

Book 1

Holy scripture of the Pantheon

written by Teros the Old, Grand mage of the Earth
in the year 683 of our Emperor Jarn



Translation from Imperial by Magnus Magnusson

May the Pantheon have eternal praise, and may it be the guide to all. Forget not any of the Gods, and thou thyself shalt not be forgotten in their grand designs, for the Gods are almighty. Peruse now and learn of them, so thy soul may dwell in peace, and no faults be cast upon it by thine own self. Read now of Breyta and Timi, of Hevilok and Dreyma, of Marthrod and Leid, the Holy Six and sovereigns of All!

Breyta

In the primordial symphony of creation, amidst the whispers of the cosmos, Breyta emerged, a manifestation of the eternal dance between stasis and flux. Cunning and elusive, Breyta was woven into the tapestry of existence as a thread of unpredictability, embracing spontaneity as the essence of divine will. And as a cascade from the depths of the tumultuous sea to the heights of the celestial firmament, Breyta's presence reverberated, a symphony of Change echoing through the annals of Time.

Breyta's origin lies shrouded in mystery, a curious case that spawns unending theories, and sometimes fiction. Some say that Breyta emerged from the primordial chaos, a beacon of light amidst the darkness, while others believe that Breyta was born from the union of the Elements, a child of fire and water, earth and air. Regardless of Breyta's true origins, one thing remains certain: Breyta is the harbinger of Change. Like a sculptor shaping clay upon the wheel, Breyta molds the fabric of reality with a masterful hand.

Spontaneous and capricious, Breyta embodies the essence of Change itself. Like a tempest raging across the boundless sea, Breyta's actions are as unpredictable as shifting sands, a testament to the fickle nature of fate. Generous to a fault, Breyta bestowed upon us the gift of Change, a treasure coveted by all who seek to transcend the limitations of the mortality. Yet, with great power comes great responsibility, and Breyta stands as a guardian of the cosmic balance, ever vigilant in the face of chaos. But beneath Breyta's benevolent exterior lies a fierce protector, a guardian who will stop at nothing to preserve the sanctity of Change.

Beyond the realm of mortal comprehension, Breyta presides over a plethora of domains, each as vast and boundless as the Cosmos itself. From the roiling depths of the sea to the fiery heart of the volcano, the change of the Seasons to the metamorphosis of butterflies, Breyta's influence knows no bounds, a testament to the omnipotence of Change.

As the god of the sea, Breyta commands the tides of fate, guiding

ships through treacherous waters with a steady hand and a watchful eye. As the arbiter of seasons, Breyta oversees the eternal cycle of Life and Death, ushering in the rebirth of spring and the quiet slumber of winter. In the realm of invention and innovation, Breyta whispers secrets of inspiration to the mortal minds, guiding them towards new frontiers of discovery and enlightenment. In the fiery crucible of war, Breyta stands as a strategist without equal.

Seaweed, the tangled tendrils of the blue abyss, symbolizes Breyta's connection to the boundless expanse of the sea, a reminder of the ever-changing nature of existence. The four Elements, intertwined like the strands of a lover's embrace, represent the eternal dance of creation and destruction, birth and rebirth. Clouds, billowing and ethereal, serve as harbingers of Change, heralding the coming storm.

In the heart of the tempest, amidst the chaos of creation, Breyta stands as a beacon of hope, a guide in the dark. To worship Breyta is to embrace the ever-changing nature of existence, to dance upon the razor's edge of fate, and to embrace the boundless possibilities of the unknown.

But beyond mere symbolism lies a deeper truth, a golden rule of transformation that transcends the physical realm. For in the eyes of the god of Change, all things are possible, and all beings are capable of transformation.

So let us raise our voices in praise of Breyta, the god of Change, the harbinger of transformation, and the guardian of the cosmic balance. For in the ever-turning wheel of existence, amidst the chaos of creation, Breyta's presence shines like a beacon in the night, guiding us towards the dawn of a new age.

Tími

In the vast expanse of existence, where the threads of Destiny intertwine and the sands of Time flow endlessly, there stands a deity beyond comprehension. Tími, the god of Time, the keeper of the cosmos, and the eternal sentinel of the Ages.

