

*Treunas* has yet to attain comfort on the Corporeal Plane. He says that his body, while nearly identical in appearance to his celestial form, somehow does not fit right. He chafes at its limitations as well as its plethora of capabilities. In truth, we celestials **do** make something of an odd picture here – akin to a subtle blend of human and elf while being starkly divergent from a halfbreed thereof. Also, many of our males, such as *Treunas* himself, have a muscular build more resemblant to that of a dwarf or *famhair* (trans- giant, singular) than to humans or elves. While standing higher than all the Evolved Races except the *Famhean*, we do not tower over the more plentiful races, only slightly topping the lankiest elf, tallest of the mid- sized races.

Still, none of that makes us significantly stranger to the eye than the native corporeal races – it is our aura which so stridently sets us apart. Every creature has one – at least to celestial vision – it is just that your compositional *anma* (life- force) is not great enough to be visible. Ours is. We...well, we glow. Brightly, without blinding, and in color related to our nature. *Treunas* is a deep, sorrowful blue. *Mosach* is a malevolent absence of light that generally registers to the ocular sense as black. I am a middling grey, which I believe fits my incarnation rather nicely.

Months of silence ensued once *Treunas* had slain *Fiar*, the last of *Mosach's* underlings, as well as the last of the trio responsible for *Feile's* death. Both of the remaining titans knew what was to come next ; both began devoting ever increasing amounts of time to meditative study. Over those months their power increased exponentially, as if the pair of them were drawing in the volume of *anma* once claimed by the self- proclaimed “Corporeal Gods” on the whole. Until, with almost perfect synchronicity, they set their sights on an island just southwest of the Small Continent.

I wish I could understand the reasons behind the location, but I surmise that the answer lies in the *anma*. It is the essence of the Corporeal Plane, you see, and through it everything is connected. I can only assume that the sheer volume of energy they drew into themselves revealed natural truths beyond my own comprehension. Simply Viewing their journeys was enough to leave me in trepidacious awe.

Those of our number with a large corporeal following (ie, worshipers) were long able to span great distances to the source of worship – generally a temple full of chanting priests – without having to physically travel there. Beyond that it was a matter of raw speed and affecting an increase upon the physical limits of a corporeal steed. *Treunas* and *Mosach* cast convention aside as they traveled by foot and by air. When aground they sprinted as a hawk on the wing – their leaps surpassed the rate of its most reckless dive, the unfathomable distance being cleared growing with each bound.

The island upon which they were to meet has remained uninhabited since its devastation in the early wake of the Celestial Intrusion. *Tiomaich's* attention was drawn to the *bocain* population dwelling upon it almost from the moment she arrived. Their societal isolation suited her personality, I think. Within a generation her priesthood became the unquestioned authority on the island. And, of course, they did only what she bade them. Misery spread faster than any corporeal disease is capable.

*Briodal* could not let that pass. With her arrival on the island the population split into those brave enough to seek happiness and those ruled by fear. The ensuing war of attrition should have signaled those of us on the Celestial Plane that our intrusion would end in utter disaster. When the surviving *bocain*, following twenty cycles of civil war, lost the will to fight, they found that they had also lost their will to live. The population of one of this world's largest islands died out a mere fifty cycles into the Celestial Intrusion.

I know now that this island is where the trouble began. Perhaps their reasoning is as simple as that: celestial conflict began there and so it would end there. Although, it was *Treunas* who in the end slew *Tiomaich*, paramour of *Mosach*, so the reasoning could well be something far more personal. Regardless, the breadth of the continent passed under their feet in shy of half a day, both celestials landing on the island within moments of each other.

*Treunas* came as he always did on this plane, black pants, chest bared, a pair of plain looking bracers around his forearms his only accoutrement. *Mosach*, on the other hand, had gone to extremity in preparation for this battle. In his hands he held a massive spear, its six inch diameter haft formed of petrified ironwood, the spearhead hewn from the largest diamond I have ever seen. His coal black armor was crafted from the scales of a dragon. In fact, he slew the last remaining female of the species in order to construct it. His helm was the hollowed out skull of one of that poor beast's children.

The celestial warriors met at the center of the desolate island – a wide meadow where crops had once been grown in plenty. Even Remote Viewing as I was, the tension was palpable. Something none of us had anticipated was going to occur with potentially disastrous consequences. The only certainty was that the nature of all three planes would be decided by this single battle. Whispers of red flitted through *Treunas's* customarily blue aura, apparent of his rage. *Mosach* glowed his usual malevolent black.

“What has happened to you?,” *Treunas* demanded, his voice booming. “Why have you twisted yourself in such a way?”

*Mosach* laughed loudly, madness saturating waves of mirth. “This realm is ours to play with, old friend. Why would I limit my fun?”

“Fun? **Fun?**” As *Treunas's* incense grew, the tendrils of red aura further settled further in, even going so far as to tint the outer edges a livid purple. “What makes you more important than the lives your petty actions have destroyed?,” he snapped. “Naught but boundless greed.”

