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[House of Hozz](#)

Character Summaries

Oswald - The Apathetic Surgeon

- Character Traits: Initially lazy and talented, Oswald prefers a life of ease. His journey begins with a lack of ambition but gradually shifts to a more proactive stance.
- Arc: Oswald's transformation is marked by his gradual involvement in the conflicts of Twin World. His turning point is the death of his brothers, pushing him from apathy to action. He becomes more agreeable and cooperative with his allies, and more disagreeable and combative toward his foes, developing a sense of duty and responsibility for himself and others. His final confrontation with the Dragon, where he kills his closest friend and dies in the process, signifies his complete departure from his initial apathy, showing his growth in maturity and depth of character.

Ziggy - The Proud Pirate

- Character Traits: Ziggy is overconfident and prideful, believing he knows best. He's adventurous, curious (high Openness), and a natural leader.
- Arc: Ziggy's story is one of humility. His initial pride and constant confident misinterpretation of the prophecy lead him to failure. His experiences with the Fay lead him to eventually realize both his own personal limitations, and the dangers of excessive openness. His death, while tragic, is a culmination of his journey from arrogance to humility, highlighting the theme of pride and fall.

Hugh - The Billionaire with a Conscience

- Character Traits: Hugh embodies Conscientiousness. He's methodical, determined, and exhibits strong moral principles.
- Arc: Hugh's struggle to balance his powers and moral compass defines his character. His journey is marked by a constant battle against evil, leading to personal sacrifices. For Hugh, the greatest sacrifice is that of inaction, and restful acceptance. His final act of refusing to defend himself from his false accusations and accepting his fate shows his deep-rooted sense of justice and responsibility.

Zach - The Extroverted Vampire

- Character Traits: Charismatic and sociable, Zach is an epitome of Extroversion. His transformation from a dark figure to a healer is significant.

- Arc: Zach's arc is about redemption and transformation. Initially seeking power, his journey leads him to understand the value of helping others. Unlike his former role as an extroverted undead master, his healing powers require deep introspection to draw the poison from his own soul as he draws out the wounds of others. His death while saving lives in Propitiation symbolizes his complete transformation from a self-serving vampire to a selfless healer.

Zabu - The Neurotic Werewolf

- Character Traits: Zabu, as a master of Neuroticism, is anxious, sensitive, and often struggles with emotional stability.
- Arc: Zabu's story involves him learning to be worried about the right things. Initially, his high-stress interactions with others are focused only on superficial threats. As he develops, Zabu begins to use his heightened sensitivities to sense dangers or deceptions that others miss, making him a crucial but troubled ally. At the turning point of Oswald's arc, Zabu pierces the veil of enchantments around the dragon, enabling Oswald to see his "friend" as the monster that he really is.

Interweaving Stories:

Ziggy & Zabu: Ziggy encounters Zabu in Twin World, where Zabu's insights into the dragon's psychology help Ziggy understand the depth of the threat they face.

Hugh & Oswald: Hugh's pursuit of the dragon directly impacts Oswald's quest, providing him with the Dragon Lance crucial for the final confrontation.

Zack & Zabu: Zack, in his healer form, encounters Zabu in the turmoil, helping him cope with his neuroticism, which becomes crucial in Zack's healing journey.

Oswald & Zabu: Zabu aids Oswald in piecing together the mystery of their brothers' deaths, leading to the final confrontation with the dragon.

The Dragon's Overarching Influence:

- The Dragon remains the central antagonist, his schemes impacting each brother's fate. He manipulates events from behind the scenes, leading to the tragic ends of Ziggy, Hugh, and Zack, and ultimately facing his own demise at the hands of Oswald, influenced by Zabu's insights.

Plot Outline

Volume 1: The Awakening of Twin World

Introduction to the Characters: Introduce Oswald, Ziggy, Hugh, Zach, and Zabu, highlighting their individual traits and initial stances in life.

Discovery of Twin World: Oswald's discovery of the alternate universe sets the stage. Ziggy, driven by pride, takes the lead in exploring it.

First Conflicts: Initial adventures in Twin World, showcasing Ziggy's misinterpretations and Oswald's growing sense of responsibility.

Rising Tensions: Introduce the Dragon subtly as a background manipulator. Show Zabu's struggles with neuroticism and Zach's descent into darkness.