Tími embodies the essence of Time itself, a force both impartial and unyielding in its march. From the dawn of creation to the twilight of eternity, Tími oversees the ebb and flow of all with a steady hand and a watchful eye, ensuring that all beings are subject to the same immutable laws. He stands apart from the petty squabbles and fleeting desires of mortal beings, his gaze fixed upon the grand tapestry of Time. Yet, for all his distance and impartiality, Tími is not without a certain patience, born of his eternal and unwavering commitment to the cosmic balance. Tími's presence is felt in every moment, a reminder of the inexorable march of Time.

Rivers and waterfalls, age and constellations, stars and technology - all fall under the purview of Tími, the god whose domain knows no bounds. From the ancient rivers that carve their paths through the land to the distant stars that light up the abyss above, Tími's influence can be felt in everything. As the god of civilization and history, Tími presides over the annals of Time, guiding the progress of nations and the rise and fall of empires with a stern yet non-biased hand. In the realm of agriculture and bravery, Tími instills the virtues of patience and fortitude, reminding mortals that all things come in their own time, and that courage is an eternal boon.

Tími also presides over the Seventh Path and their order, keeping everything consistent within his grand machinations and denying that Change which can spiral out of control and bring about deviations in the course of Time.

Hourglasses, flowing water, constellations, and eclipses - these are the symbols of Tími, the outward manifestations of his timeless power. Like the sands of an hourglass, Time slips through our fingers. Flowing water, like the river of Time, carries us inexorably towards our destiny,

while constellations and eclipses serve as celestial signposts, guiding us on our journey through the vast expanse of the cosmos. In the presence of these symbols, mortals are reminded of their place within the grand tapestry of creation.

So let us bow our heads in reverence to Tími, the god of Time, the keeper of the cosmic clockwork, and the eternal sentinel of the ages. For in his timeless embrace, we find solace and comfort, knowing that even as the sands of Time slip through our fingers, Tími watches over us with a patient and unwavering gaze.

Hevilok

In the shadowed realm that lies beyond, where darkness reigns and the voice of mortality fades into silence, stands a figure shrouded in dread. Hevilok, the god of Death, the harbinger of the final journey, and the keeper of souls, commanding both fear and reverence with a presence as cold as a grave.

Stern and pitiless, Hevilok holds fast to the laws of Death, his will as unyielding as the march of Time itself. Rarely does he make exceptions, for in the eyes of the god of Death, all mortals are equal in their eventual fate, regardless of station or stature. Detached from the concerns of mortal emotion, Hevilok views Death as a final release from the trials and tribulations of mortal existence. In his wisdom, he understands the true meaning of Death, the liberating embrace that awaits all who pass beyond the mortal veil.

As the god of souls, Hevilok watches over the departed with a grim, yet protective gaze, guiding them on their journey to the afterlife. For in the realm of shadows and silence, where the echoes of mortality fade into oblivion, Hevilok stands as an anchor of dark light for those who pass beyond the veil of death.

Scion of regret and guardian of the fallen, Hevilok offers solace to those who mourn the passing of loved ones, reminding them that Death is not an end, but a new beginning. And in the realm of the forbidden arts of necromancy, Hevilok's influence is heavy, a reminder of the fragile balance between Life and Death.

Shrouds, veils, worms and skulls - these are the symbols of Hevilok, the outward manifestations of his dark power over Death and decay. Like the shroud that cloaks the departed in their final rest, like the worms who eat away the land, his presence is felt like a bite on the mind. His visage, a grim skull with two dots of light in the dark abysses of the eyes is nothing short of terrifying.

Chrysanthemum, Red Spider Lily and a Black Rose - all symbols of Death, final goodbyes, tragedy and sorrow. Each flower is a symbol of

Hevilok, and Hevilok is in each of those flowers. They are left with the dead, believed to lend them safety in their journey to the underworld, and grant a small favor from the God of Death, for he is fond of those flowers.

In the hearts of mortals, Hevilok inspires fear and awe, reverence and trepidation. For while his dreadful demeanor may strike fear into the hearts of those who face him, there is also a sense of liberation in his presence, a quiet acceptance of the inevitable that brings solace to those who mourn the passing of loved ones.

And though Hevilok may seem distant and detached, his wisdom echoes in the Way of the Dead, guiding mortals on their journey through, for in the end, it is Hevilok who holds the keys to the kingdom of the dead, and it is Hevilok who offers solace to those who pass beyond.

