

RE: DEITY - THE BREATH OF CREATION

1.6 Wind and Dreams

Alexander swam through the Spirit Realm, observing the myriad changes that had taken over the Realms in the past few eons. Thanks to the unique nature of his realm he could see both it and the realms it flowed through at the same time, as the Spirit Realm reflected the others like a mirror – and oh, what changes it reflected.

Life had finally come to the Four Realms.

It had taken a long time to get here – a few hundred thousand years, by his best estimates – and would have taken longer without Father's direct guidance. Only now was he starting to understand why He had been so insistent on life's necessity.

Alexander raised his head, breaching the surface of the Spirit Realm to better observe the Physical, without that added filter. He emerged in a river, ironically, the water splashing against his scales and fish scattering at his sudden appearance. A tall jungle grew all around, the dense greenery pushing up to the edge of the river, branches and bushes hanging low over the murky,

placid waters. Colorful birds flitted about in the treetops, many mortal, though a number showing signs of magic and what Father called cultivation.

One in particular, a little red sparrow, darted in front of his face while chasing a bug. Fire flitted from each flap of its wings, leaving a long trail of red light in its wake that made it seem larger than it truly was. Alexander snorted in amusement as it turned back to chirp angrily at him in some ill-perceived notion of defending its territory.

“Easy, little one. Stay your pride,” he said with a half-chuckle, slowly sinking back into the river. Though the wonders of life had not yet lost their luster, he was not here to merely observe. There was another purpose to his visit to this part of the Physical Realm. The little bird squawked at him and flitted off, drawing another rumbling laugh from the great dragon as he sunk beneath the surface again, working his way through the Spirit Realm.

Spirits of all shapes and sizes parted before him as they performed their duties, tree spirits swirling around the spiritual presence of their trees, earth spirits sitting heavily in their spots, little faerie-like creatures redirecting minor flows of energy...it was fascinating, in Alexander’s opinion. Physical objects had an effect on the spirit realm, the weight of their existence creating ripples like those in a pond. Yet the opposite was also true – perhaps even moreso in reverse. A truly powerful spirit didn’t need to have a physical form to affect the physical world, even if those effects weren’t always seen as the work of a spirit.

This was part of the reason Alexander was heading where he was, and soon enough he reached his destination. In the Physical Realm it was the edge of a massive cliff, winds howling as they ripped through the valley below. Jagged rocks stuck out of the cliffside, a few trees hanging dangerously close to the edge, likely to fall off soon, while tornadoes roared in the depths below. The wind energy here, in the spirit realm, was just as chaotic, but far more playful in nature. Great gusts swirled and flowed, wind spirits laughing gaily as they were tossed about on the gales. The wind even tried to reach up and play with Alexander, blowing against his scales softly and making his whiskers twitch in amusement.

In the center of it all was a single soul, encased in a swirling green mass of wind-aligned energy.

Alexander waited patiently, watching with a strange mixture of pride and curiosity that came with watching a new god wake up. It reminded him of watching an egg hatch – the soul would twitch and thrash, pushing against the energetic cage it had built up around itself, in this case wind, before breaking free as a fully-grown, albeit freshly-born, god. The only thing they tended to lack compared to a true newborn was the naivety of children; having a connection to the divine gave them an edge on awareness and bolstered their consciousness.

Some were subtle in their emergence. Some were violent. Alexander had a pretty good guess of which this god would be.

Wind howled as the tempest in the heart of the canyon raged. A great sigh echoed out, tornadoes and sound alike being sucked straight to the heart of the storm, the nascent god absorbing the wind through its green eggshell. Cracks formed in the shell, falling away silently, the canyon, for the first time in its entire existence, blissfully silent from the howling winds.

A woman stood in the center, her hair a soft green color that fell about her nude form, covering most of her body. Her skin was a pale fleshy tone, and when she opened her pale, colorless eyes an explosion of wind rocked the canyon. The shockwave raced out to knock over trees, setting the canyon walls to rumbling, and creating tornadoes of force all over again. Alexander weathered it all with a slight smile, drifting down to his newborn sibling as if the explosion hadn't affected him in the slightest.

"Hello to you, too," he said, flying down so he was eye-level with her. She stared soullessly at him for a moment, then smiled warmly and giggled.

"Hello, Lord Alexander," she said, voice airy and light. Alexander blinked. How did she know his name? "The wind told me you were coming." Ah, that explained it. "Did you come to give me a name?"

“If the wind whispered my coming to you, then it should have already told you the answer to that,” Alexander replied easily, smiling as the young wind goddess flitted forward, dancing upon the air currents. The smile she returned was at once hopeful and shy, her eyes shining in anticipation.

“Did you come to name me?” she asked yet again.

“No. But I will take you to the one who will,” he said easily, motioning for her to follow as he turned and flew off into the sky, heading toward the edge of the Tree’s continent and what Father called “space.” She raced behind him on a gust of wind, dancing around his head as she chattered.

