

A race of fey shape shifters, the Far Ul, awaken on an island in the center of Perakor—Iniva. They walk long under the twin moons of the world, for the lives of the Far Ul are long, but not everlasting. Many Far Ul walk the earth for twenty-five-thousand years before their bodies or minds fail them, but those who are powerful can live far longer...

Guire was an elder among the Far Ul, a race of fey shape shifters that awakened on the island Iniva in the prehistory of the world. In time, Guire and other elders led their great families left Iniva in great ships, and those of Guire and Selor find the land of Rhunendor and waylay their ships upon its shores. Years they explore this land until they uncover a sanctuary at the center of the continent, a cave with a large light opening it to the light of the moons. Guire and Selor felt a presence among them—a being without time or name...This being teaches them the first magics, the magic of raw power, the manipulation of reality and of non-reality. The being fades, and tells Guire and Selor of his internal plight. He will die, and if he does, his presence on the world would destroy it—even now, with his short time there, the world had felt his presence. Earthquakes rock the landscape, monsoons brew in the oceans, and volcanoes begin to shake.

The being leads them to the place where he first woke, the Eye of Ehlu. A barren place with only a single oasis of time. They labor to create a tomb for the being—a place made by the hands of those who cry for the being. As they finish, they lay the being in the tomb and summon to them the moon Celegnos, the great celestial power, twin to the blue moon Celcerul. Celegnos is the only thing that could keep the unbridled power of the being from escaping the Eye of Ehlu. As Celegnos is summoned below the world, the red night dies.

With the being imprisoned, Guire and Selor are the legacy of power now, and they return to Rhunendor to try to spread this magic among the Waith Rhun. When they return, and demonstrate their powers, the Waith Rhun see Guire and Selor as higher beings. They believe in the power of the two magi. They take their power and teach it to others. They create a great city to house their students, Rinadure, and it floats over the first sanctuary of the being. Guire and Selor continue their heritage with four children, and once their children take over the ruling of Rinadure, Guire and Selor go into exile in the sanctuary of the being beneath the world.

...in time, a war engulfs the world of the Waith and their cousins, the Loss'kelvar. As the last city of the Waith is overrun by the immortal Loss'kelvar and the god Comenraan, the daughter of Guire and Selor, Eres, ruler of the city, calls to her parents in need. Guire and Selor appear for a final time in the Waith forms...Eres turned to her father, Guire, for strength. "Surely, father, there must be something I can do to aid my people? I fear my path will only lead to their bitter end." The tall Waith kneeled to his daughter and spoke softly. "Your people have lived glorious lives through your guidance. The Waith people have reigned more brightly than any that shall ever come, and now they give their lives for you with joy. Your path is not to preserve your people but to give way in peace for those that follow. I can give our people an enduring legacy..."

Guire opens his hands and dissolves into a field of golden butterflies—millions of them lilt from his fingers, shining like suns over the morning horizon. The butterflies of Guire speak alone to Ralun (a son of Guire and Selor), and give him a new quest. He leaves the city Uruzil and meets with Uygün in the waters deep below Adasol. Ralun speaks to the ancient serpent, now grown large and furious after the death of Renno (another of the daughters of Guire and Selor). Though Ralun leaves Uruzil in its greatest time of need, he understands his destiny lies in swaying the mind of Uygün.

...the war ends in flame and destruction, known as the Usada.

...The fires of the Usada cracked the surface of the world, raising mountains into the stars and lowering valleys to the core of the planet. The waters around Perakor boil and wretch, filling the air with steam and spilling over the land. In this doom, the flowers of Guire unveil themselves. They give a legacy to the Waith, forming creatures in the far north. These creatures are much like the Waith, but they are simple—they are the elves. They hide as the world shakes. Ash rains down across the world, blocking out the sun that was only just born. This begins the Times of Ash.