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Hearth and Hammer

There is one God whose domain graces all realms with his mastery of technology of all kinds — Hêphaistos.

His story is not a rare one, as he and his brother Apollon have told me over their many visits upon my back. Although Hêphaistos is an honoured God by the mortaliis of the realms, the other Gods look down on him because he was nothing more than a lame disgrace to their kind. Hêphaistos tells me his only crime was that he is crippled, deformed in one leg, and therefore, he is not beautiful, nor divine. For this, his mother, Hêrê, Queen of their family of Gods, cast him out to the realm Gaia. Through his ingenuity, Hêphaistos climbed his way back into her good graces and sat again with the honoured high Gods called Olympians.

Alas, this did not last.

Their acceptance of the God, Hêphaistos, was fragile and fickle: some plotted his downfall again, his image too disgraceful to their ‘pure’ eyes. Thereupon, they plotted.

A war broke out between the Gods and the Gaianian mortaliis. They called upon Hêphaistos to aid them in their endeavours,