

## RE: DEITY - THE BREATH OF CREATION

### 1.2 The Four Realms

There was a sun in front of me.

It was truly massive, spinning and circling the four realms my children had created – one great Sun, to illuminate all. It roared with light and heat, great arcs of flame shooting from its surface as it settled into its existence, the sheer *noise* from the thing vibrating my very soul. Satisfaction rose up within me, soothing some part of my being that had been aching, *yearning* for this very thing.

Light. Substance. Heat.

I was vaguely aware of my children gaping at me and my latest creation, but for now I let them be, simply sitting back and sipping at my drink. And in that moment of relaxation, I realized something had changed within me. A strange, new power had draped itself over my soul like a cloak, swirling about me in a way reminiscent to how the energies had swirled around my children. I did my best impression of a blink. No, it wasn't reminiscent, it was exactly the same.

Just as I thought that, a sound like a sigh washed through the core of my soul. It could be described as little else; a wave of *intent* from some great being, as gentle as a spring breeze, softly touching my soul and infusing my very being with the power that now swirled about me. In turn, it condensed into something more solid, mirroring the shape of my soul – no, shapes *within* my soul – to make a body.

It happened in an instant, and I found myself blinking, actually physically blinking, in surprise as I inspected my new form. It was very clearly humanoid – two arms, two legs, unblemished skin – and my hands found my face to feel it out. Instinctively I knew my hair was black with white streaks, eyes green, but my attention focused on the most distinctive feature; two grey horns jutting out of my forehead and curling back over the crown of my head. Six fist-sized balls of primordial chaos, all the elements of creation, formed a semi-circle as they floated behind my back. Objectively they were a part of my body, but they felt separate somehow.

The overall feel of my face and form was distinctively masculine – no, feminine – no, they were –

I took a deep breath and focused through the fog that still clouded my mind, forcing myself to examine things in a detached manner. Nude as the day I was born, which I suppose would be today, I watched as my body shifted between man and woman and to something in-between at seeming

random...no. It shifted in response to my thoughts and emotions, never straying too far one way or another. It was a balance. The extreme ends were never too extreme, never too masculine nor feminine, yet never denying the other existed.

*Ding!*

Congratulations! You have completed [Stage 1] of the [Deity Trials]!

Of the twelve souls participating, you finished 8<sup>th</sup>. Results will be displayed below.

I frowned at the box that appeared before my eyes, waving one hand through it to see if it would disappear. When it didn't I focused harder on the words themselves, trying to glean some deeper insight.

*Ding!*

[Stage 1] Is the creation stage of the [Deity Trials] – a trial set up by the Overgod of the Multiverse to expand said multiverse. Of the souls participating in creating their own universes, each gets a total of 7creations using power beyond their means to form the basis of their universe. The sum of these creations is what decides the Origin Deity's domain and power.

The following stages are a grace period in which the Origin Deity must strengthen itself and its universe to acceptable levels before the protection of the Overgod fades. Each new [Stage] represents another layer of protection being removed. You must stand on your own, eventually.

Note: The power of greater creation – to create *something* from *nothing* - can be relearned in time. What you experienced was a sliver of the greater power of the Overgod.

*Ding! Results are in!*

“Results are in? What is this, a game show?”

Results	Deity of Balance, Origin Deity of the Four Realms.
Creations:	1) Souls; 2) Greater Souls; 3) Primordial Chaos; 4) Balancing the Realms; 5) Growth; 6) Rest; 7) Realm Sun  Side Note: The creation of your children's bodies did not count towards creations, as this was a manipulation of existing matter, not true creation.
Analysis:	1) Souls: Your desire for companionship overcame your desire for substance, resulting in the birth of souls and spirits. These beings were born both of your own being, and drawn in from the endless spaces between universes.  2) Greater Souls: A lesser soul is not able to withstand the unrestrained presence of an Origin Deity, even a young one. Thus, you took pieces of yourself to create beings who would give you the companionship desired. These childlike souls are inherently Gods.  The story has been stolen; if detected on Amazon, report the violation.

	<p>3) Primordial Chaos: Noticing the dangers of the Void, you created a realm of safety with a burst of Primordial Chaos. The raw elements of creation and substance created a great Realm for your freshly-born children to play in safely, though the lesser souls struggled to find purpose.</p> <p>4) Balancing Realms: Rather than create your demesne yourself, you allowed your children to carve out their own pieces of reality. Bold move. Only once they were finished did you intervene, granting them forms and stabilizing the realms.</p> <p>5) Growth: All things need room and fuel to grow. You provided both, as well as increasing the size of your realms twenty-fold. No longer is it a mess of Primordial Chaos, the Realms are given structure as well as stability. The Primordial Chaos was pushed back to give the Realms space, creating a buffer between them and the Void. This shell will grow as the Realms do.</p> <p>6) Rest: Many Origin Deities will take some time to rest, often creating objects of leisure as the act of true creation can be very taxing on the soul. You chose whiskey. Enjoy it.</p> <p>7) Realm Sun: In [Stage 1] all deities will, at some point, utter the words "let there be light" to varying effects. In this case it created a sun that circles the created Realms in the empty space between them and the Primordial Chaos, shedding its light on all creation.</p>
Universe:	<p>Four Realms (Three Realms Variant)</p> <p>The Four Realms is an incredibly rare variant of the basic Three Realms universal template, which consists of Heaven, Earth, and the Inferno or Hell realms. The Four Realms, as the name implies, typically adds another realm that acts as a glue or buffer for the other three realms. Most Four Realms self-destruct prior to reaching maturity – there are less than one hundred surviving examples of this template throughout this multiverse. I wish you luck.</p>

