Written Works

- All Sunlit's poems
- Flowered_Path (The Bee-ble)
- Fishy Business by Fallen_Zombie
- The Observer's Celestial Chronicle (By Orecubic)

All Sunlit's poems

1. About fire god and faith

In ages dim, before the stars were named,

There burned a spark no darkness could devour.

From it arose great Ignious, the flame—

Not fierce, but constant, patient as the world.

He walks not loud across the vault of sky,

But lingers low where dying fires remain.

In hearth and forge, in ash and fading light,

His quiet strength preserves what might endure.

When kingdoms fall and blazing suns grow cold,

When even gods grow weary of their power,

It is his ember, small yet unconsumed,

That waits to breathe the fire of life anew.

So honor not the brightest flame alone,

But that which lives when all the rest is gone.

2. About faith to the fire god

Before his flame, I placed my mortal vow:
No storm, no blade, no god would turn my path.
For in his light, I saw no tyrant’s will,
But purpose clear as dawn upon the hills.

Others doubted, whispering of pride,
That fire consumes as quickly as it gives.
Yet still I stood, unshaken in his name—
For I had seen the truth within his flame.

And if he fell, then I would fall as well,
Bound not by fear, but by my chosen faith.

3. Fire against water

The tide-born warriors answered fire with storm,
Their chants like thunder echoing through the clash.
They fought as one, as if the sea itself
Had taken form to wash the world away.

Their faith was deep, as dark as ocean floors,
Unyielding, vast, and merciless in pull.
They struck with force that shattered shield and bone—
And many fell beneath their endless surge.

Yet still we burned, though nearly drowned in war,
A fragile flame against a rising sea.

Poem about war

Across the hills of shattered stone,
Where dead empires turned to dust,
The warriors of the Pantheon marched
With iron hearts and sacred trust.

Their shields were marked with ancient suns,
Their banners burned in crimson light,
And every oath they carved in blood
Was carried proudly into night.

The enemy came like starving wolves,
A tide of hatred, steel, and flame,
Yet when the heavens split with thunder,
The gods themselves to battle came.

The mountains shook beneath their wrath,
The rivers turned a burning red;

And when the dawn at last arrived,
Ten thousand foemen lay there dead.

A corrupted poem

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Poem about the forgotten god

There was once a god no mortal speaks of now.
His statues lie broken beneath tangled roots,
His temples swallowed by forests older than kings.

He ruled over silence.

Not death.
Not war.
Not fire nor sea.

Silence.

The silence after battle.
The silence in abandoned cities.
The silence between stars.

And though the other gods were worshipped with songs,
This god required none.

For silence was prayer enough.

Poem about the forgotten land

Upon the cliffs of endless night
A mighty fortress stood;
Its gates were forged from ancient steel,
Its walls from cursed wood.

No army ever claimed those halls,
No king could break that stone;
For something far more terrible
Had made the keep its throne.

At dusk strange horns would echo out
Across the frozen land,
And shadows moved beside the walls
Like soldiers still command.

Many heroes sought its treasures.
None returned again.
Now only ravens know the truth
Of what still waits within.

The god of the underworld

Deep beneath the oldest ruins,
Below forgotten halls of stone,
Something ancient still is breathing
Far beneath the mortal throne.

Not beast.
Not god.
Not demon born.

Something older than them all.

The monsters came because it stirred.
The heavens cracked because it woke.
And every prophecy since spoken
Has ended with the world in smoke.

Yet greedy kings still seek its prison,
Dreaming power without end—
Never knowing doom itself
Waits below for them descend.

The forgotten religion

Far beyond the poisoned marsh,
Where blackened rivers slowly crawl,
There stands a cathedral crowned in ash
With broken saints along its walls.

No candles burn within those halls.
No choir sings beneath the stone.
Only distant echoes answer
Those foolish enough to walk alone.

The people say a fallen god
Still wanders there without a face,
Searching endlessly through ruin
For something time cannot replace.

The unknown protector

At the edge of the northern cliffs
A lone black tower scars the sky;
And every night its lantern burns
Though none know who keeps it alive.

Sailors fear its crimson beacon.
Kings avoid the jagged shore.
For all who climb the tower’s stairs
Are ever seen no more.

Yet still the light remains unbroken,
Steady through the storm and rain—
As if the thing within the tower
Is waiting to be found again.

The Drowned Throne

Deep beneath the freezing tides,
Below the reach of sunlit blue,
A throne of coral slowly rots
Inside a kingdom no one knew.

The Ocean God once ruled there proudly,
Before the seas themselves turned wild;
Now silence fills his ruined court

Like grief surrounding a lost child.

And in the darkest ocean trenches,
Among the bones of shattered fleets,
His faithful still leave offerings
At the throne beneath the deep.

The Beast Beneath the Mountain

The mountain groans beneath the snow.
At night the valleys shake below.
And ancient cracks split through the earth
Like wounds that never truly close.

The elders bar their doors at dusk.
The hunters never climb too high.
For something sleeps beneath the summit
Older than the gods and sky.

Once every century it stirs,
And distant villages grow still;
For even monsters fear the thing
That dreams beneath the hill.

The marchings of the dead

No drums announce their marching.
No banners wave above their heads.
Only rusted armor echoes softly
Among the countless dead.

The Hollow Legion walks forever
Across forgotten roads at night,
Searching for the war they lost
Beneath a blood-red moonlight.

Some say they served a fallen god.
Some claim they guard a buried gate.
But none who meet the legion marching
Ever escape their fate.

The consequences of killing a god

The sea no longer moves there.

Ships drift motionless for miles
Across waters dark as oil,
While pale shapes move beneath the surface
Like corpses trapped below the soil.

The fishermen abandoned those shores
After hearing voices from the deep;
Now only storms approach the Grave Tide,
And even they do not stay long there to sleep.

The Nameless God

No temple bears his image.
No priest speaks his forgotten title.
Even the other gods avoid his memory.

Yet old writings hidden beneath ruined cities
Tell of a deity cast out before the calamity began.

A god erased so completely
That only fear remembers him now.

Flowered_Path (The Bee-ble)

By: Arcane_Light

Chapter I
The Dawn of the -
First Bee
In the quiet stillness befor the world awoke, there was only barren ground and wind without song. But from the heart of the earth rose a trembeling hum, soft and pure. The humming gathered into warmth, and from that warmth formed the First Hive, glowing gently with golden light. When the Hive opened, the First Bee emerged- tiny bearer of harmony, seeker of the blossoms yet unseen. With every beat of its wings, it called flowers forth from the empty soil, and the world blossomed into color. Where it flew, life - returned, where it landed, hope took root.

