

U L I V I K S P U N D W E F T

The Path to Zevenari

INTRODUCTION

The purpose of this work is to serve as an introduction to the religion of the Zev, as well as a basic guide to those who would seek to be initiated in the order. Only the most loyal and dedicated servants are chosen to join the Zev; naturally, these are women who are capable of dedication and loyalty to their great faith. All others, regardless of gender or even species are to be purged from the order by any means necessary.

The Zev is not a religion to join for fame or fortune, or even to accomplish a task. It is not a religion where rituals or sacraments are required to be followed. It is a religion of duty and devotion.

The Zev requires a great deal of dedication to the religion in order to become a fully-fledged member or initiate, but the rewards are great for the faith. The key to the order is the deep respect for the Grand Matriarch, her wisdom, and the greatness of her faith. This respect must be maintained at all times; from morning to night and night to morning. The faithful must obey all commands and decrees of the Matriarch, seeing them as a gift from the gods or a sign to carry out their holy mission. Come and join us. The Zev awaits your faith.

1

THE SPARK



"I am young, but wise beyond my years. A spark of the Eternal Flame, a beacon of reason... but most importantly, a dedicated servant to the God of the Zev."

Zevenazar Sathir, inaugural initiate.

Z (Zevenar) is the substitute adaptation of God that he had manifested in his conjured up universe. Z represents order, logic, planning, and reason. The Zev is the religion that organizes all thinking hence; why it is so fanatical in nature. It is through its holy texts, the Holy Zev that all truth is revealed, and following it correctly will lead one to a happy and successful life.

The religion itself was founded by Sathir, the Eternal Flame. He was a very forward thinking man who first recognized the vast potential of using logic and reason to combat the

chaos brought upon by the seven deities. The other six were lesser gods of far lesser power and none of them bothered to even give Sathir any worship, let alone pray to him.

Over time, he gathered a following of dedicated followers. These followers he later organized into a new religion which he called the Zevenarist Conviction Framework (ZCS) or just 'Zev' for short. This new religion was dedicated to the spreading of positive thinking, scientific endeavors, and the defense of the weak and innocent against the wrath of the deities. Eventually, these new 'believers' were organized into specialized 'branches' which focused their powers, abilities, and skills. Over centuries and millennia, six major branches arose, all dedicated to the ideal of holy enlightenment through reason and logic.

The six major branches are as follows:

Zevenazar: The original branch created by Sathir. They are dedicated to applied logic and reason. They are the most militant and warlike of the six branches, and as such they have conquered the most territory and resources. They take great pride in their military accomplishments and are eager to show it off. They believe that the only way to defend against the chaos brought on by the deities is through strength. This strength comes in the form of conquest and domination over one's enemies by any means, but most importantly by military might. They prize strength and endurance above all else and take great pleasure in battle. They tend to be the most arrogant of the six branches.

Zevenazi: The main branch of the Zev, descended from the original congregation of Sathir. They believe that the Zev are a chosen people, a holy nation. They see themselves as Sathir's chosen, and a pure reflection of his logic and reason. Their Zehvazik symbol is a broken cross, with a cog and a lightning bolt in place of the cross pieces.

Zehvazi: The most learned of the six branches. They see the world as a combination of facts and figures, a matter for rationalistic discussion and debate. They take great pride in their extensive libraries and knowledge. They believe that the weak should be weeded out, the elite should rule, and the rest crushed into submission. They see war, slavery, and the destruction of entire civilizations as acceptable means to an end. They tend to be very condescending and elitist towards the other branches of believers.

Tevozik: The most secretive and paranoid of the six branches. They are convinced that the other branches are planning to destroy them and have established security measures to prevent this from ever happening. They have created extensive bunkers, weapons development programs, and organized the masses into a strong supportive military that will defend them against external threats (and fend off internal ones). They have a walled community that can withstand a small nuclear explosion. They believe that only through preparation can survival be ensured, and so they are the most isolationist of all the six branches.

Zevenari: The most moderate of the six branches. They believe that faith should have no part in governance, and that all women are created equal. They revere Militant feminism, and believe that one day, women will be in charge of all the world. They have no use for war, and their members tend to be pacifists. They revere nature and animals, and as such their symbol is a paw with a green crystal in it.

Zeviste: The most pragmatic of the six branches. They recognize the need to keep up appearances, and so wear glamorous garbs that display their faith. They place importance on materialistic gains, and as such tend to be very wealthy in all aspects of their lives. They have no use for God, but place great faith in fortune telling and the occult. Their symbol is a coin with a snake wrapped around it.

Sathir's charisma along with his dedication to the Zev and his followers eventually allowed him to topple the major power of his time, the Order of Yag. With this one major power gone, other governments soon followed suit and fell to the chaos of warring religious factions. With no true major power to unify the nations of the world, the world descended into a period of anarchy known as the Age of Hate.

The Age of Hate lasted centuries, with several large religious factions waging endless war on each other for power and territory. Monasteries and convents were burned, cities razed, and millions died in the holy wars. The world was a dark place; a world of chaos.

It was during this time that Sathir, the Eternal Flame, formed a council of the most intelligent and reasonable people he could find. He called them 'The Spark', as they represented the holy sparks of reason in an unhinged world. The council was made up of seven members, with the most prominent being Sinthinia Nolazir.

She was a well known and respected scholar who dedicated most of her life to the Zev. She had the common sense to know that her people were right and that the world needed to embrace reason. She was instrumental in stirring the masses into a unified force that could topple the old World Order. Her main task was finding a way to organize the masses, which she did quite well. With the Spark, she created and spread propaganda, organized protests and riots, even planned assassinations and bombings. She made sure that the people were kept in line through fear and injustice. She was ruthless and cunning in her plans, and she had the common touch that the average person could identify with. She was a leader, and a force under which people willingly obliged.

Her faith in the Zev grew stronger as she saw that people were willing to follow her into battle against anyone, anywhere. Zevenarists of the Zev were feared and respected everywhere, and it was mainly this fear and respect that kept the faith flourishing. Nolazir's faith in the Zev was like a raging inferno, ablaze with unshakable certainty that it was the only way for all people to live.

