



SCINAN LEGACY

C.1-9

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This story is presented
with respect and *kynd* intentions
for highly sensitive individuals
who would find comfort in
reading a story that maintains
the consecutive order
of its chapters and page numbers
throughout its book series.

It is also mindfully written
for anyone who may benefit from content
that has expanded descriptions
of characters' emotions
and motivations for their actions,
as well as those
who experience languages
as melodies.

You are not alone.

*In a time of legend and magic, in a realm beyond
our true knowing, our story begins...*

CHAPTER 1

THE PRIZE IS LOST

There were flashes of light and a high shrieking roar as the wind tore particle from being. The walls, ground, and sky were trembling with the undeniable ending force of something that should never have been unleashed. Stone buckled unnaturally and was tossed about like crumpled paper, weightless. All matter was bending as the tempest formed in the open-air forum of The Great Hall.

The arrival of the horrific shrill piercing the air was the first call to attention, compelling onlookers to run to the balconies of their private quarters. The majestic view of the sprawling courtyard was interrupted by a horizon of devastation. All were in shock and confused by the spectacle they were witnessing.. All but two.

Frija and Amicus looked to one another and knew the moment had come. Wodan's obsession had overtaken him. Frija, Queen of Aesingard, loved her husband Wodan dearly, but his quest for possessing all knowledge had taken him on a dangerous path by which she could not abide. Wodan had declared, as Ruler of the Nine Worlds, that by knowing all he could end the war that divided his realm. He spoke not of the motives that haunted him. Frija knew the consequences would be too much for anyone, even the mighty King of Aesingard. Wodan had already given one eye to his quest in exchange for vast knowledge at the Well of Wisdom, but it wasn't enough, not for his need. Frija had seen the acquired power only warp him inside with a craving he could not fulfill.

SCINAN LEGACY

Frija and Amicus knew that Wodan, along with his brothers, Wiljo and Wæ, had formed a triad and were summoning that-which-should-not-be-woken from the outer realm's depths of death's dark knowing, Oblivion. The unspoken laws were being broken and all nature was retaliating. This conjuring would reveal the spirit of the dead, The Essence of Oblivion. She was the guardian of knowledge, from the past to the future and preserved its force inside her. Wodan would command her to give knowledge to him, and Frija feared he would soon have his prize— but at what cost this time?

She had to stop him, to save him as well as the worlds they protected. Amicus, her trusted companion, a Soul, bound to her in this realm as her guardian, confidant, and advisor for a time stretching over the Aesirs' eons, was by her side as they hurried to the forum.

The Great Hall was full of catastrophic motion, as its contents were lifted and smashed by the swirling mania. Wodan and his accomplices stood unharmed and steadfast at its epicenter. All three were dark and baleful figures. Wiljo and Wæ were seamless images of darkness, clad in black armament, with ebon beards and hair, casting the illusion of being fully cloaked. Only their dark eyes gave any hint of expression. Wodan was rooted to a fixed point, adorned in his heavy battle armor and crowning helmet. The intertwining symbols of the Nine Worlds, emblazoned across his armor, were animated by reflections of lightning that danced across them. In that moment, Wodan appeared all powerful, lethal and ready to strike. His brothers stood apart from him. Each was flanked by tall jagged dark stone pillars, all to make a Binding Circle. Frija could not hear their chants over the wind but could see the twisted tangles of angry red webbing, conjured by Wodan and his brothers, climbing higher and higher into the darkening sky and knew they were creating an unnatural breach between realms. Wodan had a wild look about him; his distorted expression was unknown to her. Her heart panicked and sank at the same time.



THE PRIZE IS LOST

She wondered if she was too late. Had she lost the one she knew and loved to his growing addiction? Was *her* Wodan already gone forever?

Wind surged around the triad with such speed Frija could not pass through to reach Wodan without being swept up and crushed by its force and the shredded debris it suspended. Undaunted, Frija stood close and braved the winds as she held tight to a toppled column beside her. Her hair whipped around her in a frenzy of dark flames, stinging her face. Her cloak pulled against her, like wings in frantic flight wanting to escape certain harm. Amicus hovered over Frija in an attempt to protect her, but to no avail. The winds coursed directly through him. Amicus was barely touched by their force.

