

Speak to me oh unknowable one. Speak to me of days gone by. Speak to me of dying gods and blackened earth. Speak to me oh unknowable one, of the rebirth of Death.

Recall if you will, the final day in the war of heaven. The day the brothers two ended their war of jealousy and wrath. Recall if you will, Dread Decanicus losing his scythe when dueling his own brother, for there is where our story begins.

For While the war had ended, its blight upon the lands had not. For as the gods rebuilt the realms of fey and man, the poison of Decanicus had begun to seep into the land itself. For his scythe you see had landed with a mighty crash and had cut deep into the ground itself. As Decanicus had been a bringer of destruction, so to would his scythe. The power of Decanicus began to spread across the realm, like a plague of ruin and strife. And as the land decayed, so to did Mighty Terranicus, God of The Land. And as the land decayed, so too did its inhabitants. Plants would shrivel, the oceans boiled, and Men walked the realm as shells of their former selves, wondering why the gods had forsaken them so quickly after creating them. And so the Gods began to search high and low for the festering wound that had infected the world.

It was Endless Estratus who first found the scythe. While maintaining her realm of Sun and Sky, she found the crater that had formed upon the scythe's impact. She quickly dispatched her messengers to find and assemble the others to the site. When the gods arrived, they saw the power of the scythe had corrupted the very ground they walked upon, for what was once fertile soil, had become hardened, black rock. Even the gods were wary to get close to the scythe, as the sheer power of Dread Decanicus could still be felt through this mere piece of his essence.

The first gods to try to dislodge the malady were the twins Florana and Faunaset. Being the youngest of the gods, they were quick to prove their power, but just as quick to rush into things in a foolhardy manner. They ordered the plants and animals to dislodge the scythe, yet failing to understand the sheer power of their great uncle. For as they ordered their subjects to charge towards the scythe, the plants would rot and the animals would decay into writhing masses of vine and flesh before their very eyes. Before they had realized the gravity of their mistake, countless of their children would cease to be.

"Foolhardy children!" called Thunderous Stürminos, "Would you also use fire to stop the ocean's rise? No mortal creature could ever wield even a fraction of your great uncle's power." And so the gods began to formulate a new plan. "Should the scythe touch a creature, they shall be afflicted with agony," pondered Estratus, "so we shan't lay a finger on it." It was then Mighty Terranicus stood up and said "I have had enough of this damnable scythe eating away at my domain," as he began to back away from the group, beckoning the others to move out of his way, "So I shall be sending it to you Estratus!" With a mighty stomp, the earth began to shake with the force of 1000 earthquakes, and the ground began to rise high towards the heavens themselves as it rapidly advanced towards the resting place of the scythe in the hope of dislodging this malady from its abode. And yet as the mountains took form underneath the scythe, it would remain stalwart in the rock.

“Oh real clever!” sneered Tymothias, child of The Storm God, “Let’s use destruction to stop destruction! What could go wrong?” “If thou thinks you can dislodge the scythe, then we will surely let you try.” said Terranicus, embittered by his failure. Before the Rain god could protest, his father had flown to the mountain top with Tymothias being dragged up behind him. “Well then my child,” said Stürminos, “get the scythe out.” “I do not have near enough power to do that! You and I both know this!” whined The Rain God. “I am aware,” remarked the Storm God, “And yet you still chastise those above your station, so now you will aid me in my attempt.” The Storm Lord had figured if he were to conjure a great storm, the force of the wind and rain would dislodge the scythe. And so the two gods began to conjure a great storm over the newborn mountains. Yet as the storm descended onto the mountains, the gods were puzzled by the outcome. For what was expected to be a warm rain, began to turn to cold, white dust that coated the mountaintops. Enraged by this outcome, Stürminos began to demand an explanation from the assembled gods. It was then a lone flower, bathed in a bluish glow, grew out from the soil. Stürminos knew this to be a messenger of their brother, a mighty tree known by his followers as The Great Oak. “Speak little flower, lest you desire to feel my wrath”. “Please forgive me o mighty storm lord,” the little flower replied, “but I have news from your brother. He has been made aware of your realm’s plight, and has issued me a message of grave importance.” “Due to your actions, the foundations of your world would have crumbled had he not interfered. He has taken it upon himself to help bind the world together, however that will extend his power into your world. He beseeches you to fix this problem by dawn, lest his roots begin to become corrupted as your world has.” And with that the flower shriveled up back into the ground.

As night fell upon the decaying world, the gods had come to a grim realization. One of them would have to pull the Dread Scythe from its infernal resting place. Radiant Lyandra had volunteered to be the one to pull the scythe, but being the Goddess of Life made this plan unacceptable to the other gods, for should the taint of destruction corrupt life itself, all hope would be lost. It was then they went to ask Infernal Ifrit, Fire Lord and only son of Dread Decanicus. Yet Ifrit denied his family, for they had all sided against Decanicus and himself during the war. As dawn began to creep on the horizon, the gods began bickering, pointing fingers and arguing amongst themselves as to who should pull the scythe. It was then that Quiet Mortanis, God of The Night, had arrived to the squabbling cabal alongside Unspeakable Pnometicon, Keeper of Secrets. “Why are you all arguing amongst yourselves when oblivion is looming on the horizon?” shouted Mortanis over the bickering council “If nobody here shall truly serve our creations, than I shall.” None of the gods liked this plan, as Mortanis was well liked amongst his brothers and sisters, yet any would be protests were quickly silenced with a single gesture from their cryptic brother of knowledge. With this blessing, Mortanis flew up the mountain towards the infernal scythe. With one last look at his domain, he grabbed the scythe.

As soon as Mortanis touched the scythe, the power of Decanicus began to flow through his body. His skin began to burn away, his muscles screamed in agony, and his eyes began to melt within his skull. But with his last ounce of strength, he wrenched the scythe free from its rocky prison. Mortanis then fell down the mountain, burning away til he was nothing but bone. When the other gods found what remained of their brother, they were horrified by what they saw, for there was Mortanis, skeletal and smoldering, scythe in hand. They quickly gathered him and

took him into the heavens. When Mortanis awoke, he addressed his brethren, "You, all you call yourselves gods, caretakers of the realms, and yet why do I not see many among you who deserve such a title? For when you are needed most, you argue, bicker, and fight. You should be ashamed of your actions this day." And the gods were ashamed. For where they failed, their brother had sacrificed everything to succeed. And so the gods conspired, not in malice, but in humility. They began to craft gifts to honor Blind Mortanis and his sacrifice. First was Stalwart Faunaset and Endless Estratus, who gifted him the humble crow. "May you have sight beyond eyes" they said. And so they were forgiven. Next was Thunderous Stürminos and his kin, who gifted him a mighty bow. "May you carry out your duties both near and far." they said. And so they were forgiven. Next came Mighty Terranicus and Caring Florana, who gifted him Nightshade. "May their whispers guide you through the night." they said. And so they were forgiven. Next came messengers of The Great Oak, who honored Mortanis with a black cloak of endless cold. "May your bones always feel the cold of night wherever you go". And so their master was acknowledged. Last came Unknowable Pnometicon and Loving Lyandra, who bestowed upon him the greatest gift of all. For Lyandra, keeper of the mortal soul, had given Mortanis half of her trusted possession. "As I strive to create a better world, may you always destroy the suffering that lay within." And so Blind Mortanis, Most exalted among the gods, ascended to his throne