“Then will I really be named by Them? Statera Luotian? The Creator?” she asked, coming to sit between his horns, legs dangling down his snout to rest between his eyes. *A carefree one, aren’t you?* He mused as he flew. Very few gods were brave enough to approach him, even above all the rest of his siblings. Something about his form and nature made him intimidating, he supposed, though he was ok with it. Solitude could be pleasant, and those who did approach him were amenable enough. This though? Sitting between his horns? How brazen.

He found it amusing, and as such made no effort to remove her from her perch.

“Father does enjoy naming the new gods,” Alexander confirmed. The young goddess squealed in excitement, squirming in place, the winds darting about them as her powers involuntarily flexed. Once again Alexander found himself chuckling, racing through the skies to where he knew Father could be found.

He found Him sitting in the middle of space, humming to Himself. He toyed absently with the dust-like matter that filled the empty space surrounding the Life-Giving Tree’s continent, the multicolored dust drifting through His fingers like sand. Alexander was honestly fascinated by the differences between the Realms – unlike the Heaven Realm, which was one continuous landmass, or the Karmic Realm, which was more like a great ocean, the Physical Realm was a small island of substance surrounded by emptiness and dust.

Or, at least, it was. Father looked to be changing that.

He floated in the center of a great cloud of stardust, matter swirling about Him in a vortex centered in front of His outstretched hands. The wind goddess on Alexander’s head made a noise of interest, leaning forward even as he cocked his head to the side in curiosity. Father had talked about adding something to the Physical Realm before, but He hadn’t mentioned what.

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For a moment all was silent, then, with a burst of light and heat, the swirling matter ignited in a fiery maelstrom. Alexander blinked away the spots that danced in his eyes from the sudden explosion of light, furrowing his brows as he beheld the miniature sun Father held in His hands, a small smile on His face, features illuminated in the orange light. With a gentle motion He pushed the sun out into space, watching it float forward, slowly expanding in size until it floated like a behemoth of fire in the depths of space. It was no Realm Sun, but clearly modelled after it – what purpose it would serve, Alexander did not know.

Only once it was finished growing did He turn to Alexander and the young goddess, a playful grin on His face.

“Alex! It is so good to see you! And who’s this little one, hmm?” Father asked, setting His hands on His hips as He observed the little goddess. Gently shaking the young goddess from between his horns, Alexander urged her forward, the green haired girl leaping toward Father with playful, dancing steps in the depths of space. Dust swirled around her feet, twisting and writhing as her godly powers absently made the wind dance alongside her – Alexander chuckled. Young deities were so entertaining.

“Hello!” she chirped, looking up at Father with big eyes. She was perhaps half Father’s height, and had to crane her neck to look up at Him. “I was told you were gonna give me a name!”

“Were you now? Who told you that?” Father asked, humoring the girl though He likely already knew the answer.

“The wind!” she chirped, nodding seriously.

“The wind? Does it whisper to you, too?” Father asked conspiratorially, kneeling so He was eye-level with her. She bobbed her head excitedly. “Then listen to it. You should already know your name, right?” The girl cocked her head to the side, then smiled brilliantly.

“Aeriel,” she breathed. The word hung in the air, heavy with its decisive weight, Aeriel’s name settling into the Realms like the wind on the plains. She giggled then, beaming up at Father.

“You know what to do now, don’t you?” he asked, and she nodded.

“Give me a push?” she pleaded with the expression that was Father’s one true weakness – puppy-dog eyes. He did not respond verbally, instead sucking in a deep breath and blowing gently, as if He was blowing out a candle. Aeriel giggled as a gentle breeze raced through the emptiness of space, carrying with it the dust of creation, gently picking her up and racing off to parts unknown. Alexander watched her go with a small smile. It would soon be time to get back to work; with life gracing the Realms, the Spirit Realm was working overtime to keep up with the changes. But he always made time to greet the new gods as they appeared, and bring them to Father.

“Thank you for always doing this, Alexander. I do appreciate you keeping an eye on the young ones,” Father said, turning back to the miniature Sun He’d made. As Alexander watched the dust of creation continued to swirl, forming a little pearl of earth in the center of His palm.

“It is my pleasure.” He said, bowing his head slightly to his Father and Creator. Surely He was powerful enough to visit each new god while not falling behind on His work – such as whatever He was creating here – but Alexander did enjoy meeting his new siblings. “What are you making?”

“Solar systems. It will help the Physical Realm grow. Outside of Pangaea, you know, the land surrounding the Life-Giving Tree, elemental and life energy is a bit...scattered and undirected. Creating solar systems with planets for this

energy to congregate in will aid in growth, as well as give more spaces for life to grow and change and thrive. Though not all planets will be capable of sustaining life, some will be relegated to just acting as energy nodes." Father explained. Alexander nodded, the idea not entirely lost on him, even as he slowly started to sink back into the Spiritual Realm.

