

# *Legends of Khampiohn: The Genesis Era*

## *Chapter 4: Tides of Anguish*

### **CAST**

**Raven Anderson** as *Alvairn Hunter 1 and Maelstrom*

**Ghostwaffles** as *Ahtreyu*

**ActAsh** as *Ckegdromas and Spymaster Jahrett*

**Thomas Avinger** as *the Old Archivist*

**TJ Crovo** as *Vypus and the Young Archivist*

**Frederik Verhagen** as *Goliath Butler Harold and the Voice of Alkai*

**Andrew Lovato** as *Ahnbiir and Chronotress*

**Melissa Kersh** as *Ahtreya*

**Scazza Scarletti** as *Isirithon*

**Brad J. Taylor** as *Thonor and Fell Titan*

*Produced by [Bumble Bear Creations](#)*

*Directed by the Khampiohn Audioverse*

*Logo by [KiKiD484](#)*

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*We enter the scene with Ahtreyu, Ckegdromas and the last remaining hunter arriving at the outskirts of Vypus' main camp, trying to hide themselves among the twisted trees.*

***Alvairn Hunter: (quietly indicating)** Down there, in that valley, I think that is where the tracks of that creature came from..*

***Ckegdromas: (Cautious/choking)** I don't like this, the atmosphere is.... overwhelming... it's triggering.....my.....,(grunting in pain, trying to keep hidden)*

***Ahtreyu: (comforting/assertive):** Keep it together my friend..... I'll not lose another to this foul power*

***Ckegdromas: (trying to contain themselves/wincing)** I've never felt it so strong, it's like I'm being torn in two.*

*whatever this power is it wasn't part of this world before*

***(Pain efforts throughout)***

***Ahtreyu (concerned)** You sense it too.....alien yet....familiar....*

***Ckegdromas: (slowly coming to their senses)** You don't recall the ancient time at the dawning of creation.... there's more to this than you realise...*

*We need to get back to the others and report all of this **(winces in pain)** b.....before.... I can't control it any more....*

***Ahtreyu: (concerned)** do you have enough power left to open a portal?*

***Ckegdromas (failed spell casting effort/gasping)** I can't....not....here....too much.....corruption*

***Alvairn Hunter (informative)** If we can get to the edge of the forest where the darkness subsides, we may have a better chance of....**(sudden pain effort as a blade is thrust into the hunter)***

*Feral growling from a fell Titan*

*Enter Vypus*

***Vypus (smirking)** I'm sorry I couldn't quite make that last bit out, a better chance of.....what.... exactly?*

*Escaping?*

*Oh no I'm afraid I can't just allow you to walk away from here, you see if I was to do that....well then you'd bring the rest of your allies here and that (**chuckles ominously**) would certainly compromise our little plan.....*

***Ahtreyu (defiant)** Vypus....you have some nerve traitor*

*Sound- arrow fired and deflected*

***Vypus: (scoffs)** temper, temper little wolf, it's bad manners to shoot the only person keeping you from being shredded*

***Ckegdromas: (Turns dark)** CEASE YOUR HERETIC TONGUE SNAKE!!!  
(spell casting effort)*

*Sounds- ethereal lightning and energy whips cracking around the area*

***Vypus: (sinister laughing)** My my....it seems the keeper of the scales is somewhat unhinged  
(maniacal laughter)*

*Sound- magical portal opens*

***Ckegdromas: (urgently)** Ahtreyu....get back to the others, I'll hold them off you*

*Continuing sound- Lightning arcs and multiple whip cracks*

***Ahtreyu:** I will NOT leave you to fight this scum alone*

***Ckegdromas: (Authoitative/ straining)** If you don't do as I say now you doom us all.....get.  
Going. NOW*

*Sound- loosing of multiple arrows as Ahtreyu retreats into the portal.  
All arrows deflected, portal closes*

*Ckegdromas collapses*

***Vypus: (unimpressed)** Well.....that was.....pointless....  
I had no real interest in the little wolf but you..... Ckegdromas....the keeper of balance....the  
jester....the bard...the punisher of evil deeds.....  
You are of great value to me.....*

