

Paramnesia: Writings

Scattered stories from Creau

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Through the lands known as Creu, there lies many odd creatures and animals which are neither man nor rook nor numen. These are often terrifying and beyond reason for the untrained eye.

If one should find themselves in the midst of such a creature, I should boon thee much luck, strength, and resilience. For without these, there is little hope that you should survive.

However, I hope that prefaced to such an encounter that you should find this text helpful. While not all of the accounts from which I glean are my own, I believe that they are faithful to that which the teller had seen. If even one other than myself can save themselves from that which I have written, they all my days would have been worthwhile.

with many boons, Anitta

Almost human, a gemination is a being of pure unwhole animation. I have heard it said that these are formed when the dead are not tended to, or especially when they are left to rot out in the open. Others still say that it is only when the memory of the dead is truly forgotten that the soul is finally exhaled from their body for good.

Still, regardless of their origin, these creatures should not be taken lightly. While some are more nuisance than threat, all are unsettling to the being and may seek to disturb even the most sure souled among us. Once the false breath has settled in their chest, it is nigh impossible to slay them through normal means. Though, it is said that one can brittle the frame of such a creature to improve the chances of survival.

No, but the only way to truly rid the world of these is to draw out that false breath from within them. This is often done by drowning. Though I have seen some dream up ill-conceived contraptions, I would very much advise against such preparations as they are doomed to fail.

Some geminations are rotten corpses standing alone. These lonesome husks bearing their brown and yellowed teeth may attempt to lash out in their confusion, but many are blind and few are agile in their fragile state. These are not those which you should be especially concerned with.

Those you should be truly fearful of are the cursed poly-craniumed beasts which dig themselves out of the twisted pits of war. Tangled together, that demonic breath has to issue twisting the remains of two, three, even half a dozen soulless men or rook together.

These move in unnatural ways and often trap prey for the sick pleasure of drawing the breath from their lungs, just to implant that bogish silt within their lungs. If ever you see one of these, I tell you that it would be a thousand boons to you if at all you could remain out of it's perception.

Still, I have heard tales of yet another kind. The four legged animals outside of the cities, they too can be taken. These do not manifest quite the same as in the body of the two legged. Quite more disturbing, it seems that the mist cannot quite embody something which does not resemble a man. In the absence of this, it can remain mostly dormant for a time while the animal wanders, only to break it's body into a form more suitable for such actions as have been described here before.

Yet another reach of that dark breath, there exists yet another amalgamation of it's wretched desire. If enough of the false breath is contained to one place, some dark forces can coerce it into one form or another.

This can take the form of one whom you or I should find desirable to look at, even one which can take varying forms depending on what it can sense about our person. But make no mistake, even assuming it wasn't corruption incarnate this form cannot be touched or held. The moment one attempts to get close, it is already too late. The mist will engulf the face, attempting to replace the whole and natural breath from which life itself is sufficed.

If one should succumb to such a fate, a gristly afterlife as a fresh germination is possible. If one was good with incantation, then this poses even more of a threat, as the dark breath is particularly powerful towards such matters as magic.

Yet still there is more, as even the mist can take physical form if strong enough will sculpts it's form. These are strong foes, able to strike at many men all at once. While they cannot flow as the loose mist can, they can still infect given time.

More disturbing still might be the subtler tricks that these can play on the whole. Glinting lights beyond the path, laughter around the corner, prey for the hunt just beyond bowreach.