Climax of Volume 1: Ziggy's tragic downfall at the hands of the Fay, stirring a change in the brothers and leading to Oswald's decision to take a more active role.

Volume 2: The Paths of Turmoil

Separate Journeys: Follow the individual paths of the brothers. Oswald's quest for answers, Hugh's moral battles, Zach's growing power, and Zabu's internal struggle.

Interweaving Fates: Their stories intersect through various encounters, alliances, and conflicts, showing their growth and the impact they have on each other.

Zabu's Transformation: Zabu begins to sense deeper threats, slowly becoming a key figure in identifying the Dragon's manipulations.

Revelations and Consequences: The characters learn about the Dragon's influence and the depth of the chaos in Twin World.

Volume Climax: Hugh's battle against Zack, leading to Zack's transformation, and Oswald's increasing conflict with the Dragon.

Volume 3: The Tides of Change

Zach's Redemption: Follow Zach's journey as a healer, illustrating his internal and external transformation.

Hugh's Moral Dilemma: Hugh's struggle with his conscience, leading to his eventual self-sacrifice.

Oswald's Growing Resolve: Oswald becomes more engaged in the fight against the Dragon, with Zabu aiding him in seeing through deceptions.

Alliances and Betrayals: The characters form alliances, both successful and treacherous, as they navigate the complexities of Twin World.

Volume Climax: Hugh's trial and execution, shaking the moral foundations of the characters, especially impacting Oswald and Zabu.

Volume 4: The Edge of Despair

The Aftermath of Hugh's Death: The characters grapple with the consequences of Hugh's actions and death.

Zach's Sacrificial Role: Zach's healing journey reaches a peak, as he helps those affected by the turmoil in Twin World.

Oswald and Zabu's Partnership: They work closely, with Zabu's neurotic insights becoming crucial to their plans against the Dragon.

Climactic Battles: Key confrontations against the Dragon's forces, setting the stage for the final showdown.

Volume Climax: Zach's death, symbolizing the ultimate act of redemption, and setting Oswald on the path for the final confrontation with the Dragon.

Volume 5: The Dragon's Fall

Oswald's Final Quest: Oswald, with Zabu's help, prepares for the final battle against the Dragon.

Unveiling the Dragon: The full extent of the Dragon's manipulations and plans are revealed.

The Ultimate Confrontation: A detailed depiction of Oswald's confrontation with the Dragon, aided by Zabu's insights.

The Dragon's Demise: The climactic battle where Oswald kills the Dragon, fulfilling his character arc of transforming from apathy to a hero.

The Series Finale: Oswald's sacrifice and the aftermath of the Dragon's death, resolving the story arcs and leaving a legacy for the characters.

The History of TwinWorld

The [First People](#)

Summary

God (Tanodia) makes the world. It includes [Toruhl](#) (trolls of the depths) [Fala](#) (flame creatures of the outer fire) plants (created before water!) [Fay](#), and [Zarth](#)

Full Story

In the beginning Tanodia stretched out His right hand and placed the first glyph in the void and there was the adamant, smooth and flat without wrinkle or mark. It reflected the light of Tanodia's presence, and everywhere there was a vast expanse. Then Tanodia wrote a glyph in the midst of the adamant and the flow of the adamant began. His glyph carried the adamant ever downward beneath it, until a great pit was formed. Tanodia wrote with His right hand another glyph on the adamant, and the adamant welled with gems, crystals, metals, stones, and glittering sand. The pit was filled with beauty, and the whole of the world was clothed in splendor, but it was still and silent, for no air was made and nothing moved save for Tanodia Himself.

Then Tanodia wrote on himself the enduring glyph which means "I will create life to share in my joy and my riches." From Tanodia's self-glyph, creatures sprang forth, the Toruhl and the Fala, of the depths and the Outer Fire. The creatures filled Tanodia's creation, and burrowed in the fruit of the adamant and swam in the void. Tanodia saw the Fala's joy, and placed another glyph on the void to fill it with light and warmth. When Sultar, one of the first Fala, saw the glyph being made he coveted Tanodia's power. So it was that when the glyph was completed, that Sultar