*(Authoritative to the nearby fell titans) take them to Fthora for binding and then ready.....the artifact.....*

*Sound- Picking up a heavy load as Ckegdromas is slung over the fell titans shoulder and footsteps fade into the opening credits.*

*As the opening credits end, we enter the scene of the old Archivists home where the young Archivist is seemingly having a nightmare*

***Young Archivist (wakes up in a cold sweat, gasping) what....the....?***

*Enter old Archivist*

***Old Archivist: (concerned) are you alright? You seem to be in shock....***

***Young Archivist (consoling himself, heavy breathing) I.....I think I just had a nightmare or..... something.....I saw that...thing again but it looked right at me.....I could feel it's gaze pierce my very soul....like...it was about to.....***

***Old Archivist (consoling) Ah I see..... it's alright, no need to panic..... it's merely a slight bleed***

*Young Archivist: (drinking/calming down) A what now?*

***Old Archivist: (hands him a drink/chuckling) no...not that kind of bleed....physically you're absolutely fine, a bit fatigued perhaps....I mean a bleed of realities..... I've had my own share back when I was first getting used to my abilities....***  
*I tell you what.... let's get some food....nothing calms the nerves like a good hearty breakfast, and a tall glass of Meade.*

*Sound: two sets of footfalls walking through a marble hall, followed by the pulling out of two chairs from under a table followed by the pulling of the chairs as the archivists sit at the table, then the sound of a bell being rung and the approaching footfalls of a Goliath*

***Goliath Butler: (very professionally) Good morning Master...and young sir.... What can i get you for breakfast today?***

***Old Archivist: Two glasses of warmed Meade please Harold, the usual for me and (Looks towards the young archivist) what is it you would like?***

**Young Archivist (Snoring/suddenly wakes up)** huh.....wha.....oh.....erm.....yes.....

**Goliath Butler: (maintaining professionalism)** Difficult night.....sir?

**Old Archivist:** Yes, somewhat of a side effect from the time magick

**Goliath Butler: (Understanding)** Ah...I see.....**(Clears throat)** what can we get you for breakfast young sir?

**Young Archivist:** Erm.....do you have any salted meats or eggs?

**Goliath Butler (Grinning)** Both

**Young Archivist:** Bacon and eggs?

**Goliath Butler:** Absolutely sir, I'll get straight to it

*Sound of footfalls heading away from table and faint sound of a frying over an open fire*

**Old Archivist: (serious)** how are you holding up?

**Young Archivist: (groggy)** I'd be better if i hadn't had that nightmare, did you say it was a 'Bleed of Realities'?  
What's that?

**Old Archivist: (taking a swig of meade)** A bleed of realities is a by-product of traversing time. It occurs when a practitioner is still trying to process the situation and sometimes the mind can make it feel as though you are still seeing it with your waking eyes, and it seems so real that you even believe that you could reach out and grab it.....or.....you know ....it could grab you

**Young Archivist: (growing concern)** could that actually be physically harmful?

**Old Archivist:** not by itself no.  
But the fatigue and trauma it causes can have a significant detriment on your physical and psychological being.  
It's the reason why time shifting is only ever attempted by someone with a great deal of experience.....and constitution....

*Sound- approaching footsteps and the placement of plates, cutlery, glasses and jugs.*

**Goliath Butler:** *Will there be anything else sir?*

**Old Archivist:** *Not right now, thank you Harold....I hope you and the staff have got something for yourselves?*

**Goliath Butler:** *Yes sir, we were about to set off for our meeting with the imperial housekeepers, may take a few hours*

**Old Archivist:** *of course, take the day, as soon as we're finished here we'll be heading to the temple.*

*Will you be back before nightfall?*

**Goliath Butler: (thoughtfully)** *I believe so, I'll give Instruction to whichever one of us gets back first to light the lanterns.*

**Old Archivist:** *thank you, be safe my friend, enjoy your meeting.*

*Sound-footsteps leading out and a heavy wooden door shutting as the Archivists continue eating and drinking.*

