

## *Introduction*

Oraandis is where this story will be told. Yet the planet will not be important. On this planet the gods walk among men as their kings and guides for each kingdom's path. The god's having had each their own mentors at one time, beings higher than gods. They had taken them from their mortal lives and turned them into the gods they are. After hundreds of years, it seemed that the planet itself was distant from all other dimensions and existences. The connection to their mentors was lost as they seemed abandoned. To many of the gods they became nothing more but a distant memory, if not forgotten. Even so, most of these gods, their mentors, nor their people are important to this story.

Though there is one god, a god of knowledge who knew more than any of the others on their sphere. He lived among his people, the most technologically advanced of all the races on Oraandis came from his lands, for with his knowledge the people learned quickly and prospered.

For him it could take only a glance at a living creature or object to learn of its history. It was with this single ability that brought forth the mass of knowledge that would soon re-awaken all these gods to the vast planes beyond their own. An ancient truth that had been long lost to them. The truth of the beginning of all things.

## **Beginning of Time**

### *Chapter 1* *God of Knowledge*

In a grand city on a planet of great magical knowledge, technology, and prosperity, a man walked out to his balcony to see his people. A handsome tanned skinned deity proudly wearing his elegant robes of blue and silver, embroidered with languages of old. His long brown hair caught up in the wind that swirled around him. The sound of cheers erupted from below.

When he walked among the crowd they worshipped at the sight of their lord, for there was little knowledge he could not obtain. His abilities brought happiness to his dedicated followers. For knowledge brings fortune to those who have it.

He watched as they bowed to him in the masses, nodding and accepting their praise in the court of the large temple that was his home. All these things were normal for him; it had been this way since he ascended to godhood long ago. He was held above all in the highest respect and loved by all his people.

Though this day was different as a strange feeling began to come over him, it felt as if eyes he had never known pierced his skin; a cold, apathetic emotion driving the gaze. It was an alien feeling that he could not grasp at first. Studying all the masses in what would seem like an instant, his eyes stopped, for in the distance a strange figure of a man he had never seen before stood above all the others.

“Who is that?”

It was then he realized, as time seemed to freeze in that moment, that this person was a mystery to him. Even with all his power and all of his knowledge, he did not know this man. The mystery of this stranger intrigued him. He turned around to face his priest, a short pudgy man in many layers of robes.

“I have business to attend to. I shall return.”

“But my Lord, the...”

“I SAID I have BUSINESS,” he replied coldly, always annoyed at this priest's insistence on schedule.

The priest quickly bowed to apologize for his attitude. The god waved to his people, almost like a celebrity to their fans, and then made his way out quickly from a side exit of the large temple. He was careful not to let anyone see him leave, briskly turning the corner into an alley that would lead to the location where he last saw the mysterious figure. Instantly he felt the sudden piercing feeling of the stare once again.

There down the alley he saw the tall man walking away from the temple. He couldn't lose him, for he may never find out his identity if he did. Increasing his pace, he ran silently down the murky alley to follow him.

As he reached the main street that had little activity, he observed the man turning another corner. Running close against the wall as he reached the corner he subtly peaked around, and he saw there was nothing there.

He was taken by surprise and felt disappointment as nothing but dust blew in the alley; knowledge could not have escaped him like this. He trekked quietly down the dark abandoned

street, still searching for the man. The chance at learning more than he already knows always drove him to rash decisions.

His obsession for this man did just that, and before he realized his mistake of following the man, a sudden strange pressure pushed into his heart. Everything fell to black as all his energy drained from his body.

Some time passed in what seemed a very deep sleep. He awoke slowly, becoming aware of his situation. From what he could tell, he was in a prison of some sort.

He sat stunned and blurry eyed as he took in what happened to him. That feeling that overcame him must have been magic of some sort.

“This could not have happened to me. I am a god!” He said this aloud as he tried to focus his eyes.

“No one could have done this to me. I am too powerful.”

Almost immediately he considered how ignorant his own statement sounded, especially since he himself had no idea how he ended up here.

He began to see a dark, dungeon-like room. He was bound to a pillar of stone. He was held by restraints like he had never seen before, binds of energy glowing like the colors of the moons of his planet. He could barely remember what had happened right before everything went black and he awakened to this nightmare, feeling helpless and trapped. Stupid choices. The power of knowledge had gotten to his head so much that he ignored any dangers.

It was then he remembered the man he was following; his skin was yellowish in tone, taller than any other in the crowd yet lean, with orange-ish dreadlocks that covered his eyes. This man was unlike any other being he had come across. In all his vast knowledge, in all his godly powers, he could not discover a single shred of knowledge regarding him. All he could focus on now was his situation.

“Could it be that same man that did this to me?” He muttered to himself rhetorically, his thoughts raced constantly trying to put answers together.

As his eyes began to adjust, he was able to make out the room a bit more now. A small, barred window let in light from the moon outside, it was then his mind was blown. This moon was not one of the moons of Oraandis, he was not on his home world.

There before him was an old wooden dungeon door. It seemed almost ancient but still stood solid. As he studied the door, he could hear the sound of footsteps coming from behind it. Slowly, it began to creak open and the face of his captor poked into the room; a face with orange-ish dreadlocks covering his eyes. It was then he knew his suspicions were confirmed. Instantly the god began to yell profanities at his captor.

The strange man stepped in closing the door behind him, not saying a word to the ranting god. He moved into the moonlight and into view of his angry prisoner. His height was astonishing compared to that of the rest of the races of his planet, standing eight feet tall at the least. The enraged god continued to rant.