went to it and sought to wield it. The warmth and light took on Sultar's will, and grew into a mighty inferno. Many of the Fala fled far from Sultar, but those who desired strength over others drew near and learned of the consuming fire that Sultar had created. But the Toruhl withdrew deep beneath the earth and hid themselves from the fury of the heat. Thus was the surface of the ground scorched and wilted and made un-lovely. Then Tanodia, seeing that the kindly light he had created had scorched the ground, engraved the void a third time with His right hand, and wrote above the pit a glyph of protection. The SolidCloud descended on the ground and flowed out over the surface of the fruit of the adamant and wreathed all in a dim light. Then Tanodia engraved with His right hand on the glyph of the pit runes of exhalation, and the air came bubbling up from the depths and churned in the fruit of the adamant, and the Sultar were dismayed. The air rushed up and supported the SolidCloud like a tent and fanned the flames of Sultar's presence into an all consuming blaze that none but the flaming Fala could withstand. From Tanodia's life-glyph then came forth a new thing, plants grew in the space between the SolidCloud and the roiling tumultuous turmoil of the pit, and steadied it, and made it firm, a vast fruitful plain. The Toruhl were displeased with plants, however, and withdrew closer to the adamant, and grumbled among themselves, "Tanodia means to consume our treasures with creeping things." and they grew jealous of that which Tanodia had made to be enjoyed freely, and begat hoards in the depths, and studded their bodies with that which they deemed most precious.

Then Tanodia saw the greed of the Fala and the Toruhl, and wrote on himself a second time, with His left hand, "I will not allow living spirits to long abide to steal and ruin, and all will come to naught at last." and from the glyph came forth death and decay. The Fala grew dim with time and burned to cinders, and the Toruhl turned slowly to stone, and the SolidCloud grew thin and powerless as it went, and the fruit of the adamant was consumed by [fungus](#) and rust, and the adamant itself began to ripple and carry all things into the outer fire that it would be consumed by Sultar's wrath. But still the adamant bore beauty as at first, and the SolidCloud still protected the pit. Tanodia then wrote on himself a third time, on His right hand and on His left, "I will create a pair of stewards to guard the air and the fruit of the adamant." Thus the first people were made, the Fay and the Zarth. The fay loved the open expanse, and cavorted in it and danced in the light. The Zarth loved the fruit of the adamant, and made deep delvings within it and rejoiced in Tanodia's craftsmanship.

Thus the world was made fast and the two peoples filled the pit and the sky while the Fala blazed beyond the clouds and the Toruhl skulked in the depths.

[Rise and Fall of the Aged Ones](#)

Summary

A Toruhl named [Porutoth](#) invents speech and music and lives among the fay. A Fala named [Incaoolin](#) dives into the earth and teaches the Zarth smelting. The Fay fear Incaoolin, and draw him out with a song, where he fights Porutoth. Porutoth is injured, blames the fay, and raises up the other Toruhl against them. Incaoolin dies from the battle and being so long away from the outer fire, and the Zarth venerate his remains.

Full Story

When much time had passed, the youngest of the Toruhl, Porutoth, grew restless in the depths, and sought a means to form runes of his mouth. He breathed the air from the pit and it rang over his lips and he denoted meaning and structure as that of the runes. Thus the first speech and song was made, and Porutoth taught the Fay to speak as well, for they were the most eager to learn. The fay found music most effective in the making of enchantments, and their chanting hymns filled the air above the plain. But the Zarth continued to write in runes, and the depths were filled with tales and prophecies of stone, and Porutoth no longer tarried in the depths, but walked ever among the Fay, though he still begrudged the plants that Tanodia had made.

At this same time the Fala Incaoolin ventured to pass into the fruit of the adamant and make a place for himself there, away from the fires of Sultar. He dove between the Solidcloud where it meets the Adamant, and wormed his way beneath the air to the center of Zaarthaanc and there nestled between the glowing stones. The Zarth wrote runes to him, and asked after the meaning of his coming. Then Incaoolin showed forth his might, and the fruit of the Adamant flowed around him, and the air fanned it upwards and sparks of fire shot from the plain. Slowly the first hill rose from the plain of pale grass, and the Fay wondered at its coming. Black it was, and scorched, and the fay said "Sultar has come to claim the pit as he has claimed the sky." But the Zarth saw how Incaoolin could shape the hard ores which they were unable to scratch, and wrote to eachother, "We must ally with this old one." Dblor, Oustag, Croust, and Daag were chosen, and forged for themselves the first armor, and ventured within Incaoolin's volcano and cast rune-carved gems into the molten lake of stone, importuning him to name his price to aid their craftsmanship. Incaoolin perceived the Zarth, and veiled his heat and emerged from his stronghold and wrote in the walls of his central chamber, "I am trapped here away from the expanse of the sky, and wish to fly free as I was when I was made. Enlarge my stronghold with your arts, and I will aid your trifles." So the first alliance of flame was made. The four returned to their people, and brought many hands, and they labored long in raising the first mountain. Ever as they built, Incaoolin would pass over their work, and melt all the surface within, so that the hollow mountain grew ever larger. The Zarth became mighty in that time and they mastered the use of flame and heat in the making of their works.