Is it just me, or are these boxes sassy? “I wish you luck?” *Really?* There’s being glib, then there’s that. Quietly I scratched my chin, narrowing my eyes as I continued to digest what the boxes were telling me. If I focused there were more details I could read into, such as how much power was used to fuel each creation, the desires that each of my seven creations came from and how that affected my Deific Domain, but honestly? I had no frame of reference for those numbers, or the intense analysis. Sure I could read it, but understanding was another issue entirely. Especially with my memories still missing.

And what was with the rarity of the Four Realms in the multiverse? Was it some inherent stability issue with the design, or was it just that rare? The mere thought of watching my world crumble and disappear, my children dying, drove a spike of rage into me that had my fists clenching and teeth grinding. That result was unacceptable.

*Ding!*

Oh joy. More boxes.

All participants have completed [Stage 1]. To begin [Stage 2] and finalize your realm’s build, please name your creations.

PSA 1: The goal of [Stage 2] is to individualize your universes; now that the foundation is set, it is time to start building. The overarching goal is to create a universe strong enough foundationally to withstand the rigors of the Void, without the Overgod's protection, protect against outside threats, and to raise souls into higher realms of existence. Not all souls can be created great, most have to grow into it as one of the fundamental rules of freewill. How this raising of souls is achieved is up to you. Good luck!

PSA 2: Once each of the twelve participating universes have reached a sufficient level, a meeting will be held between deities. This will be a good time to compare notes and build camaraderie, as this is a friendly competition. Until this first meeting, contact between universes will be limited.

[Stage 1] now complete. Returning memories to participants in 3...2...1...have a nice Creation!

All at once the veil was lifted and all my memories came rushing back, sending me stumbling from the sheer suddenness of it all. And with it came my personality, filling in the skeletal frame that had been my thoughts and mind.

“Oh you motherfu-“ I caught myself mid-sentence, glancing over my shoulder at my children, who were still watching and gaping at the Sun.

Right. They were kids. No cursing in front of your god-children – and wasn’t *that* a trippy thought.

I let out a breath and looked at the crystal glass in my hand, filled almost to the brim with sparkling amber liquid. It only took a half-second of debate for me to down the rest of it, chugging and savoring the burn as the whiskey slid down my throat. With a heavy breath I wiped my mouth with the back of my hand, glaring at the blue boxes in front of me. “Someone is going to pay for tricking me into this.” I muttered under my breath.

Honestly, I’d never been anyone very powerful in my past lives. Eight mortal lifetimes I’d lived on the planet Earth, three of which were spent at the pinnacle of human enlightenment before I finally took that last step to escape the cycle of reincarnation. I think that was somewhere around year...2334?

After that I’d worked my ass off, spending much of my time as a messenger between powerful spiritual beings, acting as a spirit guide for mortals – once even preventing some idiot from accidentally nuking Earth by spilling his coffee all over the incorrect missile calculations he’d made – and dealing with the mess that karmic threads could become. My peak had been something close to, to put it in business terms, assistant manager. Somewhere around a mid-tier angel in terms of power, though the nature of my soul meant I wasn’t a true angel.

Never had I been anywhere close to...this.

*I've been tricked. I grumbled mentally, taking a deep breath and preparing to face my children. There's going to be so much work to do, and I'll be running on instinct alone. I have no idea how to run a universe! I doubt I can even use many ideas from my old universe – the structures are already too different.* But, for now, I needed to put that on the backburner.

Slowly I turned to face my children, genuinely smiling at the way they lit up when they saw me start to approach. Especially the dragon, his long, sinuous body thrashing excitedly as I stepped forward. Though seeing them did remind me that I was still technically nude...

With a wave of my hand, purple robes embroidered in silver fell about my form, weaving themselves from primordial chaos at my whim. *Surprisingly easy*, I thought, marveling at my new power. There was so much to do, so much going on, but...well. With the whiskey burning in my stomach, relaxing my muscles and my nerves just a little, I gave myself some time to appreciate what had been made.

I had four powerful, godly children, and countless smaller souls – likewise my children – scattered about the universe. The realm sun was brilliant in its light and colors, bigger and grander than any sun I had ever seen before. And the Four Realms themselves; the Mountain above, cast in white; the Valley below, clad in black. A grand Tree, growing in the land between them, in the fertile

chaos of color; and an invisible River connecting them all. A creation that was both my own, and my children's.

Out of my depth as I was, I could feel nothing but love for what had been created. And I'd be damned if I saw it collapse because of my negligence.

But first, it was time for some names.