

And Kreeta opened her eyes...

Staring into the darkness, the first emotion was felt—she named it Loneliness. Overwhelmed, she began to cry, and her tears floated across infinity giving birth to her children, the stars. Kreeta was no longer alone. She felt the second emotion—she named it Joy. One particular tear split in two, forming identical sons, which she named Osee and Obolit. As a gift to her twin sons, she created the planet Orenn. She placed it between them as a blank canvas to shape and to rule.

In time, Osee bore a single daughter whom he named Sepia, and three sons which he named Sumia, Aumee, and Euwin. Obolit had only one child, and he named her Avioleet. The creation of these Offspring thrust Orenn into a state of chaotic change. Sumia, the eldest son, used his blistering strength to set Orenn ablaze. Aumee, the second son, blessed with wisdom, manifested wind to set Orenn in motion. Euwin, the youngest son, used his icy reason to cool the surface of Orenn, creating the great oceans. Sepia, Osee's only daughter, brought beauty to Orenn—making it a paradise. Avioleet, the only child of Obolit, took the form of swirling purple and violet light which traveled across Orenn as a luminescent mist. Everything she touched was covered in a fine violet dust from which sprang trees, plants, and creatures. All life on Orenn was created by Avioleet.

The Original Races

Elandria

One day, Avioleet was passing through a forest when she stopped for a moment, knelt and pushed her finger into the soil. Lingered there, she watched as the first elf grew out of the soil—as a plant or tree would. Avioleet embraced the slender figure and declared the forests to be her ward and home.

“As I have given you life, so you will give life,” declared Avioleet.

Living in symbiosis with the vast and ancient forests of Orenn, Elandria's kin thrived. Over the course of thousands of years, the elven

race spread to all the wooded corners of Orenn, cultivating and nurturing the land which Kreeta and her kin had gifted them. In this way, the magic from which Orenn was created was woven into every aspect of the new world. This magic of creation became known as the Mystic, incomprehensible but malleable. Blessed with immortality, the elves had ample time to learn how to understand and manipulate this magic. Throughout Orenn's history the vast knowledge and understanding of the Mystic has been learned and lost several times over. Only a few elves alive today know where the remaining secrets are held.

Grandanvil

The first dwarf stepped out of the mountain brushing violet dust from his skin. There he stood for centuries contemplating his surroundings. Avioleet returned to see what had become of her creation only to find him standing still.

“What do you call yourself?” she asked.

“What do you mean?” he replied.

“I will call you Grandanvil,” she declared and then queried, “Why have you not set out to explore your new world?”

“I'm from stone and, up until I stepped out of the mountain, stone was all I knew. I think I'll just stay here,” said Grandanvil.

“Fitting, you're as stubborn as a rock,” said Avioleet, smiling.

“As I have given you life, so you will give life” said Avioleet, smiling wider still.

A calm realization came over Grandanvil; with his bare hands he began carving into the mountain's stone face. Feverishly, he tore into the mountain with singular, unwavering focus. After a millennia, Grandanvil paused to survey what he'd accomplished. He was surprised to see that he was no longer alone. So consumed was he by his task, that he hadn't noticed he'd created thousands of dwarves.

Behold Grandanvil! The first dwarven king.