Seeing that the fruit of the pit swelled and grew, the fay sought in song to do likewise. They wrote cunning runes of cloud, ever changing, and wrapped them in plants, ever growing, and sang awake the acorns and fruit of the sky vines. And Porutoth learned of it, and in his heart the seed of treachery took root. And as the vines grew to catch the Clouds in their branches, Porutoth moved ever further from the Fay, and those who would know his poetry journeyed far, and the fay learned to persist in travels and searches, even through many generations. Porutoth began to speak in riddles and the fay who found him saw his back was toward the sky-orchards, and the green plains, and his face was always toward the mountain. But he still loved the Fay, and sought to win them away from gardens with pure song, ever lovelier, and his acolytes returned to the fay with wonderful poems, and became the bards.

So Porutoth became mighty among the Fay, and Incaoolin was a king and god to the Zarth. The mountain continued to grow, and the Zarth rejoiced that their labor should grow so vast and endure so long in the midst of the plain. However, the Fay soon grew restless, and talked among themselves saying, "We must send the fire back to the skies, or we will be crowded to

the horizon." Thus each Fay wove their most potent songs into a great sonata. Many flutes and pipes they grew from the reeds of the plain, and Porutoth lent his skill with words. When all was prepared Porutoth and the Fay gathered around the volcano and began a great song. They sang of the great expanse above the plains and the coruscating solidclouds and the outer fire beyond. The song was woven with enchantment, but Incaoolin could not comprehend it, for he knew not of speech and would heed only the old runes. Nevertheless he was overpowered by its beauty, for the sound of it made him glad. He ascended through his vast mountain and entered the air, and burned with intense flame, and the music ceased, and all but Porutoth fled from him. Incaoolin sought after the fay as they ran to and fro, hoping to hear again the music that they had sung. Porutoth, thinking that Incaoolin had come to consume all the fay with his fire as Sultar had done to the skies, gave chase.

As Incaoolin swooped low to halt the flight of the singers, Porutoth sprang upon him, and they fell brawling. Porutoth shouting enchanted curses at Incaoolin, and receiving in return flame-wrought runes of weakness and deformity. They were well matched, and as they waned Porutoth wrote on himself the glyph "Why?". Incaoolin, in return, wrote on himself the glyph, "for beauty". Thus they both, exhausted and scarred, perceived that their struggle was mis-wrought, and no true cause of quarrel stood between them. Then Porutoth turned on the fay, whom he had long taught and loved, and bared to them his self glyph, and they were afraid and said "We were afraid!" And Incaoolin spoke to the Fay, for the last time, "You I have taught, and you I have cared for, and you I have been betrayed by to my ruin. Therefore what you have spoken, it will come to pass, and you will be afraid." Then Porutoth returned to the Toruhl in the depths, but Incaoolin returned to his mountain.

When the Zarth saw that Incaoolin was wounded, they ran to meet him but the curses on him leaped out and killed many of them. Through all their time the Zarth had no need to tend Incaoolin, and were ignorant and unskilled at the care of the great Fala. They were ignorant, too, of speech; the working of Porutoth's curses was strange to them, for they could hear the whispers of them, but not see their form. Thus Incaoolin waned in agony and despaired of his many works and his vast mountain. His flame grew ever hotter and hotter as he sought always to drive off the magical bonds. The Zarth fled from his heat. A great flame erupted from the roof of the first mountain and when the chamber had cooled and the Zarth returned, they found only the searing cinders of his remains. This they took for the death husk of Incaoolin, and made the mountain into a memorial chamber, sealed with many potent enchantments to ward off both Fay and Zarth. And in time it was claimed by the adamant and the Fala, as are all things.

The [Coming of Dragons](#)

Summary

Porutoth creates monsters in the depths to terrorize the Fay, but the Zarth fight them off. Porutoth finally dies, but his creations still breed in the pit.

