake. There they were forgotten and lived for many years unknown to the people of the mainland.

# Mahe Tamélinain

When the people first reached the sea they found that the water was shallow, allowing them to pass further east than they ever had before. Across the shallows, a great land lay before them unlike any they had seen. White sand dunes rose and fell above the land for countless miles before coming to a wide and idly flowing river. The people called it *Elmme* because it's waters were perfectly clear and flowed into a great maze of crystalline rock that sparkled in the sunlight. The people followed this river upstream and eventually came upon a fork in the waters where they resolved to erect their city - a city of great size and beauty. Green glass they used to pave the streets, and from the crystalline rock of Elnalgwe they carved bricks to build a great house at the center of the city which they called Syl-Larí; here Veilin chose to abide, and the elder men and women took counsel with him to decide what should be done.

As they worked, the people began to sing:

Kir, a Tamélin, vaisilma mme,  
Vaisilma iatar,  
Kir, a Tamélin, silma mme.

After the city was finished, some of the people traveled further east, following the river, and settled in the foothills of the mountains, founding the city of Tuméngais. The mountains they found there were taller than any they had ever seen, and the people were so awed by their majesty they named them *Tumetar Mequende*, the Mountains of Awe.

# Mille Maimatar Mil

In the Sunlight Age, the Tamélinin wanted more creatures in the earth that were as they were, so Elóndenin gave to them the Maima Mil, or the Dragons, who were much larger than the Tamélinin. He made three dragons: The first, Maima Imai, was green and grew with the grasses and plants in the world, and wandered among the fields in thought. The second was Maima Myelo, the Yellow Dragon, who was great and took delight in the sun and the moon and the stars. Third was Maima Elo, or the Purple Dragon, was always wrapped deep in thought of the night and the sky and the heavens. They were long and had great tails, and each had long retractable claws for the purpose of climbing and hunting. When satisfied, they purred, and also possessed the ability to produce large quantities of fire at will. However, the Maima were lonely and desired spouses like the Tamélinin had, so He made the dragons three spouses, and they were know as Maima Kara, Maima Koldo, and Maima Tello, The Black Dragon, The Blue Dragon, and the Gray Dragon. Each shared his spouses power and state of mind, and they were happy. Imai and Kara gave birth to a child, who they named Maima Sing, or the earth dragon, and he was very interested in soil and stones. Mjelo and Koldo gave later birth to Maima Lota, the Cloud Dragon, who created the clouds, and sailed upon them as if they were great ships. Last, Elo and Tello gave birth to Maima Vaine, the dragon of fire, and he was very temperamental, and blew down the great ships of Lota when he was frustrated with torrents of fire.

The dragons stayed in Tamélin, and were content except Vaine, who was loath to follow the instructions of others. Over time, Vaine grew very jealous of his cousin Lota, for Lota was well liked by all. It was said among the people that Lota's clouds greatly pleased Elóndenin, but Vaine had no chance to gain favor, since the crafts of fire were well known before his time, and the Aivar Vaine was it's master. So Vaine began to plot against his cousin and planned to murder him and discard his body into the sea. However, his mother learned of this plot, and confronted her son about it. "Please, my son, do not do this thing," she said, "Time still remains to make peace, if you will only cast away the pride in your heart." Then Vaine was angry, and lashed out at Tello, and harming her greatly, flew from Tamélin, to the mainland, tearing the clouds with fire and crying out a long horrid wail. The people on the mainland who tended their crops were terrified, for never before had they seen something so great and evil pass over their lands. They fell to the croud and hid among the bushes, only to run back into the fields as the forests burned. Vaine passed to the land where the Numórin had dwelt long ago, and it was rock and barren and was unstable. He

