

Legends of Khampiohn: The Genesis Era

Chapter 1: A Time Before Time...

CAST

D. T. Prater as Intro Announcer
Thomas Avinger as the Old Archivist and Infernos
TJ Crovo as Young Archivist
Maia Michelle as Fthora
Andrew Lovato as Chronotress
Melissa Kersh as Ahtreya
Brad J Taylor as Thonor
Scazza Scarletti as Isirithon
ActAsh as Spymaster Jahrett
Frederik Verhagen as Loyalist Fire Titan Soldier and Credits
Sarah Rosina Winkler as Loyalist Air Titan Soldier
Ryan Van de Kamp as Loyalist Commander

Produced by [Bumble Bear Creations](#)

Directed by the Khampiohn Audioverse

Logo by [KiKiD484](#)

In association with:

[Path of Dragons Radio](#)

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As the intro credits fade we hear the sound of scraping and blowing as an old Half-elf dusts off a large painting followed by the boot steps of a half-orc approaching.

Old Archivist: (talking to the painting) *there we go, i think you're ready for the exhibition now.*

Young Archivist (approaching respectfully) *Good afternoon master, how does the day find you?*

Old Archivist: *Ah, my apprentice, I just finished restoring this masterpiece for the new emperor.*

Quite the marvel, especially when you know its meaning.

Young Archivist: (in awe) *I have never seen this piece master, who are these figures? Is it a representation of recent events?*

Old Archivist: (Chuckles) *No my pupil, this goes back to a time long forgotten....(ponders for a moment) What do you know of the "Time before Time"?*

Young Archivist (Quizzical) *I can't say that I know much of it, master, sounds like a fanciful bard's tale.*

Old Archivist (Smiling/laughing) *Well it's funny you should say that because most records of the time are only found in song and sonnet.*

I think.....yesperhaps it is time to pass on the knowledge...after all, you are going to succeed me as the High Clerical Archivist one day.....plus I'm going to need you to host the exhibition so it would help to know what you're talking about.

Young Archivist (enthralled) *Y....you want me to host?*

Old Archivist: *why yes.you've been an excellent student, but now i think you need to show your true quality.*

Young Archivist: *I'd love to know more, master.*

Old Archivist: *The first thing you need to understand is that this world is not as young as most of us believe, history dates back to the first year of the dawning era but the planet itself is nearly two-thousand years old.*

In the time before time, when the first version of this world was created, there was a time of great upheaval.

When the creator sent forth his ancient builders, known as titans, to craft and shape this world he allowed them to spend nearly a thousand years living upon it to harmonise it with their energy.

However, when he told them that they would once again be requested to return to his side and leave it in the hands of his mortal races, many disapproved, including the primal fire Titan Infernos.

This caused division and, eventually, all out war between those who were loyal to the creator and those, like Infernos, who believed that the mortal races would destroy this beautiful paradise, as they had so many before, and refused to let it happen.

Young Archivist: *(pulls up a stool) how long did this war last?*

Old Archivist (leaning in) *for hundreds of years until, one fateful night when everything changed.....*

As the story continues, We enter the scene of a brutal battle between Infernos and his renegades and the loyalist titans, and the loyalists are losing ground.....

Old Archivist: *(voice over the battle scene) the renegades had all but decimated the once beautiful planet, and had made their way to the gate of creation, where a brave few loyalists left in the surrounding land we know as Borigin now made a valiant last stand...*

Loyalist commander: (desperate, trying to keep the line): *do not falter my kin, Alkai is with us, these traitors will not gain any more ground!!!*

Loyalist Fire Titan soldier: (desperate, hopeless pain effort) *There's too many, (hurls fireball) they keep coming at us like this we won't make it through the night*

An explosion hits close by, (cast make a collective death shout to show casualties)

Loyalist Commander: (gritting their teeth, determined) *We must hold, if we fail here our last hope for this world dies, we cannot let that happen, push the offensive.*

Old Archivist (continuing in the background) *the loyalists knew that they may die here but their dedication to the creator was all they needed to keep fighting against hopeless odds. Just when they began to renew their hope, however, a viscous unseen energy ripped through more of their ranks, draining them of their life force and leaving nothing but ash.*

Loyalist air titan soldier: (scared, panicking) *They just sucked the life out of them, what foul power is this? (Death effort)*

Old Archivist: *The rumble of the ground grew deafening and before they knew it, the very land upon which they stood erupted, scattering the remnants of their front line.*

Where once their brethren stood defiantly, now stood Fthora, once a titan of Spirit and life now corrupted into a drainer of life and an enslaver of the dead.

Fthora: (mocking) *This is your best defence creator? Weaklings and Cast-aways, your souls are not even worth the effort.*

still, my beloved commands that you bow to him or be destroyed, for some reason he thinks that there can still be a use for you in our glorious world.