Full Story

Aching from the rune curses still burning on his skin, Porutoth traveled ever downward into the depths of the Pit. There he renewed again old friendships with the Toruhl, though they knew him not for his deformity. From the writers of the Toruhl he increased his skill with runes, and deemed them simple things compared to the speech he had created. Ever and again his body was wracked with the rune curse written there by Incaoolin, and Porutoth accredited the Fay with the wrong of it.

Then Porutoth left the Toruhl, and none saw him living ever again. It is said that he clambered down into the pit, far deeper than any could dare and return alive. Some say he reached the Rune of the Pit itself, and wrought the dragon curse upon it. Others deem the works of Tanodia immutable, and that Porutoth could not have done this thing. But long after Porutoth was last seen, a cry came from the Pit. The Toruhl understood it not for they shunned speech. The Zarth heard it as one hears a wordless battle cry. The Fala heard it as a chill wind, and rejoiced that they lived far from the pit and the cold thereof. But the Fay heard and trembled, for they knew its maker and meaning. With his last cry, Porutoth, the forger of speech, cursed the pit itself to ever bring forth terror upon the Fay, and be a source of misery just as it was a source of beauty. For a long age the dragon curse echoed and re-echoed in the pit, and dragons issued from it. The creatures were filled with malice and cunning, but also a terrible beauty. They flew from the pit and harried the Fay as evil spirits in the air and snaring roots in the earth. They took the rocks and gemstones of the pit as clothing and laid waste to many of the fair gardens the Fay had built. They spoke well and knew not of runes but sang songs to remember; Songs of their Father, the cursed and weakened and deformed. Their chanting in the pit brought forth new monsters, hideous and deformed and trembling with terrible weakness which they spread to all they touched.

The Fay cried unending tears for the bending of the beautiful language they had received to such cruel ends. They cried in fear and despair, for all seemed lost and fouled to them. The wise among the Fay deemed that Tanodia would stretch out His left hand and crush the Two Runes of the world, for now both the void and the pit brimmed with destruction and hatred. But the Zarth were emboldened by Porutoth's cry, and they made speech for themselves from it, a speech of shouts and iron laughter and curses, and they made ready for war. At this time many Fay gathered together and made a pact to travel into the pit and seek out Porutoth so that, if possible, they could beg his forgiveness and cause him to remove the dragons from tormenting them. The ceaseless boiling of the fruit of the pit they named the Turmroil. As they traveled into it, the Zarth greeted them with warlike cries, and the fear of the Fay redoubled, for it seemed to them that Porutoth had corrupted the Zarth as well. But when the Zarth saw the fear of the Fay, they were puzzled. With runes they spoke to each other, and the Zarth were made to know the Fay's troubles, for the dragons did not yet trouble the Zarth.

From the Fay the Zarth learned fair speech as well as their own, and the fairest went with the pact-bound on their journey into the pit. The pact-bound were beset ever and anon by the dragons and their creations, but the Zarth were dry-throated for death, and strong in the vigour of youth, and smote the monsters down with metal and laughter and battle cries like lightning. The Fay grew ever weaker, for the fruit of the pit, and the flesh of the Zarth was poison to them, yet they were glad for the protection of the Zarth, and the Zarth likewise for the fair Fay and their comely speech. When they had reached the uttermost depths, from which none can

safe return, the Zarth and the pact-bound cast away their weapons and joined in a choir. Ringed full around the throat of the Pit they stood and sang a song of healing. From the Fay came the sorrow for the wounds to Porutoth got on their behalf, and from the Zarth the joy of strength and slaughter well purposed. Their song echoed into the depths, and mingled with the dragon's chants and the dragons heard the song as heresy, for their father had made them from his pain, and wounds were in their souls. Bursting out in fury, the dragons slew the pact-bound and many of the Zarth as well. Yet, no more monsters issued forth, and from the remorse of the pact-bound much of the terror of the pit was healed.

Many times passed, and the dragons still bred in the pit, ever and again issuing forth to terrorize the Fay. Yet now the Zarth hungered for battle, and they would hunt through the Tumult and seek dragons to slay and spit and eat, and would glory in their exploits. So it was that a dragon, craftier than the rest, hid and watched his fellows slain, and returned to the Pit bearing news that the Zarth, too, were enemies of the dragons. Thus dragons have ever sworn malice toward all the peoples of the Pit, and the Fala as well for the harm they gave to their Father. But the Toruhl they let alone, neither friends nor foes, for dragons can not know runes, and the Toruhl despised speech.

