Samaya Everden: Theories on the Courts

Well, I haven't published much since that silly story I wrote oh so long ago about Afinilimin, but I really should. My brain is too full of nonsense to go out without a bang- Well, I do plan on doing so by enchanting my Egg with all my knowledge, but this time I mean by writing it for the future ants. Firstly, I wish to brag about my accomplishments of tricking gods! Through them, I learned that there are in fact seven members of the Twilight Court, which confirms many of our previous beliefs. Don't forget, Gods aren't people. They're something strange, but they aren't like us. But even so, I guess they can still be tricked! (Love you Odin). Either way, this leads me into my next theories. Given the Courts of Seven, and a King and Queen to lead them, who are they? Perhaps mysterious entities floating off in space until they walk on the World at the coming and going of the seasons? Well actually, yes.

Court of Evil Night:
King (The Moon)
Greed
Hate
Ignorance
Arrogance
Apathy
Despair

Court of Good and Light: (Theorized)
Queen (The Sun)
Temperance/Charity?
Love?
Innocence?
Humility?
Empathy/Compassion?
Hope?

Court of Grey Twilight
Queen (The World)
Death
Fates
Storyteller
?
?
?

Samaya Everden: Memories of the Dawn of the World
So, my friends and I found an egg long ago. I have been working on learning about it, and found that it has some spark of memories though no soul or life. Perhaps I can try to see the memories it has, or give it some of mine.

EDIT: Success! I seem to be able to imbue memories into the spark it has! I will have to spend much of my time focusing on this if I wish to have any great success.

EDIT 2: It has been long since I have written in this journal. It has been almost 3 years now? Not only has this been an extremely worthwhile use of my time, but perhaps I have unlocked something far greater than I imagined. We were right in thinking this was a fossil, but how could it have seen the Dawn of the World before even life was given to the creatures of the world??? I have been able to step into the memories the Egg bears, and see the memories as if I were there. Sometimes I just see memories I put into it (Which, granted, allows me to have my notetaking be much more detailed), but other times it is the eggs. I don't think I can choose. I will try to describe the most breathtaking memory I have felt from this.

I stepped into a range of mountains. At first I thought they were just hills, but I realized they were not. They were just small. The weird part was that they were growing, rising out of the very earth I stood upon. These mountains were not full of life as the ones I have grown to know. These were barren, without any life at all. No moss, no lichen. In fact, there were no birds or trees or anything! All there were mountains. Growing slowly (Though certainly fast if it was visible at all). The golden sun behind them shone brightly. Good to know at least the Sun existed at the dawn of the world or whatever this was. There was a river, rushing down from these new peaks. Some of the mountains became volcanos, and bursted out in the distance. The earth groaned and shifted. It almost sounded like a baby's cry, echoing from the fiery golden peaks.

EDIT 3: I have begun to pick up other projects as of late, but I felt it appropriate to write the other major memory I experienced while using the Egg. This one was simpler, and obviously from later in the World's life. The mountains were still sparse in this memory, but life could be seen. Lichens, a crying bird, a tree. The world was still in this moment. It is light, but it is dark. The Sun hung over my head, but I could barely see it as it was just a golden ring covered by the silver of the moon in front of it. I looked to my left and the world was covered in the Sun's bright light. To my right was the opposite; the world was dark, kept in shadow of the Moon's dark but silver form. How was the moon silver if the sun was in front of it? Fascinating. What could make the world divide in half? Lightning began to brew, and golden lights winked in and out of existence all around me, arcing and thundering across the sky. Something in my mind, my heart, knew this happened. It was no metaphor, no oracle. This was real.

Samaya Everden: The Courts Poem

On mornings tide of the dawning days
There came the Makers Four to play
In early glow of Sollune's rays
And these were the Olden Gods.

But long before the Makers Four
Before the Gathered made them more
Before we mortals learned their lore
The Courts of Three there came.

One, the Court of Good and Light
Two, the Court of Evil Night
Three, The Court of Grey Twilight
And each was the world's voice.

Each court numbered seven seats
A Queen and King meant each to lead
With six to guide and counsel keep
As the world Turns its course.

There long ago at world's Turn
The Courts there offered much to learn
For the world's children four to earn
And the children of worlds beyond.

Spring to learn of growth and mirth
Summer's ken of strength and worth
Autumn's lesson's, loss and dearth
And Winter's solemn sleep.

Through each these seasons Courts could tend
The Queen in Light would rule the land
Until her seasons reached their end
In the coming of the Fall.

In Fall, The King would take his throne
At crossroad's keep, and she to roam
The world's face and mortal home
While his court would rule the Dark.

And when the springtime crossroads came
The Queen would take his throne again
Through days of light her court would reign
While the King would roam the earth.

With season's wax and wane they find
The world's children close behind
And mortals follow too in kind
With their visions as their guide.

Since world’s dawn it has been thus
The world’s children court its trust
And its lessons passed onto us
As the children of children in turn.

Beneath it all the world turns
And watches as its children learn
The knowing it has long since earned.
On worlds that turned before.

And sometimes when the weather’s right
When daytime crosses into night
It stirs a little that we might
Remember of ages before.

Listen close and feel it breathe
From secret places dark and deep
Where all its ancient secrets keep
To be found by only the bold.

Treasure close these memories
For much forgotten still we need
In coming days and coming deeds
On the treacherous roads ahead.

On evenings tides of summer's end
We meet the crossroads once again
With summers lessons close at hand
On the precipice of Fall.

Our world’s lessons passed through courts
To gathered Gods and makers Four
And on to us as days grow short
Held close in All Our Hearts.

This story takes a darker turn
As autumn’s lessons now we learn
And darknes’s sorrows all we earn
In the coming of the night.

Ere deep nights tide do not forget
That dawn’s first light will find us yet
If only we do not forget
How to plant the seeds of spring.

Map of Halhar Leylines in 130.1.3

