

The Isavoirean History
Tale I: The First Son



(Cover Art by: Tostantan)

The legend of the First Son is both well known and well loved by all of the Orewrought.

Said to have been born in an era where there were no great kingdoms, but only warring territories and the start of the races. The Heofonites had yet to take to the sky, the Qalairn were the only wielders of magic, while Ellons and humans were doing their best to make peace with the Grand Dragoness Aura, and her kin, the Wynverians.

Sources vary on whether or not the Flor had come into being. If one asks the Orewrought, they will say that the Flor had yet to be, but if one asks the Flor, they will say they were sowing seeds of peace and prosperity of the land. What is agreed upon is that this was the time that Gaea had chosen to make life of her own.

It is agreed upon that Gaea did, or would, lead, guide, and bring order to the lives of the Flor, yet she saw the world was so full of life and wished to make her own.

For a long time, Gaea considered how to do so best. She wanted to bring forth life that would last an eternity, a being that loved the world as much as her and that she could pass her teachings on to. Gaea knew what she wanted, but had no idea how to obtain it.

The being of nature spent many nights looking into the moonless sky, until she turned her gaze back to the earth beneath her. The firmament that had supported her, that had created metals for art and protection, and crystals for

beauty and inspiration, and so inspiration struck. She would create a being from the earth, one unlike any other.

With her own hands, she collected ores, both common and rare, fragile and resilient, dull and lustrous, from deep in the earth and fallen from the heavens. Even magical ores such as Adamant, Orichal, and Mythril were used in this being's creation.

To Gaea, all the earthen materials were precious, even the most common. This was the start of a great work, taking time, effort, and all her own power to make a miracle come to pass. Gaea molded her creation and watched as soon it gained motion, and voice. As the being was made to rival humans, it was the First Son.

The First Son was small at first, made in the image of a child, but over time he would grow. In the first years, Gaea taught him, and he grew wise and compassionate, seeing all lives from the people and their societies, to the creatures that made their homes on land or at sea.

As time passed, the First Son grew, absorbing the earth below him as he absorbed knowledge and experience. In time he was far larger than his mother, and far larger than any sentient being. It took decades, but soon he was bigger than even the greatest Colossus, threatening all life with the quakes of his movement.

This saddened the First Son and Gaea both, but there was no solution, no way to give back the earth he had taken without taking his own existence, and Gaea would let none harm him.

Eventually, with a heavy heart, the being who made him sent him away, putting him into a deep slumber, one where he dreamed of all he saw and all he wished to see, while he collapsed in on himself, becoming a sphere.

With tears in her eyes, Gaea held him one last time, before he rose high into the air, even beyond the clouds and the world, as the sun set, the First Son rose, eventually settling into the night sky, away from the world, but still in sight, shining white as it became fixed.

That was the moment the First Son became the Moon. After that, much time passed before Gaea noticed other golems come into being, seemingly the presence of her child had blessed the earth and others like him came to be, all knowing Gaea as their mother.

While her family had never been larger and the shaper of soil felt joy in her heart, every night she peered to the moon, a longing still within her.

Even to this day, they say somewhere Gaea still stares at the moon during the night, the only time her care for the world fades. They also say that even now, the First Son sleeps, dreaming of the world he can no longer be part of, wishing to return someday, the bright light reflected off the moon still connecting him to his home...