The [Making of the Lesser Creatures](#)

Summary

The Zarth and the Fay team up to make Lindora, but their creation turns against them. Then Tanodia creates the Heart of Water, the Great Tree, and birds and beasts.

Full Story

When the Aged Ones had begun to decay, and the Zarth had long since done battle with the terrors of the deep, then some of the Zarth craft masters, and a few of the descendants of the bards of the Fay arranged a meeting and said, "Now the Aged Ones have gone to the Fala, and we have no rulers. Are we not fit to direct the happenings of this world? Yet it is not fit for us to enslave our peoples. Therefore let us make servants who will enforce our desires, and show forth our excellence." Thus they took the plants which Tanodia had placed on the boundary of their territory and began to labor at giving it life and motion. The task was great, the work of many hands; The masters had taught new masters before their work was finished. They called their life the Lindora and it stood taller and broader than the fragile vegetation, and thrived in the light of the fire, and ate the [Stone rot](#) of the pit. From their labor they produced two sects of these herbs, one which knew runes, and one which knew speech. Yet there was not true life in them, and though they could be commanded, the Lindora could not fashion speech or runes or any more like them. Their life was from their masters, splinters of the Zarth, and tatters of the Fay. And Tanodia, who sees all, withheld His hand, and none dare say why.

The appearance of the Lindora was hideous, and all thought the free peoples would be ill pleased to be served by such creatures. Much skill was spent to render them comely, but with little success. And some forsook the task, yet were seen but a short while, and it is whispered that the rulers tore them to fashion more Lindora. And the rulers forgot from whence the beauty

of the Ancient Ones came, and neglected to study the works of Tanodia, and convinced themselves that their works were greater and more fair than Tanodia's, and that ugliness itself was beauty, and that the freedom of the peoples of the pit and the sky was slavery, and so descended in their minds to drink of the madness of confusion which is the Turmoil when one has lost the footing of the firm land. And Tanodia, whose right hand is mercy, and who longs always for the wicked to turn from their error, withheld His hand in hope.

Yet at long end the work was deemed finished, and the great among the Zarth and Fay bade all to adore their creations and bring them their best craftsmen and poets, as they did in ages past to Porutoth, and Incaoolin. Yet the peoples were clear minded, and abhorred the Lindora, and would not submit to their masters. So in discord the rulers commanded the Lindora to feed on their kin. Thus the first blood was shed between the races. And Tanodia, who is justice, kindled his wrath. His being appeared before his creatures and he showed his face to them, and all was still. Then Tanodia stretched out his left hand and the rulers ceased, even from memory, and none now recall them but in shame. Yet Tanodia also stretched out his right hand, and altered the Lindora, and lessened their terror and their agony, and gave them true life. Then Tanodia spoke, and said to the free people "You have betrayed my powers and my wisdom that I gifted upon you as guardians of this place, and doing such have taken the life from your brothers. As you have crafted vegetation with your labor, so shall you feed its hunger with your life, and by doing so I will make true beauty from your abomination. All the expanses of this world will see that the craft of life is mine alone to wield." So the Lindora sprang forth and consumed their masters, and the peoples were filled with fear. Thus was Porutoth proven, and his long-working words came to fruition.

In the life of its victims, the Lindora grew mighty and strong. They rose above all the the fields of the earth and traveled its barren plains consuming Fay and Zarth alike. The Garden of Life it was called, for it is a sign to the peoples and still the whispers of Tanodia's speech are heard there. In the deepest place of the garden of life the craftsmanship of the rulers are safeguarded by the very creatures that were constructed there, preventing any living creature that dares the writhing mass of the Garden from learning of the craft of their makers. From thence, it is said, the Lindora still issue forth, a race crafted, and not begetting. And the spores of their birth go out like the machines of the Zarth, or the simplest songs of the Fay, with rhythm, and not steadily like the works of Tanodia.