If evil lurks nearby, it would be greatly in your favor to move yourself well and clear of it's source before becoming engulfed in it yourself.

from lands of old there once did lay
the bodies that the hunter slay
for though the kings did rise to power
it left their souls corrupt and sour

skilled was she, of hunt and bow
strong of arms, quick on her toes
but not enough were all of these
for the gods still do as they please

so she set forth to seek
by the moon's great peak
where the magics of her fathers be
for though they were but lost before
she knew they could be found once more!

so traveled on was her way
where forest, sands, and mountains lay
until the ends of Creu she'd bound
where the Urge's power shan't be found

far from home, yet home afar
the huntress found much to bar
vile creatures tried to stop her
from her bow they could not counter!

once her skill had settled in
of sword and bow and wit again
she passed beyond, and ventured forth
through the edge of the north

through dark then light then dim again
up and down and round the bend
she tried to see the sense beyond
but the land here had no form of fond!

days and nights she searched the land
to help her find what would surely end
the tyrant king and his evil band
of woeful gods close at hand

strange lady she did surely see
a wizard from up her tree
guiding, teaching, each command
to drag the gods to their end!

journeyed back, her strength forewarned
the king promised she'd meet the sword

but with a great and deep command
she bound his image to the land

now mortal like his own betrayers
his body shrank and fled the lair
but much to his dreaded awe
she broke his soul once for all!

so she set forth to show
by the moon's great glow
what hunters do when kings bestow
for though they were but lost before
she knew they would be crowned no more!

003 - Acknowledgement of justice

Niu, many boons to you. This letter reaches you from Tazkul, scribe of Yud, great Judge of Arcadia.

The courts of Arcadia are regretful in informing you that your son, Attai, has been found guilty of blasphemy. His trial was brief but fair, and he testified of his own accord as is written:

Judge Yud: "Attai, you have been accused of blasphemy. As you are aware, the courts of Arcadia take the honor of it's people and it's rulers as of utmost importance. To soil the reputation of either could disrupt the order and peace we are booned to have. What says you?"

Attai: "I say this! You and all your kind run a corrupt and self serving tyranny! You tread on the mortal and use their bodies as firewood. You corrupt the savvy and turn our own leaders against us! You run the world by enslaving the dead, but call it freedom.

The great age is behind us now, with the most fair among the immortals long since gone. We have gleaned all we can from your wisdom, who is to say that we need anyone so long lived? Do you bring not only the dead ages back to haunt us, but also the dead themselves!? Is living under such rule freedom? You judge us, but on what grounds?

For your insolence, I hereby judge you as one of the people! I find you guilty of the very necromancy you forbid! I also find you guilty of corrupting the truth! None are meant to know that the taresh remember, that they feel every ounce of pain that their form inflicts as it weathers through the ages! And though they do, you say otherwise! What says you, judge?"

Judge Yud: "This court finds you guilty of the highest blasphemy, against not only the judges and the court, but the people and their protectors as well. This court's verdict is that you are unfit to partake in our lands, and shall begin your service to the state immediately. Dismissed."

The courts would like to remind you that the taresh are loyal to our people out of their own accord, and that they enjoy a blissful peace in their life knowing that they hold our kingdom together. Even the foulest of souls forget the troubles of their mortal lives and are not punished into immortality. For while we are all imperfect in life, we can all live equally in eternity.

Thank you,

The eternal court of Arcadia.

Long ago, the world was different. Many things had consumed the foundations of the world, causing much to be lost from those forgone ages before. The land was not at all as we see now, rather, it was a churning sea of existence. One could not wander from here to there without winding up hither or yonder in a wayward direction, or even into a wayward place entirely! Day and night had no stay, for both time and place were mixed together.

It is into this world that the eldest, Iion, was born.

Iion, wished to be able to place his foot upon the ground, and it was with great effort that he calmed the storm that was the lands there. His spell was to restrain the world, to cause it to be bridled upon the will of it's inhabitants, thus setting the foundation of Creu within which we all dwell now.

He divided the corners of the world, the north, the south, the east, and the west, so that he should be able to tell them one from another. Next he divided today from tomorrow, and yesterday from today. Thus he set forth the order of things, both in where and in when. Then he placed great flat lands from the east to the west, so that he should have much room to tread.

Iion had not long rested on these flat lands when a stranger wandered into them. He hailed the stranger, saying, "Who are you, stranger, that you should have wandered into my lands from afar? Where do you come from, for there is no place other than this that one can tread from one place to another."