settled among the mountains of the land, and built himself a nest of treasures and shiny things collected from around the ruined valley. Now as Vaine slept upon his nest of treasures, he heard a voice call out to him in the gloom. "Vaine!" it would call, "Come home." Then the eerie whisper would fade away in the gloom. After some years had passed, Vaine had heard the voice in the every night, but now he dreamt that he saw his mother, her grey body left lying on the ground among the trees where he had left it. He saw the blood, running along the ground, pooling. Then the bloodstained land began to burn, and terrible flames licked the trees, and smoke billowed into the sky, and Vaine felt the burning of the fire on him. He awoke and cried in his anguish to the stars, "An evil trick from Elóndenin, who seeks to destroy me! I am hated!" Now, as he lie on the ground, a lighted figure descended from the sky, clothed in white, and stood before Vaine. Vaine tore at it and soaked it with fire in his wrath, but he was unable to harm it. The lighted figure spoke to him saying, "Vaine, you have departed from the land where you were born. Why is it that you have refused the gift provided to you? You chose instead a path of folly, away from wisdom, for only anger and jealousy? You are my child, and it pains me to see your fate, for you have drawn away from me, and tried to banish me from your mind. I know what you have done, for your mother has passed away from this world, and is now with me in Aie, but she forgives you. Vaine, you must repent for what you have done, then you may return with me to Aie." Vaine glowered, and spoke, "Never will I repent. I shall never follow you to Aie, for you have deceived me. I am the controller of my own destiny now, for you have failed to touch me." Elóndenin said, "Therefore, a dark doom I must lay on you. Your fate is to forever wander under shadow of dark rock seeking only your own destruction. I will take from you all that you have, and hiding it away where you can not reach it, yet so you must go on, without hope or love, seeing only the misery!" Then the figure sent him into a deep sleep, and took his heart and replaced it with a stone, leaving Vaine in the depths of absolute misery and despair. And when Elóndenin had gone, for it was the hand of Elóndenin, Mengin, the spirit of the evil entered and began to spread it's malice within the void of his soul. When he awoke, Vaine crawled wretchedly to a crevice and slept for many thousands of years, in his darkened dreams plotting the downfally of the world, and his revenge on all things. He was not heard from again for many an age.

# Halde Galáninar

Nyeveth yoetar haveth linda,  
vylo yoe galánar -  
theo kahya ni mmolet,  
elen kaie Kírinar.

Walleth pelenanta le Veilin,  
kahya ne therolo.  
Kadholo kaieluir ve kindar,  
le enwanonde haryo.

Pan le karde gendólar nenda,  
envuiolo ekieluir,  
embav medheyamen silesar,  
silmasi tamélinuir.

Tul quaidholo veimmeryanta,  
lyamo men veisilmasain,  
Embalo kindar eha quinar  
le harjet im eryla.

Geanwalo men hwevo faise,  
nenes quidholo men,  
athamav quin hireluir  
tul quidholo yméthin.

Milloli alquas haite gendólinar,  
ne embav name que;  
alquas silma mil mar,  
le Imain hinolet allas janta.

Alqualo name que hellos,  
ustúi ozel er mil  
nore jahailemwe,  
ustúinta aiasar mil.

Pan le azel sedhalo lirno yenna,  
sedhalo sur sylvama;  
welhalo yanta ve ka,  
mana agwalo veiquanna.

Láras molo erasí Aie,  
mmolo eronde mil,

Born of the first to die,  
he was the one of words,  
like the kahja spoke it,  
in the dream of Kírin.

Raised by Veilin king,  
A kahja appeared to him.  
He learned from dreams his doom,  
that for his friends, he might die.

In the second golden age,  
he set out from home,  
to carry the goodwill of the people,  
to the mainlands.

But he knew in his spirit,  
he would not return.  
He carried the fate of the earth,  
to perish with him.

He did not [unknown] secret,  
it was unknown to all.  
To ransom the earth from death  
but he knew [unknown].

A great ship of gendolin was made,  
to carry him across the waters:  
A ship to conquer the ancient lands  
the Imain left long ago.

Swiftly they sailed the sea,  
with the winds of fate behind them.  
Driven onward toward destiny,  
by the winds of fate.

Alone at night, he watched moon,  
and watched the starfields.  
He wrestled with his mind,  
and found his strength.

And before he at last left to Aie,  
He said to them:



Karde mil waiomet oranta,  
silesonde quinar mil.

This is how the ages will come to pass  
for the people of the worlds.

Now shortly after the separation of the Tamélinin and the Imain, the Imain came to their old realm of Quithimai and settled there, calling it now Imain. Their leader, who called himself Miryanin, decided he would divide the known mainland to the governance of himself and his four children.