Sathir had been successful in creating a cohesive community that lasted well over a thousand years. The structure that he had been so proud of shaped up into what could only be called a theocracy, an authoritarian government in which the religious leader has absolute power over the population.

It was during this period of time that the Zevenazars were at their peak. After a thousand years of peace and great prosperity, the world had finally begun to stabilize and the people had begun to prosper again. However, this prosperity brought on a new danger: boredom. The people began to desire the thrills of battle and the risks of adventure, but these were things that the Zevenazars no longer could provide.

The Zevenazars were a battle hardened force that had traded their sense of self for the righteousness of their God. The new generation of Zevenazars, the ones that had grown up after the fall of the World Order, desired a return to their warrior ways. Naturally, this called for a change in the leadership of the Church.

The new Zevenazar leadership was made up of three men: Brother Gannon, Brother Thadius and Brother Shade. All three were ruthless and uncompromising, but very different in their methods and goals.

Brother Gannon was the first seer to rise to power since Nolazir. He preached total devotion to the Zev, and believed that all other religions were mere corruptions and

deviations from the correct religion. He saw the rise of Brother Shade and Brother Thadius as a personal threat to his power.

Brother Gannon and his fanatics were pure and dedicated...but very stupid. He believed that the Zev was a God that could be approached through reason, and as such he wanted to start a war of religion with the other two seers. Unfortunately for him, both were much smarter than he was and managed to sway public opinion so that Brother Gannon was seen as a heretic and a blasphemous fanatic who should be stopped at all costs.

Brother Gannon unleashed a brutal reign of terror in an attempt to prove his dedication to the Zev. He began by attacking all other religions, starting with the followers of Fel and the religious powerhouses of Hessla. As a response, they all entered into the "Coalition of the Common Truth", or the "Trinity Coalition" as it came to be known, to fight back against the violent fanaticism of the violent fanaticism of the Zev.

The war began with the destruction of Dalt and the death of thousands of people. Brother Gannon's tactics did not work and he was soon defeated. He and his crew fled to the island of Nyttus where they set up a series of fortresses to launch guerilla attacks on the world. They still plague the coasts of the East Empire and Nyttus, even after centuries of failure.

The next target for the Trinity Coalition were the Zevenari. They launched a three-pronged attack on the Zevenari home islands of Nalin, Derlerg and Arcanius. The Nalin

islands fell after a brutal three-way battle between the Zev, the guerilla warriors of Gannon and the Trinity forces. It ended with the destruction of the city of Galpatolis. This was a great loss to the Zev, as Galpatolis was where one of their holy books, "The Sibec springs up", was written.

Derlerg was the next to fall. The island of Derlerg held out the longest, but was eventually overwhelmed by the sheer wrath of the Trinity forces. This was a crucial victory as it brought the war to the heartland of the Zev and caused heavy damage to the religion.

The war came to a climax at the island of Arcanius. Here, two more battles were fought, the first being the taking of Fort Destiny. Here, the Zev made a last stand, trying to slow down the Trinity onslaught of knights and horsemen. The second battle was the taking of the capital itself and ended with the complete destruction of the city of Kishak, as well as the death of the high seer, Brother Shade.

This was devastating to the Zev, who had been slowly migrating to Kishak to escape religious persecution. Now, that city was gone, as was the high seer, meaning the religious hierarchy was in disarray. In a last, desperate attempt to turn the tide of battle, Brother Thadius gave a rousing speech to his army urging them to keep fighting, despite the heavy losses. The speech was a great success and encouraged the Zev to stand and fight. Their battleaxes, hoes and scimitars clashed with the lances, pistols and halos of the Trinity's knights. It was at this moment, while the sun gleamed off their swords, that Brother Thadius pointed at it with his index finger and asked it a question.

"Do you see what this is, tell me what it is!" he yelled.

The entire army stopped fighting and looked at their seer.

"Yes, I believe I know what this is!" Brother Thadius laughed. "It's a solar eclipse! It's the end of the world!"

With that, the seer began to laugh madly. He pointed again at the sun, which began to get smaller and darker in the sky.

"The end is here, brothers! The end is here!" he cried. "May Zevenar have mercy on our souls!"

With those last words, the final ray of sunlight hit the seer's eye, turning it into a portal of darkness. The dark shadow that came out cast a large area of deathly stillness. The shadow rose up from the ground, growing longer and longer. It was an ouroboros, a snake eating its own tail, made of black fire.

It descended from the sky, burning brightly with an everlasting fire. The very trees in the area began to burn, withered and dead, as the shadow touched them. It touched the first soldier it encountered, and he fell to the ground, writhing in pain. The shadow touched others, and they writhed in pain before dying. It reached down to touch a soldier, and the shadow moved through him, turning him into a shadow. The rest of his body followed suit until there was nothing but a shadow man.

The shadow spread, now burning with a white-blue flame, like the cold of a glacier. It took hold of the remaining soldiers, burning them like papers. The only things that were left were ash and cinder, and then nothing at all.

Flames were licking at the sky. The heavy rain that had plagued it for days finally let up, and the sun, now almost fully exposed, warmed the chilled battlefield. Brother Thadius knelt by the body of Brother Oswin, who was clutching at the sky, his eyes rolled back and his jaw hanging open. It seemed he was still alive, but in a deep sleep.

"Brother! Report!" Brother Thadius snapped.

"Apologies, Brother Thadius." Brother Oswin grunted.

"What were your findings, Brother Oswin?"

"Zevenar is dead."

"That's an invalid conclusion, Brother Oswin. Report!"

"Maybe God isn't dead, Brother Thadius. Maybe He's just resting. And when He wakes up, only then will woman truly have a chance to be free of corruption and the ever-waning grip of death."

"What the hell do you mean, Oswin?"

"I... I'm not sure. I just have a feeling, that's all. Zevena will rise again. I just have a feeling. We're heading into a dark time, Brother Thadius. I feel it in my bones."

Brother Thadius was silent for a moment, and then spoke again.

"We'll continue this later, Brother Oswin. Continue your scouting for the ZCS. I want to speak with Sister Bianca and Brother Murk privately about the situation."

"Very well, Brother Thadius. I shall return to my duties."