**Young Archivist: (between mouthfuls of food/still groggy)** *So these....bleeds....how long does it normally take to recover from them?*

**Old Archivist:** *well that entirely depends on the constitution of the person, sometimes it can take months, sometimes mere hours.*

*Thankfully your master is also quite well versed in time magick so I happen to know of a faster way to help you recover*

**Young Archivist: (swallowing food)** *to do with the temple?*

**Old Archivist:** *partially, I have business with the temple at any rate, organising the consecration ceremony for the exhibition.*

**Young Archivist:** *In regards to that.... where were the rest of the Alvairn (EL-va-HEAR-en) when Ahtreyu and Ckegdromas were fighting that creature.....*

**Old Archivist: (finishing his meade)** *well, when Ahnbiir learned of what his son had done, he immediately approached Chronotress and requested immediate action be taken to find him.*

*Of Course Ahnbiir knew that Ahtreyu had gone to find Vypus but he was also aware that Vypus was extremely powerful, and even the knowledge that Ckegdromas was with his son did not bring the first wolf comfort.*

*Enter the scene with Ahnbiir and the other Alvairn in a heated discussion*

*Sound- the hurling of a heavy wooden table full of breakables*  
**Ahnbiir (angry roar)** *why didn't someone intervene!!!!*

**Ahtreya (trying to calm the situation)** *Father please, there was nothing we could do, he invoked the rede, not even Chronotress can go against the law of the creator.*

**Isirithon (confidently)** *also, how are we meant to intervene if we don't know what we're meant to be intervening with?*

**Thonor (trying to be diplomatic)** *the Lass has a point....*

**Ahnbiir (snapping angrily):** *SOMEBODY SHOULD HAVE TOLD ME SOONER!!*

**Thonor: (exasperated)** *I imagine if Jahrett were able, they would have told us sooner, but even if that had happened, what makes you think you would have had the chance... nay....the rights to stop him*  
*The Hunters Rede.....*

**Ahnbiir: (snapping)** *THE HUNTERS REDE SHOULD NOT BE TAKEN IN HASTE OR ACTED UPON RECKLESSLY!!!*

**Ahtreya:** *and what makes you so certain that Ahtreyu didn't act according to a plan? He was always one step ahead, always the careful planner, why would he change his way now?*

**Isirithon: (reassuring)** *First wolf, I'm fairly certain that Ahtreyu knows what the risks are, he's never been the kind to act rashly.*

*Re-enter the old Archivist as the story continues*

**Old Archivist:** *little did the company know that, whilst they were conversing, Ahtreyu had stepped out from a portal opened by Ckegdromas to give him an escape from Vypus. The issue was, the portal did not lead back to where it was meant to and now Ahtreyu found himself in a strange place surrounded by stars with the only sounds being his own footsteps that echoed loudly at each step he took and the sound of a deep and ground-shaking thrumming*

**Young Archivist:** *A thrumming?*

**Old Archivist:** *like a heartbeat*

**Young Archivist:** *was it his own heartbeat that was echoing?*

**Old Archivist:** *Incidentally he thought that too, until he saw where the sound was coming from....*

**Young Archivist:** *If it wasn't his heart.....whose heart was it?  
What was making the sound?*

**Old Archivist:** *Before him was what he could only later describe as an immense light that seemed to have no end.*

**Young Archivist:** *(awe-stricken) that sounds like when people have spoken of seeing the creator...was that what was happening to Ahtreyu?*

**Old Archivist:** *Indeed....and though this was a common occurrence for the Titans and the Alvairn, this was still an overwhelming experience for the young hunter; this was the first time he had ever been face to face with the creator, having been born on the Ark World.*

**Young Archivist:** *Face to face with the maker of existence.....(exhales in Awe).....wow.....*

**Old Archivist:** *(chuckles) That's certainly one way to describe it....*

**Young Archivist:** *Ahtreyu must have had so many questions....I know I would....*

**Old Archivist:** *Indeed, and Alkai had been waiting to answer them for a long time....*

*Sound- an echoed thrum with a strange phasing sound.*

**Ahtreyu (cautious)** *H...hello.....*

*Thrumming continues getting louder*

**Ahtreyu (to self but out loud)** *This place.....It.....feels..... familiar.....where am I?*

*Sound becomes extremely loud then becomes a voice*



**Voice of Alkai: (gentle/Authoitative)** You are at the centre of all things, young Ahtreyu. This is where everything begins and where everything ends. You have questions. Be not afraid. I will tell you only truth.