“Ambition,” corrected *Mosach*. “We spend our lives puttering about that useless plane and occasionally observing what happens down here. Some can give events a gentle nudge from time to time.” He gestured wildly as his voice waxed passionately.

*Mosach's* expression hardened as his exuberance faded. “I can decide them all. The universe wishes it to be, *Treunas* – perhaps even the Creator himself. Why else would the orbit push the planes apart so rapidly, if not to secure my rule?”

“Because you're upsetting the natural order,” *Treunas* bellowed. “You upend what karma has so carefully wrought in pursuit of selfish goals.” He heaved a deep breath in an attempt to calm himself. “You taint eons beyond count with your actions.”

*Mosach* smiled widely behind the jaws of his garish helm. “Is it not grand? Who am I to turn down an entire world when it is offered up as gift?” He cackled maniacally. “No, good *Treunas*, I have no choice but to take hold of it with both hands and thank my karma for the opportunity.”

*Treunas* shook his head sadly, sighing heavily as all vestiges of red purged themselves from his aura. “Your opportunity was to improve life for all creatures of this realm, my friend, not to rule them.” His voice dropped low and somber as he spoke. “What have the desires of this plane done to you?”

*Mosach's* face contorted, his rage coming into sudden conflict with a rush of shame. The rage won. “Nothing! Desire is my tool, not my reason! After this day I shall control the nature of every wont these corporeal twits are subject to.”

“I am sorry, *Mosach*,” *Treunas* said sincerely, breathing deep, “but I cannot allow you to remain on this plane long enough to ascend to that level. If you will not agree to return across the veil I will be left with no choice but to send you to your next life.”

The remainder of breath within *Treunas* rushed out as he brought his arms out wide in a gesture of openness. “Decide now.”

The answer was swift. Driving his back foot into the ground with enough force that a small impact crater formed around his boot, *Mosach* launched himself forward to span the distance between them in a low, diving leap, spear thrust forward. *Treunas* shook his head sadly as he sidestepped right, using his left bracer to smack the spear aside as he moved. His bare feet flexed as he drew up into a defensive stance, toes digging lightly into the earth beneath.

Whipping around as quickly as he could halt his momentum, *Mosach* launched himself at *Treunas* again, this time in a more measured attack. His spear spun and whirled as he pressed forward, its diamond spearhead slashing and thrusting from every possible angle. For his part, *Treunas* retreated at a leisurely pace, batting the weapon aside whenever he could not outright dodge it using upper body movement.

Confusion leapt onto *Mosach's* face as the mundane bracers batted the diamond spearhead aside time and time again. “What **are** those?,” he demanded fiercely, redoubling his efforts.

“You really don't understand this plane, do you?,” *Treunas* queried rhetorically, his blocks never missing a beat. His eyes narrowed slightly as the bracers vanished. The spearhead continued bouncing off his forearms without causing harm. “We **are not corporeal** ,”*Treunas* exclaimed as he caught the thrusting spearhead straight on in his left hand.

The spearpoint thumped impotently into *Treunas's* palm as he clamped his hand down around its breadth, his blue aura swirling thickly to envelop it. Forearm muscles flexed sharply as the grip tightened. The diamond shattered. A hard overhand right into the center of *Mosach's* breastplate shattered it in much the same fashion.

“Objects in this world are a manifestation of *anma*,”*Treunas* explained flatly, “just as *anma* is what gives life to creatures and plants. It is also merely a pale reflection of what our own plane is made of – what **we** are made of.” He drove a hard front kick into *Mosach's* freshly bared midsection, sending him tumbling head over heels for more than twenty yards.

*Treunas* waited patiently for *Mosach* to remove the rest of his armor before continuing. “A Celestial cannot rule this realm, you imbecile. We don't even properly **exist** here. We had only minor influence on corporeal events because we are only **meant** to have a minor influence. The Intrusion is a mistake. If I must kill you in order to end it, I will.”

*Mosach's* face split into a grim smile as he cast his dragon- skull helm aside and began closing the distance between them in a slow stride. “You are only confirming my aspirations, *Treunas*. **We do** exist here, we simply are not subject to corporeal influences. Once you are gone there will be nothing in this world which can harm me. I will rule uncontested.”

*Mosach* charged forward again, this time ducking his head low, driving his shoulder into *Treunas's* stomach, and taking him to the ground. The pair of them rolled across the meadow thus intertwined and began grappling for dominance. When their momentum was expended they kicked each other apart, sprang to their feet, and crashed together again. *Treunas* landed an early combination of punches, working *Mosach's* midsection, but when a quick succession of strikes was blocked the initiative shifted.

*Mosach* pushed *Treunas* back with brutal efficiency, his strikes moving from vital points to head shots and back again, always aimed to stun with uncanny accuracy. As if *Treunas's* lecturing had shown him a powerful truth, *Mosach's* attacks were steadily increasing their pace in such a way that the other celestial simply could not keep up. Landing a trio of quick jabs to the jaw, *Mosach* ducked low and followed with a pair of hard hooks to the stomach, only to shoot back up with a devastating uppercut loaded to bear. *Treunas's* feet lifted from the ground as the force of the fist landing under his jaw sent him careening through the air and onto his back.