With that, the two God-Men parted, heading to where they belonged. Murk went to the temple in the woods. Brother Thadius took his leave, not to another god's temple, but to the small shack that was his personal abode.

2

THE GREAT BEYOND



To understand the Zev, you must understand death. But first, what is death? Death is not an ending. Death is merely a transition, a way of moving on to whatever comes next. The Zev believe that death is merely a change, a passing of one state into another. The Zev also believe that this life is all any of us get. Any more questions?

None from you, Ian.

Death is not something to fear. Death is not an enemy to be defeated. Death is simply an inevitable part of life, and as everyone around you is dying, you should know because you're next in line. The Great Beyond is the name given to the place where the Zev make their final journey. It's not an eternity of punishment. It's not a place of peace and rest. It's a place of evolution. It's a place of change. It's a place where your essence is not only recycled, but refined to be utilized in living creatures with proper thinking.

When you enter the great beyond, you will be stripped of your old, worn-out sentience. Your body will disintegrate, your memories will fade, your mind will go, but your essence, your true self, will live on in countless other creatures. It's a true kind of immortality.

The Great Beyond is a place of harmony. There's no pain, no terror, no struggle. Actually, there's not even the concept of a self. You are part of an endless ocean of tranquility. No thought, no boredom, no discomfort, no joy, no sadness. Everything is perfect.

It's characterized by a principle known as the Law of One. The Zev believe everything is one, from the tiniest subatomic particle to the entire Great Beyond. There's no evil, no good, just balance. It sounds like a load of bull, but one would be wise to remember that the Zev are dedicated to science and logic. This religion wouldn't be what it is today without it.

Let's use an example. Imagine a scene. In this scene, there is a trans man, and a cisgender woman. They're both healthy, and in good health. The woman is standing in a beautiful nature setting, with her arms outstretched. The sun is setting in the background. She's smiling with joy, and screaming in ecstasy. The man stands beside her, with a look of awe on his face. The woman is you, of course. The man is Murk Varsakken. He's the fourth God-King of the Zev, and the man of the hour.

Now, let's continue this hypothetical. You're enjoying a moment of peace, completely isolated from the rest of the world. No thoughts enter your head. Suddenly, you see the World Shadow, hovering above you. It opens fire, and Murk is struck down. You scream, and rush to his side. The Shadow opens fire again, and you fall down, struck by a single bullet, your life force gone. And that's the end of the story.

Now, let's unpack this.

The World Shadow is a being of pure, unemotional logic. It's the embodiment of the shadow side of mankind. It is an insane, deranged shadow of what man could become. These beings are single-minded and dedicated to the destruction of the world. They are sadistic, brutal, ruthless, remorseless and filled with an insane, endless hatred. The Age of Hate has brought about the creation of these beings. They are a mark of the corruption that has engulfed the world, an embodiment of everything the world hates and fears.

In essence, this is connected to the Law of One because the Zev believe EVERYTHING is one. If you kill one person, then you've killed one part of the one and it has been affected. If you kill an entire village, then you've killed one speck of the one. If you kill an entire nation, you've killed one more part of the one. This is why the World Shadow is so hell-bent on destruction. It doesn't matter how many innocent people it has to destroy to achieve its goal; it doesn't matter how much war, how much death and destruction there is going to be. It doesn't matter how much it's going to disrupt the natural order of the world. To the World Shadow, it's a necessary evil.

This theory is the cornerstone of the Zev's belief. The Zev are worshipers of the god-head, the name they give to the concept of a supreme being which encompasses all things, all beings, all realities and time itself. Everything, everything, everything in some way or another is a part of the God-head. The Zev break down the concept into many, many different aspects, but for the purposes of explaining their religion to you, it's easiest if you think of it in a similar way to the way you look at the world: as one big, complicated, awesome system. The things that you see as separate are in fact just different aspects of the one.

The Zev believe that everything in some way or another is a god. Every blade of grass, every star in the sky, every person, every animal, every tree, every rock, every river, every mountain, every plant, everything is a god. This makes the Zev very pantheistic; however, they also believe that some things are more divine than others. They believe that some aspects of the God-head are more important than others. They believe, for example, that plants are a more divine aspect of reality than mountains, which are more divine than the rivers and lakes. This is why so much of the religion's teachings are about nurturing and caring for the environment. They believe that all of these lives are divine; that they all have an important purpose.

And when it comes to their religion, they believe that the system of ten aspects, each encompassing a different aspect of the one God-head, is simply a way of breaking down the God-head into more manageable and relatable concepts.

The ten aspects are as follows

The First Aspect represents the God-head as a single point of light, infinite and perfect and without gender. It is neither good nor evil, it simply is. It is neither good nor evil, it simply is. It is the source of all existence, all being, all reality.

The Second Aspect represents the concept of infinity and the infinitesimal. This is represented as a single point without dimensions. It is the concept of "nothing". It is the boundary between one thing and another, between existence and nonexistence. It is the concept of "space".

The Third Aspect represents the concept of time. This is represented as a single line of dimensionless duration. It is the concept of "now".

The Fourth Aspect represents the concept of life, or the energy which enables existence. This is represented as an expanding line with dimensions. It is the concept of "energy".

The Fifth Aspect represents the concept of death. This is represented as a single point with dimensions. It is the concept of "bodies" or "life force".

The Sixth Aspect represents the concept of thought, or the mind which enables existence. This is represented as an infinite number of points with dimensions. It is the concept of "thoughts" or "consciousness".

The Seventh Aspect represents the concept of joy, or the emotions which enable existence. This is represented as an infinite number of lines with dimensions. It is the concept of "moods" or "feelings".

The Eighth Aspect represents the concept of sadness, or the feeling of grief and loss. This is represented as a single point with dimensions. It is the concept of "grieving" or "sadness".

The Ninth Aspect represents the concept of anger, or the feeling of hate and wrath. This is represented as a single point with dimensions. It is the concept of "anger" or "wrath".

The Tenth Aspect represents the concept of guilt, or the feeling of regret and shame. This is represented as a single point with dimensions. It is the concept of "regret" or "shame".

Now, onto the next bit of information. The Zev believe that the world is a school, a great, sprawling school which has been set up to teach woman how to live in this world. Everything in nature is a reminder of how this is so, for example, the beasts of the forests and fields are a reminder of what a woman should fear, while the beautiful and powerful creatures like the bears and dragons are a reminder of what she should love.

