

# *Creation Myth*

By: Amanda Zimmermann

(616) 402-2272  
amazimmermann@gmail.com

In the beginning, there was nothing but the void of chaos - but in chaos lies the potential for all things. The elements clashed in the void, a maelstrom of power, to form Sithea, the mother of all. It is said that her body was like the earth, her hair a writhing thing of fire and water, and her clothes were woven of air and mists. She entertained herself with manipulating the void into creations of her imagining. She formed a beautiful landscape of mountains, valleys, deserts, rivers, and seas and when she was satisfied she began filling it with life. But while her creations lived and flourished in the land Sithea herself was alone.

Using her skills she crafted herself a mate from the chaos, breathing life into him. He was called Taithin and had dominion over time and what is, was, and would be. Their offspring were demigods, the first of which was Umiryon who guarded the seas and waterways and filled them with his own creations. The twins, Sundilsa and Lisossa, over saw the sun and moon. Eodai took the sky, creating weather and creatures of the air. Solemn and responsible Naedallocal took the Darklands, directing souls along their courses of reincarnation. Kagun, the youngest of them, became the god of fire and rebirth. The demi-gods shouldered the responsibility of protecting their mother's creations. This allowed Sithea to work on her greatest creation, what she called the Aisri. Made in the image of the gods, they were thoughtful, clever beings. She taught them many things, agriculture and the ways of the land so they could live as one within her world.

Kagun became jealous of the attention Sithea paid to the Aisri. They were weak and short-lived, they had no abilities, and offered little to the balance of things in his eyes. He felt Sithea and Taithin were unfit as leaders, too kind and soft. He planned to overthrow them, starting with the destruction of the earth and all its creatures. He would remake the world to his liking and the beings he filled it with would serve and worship him.

Overstepping his bounds, Kagun rent the earth in two. Lava burst forth and burned everything it touched. Sithea rushed to save the Aisri, but she was too late, their villages had been destroyed and every human with them. Umiryon, distraught at what his brother had done, flooded the land with his seas and hardened the lava. The other gods restrained Kagun, and Sithea locked him deep within the ground, eternal sleep to be his prison.

The waters receded but the land was covered in a crust of obsidian. Sithea wept and where her tears fell the obsidian cracked and plants sprang forth. She gathered her tears, placing them in a small bag where they became shining white pebbles. With the help of Taithin and Naedallocal, who had quickly gathered up souls before they were lost, Sithea created another race of beings, this one called the Valsri and gave them life with the reincarnated souls of the Aisri. When they saw the state of their home they cried out and threw themselves upon the

hardened ground cursing the gods. The souls of the Aisri still remembered their old home and the wrong that had been done to them.

Sithea gave them the bag of her tears. "Scatter the stones," she told them, "and after eight days and eight nights the land will be healed."

"But what will we live on?" the Valsri asked. "We cannot eat rocks and stones." Umiryon gave them fish from the seas while Eodai and Sithea brought bird and fruit. The Valsri did as they were instructed and scattered the pebbles and on the dawn of the ninth day the obsidian shell cracked and shattered, the green growth of plants breaking through and the land was healed.