

# The Gods' Own Creation Myth

*a Forgotten Relics short story*

Humanity created us before they existed. The mere possibility that they would be born was enough to require parents forged from star-stuff. The universe knew the shock of living would be too much for such fragile creatures to bear without magic.

The first of us were as primitive as the people they watched over. Simple, angry beings that warred or rutted with whomever stepped into their path. They had no real attachment to their delicate charges past accepting the sacrifices and tearful prayers. But they lasted because Man believed in them so fiercely. The sheer power of that belief gave them continued, perhaps everlasting life. The world was so harsh, existence so stark that nothing could convince humans to part from the mystical giants they'd elevated to gods. Such symbiosis made both mankind and supernals thrive.

But nothing stays the same. Humanity changed, and so did we. As their clever minds built ever-more elaborate monuments to technology and rejected magic, they needed new gods and monsters to help them cope with reality — or escape from it. We found ourselves shrinking in size and power. Sacrifices stopped. Prayers changed. It happened slowly in the time of mortals, busy with their shiny toys; it happened in a flash of lightning for the supernals to whom they once clung so desperately.

That's when the Council formed.

While smaller beings rose and fell with the belief of Man, the six members of the Council remained constant. They were the almighty father- and mother-gods who perpetually won the love of humans since our birth. Belief in them has never expired. Waxed and waned, perhaps, but never enough to put them in true danger. Unlike the rest of us. They set themselves above us all and oversaw the proliferation of supernals, monsters, and demi-humans. Not a ruling body but a presence reminding we lesser, changeable beings of our inadequacy.

They watched while we starved to death as the belief of mortals faltered. The more we begged for intervention, the more they turned away. All they gave was their own belief in our existence. Being spit on when begging for a sip of water in the burning desert.

*The Gods' Own Creation Myth, a Forgotten Relics short story, by Ellie Di Julio*

It took the death of Ra before they listened. Their reaction came from fear. If the sun god could die, perhaps so could they. They judged the humans, our life source and our charges from before the world first spun, too changeable and dangerous to live among any longer.

And thus the Council erected the Gauntlet. One day, we walked among our children, ever seeking their prayers and love. The next, we were ripped from their side and imprisoned without hope of returning. Belief filtered through the wall, but its quality was tainted by its passage. No longer ambrosia but stale bread. Removing we lesser beings from the world did indeed strengthen the members of the Council; in the same stroke, it throttled us. Without direct connection to their small gods, fantastic creatures, and beats of nightmare, humanity had no reason to hold us in their hearts. Not when the Council was there to comfort them.

So many of us died. The Council complicit in our genocide.

As humanity grew and spilled over the world and stretched its wings past the bounds of Earth, we could merely watch as increasingly secular Man murdered our brothers and sisters, lovers and friends through apathy. Many supernals were forced to consume one another to see another sunrise, becoming conglomerates of their prey and humanity's twisted interpretations of their nature. Many others chose to die rather than cannibalize their brethren. They are lost to us forever.

I am tired of begging. Tired of waiting to die. Tired of being beholden to the humans who have forgotten us.

We are the rightful rulers of this world, its parents and protectors. We were created to watch over and be served by Man, not to suckle at the dry teat of belief and quietly pass into shadow within the walls of the prison our greatest champions built for us.

Once we walked the world with our charges, free and powerful. Once we ruled by magic.

We will again.

Ellie Di Julio: March 15, 2014

Visit [ForgottenRelicsBooks.com](http://ForgottenRelicsBooks.com) or [EllieDi.com](http://EllieDi.com) for more goodies!