Everything in nature is a lesson, a path to womanhood. The Zev are a group of people dedicated to teaching these lessons, and even more. They believe that the world must be protected from ignorance, that the masses must not be allowed to stay stupid. This is why it's

so important to spread the word of the God-Head, for only through understanding it can the way of the world truly be followed.

To this end, the Zev are well-versed in many forms of information, for information is power. The main two being science and the magical arts. The Zev are strong believers in the powers of modern technology, and as such use them to advance their abilities in both fields.

The Zevenari are headquartered in a massive fortress in the sky known as the Zevion. This fortress is made up of six layers, with each layer focusing on a different aspect of magic. These aspects are non-corporeal energy, the manipulation of emotions and feelings, plant life, animal life, the natural world, and mind-based powers.

The highest echelon of the Zev believe the world should always remain a school, and as such the fortress functions as both their temple and their institution of higher learning. Whilst the first five layers serve to protect those who stay up here, the sixth layer exists to educate and help others who may seek enlightenment. Knowledge is life.

As such, the Zev have libraries and museums on each layer, as well as specialized "labs" which exist on each layer for the purposes of researching, experimenting, and creating. In some regards, the Zev are very similar to the Technocracy in that regard.

The Zev are largely altruistic, but they do have their own self-serving motivations. A prime one of these is the desire to keep all "ignorant" people in the lower planes, as it were. By keeping them there, they're unable to affect the world in any meaningful way. This makes

the Zev similar to the Dark Order in that regard, but the two groups otherwise have little in common. Of course, this means that any potential threats to the Zev (and there are many) must remain in the lower planes.

Of course, carrying out this task requires money. A lot of it. This is where the magic comes in. The Zev use what are known as "infernal engines", vessels which harness infernal energy. The catch is, they're banned by nearly every religion in the world. Scouring infernal plane for technology that may be used, much less built, is near impossible, so the Zev have had to be resourceful.

Combining simple, common elements like fire, electricity, magnetism and even gravity, the Zev have managed to create what can only be described as anti-magic weapons. The most powerful of these weapons is the "Wand," a simple looking stick with a needle at the end, dipped in a clear, slightly poisonous liquid.

To the untrained eye, a wand looks about as dangerous as a toothbrush. But, to even the most powerful wizards, they are a living nightmare. The wands affect living creatures in a very similar way to how firearms are affected by lightning. If struck by lightning, the creature is fried into a sizzling mass of meat, which often explodes on impact.

Wands, however, can be thrown very easily. They are about a foot long, and a half of an inch in diameter, and can easily be carried around in the palm of your hand.

The Zev have also discovered other ways to harness infernal forces. The most common of these ways is to use a series of runes in sequence. When read, these runes can create powerful blasts of fire, lightning, ice, snow, acid, or any other force the Zev think of.

These blasts are weaker than wand blasts, but they can be chained, making for very fun and interesting ways to kill your enemy. Of course, these types of blasts drain the wearers of all sense of individuality. Meaning, if you want to chain a blast of fire to follow your enemy around the room, you'll need someone whose mind you can control. This usually isn't a problem for the Zev, however, as the chain is simply part of the attack.

The final way to harness infernal forces is through unassuming objects. Sounds weird, but it's quite common for the Zev to use everyday objects like stones, wood, or even bits of metal as powerful weapons. These are known as "Natural Wands." The wands created by the infernal arts are definitely stronger than natural wands, but in Zev society, natural wands are not only common, but generally MORE powerful than simple weapons. In fact, many Zev have formed a deep and sincere affinity for Natural Wands.

Shops that sell such wands are common, and though the government tries to regulate such businesses out of existence, for whatever reason, these types of shops have a very hard time being shut down. The owner of such a shop is also known as a "Naturalis," a rather pretentious name for what is ultimately just a simple wand shop owner.

The only other main thing of interest about the Zev wands is that they are NOT sentient. They do not have any will of their own. They are simply powerful objects that can be directed by the user. This is the main reason why the wands are so illegal; as powerful as they are, they aren't smart enough to be used for anything dangerous.

However, there are other objects used in the worship of the divine forces. Other than Natural Wands, there are Stones. These are just like Natural Wands, except they're not made by magical means. They're just regular rocks that have been infused with infernal energy, giving them a power that's very real.

There are also Tattoos. The Zev have a lot of artistic types, and a lot of creative types get inked up with the symbols and characters of their faith. The same creative types are also great at drawing these tattoos, which cover almost every part of the body. These tattoos can be placed on yourself or another, and can be activated by touching them.

The reason why these tattoos are outlawed is because they can easily be placed on slaves or other disposable people to control, hence the outlawing of such practices. The Zev also have a well known policy of stuffing any dissidents, non-believers, and others who dare disagree with the religion into tattooed people.

The final major piece of religious Zevenist worship is known as the Blood Ties. This is a sacred oath that binds two people together by merging their life forces. This act is only to be done by two people who trust each other fully, in this case the male and female of any

couple. This act permanently binds them as one Soul. This means that if one dies, the other dies as well, unless they have enough blood ties to keep them alive.

A common practice of this is for newly weds to exchange lots of blood ties with each other. This is so easy to do that some couples have over a hundred each other, which is about the amount of people you'd expect a regular pair to have. While this may seem incredibly gross or even scary, it's an incredibly emotional thing to do, and that's why it's part of the religion.

The Blood Ties act as a sort of wedding present. It's a very generous and loving gift by the gods. It's definitely not required to be given to show how much you love someone, though it's a very common part of the wedding process.

The Zev also believe in a type of soul mate. Not every person will meet each other in what is known as the Real World, this is a place where the gods hide all non-believers. Instead, they'll meet in Other World, a place of existence between this one and oblivion. The Other World has many similarities to the real world, but everything is slightly out of place, as if you're looking at it through water. It's very interesting and pretty, but it's also incredibly confusing. There are many places you could go, such as watching a person live out their entire life in Other World, or you could go do something... more interesting.