**Old Archivist:** as you can imagine, Ahtreyu was overwhelmed and indeed was brimming with questions but when he finally found the strength to speak he could only utter a singular sentence....

**Ahtreyu (overwhelmed)** I guess I just want to know why?

**Young Archivist:** he asked why?  
Why.....what?  
I don't understand

**Old Archivist:** Even Ahtreyu couldn't explain the question he asked when he told this tale, all he said was that it was the only question his whole being wanted to know.

**Ahtreyu:** I just don't understand why all of this has happened, why this war?  
Why this..... rebellion?

**(Raising Aggravation)** Why have so many died in this....pointless nonsense?  
Is it the same throughout the multiverse?  
I thought this world was meant to be different?

**(Hint of sorrow)** how could you allow this?  
WHY did you allow this?

You could end it at any point, why haven't you?

**(hesitant/sorrowful)** Forgive me, I just.....I don't understand....

**Voice of Alkai (Comforting/parental)** I know you don't, and there is nothing to forgive. To question is to learn.

At the beginning of all things, I was. And at the end of all things I am.

I had foreseen this time of upheaval long before I created the first star of the multiverse. I knew that one day, I would be betrayed by one whom I once called my own. I knew that his ego and avarice would manifest to the detriment of all the worlds, and that this in turn would eventually seep into the consciousness of my titans, and even my angels.

I knew that this war would happen the moment I envisioned the Ark World...

**Ahtreyu (desperately trying to understand)** Then why allow it all?

*You knew it would happen yet you allowed it?*

***Voice of Alkai:*** *Yes, because if I did not, I would become something I am not; a tyrant.*

***Ahtreyu: (confused)*** *I don't understand...*

***Voice of Alkai:*** *Imagine, if you will, a choice between two paths: one is full of danger and trial, but at its end is an everlasting reward.*

*The other is littered with golds, silvers, precious stones, kingdoms... all manner of riches. Yet at its end there is nothingness. Oblivion...*

*I would want you to walk the path that had eternal reward, but if I offered you that choice and then took it away, forcing you to follow the path I wanted, would that not make me tyrannical?*

*I allow these things to transpire because these are the choices that have been made.*

***Ahtreyu:*** *but....these choices are destroying everything.*

*And what of Vypus?*

*You know what he's doing, how can you allow that?*

***Voice of Alkai:*** *Vypus has chosen to disregard every sacred law that I have passed. He has wholly given himself to the great enemy.*

*He will be punished accordingly.*

*Remember, Ahtreyu: Every action has its equal consequence, and for those who choose to place themselves on lofty thrones of power that serve only their avarice and do not respect me, there will be a great shattering as they are thrown from their towers.*

***Ahtreyu: (determined)*** *Then, What are my choices?*

***Voice of Alkai: (Authoritative)*** *The same as they have always been, young hunter.*

*You may choose to become my instrument of justice or you may choose to allow another to do so.*

***Ahtreyu:*** *He must be stopped....but....how can I become that which is required?*

***Voice of Alkai:*** *Firstly, you must renounce your hunters' rede and instead make a new pledge: Setting aside personal justice and seeking the justice that I alone can offer.*

***Young Archivist:*** *did Ahtreyu agree to this?*

***Old Archivist:*** *he never spoke about the rest of the conversation, he only ever said "I do what must be done"*

***(Thoughtfully)*** *we can only assume that he accepted because of what happened in the fables.*

**Young Archivist:** you mean the never-ending war between him and Vypus that continued through their followers?

**Old Archivist (trying to not give too much away)** In a fashion....

**Young Archivist:** so, what was happening with the Alvairn at this time?

**Old Archivist:** Ahnbiir had pleaded with his allies to head to Galhart, a request they were happy to agree to, but with Chronotress in a weakened state, they had to find a more.... conventional way to travel.

