

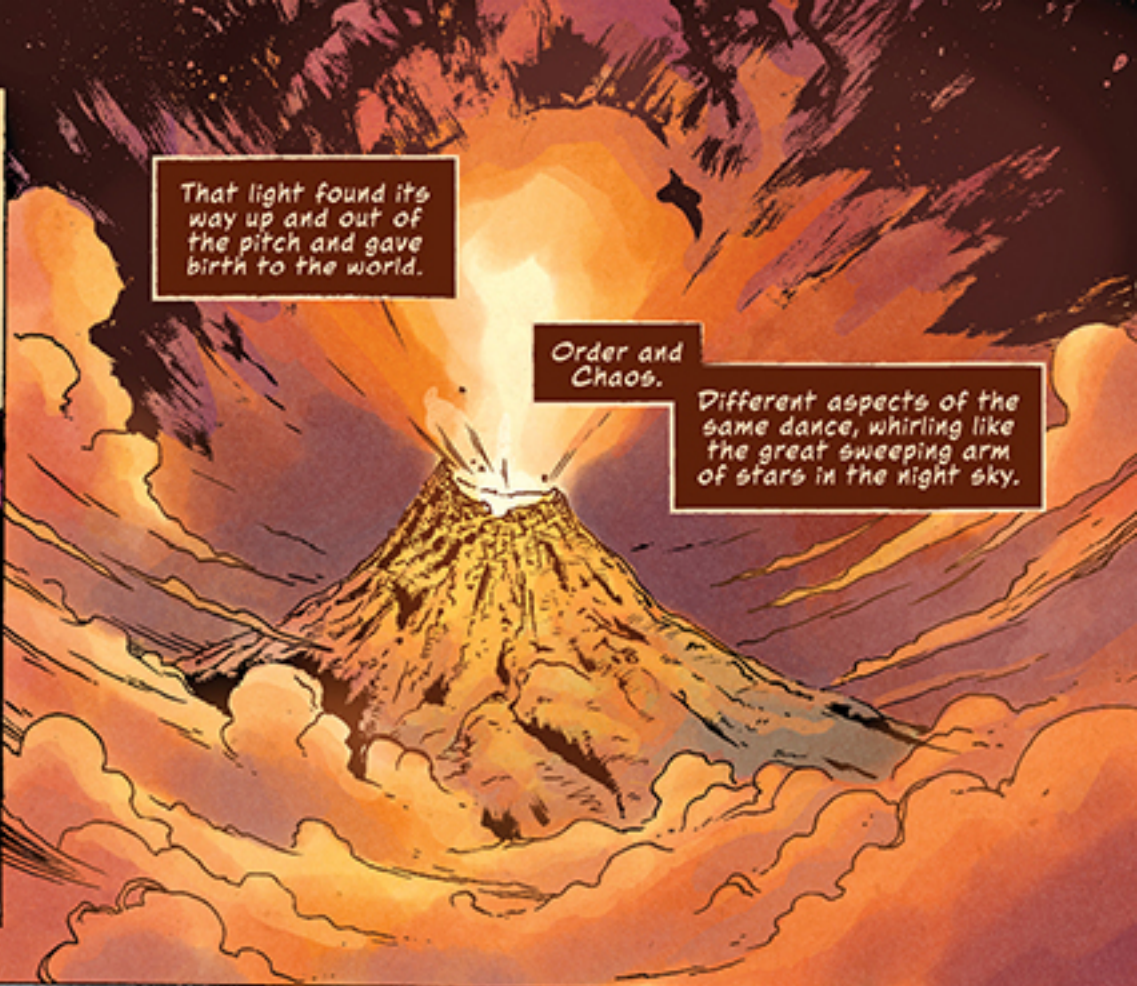
In the beginning  
there was the fiery  
mountain.

In the chaos of its  
great belly, was  
born a spark.

That light found its  
way up and out of  
the pitch and gave  
birth to the world.

Order and  
Chaos.

Different aspects of the  
same dance, whirling like  
the great sweeping arm  
of stars in the night sky.



Chaos.

Then order.

No one is sure when,  
but sometime during that  
ancient dance, people became  
aware of the first Goddess.  
The mountain personified.

The  
same spark  
moves through  
our blood,  
flowing like  
lava, through  
our veins.

Down through the millennia,  
from mother to daughter.

From my heart  
to yours, my  
little flame.



At the foot of the mountain is Azar, the city of fire.

Knowing the mountain might reduce in a day what took several lifetimes to build, the people of Azar lived each day like it was their last.



It happened before and they knew it would happen again.

And again.

In time, the line of goddesses withdrew further and further into the mountain.



A Cult of the Goddess sprung up in their place.

Putting ritual and myth in place of fire and magic.

>shuff<  
>shuff<  
>shuff<



Eventually the cult grew tired of the capriciousness of the Goddesses

and built a new Capitol, far away from the fiery mountain.



Sibling cities with a forest of horrors in between.

Obscure forces and older gods.

Separating old from new.



Heh heh heh.

HEY!  
Come back here!

Suck it, you old

Myth from reality.

HUP!