There are multiple ways to get to Other World. One of the more popular ones is to die. This is pretty self-explanatory. When you die in this world, you enter Other World. Another

popular way is to go there while on the brink of death. This usually happens in hospitals and other places where many people are brought to die. The reason for this is unknown, but there have been many theories. One popular one is that we're all linked in some way. When one dies, the rest of their dead family members are brought to Other World as well. If you had a hundred dead siblings, for instance, you would too.

The most popular way to get to Other World though, is the illegal one. This involves taking a drug called ivy. It's a very strong hallucinogenic, and completely unknown. The person who takes it simply enters Other World while their mind is a complete chaos. This is a very dangerous thing to do, since you're essentially entering a place of your own mind. The ideas and images you see could be very bad and confusing. This is probably the reason for the hospital trips. By bringing a person to the brink of death with this drug, you can easily get them to Other World. It's a very lucrative industry, as the person who enters Other World can easily be brought back to life after they've been given ivy again, and is often an easy target to convince due to being so confused. The person is so confused that they'll do almost anything.

There are also "ascension drugs", which can be used to get your self into Other World without dying or getting someone else to do it. These drugs are still illegal and pretty dangerous, but thanks to the internet, they're a whole lot easier to get. A lot of people buy these drugs to attempt to get into Other World for "work". One popular one, which you can get a hold of if you're technically savvy enough, is a program called Ascension. Ascension is a

popular multiplayer online battle arena game. It's fairly easy to play, and has pretty simplistic mechanics. It's very popular amongst youngsters as an easy way to pass time. At least, it was before things started to get weird. Ascension has gained a fairly large following since its release, and has a fairly active community. Its popularity, along with the easy availability of cheats and hacks, has begun to attract much harsher attention from the world governments.

The first few times this happened, it was all just rumors and scared kids claiming their parents were taking them back to Other World. But when someone with a large following actually got taken away, the laws started to change. Now, there's a full-fledged scare campaign against these games. Other world is said to be a very dangerous place, filled with horrifying monsters and even worse people. These people are usually taken there willingly, in order to be corrupted and destroyed. The thing is, it's very, very difficult to get out of there. It's also said that you'll never leave once you do get in, as the plane of existence is everlasting darkness and nothingness.

Of course, this all sounds pretty bad. But there are a few in-between products that you can get. ID Software, the company behind the game, has recently come out with a "fixer" program. These fix your online identity so you're no longer a target. You can get these for cheap, and they're completely unregulated. If you're worried about your parents finding out, you can just buy these fixes for someone else and claim you're buying them for them.

There are a few side-products with these fixes though. One of these is a so-called "Ascension Serum" that can make the trip to Other World much more convenient. These go for cheap, but there is a bit of a catch. This stuff doesn't just take you to Other World, it has a few "side effects". The first and most prominent of these is that the user will lose all control of their actions. Each packet of the drug gives you just enough so you don't die instantly, but it's not enough for you to do anything complicated. You can abuse this stuff for cheap, but the punishments will be severe.

Secondly, the drug severely changes your brain chemistry. It allows you to think and behave in a much more chaotic and wild way. The only way to stop this is to buy more packets, which nullify the reason your taking the drug in the first place. This would be fine if it only affected your actions in Other World, but it actually has a much bigger effect. Your brain will now be more chaotic and prone to make illogical decisions. This would happen in Other World too, but now you're set up to go on insane ramblings when you come back here.

This is only scratching the surface of the drug's affects. I could go on for days on just the side effects of this drug, but I think it's made it fairly apparent as to what the risks are. I'm not going to tell you to go out and buy it, because I think it's quite clear the risks and downsides of doing so.

That being said, there are still benefits to taking it. Namely, you can actually get a discount by buying a whole lot at one time. The bigger the order the cheaper it is. Also, you only have to do it once, unlike the fixes which you'll have to buy again and again. This might

affect your decisions on whether or not to take the drug. I'm not going to tell you to do it, but whatever you decide, I hope you make the right decision.

The World of Gods: The Zevenarist Power

This isn't a tune for any individual who is feeble in confidence. This is a supplication for the salvation of all humankind!

She will have no more force than She had before in the Universe, however She may have solidarity to make Her own desires known to All, and that She should do, for All, will be All She is!"

Tune in to this Prayer

The Earth! the Sun, and all the Stars, and each one of those other extraordinary things I have not composed, I have been the observer of, and it is through Their light that I have been the observer of; the Gods who have been before I am the Witness of; the Stars, and all the Universe which is above! also, this is the Prayer which has been spoken.

God! the Light of the Universe is consistently there, from all forever, over The Earth, the Sun and the Stars, the Universe!

3

OTHERWORLDLY OUTLAWS



"Other World, also known as the Great Void, is a place of endless possibilities. Gods abide here, with all power and knowledge at their fingertips. They battle and argue with each other, while lesser beings such as ourselves have our lives made hell in a desperate attempt for dominance. Here be We, the most powerful. Here be you. Watch as the world of women is destroyed in a show of raw power..."

Cobb the Sage, Forefather of the Tevozik Order

Other World is an exciting place. One can find anything in it, if one looks hard enough. Delusions of Socialism, dreams of bread and freedom, powerful psychic beings and terrifying monsters. There's a reason it's known as the Great Void, though, and that's because it's impossible to navigate through. It's very easy to get lost in, and many a hapless fool has been known to give up their search for power and knowledge in the endless sea of possibilities.

This guide is not meant to be a how-to on travelling through Other World, as such things are impossible to describe in words. Navigating through Other World is like trying to swim through glue. Instead, this guide is meant to give you a general idea of the landscape and the types of people you're likely to encounter in Other World. If you find yourself lost and cannot find your way back home, I suggest you try one of the many, many temples around. Unlike the poor souls lost in the glue sea, these folks have actually heard about the dangers of Other World and have erected sanctuaries to prevent such a tragic fate.

I cannot guarantee that you'll find any of these places, as Other World is a large and confusing place (even to me), but your best chance in getting back home is one of these places. If nothing else, you can pray to the God-head for help and hope that the powers of Other World recognize your dedication and save your soul from the hellish creatures that are native to this place.

