

Birth of the Sangu'thiiv

There are even mortals who fashion the realms so overwhelmingly in their vision that they, too, get their stories told.

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My firstborn children, the race of Man, are short-lived, as I am certain you know well. There exists one particular child of mine who sought to overcome this encumbrance — though I never thought of it to be an affliction as she.

Antigone Callidora was a dignified lady. Her lineage stood the sovereigns of notable provinces upon my back when the wars first began. Ultimately, she would become the sovereign of these provinces herself; however, a grave issue arose as this time neared.

Death was fast approaching.

Her father was considerably young and capable — only in his thirty-fifth rotation — when the sweet God Thanatos had come for him one spring sunrise. Her mother was taken, not half a rotation after, by one of the many fierce Keres spirits.