"I see. Is there anything else you require of me?" he asked, just before he shot off to continue his own work and projects.

"No, no. Go on, have fun." Father said, waving him off. Alexander nodded and vanished from the Physical Realm, swimming steadily through the Spiritual. As much as he wished to spend more time with Father and see what He was up to, there was plenty of work to keep him occupied in his own Realm right now. Especially if the impending creation of mortal races was something to be worried about.

I had a dream.

Or, more accurately, I was dreaming.

While my divine incarnations – splinters of my power and consciousness, forming avatars of divine intent – continued to create solar systems in the Physical Realm and other similar projects, my main body slumbered in my

home. It was not a deep slumber, more like a doze, just light enough that I knew I was sleeping. One might even call it meditating, rather than true sleep, but I could still dream.

It was about my past lives. More specifically, my second to last one. I was sitting in my home in Scotland, staring out the window at the dreary weather with a cup of warm tea in my hand and a fire roaring in the fireplace. My family's grounds stretched out before me, all green and lush, the trimmed hedges ringing the yard. My belly was full of good food – for this life, anyway – and I had just removed my jacket from a late walk around the grounds.

It had been far too long since I'd been home, having spent more than my fair share of time further South, nearer to London, where my office was located. The life of a renowned psychologist was not necessarily a lax one – a trip home had been necessary after a particularly grueling few months. Now, normally I would have a fine merlot in my hand, rather than the fragrant tea I was currently drinking, but today felt a little different. I heaved a heavy sigh, brushing a long lock of blonde hair over my shoulder, sniffing the tea and smiling at the near-perfection of it.

Nowadays I much preferred a cup of jasmine oolong or the like, but black tea flavored with lemon did have its nostalgia.

“You know,” I drawled, only the faintest hints of a Scottish accent touching my tongue. “It’s not nice to tamper with someone else’s dream.”

“I apologize, marm, I do not know what you are talking about.” A smooth, almost smokey voice said from behind me. I turned, sipping my tea and leaning one shoulder against the tall glass window, eyeing the dark butler gracing the corner of the dining room. He was dressed in a smooth black suit, with white gloves, salt-and-pepper hair, and a twirled moustache that looked better on an English villain than a butler.

“Not quite the accent I would use,” I mused, sipping at my tea once more, slurping loudly. “And marm is such an antique term. My family hadn’t had a butler in years by this point – I believe this is just before we turned the estate into something closer to a museum than a house. It was a brilliant try, though.”

The butler stared at me for a moment, then smiled. The dream slowly fell away, my blonde hair and tight suit replaced by black hair and flowing purple robes, horns curling from the top of my head. My ancestral estate was replaced with my current home; I was sitting in front of a fireplace in my velvet armchair, taking a well-earned rest. This was my main body, and it was recuperating from pushing the creation of life so fast. Had I not rushed it, it might have taken another few eons before the first bacteria were ready to be released.

The only change was the butler still standing in the corner of the room, his head slightly bowed and a fresh pot of tea held in one hand. From the smell, it was a green tea. Perfect.

“I apologize, ma’am. I could not help but peruse your dreams a little...they are far more interesting to witness.” He apologized. I stood, dusting off my robes and really looking at the man. He was a god, that much was certain, but notably different from most that had appeared so far. Perhaps it was his domain, nebulous and ethereal as it was. *Undefined. Dreamlike.*

“I don’t think you could have helped it if you tried.” I said with a smile. “Are you going to stay a butler, though? There is no need. For someone of your...*domain*, you could be anything you want.”

“I quite like the aesthetic.” He replied. “And you need someone to keep you from slacking.”

“Rude,” I said, though it had no heat to it.

“Your nap took two hundred years.” He said. “It is time to wake up before your children become worried, Ma’am. Your incarnations can only last so long.” I frowned. Two hundred years? Creating life had taken more out of me than I

expected, hadn't it? With a groan I stretched, feeling my back pop in two dozen different places.

"I suppose I have been sleeping long enough, Randus. Thank you for waking me, and I guess I should get back to work." I said dramatically, heaving a sigh. Not like, even in my meditations, I didn't have divine incarnations working. There was no rest for me or the wicked it seemed.

"Randus?" He asked.

"Yes. I like that name. What do you think?" He considered it for a moment, then nodded his acceptance. I rolled my shoulders. "Glad you like it. *Morpheus* is overused for a deity of dreams, after all. Now, where should I start first...?"

"If you are getting back to work, I would be happy to relay the news to you." Randus said with another bow. "In the Karmic Realm, there has been only one new deity born as compared to the other Realms..." and he rattled on, giving me factoids both big and small while I listened in with a bemused, slightly annoyed smile, knowing most of what he was telling me but indulging him all the same.

It seemed I hadn't just gotten a new child in the form of Randus, but a personal butler and gossip-monger too.

I wasn't sure how I felt about that, yet.