

## Thalos 288

### Chapter 288: Destruction and Rebirth

Under the combined effects of internal and external forces, yet another large-scale world was about to be destroyed.

For the gods—and even mortals—of Ginnungagap, this was nothing new.

Long accustomed to such events, they displayed an efficiency in their rescue operations that left the Egyptians stunned.

After Thalos seized control of Egypt's skies, the radiant light of the Bifröst shone down on the scattered refugee gathering points. Many Egyptians didn't even have time to react before they were swept up by that resplendent rainbow light and transported, in the blink of an eye, to the lower southern continent of the Ginnungagap world.

Across the vast plains, the land shifted in color from north to south—there was red soil perfect for brickmaking, rich black soil for farming. It was clean, sparsely dotted with trees, and covered with wide expanses of wild grass.

To the Egyptians—long familiar only with desert and barren land beyond the banks of the Nile—it was surreal. They had never seen such a "fertile" plain.

Already waiting there were many Sumerians and Slavs, driving Aztec slaves to cook meals over fires and build large numbers of tents and straw huts to shelter the arriving Egyptian refugees.

Building a new home in an unfamiliar land—this was something completely foreign. The Egyptians would have to learn to adapt.

Horus humbly approached Enkidu, unable to speak with Gilgamesh, whose strength and arrogance were overwhelming. Enkidu, at least, appeared approachable.

"What kind of treatment will I and my followers receive?"

Enkidu replied gently, "Rest assured. Whatever happens, you and your subordinate gods surrendered to my Father. Your position won't be too bad. Until you prove your loyalty and value to the Aesir Pantheon, your treatment will be roughly the same as that of the Slavic gods."

That explanation gave Horus a small measure of comfort.

His faction of Egyptian gods would be classified as servant gods, ranked just above slave gods within the Aesir hierarchy.

If they could prove themselves in a divine war against another world, they might rise a tier higher. The faction's leader could earn a significant divine position—just like Frey from the Vanir, Enki from the Sumerians, or Arthur from the Celts.

Of course, those most trusted by the God-King were still his sons.

Thankfully, His Majesty Thalos did not discriminate based on maternal lineage—regardless of the divine mother's origin, all princes were treated equally.

Among them, only the Crown Prince, Thor, held a truly exalted position.

This realization brought Horus quiet relief.

After relocating as many Egyptian mortals and beasts as possible, the end of the Egyptian world became inevitable.

With the last batch of survivors evacuated by Heimdall via the Bifröst, the Aesir gods ceased their support for the dying realm.

Without the divine power of the new sun god Frey, the yellow sands quickly consumed the last glimmer of sunlight in that world.

In the refugee camp's open square, Egyptian civilians gathered and silently watched the mirage-like projection of their homeland's destruction, cast by the Aesir gods.

And then the apocalyptic signs began.

Sandstones eroded over millennia split open with web-like cracks. Lava erupted from the Nile's dried riverbed, instantly engulfing the familiar riverside towns in scorching molten death. Massive stone houses crumbled like cereal tossed into boiling water, dissolving into unrecognizable wreckage within moments.

Tectonic plates groaned like waking primeval beasts. Receding sand seas revealed fractured crust beneath.

Soon, all elements within the world fell into chaos.

Long ago, the creator god Ra had cleansed this world from chaos and established divine order.

Now, that order crumbled. The world reverted to primordial chaos.

Watching all this, Horus and the other Egyptian gods lowered their heads in pain.

He had begged Thalos to save Egypt.

Thalos refused: "Saving one world like Egypt would cost enough Order Power to forge two new worlds of similar size."

Destruction was always easier than creation.

The Mayan End-Times Prophecy was a vile curse—it wouldn't just destroy its own world, it had to drag others down with it.

At the cost of sacrificing vast life force, divine power, and even world origin, that prophecy condensed a curse of annihilation so potent that even for Thalos, negating it was more trouble than it was worth.

Yes, Thalos had been unkind to Egypt this time.

But again—those who sat at the table and those served on the table had never been equals.

Helping Horus avenge his father was already Thalos' greatest mercy. The chain of disasters that resulted from Horus' inability to defeat Set wasn't something Thalos had any obligation to clean up.

And so, the Egyptian gods and mortals silently watched their homeland die—for three full days.

It was a tragic story.

Fortunately, after that oppressive grief and despair, God-King Thalos finally kept his promise.

He began rebuilding the Egyptian world—not as an independent realm, but as a small world within Ginnungagap.

First, enormous quantities of sand and soil were drawn in through the World Tree's roots, transported steadily and inexorably.

Measured in millions of tons, the influx of earth elements gradually shaped a massive new continent nearly a million square kilometers in size.

Under the guidance of the provisional earth god Geb, the new land took on a form resembling the original Egypt.

A blue river traced a geometric path across the newborn land, like a divine sash laid down from the heavens.

To their astonishment, the Egyptian gods and mortals realized—the course of this river was identical to the Nile.

And thus, the New Nile was born.

Enki, god of seas and irrigation, unleashed his power. Soon, the first date palms and olive trees sprouted from cracks in the earth.

Egyptian civilians kneeling at the edge of the new land watched their murky eyes fill with tears of hope.

Though they mourned the loss of their original homeland, the rebirth of another homeland brought excitement.

If anything had changed, it was this: their hieroglyphic script, known as the "sacred text," was officially abolished.

From now on, all official writing would use the runes of the Aesir gods.

A new era had begun.

In this new world, Egypt would survive—but only under the guidance of its new ruler: the Aesir Pantheon.

Having experienced both destruction and rebirth, Horus and the others had nothing more to say. They silently accepted Thalos' new appointments.

Horus retained his title as God of Vengeance—after all, the Aesir's former god of vengeance, Hodr, had perished in Ragnarök, leaving the position vacant.

Most of the Egyptian gods under him—except the animal deities—had to change their domains, details omitted.

And thus, Ginnungagap, once a modest "Nine Worlds Realm," had now expanded into a Sixteen-World Superstructure.