Glitztrot Lusterkin the Irradiant and Nomadic Thing-A-Mazing

Avioleet had traveled Orenn countless times, always looking for new ways to create life. On one of her journeys, a glint of beautiful light caught her eye. She stopped and pondered for a moment over a stone of seven colors. Such beauty all tangled among itself! She separated the gem by colors and laid each out to observe as the light reflected differently on each stone. She gave each a unique name: Paraiba, Tourmaline, Ruby, Garnet, Tsavorite, Zircon, Tanzanite, and Topaz. She then gathered the stones together, scooped them up, and traveled with them for centuries. Eventually, she decided to lay them all out on the side of a riverbed so that their beauty could be admired by the world. After a moment, their radiant shine began to vibrate and quiver. The gems merged back together to form the shape of a single hand. Flipping and flopping around the riverbed, the stone hand covered itself with clay and mud. Soon after, it got busy building another hand. Once the two hands were complete, they began to work in unison, building wrists for one another, then arms, then shoulders. In a lickity flash, they were connected to a chest, then to a waste, followed by legs and feet. At the end of this process, a complete body had formed of its own volition. Looking in the palm of his hand, the new being could see his reflection in his speckled skin. "I will name you... Glitztrot Lusterkin the Irradiant and Nomadic Thing-A-Mazing, but I'll call you Glint for short!"... "Is that Ok with you?" Glint then winked at his own reflection. Overhearing this one sided conversation, Avioleet remarked, "You are quite the resourceful creature". Glint, startled, spun to face her.

"As I have given you life, so you will give life. Now go! Build and create amazing things," said Avioleet with a laugh. With those parting words, Avioleet was gone, and GLINT began to tinker.

Friela

Avioleet was traveling across the lands of Orenn when she spotted a large oak tree alone in a meadow. She stopped to rest under its bows, weary from the task of creation. Glancing down, she noticed a shallow den at the base of the tree that had long been abandoned. A small, flat, smooth stone lay on the ground in front of the hole. Avioleet gently placed the stone inside the den, then, with a smile, she placed a tiny flower, a stalk of grain, and a tuft of fur beside the stone. With a wave of

her hand, violet dust settled upon the objects which began to swirl around each other until a form with arms and legs lay in the once abandoned den. Avioleet giggled and the Halfling opened her eyes. Wide-eyed, the halfling woman crawled out of the hole and stood there, confused, staring out across the meadow then glancing up at Avioleet. “You’re a fearless little creature, aren’t you?” Avioleet asked. Then, touching the Halfling on her head, she said, “As I have given you life, so you will give life.”

“Like this tree which grew from a single seed into a mighty oak with many branches and leaves, so you are the roots of a different kind of tree. Your branches will split off into more branches and then more again”. With another wave of Avioleet’s hand, the meadow exploded with trees and plant-bearing fruit; small creatures and birds bounced around everywhere. With a smile, the Halfling Friela sat and rested her head against the giant oak and took a nap.

The Birth of Dragons

Avioleet would travel all of Orenn as a blessing, seeking to improve upon the life and order which had taken so long to bring into being. Avioleet longed to create something that would travel by her side as she circled the great lands of Orenn. So, using the light from the Twin Gods, she crafted two companions: one from all of the colors of the rainbow, the other from all the hues of precious metals. In this way, the first dragons, Zielkolores and Quometalicum, came to be. They were now the masters of the sky.

Zielkolores

Drawing inspiration from the way in which light bends, Avioleet held a drop of rain up against her father’s light. She focused on that point of light until Zielkolores unfolded his wings. “As I have given you life, so you will give life and be the keeper of its order and design,” Avioleet shouted to the colossal dragon. When traveling around Orenn, Zielkolores’ colors would continuously change between blue, red, and

yellow. At times, she would be seen as the absence of color—white, at other times a mix of all the colors—black.

Maintaining order on Orenn occupied most of Avioleet's time, so she charged Zielkolores that she would be the keeper of the natural laws. The task weighed heavy on the colossal dragon for, at times, the only way to maintain creation was through its destruction. The coming centuries left Zielkolores somber and distant. She loved Avioleet and did as she asked, but everywhere she went all of the creatures of Orenn trembled with fear. Though Zielkolores' intentions were good, the strict nature of her task began to warp how the original races felt about her beloved Avioleet and her father, Obolit.

Quometalicum

Drawing inspiration once more from the way in which light reflects, Avioleet laid out precious metals of all hues under the light of Osee. Again, she focused on a single reflected point of light until the dragon Quometalicum stepped forward. Quometalicum's scales were a brilliant pattern of silver, gold, copper, mithral, and adamantine. "As I have given you life, so you will create life and guard it, if even from itself," Avioleet commanded the colossal dragon.