Young Archivist: FETH-OR-A-? *The fabled Titan necromancer, that one that was brought back from the void at the end of the Conquest era?*

Old Archivist: *The very same, though she was more powerful in the beginning.*

Young Archivist: (notably scared but also fascinated) *How could they hope to defeat something that could kill their allies and then in the next breath, drag their bodies back to fight them?*

Old Archivist: *They did what any dedicated army would.*

Their commander, though greatly injured, and the remaining fifty out of four-hundred loyalists that had been trying to hold the renegades back, painfully staggered to their feet.

Loyalist commander (gasping in pain) *You think we're going to bow to a traitor?*

You seem to forget who made us.

Fighting effort

Old Archivist: *The commander lunged forward to attack Fthora with the little strength they had left, leading the remaining few into a charge.*

Fireballs, rocks, lightning bolts and ice spears flew from either side of the battlefield and the fifty became only ten.

Despite this, they fought on.....

but then.....

Young Archivist: (on the edge of their seat) *What happened?*

Old Archivist: *A miracle my pupil, a miracle from the heavens.*

A column of light cascaded into the ground between the opposing forces, then they were there.....

Young Archivist: (excited) *Who? Who was there?*

Old Archivist: *The warriors of the creator, the Alvairn (al-va heeran), led by the first and most beloved son, then called Chronotress*

Enter Chronotress and the Alvairn.

Chronotress: (commanding tone) ENOUGH!!!
FTHORA, DAUGHTER OF FORS (Proun: Force), YOU DARE TO TURN AGAINST THE ONE WHO GAVE YOU DOMINION OVER GUARDING THE LIFE FORCE OF ALL CREATIONS ON THIS PLANET??!!!

Fthora: (with slight fear) *Lord Chronotress, surely you cannot allow mortals to inherit this paradise knowing that they will ravage it with wars and death?*

Chronotress: (sympathetic) *I know that my Father trusts that the mortals will find the right path, but they will need guidance.
what you're doing is denying them even the chance to live?
You're acting foolishly, stop this madness I beg of you*

Fthora (defiant, agitated): *And in the meantime, they will destroy everything we've made again and again until there is nothing left....?*

Chronotress: (aggravated, rising anger) *look around you, your so called allies have already decimated the majority of this world yourselves with this foolish notion you have to turn on our creator, did you honestly believe Alkai would allow your actions to go unpunished?*

Old archivist: *As if mocking the very idea, A deep gravelly laugh filled the air around them, sinister and cruel, the heat became blistering, and the heavy sound of fiery footsteps grew nearer as the defenders came face to face with the primal fire titan himself, Infernos.*

Enter Infernos

Infernos: (laughing menacingly) *The favourite son finally decides to join his brethren....for a warden of time you certainly have a knack for being too late.*

Chronotress: (grimacing) *Brother you have no idea what you're doing!! Stand Down, end this madness, it's not too late to repent.*

Infernos (Maniacal/Threatening): *REPENT!!!? you dare to talk to me about repentance when you too have seen what will happen if we let the mortals take this world?
For aeons we wandered at our fathers behest, always standing aside and letting other races take what we craft, and it always ends the same way.*

The cold one was right.....The only way to save the remnants of the multiverse is to stop the Ark world from ever falling into the hands of mortals

Chronotress: (furious) *You turned to HIM!!!? He whose only purpose is to destroy and consume!!!!*

There's a reason he was banished, do you not remember what he did!!!!?

Infernos (mocking): *Don't you get it? In all your travels throughout the multiverse has he ever been wrong?*

Those planets, those inferior races, they all shared the same fault!!!

They were destroying everything they were given by our father and laughing at him and at us!!!!

Chronotress (Seething rage): *He annihilated more than just planets, he ripped entire realms apart and fed on their essence so he could try and challenge for the throne!!!?*

He devoured titan clans too in his take over bid and you want to follow his word!!!!?

Fthora (with certainty): *If we control the ark world, all of us together, he won't be able to take it, don't you see?*

We're saving this world, we're saving our people.

Chronotress: (desperately trying to make them see sense) *The only way to protect this world and the multiverse is to bring our fathers will to fruition, a key place in the middle of the multiverse where races from all throughout existence United under the banner of their creator; titan and non-titan.*

You aren't saving us by rebelling like this, you're dooming us all to the designs of the devourer.

Infernos: (enraged) *You dare to think we are so weak that we need lesser races!!!!?*

Old archivist: *in a moment of sheer rage, Infernos conjured a fireball the size of a moon....*

Young Archivist: *That must have been terrifying...*

Old Archivist: *it certainly was, but what was more terrifying was the words he roared as he hurled forth the fireball.....*

Infernos: *I will incinerate all of you fools then nobody will ever question our power again, not even our dear fatherDIIIE!!!*

Young Archivist: *(after a few seconds of silent awe)* that surely would have ended all of them, a mean, a moon-sized fireball?

How big were these beings, even an ancient Dragon would feel that?

Old Archivist: *Well you have to remember these armies consisted of hundreds, maybe thousands of titans, the equivalent of several clutches of Ancient Dragons on either side, not to mention the Alvairn which were between Titan and Angel.*

But yes, a fireball that size would have definitely caused heavy casualties, had Chronotress not acted as swiftly as he did.

