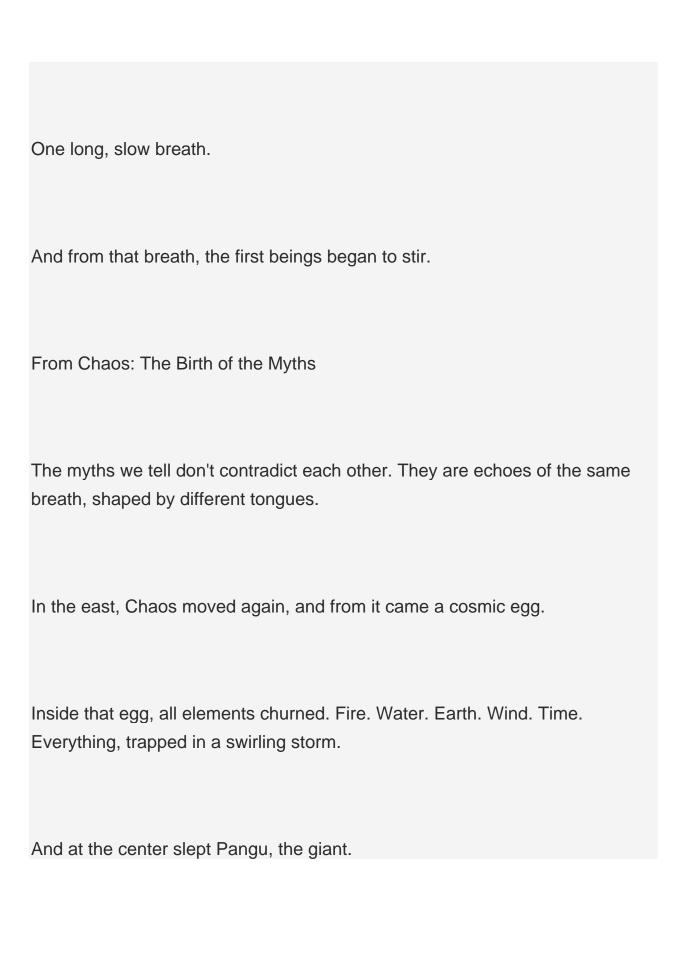
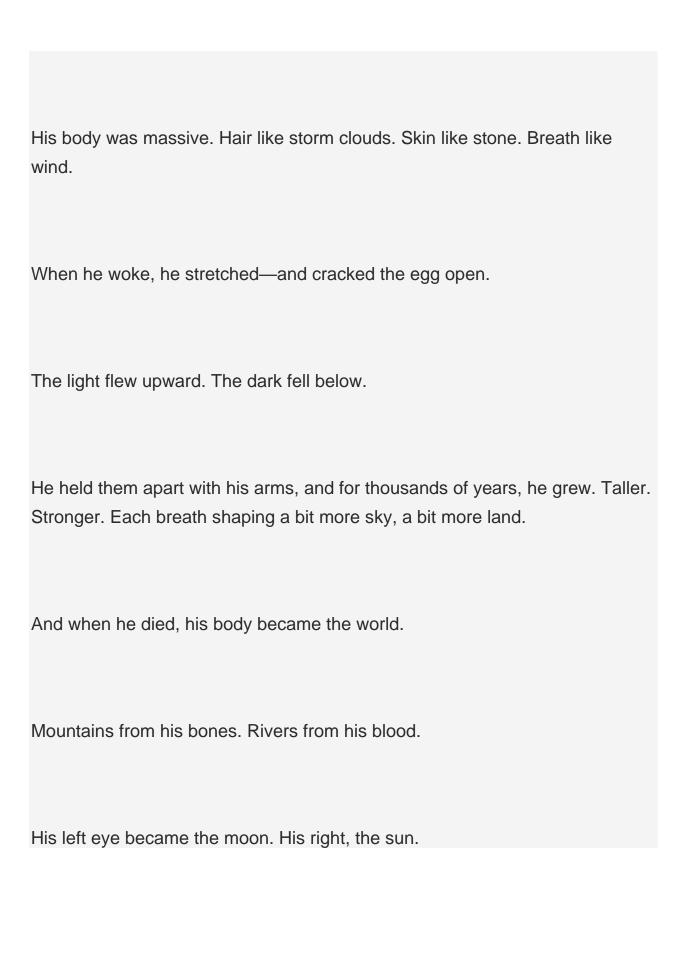
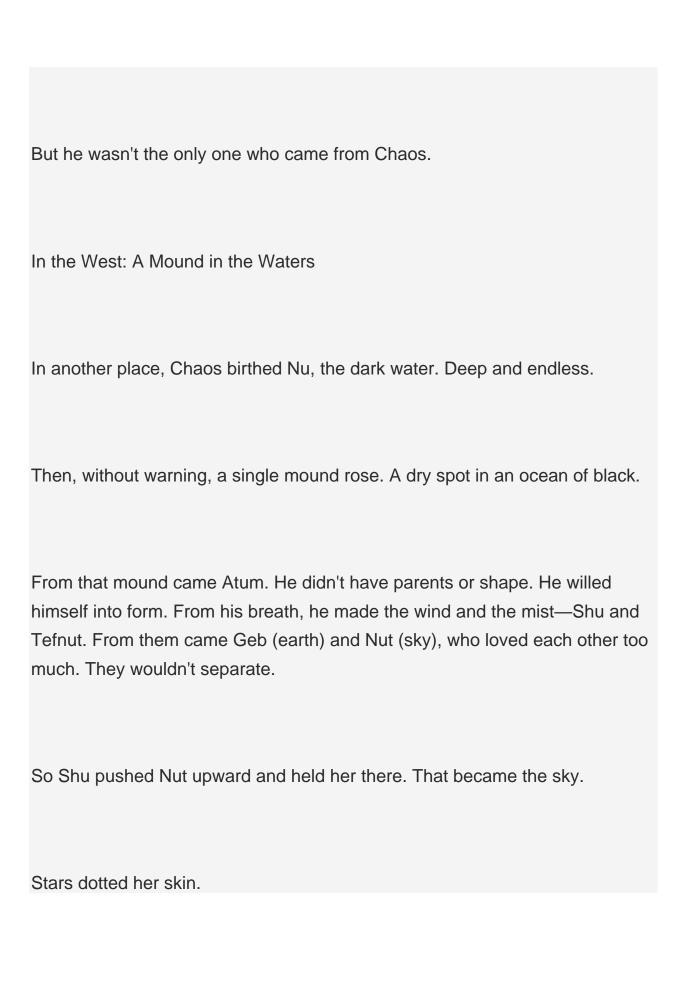
I AM ZEUS

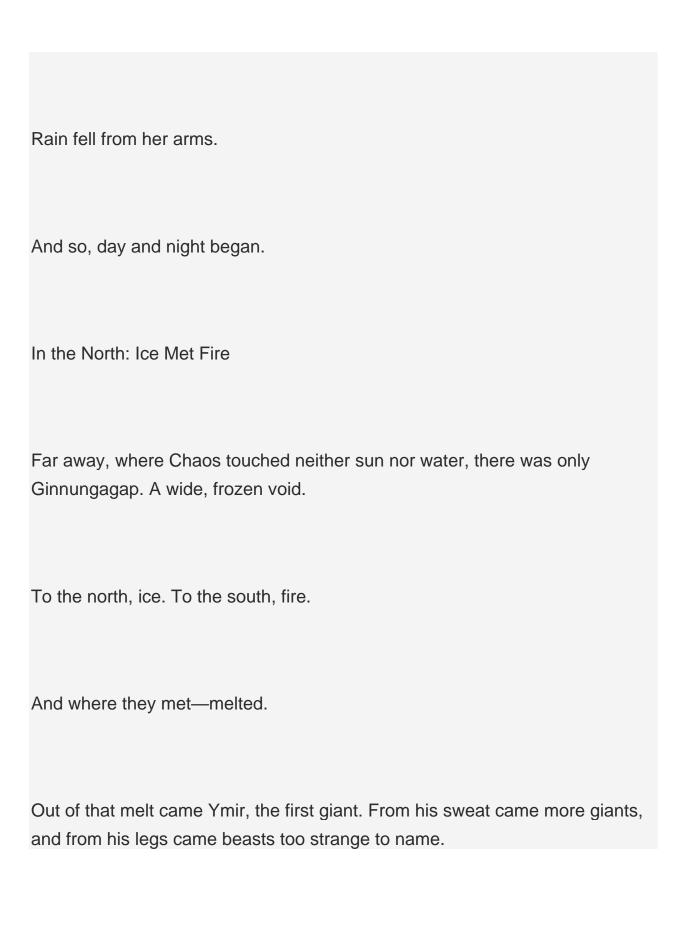
Chapter 1: The Birth Of The Gods

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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.



