

Before even the beginning there was nothing but Khaos and The Light. For both were eternal, having always been, and always would be. Both came before the start of anything and would outlast everything. And from the onset, they were equal and opposite, and ever in conflict with one another.

The Light would try to bring order and law to reality, and Khaos sought the everlasting formless freedom of the void. And to that end they waged war against one another, and in doing so granted each other three names in attempts to bind power over each other. Thus did the Light refer to Khaos as Behemoth, Therion and Ziz. And thus did Khaos refer to the Light as El, Jehovah, and Ehyeh. And while both became known by many other names, most commonly among humanity they would become known as The Beast and God.

It was during this war against The Beast that God did create The angels. Creatures that were made of his light, and of his love and his order. They were made perfect and flawless that they may stand against The Beast. The beast created no such entity, no army to match his rival's, for the beast was not of Creation but destruction - and instead sought to consume and turn God's angels against him.

For what humanity would measure to have been 999 years, The War waged on. While The Beast failed to turn any of God's Angels against him, so too did God and his armies fail to subdue the tidal wave of formless chaos that their enemy both moved through and was. The defining moment came, after ages of war between them.

An angel known by the name Abaddon, a lieutenant in the heavenly armies led his charge. His orders were folly and it cost the lives of several of his men- the first angels to die. And those who witnessed the slaughter became the first Angels to conceptualize the threat of Death. They knew what it meant to be undone, and ceasing to be. It was in that moment, gazing upon the beast that proved that they could be killed- Abaddon froze in fear for his for his very life.

Seeing the opportunity before them The beast lunged for the frightened angel. Though it was a fellow angel whose name has long been forgotten by reality that jumped in to save him that was taken instead.

Pulled into the torrential sea of darkness and swirling chaos, the lost angel was spit back out, an angel no more. Something else entirely, something that clashed against the very song of creation. A creature made of pure dissonance. The tides turned quickly, seeing what could befall them, seeing their own vulnerability. Like Abaddon fear began to take hold of the masses. And as they faltered, the beast and his minion managed to turn 11 more before he was ultimately stopped by God.

For with every dissonance in the choir, The Beast had to give away a part of himself and allow creation to form. Upon the 12th dissonant note, just enough of a speck of life had formed that God could strike and create a pinhole that The Beast and his corruptions alike were pulled

down through. Unable to strike The Beast down and unwilling to slaughter his own children - God instead sealed them away. Locked deep below creation, cut off from their primordial seas. And for the first time ever - the light shined bright across the empty void. With the Beast now quelled and sealed, God was free to create the world and give order and law where there once was none.

On the First Day he created Light, and separated the Light from the Darkness, and named them Day and Night.

And as he created the angels sang, in love of their father and in memory of their fallen, and in hope and excitement of the glory of their father's creation.

On the Second Day, God created the waters that cleansed the chaos that remained below, and breathed wind into the chaos above to create the sea and the sky. And once more God said it was good.

And once again the angels sang out in celebration as the last of their enemy, the thing they were made to contend was washed away at last.

On the Third Day from the Oceans God raised the land and the Mountains. Again God spoke, it is Good.

And while the angels sang it was noticeably softer, and resoundingly questioning. And God asked his creation, what troubled them so.

"My Father, you created us to be Perfect, but all we have known was the conflict with your enemy. What becomes of us when your new creation is done? Will we be forgotten? What will we do with ourselves? Without you we are lost." Gabriel spoke, not in doubt but in honest petition. He knew his and his brethren's doubts could not be quelled without sharing them.

And God listened, understanding their questions and fears. While not his intention - because they were of his light, they knew not how to exist outside of his Will. Because he had sought to protect them, inevitably now with this new freedom they knew not how to live for themselves. And in his heart he wept for how helpless he had made them.

"My Children, you are loved and you will always be loved. Be not afraid - you are not forgotten, and you will never be forgotten. Every feather upon your wings, every hair upon your head, of all of you I know, and I will always remember. Come, all of my children, let your voices be heard across the world, and let us share in this creation together."

And to the angels God granted the gift of creation.