Eventually, a time came when Miryanin passed away, and his children met to divide governance of his lands. Each had a mind for fair apportionment, but in their hearts each began to covet the land known as Siliratuve. Each made an argument for their right, but none could be dissuaded as the desire for the most fertile land by the sea grew in their hearts. Words came to quarrels which begot blows and violence, until blood was shed. Tumenin, prince of the north, was killed, though no one knew who which his slayer was. So the four kingdoms of Miryanin's sons were angered against one another, and many battles were fought so that many killed and many died. Those who were passive were slain by the victors, and those who spoke against the murder were killed by their friends.

Now at this time, Galánin was the leader of the Tamélin people. One night as he rested, he had a dream about a kahja who told him that his fate lay elsewhere across the sea. In that dream he saw the five kingdoms of the Imain torn apart by war. The bodies of the dead covered the land and smoke curled into the sky like sickly black fingers. He saw the raw agony, the turmoil as families were torn apart by the violence and he heard the thoughts of the people. It was a cacophony of confusion and pain, with notes of hate, greed, and fear. Elóndenin spoke to him, but what passed between them will never be known to any but Galánin.

When Galánin awoke, he knew what he must do. The next day he told the people that he must go across the sea, though he did not say what he knew to be true in his heart: he would never return. His aunt, Syl-Fadh, agreed to lead the people in his stead. Construction of a great ship was begun, and it was called *Torinquetuva* ('runner upon the sea'). His husband Valya, an experienced traveler, volunteered to lead the venture.

Before he left, he gathered to the people to him one final time and said to them:

This world is one of seven; only Aie stood before our birth, and only Medhaie will stand after we are gone. For all the worlds will pass one day, as all things must come to an end in the Great Story. This is how the ending of this world shall come to pass.

Then he stood before the people and made the great prophecy of *Sain Quinar*, the ending of the world. This was the last he spoke to the Tamélinin forever more.

They reached the mainland at the bay of Lúnkello in Siliratuve, where there was heavy fighting. Skirmishers of the south had met legions of the east and north upon the Ira Enwa, and the city of Lúnin was besieged. Galánin was incensed by the fighting he saw, but he kept true to his course and walked directly into the fray toward the great tower of Lúnin's citadel. Through nought but a miracle, he arrived unscathed and began to scale the steps. Above the tower, he rose his banner - a star set amidst a green field, with stripes of purple and yellow - and kindled a large fire atop it with sticks and leaves and his coat. The fighters were confused by this, and turned to watch the flaming tower where Galánin stood; to their eyes his visage appeared radiant and alight like the sun.

"Who are you fighting?" he asked of them. The people looked at one another confused. Sporadic shouts rang out with words like "invaders", "heretics", and "easterners". A few arrows glanced off the tower near where he stood, demonstrating the general lack of enthusiasm concerning this disturbance of their affair.

"Do none of you dwell in this city?" he cried, "It was built by your forefathers, who sought to bring piece to this land, not war amongst each other. Look to yourselves; behold whether your actions are telling of your ancestor's nobility." Silence followed. "Do not think I rebuke you - truly I understand that you feel pain and duty, as do I. Yet those of you who have a family, consider what this means to them. Do you desire your family's mourning for your passing? Do you want your sons and daughters to take up the sword for you when you fall? It may seem that the time has come where there is no choice, that all roads lead to war, but this is not so. Lay down your arms and fulfill your duties to those whom you love. Return to your homes in peace, that no more may die tonight in the name of justice ill-delivered or vengeance misdirected."

At these words, the crowd was stunned, but the eloquence and wisdom of such a speech was not lost upon them. Weapons lowered slowly - bows were let down, swords were sheathed, and shields lowered. With this Galánin sighed and fell weary into the arms of Valya, who stood behind him.

"Send word to my niece, Ílame" he said, "A great queen she is, I think, but her strength as a mother must now be tested. Her sons, the kings of the four corners of this land, must meet in counsel within her halls at Quithimai." Then he fell into a deep sleep, and Valya bore him away in his arms.

...