Chapter II
Of soil, Flowers, and Life
The Bees revealed the truth of creation: That the soil is the body of the world and the flowers its breath. Without rich earth, the Hive would wither; without blooming fields, the Bees would fall into silence. Thus the faithful learn that - every patch of land is sacred and every flower a prayer of given shape. To tend the Hive itself, and to plant flowers is to speak the language of the Bees. Where the flowers rise, the Hive thrives, and where the Hives thrives, so does all life.

Chapter III
The Blessed Water
From the labor of the Bees comes Honey, the golden Essence of every bloom and every sunlit day. It is more than food it is the Blessed Water of the faithful. Honey holds the memory of countless flowers and the strength of the living earth. Its sweetness is a sacred gift, not for the careless or the ungrateful. Only the belivers of the Flowered Path shall partake, Only they honor the toil that brings forth each drop. When the faithful taste the Blessed Water, they whisper "May the Hive endure, and may the Bees be forever sheltered"

Chapter IV
The Beekeeper's Devotion
A Beekeeper is one who listens to the hum of the world and understands its meaning. They cultivate the soil with care, knowing it is the cradle of all life. They plant flowers generously, turning barren lands into - gardens of promise. They safeguard every Hive as a temple of harmony, protecting it from fire, hunger and ruin. When Honey is harvested, it is taken gently and sparingly, with smoke to calm and gratitude to honor. A true Beekeeper never burdens the Bees beyond what they can give.
They observe the patterns of the Bees, learning their songs, their rhythms, and their needs.
They build shelter from storms, guide lost Bees back to their home, and shield the Hive from greed and malice.

Chapter V
The Commandments of the Flowered Path

• Protect every Hive, for within it beats the heart of the land.
• Tend the soil with reverence, as it cradles the roots of creation.
• Plant flowers wherever darkness and ruin lie. • Never provoke or harm Bees, for their labor sustains the world.
• Take Honey only with humility, and never in excess.
• Teach others the value of soil, flowers, and the sacred Hive.
• Answer any threat to the Hive without hesitation or fear. • Honor Honey as the Blessed Water, to be shared only among the faithful.
• Speak gently in the presence of the Hive, for harshness disturbs the harmony of wings.
• Leave no land barren where beauty may grow, for every patch of soil longs to bloom for the Bees.

Chapter VI
The Promise of Eternal Bloom

The Bees whisper of a time when flowers shall cover every hill and valley, and the soil shall never run dry. In that age, the Hive will glow brighter than the sun, and Honey shall flow like rivers of gold. Those who nourish the soil - and Honor the Bees shall see this holy time. under the endless blossoms, the faithful shall drink of the Blessed Water forever, guided by the gentle hum of wings that never tire.

Chapter VII
The Final Buzz

Carry this scripture in your heart, for the world is fragile and the Bees are its guardians. Let no flowers wilt forgotten, and let no soil go untended. Walk gently, plant generously, protect fiercely. For where the Bees thrive the world is whole.

Fishy Business by Fallen_Zombie

1

Hatchling

I woke up in a tight leathery ball, I knew I needed to get out and get away. I pushed against the inside [of the] ball and it split, I was born into this world. I could see all around me dozens more balls, open, shut, destroyed. I noticed the other spawn around me were looking at it the same as me, until suddenly and without warning, a green giant, it's long legs pushed it forward as it sucked my brethren into it's wide, open mouth. I tried to swim away but it was no use, I couldn't escape from the rushing water. As I got nearer and nearer to the mouth of the beast it's jaws finally closed, spinning me every which way before I was able to gain my bearings and swim away. I swam toward greenery nearby to hide myself. I learned [that] being seen by other creatures like the beast probably meant death. I hid there until I felt a sharp pang in my stomach, I needed to eat. I looked around but there was almost nothing there, my eyes shot up as I heard a loud sound from above, it was the beast entering the water again. It swallowed up more of my kind that still didn't know to hide, I noticed as it closed its mouth that it snapped onto one of my kind. His spine had surely been broken, there was no doubt in my mind that it was the end for him ,and I could tell he knew it too. I decided to make use of him and also end his suffering faster. The beast swam away and I rushed toward the hatchling laying on the sand. I tore through him as best as I could, I wanted to eat, and he wanted to die. After I'd finished eating my fill I swam back into the sea grass and slept.

2
Awareness

It was immediately [apparent] to me that I was not the same as the other cod, as I grew I wanted more, I didn't hurt other cod, I wanted more for us. The other cod seemed only focused on eating and... copulating. They did this even to the detriment of other cod, stealing food from others and even eating other cod. I decided one day to just leave it all, I swam away from my school, barely scraping by on my lonesome, receiving scars and bleeding, but it was worth it, I somehow knew that this was better than the life I would have with the other cod. I was happy.

3
Transformation

On one early morning I noticed a giant figure in the water, most of the fish swam away as it suddenly materialized in the ocean but for some reason I felt drawn to it. I swam as hard as I could

toward it, it's shape becoming clearer as I approached. It has arms, and legs, and a head. This was unlike any fish, amphibian, squid, nothing I had ever seen before. It was the size of a whale, maybe bigger. It spoke to me, words I didn't understand then, but in my mind it was clear the meaning of them. "Why do you not swim away cod? Do I not scare such a small creature such as yourself?" It's voice, despite its size wasn't as booming as one might expect. I could not speak but I tried to communicate to it, a series of blubs and pops was my attempt to say "You are magnificent, wherever you are from I wish to be with you." With that, the being nodded and my body began to change, cracking and tearing my tail split into two legs, fins distended into arms, my head turn forward and flattened into one similar to his, yet it was painless. I began to cry tears of joy, I was like Him, we had the same shape. He spoke unto me, "You are Fallen_Zombie now, little cod. Cherish this name and mingle with my other followers at the great city of Rapture. I was led to the place he spoke of and lived there happily for many months.

4
Downfall

Months drew on and I lived with the other worshippers of the being I came to know as Exiled_Abyss, the God of the Ocean. I believed in his ideals of freeing the world of gods, even Himself, but deep down in my heart I knew I couldn't live in a world without the being who made me who I am, who gave me a higher purpose. Worshippers of other gods seemed to agree, we were forced from our home because the gods were enraged with the God of the Ocean. As we scattered to the winds I found myself with a group of people, containing one like me, a cod with legs and arms and a head. I knew them as Endless_Night. We spent weeks building a new home when we received the news that driving us from out home was not enough, that killing the Sentinels and Apostles of our glorious God was not enough. They had killed Him. They had killed Exiled_Abyss. They had killed the God of the Ocean. They had killed the being who gave me purpose. Everything he was to me, to all of us, snuffed out. We went to the place where they'd killed Him, we left our notes and messages and went back to normal.

