

**Of the Sky, Of the Sea, and of the Stones**  
**Chapter 2 - Of the Sky**  
**Part 16 - Knowledge from Eons Past**

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The two scholars seated at a table not far in front of me were speaking quietly to one another. One wore a light yellow robe, while the other, the one doing the taunting, was wearing an orange toga.

“You really think that sea turtle will stand a chance against my dragon?” The orange clad woman scoffed, fanning herself with her hand of four cards.

“Offensively, no.” Admitted the opponent in an even voice, but they did not verbally elaborate. Instead, they placed one card from their hand of three, down onto the table. When the dragon card’s master saw what the yellow robed scholar had played, her expression suddenly changed from one of confidence to one of dismay.

“What!?” She exclaimed somewhat loudly, which earned her glares and hushes from surrounding readers. Cowed, she continued more softly, “Since when have you had ‘The Tide Rises’? That’s a rare spell!”

“Since now, as far as you’re concerned, Pyra” smirked the spell-player. “My sea turtle floats up, unharmed, but your wingless drake drowns.”

Pyra reluctantly moves her dragon card from the middle of the table to a messy pile near her side. “You’ll pay for that, Xantho,” She scowls at her opponent. She redoubles her focus on her hand, causing the banter to die.

Smiling to myself, I consider learning this game if time allows. Though, with my research to conduct, as well as a monstrous pandemic, I sadly admitted to myself that delving into this fascinating card game of spells and dragons could wait. With a



Figure 23. The scholar’s drowned drake

sigh, I turned my attention back to Theories of the Sky. I was at the end of the second part and was just about to read through the references and sources. I was glad that there were annotations located at the end of individual chapters and at the bottom of pages, for riffling back and forth through hundreds of large papyrus leaves would have been immensely tedious.

Most references mentioned works that seemed to be well known to the people of the flying city, though not to me. These were written of as if their contents should have been read prior to delving into Theories of the Sky: Volume One. I made small mental notes for a few, hoping to get a chance to read them at some point, though what I focused on more were the cryptic ones without mention of tomes, but instead pertained to spoken words, like from a speech, scribed down. My understanding of the cyan folks' calendar was non-existent at this point, so the dates in the references made no sense to me until much later, but everything else was interpretable.

Firstly, I should talk of the maddened god I keep mentioning. Translated to Orossian, by my own hand and mind, the citation read as follows:

*Information spoken by Leviathan, maddened by secrets gained from Chaos. BWE (I later learned that this stands for 'Before Writing Era', but more on that later) 618'007.*

I've already told you all I could glean from this reference on it's own. In later chapters of this tome, Leviathan's importance to Okeanós will become powerfully apparent, but for now simply remember that he is a god that learned too much and was consumed by knowing. He is seldom ever mentioned directly, in all accounts of him I could find in decades of research following my stay in Temptes Equit. Though, that, I believe, speaks more of people's ignorance and not of his importance to our world's creation.

Next, I shall mention a reference pertaining to a cleric of The Sky that I had encountered myself. Xiuh, the golden-skinned herald who had addressed the people near the fountain outside the Central Library, just prior to the appearance of the tongue-beasts, was cited:

*Spoken to the people of Nuibes Pontema (another flying city, similar to Temptes Equit) by Xiuh the herald, cleric of The Sky. WE (stands for 'Writing Era') 34'375.*

Years following, after reading more ancient books from all over Okeanós, I came to learn that the 'Writing Era' of the cyan folk started about 50'000 years prior to me reading Theories of the Sky. Give or take a few centuries.

I had learned, in Orossian history classes in my youth, that the world was only about 2000 years old. It took me a long time to realize the true past of Okeanós, and I

am still fighting to correct the misinformation of yesteryear, and it is a quest I shall never retire from! But, I digress.

After I had read through the reference section of this part, I was eager for more information, but my eyes were beginning to burn from excessive reading. I looked up and saw through the windows above that the sky was getting dark. Dusk was upon us and many of the other scholars were starting to yawn and stretch. Cais, the head librarian, rose from his seat and began to address everyone within the large reading area. Apparently, we were all to spend the night here.