The stranger spoke back to Iion, saying, "Hey to you! I call myself Lelu, and I am no stranger for long. I happened upon your land from the great beyond, where neither place nor time have meaning and one is left much to themselves. I wish to dwell here though, where thoughts are kept and memory may be spoken freely."

Iion thought this to be a mighty boon, for he had not considered that he might wish for companionship! He spoke again to Lelu, "I see that it is good for you to dwell in my lands, for together we may be able to set things rightly, where I had not been able to before." Thus was it established that all should find one to call their own, for without companionship one's breath makes no difference on the wind.

Lelu then spoke to Iion, "It is not good that we only have this flat land to tread upon, perhaps a great sea would be a boon for us? Somewhere to swim, and to place things hidden from the horizon?" Iion though this well, and dug a great sea to the south.

Lelu and Iion has not long rested from this when another stranger appeared. They too, hailed this newcomer, "Hello to you! From where do you come from, and what are you riding in?"

The newcomer, sitting upon a strange wooden vessel, shouted back to them, "Hey-o! I am Idadu, and I come here in my great boat! I have sailed in from the far reaches of the sea, where the water turns to mist, and the light darkens. I wish too, to dwell here in your lands, where water flows from one place to another, and one's mind can be kept in order." Iion and Lelu agreed that the newcomer was good, and beckoned them to come ashore.

Idadu has not rested long from their journey before beckoning the others, "Why is it that the sea stays over there, and the land there? Why can we not allow a small part of the sea onto the land, so that our boats may travel over it! Perhaps we can also plant trees here, from which we can build a great many things." and Iion though this good. So they all three dug the rivers and the bays and the lakes, including that great river which runs from the north to the south, dividing the lands of Adrait and Friedor, among others.

They then took all of the land that was dug up, and heaped it upon piles, dividing the land by way of mountains and valleys. They made heaps in the north east, and also to the south a dozen week's journey away, and also the west a good year's journey away.

Idadu also crafted seeds for the trees, and planted them all about. He especially planted a great forest towards the north, and another to the west, and a third round the cresting. It is from Idadu that we also see many lesser plants, and also the mushrooms and grasses which cover Creu, though many of these he would not make for some time.

It was at this time that a fourth stranger, Nahrina, happened upon Creu. Indeed Iion began to wonder how many there were, and decided that they would need a name for themselves. To the four of them decided to call themselves the Numen, for they were the people from within and without the lands.

Nahrina, after this meeting, wanted to contribute more life to Creau. So she spoke to the others, "It is not right that we should be the only life to walk these lands, surely we could have others as well, made from Creu who can find it a boon to be born from one in stability of form?" and the other felt this idea was one of the best yet.

So they all made their share of animals and living things. Idadu first made all kinds of fish and small creatures for their rivers and forests. Lelu crafted many great beasts, such as those that roam the plains and climb the mountains. Nahrina however, the youngest, was the most ambitious. They crafted something altogether unlikely, ones equal in intelligence and most similar in appearance to themselves.

The others reeled from this, but Nahrina explained, "If we are those that have brought all this good to Creu, then surely others will also bring much good to it!". Though he felt that she was naive for the simplicity of her thought, Iion understood her wishes and felt moved to assist her.

So together, they created humanity, and thus the world was set in motion.

No no no no no no no no no no no no no no no no no

We are mistaken, we are misfortuned, we have all follied and are all woeful. No no no no, we are all cursed. DON'T YOU SEE? WE DO NOT KNOW WHY

but I know why

THE mist, the mist is new, the mist was not here before, the mist is our folly, the mist will kill us all, THE MIST WILL TAKE OUR SOUL

How can the air turn like soot and mold how can the AIR turn to image and form that air is no longer life air is no longer safe we cannot breathe I CANNOT BREATHE

no no no no no no no no no

this is the hunter's doing, the king was never meant to die the king was never meant to die How can the king die? The king is the land, the land is the king, the king made the land but the king is no more and the land stands. The mist? The mist cannot be the land, but the mist is in the land, is the mist the king? Can the king not die? Has he cursed us for our folly?