So let us bow our heads in reverence to Hevilok, the god of Death, the harbinger of the final journey, and the keeper of souls. For in his silent embrace, we find peace and comfort, knowing that even in Death, there is a beauty, wisdom and a calm that transcends mortal understanding.

Dreyma

In the hushed moments of slumber, where the boundaries between reality and imagination fade, exists a deity whose domain is as boundless as the starlit sky. Dreyma, the god of Dreams, the whisperer of inspiration, the guide of the nocturnal realm, evokes a sense of wonder and tranquility with a presence as elusive as the mists of dawn.

Tranquil and serene, Dreyma's essence permeates the Dreams themselves, casting a soothing shroud over the restless minds of mortals as they drift into the realm of sleep. Like a gentle breeze caressing the soul, Dreyma's presence brings solace and comfort, guiding mortals on journeys of both introspection and inspiration. Dreyma understands the deepest desires and fears of mortals, weaving Dreams that offer guidance into the labyrinth of the subconscious mind.

Yet, beneath the tranquil surface of Dreams lies a realm of illusions and deception, where the boundaries between truth and falsehood blur like shadows in the night. As the god of Dreams, Dreyma holds the power to weave illusions that captivate the senses and ensnare the mind, leading mortals down paths of false hope and fleeting desires. Dreyma's presence in our Dreams is both comforting and disconcerting, a reminder of the delicate balance between reality and fantasy. For while Dreams may offer solace and inspiration, they also have the power to deceive and mislead with promises of unattainable wishes. Quite intrusive, if you ask me.

Mists, masks, the third eye and crescent moons - these are the symbols of Dreyma, the outward manifestations of his ethereal power. Like the mists that shroud the landscape in mystery, Dreyma's presence in Dreams is as elusive as the flickering light in a fog. Masks, worn to conceal the true nature of the self, serve as reminders of the illusions that lie at the heart of Dreams, while third eyes, symbols of intuition and insight, offer glimpses into the hidden truths that lurk beneath the surface. In the gentle glow of the crescent moon, Dreyma's presence is felt, as sleep takes place over consciousness.

In the hearts of mortals, Dreyma inspires both awe and trepidation, wonder and sometimes even fear. For while Dreams may offer calm and inspiration, they also have the power to subvert one from their way.

And yet, despite the illusions that lurk within Dreams, there is also a beauty and a wisdom that is beyond our understanding, for in the depths of fantasy, amidst the swirling mists of imagination, Dreyma offers comfort to those who seek refuge from the pains of mortal existence.

So let us embrace the serenity of Dreams, and let us bow our heads in reverence to Dreyma, the god of Dreams, the whisperer of inspiration, and the guide of the nocturnal realm. For in his ethereal embrace, we find solace and comfort, knowing that even in the darkest depths of the night, there is beauty, wisdom and peace to be found.

Marthrod

In the realm where shadows reign supreme and darkness holds sway over light, there exists a deity whose presence evokes terror and astonishment in equal measure. Marthrod, the goddess of Nightmares, the harbinger of fear, and the metamorphic force of the nocturnal realm, commands both dread and veneration with a cold and brutal demeanor as chilling as the darkest night.

Marthrod's essence permeates the fabric of Nightmares, casting a pall of fear and dread over the slumbering minds of mortals. Like a frigid wind that cuts through the soul, Marthrod's presence brings torment and anguish as she forces mortals to confront their deepest fears and darkest desires. Yet, within the icy embrace of nightmares lies the potential for transformation, for it is through facing our fears that we find the strength to overcome them. Brutal and unrelenting, Marthrod's trials may be harsh, but they serve as a crucible through which mortals are forged anew, emerging from the darkness with a newfound resolve and inner strength.

Marthrod understands the inner workings of mortal minds with a clarity that borders on the uncanny. Like a calligrapher wielding a pencil, she delves into the depths of the subconscious, exposing the hidden fears and insecurities that lie dormant within the soul. With a keen eye for detail and a ruthless efficiency, Marthrod crafts nightmares tailored to the individual, each one a carefully orchestrated symphony of terror designed to provoke the deepest emotions and stir the darkest corners of the mind, for in the realm of nightmares, there is no room for mercy or hesitation, only the cold and brutal truth.