“You’re a fool to have done this! I shall have your head once I am free from these bounds!”

An expression appeared on the captor’s face, even more testing to the god’s temper; a cheeky smirk, as if nothing was wrong.

After so much time of yelling, the god began to tire of his relentless attempts and fell silent. It was after this that the man finally spoke up, a heavy accent flowing with all he said, similar to the accents of the islanders of Oraandis.

“I’m glad you got that out of your system, mon.”

He chuckled a bit with that same smirk on his face. The God growled out at him in protest.

“Why am I here in this place? Do you know who I am?”

“Of course, I know who you are. You are a God of knowledge. Your name is Anu Nelis. You like to pride yourself as the most intelligent being in all existence.” The stranger then laughed out a bit at his own statement. “You’re a foolish God in truth.”

Anu looked at him as if he was crazy; stunned he had the nerve to say such things to his face.

“If you are such an almighty God of knowledge then what is my name?” stated the his captor.

All Anu could do was stare in anger for he still could not read him. After a few moments, he sighed and dropped his head in shame, “I cannot tell you, for I do not know.” The man nodded and chuckled more after Anu admitted this to him.

“I am Yig.” said the dreadlocked man.

“Yig...” sputtered out Anu, with a shocked tone.

He had only heard stories of the name. Yig was a Great One, the Great Old One of Time, Knowledge, and Portals. He was said to be the essence of time itself. With simply the name, the knowledge of these beings came to him.

The Great Old Ones were the very beings that supplied the powers to him, his fellow gods, and their mentors known as “Old Ones”. There was a Great Old One for the essence of anything with purpose, each having powers and abilities beyond that of a normal God. For without them, balance would be lost to all existence. A god of gods is what this man was if, he was truly what he claimed then Anu could not doubt his power.

Yig approached closely to the man’s face, his dreads falling away from his eyes for the first time. Their eyes met, and to Anu’s surprise, one of Yig’s eyes was white with a black spiral that seemed to spin in the moonlight; the other eye was pure black that seemed almost soulless. After moving in closely and surprising Anu, Yig whispered quietly to him.

“I can hear all your thoughts and see all your memories. I am indeed a Great Old One, you are right mon.”

Anu could not believe his ears; an overwhelming excitement filled him. All his life he spent most of his time learning all he could. Even before he became a god, he was a well-known scholar and scientist. This kind of opportunity was amazing for any knowledge-seeker, to be in the presence of time itself meant so many possibilities. There was so much he could learn from this being. Then all the questions in his mind began to pour from his lips.

“How old are you?”

“What was it like in the beginning?”

“Where did it all start?”

“Who was the creator of all things?”

Yig shook his head at all the questions and sighed deeply. “Your curiosity does not surprise me.” Yet Anu could not help himself, this was a rare chance to gain knowledge even he was amiss about.

“I cannot answer all your questions,” Yig stated to Anu without any change in expression.

Furious, Anu growled. "Then why did you bring me here if you refuse to give me answers?" A suspicion grew in Anu's mind, thoughts of Yig having brought him here only to kill him.

"You got me all wrong, Anu. I do not seek your death. I seek to fulfill your lust for answers."

Anu sighed in relief but still felt cheated that the very essence of knowledge itself would not fulfill all his questions.

"I cannot make it so simple for you, you get one question I will give, and that is all. Think carefully, my friend, for if you do not, you will ask the wrong question and you will not get the answers you seek."

Anu stared as if his world was crushed by Yig.

"How could I possibly get all the answers I seek with one question?" he thought aloud.

"Think outside the box," Yig said in reply to his thoughts.

In silence Yig leaned against the wall across from Anu watching him for what seemed like hours. Anu knew he had to be careful, even though he was a god he could still make mistakes.

"A question, THE question, it has to be perfect. Though what is the perfect question?"

Millions of thoughts ran through his mind during this time and his patience was running thin. He had to keep focus; he knew full well that Yig had an eternity of patience. Time had to mean nothing to him.

More hours passed by, his energy had faded and eventually he fell into a deep sleep. Yet even sleeping it haunted him. He muttered aloud and looked distraught at times.

Sitting still and motionless, Yig continued to watch him. Finally, an expression, his devious looking smirk took form. As the deity was asleep, whispers formed in his mind from a voice that was not his own, neither was it Yig's.

"Think carefully about Yig. He seems more mortal than you expected, does he not?" The male voice questioned softly in his mind.

The voice formed in Anu's mind, a body appearing before him. He had long black hair that flowed nearly to his feet, skin that was pure white, and eyes as red as blood. Though, there was something strange about him. His face resembled Yig's with the exception that this man's expression was much more serene and serious.

"He must have some sort of story to tell, being that he is so mortal-like?" The figure said questioningly. It was then that it came to Anu. He awoke quickly in excitement and looked up to Yig, laughing lightly and shaking his head.

"I have it! I know what to ask you!" he said loudly to Yig.

"Well go on then. Out with it, so we can get started."

**"Tell me about your life story, Time's story?"**

Suddenly a rip in the fabric of existence opened midair in front of Yig. Anu, caught by surprise, let out a small gasp at the sight. It was like a hole in a canvas painting, blends of color seemed to almost leak out from it. He had never seen anything so amazing before, and to his surprise, Yig reached into the portal and pulled out a simple chair, setting it down in front of Anu. The portal closed as Yig turned his back to it and sat down. Taking a long yawn, he smirked a bit.

"Alright, I hope you're ready. We are going to be here for a while mon..."