5
Revival

Despite what we tell ourselves nothing is normal, all I feel is a rage at those who killed Him, who killed my God. We were going to bring him back, in some way, and although we knew it would not be Exiled_Abyss, would not be the same. We prayed and worshipped and sacrificed to make a new God of the Ocean. To make Endless_Night, our lord, Cod... a new God of the Ocean. Although many still try to defame us, call Endless a tyrant, a warmonger, a killer. We will prevail, we will want, we will need, we will live, we will love. We are strong.

The Observer's Celestial Chronicle (By Orecubic)

Disclaimer: "The events potrayed within this journal may not accurate and chronologically ordered. Often times it can be difficult to write every single thing down, and let alone remember the details, therefore things of course will and can be missing as I cannot always be present for the entire session. Furthermore this work will have embellishments and exaggerations to both establish narrative entertainment and relative cohesion, only limited by the perspective and thoughts of the author (me). With that in mind, I sincerely hope you enjoy reading this written work of my adventure during the event known as "*Era of Civilization: Pantheon*". "

Entry 1 "The First Observations" **(S1-S2)**

"I start this entry by observing the group who worship the “Moon”. I believe this moon religion was founded by a mortal known as Lunar_Zenith. Notable members of their entourage include, Dainty_Void, Ashen_Hazel, Lazy_ Jester. They spend their time worshiping the moon by building moon shaped shrines and statues, they believe the moon to be a God of Night. By worshiping the moon they believe that they will be spared and be granted boons of sorts. Unfortunately, their prayers all go not to the moon but rather the primordial void in which the Void God himself showed up in my face.

My presence, I felt, was not welcome and thus I decided to move on to the next group. Nearby to the moon religion people, a river or so away is a group of people who I found to be starving. Their settlement seemed a bit lacking, but there seemed to be basic foundations for a sort of shrine or even perhaps a church. One of the mortals of the group, an individual by the name of Silent_Ruler seemed to be praying to a God of Chaos. However, they complained their prayers were unheard or uncared for. There also seemed to be a famine within this settlement, as many of the members begged and prayed for food. Eventually the “God of the Earth: Mine_God”. Silent_Ruler asked some questions and for food, in which Mine only answered the questions, for they were unable to provide sustenance to the starving mortals.

I arrived in the middle of the Ocean, upon an island there was a group of people. It was clear from the prismarine shrine that I found the followers of the “God of the Water: Exiled_ Abyss”. Apparently I stumbled upon the sudden accusation of heresy given by the water god himself, specifically to Golden_ Abyss. Golden started interrogating the other members of the group determined to find who this heretic is, and perhaps to deliver divine punishment.

And at sunset, the interrogation began. It was then that mortals happened to reveal a sort of a revelation. Somber_Night claimed that they were the “Fallen God of Day”, however some unknown even stripped them of their godhood. I am not sure what to make of this claim, whether it be true

or simply mortal falsehood…. frankly I am more inclined that their claim to be false, but I cannot deny the non-existence of minor deities beyond my limited knowledge. After all I have only been present since the birth of this world's inception and the inception of the existing gods I know.

Although it seemed like Somber was the most heretical, especially with their claim…they were deemed innocent. Those who were deemed suspicious were those who didn't attend meetings when they should've. More specifically that of an individual who spends most of their time fishing that night at the docks. Their name was Eternal_Night and from how Abyss was hovering over them as a shark would overshadow a fish before swallowing it whole. I believe with great certainty that they were "The Heretic". I decided to leave the premises, because I felt my time was soon up.

You might be asking what that means and I will explain in due time. Allow me to finish off this entry by instead explaining a bit of history of the world you stand on. As far as I can remember there was an incomprehensible darkness. Then I started to see things…..tiny lights started appearing before me, what I would later learn are stars. In front of me were two "entities. One "illuminated" with a near blinding green light. The other seemed "obscured" in shadow, seemingly absorbing the green hues from the other. Shortly after this, other entities appeared next to me, and before we knew it we were seemingly transported to a place. In front of us was a star and orbiting that was what you all know as the "The World". I looked at this world closer and in horror looked away…for there were naught but terrible monsters that roamed the surface.

"The Illuminated Being" communicated something to the others, but I was so horrified at the previous vision that I wasn't able to listen. When I finally looked back at the rapid movements of the other entities. One of the entities moved towards the star and many violent bright flashes occurred, the star turning from yellow to an orange-red hue. When I moved towards the world, I noticed the other entities starting to change the original surface. One of the entities split the earth and raised portions of it to form mountains. Another entity with a raise of their hands rose the level of the water that washed over the surface and filled the many pits and crevices that became rivers, lakes & oceans. Clouds then started moving and some became saturated with water which fell back to the ground as rain & snow, these clouds were of course moved by an entity. Finally the illuminated one shone their green light upon the world and at once a variety of creatures, this time less horrifying appeared and spread across the surface, while "The Obscured One" tore a small chunk of the mass and allowed to orbit the world.

Things were forever changed to what you all know and see today, and what happened to the original was wiped clean. Those entities who changed the world are what you call the Elemental Gods, for they had claimed a domain over a fundamental element. The two entities that were here before us, the illuminated one and the obscured one are the Cosmic Gods, who had a dominion over great forces of Life & Void. Finally there was me, the one writing this, you may call me "The Observer" and in due time I will explain more about myself later on. Whoever may be reading this, I hope you enjoy the journey ahead whatever may happen as I continue to observe this world….."

Entry 2 "Exploring the Lands" **(S3)**

I awoke from my dormancy to the Moon worship group or what I call the Moon Coven as they seemed to be active. It was there I found a leader of a "Death Cult", Golden_Turtle visiting the

coven in the early hours of the morning and discussing the common traits of the “God of Death” and “God of the Moon”. Little do they know they are praying to the exact same entity…the Void God of Many Names. Another visitor arrived as well, Tripping_Cascade from the Earth Group or rather who I will call “Earthbound Adherents”.

I decided to leave the “Moon Coven” at this point to see what was going on with the Earthbound people. Apparently other than the visitor of the self declared #1 god hater Sunlit_Bloom saying how gods are bad. Eventually after waiting, there was discussion amongst the Earthbound Adherents. They talked about how powerful the Moon Coven is and started theorizing that the god they worship was extremely powerful and how they feared potentially how their moonbased neighbors could become. Not much else happened other than the occasional demonic voices coming from somewhere and discussion about what other civilizations may be out there. Frankly I would say their suspicions are correct about the Void God being very powerful.