Quometalicum was charged with the responsibility of watching over the original races, so that she might relieve Avioleet from this time-consuming burden. She would take many forms and act as ambassador to the original races of Orenn. And so it came to be that all of the original races tell stories of a strange traveler with metallic flecks in her eyes. Always loyal to Avioleet, Quometalicum relayed the races' growing fears and concerns about Zielkolores. However, the warnings went unheeded and Quometalicum felt the trust in Avioleet and Obolit begin to wane.

The Age of Favor

So driven to create and improve life on Orenn, Avioleet set upon a path of reconstruction. Tasking Zielkolores with the destruction of entire

species so that some of her new creations could flourish. This time of imbalance would later be called the Age of Favor. The original races spent centuries adjusting to these changes and Zielkolores was quickly becoming known as the harbinger of death. The changing balance and unease began to sway worship away from Obolit, in favor of Osee. Realizing that her actions had caused her father such grief, she formulated a plan to correct the imbalance.

She set out to create another race so that her father would again have equal adoration as his twin brother did. Her new creation, Humans, possessed a mix of qualities from the original races. They were benevolent and resourceful, but short-lived. They could not fully comprehend their own mortality. At first this plan to restore balance to Orenn worked and Avioleet's father was pleased. But humans weren't satisfied with their own kingdoms and began to encroach into the other races territories, building cities and farms; they began taking from Orenn more than they needed. Then they did something that angered the gods and shocked Avioleet: they made their own Gods to worship. Confused and saddened, she sent Zielkolores to correct the imbalance.

When all other efforts failed, the only option left was to destroy the human race. Alas, this task proved futile and could not be achieved. Humans were short-lived, so they multiplied faster and were resourceful in making defensive weapons. To help Zielkolores in her mission she created another race: Orcs. They were formed for the sole purpose of eliminating humans, but this too did not go as planned. Their size and strength made them perfect for war, but their brutal and chaotic nature could not be controlled.

And so began the war of races.

Osee, seeing this wanton destruction of Orenn, confronted Avioleet. He commanded her to cease creation until the balance was returned. But Avioleet couldn't stop; her entire purpose was making life. With the entirety of the natural order hanging in the balance, she desperately tried to rectify her mistake. Hastily, she swept across Orenn creating as much new life as she could manage. Zielkolores and

Quometallicum begged her to stop but her love for her father had set her down a path of self-destruction.

Osee begged Obolit to intervene, but Obolit believed that only time would bring balance back to the world and refused. Osee knew that if he didn't act, Orenn would fall to despair and this world which had taken so long to create would burn and die.

Osee summoned Avioleet to the highest peak of Orenn. Atop Mt. Soaring, Osee apologized for what he must do, declaring that he believed her actions were of good intention.

“As your father gave you the power to create life, I must now take it from you,” said Osee.

Overwhelmed with fear, Avioleet unconsciously began to create huge humanoid forms that sprung out of the mountain. Thousands of new Giant races came to her defense and charged Osee in waves. With a loud thunderous boom, Osee reached into the mountain and from its core he pulled adamantite. With every swipe of this weapon, one of the newly created races was driven to extinction. Zielkolores, seeing her beloved Avioleet panicked and in danger, charged in. From the sky above Osee, Zielkolores let out a great roar and with it a blast of bitter cold.

Quometallicum, knowing that Zielkolores was in mortal danger, intervened by grappling her to the ground and tumbling together down the mountain side. Avioleet, seeing her dragons fall from the sky, turned to face her uncle. Osee struck Avioleet with such force that it stripped Mt. Soaring of all its trees. Avioleet flew west, slamming into a mountain. Afraid and desperate, she began to create again. Osee came to the sad realization that he had no other choice...so, he began commanding the powers of the elements. With his hands circling his head, a violent windstorm trapped Avioleet. Reaching into the sky then slamming the ground with his mighty hand, he commanded driving rain to pummel her to her knees. With a deafening clap of his hands, the top of the mountain exploded with fire. At last, Avioleet was no more. Osee hung his head and the winds scattered violet dust over all of Orenn.

