

《The Forest Spirit who sought the Gods》

1 The Song of the God-Tree

At the heart of the forest of Creation, in the world of the Three, stood the tallest tree of all. The Stalwart Oak, is watching over the forest and blessing its creatures and good-hearted travelers, older than anyone remembers, kinder than anyone would be, and lonelier than anyone could get. Blessed by the three Creation Gods after they made this world, his life is coming at an end, without anyone at his side to witness the passing of this supreme entity.

Thus the Oak came to a decision, that he would not wait in vain anymore. He would gamble everything he had left, in the pursuit of his creators. He decided to create his own new life, that would seek them, consuming the blessings he received in the process.

As he began to concentrate, his branches trembled, and his leaves bloomed in full, gathering the sunlight. The forest around him, and every being in it began to tremble under the torrent of sheer might that was being used. Men, plants, beasts, every being felt the urge to prostrate in the Stalwart Oak's direction, for the powers he used were those of the Gods of Time, Nature and the Elements.

As his roots and branches began to wither, and his leaves to drop, the God-Tree began to sing his life away, his power conveying his words deep inside the heart of any who felt it :

When this world was made,

They toiled hard and got exhausted.

They stopped and rested under my shade,

While they marveled at what they created.

For my comforting leaves they bestowed gifts,

Of thought, strenght, and resilience.

I lived through time, consciousness adrift,
Radiating around me a serene presence.
In thanks I watched over their creation,
Gazing at its life and evolution.
Giving help to what they created,
I could not follow them for I am rooted.
But I grow old and tired, knowing my end,
And I yearn to meet those I called friend.
Alas I am unable to reach them,
For they slumber and dream with their children.
They are Gods, and their offspring called me one too,
So before I die let me gift this to you.
This is my life, this is my seed,
Bring it to them so I could be freed,
Carry it to them, show it to their eye,
For it is my thanks, and my last goodbye.
Now go, little one, travel out of this forest, of my shrine,
Now go, my seedling, my sprout, my sapling, and shine...

As the last words echoed and the crumbling leaves of the Stalwart Oak fell, the tree finished melding his power, and put it all into two things : his first and only seed, and his youngest leaf. The dried leaf turned back to it's green and lively sheen, as the seed melted into a black fist-sized mass of shadows. Two little, glowing, white eyes lit up on the black ball, then two slender tendrils squirmed towards the leaf, pierced through it, and brought it over itself like a hat. Under it sprouted two little nubs serving as legs as it got up, and looked up at the crown of the now passed away God-Tree.

Thus the only Forest Spirit in this world was born.

The forest was silent, as if every being inside it had stopped breathing, their heartbeat stolen for a moment, before a cold wind began to blow, and every plant and creature unconsciously began to weep and grieve. Every exploration and fight for survival in the forest stopped to welcome the last form of life created from the powers of the Three.

Life and sound returned as the Spirit made its first movement. It began crushing a few leaves, and scraped a piece of bark off the Tree to put it in. I then dug a hole between two of the biggest tree roots, and buried it's little package inside. As soon as it finished, the whole forest shuddered again, of its own volition this time, paying homage to the great existence who watched over them since the dawn of time. Every single plant, be it a young bud or old tree, gave a bit of its life to give to the Spirit, who then put it in the soil. As the shuddering stopped, a tiny branch with a single leaf sprouted from where the bark ballot was buried.

The little Forest Spirit turned around, and began walking...