

RE: DEITY - THE BREATH OF CREATION

1.3 The Importance of Names

What was the weight of a name?

That question echoed in my mind as I descended to my children, the warmth of the Realm Sun still lingering on my back, plastering a smile on my face despite my roiling emotions. Was a name just a name, or was it something more? To some degree it was probably just a name, *however*, when spoken by someone like *me*, or at least the being I had become, I was inclined to believe there was more to it.

It could be nothing, meaningless, mere words in the aether. It could be defining.

The thought alone was almost nauseatingly philosophical.

So I shelved it, resolving myself to be careful in naming my children and creations, while also deciding to trust myself and my new deific instincts.

Time to get to naming.

To continue to [Stage 2], please name your creations.

Don't sass me, you.

"Mother," my oldest, black-haired son chimed as I neared.

"Father," the blonde-haired girl said at the same time. I chuckled to myself as the two siblings turned to each other, glaring. Almost as if it was a competition to see who was right.

"Siblings will always be siblings, I suppose," I said, reaching out to ruffle their hair. They accepted it with a smile, relaxing into my touch before I pulled away, the other two watching with a hint of jealousy in their eyes. A 'come hither' gesture had the two rushing forward, allowing me to ruffle their hair as well – or, in the case of the dragon, rub the base of his horns. After a few moments I pulled away from them, intent on pushing forward.

“You may call me whatever you wish, for I am both Mother and Father. I am -” *Alpha and Omega, beginning and the end.* Those words almost spilled from my mouth, but I stopped them before the thought could come full circle. “I am who I am. But! It is time to name you all. Anyone have any preferences? Thoughts, comments, concerns?”

“Um,” my youngest daughter said hesitantly, absently toying with a strand of green hair. I smiled at her encouragingly, and she continued. “I think whatever you want to name us will be best.” She continued, earning nods of agreement from her siblings.

“Mm. The parent should name the child.” I agreed, scratching my chin. For a moment I observed them, mind drifting as my eyes settled on my blonde-haired daughter. Her wings were spread proudly, shoulders squared and chin held up in a regal pose, despite the childish grin on her face. A hundred strong names flittered through my mind, but I wanted something more neutral. Nothing leading. “Elvira.” I said, pointing at her, and that naturally led to the next. “Keilan.” I pointed at her brother, the black-haired one.

The two siblings furrowed their brows and tasted the name on their tongues, all while I lamented my naming sense. The hell did those names even mean, again? For some reason I’m thinking of them as “white” and “black,” respectively, but I don’t think that’s actually right.

“I love it,” Elvira said proudly, nodding to herself and beaming at me.

“Thank you,” Keilan said, tail thrashing happily. I gave them both a quick hug, then turned to my other children.

“As for you, my dear, how about Reika?” I asked my green-haired daughter. She bowed silently, blushing and nodding softly in silent thanks. Finally, I turned to my draconic son, who twisted and writhed in place as he awaited my name. I chewed my lip a bit, then settled on a name I just liked the sound of. “Alexander.” I announced. He grinned, rushing forward and wrapping himself around me in a giant, full-bodied hug. I laughed, letting him put his head on my shoulder – big though his head was – and found myself laughing harder when the other three rushed forward to join him.

We stood there for one blissful moment, Elvira and Keilan wrapping their wings around us to make us look like a giant ball of feathers and scales, until I started to gently extract myself. Cute as it was, there was more naming to get done, and another notification urged me to continue.

“Alright, alright, let’s go. We still have to name your realms, hmm?” I said, trying to get them moving.

“What’s that?” Elvira asked, pointing at the sun.

“The sun.” I said. “Though this one would be *the* Sun, as opposed to *a* sun.”

“What’s it do?” Reika asked.

“What’s it do? Gives light and warmth to the whole universe. It will be very helpful when life starts to spread.” I explained.

“Why’s it so hot?” Alexander asked.

“And bright?” Keilan complained.

“Because that is its nature. We’re getting off track. Anyone want to take first dibs on whose realm I name first?” I said, clapping my hands together to get everyone’s attention, even as I slowly drifted toward the budding four realms, gently leading them along. All four began clamoring to get my attention, begging to show me what they’d been making while I was making the sun. I just listened patiently, continuing to back up, away from the Realm Sun, until we were at the very edge of the Four Realms.

“Since we’re already here,” I said, interrupting them the moment my foot hit the edge of Elvira’s white realm, having accidentally headed that way. “Let’s start with Elvira. What do you have for me, kiddo?”

“Right! So, Father, look at what I made!” she chirped happily, tails thrashing and wings fluttering as she darted forward. Wisps of white energy trailed after her as she flew to the great Mountain in the center of her realm, flashes of gold and silver light forming in the soft, cloud-like structures. I followed after at a much more sedate pace, content to listen to her chatter as she showed me how she could twist and shape the energy of her realm, taking in all I could.