Galhart lay across the sea and, as we know, there was a very difficult obstacle in their way...

**Young Archivist:** Maelstrom?

**Old Archivist:** indeed, the tyrant of the waters themselves.

**Young Archivist: (confused)** but surely they wouldn't help the Alvairn, they were a renegade right?

**Old Archivist:** most definitely, but above all else, Maelstrom was interested in their own survival, and if that meant working for both sides to save their own skin, they'd do it without a second thought.

**Young Archivist:** but they knew Thonor was with them, wouldn't they try to avoid that?

**Old Archivist:** normally, yes.

But Maelstrom could be quite manipulative if they saw an opportunity.

*Enter scene with the sound of the sea in early morning*

**Thonor: (doubtful)** personally I think this is not the greatest of plans....

**Isirithon: (conflicted)** We have to trust that this is the only option, not only are two of our own somewhere on the distant shore but we were tasked with rallying survivors.

But to trust a renegade?

**Jahrett: (confidently)** Chronotress knows what he's doing, he sees things far more vastly than we do.

*Trust in the will of Alkai, trust in Chronotress.*

**Ahtreya: (hesitantly)** *It is not that we do not trust Jahrett, but there is a heavy darkness hanging over our destination, and trusting one renegade to help us against the rest is.....unsettling.*

**Ahnbiir: (grim/determined)** *How can we call ourselves Alvairn (EL-va-HEAR-en) if we shy away from our quarry....?*

*I would much rather swim than rely on a traitor....but if this is our creator's will, I will follow it without question.*

**Thonor: (Sighs angrily)** *Right now the only thing I want to follow is a Lightning bolt through that snake's face.*

**Jahrett: (confused)** *Wait...don't you mean 'Into' their face...?*

**Thonor:** *No I mean THROUGH....not into....THROUGH*

**Chronotress: (Authoritative)** *Peace Thonor, remember that the will of the Creator is first before any of us or our personal grievances, however wrong those grievances are.*

**Isirithon:** *He has a point though lord warden, Maelstrom wouldn't think twice about trying to kill us, given the opportunity.*

*They've proven so when they killed Odenar (Proun: Oh-DEN-are).*

**Jahrett:** *Yes but we only have Infernos' word for that, and....well.....look how much his word counts for...*

*Regardless, nobody is asking us to trust Maelstrom, only to trust Chronotress and the Will of Alkai.*

**Ahtreya:** *We do trust, it's just....with everything that's happened.....we're just a little....*

**Thonor: (growling):** *Edgy*

**Chronotress: (reassuring)** I understand everyone's hesitancy but I have seen many different paths and, owing to my connection with our Father being obscured, I do not have the power to get us to where we need to go, so this is the only option with the remotest chance of success.

**Isirithon:** What are the chances of it being an unsuccessful outcome?

**Chronotress (after a few moments of silence)** Stand Ready.....

**Thonor (sarcastically):** Well.....that's comforting..(to the warriors) You heard him, be ready, it might get a wee bit Choppy

**Jahrett: (unbelieving)** Really.....

**Thonor:** What?

**Jahrett:** A water Joke?

**Thonor:** I dunno what you're talking about.

**Jahrett: (shakes their head and facepalms)** You've been spending way too much time around Ckegdromas Brother....

Sound warriors energising elemental weapons and making ready for combat

**Ahnbüir: (Sternly)** Maelstrom had better not test my patience.....(growls)

Sound- Clap of thunder

**Chronotress (Loud/Commanding)** MAELSTROM!!!! IN THE NAME OF ALKAI, I COMMAND YOU TO SHOW YOURSELF!!!

Sound-Waves lapping at the shore as silence ensues for a few seconds

**Thonor:** Cowardly Curr.....

**Isirithon: (disgusted)** The audacity..... none should disregard the name of the creator lightly....

*Ahtreya: Perhaps fear keeps them ignorant....*

*Ahnbiir: (Aggravated Growl) More likely Shame....*

*Sound- Water receding from the shore building up into a tidal wave*

*As the wave crashes forward, sound of energy as Chronotress disperses the heavy water.*