the mist is the king the mist is the king the mist is the king the mist is the king the mist is the king the mist is the king the mist is the king the mist is the king the mist is the king the mist is the king the mist is the king the mist is the king the mist is the king the mist is the king the mist is the king the mist is the king the mist is the king the mist is the king the mist is the king

we are all doomed WE ARE ALL DOOMED

In the first age of Creu, the men of the world were yet quite simple. Art, music, writing, these were the aptitudes of the numen. For it was thought that men should not think above his creators, of which not all numen were, but all creators were only numen. For indeed, while there were and continue to be many numen who are not kings, magicians, lords, or artisans, that is their calling.

However, it was within a stone's throw of the thousandth year of the first era that one such numen entered the world, and it was never the same.

Riding in on wings of broad black feathers, a being unlike any man or beast descended into the great city of Duw Or. With Six wings, four arms, and two heads, the great Takhauat made their entrance known. Many bowed in awe, while others ran screaming. "Surely, this is a great messenger of Creau!", some of the Creauans would shout. While others were taken back, fretting war soon to come between the numens.

Then the creature, that great rook, spake with two voices as one, "I am Takhauat. I have come to bring peace and standing between men and gods. Follow me, and I will teach you the ways of the numen."

And so Takhauat did, and many men followed her. She amassed many, whom she taught with earnest and joy the ways of the unseen things, the arts, and the crafts. She made many magicians great in that time, the likes of which we will never know again. Even many of the smaller numen came to her aid, learning and teaching as equals with men.

All was well and good in her circles, and she grew with power and influence not through war, but through knowledge. This upset many of the other lords, who held their rank through the hidden things and despised the thought of teaching men such things. So they conspired against her, and whispered in the ear of Iion the dark rumors of their own creation.

Iion was not foolish, but he was ancient and well set in his ways. He was a mighty ruler in his time, king over all other numen in Creu. He stood above all others a height and a half, and could strike fear into their eyes with his disapproval. "Who can stand against the will of the great maker?" many would say, "for if he wishes, he can surely unmake all that gives one power!"

Iion summoned Takhauat to his court, to speak with her before the throne. He wished to see for himself who this was, and what she was doing. Takhauat came and kneeled before the king. Iion said to her, "Who are you, young numen of the world, that you should come into my lands and teach my people without first coming for my blessing. I might have given you a boon if you had asked me to permit this. I would think that you were planning a secret revolt had you not gone openly in the streets, but now I am likely to think that you are creating war in the midst of my city! What say you to defend yourself?"

Takhauat first spoke meekly to the king, "I am Takhauat, teacher and wise in the ways of the world. I have not come to spark revolt, but to share the great things with your people so that you might see their actions and be pleased. It is not right that men should only toil, for there are great many minds amongst them that need only be guided to the light."

Iion replied with annoyance, "So you intend to share our power with the mortals? Wise indeed, you would seek to undo yourself and the world that way. I have not risen to this great height of power by giving away everything I own! You challenge me with your words, and I am not one to be bested by a lowly newcomer."

It was at this moment that Takhauat rose from her kneel. She met the gaze of Iion eye-to-eye. Iion was taken back, for none had ever been equal to his power, especially not one who was so young within the

world. Iion spoke out, "Liar! You would take my throne through trickery and deceit! For none who make men equal could have become so great, men always tear down given the chance."

Without another word, Iion's magicians stepped out of the shadows and bound Takhauat in a powerful spell. They chanted with words which bent the minds of the scribes and broke many stones within the palace. They cursed Takhauat to be formless, a spirit on the world who's likeness should only be known through her followers, and cursed are they to walk the plains of Creu in her likeness! As rooks they shall be known, and forever will their people be marked and judged for their folly.