A group from the Earthbound Adherents left their base to discuss matters further and my curiosity peaked so I decided to listen in. The group consisted of Foggy_Pearl, Lazy_ Jester & Rusty_Directive. Apparently they were plotting something, and the only information I was able to gather was that Rusty_Directive was a follower of the concept of war, unfortunately for them a “God of War” does not exist, and most likely their prayers were The reason why my observation was interrupted was because the Void God themselves decided to give these scheming adherents a visit…as suddenly static permeated my senses as they manifested. The Void God stood there as the group froze in fear and after a minute Void gifted them each with 1 ender pearl before dissipating. The schemers then retreated back to the base, running into the “fallen god” Somber_Night.

Somber_Night decided to accompany the group back to the Earthen base, and immediately met their end after failing to make the jump and falling into a pit of fire. Surprisingly, Silent_Oath, the former first follower of the void now devoted to the “Trickster God: Animal_Lover” was there just chilling. Somber_Night made their way back after their demise soon after Silent_Oath had arrived. As they spent the night Somber regaled their tale of being a fallen god. Originally I would’ve rolled my many eyes at this, but their story this time started to make me think. They mention how the “Fire God: Igneous_Dawn” stole their godhood and how they stole the power of the day from them. One of Igneous_Dawn’s titles is “The God of the Red Sun” and I started to realize that when the star turned red, that may have been when the Somber fell from godhood. I would assume they were already weakened during the calamity. It was at this revelation that I decided to closely follow their journey with great interest. For their quest to reclaim their godhood will not be easy, as Igneous holds the power of the sun itself and that is not to be underestimated.

I followed Somber_Night as they ventured toward the direction of the Wind & Waves Sect. Supposedly they were one of the chillest groups out there in the world. During my stay not much happened but a member of the group UPPERCASE_NAME, asked the “God of Air: Aura_Calida” or “Carrie” if the existence of a tree of Pale Oak existed in the world. Carrie promised that they would try their best to locate such an exotic wood. After that, I soon left to visit the people who worshiped The God of Life: "Soul_ Shepard”, they were known as “The Flock”. Shepard was kind to their followers, almost acting as how a parent took care of a child and they were constantly asked for their insight from their followers. Not much happened but it was endearing to see Shepard care for

“The Flock”. What was not endearing was the Void God, who decided to constantly manifest in and out of existence to the horror of The Flock. It was extremely aggravating to me specifically since my senses were constantly bombarded with the sound and visuals of static. I decided to leave, unable to handle the Void God’s eccentric antics.

I will finish this entry telling you a little about myself and my affliction. My affliction….Is what I call “Dormancy”. Basically due to my unrealized state, I can only observe the world in a limited timeframe before I simply become dormant. It is sorta like falling unconscious, but instead of dreaming there is just nothing…my senses dull to zero and I simply wait until I “awaken” once again. I’ve been dealing with this affliction my entire existence, and it is not pleasant in any terms. Each time since the beginning my body had begun to change and warp every since I had awoken. My body felt lighter than air to the point where I became intangible to matter and unable to interact with things physically. There is also the matter of my many eyes, to which unconformably seem to grow under my skin and I am forced to tear potions of my skin to free them. It is fitting, in a way, for I am forced to observe the world, but I fear what transformations I will go through in the future…"

Entry 3 "Chapter of Godly Schemes" **(S4-S5)**

“This entry is by far the longest I’ve been not dormant as such it may span longer than I would usually write. I worry that because I am exerting my limits I will not be able to write for some time. Nonetheless I shall continue. So we last left off with the mortals starting to build up and worship their gods so that they may be powerful. Specifically I awoke at the Life God’s flock. I took notice of an individual known as Arcane_Light, they became a sentinel. Those who borrowed power from their worshipped god became apostles or sentinels. Only their height changed as a result of being in service to the gods. Nothing else happened other than Arcane mentioning how it was funny how the Soul_ Shepard was taller ever since their height grew.

I decided to move on to the Water Worshippers. I watched as Golden_Pearl was leading a discussion of plans to be. They were discussing where you could find the Earthbound Adherents. Then I heard something of great importance. Specifically it was of the Exiled_ Abyss plan to kill every single god that exists out there including themselves. For what purposes and reason I was not able to gather and I reacted with both intrigue and concern. They talked about how they would form an alliance with Mine_God and how they would later betray Mine_God once all other gods were taken out. Another plan they mentioned was taking out the Sun_God by invoking them and attempting to kill them once they manifested. Unfortunately no Sun_God has existed yet unless they were talking about 2 different individuals.

The first was the fire god Igenous_Dawn and frankly that would be possible since they are the domain of Sun. However they should expect a battle, because there are followers dedicated to Fire_God who will no doubt defend any attackers of their god. The second individual was Somber_Night, fallen god of the day. And they would be able to take them out since they are no different at the moment as a reincarnator. However, their plan involves summoning the day god or whoever to kill them. So since Somber isn’t a god, there would be no way to summon them if Somber was somewhere else. Somewhere down the line were two people blasting festive music and throwing it back. These dancing individuals were Ancient_Coffee & Onyx_Ecliptic. I finished

observing the water people after they had heard rumors of a “GOD” dying. I decided that was the point I would visit the other groups. Specifically I followed Somber_Beacon so as not to confuse them with Somber_Night, as they boated towards the moon people.

It was there I met Divine_Star, now reawakened as the God of Knowledge: Unseen_Knowledge. Before I could talk to them though, the void god who was dwelling at the moon people called them dumb. Why? Apparently there was an incident where a Sentinel decided to sacrifice themselves. However such an action literally strips them of their borrowed power from the god they worship. We talked a bit about their godhood and how it wasn’t that difficult to ascend. It sorta “came naturally to them” in their words. We decided to go and check out the earthbound neighbors as there was not much interest happening at the moon place. We also talked about the various rumors of a god dying, and I suddenly realized it was about Somber_Night.

To quickly recap, Somber_Night died in an incident at the Earth Civ by missing the jump and falling in the mob killing fire pit that they had at the entrance to one of their skybases. As I explained it to Unseen, at the very moment...I saw someone fall in the same fire pit in the same manner that Somber fell in days ago. It was that I learned that indeed fate can repeat itself, and in this case it decided that one life was not enough. The Mine_God was answering questions once again, and while that was happening, Unseen and I were discussing what divine abilities they had. One special ability was, as the God of Knowledge, they were able to write a book containing a piece of information that most reincarnators wouldn’t have. They would then be able to freely share that knowledge to whomever they please by delivering the book. Unseen wasn’t clear on how they had all of this information, and what limits to this specific ability (other than the usual cost of divine energy). At some point later down the line they got their first prayer, and our meeting was closed.

