

Of the Sky, Of the Sea, and of the Stones
Chapter 2 - Of the Sky
Part 9 - Aethereal Particles

Written by Athos Angion
Loremaster of the GLRU - Mount Oros Chapter

Illustrated by Elador Loam
Novice of the GLRU - Mount Oros Chapter

As I opened Theories of the Sky: Volume One, I was relieved to find that it was printed, and not hand-written. Stylized Koivan was beautiful to behold, but challenging for me to read, as this language varies quite a lot from Orosian, the language in which you are reading THIS book. Orosian and Koivan use the same alphabet and characters, for the most part, but Koivan undoubtedly came first. In fact, it was the model after which Orosian was created, if many records on such matters are to be believed. Furthermore, I should not have been surprised that the books on Temptes Equit would be printed, as it was a refined and wondrous city. A far cry from the decrepit, ancient scrolls and books that I would have to carefully read with tweezers and gloves while holding my breath to avoid damaging them.

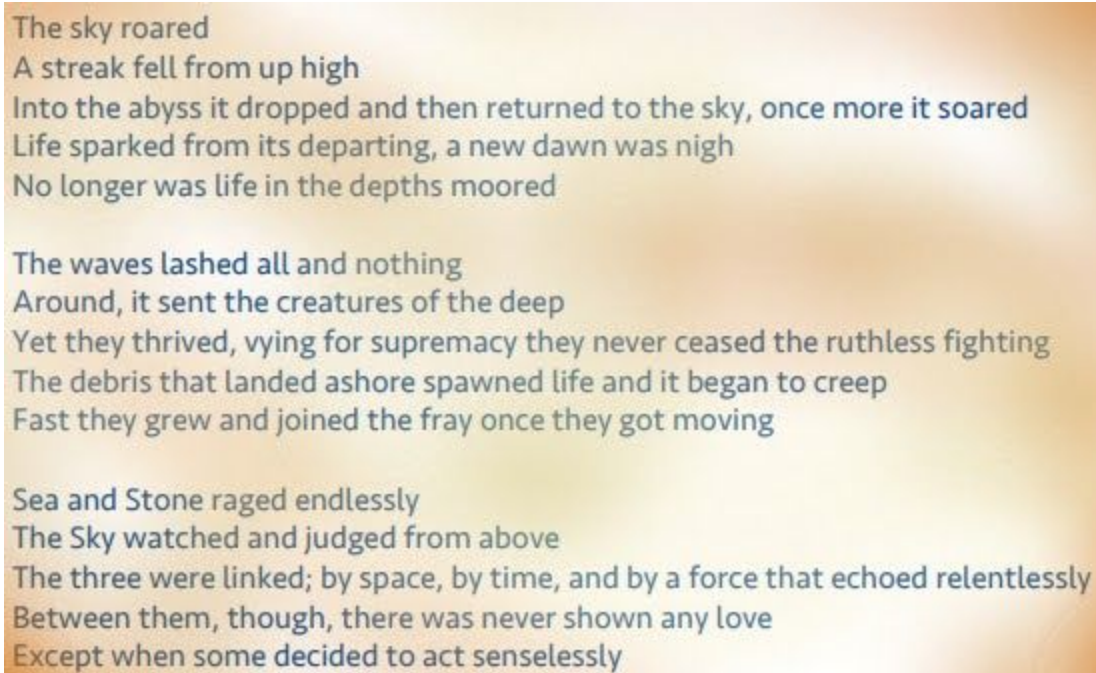
The forward, by Cretum Trina, the author, was simply fascinating. He went into his thoughts on why the following subject matter was important. He seemed to have felt the need to validate his findings. Such a forward was not uncommon in Orosian non-fiction books, as academia could be vicious and hyper critical. Sometimes, for little to no reason, and the sway of more established scholars could shift opinions easier than facts and logic. I then realized that this was a similar occurrence in the flying city, from Trina's words in the forward.

But after pontificating this supplementary notion, I delved into the first section: of the aethereal particles. My understanding of this concept, from learning of biology and physics on Orosilla, was that these particles originated from The Sky. They gave rise to air currents, lighting, thunder, and much more. Though, at this point in time, not much else was known. This was close to fifty years ago, after all. The first chapter of Theories of the Sky explored this concept in HEAVY detail. Most of which I shall spare you, as this is not a biology or physics book, but one of history meant to give perspective for the whole known world.

Aethereal particles, as it turns out, did NOT simply appear out of the heavens. Trina phrases their true origin as if it is common knowledge, but what I read here sent my mind reeling! Many scholars the world over, myself included, assumed that aethereal particles emerged from the sun by some unknown energetic process. But

this is not completely true, though not far off. According to Trina, the sun is involved, but it is not the creator of these particles. For the true origin is found WITHIN the sun. Within the brightly burning sphere there lies a spark. An object, or being, of pure creational energy (even Trina did not seem to know which, as such a thing defies quantification). One responsible for emitting particles for millions of years, long before man, beast, or even plant, existed. At least, not as we know them today.

This harkens back to an archaic poem that all scholars worth their words on Orosilla have memorized. This poem, known simply as “Sky, Sea, and Stone”, is the oldest (dated via particle degradation analysis) written record of ANYTHING scribed upon paper. The oldest record of ANY writing and one that speaks of the creation of all life, albeit in a cryptic way. Written by an unknown author thousands of years ago, it remains locked and securely guarded on Mount Oros. Only visible through a thick, air-tight glass container.



The sky roared
A streak fell from up high
Into the abyss it dropped and then returned to the sky, once more it soared
Life sparked from its departing, a new dawn was nigh
No longer was life in the depths moored

The waves lashed all and nothing
Around, it sent the creatures of the deep
Yet they thrived, vying for supremacy they never ceased the ruthless fighting
The debris that landed ashore spawned life and it began to creep
Fast they grew and joined the fray once they got moving

Sea and Stone raged endlessly
The Sky watched and judged from above
The three were linked; by space, by time, and by a force that echoed relentlessly
Between them, though, there was never shown any love
Except when some decided to act senselessly

Figure 16. A depiction of the Sky, Sea, and Stone poem translated into Orosian. Elador insisted on making it seem “authentic”, with the discolouration. I debated the reasons for including this aspect, but found that it really does relay a sense of this work’s true age.

After recalling the words of Sky, Sea, and Stone, I paused from reading and shut my eyes. Needing a break from all the new information, I took a few deep breaths and returned from the shores of being overwhelmed. With my eyes still closed, though, I felt a soft pressure upon my right arm. I unveiled my vision to the sight of Mao, the vibrant violet feline with two paws upon the crook of my elbow. In their mouth, they held a white ribbon, not unlike the one adorning my left wrist, but

instead of a loop, it was a single, short length. A bookmark, I realized as I accepted it gladly.

Mao purred quietly, but happily. I had the urge to pet them, but was not sure if it was appropriate. I extended my right hand to them, slowly. At first, they sniffed at my hand cautiously, but did not recoil as it approached. I paused, midway, as out of the corner of my eyes I saw orange Olhos, returnedly watching. I proceeded with caution, but all was fine as Mao purred slightly louder at my stroking of their wondrously bizarre fur.

After a few pleasant moments of this, I returned my attention to Theories of the Sky. I gently laid the silken bookmark between the cover and first page before proceeding.

For the rest of the day, I poured over the first section, one third of this substantial tome. All of aethereal particles; their properties in many units of measure that I could understand, and some that I could not. How, and why, they caused forces like tornados, lighting, and even extreme sunlight. Apparently, according to a peculiarly phrased passage, it was due to “what was needed”.