Directly above, in the center of the whirlwind, an opening was forming. The blood-red webbing had flawed the sky. The fabric of space was punctured, clawing at itself, screaming as it was ripped apart. The webbed binding retracted as the crude opening began to change. The tear turned itself inside out, creating a funnel that slowly descended into Wodan's circle and was anchored within its boundaries by their binding web. The funnel was made from a substance unrecognizable to Frija. Dark and murky, its consistency was fluid-like and thick, churning slowly. The movement within this vortex was labored and dull in contrast to the raging fury that divided Frija from Wodan.

An echo of light began to show through the funnel in all directions. It was The Essence emerging from her darkness. She radiated a blue light that was dimmed by the substance that contained her. Her body was not defined by mere arms and legs. She appeared as an undulating form stretching out in every direction, ever changing shape, draped in her own light, moving in tandem with the current of the vortex.

As she became fully present, her voice projected with a shattering force and asked, "WHY HAVE YOU TORN ME FROM MY ETERNAL SLEEP? WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME?"

SCINAN LEGACY

Wodan stood his ground with a stance worthy of all his might and replied, “I ask you to bestow me with ALL knowledge—What Has Been, What Is, and What Will Be!”

“And why should I give you that which you wish to possess?” The Essence retorted.

“As Ruler of the Nine Worlds, the knowing of all things would give me ultimate wisdom to rule justly and find an end to the war within my realm,” said Wodan.

The spirit took little time to give her answer. “This would upset the balance within the universe! You have enough power and wisdom to rule with fairness. This would corrupt not only you but the order of life itself. I refuse.”

“I asked only as a courtesy. I will not allow you to return to Oblivion until you comply,” Wodan stated, ready for her refusal.

The Essence was aghast. She could see his true intentions now. They were not driven by honor or peace but had turned into a toxic and tormented craze. Her knowledge of Wodan was not of this. This was new.

She tested the boundary of her enclosure by trying to extend her reach beyond the binding, only to meet restraint. She tried to move back into the darkness she had emerged from, but it was sealed from her. She tried in every direction to find some leverage to move but could not. Her rage overtook her. She blindly thrashed and spouted curses, all to no useful end, until she tired. She could find no way out, no way to change her circumstances. Pain was visibly overtaking her. The binding’s hold was causing the vortex to change and harden around her. Soon she would be trapped in crushing agony, to exist in that state for as long as Wodan pleased. She would be turned into a novelty standing in the middle of The Great Hall to be leered at by passersby, frozen in excruciating paralysis. There was only one way out, she thought, to give Wodan what he wanted.

The Essence conceded. A low hum began to grow louder and could be heard amongst the torrential winds still swirling



THE PRIZE IS LOST

around the circle. It was the sound not unlike creation's beginning. The ground and sky shook more violently. She began to glow brighter, and Wodan prepared himself to receive the prize he wanted most. With a nod to his brothers, the intensity of the binding's hold was decreased and the vortex began to soften. Instantly, the pain she was experiencing reduced, and she could move more freely.

She began turning in on herself like petals of a flower folding closed at night's fall, and the slow movement of the vortex was suspended momentarily. Soon she began to unfold and was bringing forward an orb, clear, bright, and radiant. Its purpose was to emanate the steady flow of knowledge that reaches throughout the universe, unseen, creating present thoughts and circumstance, and providing all that was needed for future's potential. The past was drawn back into it to be stored so as not to be lost, but to live on as memory. The orb created the perfect balance of flow and containment for all that existed: history, the now, and weaving of the future, all working in synchronization with life. Legend held that when all was finally known throughout the universe, existence would end, and by its nature, it should. That is why the orb was tucked safely away unseen and unaffected, protected in The Essence's cradle of Oblivion.

