



## The Sorrows of Gedhru and Aume

A Creation Myth concerning the world of Arborell, told to the peoples of the Ancient World by the Sylvan Tree, and translated from inscriptions found upon the walls of Traebor by the Maturi Paderian Hedj.

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It is remembered that in the First Days of Creation there was nothing but void and shadows. Light and Dark had not yet been given a home within the great expanses of the Cosmos, and residing in their place there surged instead the roiling currents of an existence that had not yet found form or purpose.

Within this void life existed however. Scattered within the infinite space, but alone and without voice travelled the First Beings, their only goal to find others of their kind, so that they might give comfort to one another and find solace in a nothingness without boundary.

It was by chance that in these first days of creation that two of the First Beings found one another. Known to themselves as Gedhru and Aume, these creatures of the void came together, and having now a reason to speak conversed on the nature of their strange universe, and in that discourse discovered quickly the power of Words.

For it was found that hidden within their Voices lay the power to make, or unmake, anything that they might desire. Reality itself could be forged with a single Word, the solid and the corporeal drawn from the swirling mists of the Void and made real and purposeful. All that was required was that they speak the words.

Within the shadows and flowing time Gedhru built a home for his Aume. Of its form or nature nothing can be said for nothing is known, but it is remembered that once constructed the River of Time began to flow, and having built their home within its narrow borders the First Beings became aware of its passage, and in their own time grew to understand that they too were servants to its relentless advance.

For aeons of time the First Beings resided in the Great Home that was their only world and all that they knew, and it grew in the mind of Aume that they should pass its splendour on to children of their own. For a span of ages Gedhru and Aume discussed how they might give life to Beings such as themselves, and once determined it was Aume who spoke the Words that brought them into existence.

From the swirling shadows that buffeted at their walls two daughters walked into the Great Home. The first Gedhru named Shabel, the second Aume named Elanna.





Fair of voice and calm of disposition these two daughters found their place within the safe walls of the Great Home and for the ages that followed garnered great favour with Gedhru and Aume.

It came to pass however, that Gedhru found discontent in his existence. Great was the power of his Voice, and long was the discourse of his family, but in his time he felt the need of a son, and went to Aume, his intention to bring into their existence a boon that could settle his disquiet. Aume, who had been given two daughters, did not refuse him.

From the mists of the Cosmos a son arose for Gedhru, and he called him Emur. Strong of limb and fair of disposition, Gedhru's son also found his place in the Great Home, and with his sisters provided a joy to his parents that made the long spans of their existence all the happier. But in the Great Home all was not as it seemed.

With Emur's coming into the world a fracture slowly opened between himself and Shabel. It was a conflict held only within the heart of his sister, but well hidden and terrible in its possibilities. Competing for the attention of Gedhru and Aume, Shabel had come to hate her brother, and in her goodness Elanna did not recognise the power of the despite growing before her. It was a hatred that fumed and seethed within the mind of Shabel, twisting her disposition and turning her to plans constructed to place her at the centre of her parent's world. In her existence there was no room for Emur and she resolved quietly to murder him.



It was Gedhru who found Emur, the remains of his existence laying upon the floor of the Great Home. Without understanding of what had happened he called for Aume, and with his frantic calls came a tortured grief that brought her quickly to his side. With the power of her malice Shabel had brought down her brother and laid waste to his essence, and behind a veil of false words and grief hid her complicity in his murder.

In a Great Home that had only known joy and hope the death of Emur devastated Gedhru and Aume. Overwhelmed by a grief that they could not control the First Beings withdrew into themselves, and gave over their lives to despair. Elanna in her goodness consoled them, even though her own sorrow was great, but Shabel gave distance between herself and her family and in her brooding hatred considered the





power she had found. In her thoughts there was only satisfaction, and the realisation that there was no barrier to her using such power again.

It is said that time is a great healer and with its passage the sadness of the Great Home lifted. From sorrow Gedhru turned his thoughts to what he might do to honour his dead son. Within the confines of his vast home he had no fitting memorial, yet there were the expanses of the Void at his door and he decided to use them. With the utterance of a Word he pushed back the shadowed realm that surrounded him and in the dark nothingness that remained he sent Emur's essence into its midst. Dark and lifeless Emur hung in the void but this was not Gedhru's intent. In his mind was a Great Work, a project that would honour his son and bring life and hope again into the Void.