The energy that made up the core of her realm was very energetic, practically buzzing with how dense and active it was. Yet it was still mostly...positive. Strong, but in a good way. And even as I watched, it was trying to form solid shapes from the undirected matter of the Realm. Hills and mountains, vast plains and riverbeds, valleys and canyons – a skeleton of a skeleton for such natural wonders trying to stitch itself together. The odd thing was that it was being guided by something, a guide without much direction of its own. With a slight frown I bent and dug one hand into the cloudy Realm, letting its matter run through my fingers like grains of sand.

“Huh,” I muttered, feeling something else flowing through the realm, working silently, yet visibly...then it hit me, and I felt very silly for not noticing earlier. With a snort I stood, gazing out over the entirety of Elvira’s Realm to see that little *something* flowing throughout everything, almost like an invisible

secondary layer. It, just like all the other realms, was bare-bones to an almost frightening degree, yet I still understood what it was on a fundamental level. “I was wondering where all those other souls went.” I said with a small laugh.

“Father?” Elvira asked, flying back towards us.

“Sorry, sweetie, I got a little distracted. Look at this!” I exclaimed, holding up what could only be described as ectoplasmic goo. All my children gathered around, though they all made weird faces at what I was holding. Except Alexander, who had his brows furrowed and muzzle twisted into a frown, his head cocked to the side cutely. “They’re spirits! Or, well, the basis of them.”

“Spirits?” Alexander echoed. “What are spirits?”

“They’re...well, they’re a different *kind* of existence. A variation of souls, like yours or mine, but more confined to the spirit world. You can think of them like the builders and maintainers of existence, but moreso than that title would imply – without spirits to manage the ‘unseen world,’ as it were, many things would just...fall apart. Many of the mysterious forces rely on them to keep things from getting tangled, or to use built-up energy to create something new.” I explained, not sure how much of it they were getting. Only Alexander seemed to understand, nodding his head as he stared at the small spirits in my hands.

The tiny souls still trembled in my presence, but it was bearable now that I had used much of my power, and could restrain my aura. Satisfied, I let the spirits drop and observed the four realms as a whole. Though I called it the ‘unseen world,’ the realm the spirits inhabited was very much visible to me. They flowed through all things, an invisible layer of reality built atop that which was already there – a river of souls and spirits, connecting all realms like a lake might connect to the sea. It made naming the realm laughably easy.

“The Spirit Realm.” I said simply, smiling as a soft shudder flowed through the Four Realms. “Sorry, Elvira, but I have to name your brother’s realm first. Alexander, your Realm is the Spirit Realm. Connecting, feeding, and flowing through all things.” Alexander perked up as he listened to me speak, his entire body shivering as my words fell upon him. The change was subtle, but I caught it; his scales took on an almost ethereal hue, glimmering with invisible colors. *Naming **them** didn’t cause changes, but naming the Realms did.* I realized, patting his head as the great dragon butted into my chest, a content rumble echoing through him. *Careful with what you name them.*

My attention turned to the Mountain in the center of Elvira’s realm, an idea forming in the back of my mind. If the Spirit Realm was a river, then her realm...

“Elvira,” I said, turning to her. She was pouting a bit, wings drooping sadly, though chin held high. Obviously she was a bit jealous her realm hadn’t been

named first. “Your realm will be the Heaven Realm. A goal, a lofty peak for souls – be they spirits, gods, or mortals – to aim for. Not just an ideal, but a journey. Not just a goal, but enlightenment. Not just a place to stay, but to yearn for.” I said, recalling a journey I had made in my previous lives. I had traveled to gurus and seers, hidden temples and the dwellings of wise-men hidden in mountains or out-of-reach places.

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Oftentimes I found that the journey, and desire to make said journey, was just as important as the destination, if not moreso. The Heaven Realm could embody that ideal, and then some. It, by itself, was not perfect. But the idea that it was, that it could be, could inspire more.

Elvira shuddered, a smile stretching across her face as a halo of gold and silver light formed above her head. Her Realm underwent a bigger change than Alexander’s, the cloud-like energy solidifying beneath my feet. Mountains and valleys shifted, the energy within the realm becoming that much denser and purer in response to the name and purpose it had been given. *Bigger change*. I noted, wrapping her in a hug and kissing the top of her head.

“Let’s go to the others, now,” she said after a moment, pushing away from me and skipping toward Keilan’s Realm.

“Who’s next then?” I asked, instead of following. Honestly I was worried about naming Keilan’s realm; if Elvira’s was Heaven, then common logic stated that his should be the opposite. I rejected that idea fundamentally, not only because it was inherently wrong, but because I wanted to avoid the Inferno or Hell Realms at all cost. A Realm dedicated solely to evil and punishment was stupid.