*Chronotress: (heavily strained spell casting effort followed by laboured breath)*

*DO....NOT.....TEST ME.....I COMMAND YOU.....SHOW YOURSELF!!*

*Sound- explosion of water as Maelstrom emerges*

*Maelstrom (Chuckling) it seems your power is somewhat lacking firstborn.... what's wrong?  
Is your connection to the creator a little.....obscured?*

*Thonor: (aggravated) HOW ABOUT I OBSURE YOUR FACE WITH MY HAMMER YOU  
MUCK-DWELLING HERETIC!!!!*

*Maelstrom: (amused laughter) Ooooh, such a temper.  
You're sounding more like a renegade than a noble Alvairn.*

*Ahnbiir: (angered) YOU DARE TO SPEAK IN SUCH A WAY!!!*

*Thonor: (intimidating) Mark my words you'll be laughing the other side of your face you.....*

*Chronotress: (Authoritative) Peace Thonor, remember the will of Alkai supersedes your own  
anger...*

*Thonor: (grumbling) Forgive me lord warden*

*Maelstrom: (chuckles) Yes, the will of our creator.....which brings you here I suppose....  
What is it you want, Firstborn?*

*Chronotress: (Authoritative/Confident) two of our own are lost on the other shore, along with  
numerous scouts.....*

*Maelstrom: (smirking) Oh well.....that is so unfortunate.....and also none of MY concern.*

**Isirithon: (authoritative)** *There could be many dying, you are impeding us in our duty*

**Ahtreya (Pleading though remaining confident)** *We are trying to save the remaining titans on this world, this is a sacred task, one that you are stopping us from accomplishing....*

**Maelstrom: (Unapologetic/Laughing)** *Did somebody forget that I was made a RENEGADE!!!? Had I been granted what I had EARNED, instead of being outcasted, MAYBE i'd have been convinced to help you....but....ah well....such a shame....*

**Thonor (Raised Anger)** *THEN WE'LL JUST GO THROUGH YOU!!!*

**Chronotress: (Raised Voice/ Stern)** *ENOUGH, ALL OF YOU!!!*

**Maelstrom: (Hysterical laughter/sarcasm)** *My my, do I sense a little dissension in the ever noble ranks of the Creators finest HAHAAHAAHAA*

**Ahnbiir:** *You wish scum*

**Chronotress: (Resolute)** *You are a renegade because you broke the tenets of Alkai, first by committing murder against your Brother Odenar, and then by assisting the rebellion...you have nobody but yourself to blame for being exiled, the fact that you have not yet been eradicated should be favor enough.*

*However, you still have an opportunity to do the right thing and maybe gain redemption in the eyes of my father....*

**Isirithon:** *If I were you, I'd take the offer*

**Maelstrom (stand-offish/ Simmering anger)** *But you're NOT me.....are you.....  
And there is only one thing I have any interest in.....*

**Chronotress:** *What would that be, exactly?*

**Ahtreya: (sighs)** *doubtless they want some sort of Amnesty from the creator, immunity from the judgement....*

**Maelstrom (scoffs)** *Hmmph, that just shows how little you know  
No...Though being LEFT ALONE in MY domain would be nice...I want Infernos to be annihilated..*

*For him to feel utterly powerless as I once did.....*

**Isirithon (confused)** wait.... aren't you working WITH Infernos, it's what got you into this position in the first place.....

**Maelstrom: (disdainful)** I only worked with him because he made me

**Ahnbiir: (scoffs)** I thought you'd have run out of pointless excuses by now....it doesn't matter who you try to use to hide your crimes, you're still going to face the consequences. No-one is beyond the justice of the creator.

**Maelstrom (grimaces):** Either you grant me what i want or you'll find it very hard to get anywhere beyond that shore upon which you stand

**Chronotress:** Our duty is beyond personal vendettas, to allow those vendettas to become a focus is to put ourselves above the creator, something that we will never do.....