Overlooking the scene, there was no way Frija could reach Wodan to stop this transfer; but Amicus, being a Soul, had no solid form and could pass through the tornadic winds. He stood by Frija, watching as her face took on the characteristics of the devastation around her. His duty and love for her demanded he do something to help, but he was unsure how to stop it. He watched, hoping an opportunity would present itself. Then Amicus saw The Essence relinquishing the orb. If he was going to act, he had to do it now! He came up with only one possible solution, and with that thought, he turned to Frija. His thoughts and feelings connected with hers, as they had since she was a child. In that moment, she knew. One last simple knowing was

SCINAN LEGACY

shared, conveying all they had meant to each other, what he had to do now, and a single word, without saying it— *Goodbye*.

Amicus' intention was to intercept the orb and return it to The Essence before it was in Wodan's hands, and to disrupt the triad's will. This, in turn, would have relinquished their hold on the vortex, released The Essence to return to Oblivion, and reset the natural order. Amicus knew Wodan would see his actions as betrayal, and he would be banished from his beloved Frija when all had settled; or so he thought. No one could have foreseen what actually took place. The orb was never meant to exist outside The Essence. Its home was protective and in perfect balance. Outside of her, the atmosphere of Aesingard was too heavy, and the orb began to crack. The Essence screamed at the unthinkable horror. With striking speed, Amicus was through the whirling barrier and appeared between Wodan and The Essence. But instead of intercepting the orb, he took on its direct blast as the portion outside The Essence collapsed. Knowledge in its raw form penetrated Amicus! He was in line to absorb it all. He began to glow as The Essence did. Wodan stumbled back in shock. Wiljo and Wæ tried and failed to reach for Amicus, their grasps singeing as they went straight through him. The force growing inside Amicus caused a reactionary burst of energy that sent Wodan and his brothers flying backwards. The burst passed through the swirling winds, lessening the intensity but still knocking Frija to the ground as well. Only Amicus stood in front of The Essence now, locked to her. Her constant scream had almost drowned out every other noise. She was visibly beginning to weaken as Amicus shone more brightly, too brightly, beyond glowing to burning as if he himself had become a Sun. He had no control over what was happening inside him. Reaction after reaction was building internally. There was no way he could contain this power. His only thought was for the safety of Frija. His smallest movement was all the unstable forces inside him needed. Another pulse of pure energy radiated from him, more forceful than before, shattering



THE PRIZE IS LOST

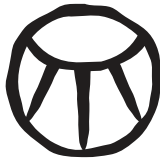
the crystal columns, breaking the binding circle, and freeing The Essence to vanish into the vortex's dark depths. With its crushing blow, it dissolved the whirling barrier between Wodan and Frija. The vortex recoiled as Oblivion was once again sealed and restored. In that instance, Amicus was flying upward, using the explosive momentum to take him high above Aesingard, removing the potential harm. He continued to ascend. What was inside him was more than he could contain, not just in a physical sense, but in his thoughts and feelings. To know and feel everything at once by any being was never meant to be. Therefore, it could not continue to be.

From the ground, Frija, along with other stunned witnesses, looked to the sky at the rocketing glow, getting smaller and smaller but burning brightly. Suddenly the light flared again and became two. One part went spiraling off in one direction while the other changed its trajectory and was repelled in another. Both lights faded in the distance as they moved ever upward into silence. This night would later be known throughout the Nine Worlds as *The Night of the Twin Stars*.

THE NINE WORLDS OF WODAN'S REALM



FYRFOLDE
The Fyrs



AESINGARD
The Aesir



VANGARD
The Vane



LÉOHETWIN
The Léohets



SWEDUETWIN
The Swedus



MIDANGARD
The Midangardians



HEÍTANGRUND
The Heítaned



GICELFOLDE
The Gicels



THE ENDE
The Ende Dwellers

*Renderings of the world symbols are taken directly from the "Scinan Tablet" engravings.
Date of origin predates Earth's 8000 BCE.*

*** All artifact images shown are representations from a private collection,
and were released with consent under terms that maintain the owner's anonymity. ***