So the first measurement of the passage of time began. From the first breeding cycle of the garden to the next was the measure of the year. So the first year was finished, and Tanodia was satisfied that His presence had brought joy, and He wrote his last great glyph. "Never will my spirit be distant from this place and my very being will be the source of life on the places between the cloud and the pit." The third glyph begat water. A single source of ever beating water came to be, and it filled the low places with deep waters and ice, and the high places it filled with mists, and the once meager vegetation became fruitful and grew green and firm. The Heart of water was not fixed and bore about the spirit of Tanodia wherever his will directed it. But the Lindora drank no water, only life.

Where the Heart of Water first rested sprang up the Great Tree, like none found among the mightiest of stone, nor the most expansive cloud. The roots of the tree delved deep into the Tumult and its branches grew into the high places of the world. Tanodia took hold of the tree and shook it once and from the foliage there came forth all forms of winged creatures. He then

knocked on the trunk three times and from his base came forth all the beasts of the earth that walk and crawl and roll and bound across it. Tanodia looked out from within the world and wrote upon the tree "the authority to spark life and fashion creatures of flesh is mine. By this, all will know that i am master of this place and all things have come to be by my will." So the earth was filled with living things, and many of the two peoples forgot the lesson of the Lindora, and sought to twist the creatures Tanodia had made, and Tanodia subtly twisted them in return.

The [Reign of Dragons](#)

Summary

The dragons rule the world for a time.

Full Story

In the year seven hundred nineteen the dragons came suddenly in power and fire and ice. For they had been breeding in the pit, and only the foolish had issued out to cause mischief. Now the assault began in earnest, and the ancient dragons came bent on overturning all the stable lands, and bringing fear as their Father had promised. With them they bore a statue, cunningly wrought, of Porutoth their Father. Whether it was the true death husk of stone, or a keen likeness none can say, for the dragons would let none approach. Yet it seemed to give them power, and all turned before their onslaught and their idol. The peoples of the Pit the dragons enslaved, and made to serve in misery and despair. They burned the Great Tree with fire, and the cinders of it darkened the sky, and in their scales the [fungus](#) spread far into the Pit and many fair works crumbled to dust and darkened the depths. In the year seven hundred thirty one, when all the pit and the heavens was made their kingdom, the Dragons set up their image of Porutoth and caused all to come and worship it. Yet none can rule absolute, and many there were still free, both Zarth and Fay, though running in the dark and doubtful of their lives and kin. The ancient dragons made the temple of Porutoth great, and caused their thralls to bring treasures heaped on treasures to it. The Toruhl they hunted, and pillaged their carcasses of the First Gems. The Fala they lured and captured, and kept to light their halls. A mountain of wealth they made for themselves, and no thing grew on it, for the dragons remembered Porutoth's ill will toward all things growing. The dragons took the Lindora for thralls, for they had been made to rule the free people, and the dragons saw in them the torture of plants which was near to Porutoth's heart. Some say the dragons uncovered the secret heart of the Garden of Life, and others that the Lindora served freely for slaughter.

But the dragons were distrustful, and challenged and slew each other until by the year nine hundred only one remained, strong and bold and as free from fear as the fear he spread. Yet Tanodia's will still ruled, and the water ever fell on the mountain, and froze to rime in the depths, and in time the temple shifted and the adamant carried it away into the Horizon, and the ancient dragon with it, and all his thralls, and all his mountain of treasures and artifacts, and the Fala took them, and they were known no more.

So the first Dragon King passed out of the world, and other dragons came from the pit to claim his title. But they had not the armies, nor the idol, nor the surprise, and the free peoples had

grown cunning, and many dragons were slain. Then in the year one thousand eight, a Lindora emerged from the Garden of Life, and the free peoples named it Vastoth. Vastoth journeyed into the pit, and was known no more, and the dragons never again came in force from the pit.

The [Second Great Tree](#)

Summary

The anointing of the First Steward, and the planting of the Second Great Tree.

Full Story

So the reign of the dragons was ended, and the free Fay and the free Zarth came once again out of hiding to populate the world. The Zarth found the dragons which still issued from the pit far diminished, and though they would still torment the Fay and slay the Zarth when they could, never again did dragons rule openly the lands of the Pit. The dragons took up weapons and grew in wrath, but the Zarth were bold in battle, and cold as the wind of the pit. The dragons took many guises and grew in cunning, but the fay were clear of sight, and bright as the clouds. So the

But there was no great tree, and the Turmroil troubled the world. (something about asking Tanodia for a new great tree, gathering together, appointing a steward)

So a new Great Tree was planted, and in time it filled the earth with solidity, and the sky with bounty.