

I AM ZEUS

Chapter 1: The Birth Of The Gods

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There was no light. No wind. Not even silence.

Just Chaos.

It wasn't evil. It wasn't kind.

It just was.

A swirling nothing, not dark or bright, not asleep or awake. It stretched in every direction, with no beginning and no end. And for a long time, it didn't move. It just existed, wrapped in itself like a coiled god.

Then, Chaos breathed.

One long, slow breath.

And from that breath, the first beings began to stir.

From Chaos: The Birth of the Myths

The myths we tell don't contradict each other. They are echoes of the same breath, shaped by different tongues.

In the east, Chaos moved again, and from it came a cosmic egg.

Inside that egg, all elements churned. Fire. Water. Earth. Wind. Time. Everything, trapped in a swirling storm.

And at the center slept Pangu, the giant.

His body was massive. Hair like storm clouds. Skin like stone. Breath like wind.

When he woke, he stretched—and cracked the egg open.

The light flew upward. The dark fell below.

He held them apart with his arms, and for thousands of years, he grew. Taller. Stronger. Each breath shaping a bit more sky, a bit more land.

And when he died, his body became the world.

Mountains from his bones. Rivers from his blood.

His left eye became the moon. His right, the sun.

But he wasn't the only one who came from Chaos.

In the West: A Mound in the Waters

In another place, Chaos birthed Nu, the dark water. Deep and endless.

Then, without warning, a single mound rose. A dry spot in an ocean of black.

From that mound came Atum. He didn't have parents or shape. He willed himself into form. From his breath, he made the wind and the mist—Shu and Tefnut. From them came Geb (earth) and Nut (sky), who loved each other too much. They wouldn't separate.

So Shu pushed Nut upward and held her there. That became the sky.

Stars dotted her skin.

Rain fell from her arms.

And so, day and night began.

In the North: Ice Met Fire

Far away, where Chaos touched neither sun nor water, there was only Ginnungagap. A wide, frozen void.

To the north, ice. To the south, fire.

And where they met—melted.

Out of that melt came Ymir, the first giant. From his sweat came more giants, and from his legs came beasts too strange to name.

Beside him stood a cow, Audhumla, licking ice to live.

Inside the ice, she found Buri, the first god, who had a son, Bor. And Bor married a frost woman and had three sons:

Odin, Vili, and Ve.

These three didn't want to live in a world ruled by a giant.

So they killed Ymir.

From his corpse, they built a world.

Flesh became land.

Bones became mountains.

Skull became the sky.

Blood became the sea.

And to keep the dark out, they made Midgard—a realm wrapped in Ymir's brows.

But the giants survived, angry and waiting.

In the Center: The Whispering Fire

And again, Chaos moved. This time gently, like a sigh through silk.

From that whisper came sound—a single, endless vibration: Aum.

That sound became thought.

That thought became flame.

And from it, three figures stepped forward:

Brahma, who created.

Vishnu, who preserved.

Shiva, who destroyed.

They didn't fight. They danced.

Creation. Life. Death. Over and over.

The world they built wasn't straight—it curved in cycles. One age fell into another like drops in a river.

And through that flow, the gods kept watch, waiting for the age to turn.

The Kami Descend

Then, Chaos gave birth to something else—two spirits standing on the Floating Bridge of Heaven.

Izanagi and Izanami.

They looked down at a world without shape. So Izanagi dipped his spear into the sea and stirred.

The drops that fell became islands.

They descended, and from their union came more gods: wind, fire, stone, forest. But when Izanami gave birth to fire, it burned her from the inside. She died.

Izanagi chased her to the underworld, but she had changed. Rot had taken her.

She told him not to look. He did anyway.

What he saw broke him.

He fled and sealed the underworld forever.

Then he bathed to cleanse the death from his skin—and from that act, three children were born:

Amaterasu, the sun.

Tsukuyomi, the moon.

Susanoo, the storm.

And the heavens were no longer dark.

And the Kami multiplied.

Greco Realm

And then, at the center of it all, deep and still, came a different kind of nothing.

Not water. Not sky. Not sound.

Just... Chaos.

A gap. Not angry. Not gentle. Just there.

And from it came:

Gaia — Earth, thick and breathing, womb of all.

Tartarus — the endless pit, locked in darkness.

Eros — not love, but the force of connection. Binding one thing to another.

Nyx — night. Pure, starless.

Erebus — shadow, not evil, just empty.

Gaia gave birth to Ouranos, the sky. They lay together, heaven pressing down on earth. Children came quickly.

The Titans.

But Ouranos feared them. Buried them in Gaia's womb.

She cried.

One son, Cronus, took the blade Gaia forged. A sickle made from her bones and fury.

He struck his father.

Ouranos fell. His blood fed the sea, and from it rose more beings. More rage. More gods.

Cronus took the throne.

He ruled with Rhea, his sister. But he feared his children the way his father feared him.

So when they were born, he swallowed them.

One. By one.

Until Rhea hid her sixth child.

A boy.

With eyes like a storm.

She wrapped him in gold and hid him in a cave, guarded by spirits and mountain wolves.

Zeus.

The sky didn't roar. The earth didn't shake.

Not yet.

But something in the air changed.

The gods were no longer just ideas or forces.

Now they had faces. They had stories.

And Zeus would be the one to finish what the others started.

Mount Dikti

"Alright. First off—where the hell am I?"

Tiny fists. Bare feet. Blanket made of what felt like goat butt. A drafty cave. And right in front of him... a goat udder.

"Nope. No. Nooope. I am not doing this."

He turned his head to protest, but his mouth instinctively latched. The milk hit his tongue like ambrosia and betrayal.

"Oh gods, I'm drinking goat milk straight from the source. This is my life now."

He pulled back and tried to scream, but it came out like an angry baby chirp.

"Wait—why do I sound like a dying squirrel? What happened to my voice?!
WHERE IS MY VOICE?!"

He threw a tantrum punch into the dirt. A small crack popped through the stone floor.

Outside, thunder rumbled. A soft one, like the sky chuckling.

The goat bleated, unfazed. A bird flew into a wall. Somewhere, a nymph fainted from pure dramatic energy.

"Cool. I'm a baby with lightening powers. In a cave. Being breastfed by a damn goat. Love that for me."

He flopped backward and stared at the ceiling.

"Whoever did this better be ready for lightning bolts."