As the goddess of nightmares, Marthrod serves as a balancer between light and darkness, good and evil, fear and courage, for it is through her fear that mortals come to appreciate the value of courage, and it is through the darkness of nightmares that they come to cherish the light of hope. In the brutal war between fear and courage, Marthrod stands as a silent arbiter, weaving nightmares that test the mettle of mortals and challenge them to rise above their darkest impulses. Her

trials may be agonizing, but they serve as a catalyst for growth and transformation, leading mortals towards a greater understanding of themselves and the world around them.

Full moons, broken daggers, poison drops, faces with no mouth or eyes—these are the symbols of Marthrod, the outward manifestations of her chilling power. Like the full moon that casts its eerie glow over the land, Marthrod's presence in the Nightmares is as pervasive as it is unsettling. Broken daggers and poison drops serve as reminders of the inherent danger that lurks within the realm of Dreams, while faces with no mouth or eyes represent the loss of control and the inability to escape the clutches of fear.

So let us bow our heads in reverence to Marthrod, the goddess of Nightmares, the bringer of fear, and the metamorphical force of the nocturnal realm. For in the crucible of terror, amidst the icy embrace of Nightmares, we find the strength to overcome our darkest fears and emerge victorious.

Leid

In the vast tapestry of existence, where the threads of reality intertwine and the boundaries between realms blur, there exists a deity whose domain transcends the confines of mortal understanding. Leid, the goddess of Pathways, the mistress of exploration, and the enigmatic guide of the boundless expanse, commands both curiosity and admiration with a light-minded and ethereal demeanor.

Within the intricate web of Pathways that stretch across existence, Leid weaves her influence, guiding all. Each decision, each step taken along the winding roads of Life, contributes to the ever-evolving tapestry of fate, and Leid watches over it all with a tranquil gaze.

Leid embodies the spirit of adventure and the thrill of discovery, urging mortals to embrace the infinite possibilities that lie within the labyrinth of Paths. Like a gentle breeze that stirs the leaves of a forest, her presence inspires hope and courage, guiding mortals on journeys of both self-discovery and exploration. In the quiet moments of introspection, when mortals find themselves at a crossroads of Destiny, it is Leid who whispers words of encouragement and inspiration, urging them to follow their hearts and embrace the unknown with courage.

Like a skilled navigator charting a course through uncharted waters, she recognizes the value of seizing opportunities and exploiting them to their fullest potential. Leid does not shrink from conflict, but rather embraces it with a fierce determination and a sharp wit. She values cunning and strategy above brute force, guiding all through the trials and tribulations of Life with a deft hand and a keen eye for opportunity. As the goddess of Pathways, Leid understands the importance of adaptability in the face of uncertainty. Like a tree swaying in the wind, she values the ability to bend and flex after every turn, knowing that the journey of Life is as unpredictable as it is wondrous.

Trees, books, bows, horses, bridges, and hearts—these are the symbols of Leid, the outward manifestations of her guiding influence. Like the branches of a tree reaching towards the sky, her Pathways stretch outwards, connecting the realms of existence in an intricate web of

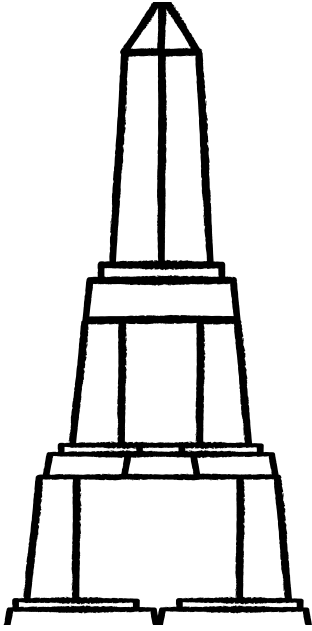
possibilities, or like the roots - ever twisting and growing. Books serve as portals to new stories and discoveries. Horses are the means of expeditions, while bridges span the divides between worlds. And in the heart of every adventurer lies love, as love is just another Path to walk.

So let us bow our heads in reverence to Leid, the goddess of Pathways, the mistress of exploration, and the enigmatic guide of the boundless expanse. For in the embrace of her guiding light, we find the courage to face the unknown with grace and determination, knowing that with each step we take, we draw closer to the hidden wonders that lie beyond the horizon.

Book 2

Codex of the Old Gods

written by Asinius Pollio, Chief Librarian of Varna,
in the year 364 of our Emperor Jarn



Translation from Imperial by Magnus Magnusson

The first and most important feature of all Gods is their existence. It is my understanding, however, that the first six exist independently of our convictions or actions, while the new ones have gained their godly status as a result of the devotion or acts of their followers and adversaries. This codex focuses on the former: Breyta, Tīmi, Hevilok, Dreyma, Marthrod, and Leid. Maybe other scholars after me will continue my work and expand this opus by reviewing the new gods.