**Maelstrom: (resigned)** Fine...then we have reached an impasse it would seem.....

**Jahrett: (Out of nowhere/expeditiously)** I have a counter-proposal.....

**Maelstrom: (a little shocked but tries not to show it)** well well, if it isn't the spymaster themselves, you took your time to appear from ... .wherever it is you appear from.....

**Jahrett: (cocky)** I'VE been here the whole time.....not that you could see me....I'm surprised you could see anything past that Illustrious GLOBE you call a head, or....is that just your ego....

**Maelstrom: (offended)** did it ever occur to you that my ego is not the problem...it's the fact that, compared to me, you are Insects....

**Chronotress: (authoritative/Stern)** KNOW YOUR PLACE SEA SNAKE!!!

**Maelstrom: (laughing)** Oh, but i am well aware of MY place firstborn, a shame you seem to have forgotten yours.

See how you claim to be a big Hero when, in actuality, you are only powerful because our beloved father's power, take that connection away and you have nothing of value!!!

**Jahrett: (laughing)** speaking of value.....

Sound- energy blast as Jahrett pulls out a multicoloured orb and aims it at Maelstrom



**Maelstrom (major pain effort)** *ARRRRRGGH.....WHAT IS THAT!!!?*

**Jahrett: (calm/intimidating)** *This is a gift left to me by my father, a lovely little artifact known as the crux-Aquaticus, the heart of the seas.*

*This little beauty is one of the pillars of creation, and gives the weilder power over the seas and oceans according to the will of Alkai.*

*You see....when a Titan is CHOSEN to be a primal by the creator, they are gifted these pillars to shape worlds and control how the elements work.*

**Maelstrom (writhing in pain)** *how?*

*You're not even a primal...that should be MINE!!!*

**Jahrett: (unapologetic)** *YOU are not worthy of this or any power.....now about my counter-proposal....*

*You WILL let us cross this sea, or Alkai as my witness I shall reduce you to nothing but vapour.....*

**Switch back to the archivists**

**Young Archivist:** *Master, what are the pillars of creation exactly?*

**Old Archivist:** *when Alkai created the multiverse, and every planet therein, he commanded his greatest angels to craft artifacts to carry his power to the titans, each Primal of their respective elements was gifted these artifacts to carry out Alkai's specifications.*

*These artifacts were named 'the pillars of creation'*

*The heart of the seas, the crucible of spirit, the Horn of the air, the rod of Terrahnis and the Sword of Fire.*

**Young Archivist: (Intrigued)** *But Jahrett wasn't a primal, so how did they get such an item?*

**Old Archivist:** *At the start of the war, Odenar had been approached by Chronotress who warned him of the impending treachery by Maelstrom.*

*At first, Odenar was hesitant to believe it, after all, he loved his younger sibling dearly....but then he noticed a change in Maelstrom's demeanour....in the wake of the resistance by Infernos, Maelstrom had begun to suggest that Alkai was leading the titans to their own destruction by ordaining that mortal races would, once again, be given a chance to become better by inheriting the Ark World that had just been completed.*

*It was in this time when Odenar became fearful of what may happen if Maelstrom got their hands on the heart of the seas and gave the artifact to Chronotress, to ensure it was returned to Alkai so that it may not be corrupted.*

***Young Archivist:*** *But how did Jahrett end up with it?*

***Old Archivist:*** *Chronotress knew that there would come a time when the artifact would be needed, Alkai had already given him the foresight of this eventuality, and instructed Chronotress to give the heart to his most trusted ally, the youngest child of Odenar.*

***Young Archivist:*** *but why Jahrett? why not Thonor?*

***Old Archivist:*** *From birth Jahrett had been gifted great intelligence and cunning, whereas Thonor was more military minded.*

*Not only that but, whilst Thonor had the powers of the air and the storms, Jahrett was more in line with the element of water..*

***Young Archivist:*** *So it makes sense to give an artifact attuned to the power of water to the one most capable of wielding it to its full effect.*

*And if you didn't want your enemy to know about the whereabouts of such power, give it to someone that is capable of keeping it secret.*