Young Archivist: *What did Chronotress do?*

Old Archivist: *Well, as soon as Infernos started to conjure the fireball, Chronotress conjured a power of his own, a time-rift.*

Young Archivist: *(amazed) a Time-Rift? That must have taken incredible power.*

Old Archivist: *Well, he was the first son of the creator, and a warden of time and the multiverse.*

As soon as infernos launched that fireball, Chronotress had already counter-acted, the fireball slowed to a halt and then travelled backwards through a portal that had been opened behind the Renegades, which then proceeded to drag Infernos, his generals and the rest of the traitor forces through it.

Young Archivist: *they were all banished that easily?*

Old Archivist: *Not so much banished but, displaced throughout the world and separated from each other, but it was not as easy as it seemed, it came at a great price.*

But still, it bought the loyalists some extremely precious time...

A feminine Alvairn with long wavy hair that seems to be made of moonlight steps forward, an ivory staff in hand

Enter Ahtreya (Proun: AT-RAY-A)

Ahtreya: *(concerned) How long do we have?*

Chronotress (panting in pain) *they are in different places but it won't take them long, we must marshall the loyalists.*

A masculine Alvairn with a beard made of lightning raises a hammer

Enter Thonor

Thonor (Autohittive/commanding) take heart kinsmen.

Recover your strength and prepare yourselves for what's ahead.

We will bring the creators justice to these traitors, they will regret the day they ever raised arms against our father.

An older feminine Alvairn with dark tone to their skin and a raspy voice speaks up

Enter Isirithon (Proun Eye-SEER-A-Thon)

Isirithon: (Turning to the injured titans) *We need to gather those of our kin who survived, this few cannot be the last of the loyalists that are on this world.*

(They turn to the loyalist commander) Bring us your wounded, we will treat them, then we must move.

Loyalist commander: (wavering hope) *I've never known this amount of hatred from the primals, can we survive this?*

Chronotress: *have faith my friend, the future of the multiverse depends on it.*

Young Archivist: *So....what happened to Infernos, where did he end up?*

Old Archivist: *Legend has it that he woke up stranded on an island in the middle of a seemingly endless ocean with his power depleted.*

As you can imagine, it's hard enough for a being of pure fire to cross a vast body of water at the best of times, but being severely weakened at the same time.....well....you could guess he wasn't the happiest at that moment.

It is said that his roar of anger could be heard across the other side of the world....

Infernos (Enraged) *I WILL END YOU AAAAAALLLLLL!!!!!!! (bestial Roar)*

A few moments of silence follow before the young archivist speaks again...

Young Archivist: *how can you be sure that's true?*

Old archivist: *well that's the very purpose of our job, to read the stories of old and determine what happened and what it meant.*

Young Archivist: *I thought it was just organising and storing old dusty manuscripts.*

Old archivist: *there's still much more to tell*

Fade to black screen with a few moments of silence before we hear the pained breaths of Chronotress in the silence....

Chronotress: (laboured breath/ Observant): *You know I can feel you, right? You're meant to be able to go unnoticed Spymaster....*

Enter Jahrett

Jahrett: (quietly reassuring) *I have no reason to hide from you old friend, but thanks for the tip*

Chronotress: *Speak freely Jahrett, the others are busy elsewhere, and your brother is far too busy getting battleplans drawn up with Ahnbiir, apparently Vypus is dabbling again....*

Jahrett: (concerned) *It's happening isn't it? That time is nearly upon us...*

Chronotress: (coughing/chuckling) *Is it that obvious?*

Jahrett: (reassuring): *Only to eyes that have been trained to see through even the greatest of masks.*

don't worry, I don't believe any of the others have noticed yet, but it's only a matter of time.....they need to know....

Chronotress: (winces in pain/solemnly) *Not yet, they cannot be distracted by this, our fathers will must be their focus, not my troubles.*

Jahrett: *Ckegdromas is struggling too, and Isirithon...*

Chronotress: *Which is exactly why I need to remain quiet about it, I need them to know that no matter what happens to me, our purpose remains.*

If I appear wanting, how can I keep them strong?

Jahrett: *As always, you can count on my discretion, after all, i'd be a poor spymaster otherwise, but it wouldn't hurt to let them know that they're not alone in their suffering, it might even be inspiring....*

Chronotress: *Our duty comes first Jahrett, they are inspired by the creator, that is enough to overcome anything...*

Jahrett: (trying to lighten the mood) *not to mention Ckegdromas' nearly endless supply of song and sonet (chuckles)*

Chronotress: (Chuckles a little, then gets serious) I'm serious though Jahrett...Not. A. Word.

Jahrett: (solemn) *sighs* understood... Lord Warden.....

We fade into the end credits with the sound of footsteps leaving the area and a sigh from Chronotress as he speaks his last words of the episode

Chronotress: (Prayerfully) Father, grant me the strength and courage to do your will no matter the cost to myself.....i beg of you.....

Fade to credits and shot outs.

End of ep 1