With a Word that cannot be uttered Gedhru shaped Emur into the dark contours of our world, but the sight of its nighted form brought all the torment of his bereavement welling within him and for the only time in his existence he wept. Three tears fell from the visage of Gedhru and each had the power of creation held within them, unfettered and filled with the strength of his grief.

Within his falling tears came the arch of the night sky to Emur, the water and air that sustains existence and the power of EarthMagic that sleeps in the essence of all things. As Gedhru watched Emur was transformed, but there was more that was needed to be done. His Great Work had only just begun.

Into the night sky Gedhru placed the suns of Emur, one each for himself and Aume, to warm the creation that he would wrought upon the new World below, but as he worked Elanna came to him, her countenance troubled.

In her rooms she had felt the trembling power of his Voice upon the void, and knowing that he could not do justice to the memory of Emur in such a state of sadness offered to finish the work of creation for her Father. It was a job, she counselled, that she could do well. Her grief had left her, but her love for Emur endured, and she would use it as a vessel to fashion a great creation in his memory.

Gedhru acknowledged the wisdom of her offer and because he had a great trust for his daughter he passed to her the Word of Creation, and then brought her down to the barren plains of the World he had forged. Upon the rocky ground Elanna set to work.

In the ages that followed Elanna took the power given by Gedhru and raised a world out of the ashes of her Father's despair. Great Mountains rose to greet the dawn and mighty rivers were scoured upon dry lands. Deep seas were carved from the belly of





the world and two vast continents raised to harbour the verdant life that sprung upon them. Of all her creations Elanna most favoured the trees, and in the warmth of her regard they prospered, sending forth their verdancy across all the lands of the world. At the end of her labours the World of Emur was complete, and seeing that it would please her Father she rested.

Within the rooms of the Great Home Shabel watched the labours of Elanna and quietly planned her destruction. The malice and malcontent that had seen an end to Emur now focused upon her sister, and in the quiet of her existence she sensed that hatred had a Power of its own, and if her Father would not favour her as he did Elanna, then she would take power for herself.

Upon the highest of the mountains of Emur Elanna raised a great Palace to rest within, unaware of her sister's enmity. At the summit of Araheal she founded her apartments and named them the First Halls. Looking out upon the total of her labours she smiled, for she knew her Father would indeed be pleased.

And it came to pass that in his gratitude Gedhru gave a gift of two moons to Elanna, advising her that one should be named after herself, the other her's to name as she pleased. In her goodness she named the other Shabel, after her sister, and placed both in the sky to light the darkness of night. Without the knowledge of her sister's malice Elanna could not know that it had been in the cover of night that Shabel had been at work, forging the instruments of a deadly plan.

Consumed with a malevolent will that had soured over the course of many ages, Shabel had found Power in the hatred she harboured for her sister. She had not been given the Word of Creation but had discovered instead that malice could wield the nature of their existence just as efficiently as the Voice of her Father, and in the dark places of the world she laboured hard, creating the creatures she would use to prosecute an unnecessary revenge.

Beyond the knowledge of Gedhru and Aume, Shabel forged the dweo'gorga, creatures of uncertain form, and imbued with all the malice that she could pour into their creation. Gifted with the ability to take on any shape, they lurked in the darkest shadows of the Great Forest and waited for the command that would compel them on their deadly quest. For Shabel it was only a matter of time.

But in her jealous fugue Shabel misjudged her ability to work covertly against her sister. Gedhru loved both his daughters, and as he watched Elanna work her creation upon the new World he also took note of the many comings and goings of Shabel from the Great Home, and of her many visits to Emur. Blinded by his great





affection he saw no ill in it, but the distance that Shabel had placed between them gave him cause for concern. It was a concern he shared with Aume.

In her thoughts Aume had sensed the same dissonance and agreed with her Husband that they should watch Shabel all the closer. If there was indeed a sadness in her then they should do all they could to help her find peace. What neither could see was her deadly intent, and the devastation she was prepared to bring upon them.

It was in the early hours of night that Shabel descended into the world of Emur and called her dweo'gorga to her. In a circle of trees she bound the creatures to her will and sent them into the shadows, their one goal to find Elanna and kill her. Many of the creatures were sent and in was only a matter of time before the first of the beasts found Shabel's sister asleep and alone. On that fateful night Elanna died, and Shabel rejoiced in the totality of her betrayal.



In the Great Home Gedhru felt the fracture of Elanna's death as a lance of sorrow that cut through his consciousness. Unaware of what had been done he called to his daughters but it was only Aume, his Wife that answered. From the quiet of the Void Aume had watched Shabel and knew all that had happened. It took only a word for Gedhru to understand and grief again welled in him, but this time anger rode upon its back as a great unstoppable wave.