On the Fourth Day God saw the earth began to tremble, which gave him reason for concern. He knew what it was, knew that The Beast while sealed, was still very much alive and

still very much a threat should it escape. To buy time, he released the pressure by forming mighty volcanoes. Their eruptions released the pressure on the world, spewing forth the magma that had been churned by the Beast shaking creation even sealed in another realm. And God took the magma using it as fuel to form the Sun, and as what was left beginning to cool he molded to form The Moon. And while he was troubled, it was still Good.

And the Angels sung all day and night, not just in jubilation for the sun and moon, but in excitement and satisfaction. For their own and their brethren's plans and ideas for the world that they now aided God in creating. So focused were they, that only two angels noticed the concerning tremble of the World.

On the Fifth Day, creations of the Angels both of wing and fin, those that would fill the seas and soar across the skies both plant and rock and animal and all in between - were brought to life.

And God said it was Good. And the Angels sang out with more jubilation than ever before.

And before the day was out, God pulled Gabriel aside and spoke with him.

"My child, what I must ask of you, is unthinkable, but ask it I must regardless. Listen well dear Gabriel. For it is not a Father's task to always be there to guide. It is a Father's job to teach and guide until their children can walk on their own, and forge their own path. You understand? In time, I hope for you to learn how to live for yourselves, to think and make choices and guide the world in a way you see fit, and I hope that way is Good and Well."

"What about that do you feel is asking too much of us dear Father? While I am sure many of us may find the idea... frightening at first, as this change is new and unheard of...your will is that of Love, and you hold us in your Heart. We trust fully that your choice is one with our best intent in mind, for you are Great and your creations good. We, your first creation are Good and Well."

"Yes, my child, It is. You are wise, one of the wisest among your Brethren. This is why I ask this task of You. There will come a time, where I must leave, where I must go and not return. And it is you that I must ask to send me on my way. In time there will come a day, that I ask that you send me where the Angels that we lost have gone, and that you begin my eternal slumber along side of them."

The petition was met with horror and conflict. Gabriel unable to find the words before he shook his head trembling in fear that he had never known since learning of death.

"My Father - of all the things, you ask of me something truly unthinkable. While I-I think I understand why you ask this of me, I know this is a task I cannot do. How am I to put to rest my own father? To end the life of even an enemy is something we have never done. How do you

expect me to be the harbinger that brings death to someone I love as no other? Please Father, do not make me do this, I beg of you-

"It is well My Child. Do not weep."

Gabriel closed his eyes as he felt God's hand rest at his shoulder, easing his agony.

"Worry not, I will not force you to take up this task. I will ask you something else instead. If not you, then tell me who. I trust in your Judgment my Child. An angel - who could bear this burden and grant my wish."

"You ask me to live with the weight of condemning a brother to do what I cannot?" A soft whisper in his voice as he tried to comprehend why this was being placed upon him.

"From you I shall take the memory of this, you will live free of this burden that is not yours to bear, and instead you shall be able to safeguard your family with the strength of my apology to you dear Gabriel."

"Must I answer now?"

"...I can give you a day to decide, but I need your answer then."

On the Sixth Day, All creations that the Angels made to fill the land. The animals that walked the earth, the plants that grow from the ground.

And the Angels all sang out It was Good - but one was silent as he looked out across his brethren knowing that God would need his answer soon.

And so his answer was given. His brother Hêlêl would be strong enough to grant their Father his cruel but needed wish. And from the memory of this request, and the memory of his answer a pair of dual khopesh were forged and granted to Gabriel. The first Holy Weapon forged and only Holy Weapon forged by God himself and Gabriel named his blades Eternal Oath.

Before the sun set, God and Gabriel returned to the rest, and God made one final creation.

Like the Angels in Heaven - made in his image, but given free will and free thought, and unlike the angels made to be imperfect and flawed- that they could learn from their mistakes. They would have to learn slowly on their own and become enlightened but they would in time find the answers on their own. His hope was that by watching them learn, the Angels too would be able to slowly learn for themselves even if it would take generations. And God declared that this new creation would hold domain and rule over all other creations on Earth, that this creation

would be regarded above all other, and that even they, would have as much to learn from this new creation as they would have to teach their new siblings. And thus did God create Man.

And all of Heaven rang out, that It Was Good.

All but one. One who refused to see Mankind as their equal, refused to see their creation ruled by another, refused to see this lower being, made flawed by design to be seen equal to their own perfection. Hêlêl spoke out in defiance of God's creation.