

AGE OF THE GODS

FROM 'THE GIDOIA' OR
'THE GREAT SCRIPT'

I CENTURY, UNDER THE SERVICE OF
KING ERINICK I

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Long ago, in The Age of the Gods, Olexia teemed with magic. The Gods shaped the world to their liking, moving mountains and shifting rivers until its form pleased them. Sprawling fields of pure, glittering magic covered the land, and colossal beasts roamed the forests and plains. Though the beauty of Olexia stole the heart of any who looked upon its splendid landscapes, the Gods would love nothing more than their greatest creations—the people of Olexia. During The Age of the Gods, the creations were without magic, for only the Gods could wield such power.

The Gods watched over their greatest creations, whose cities reached higher than Mendi Mountain, whose commerce went 'round the world, and whose art revealed the quintessence of life. They showered their creations with affection. War and hatred were things the creations knew naught. When their bodies joined the soil and their souls left the physical realm, Heriotza, God of Passing, would guide them into Zaru, The Great Paradise.

But all was not so peaceful among the Gods. A conflict arose, and where once all stood in harmony, a schism split them in equal proportions.

They had discovered a power wholly different from the one they knew. Unlike what the creations call light magic, the purest form of energy that comes from the Gods themselves, this new power, now deemed dark magic, came from some unknown place in the infinite universe.

Some Gods refused to wield this power, while others explored it, fascinated by its indomitable force. There was much to admire, for the moment a God took it in their hands, the magic grew and vibrated with the darkest color never seen before. It showed its carrier the greatest secrets. It showed them pieces of the universe they'd never imagined, opening the cosmos before their eyes.

Those who refused to touch the new power demanded it be forgotten to time, but the Gods who had seen all refused to relent. They opposed each other, as had never happened before. One side was against the use of this unknown power, the other was for accepting its treasures.

The two halves could come to no agreement, as each side was of an equal number. Ninety-nine Gods fought to banish the new power, and ninety-nine fought to keep it. And so The Great War was born.

The Gods battled day and night, frightening the sun and the stars, the sky covered in a blanket of black clouds crashing with thunder and lightning bolts of every color painting the land in terrible swashes. Blood rinsed the deepest rivers, and groans of pain echoed off the mountains. Gods forgot they were brothers and sisters, the ruthless blows dispersing each others' energy but never leading to death, for all their power was equal, and no God could kill another.

The creations didn't understand, as they'd never seen war. But as the days drew on and their crops shriveled, rivers dried, and animals became scarce, they felt something unknown to them—fear.

The Gods continued to battle for weeks with no sign of stopping. The creations' fear turned into anger. They prayed, and no prayers were answered.

Time went on and the people became accustomed to the crashing sky, but all around them, their world withered. Weeks became months. Without the Gods' blessings, no more children were born. While the food-stores dwindled and people starved, the Gods still battled.

Some creations believed their Gods had abandoned them. Some believed their devotion was being tested. Those who still believed prayed and laid together until death took them, their faithfulness never wavering.

The creations who thought their world forgotten fought one another for scraps until they too faded from life. Dead piled the earth, none bothering to bury those lost. And why would they? The Gods had abandoned them, so what use was it performing rituals to help souls pass into Heriotza's arms? Those creations rejected the Gods who had once cherished them, cursing their names as they dissolved to oblivion.

Hope rose in the hearts of the few survivors when the suns finally showed themselves again. But the fighting went on, the air still lit with a spectrum of colors. The creations waited, yet nothing happened.

Hallon, God of Sunlight, who fought against dark magic, had stopped battling long enough to peer down on Olexia. What he saw horrified him. Famine and hatred plagued their creations, and it was all because of them. In

their blind strife among themselves, they had ignored the true purpose of their existence—caring for their creations.

He called to the other Gods and begged them to stop only long enough to see what they'd done. Their conflict brought suffering to those they loved most. By the time they listened and stopped to look, it was far too late.

Not a single Olexian had survived.

Their war came to a halt. The Gods spent a thousand years in despair, mourning the loss of their dear creations.

Their tears rained over Olexia, drowning mountains and washing away any trace of the life they cherished. There was no heart left in them for fighting, for they all were consumed by the pain they'd so carelessly caused.

When finally their grief was over, the Gods made a truce. They would stop warring and all one hundred ninety-eight Gods would create life again.

Many disputes occurred, and tensions were high in those millennia of disagreement. Each side threw curses, and the sword of war was ready to draw a bloody line between them once more.

Hallon came forward in that time of anguish and said, "The creations depended on us, their benevolent Gods, and we destroyed them. We mustn't repeat our mistake." His voice rumbled the sky, and even the most indignant Gods had to listen. "Let them be the vessels of our peace, not the mirrors of our faults. Those of us who choose the new power will keep it, but give up their light. There will

be those of us with light and those of us with dark, and we will be equal. Those who carry the darkness will gift it to the new creations, and those who carry the light will do the same.”

But then Berdina, Goddess of Balance, called out, “But what shall we do when one God betrays the truce? Are we to battle for another century? I propose those who carry dark can obliterate those who carry light, and the other way the same. When a God breaks the truce, their opposite will be chosen to eliminate them.” And so it was.

In each new life the Gods created, they imbued both light and dark magic, both powers to always be in balance with each other. All of Olexia would now live and die independently, their Gods observing and only interfering when necessary.

But those who had cursed the names of the Gods as they died, those who lost their faith and turned on their brethren, would live without wielding the power of the Gods, along with any of their descendants.

The new creations gave the Gods a new name. They called Gods who carry light ‘The Golden Ones’ and those who carry dark ‘The Silver Ones.’

Both sides watch over Olexia and work to maintain balance in both sides of magic, always. For as long as there is balance, the creations will be well. It is said that occasionally, they may choose to take a physical form and walk among the people, to keep in touch with their beloved creations.

THE RULES OF THE TRUCE:

Unless necessary to keep the balance, and agreed upon by the majority:

1. No God shall interfere in the life or afterlife of any creation.
2. No God shall acknowledge themselves to any creation.
3. No God shall bear offspring.
4. No God shall kill another.