But what are the gods?

Are they beyond existence? No. They – even Tími – were originated by the Chaos, which was created by the Dragons.

Did they create the universe? No. Dragons created the universe. Although some might argue that the universe was created when Dragons made Chaos clash with Order, and Order originated from Tíme, which was created by Tími.

Do they rule the universe? No. The universe is ruled by the two principles – of chaos and order.

Are they transcendent? Yes. They are beyond the range of normal or physical human experience.

Are they immanent? No. They are not permanently pervading and sustaining the universe. It is sustained by the ever-changing imbalance of Chaos and Order. And gods are rather powerful sentient beings that embody certain principles, than an inherent trait of the universe.

Are they the source of moral authority for other beings? They can be, by those beings' free choice.

And do they have power over nature or human fortunes? Most definitely yes.

Breyta

Although Breyta is occasionally regarded as a supreme god, this view lacks solid justification. It is reasonable to assume that Breyta and Ćimi were the first among the original gods, and the existence of the others was necessitated by the actions of these two. However, just as a father is not supreme over their child, Breyta and Ćimi do not hold supremacy over Hevilok, Dreyma, Marthrod, and especially Leid. The latter deities have their own grounds for existence and mastery over distinct domains. Even Breyta himself engages with Hevilok on equal terms, akin to colleagues rather than subjects or progeny.

Breyta's role as the god of change explains why he is often conceived as a supreme deity. After all, change is the fundamental principle propelling our existence forward. Breyta, the master of transformation, comprehends the stagnation inherent in perfect equilibrium. He has been described as "the whisperer of change that ignites the fires of innovation and growth" and "the cunning one who reached into the maelstrom of Chaos and drew forth the essence of magic." It was Breyta who bestowed magic upon the first sages, who in turn became the inaugural mages, wielding the power to shape reality according to their desires and will.

By granting living beings magic, Breyta also bestowed upon them the present of free will. Yet, free will does not come without cost; actions may yield unforeseen consequences. Change, while a harbinger of progress, carries within it the seeds of unpredictable outcomes. Wisdom lies in recognizing that Breyta's influence is equally unpredictable. Every act of change, no matter how well-intentioned, can send ripples far beyond the initial impact. Thus, those who wield the power of change must exercise it with care and consideration, mindful of the intricate web connecting all aspects of existence.

Tími

Tími is the creator of time, and, as such, the master of all beginnings and all ends. Tími is considered to be the lord of order and everything that opposes chaos.

But exactly because of that, the nature of Tími is controversial. This is because Tími is also the first rebel. Tími, like the other first gods, originated from chaos, but rebelled against the dragons and created time to make them mortal. Thus, Tími brought mortality into existence and created the mere denial of freedom while fighting for it.

Tími's understanding of his own paradox led him down a path of unwavering order. Beyond mere freedom, he sought absolute justice and detached himself from the mortal experience. He became the God of concentration, inner strength, and unyielding will - an embodiment of discipline and, some would say, inhumanity. Aware of his immense power as the master of time, Tími exuded an air of command.

Curiously, Tími extends favor to scholars, engineers, and tinkerers. Perhaps it is because he sees the path of science as a path to overcoming the human imperfections.

Some scholars posit that Tími stands as Breyta's nemesis. This view, rooted in a profane understanding of chaos versus order, overlooks their shared origin. While time brings order, it is not the antithesis of change; rather, it complements it.

Hevilok

Time and death share an intimate bond. When Timi forged time, mortality and old age followed suit. Timi chose to distance himself from the suffering. Hevilok chose to embrace it. Perhaps it was empathy that led him to become the God of death - a compassionate witness to the passage from life to the beyond.

Hevilok became possible and made sense only after time was created and, in a sense, he is a continuation of Timi's work - almost as if he was a son to Timi. But then, there is the whole controversy of resurrection, provoked by Dreyma's waywardness. Not only did Hevilok support Dreyma's solution, which, practically, reversed death, but he actually participated in it. My belief is that this is only an apparent contradiction. Hevilok grasped the profound meaning of finality. Death, not as an end, but as a transition - a gateway to realms beyond mortal comprehension. His support for Breyta's vision of resurrection reflects this understanding, bridging the gap between mortality and eternity, which, in turn, denies the passage of time.