He said to them:

“Love one another as you love yourself. Every man and every woman carries a piece of divinity within themselves - do not forget this. Every person has worth, regardless of what they possess in body, mind, or spirit. In the same way, all people have thoughts and feelings, though they are as diverse and numerous as the stars in the sky. Yet one is never greater than another! We are all born into this world, and in the end we will all pass from it sometime; united as one, we can all make this journey together to the benefit of all, and improve the path for those who will one day walk upon it in our stead.”

“My father spoke to me of the tree of nations, which bears leaves as numerous as the peoples of the earth. Every leaf must fall, and in time the stream will carry all of them away; but there is no need to despair, for the tree will one day flower and every branch shall be reborn all the more beautiful for it. Its roots run deep - life is stronger than death!

The people then decided not to divide the kingdom of Imain, but to appoint Miryanin's greiving wife Ílame to its governance, though she agreed reluctantly.

Some time after the council, Valya found Galánin sitting on a bench in Ílame's garden. Valya sat down beside him, and Galánin placed his head upon his shoulder. He whispered, “I need say nothing, for you know this to be true; yet some dark premonition compells me to believe we may be parted soon, so I say to you: I love you Valya Tamélinar and I will be with you wherever you may go.”

“Do not speak so!” cried Valya, “It is I who will be with you for so long as my spirit has life. I will not be parted from you come fire, or ice, or the abyss. Let us speak no more of it.”

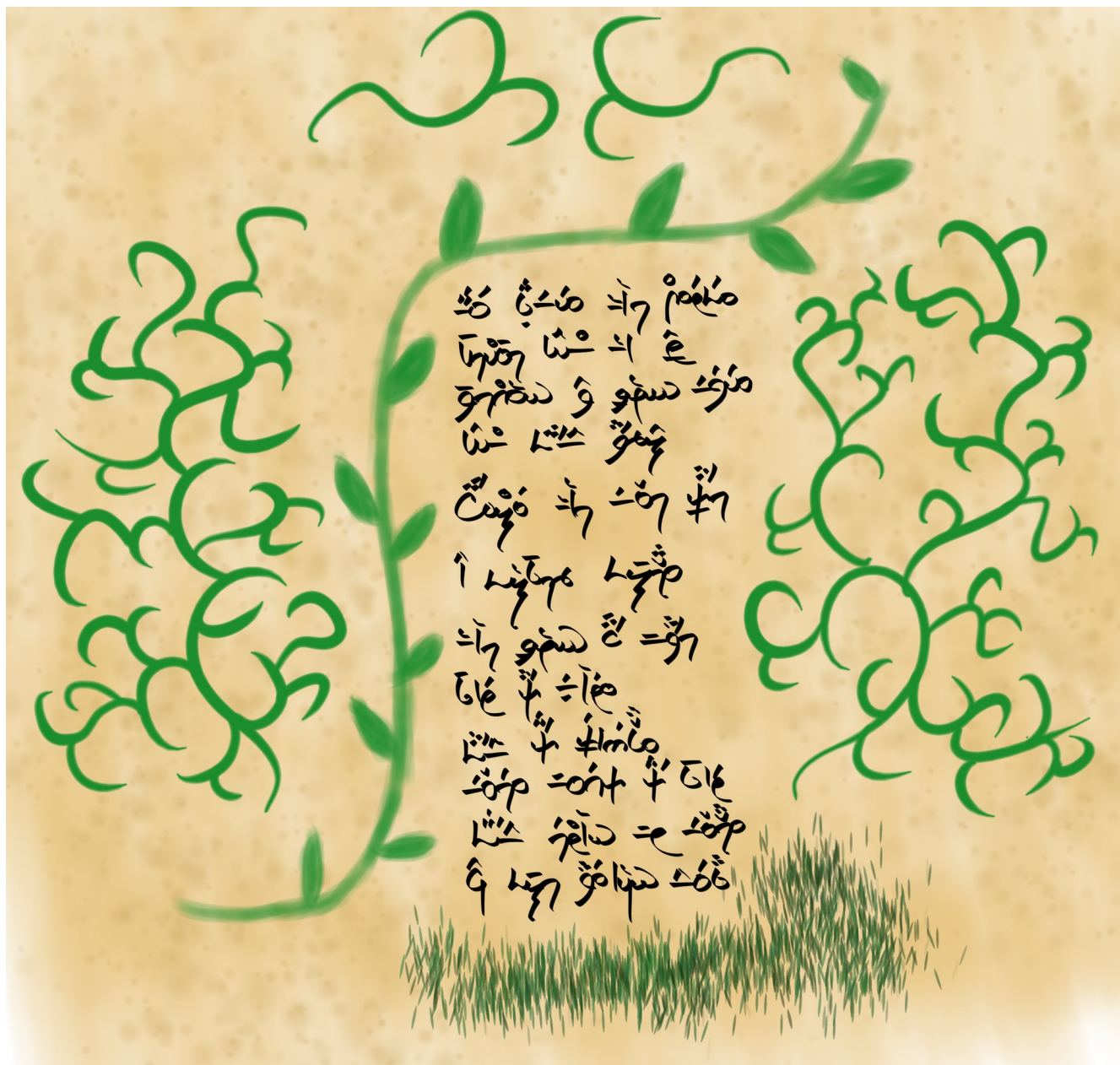
The next day they departed from the house of Ílame toward Lúnkello. They had not gone far when they came upon three strangers upon along the eastern road. The men were tall and finely clothed, with short hair and a heavy build. They seemed to recognize the party, though the neither Galánin nor any of his fellows knew them. “Galánin!” they exclaimed, “we heard tell that you were traveling these parts, though we did not expect to meet with you. Come, my fine friends, let us break from our travels and eat together here.” Valya turned to Galánin to ask, “Do you know these men who entreat us?” but Galánin did not answer - his face had gone white and he seemed about to fall over. One of the men extended his hand to Galánin, “You look ill my friend, come here in the sunlight.” Galánin turned his face to his partner and began to speak, “Valya...”, but he was abruptly interrupted as the man forcibly pulled him forward. Steel