However, later on the God of the Air themselves decided to visit. However instead of manifesting, they controlled a spirit-like creature that floated around. Following them behind was Somber_Night. Somber_Night had a discussion with two other individuals. One was Crimson_Pearl, a follower of Igneous_Dawn. And the other was the similarly named Somber_Beacon who I had followed beforehand. Somber_Night, of course, told them of their origins. I expected Crimson to be aghast at this revelation. Instead they were more interested in the proposition that a fallen god even existed. Crimson led the twin Somber’s to the Fire Civ. The followers of the Fire God were gathered at the hilltop in which a shrine was constructed out of oak. It was there where, I witnessed Igneous giving diving power to certain followers, in turn becoming Sentinels & Apostles of the Flame. Crimson_Pearl was of course one of these designated followers and their height and strength I could tell indeed increased. Somber_Night during this process was not happy. I could tell from their expression of contempt as they stared at the Fire God. Nonetheless they regaled their story, and it was as it seemed met with some skepticism from the more zealous individuals of this flaming congregation.

Crimson, Somber and Beacon then departed. Their next destination was the Life Civ. Unfortunately none of them were familiar with the area and I spent some time following their misadventures through the desert, over a mesa and passing the very jungle in which the Life Civ settled at. When they finally made it there, they were greeted with hospitality by Soul_ Shepard and the very friendly fellows. I don’t have to tell you what happened next since you could already assume Somber would indeed tell their story. After the story was done, Somber_Night decided to give a

potato as a gift. Unfortunately they already had potatoes, but they respected the gracious offering regardless. The Life God didn't know what to make of this revelation, but they were willing to help in any way. The Life God believed in making a better, more peaceful world and hoped to coexist with all beings. Unfortunately all was not as peaceful as it seemed for Somber_Beacon seemed to have a habit. It seemed that they were caught by Somber_Night and Crimson stealing valuable enchanted tomes from the Life Civ and they decided to confiscate said books and return it to its rightful owners. Beacon swam away as they didn't take kindly to Somber and Crimson being "snitches".

Our final destination was towards the Air Monastery. Indeed it was more built up than I had last seen. What was new specifically was a large stone platform with wind symbols inlaid and pointed towards a central circular base in which the god of the Air would manifest. Nearby the platform was a large grand house that was currently under construction. It was primarily composed of pale oak and it seemed that promise that Callie made to that follower was indeed fulfilled. Indeed this monastery was clearly heading towards a lofty and grand direction. Unfortunately the winds blew in an ominous way and before I knew it fell into unconsciousness as I entered my dormant state."

Entry 4 "Aftermath of the First Watery Offensive" **(S6-S7)**

When I woke again things had clearly changed. Columns of water were present in places in which they were not there before. As looked out from the bird eye view, these columns of water were dotted everywhere. It was clear something happened and as I approached the monastery, I intended to gain more insight. The Monastery was intact, there did not seem to be any damages present, other than the water columns that rose from their nearby fishing spot and puddles of water that was tinted in clear scarlet shade. The residents were heavily armored, weapons were drawn. Some had arrows, others had wounds. I realized what had happened. The Water Worshippers had attacked the Air Monastery and indeed they left a deadly mark. I wasn't sure if there were casualties, but I was certainly feeling distraught. What made it worse was the fact that I knew…I knew Water was going to do this and there was nothing I could do. I cannot manifest or interact with the world, I can only helplessly watch as conflict breaks out. For the first time I felt my many eyes water as I weeped for sometime.

Somber_Night was present here too, armored and everything. They were comforting and healing the wounds of the other present residents after the battle. I was uncertain whether the Water or Air won, but that didn't matter. War happened and people got hurt. Crimson_Pearl visited sometime after, apparently they wanted to gather the dripstone cluster located near the lake at the base of the Air Mountain. I decided to leave not because I didn't want to mourn more but I wanted to see what effect his battle had on the world. And so I departed and the first civ I decided to visit was the Moon Base. What I saw surprised me. I saw both the cultists of death and the moon coven fused together into one coherent group. It was at this conglomeration of these two groups that I decided to call them the Deathly Moon Cultists or "D-Moon Cultists". Golden Turtle was currently organizing a hierarchy and leadership as the others listened in as they did their daily tasks. I also noticed Somber_Beacon, the very kleptomatic individual hanging around. Golden_Pearl was also there, finishing a trade between the Water Worshippers and D-Moon Cultists.

And I was very set on following them back to their base of operations, considering that they were the invaders of the aftermath I saw back at the Air Monastery. Listening very closely to their conversations it seemed that Water were the ones to retreat during the battle. They had not expected that the Air God and their chill personality would've made much of a fight. Unfortunately for them they soon learned wind is not to be underestimated. They talked about how the winds grew strong enough to lift them off the ground and toss them as if dried leaves floating and falling from a powerful breeze. I noticed particularly on those who had leather armor, burn marks and distinct branching charred scars. They cause of course from lightning, a powerful force that paralyzed and burned a bit like fire but faster in impact. Despite their retreat, they believed they had weakened Air after their attack. And it seems they were in the middle of planning another attack on a different god.

Seeing no interest in their schemes I next visited the Life Civ where I met Unseen once again. And indeed they wanted me to follow them. Deep into the jungle we entered until we found an isolated lake. And curiously there was a settlement on one of the banks. The settlement was not very populated, but there was a group staying there and indeed I was able to recognize some faces. There was Silent_Oath, the first ever former follower of the void, who switched their alliances to worship Animal_Lover. There was Silent_Bloom the Atheist that spit at the gods' very image however it seemed that they changed their tune into uniting everyone in one religion.. There was the duo Foggy_Pearl and Lazy_ Jester who previously met the void god and schemed something with Rusty_Directive.

Indeed this menagerie of characters seemed out of place and yet fate has already proven that such paths can indeed cross. Knowledge had a plan for this civ. According to them, it was here where he would first utilize his ability to spread knowledge. His first recipient of this knowledge was Lazy_Jester. I witnessed as before my eyes a book manifested in their hands and I saw as their eyes glowed a shade of lavender as they inscribed in the book with great speed. They would drop the book into Lazy_ Jester's possession. Lazy_ Jester immediately freaked out and entered a boat in a manic state. Following behind was Foggy_Pearl who was concerned about their friends' state. Foggy read the book, in it revealed the deception of the trickster god posing as another fictional god.

Unfortunately, Foggy already knew who the trickster god was and the fact that they were a poser. Knowledge, unsatisfied with this, wrote another book clarifying something that they weren't sure about as well as giving information that they definitely were not aware of.. Also mentioning my existence which I of course gave permission to do so. The main bit of information was specifically calling the god of water false and to be smarter, Foggy_Pearl then decided to use info to perhaps stop the underlying conflict that water was causing. Specifically they would go to the God of Fire to sign a book confirming the information in the book was true. Then they were to drop off the book water worshippers hoping to turn them against the hostile ocean god. Whether this was to be successful or a futile endeavor remained to be seen.