***Old Archivist:*** *Exactly.*

*However, Jahrett had a burning desire for justice against Maelstrom, as did Thonor, and standing there with the enemy at their mercy.....it was almost too much to resist....*

***Maelstrom: (Writhing in pain)*** *Mercy.....I pray thee.....I will do as you ask....please.....(pain effort) ..*

*..no more.....*

***Jahrett (becoming dark with intent)*** *I wonder.....did my father ask the same of you?*

*And you did not spare him.....so tell me why I shouldn't speed along your judgement heretic*

*Sound- artifacts power intensifies*

*Maelstrom roars in agony*

*Sound- Water becoming steam*

***Chronotress: (concerned/Authoritative)*** **JAHRETT!!**

*THAT'S ENOUGH!!*

**Jahrett: (borderline sinister)** *I don't think it IS enough*

*Maelstrom's agony intensifies*

**Ahtreya: (very concerned)** *Jahrett, this isn't justice, please stop*

**Isirithon: (desperately trying to snap Jahrett out of it)** *Jahrett, if you do this you'll be just like them, this isn't the way*

**Ahnbiir: (Authoritive)** *their judgement is not yours to deliver, the way is open, we must find our allies, they are more important*

*Maelstrom's agony continues in the background*

**Thonor: (tries to sympathise)** *I know you have a deep hatred for this scum, I do too. But They're right Jahrett, this isn't justice....this is just vengeance....*

**Jahrett:** *Mere moments ago YOU yourself threatened to smash their face in with a hammer. Why is this so different!?*

**Thonor:** *this is them.....not you....if you do this, it violates the tenets, you will become a renegade just like them..... I know that isn't what you want....*

**Chronotress:** *Their judgement WILL come, but not yet....*

*Sound- the artifacts power lessens*

**Ahtreya: (emotional but stalwart)** *my brother could be in great danger, Ckegdromas too....are their lives worth throwing away for.....this?*

*Sound- power declines more*

**Isirithon: (calmly)** *Not here.....not yet, i know how much it hurts....but don't let THEM turn you from Alkai.... they'll get theirs soon enough....*

**Chronotress:** *They're right Jahrett, this act is beneath you, let them face judgement in the right way....at the right time.....*

**Jahrett (faint emotion)** According to Alkai's will.....

Sound- power shuts down

**Jahrett: (sternly/calming down)** and NO-ONE elses....so sayeth he that is just and righteous....

Maelstrom collapses

Sound- ocean waves parting

**Jahrett: (subtly)** This is NOT over..... heretic....

**Young Archivist: (after a few moments of silence)** I.... didn't realise how dark Jahrett could be....

**Old Archivist:** they weren't exactly.....dark.....they were hurt....angry.... desperate for justice....even the most loyal of subjects can fall victim to despair.... and through that.... questioning, anger, doubt....Jahrett was no different....

**Young Archivist:** Would they have gone all the way....y'know....if they weren't stopped....

**Old Archivist (thoughtfully)** Perhaps....it was certainly a very high possibility... thankfully Jahrett's faith pulled through and soon enough, the Alvairn (**EL**-va-**HEAR**-en) were on the way across the land that had been revealed. One step closer to their quarry.

Sound- distant cathedral bell tolling twelve pm

**Old Archivist: (standing up from his seat and gathering the now empty Copper plates)** Feeling better?

**Young Archivist: (also standing up)** A little, still feeling a bit fatigued but I imagine some midday air will help.

**Old Archivist: (chuckles)** You see?  
I told you, a hearty breakfast is just what one needs to get back on their feet

**Young Archivist: (stretching, then chuckling)** and the warm meade helps too.

*Old Archivist: Up for a little excursion through the city?*

*Young Archivist: Got any of that meade for the road?*

*Old Archivist: (pats a large hip flask) One of the fundamental rules of being a successful Archivist?*

*Always carry a healthy supply of strong liquor wherever you go*

*The episode fades with the archivists walking out of the door and into a busy city.*

*The door closes behind them and we come to the end of this episode*