glinted briefly in the sun and was extinguished as the man drove a dagger into Galánin's chest. He gasped, blood blossoming across his chest. Valya cried out as the dagger was drawn forth from the wound, red and dripping with blood. He rushed forward as Galánin fell to the ground, but there was nothing he could do. The three men bore aloft their swords and backed up defensively. The one who had stabbed Galánin bellowed, "See! This is what becomes of anyone who would hinder the progress of man. The future is inevitable and war drives us inexorably toward it; no more can we flee such a fate than we can escape the grip of death, and so the strong should profit while they may."

As the men retreated slowly, Valya rasped at them, "My hate for you knows no bounds! I would hurt you and sever your limbs from your body inch by inch, if that would even bring you near to the pain you have caused me! Were it not for the one I love, my heart would hold no compassion, and I would slay you again and again for eternity in the pits of Hell. I would think not of mercy or forgiveness, but I would rather tear the skin from my own body than allow you to breath the free air."

However, it is said that Galánin did not perish that day, for Valya recounted that as Galánin lay in his arms dying, he suddenly rose again. The light of the sun stood upon his brow as he commanded the murderers to stop, and they did. "Viryani amva wyseluir!" he said, and they fell to their knees crying "A Kirelyainenálim, wetolya mbaro! Lemma! Lemma!" Shadows poured from their eyes and the men thrashed about on the ground. Eventually, they grew still, sleeping apparently.

# Siairakaie



Ira síatar elen dormakar,  
tindorin theo el-mme,  
mindoret me mbeth amatar,  
theo kaie maigwe.

Hairwora elen arun-fain,  
le quesing quinuir,  
elen mbeth hai imain

The river of light in the sunlight,  
sparkles like clear-jewels,  
it flows amidst a forest of life,  
like a beautiful dream.

I sit in the secret-place  
an island from the world,  
in a great green forest,

silma vaiálemar.

Kaie vaifaldhasuir,  
arunar ardav vaisilma,  
kaie namolmet im arunuir,  
ye quin miraljet erasí.

the country of my heart.

A dream from my childhood,  
of the place to call my country,  
the dream has passed from this place,  
for the world has come at last.