Descending into Emur Gedhru called for Shabel but she did not answer. Consumed in her own malice she had not given thought to the retribution that might be brought to her by her Father, and in the dark hours made for a darker place where she might hide. The anger of her Father however, was not to be denied.

In the midst of the First Halls Gedhru found Elanna's form, torn by the claws of the dweo'gorga and ragged from its ferocity. It was a fate unlooked for and unearned, and Gedhru could not control his rage. Reaching out with his Voice he called again for Shabel, and this time his power tore her from her hiding place and brought her to him.

Embraced in her Father's wrath Shabel could not move, fear gripped her as she looked upon his countenance but he would not hear her pleas for mercy. With a thought he tore her apart, sending her essence into the winds, dispersing her into a





dissolution that she could not return from. In the First Ages of the World Shabel was dead.

Once again submerged in grief Gedhru held his daughter and waited in the dark hours, unable to reconcile the malice of Shabel and the loss of Elanna. In his mind he could see only his own dissolution, a collapse of spirit that would find him once again alone in the void, wandering the grey shadows of a lonely existence that had no end and no hope. It was his darkest hour and it was with Aume that he found salvation.

From the Great Home Aume descended also into the First Halls and took Gedhru's hand. Her grief was great but so was her compassion, and without words took Elanna from Gedhru. Look, she said to her husband as the dawn glimmered upon the mountain of Araheal. See the great work that has been wrought by your daughter in your name and in the memory of Emur. Here is a memorial to your creation and it needs a guardian, a spirit that will see it thrive and protect it from imbalance. Elanna may have left us but her essence is still here. Use the power you have to remake her as the life-force of this world, a River of Life that shall ensure Emur and Elanna will always have a presence in the Void. Do this and your creation will live forever.



Gedhru turned to his wife and even in his grief could see her wisdom. With a thought he took Elanna and interred her in the deepest ground, reviving her essence and infusing it into the hard stone of the World. Beneath his feet he felt the pulse of her life and gave her the power to guard all that she had wrought from harm. In sadness though he knew that she was no longer the daughter of his creation. She had grown now into something greater and he renamed her Shan'duil, River of Life. It was a gift that would see her safe and purposeful for all eternity, but there was little that could salve the bitter edge of his sorrow. Then dawn broke across Emur.

In a dance of light and colour the full splendour of Elanna's labours came to life. It was the First Day of the guardianship of the Shan'duil and in its glimmering vibrancy caused Gedhru to take pause and reflect on the beauty of what had been wrought. From the long horizon the suns of the world rose to spread light upon all that now lived, the vast forests and mountains of Emur glistening in the First Day of the world. Such was its grandeur that Gedhru could only feel joy, but the sadness forged by Shabel still lay at his core. It was Aume who counselled him once again.





Husband, she said softly, Elanna has given life to your great creation but she will not rest easily without her sister. It is true that Shabel has done great wrong, but her essence survives even now and I sense that there is good to found within her. You have the power to take her and give her a purpose, one that shall allow her to know her sister and give her company in the long years that are to follow. We are Beings that know the sting of loneliness and the despair that can be found in solitude. It is a fate we should not visit knowingly upon our daughter.

Gedhru turned to his wife and nodded, for once again she had spoken wisdom. In his anger he had sent Shabel into dissolution but her essence still remained, writhing unfettered within the winds of Emur. He knew what he had to do.

As he had given Elanna guardianship of the ground beneath him, so he gathered what remained of Shabel and gave her to the winds. He could not trust that she would not try and harm Elanna once again, but it was his hope that they would find comfort and counsel in each other's company. To be sure of Elanna's safety Gedhru bound Shabel to the furthest side of the world and gave her guardianship of all that could be found there. As he had named Elanna, Shan'duil, so he named Shabel, Hev'duil, the Breath of Life, and gave her dominion over those far reaches of his creation.

In forgiveness Gedhru gave over the Word of Creation to his daughters and bade them use it wisely. With Aume at his side Gedhru rose once again into the halls of the Great Home and looked down upon the wonder of the world that had been forged in the memory of Emur. Upon its countenance he could sense the power of his daughters and he knew that their creation was safe. As he turned to give thanks to his Wife he found consolation in the thought that although there was sadness in his heart he could now also feel joy, and for a Being that had known such grief that was enough.