Engulfed in a rage, Obolit turned his light and warmth inward. The anger and rage he felt for the loss of Avioleet transformed into hate and destruction. The twin sun was now a cold, dark void. Unimaginable

death and despair spread over Orenn. Volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, and tidal waves wracked the land in tandem. Ancient forests died, rivers and lakes went dry, the Mystic, was sundered and half the world went dark. Osee, upon the realization that his twin brother would never again give light and warmth, sent his children to protect Orenn from Obolit's destructive rage.

The Great Cull

After Orenn's first and longest night, the entire world was covered in a thin Violet Veil. Death had become a force that nothing could escape. Half of every day would from now on be cast into darkness and four new moons could be seen guarding against the rage of Obolit. As Obolit was now consuming the light, the seasonal moons could only be seen when their orbit brought them closer to Orenn than to the void that was Obolit.

The ancient forest of Elandria was stripped of all life. Trees thousands of years old died instantly. However, thanks to thousands of years honing the magic of creation, the Mystic was able to ward off some of the effects of mortality. Old age and death could not be escaped, but the elves were able to reduce its quickness. A small group of elves stayed loyal to Obolit. These dark elves took refuge in the Darkdeeps of Orenn, only recently resurfacing. Obolit bent them to chaos and hatred, now wielding them as a weapon for his revenge.

The volcanic eruptions filled the sky with ash and dust for decades. Grandanvil's clan and the first dwarven city were lost. The dwarves, reclusive and stubborn before the Great Cull, now found purpose and protection in seclusion. For centuries, they cut themselves off from the rest of Orenn.

Halflings, with their gift for cultivating and growing things, became obvious prey. Immediately after the Great Cull, most Halfling lands were taken by force. Entire Halfling family trees were destroyed down to the roots. Though few halflings can now trace their lineage to before the Great Cull, they still maintain a strong family and community based culture.

Gnomes fared the best of the races after the Great Cull. In the act of becoming the void, Obolit ripped the Mystic apart. Where before, the Mystic was one confusing and incomprehensible entity, now it was torn asunder and became much easier to understand and manipulate. The Gnomes discovered the rips in the Mystic by chance when they fled in an attempt to live unseen while the rest of the world plunged into chaos. They deemed this Magic used for hiding as illusion magic, and soon other schools of Magic would follow.

Quometalicum grieved over the loss of Avioleet. This loss left the mother of metallic dragons confused and troubled. She upheld her duty to care for all the humanoid races, but the constant wars and death left her frustrated. They were no longer peaceful, and their devolution eventually led her kin to intervene less and less. Quometalicum and the metallic dragons were not unaffected by the destruction of Avioleet for they, too, were now mortal.

An unsolved mystery arose with the death of Avioleet. The light, which refracted off the precious metals used to create Quometalicum, instilled in the Races an insatiable desire to collect, hoard, and ferociously protect precious metals of all kinds. Some believe this metallic frenzy was caused by the loss of Avioleet, yet others believe it was indeed Obolit trying to turn them against Orenn.

When she learned of Avioleet's demise, Zielkolores changed drastically. It was as if the colored light that was bent to create her was now twisted and corrupted by Obolit. The offspring of the chromatic deity gave up on the Races and nature all together. According to Zielkolores and her kin, the blame for the destruction of Avioleet falls on the shoulders of the original races and Quometalicum.

Because of their short life spans and lack of history before the Great Cull, Humans adapted quickly to these drastic changes. They began creating and worshiping many new gods. They were quick to reproduce and began shaping Orenn to fit their needs.

The Orcs stayed savage and territorial; they developed a strict and brutal way of life. In the three millennia since the Great Cull, the Orcs have chosen one exceptionally brutal and successful warlord, Koramad, to worship as their god. A society built from the sole purpose of waging war.

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