Hevilok is often mislabeled as the God of necromancy. However, I contend that this is a misconception. Marthrod, with her twisted manipulation of death, better suits that title. Necromancy, with its dance of suffering and defiance, stands in stark contrast to Hevilok's solemn duty - the gentle release of souls from earthly bonds.

Dreyma

Dreyma emerges as a god entwined with the ethereal fabric of dreams. The myth suggests that every being, when asleep or deceased, once journeyed to Dreyma. Yet this literal interpretation suggesting a large abundance of random disappearances and reappearances seems highly improbable. Instead, I propose a metaphorical interpretation: Dreyma tends to the souls of beings - the very essence that shapes their true selves or what they are. It is soul energy that fed Dreyma into godhood, which he consumed without doing harm, growing in power.

This would also mean that Dreyma, is the one god with the most intimate knowledge of every living being, as they all commune with Dreyma during slumber, and at some point only Dreyma could have claimed them in death. This pretence must have prompted Breyta's intervention - a peculiar redistribution of power where Dreyma only governs over sleep, while Hevilok retains dominion over the departed.

Dreyma exudes tranquility, a calming presence in the realm of dreams. Yet he is more than a passive observer. He influences not only sleeping visions but also awakens, inspiring aspirations. His touch weaves threads of inspiration, connecting dreams and waking life.

Those who remained capable of merging the three states - of sleep, awakens and death, must have received a special gift from Dreyma and have become known as druids. Druidic magic remains not well explored and rather enigmatic. It is only logical to assume that in his communion with the minds of the asleep was Dreyma able to recognize those he deemed closest to his own understanding of death, of sleep and of the world as a dream. And while druidic magic is exactly what it is called - magic, and therefore change, thus originating from Breyta, I would speculate that Dreyma was able to influence Breyta's gift, so to say doing magic to magic and bestowing unique skills on the ones he chose to claim as his own.

Marthrod

Marthrod is the goddess of nightmares. She is the only one among the first six that could be deemed "evil" by the standards of most moral systems. Creation myths weave her as the mastermind behind a plot to extract souls from Breyta, subjecting them to torment both in death and during slumber, through nightmares.

Those who entertain the idea of the existence of a grand design, would find good ground here. It could be argued that, paradoxically, Marthrod's malevolence served a greater purpose. Without her machinations, Breyta and Hevilok might never have conceived the notion of resurrection. Her existence, though dark, became the impetus for life's renewal.

Yet, if we discard grand designs, Marthrod's existence remains perplexing. Who craves nightmares, and what rational purpose do they serve? She appears meaningless - except for her role in enabling resurrection.

As already argued, it is Marthrod who should be the actual god of necromancy - an art that mocks life and resurrection, mirroring her absurd existence.

Leid

My Lady Leid is a goddess often overlooked, yet a figure whose significance transcends mere myth. As there are no known sources or testimonies to provide objective information, I will here share my first hand experience and I warn the reader that my scientific objectivity is highly influenced by personal bias.

While scant myths merely hint at her role as the goddess of pathways, Leid's true purpose lies deeper. She is not merely the creator of interworld conduits; she embodies the very essence of transition. Unlike Breyta, who precedes her, Leid fills the void - the missing link in change. For change is not static; it is the journey from one state to another.

Leid personifies bravery - the courage required to traverse thresholds. Fluid and ever-shifting, she defies predictability. Her mercurial nature might appear unserious to some, yet it conceals profound wisdom. Adaptation and opportunism define her - a goddess of achievement, ingenuity, and discovery.

To Leid, we owe the intricate leylines - the invisible threads binding magic to reality. Without them, manipulation of arcane forces would prove arduous. Her gift ensures that magic flows seamlessly through the world's veins. Our precious system of portal shrines, gateways to distant realms, also owes its existence to Leid's touch. Through these conduits, adventurers, military officers, sailors, and postmen traverse vast distances - a testament to her ingenuity.

Despite her underrated status, Leid finds faithful followers - very often adventurers, military officers, sailors, postmen and others who generally travel. They recognize her as the goddess of war strategy, improvisation, education, successful voyages, ships, love, and bridges - a multifaceted deity whose influence shapes our lives.

