

**Of the Sky, Of the Sea, and of the Stones**  
**Chapter 2 - Of the Sky**  
**Part 15 - Chaos Theory**

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As I read through the pages of the second section in Theories of the Sky, I was enraptured by not just quantifications of the bright, celestial orb, but of its origin as well. Numbers, graphs, and charts were woven in with prose that was more like a fictional tale that something most could conceive actually happening. Although, it must be said, all theories of creation for Okeanós that I have heard are subject to the same disbelief.

But what Trina, the author, wrote changed how I saw the world (even more than in part one!). It would later do so for my colleagues on Orosilla, and much of the world, but not for many years after my time in Temptes Equit.

Thankfully, he started at the beginning of the chronology for his theory. That, before everything, there was only Chaos. A whirling maelstrom of darkness and light, twisting in and out, flailing limbs the size of many worlds about all of existence. Senselessly, without emotion, but propelled nonetheless by a will incomprehensible to all, even the 'Gods'. Incomprehensible facts, though they transpired via whatever a 'scorchingly desired memory from before time' is and then passed down from 'Aetherial Gods' to the clerics of The Sky.

Twirling madly, this Chaos of matter and energy did, until at some point, something happened. What this was did not have a description, but was only mentioned as a catalyst. For it was the first instance of creation in the universe. Somethings must have collided in such a manner as to produce something else. This something else was sired by the Chaos, but was the opposite in nature. Order appeared, but it could not be held together for long, as the writhing of Chaos tore it asunder and scattered its sparks around the vicious void. Sparks that retained the knowing of this celestial separation from the whole referred to as 'Order'. Again, this knowledge is mentioned by Trina to have been passed down from god to cleric and then from cleric to man.

One such Spark, but a mere fraction of Order, became the source for all we know upon Okeanós. While spinning and soaring through the many violent tendrils of

Chaos, this particular Spark willed for it to stop; for the madness and rushing of void mixed with explosions of light to cease. So it forced the chaotic clouds around itself to shift into a pattern. It gave reason and rhythm to the matter and energy, previously untamed, until the void and light coarsed together, in harmony, at the weaving will of this Spark. Near the bottom of the page sharing this information, it is mentioned that there was a 'God' who had succumbed to a Chaos-stricken madness following the learning of these details. How they transferred the information, and what became of them, is not mentioned until the reference section, which I shall get to a bit later, as they warrant explanation as well.



*Figure 22. A representation of the swirling Chaos, in all its mad might.*

The lightened void became the air, for the abyssal particles were changed into aetherial particles. The dimmed explosions of light became fire and wreathed the Spark in an embrace that formed our sun.

At this point, Trina goes into experiments done to aetherial particles. Using a glass vessel vacuumed of all other matter, via a clever suction device which utilizes water, steam, and heat, he embedded a breath of air into the small container and subjected it to various stressors. Upon the most violent, which was smashing the glass vessel while spinning it with a tremendous amount of force via a machine designed for such a purpose, he observed the briefest indication of something he had never seen before. Chaotic particles. After many experiments, he sorted the scant, yet hard won, data and came to the conclusion that aetherial particles were once something else. Something that ONLY existed in the lack of order, which gave credibility to the maddened god's transferred archaic information.

He did a similar series of tests on fire and found that, under extremely chaotic stress, it briefly shifted to explosive light. He then points out that our sun, burning above, constantly does this as well in the form of solar flares and sunspots. The kind that have been observed by scholars on Orosilla for centuries, though never explained

with anything more than wild theories with little credibility. Unlike Trina's, which had a huge wealth of undeniable data and sound reasoning.

Before reading on, about the more modern state of our sun and the Spark within, I had to rest my mind. Such a motherload of information all but forced me to break eye contact with the pages within my hands, lest my mind be equally sundered by some unfortunate Chaos, similar to that one maddened god.

I looked around and took a deep breath, letting my eyes rest on two scholars at a nearby table playing some sort of card game. One seemed to be quietly taunting the other, so I tuned my ears in an attempt to glean what she was saying, for my instincts told me this could be an amusing distraction.