“Reika’s Realm is on the way to mine. Let us do hers, next,” Keilan said graciously, earning himself a small smile from his sister. The green-haired girl skipped off without another word, all but sprinting through the Heaven Realm to get to the grey Realm she had grown. White and black clashed and mixed together here, forming something so achingly familiar that I couldn’t help but sigh in relief the moment I stepped into it.

“I almost forgot what the elements felt like,” I said wistfully, reaching out and grabbing a bit of the grey. Lightning sparked through my fingers, twisting and curling around my hand like a snake until I let it go to shoot off back into the grey mass. Reika gaped at me, looked around her Realm, then promptly tried to do the same. With a yelp she leapt back, frost curling from her fingers as the Realm created a wholly different element for her. “Careful, kiddo. They’re a bit chaotic.”

“How did you...?” she asked, trailing off with a frown.

“You’re going to just have to practice.” I said with a shake of my head. The truth was closer to the fact that my ability to manipulate the elements and matter was so inherent, so instinctual, a literal part of my being, that I had no real clue how to explain it. Which was wholly unacceptable; understanding myself and my capabilities inside and out was something I prided myself in. “But this does tell me what your Realm will be. The Physical Realm. Where life will grow and flourish. It will be chaotic and wild, in constant change, but such is the nature of the physical.” I said, nodding. Just like Earth in my past lives; the flesh was impermanent. Intentionally so.

The moment I finished Reika shuddered, the flowers in her hair twisting and reshaping themselves from mere flowers into something more. The elements themselves flowed into her, crystallizing into colorful flowerbuds dotting the entirety of her long, green hair. And her eyes – well. They burned with all the colors of the rainbow, all bright and shiny.

“Finally, we have Keilan’s Realm.” I said, clapping my hands together, feeling pleased with the changes I was seeing. Landmasses were forming in the chaotic grey, and in time I knew planets, perhaps even solar systems and galaxies would form. The Physical Realm was the cradle of life, the forest to the mountains and rivers. And last, would be Keilan.

He led the way silently, tail thrashing and wings flapping as we pushed through the Physical Realm and into his own. The hole, more like a trench, really, that he had dug into the black energy was clearly apparent. Other structures, on the other hand, were far more subtle than they had been in Reika or Elvira's Realms. This one was closer to Alexander's in its subtlety, albeit less...immaterial.

I listened as he showed me around, taking my time and nodding where appropriate as he pushed the black energy about, creating another, smaller trench, then watching it fill in. It was no Hell. No Infernal or Inferno realm or other such stupid thing. The energy was subtle but not malicious, but neither was it benign or helpful, even. Keilan played with it like a child, acting as if he was an adult, while his siblings looked on in awe. He showed them the things he'd found in the depths of the black; the mental energy that condensed here, as well as the simplest of whorls and eddies marking the surface.

Yet there was something else, threading through it all. Something even Keilan hadn't noticed yet, twisting and churning, threads of it carried along by the Spirit Realm to be deposited here. I observed it for a while, long enough all my children stopped to look at me, a smile slowly growing on my face.

"Karma." I said softly. Perhaps the single most complex, yet ironically simple, universal law I had ever studied. And also the most fundamental. Keilan's realm was filled with karmic threads – untested, unused, barely linking tiny spirits together only to be shattered moments later. "This will be the Karmic

Realm, Keilan. A place of memories and connections; be it from past lives or current ones. A place of subtlety, of finding good in bad and bad in good – no less of an ideal than the Heaven Realm, just with more give and less glow.” I said. The shift was immediate. Karmic power flooded through the entire realm, mental energy exploding from the depths like a volcano to spread throughout the entirety of the Four Realms.

Unlike his siblings, Keilan did not physically change upon naming his realm. But his smile grew wider, his eyes glittering with a new light, and tail thrashing as he stared out over his demesne.

And that was it. The river, the mountain, the forest, and the valley and sea. The Four Realms were finally named.

DING! DING! DING!

<p>Naming completed! The synergy of the Four Realms’ natures and imagery has increased growth by twenty percent.</p> <p>Analysis available!</p>	
<p>Spirit Realm</p>	<p>Used as the glue between realms, and now housing spirits and base souls of all kinds that will help manage the Four Realms.</p>

	While spirits can exist in all other realms except for the Physical, this Realm will be the most comfortable for them.
Heaven Realm	In many universes, the term "Heaven" is viewed as a goalpost for souls and spirits to reach. This Realm is no different – a hub of powerful energy, it will likely be home to many powerful beings. They will include, but are not limited to, angels, divinities, immortals, and other ascended beings.
Physical Realm	Physical realms are fickle things. Ever-changing and typically finite, these kinds of realms are unique in that certain names do not have pre-determined templates, such as Spirit or Heaven. As such, descriptions become more important than names, and typically include words such as <i>finite</i> or <i>mortal</i> . You did not include any such word, leaving open a path to Immortality for physical beings. Immortal Mortals. Have fun with those, freewill's a bitch.
Karmic Realm	A much more unique name than most Three Realms templates, to name something the Karmic Realm requires a vast understanding of the inner workings of said force, and a further understanding of your own intentions and desires for the functions of the realm. You chose a guide. Physical as the home, Spirit as the road, Heaven as the goal, and Karmic as the guide and past.