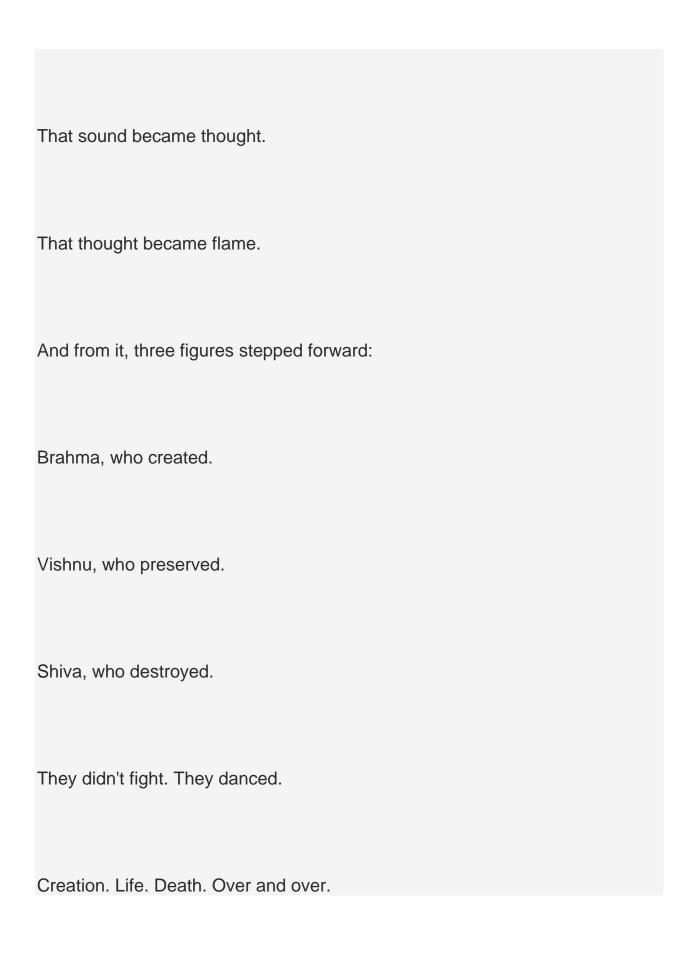


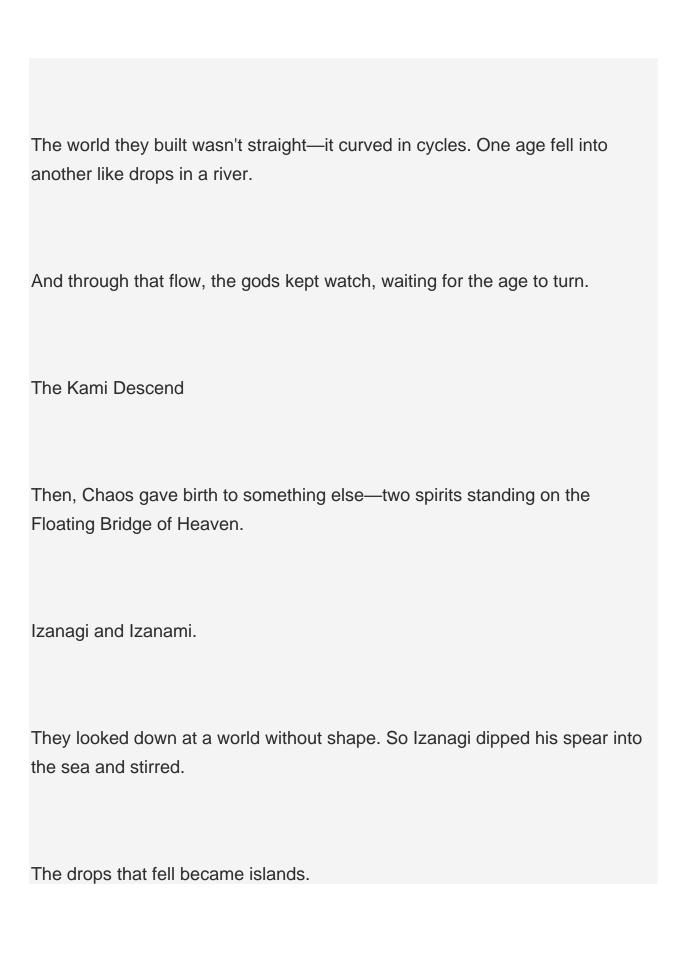


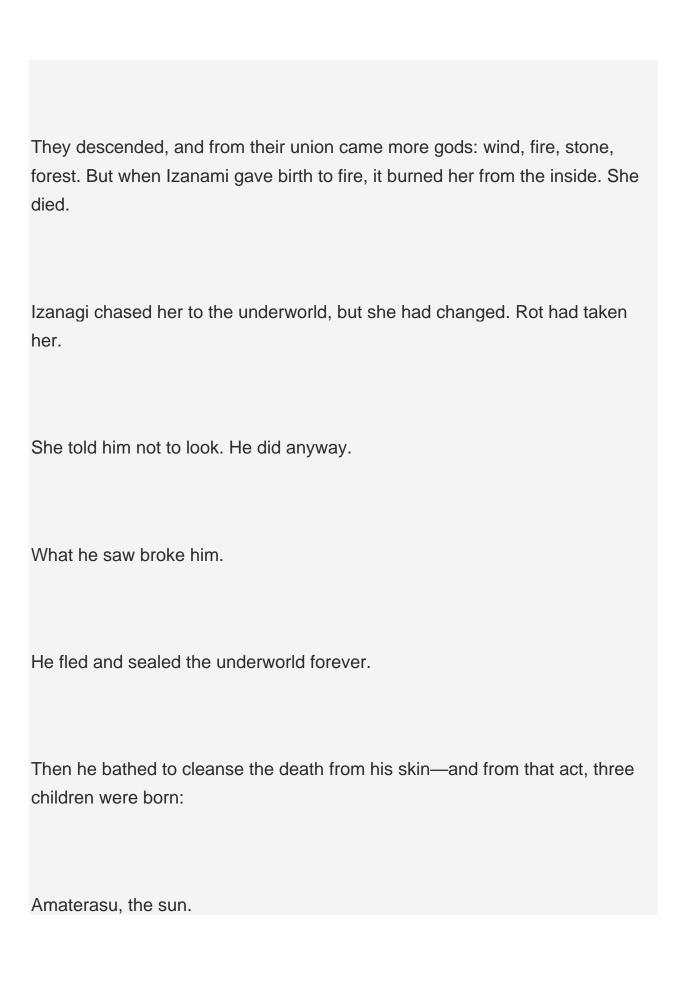


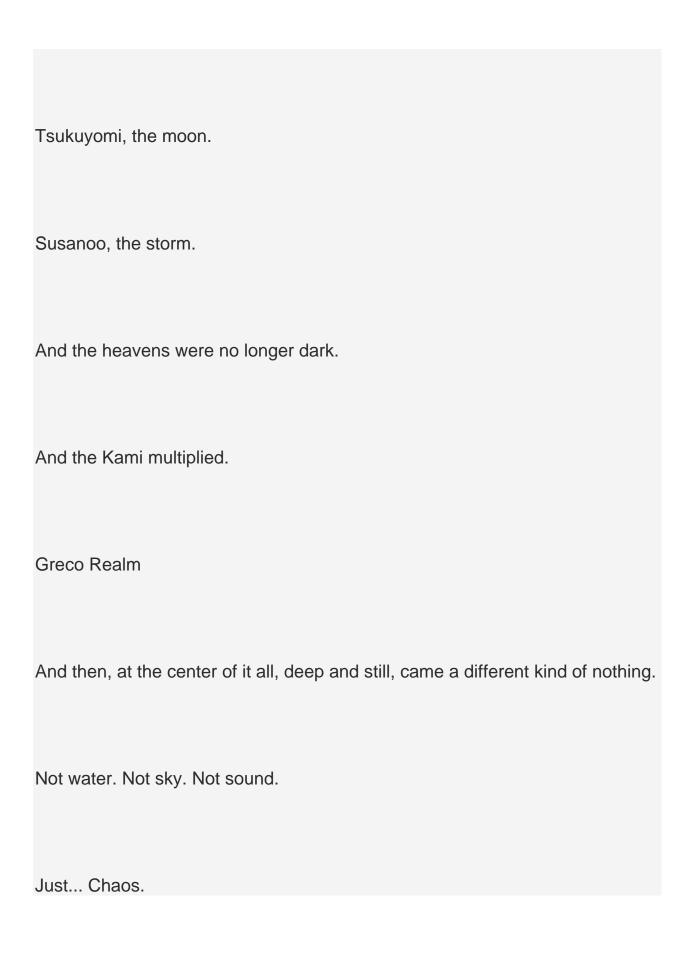
Beside him stood a cow, Audhumla, licking ice to live.
Inside the ice, she found Buri, the first god, who had a son, Bor. And Bor married a frost woman and had three sons:
Odin, Vili, and Ve.
These three didn't want to live in a world ruled by a giant.
So they killed Ymir.
From his corpse, they built a world.
Flesh became land.

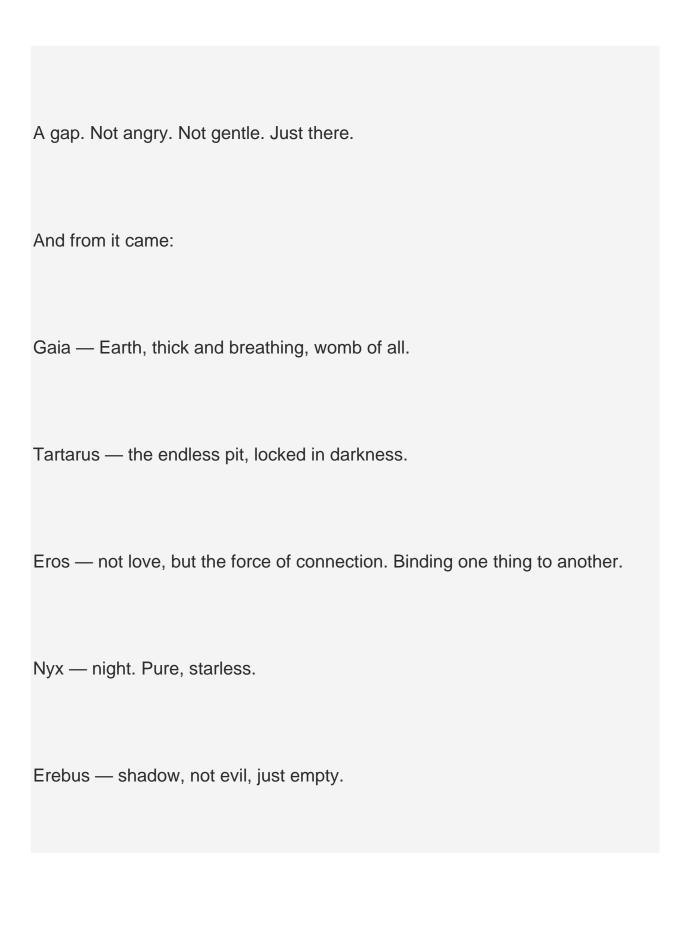
Bones became mountains.
Skull became the sky.
Blood became the sea.
And to keep the dark out, they made Midgard—a realm wrapped in Ymir's brows.
But the giants survived, angry and waiting.
In the Center: The Whispering Fire
And again, Chaos moved. This time gently, like a sigh through silk.
From that whisper came sound—a single, endless vibration: Aum.











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

