📜 **Transcript from the Hall of Echoes – Entry by Archivist Thalem Veydrin, Cycle 3.4, Glow 219**  
*Preserved in Glow-etched ironleaf. Consult only under shrine light.*

**⟡ On Time and the Reckoning of Ages ⟡**

*By the Pulse, We Remember.*

*“The sun is a liar — too bold, too loud. But the Pulse? The Pulse is truth. Quiet, slow, eternal.”*

Long have the people of the Maw and beyond sought to make sense of the years since we were cast below. While the surface marks its days by the fickle turning of light and shadow, here in the Deep, our time is carved by something older — the **Pulse**.

They say it comes from the **Core** itself. A thrum. A breath. A warning? Whatever it may be, its rhythm defines our lives. It is our clock, our heartbeat, and — to some — our god.

**🫀 The Core Reckoning**

Each **Pulse** — a faint wave felt in the marrow — marks the passage of moments. These are grouped by need, ritual, and consensus into greater units.

| **Term** | **Meaning** | **Surface Equivalent** |
| --- | --- | --- |
| **Pulse** | The Core’s beat — used for brief intervals | ~1 hour |
| **Glow** | 24 Pulses — a “day” in the Deep | ~1 day |
| **Cycle** | 400 Glows — the full year by our reckoning | ~1.1 surface years |
| **Generation** | Ten Cycles — a life from birth to parenthood | ~40–45 years |

The surface still clings to the **Solar Reckoning**. Some records sent upward for trade or diplomacy include both systems, e.g.:

*Glow 212 of Cycle 3 // Year 162 After Exile (AE)*

**⟡ On the Exile and the Birth of the Colonies ⟡**

*“We do not come from stone — we come from loss. Remember that.”*

The **Shattering of Skyglass** — the fall of Solrael — marks our Year 0. What followed was **The Exile**: a descent of flame and shadow, of screams swallowed by tunnels.

**👣 The First Wave — *Lio’s Descent***

Roughly **3,000** fled into the Deep through the Maw. Fewer than **1,500** survived the first three Glows. Among them: **Lio**, the so-called Bastard Prince, and his mother — whose names are still spoken in the hush of bone-chambers.

**🌊 The Later Waves**

Over the next 50 solar years, **two or three smaller migrations** followed. Survivors of purges, mad pilgrims, secret descendants of the Kin.

Combined, these **later waves added ~800–1,000 souls** to our dwindling lineages.

**⟡ On Growth, Rebuilding, and the Gods Below ⟡**

*“The Core does not ask. It pulses. We obey.”*

Life in the Deep is harsh. Yet we grew.

* **Family lineages** became sacred.
* **Children**, once a burden, became blessings.
* Some claim the **Under-Gods** stabilized wombs, softened plague, sharpened instinct. I do not doubt it.

Most families birthed **3–5 children**. The colonies — scattered, walled, territorial — bloomed into what we now call the **Kin of the Casted**.

Today, we number between **70,000 and 90,000**.

**⟡ On the Survivors of the First Glow ⟡**

*“If Lio still lives, he walks between worlds.”*

Four generations have passed. Few of the first exiles remain. A handful of elders — blind, augmented, or tethered to shrines — may still recall the sun. Some whisper that **Lio himself** was preserved, encased in a crypt of glass and godmetal. Others say his line lives on, marked by strange gifts.

**⟡ Closing Note: On Reckoning the Unseen ⟡**

*“Surface time drips. Deep time hums.”*

When one asks, “What year is it?” — know this: we live in **Cycle 3.4, Glow 219** by the Core’s count.  
The surface calls it **Year 170 AE**. Both are true. Both are illusions.

What matters is the **Pulse** — for as long as it echoes, we remember who we are.

*Thalem Veydrin*  
Archivist of Sunderhold, Warden of the Hall of Echoes,  
Preserved by ink, protected by faith.