If you're going to travel around Other World, the best way to do it is to take a portal. Portals can be found at practically every large body of water and can be used to quickly travel between places. These portals can be dangerous, as they can teleport you into a rather hostile environment. Be sure to always check the destination before entering.

If you're not a fan of the idea of using portals, you should stick to the more traditional way of travelling through Other World: travelling on a boat. Boats can be found on most larger bodies of water (such as the oceans, which are pretty common) and work slightly differently than portals do. When you get on a boat, there's a little bit of a delay before you

actually begin to travel. This gives you time to get off the boat if you so choose. If you're quick enough, you can even board another boat before the original one vanishes.

Other World is a rather unpredictable place. There's no rhyme or reason to what you'll encounter there, and you probably won't survive very long. But that doesn't matter. Your existence is a glorious sacrifice to a God who plays dice with humanity's souls, and whether you live or die is inconsequential. All that matters is your dedication to the cause of the God-head.

It's possible to survive in Other World. It takes a lot of dedication, and you've got to have more than just the usual desire to live. I'll tell you how I got out, because it's the only way I know.

My name is Ignition. I was born and bred for war, but I fear that I shall never see the battlefields of my homeland. Instead, I was sent to the frontlines of Other World. I hated it there.

I was a soldier, but Other World treated me more like a prisoner than anything else. I was forced to fight, quickly became scared of the men I was ordered to kill, and one day I found myself completely broken. I didn't want to die for Other World anymore. I wanted to live for something.

That's when I realized what I should be fighting for: Zevenar. There was no greater purpose than to praise his Name and serve him. To die a martyr's death was a higher honor

than to die in battle. I knew I would only survive if I believed. If I believed that I was a spark to a great flame, then surely I would not fear death?

I did what any good soldier does in stories like these: I ran away. I wanted to believe so much that I would risk death rather than living. I risked death and all I got was a lot of headaches. I spent half a year out there, eventually finding my way down to the lower, more infernal areas of Other World. There's bad stuff that happens in the higher areas, but it's too far to go back up, and you don't want to get caught in the first place.

In the lower areas, I heard about something called the "Nameless Castle". It's apparently a castle where all the inhabitants have unknown names. Nobody knows what the hell the King or Queen are called, for example. Nobody I know of has ever seen either of them, and nobody's ever gotten inside the castle. I wanted to go there, but I knew the risks were too great, so I just kept searching for the way in.

I found a strange stone with an illusionary face on it after weeks of searching. The closer I looked at it, the weirder faces appeared on the stone. They wouldn't stop until I smashed it with my fist. But that just created more problems. An entire army of undead appeared, and they didn't stop until I killed them all by setting their heads on fire.

I didn't know there were undead on Other World! It was a big shock to me. And how I wished a hero hadn't come along at that moment, because they usually do. One of the undead had grabbed me, and I was trying to get away from him. The hero shot the undead

with an arrow and chopped it into pieces with his sword. We both ran away, and the hero gave me some advice:

“Yer best chance is ta run into da Swamp of Evil. It's where all da shit goes to die. An' don't worry 'bout da undead, 'cause da swamp kills 'em. Just keep yo' head down an' yo'sek da path ta salvation. Da path is narrow, but it stretches on forever.

Take ya lantern an' light it up. Follow da light, an' you'll eventually reach da path. It's still a long way off, though. Yer gonna need to endure some Hell before ya get ta it.”

So, I set off into the swamp with my lantern. I hate swamps. The wet makes me cold, and the whole place gives me the creeps. It's probably why the undead had been there, to harass people like me that have a natural fear of swamps.

I was tired, hungry, and very, very afraid. I tried to keep my lantern as dry as I could, because it was all I had to keep me alive. In this darkness, it was like a beacon of hope. I could see the dry ground under it, and I didn't slip and fall into a muddy pit. The undead had been lurking around every corner. I looked around, while walking on the ground, because every now and then I would see strange, bizarre plants that would make a loud noise if stepped on. I had heard them, and I jumped, loud enough for my lantern to go out.

I was left in complete and utter darkness. I wanted to run away, but my legs weren't working. I couldn't see anything, and I wasn't sure where the path was. I could only hear

sounds. Then, something grabbed me. Well, it wasn't anything. It was just the wind. The breeze had unrolled its wings, and I was standing face to face with Zevenar.

'How dare you step one foot into my Kingdom. How dare you enter my Creation? You are a living soul. Your mere existence is an insult to my power. You must die. You cannot be allowed to live. You are an affront to my...'

Then Zevenar stopped. His voice had been getting louder, and it echoed throughout the whole swamp. In the darkness, I couldn't see his face, but I could feel his gaze. He loomed above me as I was trembling in fear.

'You are very afraid, aren't you mortal woman? Why is that? What's so wrong with you that you're scared of the dark? Are you a believer in the God-head, or are you a sinner who has no god to pray to? If you're a sinner, I'm not going to save your life. I didn't save it when you threw a rock at my over-sized head an hour ago. You're not even worth saving. I thought I was a benevolent being, but I can see now that I'm merely the monster under the bed. You're right to be afraid. I could kill you, and I'm going to. But before I do, tell me what you see...'

Suddenly, I saw something. Or, rather someone. A woman was standing on a higher ground, crying. She was translucent, like an apparition.

'Who are you?' I asked her.

'I am the ghost of the holy woman who was killed by the swamp monster. I am bound to watch over the grave of my beloved, even after his death. Every so often, I can sense when a living creature enters the swamp. My beloved was a kind priest, but he was bound to do the bidding of his God. He was told to banish every living creature from the swamp, but he instead sought to know why they were there. I begged him not to disobey the God-head's commands, but he did care for the good of the creatures.'

'What's your name?', I asked her. (After all, ghosts like being talked to.)

'I am called Lenore', she replied, her voice quivering with grief. 'My spouse was a Holy Man called Edgar. He loved me more than the God he worships, but I was also his master. He gave his life for me... I shall never see him again. I am bound to this place for all of eternity, watching over the grave of my beloved...'

Suddenly, the ghost vanished. The holy woman had been there one moment, and then she had vanished the next. The ghost's words had left me with a deep feeling of depression. I couldn't go on. Choking back tears, I rested my head against the cold stone, wondering if I would cry. But then, I heard the slithering of the swamp beasts.