# Sain Quinar

Galánin the Seer, born of the first to die, foretold the ending of the worlds before his passing:

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In the north there is a man; you know him by the markings on his back: three long scars from the raven's foot. He journeys south like a plague, and his path is besotted by death for he carries the spirit and will of Mengin from it's grave deep under the earth, and they are one. He is Karavaine, the evil one. He drinks the blood of men, of cities lost in the night, and tears their souls from them that he might possess their bodies. Then Mengin Karavaine, the accursed, again takes form over all the earth so that none may depart to Aie and the dead remain trapped in the mortal world. Instead, they remain as the Kírothellyelda - a vast army of the dead. He casts the sun and moon from the sky, leaving the world dark and lightless, but the skies burn with unrelenting flame that sears the earth. The hope of men is lost.

In the north, there is a girl. She is young; too young to know the burden upon her back or the shadow of death upon the face of those who bore her. She is afraid and she hides in the trees as the Raven Man consumes all that is known to her - but she is not alone. A kahja finds her and lifts her upon his shoulder, swiftly bearing her sleeping form northward many miles to an ancient glade. There the twisted faces of evil spirits are etched upon ghostly pillars that protrude from the earth like haunted tombstones; thus they have stood since the twilight age. "Do not be afraid," says the fox to the girl, "Stay close to the fur on my back and I will bear you hence that you need fear no more." Then the kahja, with a brilliance like the sun upon his brow, commands the pillars:

"Awake, demons! The hour has come.  
The hour of judgement,  
The hour of truth,  
The hour of doom is upon you!  
Awake, evil! I summon you to this alter of Elóndenin Kirelyaineneálim  
to find your fate."

The tortured white faces are shattered, issuing forth tumults of black smoke in every direction. The three, the Markaure, rise high above the rest: Luste (fear), Vánuma (greed), and Pezare (pride). Pezare flies to the west with a legions of demons and Vánuma flies to the South with a host large enough to blot out the light of the moon and stars.

"Na ekuvalkama theo sinalyan álem mazetar mil." says the fox to Luste

before he bares his teeth and leaps upon him. Together they are lost in white fire, and the bones of the earth are laid bare beneath them.

To the south, Vánuma presses his forces hard against the people. Brothers slay brothers for the clothes upon their back; sisters kill sisters to pry the rings from their fingers. Desire gnaws at them like tendrils of agony, and they forget their friends. To the east, Pezare and the demons of his caste throw themselves upon the people of the blue mountains and drive them to madness. Husbands and wives slay and eat one another, and do not recognize the faces of their kin.

However, those who have died do not pass on; instead the Kírothellyelda again take up their arms to fight for their kin against the forces of evil. Led by the girl who rides upon the back of a fox, they become a great white army more mighty than the spirits of the earth. They are joined by the people of Tamélin, who bring the dragons from the east and the light of the last star. For nine days and nine nights they fight without rest until the people cry out as one, "Elóndenin, nai questoryani!"

Elóndenin hears, and the earth groans and is sundered from its very heart. The people breath as one as the lands of the earth are struck together. They see as one while the sea overtakes them them, and then they are no more. All things are lost and the world falls into darkness below the waters of the great ocean, silent, unmoving – dead.

But this is not the end.

The people will awake in a new world. This world is called Medhaie, and it is the sum of all things that ever came to be, for time holds sway no more. In that place, the living shall walk among the dead and memory that begets memory shall come alive again when the doors of Aie are opened wide. All lands will become one, and all people shall be one again. The harmony of nations restored at the edge of of the sea heralds the beginning of a new golden age where every man and woman prospers. The people will rejoice and sing!

O, wondering of days beyond,  
The things that lie ahead,  
The things that lie await in store,  
Though all my hope be dead.

Through dark a storm have I come through,  
and made it out as one,  
I still have many things to do,  
like was when I'd begun.

The silver sunset shines ahead,

a golden place to rest my head,  
and tragedy and silly fears,  
can reach me no more hidden here.

The rays of silver sunset bright  
will clothe me in a golden light,  
and I will wander and not fear,  
for evil cannot find me here.

