



The Beginning

Fate

When fate manifested at the beginning of time, she didn't know her purpose... alone in the endless dark—she made the sun first and then the planets... learning how to shape the gasses into a life form... roll an entire world out with a rock.

Fate was happy, but she still had no purpose, nothing to love. She spent over five million years intricately placing each piece of *earth* together, making sure it would be inhabitable. She gave a small part of herself to each of the perfect creatures she designed to live on her beautiful planet.

She gave the people vast lands, mountains, plants and animals to eat, trees, lakes and oceans—she gave them everything.

But humanity proved to be unworthy.

Fate created the gods when the mortals got out of hand—she had no choice when the morals began digging up the world she put so much of herself into... cutting down *her* trees for land when she gave them so much to live on... killing the bugs she pieced together by hand... the mortals didn't

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stop with the insects, they killed each other for sport, killed more life than they needed.

Fate knew that with life came death, but so much of it? Death was not a sport. Death was not for entertainment. Death was the cost of life—the willing consequence humans made while creating life.

The mortals did not fear consequence.

They did not appreciate the life she birthed.

The worst part was... she couldn't go back, couldn't restart. She had already brought them to life—given them part of her soul. She thought she had given them everything they needed, she thought they'd be happy, but the thing about mankind was that they were never happy... they'd always want more and more and more.

Fate grew angrier and angrier everyday, continuously watching—helplessly watching—the sun rise and then be replaced by the night, so... she took the sun from the sky.

There were nine days and nine nights of pure night. The mortals grew scared, huddling with each other, building fires for one another, cradling others' babies.

Fate was pleased to see her children acting as she intended.

She rewarded them with Cyra, she was a beacon of light, but as the years passed—the world needed night, and Crya proved to only be growing brighter.

Fate took the night that Cyra shut out and put him on the other side of the world—Lune was not the beacon Fate hoped he would be, the people were afraid of him. As the people grew more terrified, so did he...

And as Cyra lost her control—growing brighter and brighter, so did Lune. Unlike Cyra's light—Lune only grew darker—becoming the void of dark.

The people locked Lune away, down the endless stairs at the end of the world. Cyra only grew hotter, brighter—she blinded and burned the woman who took her in as a child. That was when she decided to leave—she condemned herself to her own prison.

Cyra stayed in the burning desert for centuries, but the world couldn't just be half light and half dark, so Fate decided to allow the tether Cyra and Lune had when they were just... the day and the night.

After years of searching, Cyra found him, and as Fate intended the mortals to be—generous, loving, and true—Cyra gifted Lune some of her light and walked him up the endless stairs—hand in hand.

They were worshiped for a millennia, but as mortals proved to be before, they grew avaricious once again, and afraid.

Cyra and Lune were beheaded the same way they once walked up the endless stairs—*side by side, hand in hand.*

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They died in peace knowing the mortals knew nothing of their children.

Fate on the other hand... she found no peace in their deaths and for the first time—she screamed—she allowed the earth to quake and split the land, she allowed the mountains to erupt, she allowed the waves of the ocean to grow large enough to cover the world... the world she had just broken into seven pieces...

As the years passed Cyra and Lune reminded Fate why she had created them in the first place because every day Cyra shone in the sky and every night Lune took her place—for the mortals that killed them.

Their daughter, Eliana, took after her mother, brightening every place she went.

She fell in love with a man and Fate gifted them a child, but he was called to war.

When the world split the mortals fought over who got what part of land—Fate had been the cause of her world's first war.

And the reason Eliana never got to tell her husband.

Eliana was determined to avenge her husband. She wanted to fight for what he fought for—she did exactly that, but she didn't just fight. She won the war and then did what her husband would've loved to do—she returned home to her son.

Eliana was worshiped as the first warrior. She fell three hundred years later, doing what she did best—fighting for what she loved.

Fate put Eliana in the sky, right beside Lune—as the brightest star, guiding warriors north until the end.

Cyra and Lune’s son, Kieran, he took after his father, but he could conceal it—control it. Using his mothers light to create shadow, to create darkness. He fought beside his sister—and died beside his sister.

Kieran was put into the sky as dawn and dusk—sending off his parents every day and every night.

What Fate didn’t realize was that her pain the day she lost Cyra and Lune—didn’t just split the land—it split the worlds into two.

It mirrored her earth, but from when it was just *earth*, when there were no mortals, no life at all. She cried as she reflected on what *she* had created—and what *she* had destroyed, but as her tears rained down on the new world... lightning struck. And a man yelled, “Esen, we don’t need rain now.”

That was when Fate noticed the small homes speckled across the center of the land—no trees were plowed for space they already had.

“It’s not me,” the woman said back. Esen... the wind. The sky. Fate created her from the scream of grief.

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“Ash, I got more wood for a fire,” another woman said, dropping a pile of logs in front of a man who with one touch—set them ablaze.

Ash... the result of the fire born from the eruption.

“Thank you, Gaia,” Ash smiles. Fate searched for any trees they could have cut, but there were none...

Gaia... the earth. Born from the earthquake.

“When do you guys think Killian and Sable are coming back?” another man asked, walking toward the group from the lake.

Kai... he who comes from the sea.

Fate had given twenty more lives to the warriors, and twenty more to the shadows. She knew Killian, the son of Eliana, was fighting with his newly found warriors. Sable, the daughter of Kieran, was fighting beside her cousin, with her newly found shadows.

Fate hated the idea of them being alone and unprotected... she didn't know that she had created more gods like them.

Mortals lived peacefully—most of them at least... two craved power, twins. They needed it so badly that they stole it from *her* gods.

The mortals never really could leave her worlds alone, could they?

The men—boys—took her beautiful world. They didn't hurt it at first, beside their first kill—the god of dreams, Alo-

ra. They just quietly stole. After two millennia, she watched one grow homesick and wish to return, but the other... well all he wished for was more power...

Fate would *not* watch a *mortal* destroy another one of *her worlds*, so Fate did what she couldn't the first time.

She needed someone to save her world... just one person wouldn't be enough. She wouldn't sacrifice anymore than the two... she just hoped that in the end her old friends would forgive her because—

“Fate doesn't cure the innocent... often.”