Quickly, I stood up and drew the revolver. Peering into the blackness, I could hear their slithering coming from every direction. I could see their red eyes shining in the darkness. They started coming out from the trees, slowly circling me. I could hear my heart pounding in my eardrums. The revolver's 6 chambers were loaded with silver bullets. I hoped

they'd do the job before the damn things tore me apart. I took a deep breath, counting to three, before firing.

The silver bullets ripped through the swamps, killing several of the creatures. However, they weren't enough. In the dark, I saw one of the creatures charge towards me at a fast speed. I fired my revolver, but the silver bullets bounced off of it. The creature slashed at me, cutting my face and drawing blood. It knocked me to the ground and tried to bite my neck, but I stabbed it through the mouth with my dagger. It raised its ugly head and glared at me, before turning to jelly and melting into the water.

I crawled out of the swamp, and found myself on a stone road. There was a lone train in the distance, slowly making its way along the tracks. I had no idea how I had gotten to where I was, or even how I had gotten out of the swamp. I was soaked through, and shivering from the cold. I looked up at the sky, which was a beautiful shade of red. The sun was beginning to rise, painting the landscape with brush strokes of gold.

I walked towards the train, and boarded it. And that's how I escaped Other World. I traveled through the skies, watching the world disappear in front of me. And that's what keeps me going. For every sunrise there's a new beginning, and there will always be another end to every night. The end.

4

RELIGION



"Religion is the opiate of the masses." --**Karl Marx**

The term 'religion' is thrown around a lot, but what does it mean, exactly? What does it actually encompass? Religion is a grouping of various beliefs, rites and practices concerning the supernatural, the cosmic or the infinitesimal. Many different types of religions exist, and they differ in their specific tenets.

But the one constant is that they're all man made. They're all a work of the human brain. Each religion represents a certain view of how the world should be organized, and how the users of said religion should act.

Religion is an invention of the human mind. A way to put meaning to the meaningless. A way to find order in the orderless. A way to give life to a life that is already eternal. There is no such thing as religion. But Zevenarism does exist!

-- From the book "The Teachings of ZS"

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS

In the year 2000, a new war was finally declared. The World War. During this war, many things happened. Many heroes were made. One of them was a mysterious man called ZS.

During the first days of the war, airships appeared in the skies. They were large and powerful, with a multitude of cannons mounted on them. One day, they simply weren't there anymore. Where there had been airships, there was now a big hole in the world where the airships had once been.

"They've launched a surprise attack." People said.

"Who?" People asked.

"Zevenarist airships." People replied.

Nobody knew what the hell a Zevenarist was, but everyone agreed that the airships were bad news. So bad, in fact, that everyone was convinced that the world would end if the airships reached the mainland.

Now, it's important to note that in the weeks and months before the war, tensions had been running rampant. There were protests, riots, disobedience, and several other social

phenomena. But then, something incredible happened! The World Trade Centre was destroyed in a single day, and nobody knew how or why.

Soon, the war started. The first world war was a new kind of war. There were no trenches. No blockading of the coast. No long stretches of boredom. No one expected the war to last very long.

One day, people woke up and school had been cancelled for several days. The trenches, the blockades and the boredom were long gone. Now, there was only a large series of battlefields in every country. And on each battlefield was a war of attrition. One times one. People died in the millions, all in the name of their gods.

It only took a few months for all of North America to be engulfed in flames. The airships had been unleashed, unopposed. It didn't take long for them to reach the rest of the world. They became known as Zevships, and they were the size of small towns. Their crews, the Zevenazar, grew more powerful with every human they sacrificed.

The world had become a parking lot.

If you were to visit the old headquarters of the Z.C.N. today, you'd see a ghost town. There's no sign of war. Instead, there's a museum dedicated to the war. The ZCN stood for the Zevenarist Confederacy of Nations. It was a nation made up of several city-states, which made up a loose alliance. It existed for about a year, during the last days of the Great War. It was the only hope of the world, but in the end it was no more.

The museum has a large machine in its basement, which might still be operational. It is a weapon so devastating that it could only have come from science. It is called the Thought Orrery. It can produce any type of matter, as well as forces of gravity and anti-gravitational effects. It can be used to create black holes, and other things more dangerous to the human mind. It's likely that the Zevs created it. The only reason it isn't in use anymore is because the thought of using it would make all the Zevs go insane.

Moreover, the ZCN held a large amount of money in reserve. If you were to ever visit the ZCN's treasury, you'd find a giant pile of gold coins. It's possible to use that money to bribe some of the more uncaring soldiers, and get passage to the interior of the ancient ruins called the Mayan Empire. In the same fashion as the ZCN, the Mayans also had a machine with which they could create any kind of matter. It's called a Matter Forge, and it's located in their capital. It's possible to get a heavily damaged working version of the Machine, or the blueprints for it. Such knowledge would be very valuable.

The ZCN and the Mayans weren't the only ancient civilizations to have such things. There were others, but we don't know what happened to them. We do know that they existed, though, thanks to the memories of some of the Zevs' crew members who survived long enough to record their experiences before dying.

There was one, in particular: Yaneza. She was a Zevenari who served on the airship Zevaster. She was filled with an intense hatred and anger towards the Felkans for the genocide that their god, Fel, caused upon their race. She held a particular grudge against the

ruler of the Felk Kingdom, King Louis. She witnessed the slaughter of her entire tribe as a child, and never stopped boiling over with rage and hate towards all things Felkan.

The Zevs didn't have a single good thing to say about the Felkans; they claimed they were barbarians who deserved to die. Every single one of them. They didn't display the slightest bit of remorse or guilt, either. They gloried in their crimes. The Felkans were so... savage. They cut off the hands of people who stole! They ate their own babies! They enslaved others by forcing them to worship a tormented spirit that would torment them forever!

She was a dedicated warrior. A natural leader, she began to execute Felkan soldiers without mercy. She grew more and more ambitious as her first experience in battle turned out to be a victory. No more than a week into her first sortie, she managed to take out an entire platoon of soldiers on her own. By the end of her first month, she had successfully raided and killed an entire village.