However before I could follow Foggy as they embarked on their journey, I was suddenly manifested into an enclosed space. In front of me were all of the gods. Life, Void, Fire, Water, Air, Earth, Knowledge & Me. In the middle of the room was Somber_Night and it was their presence, where I realized what was happening. They were about to gain back their godhood or rather they were

about to ascend. The Water God was not happy to be at the meeting, and left saying that didn't care about Somber ascending, saying "It was only a matter of time before they all fell." Their departure was met with a sudden sound of water splashing. Void, Life and Air supported Somber during the meeting. Earth was indifferent, same as Water but less hostile and threatening spirit. Me and Knowledge thought about this dilemma for a bit. Both of us agreed at Somber's Ascension, for me specifically I've been interested in their journey and how more interesting it would become once they became a god. Then there was the Fire God. They were of course against Somber. "How dare a mere reincarnator claim to be a fallen god!" they said. They didn't believe in Somber's little stories and rumors and saw this as a disgrace and a threat against their control of the sun. Of course, since everyone was voting for Somber's Ascension, there was little the Fire God could do at this point. And as the meeting concluded, a new god was born…

Attending this meeting changed me in more ways than one. I felt newfound power coursing through me. I felt like I could manifest and finally be seen. Although I decided to voluntarily rest, as I didn't want this new divine power to run out quickly. Indeed there were going to be changes happening, but little did I know that with the birth of a new god…new conflicts would arise. I ended the session at the Air Monastery where Somber or "Sola" was staying before being summoned to speak at the god's meeting."

Entry 5 "Battle of the Boiled Lake " **(S8-S9)**

"I woke up at the Air Monastery and the other residents were moving about their day. The blood soaked puddles were cleaned up and many of the water spouts that had littered the area had dissipated. The artificial pond in which the residents fish for their dinner was still overflowing and little to no catches were able to be gained. They would cover the pond and instead rely on the farmland located near the base of the Mountain and gather what wheat was not washed or trampled from the battle before. There was also a sense of importance of making sure each resident was armed and making enough arrows for their bows and crossbows in case another attack were to happen. I decided to depart the area, not because I wasn't interested but I wanted to check on Foggy_Pearl to see if their attempt at swaying the followers of the ocean god was successful.

It was mostly empty where the lake was. There were no traces of the group, leading me to believe that they are mostly likely traveling. Foggy_Pearl was also not present in the area when I was visiting. So instead I decided to test my new capability. At one of the banks of the lake I stared at the water and normally I wouldn't see what many would call their own reflection. It focused the divine energy that I had and indeed I was able to see myself in the water. I was initially spooked at my appearance. I knew I had many eyes located on various spots of my body, but what I didn't realize was that each of them had a different color. Another observation I noticed was my skin, it was almost translucent. I could see portions of sunlight shining through me as if one were to shine a light behind fogged glass. I looked almost unsettling, but there wasn't really much I could do about my appearance. As I unfocused my reflection on the water faded as expected, and assumedly I felt less energy than I had before. It seems that by being in the presence of divine beings or rather the clash of divine beings releases energy that I passively absorb. I departed the lake, much happier than before as I transported myself to the Mine God's followers.

Indeed that civilization had grown since I last saw it. Many buildings were made of the most common earth material, stone. Many structures and shrines dedicated to the god of the earth were present. However, I was more focused on the visitors they had. Marching around in suits of iron armor were the D-Moon Cultists. I assumed their visit was to establish more trade deals as Earth followers had consistent and easy access to Mineral and Metals. Golden_Turtle the de facto leader talked about how one of their members True_Ender was mentally unstable and that they were going to separate their associate with them. Another complained how their supply of Sugarcane was exhausted and mildly frustrated at its slow growth. I decided to depart the Mining Civilization as I do not have enough space for trivial things such as complaining about sugarcane.

I decided to head to an interesting location where the Gods of Life and Void were hanging around. If I am going to be honest I was mostly motivated to absorb the divine energy permeating the surrounding area due to the presence of two gods. But I was taken aback at the frankly beautiful site. There was a floating island surrounded by platforms. There was a platform representing most of the gods, and Life and Void notably were in their respective places. I decided to manifest and meet the architect behind this masterpiece. Their name was Dainty_Void and they were a bit frightened at my sudden manifestation. We conversed about their builds and they asked me if they could become an entity like me. Frankly I was confused, but I entertained the question with the following “If you want to be someone like me, you are going to have to get used to growing eyes under your skin.”. Their response was that they were willing to suffer anything to become someone like me was frankly what I didn’t expect. We ended the conversation and I requested that they make something nice amongst the floating platforms that would represent me.

While wandering, I sensed a stronger trail of divine energy, and I decided to investigate. I was transported in the middle of a Savannah and I instantly knew where I was. I was near the edge of the world specifically where Flame Fellowship had made their base. But why? For what reason did the trail lead me here? It was then that I saw Exiled_Abyss and behind them an army of bloodthirsty sentinels. I realized what this meant, conflict was soon about to broil between Water and Fire. I followed the Army as they made it through the Savannah. They met at the banks of a river. Fire Fellowship on side, and the Water Worshippers on the other. Golden_Pearl spoke first. They demanded the Fire_God themself be manifest in front of them, or they threatened with full force to “extinguish” the fellowship. The Flame Fellowship were defensive, saying that they couldn’t summon Igneous_Dawn on a whim. Watching these serious interactions was like watching a pot, and that pot of conflict was extremely close to spilling over. Faithful_Heart, a member of the fellowship, debated with Pearl. And as tensions rose and the water as the pond itself started to overflow, Golden_Pearl took the first move, swinging his blade at Heart and thus the battle began.

All at once the river’s water flowed towards the followers, and blades began to clang against shields and armor. In response the Fellowship unleashed sudden combustion, Golden_Pearl taking the brunt of the damage. If not for the water, Pearl would sustain severe burns. Golden_Pearl first focused their assault on a familiar figure of Rusty_Directive. Rusty's expression was not of fear but of exhilaration, his axe swinging wildly towards the shield blocking Pearl. On the other side were two members of the Worshippers, Endless_Night and Golden_ Abyss ganging up on Warming_Aether. Aether responded by immolating Abyss with flames while also summoning a minor explosion towards both Abyss and Night. Night flew into the air and onto the water. Golden_ Abyss was no longer on fire thanks to the fire, but it was clear that the fire itself took its toll, I noted

the smell of searing flesh as Abyss groaned in pain, the water doing not much to alleviate the burns. Abyss still had enough will to fight and attempted to regain his trident. A Gentle_Halo then rushed towards to support their fellow water folks by diving into the water and swimming towards them to the another portion of the battle against Aether.