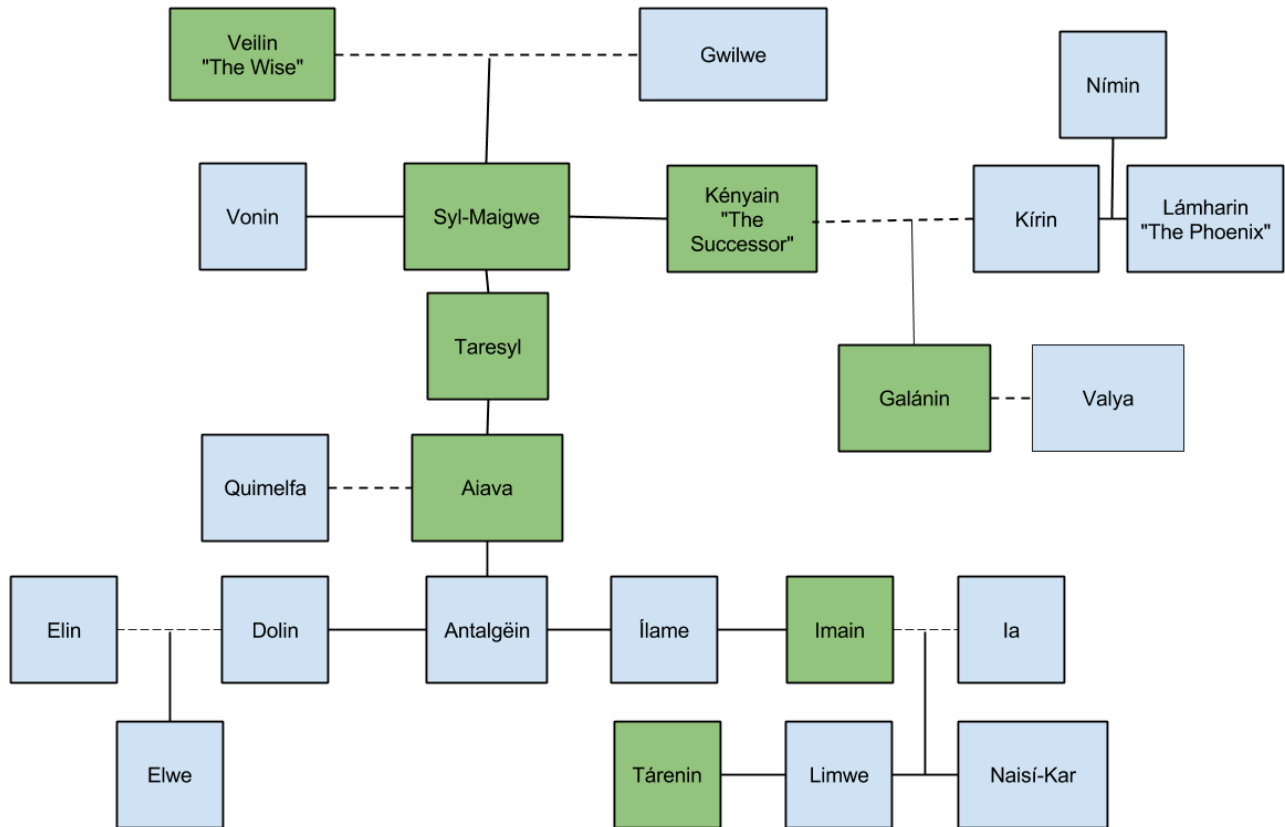
It's that time of night,  
when day has come.  
Dancing with the moon so bright,  
Look, here comes the sun!

Out I go, once again,  
on the road that I've begun,  
I still have many things to tend,  
Before the day I'm done.

*Sain*

# Appendix A: Geneologies

## Áleth Veilinar



Veilin married Gwilwe, the first woman of the world and Gwilwe she bore two children: Kenjáin ('the successor') and Syl-fadh ('star child'). Veilin lived 9350 years.

Kénjain, who became the wife of Kírin ('pure one'), daughter of Nímin, chief of the Imain. They had one son, who was Galánin ('one of words'). Kenjain lived 7120 years. Kírin lived 119 years.

Galánin wed the adventurer Valya and they had no children.

Syl-fadh had a son, Syltare ('noble star'), who's daughter was Aiava ('sweet one').

Aiava was the next heir to the house of Veilin, and she had four children, Dolin ('golden'), Artonin, Ílame ('flower'), and Imain ('green').

Dolin wed Elin ('jewel') and his daughter was Elwe ('jewel').

Imain wed Ia ('bright light'), and had three children: Limwe ('east'), Naisí-kar

(‘joy and light’), and Tārenin (‘noble’).

**Āles Miržanin**