Wait. Waitwaitwait. Hold up. What did it say about the physical realm? What, exactly, does that mean, letting mortals become immortal? Isn't that kind of the point of being an origin deity, as described by these boxes?

You have made what is known as, in your home universe, a Xianxia world. Completely by accident.

Nonononono. A *Xianxia world*?! I demand a refund! Where's the undo button! The name is Mortal Realm, not Physical, I swear! Xianxia sounds awful to manage as a god, I had enough difficulties with regular mortals, let alone super-powered ones!

What is done is done.

This is part of why I chose you to become an origin deity, kid. If nothing else, your blundering through being a god will be amusing!

I SWEAR TO ME, IF WE EVER MEET, BOXES, I'M GOING TO PUNCH YOU IN THE FACE!

Keilan watched with concern as their Parent, the great Mother of all things, stood staring into the distance, Her face contorting with unspoken emotion. He shifted uncomfortably, wringing his hands and glancing at his siblings. Did She not like the changes She made to his realm? He liked them, even if he didn't understand what the changes were yet. Fundamentally he knew what karma was, but how did it work? What were the rules, as ordained by their Mother?

A wave of anger burst out from Mother in that instant, making Keilan jump in surprise and snap his gaze back to his Parent. Her black hair whipped in an unseen wind, purple robes billowing, and the spheres of primordial chaos floating behind her back writhing like serpents. It seemed, for a moment, that She would burst into rage, and Keilan felt sweat drip down his forehead from the sheer pressure. Framed in the intense light of the Realm Sun, She looked half-ready to destroy something, or someone.

“Damn it!” She finally shouted, swiping at the air in front of Her.

“Damn?” Alexander repeated, confused. Keilan nodded in agreement. Damn what? If there was something bothering Mother, he was certain he and his siblings could band together to make it *not*.

“Ah, forgot there were kids here. Sorry, don’t repeat that, I’m just a bit frustrated.” Mother said tiredly, all anger bleeding out of Her as She folded Her hands behind Her back.

“We’re not kids,” sister Reika complained, earning herself a smile from Mother.

“Of course not, you’re only...” Mother trailed off, green eyes drifting over Her children. Keilan straightened his back and shoulders when Her gaze landed

upon him, seeming to peer through his very being and rooting him in place. It was as if there was nothing to hide from that gaze, nothing that could be hidden or needed to be hidden. “You’re already a thousand years old. How did all that take a thousand years, it felt like hours at most! What even *is* time?!”

Keilan furrowed his brows again as Mother turned Her gaze away from him, seeming to stare at something unseen. Her expression contorted into a frown.

“Don’t you sass me. Relative my ass,” She snapped, continuing to mutter to Herself afterwards. “Right, well, we’ve got a lot to do kiddos. Work to be done setting up the Realms and forming your domains...we’ll get started in a bit. First I need to go curse into the Void.” She said, drifting skyward.

“Wait, Mother,” Keilan said suddenly, a question burning in his chest. She paused, turning to look at him. “You have given us our names, but...what is yours?” At this Mother blinked, as if taken aback, and rubbed Her chin in thought.

“I’ve had many names, but...” She said, trailing off. Her eyes once again locked onto something unseen in front of Her, the corners of Her mouth tugging into a frown. She shuddered briefly, entire form flickering and shifting in shape and size before resettling back into Her true form. “As much as I don’t want to accept anything you’ve given me, boxes, I hate that I like the name.”

“Who is He talking to?” Elvira whispered to Keilan. He shrugged and shook his head. She was strange and mysterious, that was certain.

“Statera.” Mother said suddenly, smiling brilliantly. “My name is Statera Luotian.” Keilan bowed his head alongside his siblings, and by the time he lifted his head She was gone, hurtling toward the Realm Sun and shell of Primordial Chaos that protected the Four Realms from the Void at a speed Keilan could only ever dream of reaching.

“Father is a mysterious being. In time, we may come to understand Him and His actions, but as of yet we are too young. Compared to Him, we are but children.” Alexander said, the words rumbling out of the great dragon’s throat as he watched Mother go.

“Your words are wise, brother Alexander,” Reika said softly, patting down the green dress she wore. “But I’m not sure I *want* to understand Mother.”

At that, Keilan could only nod in agreement.