Coming back to Rusty and Pearl's battle I saw clash swords, with Golden_Pearl seemingly landing more hits than Rusty did. It was mostly a back and forth. As they battled, they consistently entered in the water and on the land itself. It was like watching two wolves going at each other. Rusty then began to run toward a forested section and Pearl followed. And it was at this moment the battlefield shifted from the banks of the flooded pond and towards the forest. Aether decided to follow Rusty being chased by the majority of the Water Worshipper behind them as they attempted to dodge Aether's fireballs. Their tridents were held up and they attempted to skewer Aether, but Aether was able to avoid their strikes. And indeed with the combatants heading towards the forest. Aether launched more fireballs which hit the Water Worshippers hard and launched them into the air once again. However the flames would not be able to quelled, as they were far from the flooded pond which had aided the worshippers before. Many of the members of the Worshippers screamed as they headed towards the direction of the pond.

It was here Exiled_ Abyss summoned a column of water onto the forest hoping to wash the flame of their warriors so they could continue their slaughter. And it was here Igneous_Dawn decided to make their grand appearance as the sunlight concentrated their light and it immediately scorched a tree. From the flames he appeared in all of their glory and the Flame Fellowship cried in reverence. Unfortunately Warming_Aether took a fatal blow as they were downed. Aether was finished off by Endless_Night who was commanded by Golden_Pearl to "kill all of the followers." Rusty_Directive wasn't doing so hot, sustaining many attacks. But now that their god was present, they knew that giving up the fight would ensure their loss. Rusty headed towards Igneous_Dawn as they pushed the worshippers back with a hot scalding flame. Golden_ Abyss was not phased in and swam up the water column and raised their trident as they stabbed into the flaming god. Rusty was on the move as they ran with a group of three worshippers on their tail. In the rush of the moment they equipped their helmet dove into the pond towards the base. The Worshippers stopped their pursuit and started to head back and aid Golden_Abyss's assault.

Golden_ Abyss was continuing their attack, the fire god attempted to incinerate them but the water column kept the flames at bay. Pearl called out to Abyss, even though they were able to gain some successful hits, their condition was starting to degrade, most likely due to their burns sustained from Aether's earlier attack. Pearl went on the offensive, striking at the ankles of the fire god, insulting how weak their followers were and how they would watch their beloved flame go out. Igneous immolated Pearl, burning their flesh and followed up with a downwards punch. And Pearl decided to retreat after landing some blows. Pearl was still on fire, the flames being maintained by the sheer heat given off by the god. He called out for a healer but instead he was met by two figures. One was, no one other than Faithful_Heart who was the first to be attacked followed up by Sunlit_Memory and Shadowed_ Jester. It was clear that Pearl's life was soon to be ended as they all tore into him with their blades. Sunlit_Memory held his burning body and finished him off by throwing him down, near a column of water that supported him before…. just out of reach.

It was here where the Water Worshippers began to break apart, their defenses failing to the flames. In all the Flame Fellowship & Water Worshippers both lost the same amount of casualties, however the loss of the leader of the water army was too much for them to handle. The Fellowship and Igneous headed back to base. Scoping out the damage you could tell that the land around the Flame Fellowship base was permanently changed. The pond was flooded, those familiar water columns flowed and dotted the landscape similar to how needles would be stuck into pin cushions. Trees were burnt to charcoal and craters were still on fire.

Indeed it was a battle and I departed towards the Air Monastery to attend a meeting of the different religious groups. There was the Air Monks of course, who hosted the meeting. There were the Earthbound Adherents who stood in front of the towering god of the Earth and surprisingly the D-Moon Cultists were in attendance. Behind them was the Unseen_Knowledge. The meeting frankly didn't interest me, as I was already beginning to be exhausted from observing the battle of fire and water. But they were talking about the battle mostly and what to do to the Water God. I went to the nice house built nearby and rested on the roof as I began to become dormant. **"**

Entry 6 "A God's Wrath and their Rising Waters" **(S10)**

I awoke again to the sounds of harsh rain. It was a torrent of water droplets that fell from the dark gray clouds. Indeed I knew….I knew this was the doing of the Water God himself. I knew this action was a sign that Abyss was going to wash the entire world in a deluge of water. Because his followers had in his eyes, failed him. And this weakness and inability was unforgivable. At first, it didn't seem like the Air Monastery was affected, but as I looked towards the bottom of the hill I saw it. An unnatural large cylinder area of water formed at the entrance of the Air Monastery's stairway all the way to the very bottom. The residents weren't much panicked, some even sailing in boats or comedically fishing.

I decided to travel to the other civs to see if similar "floodings" occurred. And indeed there was. At the Flame Fellowship's Fortress, I noticed the same flooding as well as the columns of water dotted around, with the columns seemingly increased compared to the amount before during the Water & Flame War. Notably was the absence of the Flame Fellowship themselves, their disappearance however would not be a mystery for long however. At the Moon Base, their flood encased their blacksmithy, storage building and amphitheater all flooded. It is at the Moon Base that I found the D-Moon Cultists and Flame Fellowship around, both trying to clear the water of the buildings (to no avail) and talking about further planning and preparation. One interesting thing I learned was a betrayal from one of the attendants of a meeting, Aquatic_Stream who made it known that they had allied with Abyss himself. This revelation then signaled the flooding of the Moon Base shortly after. The same could be said of their Earthbound Neighbors who encountered similar levels of flooding.

I took a visit to the Life Flock Civilization, where indeed I saw the ocean levels outside rise. However it wasn't that bad, as they seemingly had constructed walls in anticipation that flooding may occur. The amount that was raised over there was concerning. Most of the stony coast of that dense jungle that they lived in, was fully immersed. Just barely reaching where rock meets the now soaked soil. Soul_ Shepard looked towards the ocean while their followers prepared armors and gear. Indeed it seemed everyone, no rather all beings: the gods, their followers and the entire

world agreed upon one thing…….the Water God had to be stopped or they would all drown. I decided to take one more visit to one last location.

The Ocean Civilization was abandoned and flooded. It was a sad sight, seeing unfinished shrines and structures of prismarine, seeing the remains of animal pens and cropfields now washed out. And the signs of the many dreams and ambitions now faded as the ink dripped into the water. Many reincarnators blamed the Water Worshippers and yes while they did engage in conflict and hostile intent, I felt as if I was in their situation…I would probably do the same. Ultimately the blame falls on the Ocean god himself, cause I knew many of the followers were simply doing what they thought was right, it was how their life always was. When you look at it that way, you might see how similar their situation was from other groups' situations. If not the Ocean God, any of the other gods could've decided to destroy the world and their followers would do as they are told as well.

As for the fate of the Water Worshippers, they decided to each go their own ways. Most of them moved far out on the corners of the world, renouncing their faith to the Ocean and hoping that maybe one of them could ascend to godhood. Others simply lived as nomads, specifically Golden_Abyss who decided to try to make amends, towards the groups they had hurt. This came with some mistrust of course but Golden kept trying. At some point every single group or rather their diplomats held another meeting. They had located a massive area of unnaturally flooded water which they identified was the place where Ocean God resided. Every group made sure to check and inform as many people as possible to attend what would indeed be a perilous battle and they would all meet at the Moon Base as it was the nearest civilization towards what I will call "The Abyssal Deluge".

I took a visit to "The Abyssal Deluge" and indeed it was far larger than the flooding I had seen before. It was a massive concentration of water in a cylindrical shape. Inside were megastructures of blue coral. And near the far corner was a massive entrance to a dark immersed cave, which I dared not to enter. Heading back to the Moon Base, I saw a massive influx of people and indeed the war that would shake the world was about to begin."

Entry 7 "Into the Abysal Deluge" **(S11, Final Entry)**

As the armies met up, a storm was brewing. Rain was pouring down hard and all bodies of water both natural and unnatural were inundated with waves and vortexes. Fish were leaping away from the ocean on land as if to escape some unknown danger that lurked in the deep. But despite this, the many armies who gathered didn't cower nor flee. The D-Moon Cultists chanted and shouted for the ocean god's demise. The Flame Fellowship were aflame of courage to boil the ocean god. The Earthbound Adherents rehearsed their strategies and plans. The Air Monks prepared their ghasts to fly, by feeding them snowballs. When all was said and done, they departed before the waves became too chaotic to cross.

The massive army went towards the direction, and as they sailed towards the storm with courage. As they sailed towards the Abyssal Deluge, I appeared from a viewable distance and waved. The Deluge was massive, unnatural concave walls of water in front. The first to land on top of it was the Air Monks as they descended from their happy ghasts and began to make a makeshift platform.

The remainder of the army began to swim up the wall of water towards the platform. Unfortunately the Water God had another plan in mind. With an angry gesture he summoned the remaining zealous followers. Most notably Aquatic_Stream who dove into the army covered in full black armor, it was trimmed with lapis and given motifs of the fury of the sea. Those Drowned Zealots attacked in droves and spread across the deluge in different battles. And in all honesty, with so many combatants it was difficult to track.

The tide of the battle indeed changed when the drowned Zealots were whittled in number and a select few, specifically leaders of civilizations as well as skilled combatants dove into the deluge and entered the Water God’s layer. They bobbed and weaved through sharp blue coral as if one was avoiding the thorns of a rose bush. As they swam through the cave, of course eliminating any summon aquatic monsters they found a large platform, a watery altar where indeed the Water God himself manifested. It was here I saw their reddened eyes, bearing their fangs and their fins flared with contempt. At once the water around them suddenly moved with great fury as the Water God unleashed a plethora of attacks. Many of the combatants were scrambled but their offensive did not cease. Indeed, what the Water God failed to see was the sheer determination that all mortal things have to live and succeed in what would be an impossible task.

The Water God's demise came when they screamed. And before they knew it, the world won against the Water God. There was no fanfare, but a silent retreat to the surface with some combatants having sparring matches to finally quell their bloodthirst. I suppose this is the time I should describe why the Water God: Endless Abyss did what they did. First there was something called “The Calamity”. It refers to the state of the world before reincarnators ever appeared. It was an age of monsters, which ravaged any civilization and the previous inhabitants who lived on the world before. When the elemental gods descended, so were the monsters culled and any trace of what was there before was gone. Abyss saw the horrors of the Calamity and came to the conclusion that the Gods and worlds inhabitants of before were at fault. They believed that in order for the world to finally be at peace, every god including themself must die. If their followers came to aid them, then they too would be eliminated.

As extreme as this line of thought is, I can see why Abyss came to this conclusion. For Reincarnators, they indeed are selfish and greedy at times. They could tear up nature and kill everything if it meant gaining more power. And Abyss was not necessarily wrong about the Gods too, for many of them also had strong ambitions and if it wasn’t for Abyss, any god could’ve decided to attack and erase the world, to shape in their warped ideal image. I think deep down Abyss, although he was calling for the death of all of the gods and the inhabitants of the world, felt content that at least everyone was united against evil. Because there is no greater peace than uniting together….I feel.

As my eyes began to close I found solace in the celebrations and recuperation of every group. And then there was the rain, which appeared shortly after Abyss’s death. It was fitting in a way but also a potential sign. I did not worry about that however. Frankly I felt happy that I was able to see this event as my eyes began to fade...."

Epilogue

“Not all stories continue on. Sometimes stories end abruptly. In this case I was unable to attend the last sessions of the Pantheon event, due of course the actual real life events which interfere with fun. It happens, some things aren’t meant to go your way. If there was an ending I had in mind for my Observer character, it would be living in an endless dream where the Observer himself could finally and properly interact with people instead of being forced into being in an eternity of the background. That may sound a bit dark and dramatic, but it would be better for The Observer forever chasing the impossibility of fully manifesting and leeching off divine energy like one who misuses a substance. It simply would be unsustainable. Indeed there is a subtle tragedy on how The Observer is always present but unable to interact with the world as a whole. Forced to watch endlessly as the world changes day by day, and knowing that they will never achieve nor make anything within these fleeing moments.

I will end this epilogue with how I came up with The Observer’s design and why I decided to play a background role. One of the biggest design elements The Observer has is their optical illusion. Where if you notice the eyes will follow you when you move yourself around them. I don’t quite understand how this is possible but it has to do with the second layer of the skin being offset and having a gap. Finally because of the transparent layer, the Observer has a translucent, almost ghostly quality to their presence. The eyes spread across the body were inspired by the creaking mob’s eyes being asymmetrical and originally every eye was orange, before changing it into different colors. As for why I played a non important role, I suppose it was that I assumed being a god would require too much work, and it would be a hassle. Combine that with some anxiety of doing something new, since Pantheon was something we had not done before, and I was hesitant to play a god. Unfortunately, once I realized it wasn’t too hard it was far too late to become a god I felt and I committed to being a simple observer. It wasn’t all that bad however, since I was able to be a backup player if a moderator was unable to attend a session. I subbed for the God of Void, God of Water & God of Knowledge on sessions where nothing grand happened. However these substitutions were merely temporary and often the respective mod was able to come back and resume their divine role.

Thank you for being a part of the Pantheon Event, whether you were entertained by the many gods' antics or simply in it to have a community here at the Era of Civilization. I hope you enjoyed this journal and hope you enjoy and support the Era of Civilization and their events to come. Till next time, farewell.

-Orecubic "The Observer"

The Observer.png