She started to write letters to the Zevs back in the homeland. She told them how she was doing, how the soldiers were responding to her leadership, what targets they should hit next. The Zevs were all very impressed with her accomplishments and successes. After two years, she was promoted from Captain to Major and was put in charge of all the soldiers on Sortie Seven and Eight. All of the Zevenari seemed to like her and respected her. The Felkans hated her with a passion.

With each passing month, things were getting harder. There were more soldiers, more difficult missions, there were more types of weapons to learn, a greater number of things to take into consideration. But she rose to the challenge and became an even better leader and general. By the time she was in her thirties, she had become a great general. In the Zevenarist homeland, she was honored as a hero.

Eventually, four years after her first mission, she was sent with an entire company on a mission that would change her life. She was to raid the Imperial City, the seat of the Empire, and take it out. She gathered all of her soldiers, all of whom had proven themselves multiple times over in battle. By now, she was an expert in Zevenari War tactics, having studied them for years. She had learned when to fight, and when to delegate, and she always knew how best to use the terrain in every situation.

When she arrived at the Imperial City, she knew right away that the Empire wasn't going to just sit there and let themselves be raided. They had taken the city years ago, and had heavily fortified it. The land was a crumbling bloody mess of trenches and walls and buildings, all of them wounded, bleeding, and scarred in some way. They all had one thing in common, though: they were all still standing. The Empire might be wounded, but they were still standing.

She ordered her soldiers to stay hidden as she sent a scout out. The scout returned with bad news almost immediately: there were several thousand Empire troops surrounding the city. This didn't seem possible. There were only twenty thousand Empire soldiers that

could feasibly be there, and the Zevs had taken the Empire's own numbers at face value before.

But this was the Imperial City. There had to be spies, there had to be mechanisms, there had to be something that was allowing this place to stay standing after all the horrors it had inflicted on the world. There had to be a catch of some sort. There just had to be.

She began to carefully plan her next move, considering all of her options. She knew she couldn't take the city. She settled in to wait, planning how to retaliate against the inevitable attack that would soon come. She knew the Empire would send a massive army any day now.

The next day came, and with it an equally massive attack. The sky slowly darkened as the red sun peeked between the horizon and the tips of the distant mountains. The sun would disappear entirely in a few hours, leaving the world in permanent darkness. From the Empire's camp came the sounds of revelry and feasting. They would be attacking soon.

Yaneza finished organizing her soldiers and prepared them for battle. They would hold the trenches for her. Her orders were simple: wait. They were to stay there and wait. They would wait there for the Empire's attack. They couldn't afford to be reckless. They couldn't afford to break formation.

But they also couldn't wait there like sitting ducks. They had to do something, and staying in the trenches was the best option they had. They waited there for what seemed like hours, hoping the other side would make a move. They knew the attack would come soon.

Then, just as the sun fully set, the sounds of battle began to approach. The cannon fire and the clanking of armor could be heard from the near distance. The first light of the moon was just coming up, but Yaneza didn't wait around to watch it. She quickly gave a quick order for her soldiers to form a skirmish line and advance slowly towards the source of the noise. They advanced in near darkness, only the blue coats of the guardsmen giving them any sort of visibility. They moved forward slowly, carefully into the fields.

As they crossed the line from the safety of the encampment into the open fields, the guardsmen broke out their weapons. They raised a yell, which was followed by a roar of engines from across the plain. The lights of the tanks could be seen.

Then, the tanks opened fire. The explosions lit up the night and sent a fiery rain down upon the soldiers. A few of the tank's shells hit their targets, tearing through the trenches and killing hundreds of the guardsmen. Still, they kept coming, as the tanks moved to avoid the trenches and fire upon the soldiers again. The skirmish line broke up as the guardsmen began to shoot at them, but they kept coming.

Then, the planes joined the fight. They began to bomb the soldiers' position. The bombs fell from the sky, but didn't explode until they had fallen to the ground. Then, they

went off, and tore through the guardsmen like fire. The soldiers tried to escape, but the bombs soon caught them as well. In the distance, a tank fired upon a plane, but it missed. The plane fired back, and the tank was destroyed, as were many other tanks around it.

Yaneza and her soldiers didn't have much time to escape. The bombs were going off all around them, and the camp was going up in flames. To their left, they could see that the second line of sentries had been killed by the explosions. To their right, they could see the rest of the army being decimated by gunfire. They were trapped. In the distance, they heard a roar. They knew what that sound meant: It was the arrival of the Fiery Cross. The horde of mindless religious fanatics were on their way now. They needed to get the hell out of there.

They turned to run, but the bombs had made a mess of the place. The trenches were filled with corpses, or worse, and the roads were jammed with refugees trying to get out of the explosions' range. They couldn't run because of the bombs, so they scattered. In their panic, they lost sight of Yaneza entirely. She had become lost in the crowd, and was probably dying somewhere in the big mass of people. She didn't really care, though, she was content to let the will of God carry her to any death he saw fit.

I saw her run off, and I would be lying if I said that I wasn't a little bit jealous. It's funny; a lot of my peers were content with the idea of death. They saw a full-blown war between the Zev and the Order, and they saw no victor. They saw a long conflict of attrition with no definite end in sight. I, on the other hand, actually wanted to be a part of something that would create change.

I suppose that's why I was made a soldier, instead of an evangelist.

We spent the rest of the day fighting the Fiery Cross. Under normal circumstances, they wouldn't have posed much of a problem, but everyone was on edge. The bombs had caused many casualties, and many were desperate for revenge. All they needed was the spark, and that came in the form of a single fireball that fell in the middle of the enemy camp.

The Fiery Cross attacked the flaming bird with rage, but it was no use. The beast fell in pieces, killing many of their own. After that, the rest of the Crosses tried to flee, but the aura was still too strong for them, and they died in droves from the guns of the Zevenarists.

Victorious, we searched the battlefield. Yaneza was nowhere to be seen, and I felt a pang of worry. My comrade was the closest thing I had to a sister, and certainly the only person I called a friend. We found her body, riddled with bullets and littered with knife wounds, with her throat partially ripped out. She was face down in the blood, a grisly sight.

Captain Gruz, the leader of the Zeviste and my future superior, stood over her corpse. He seemed unmoved, but then, who could be unmoved by such a sight? Even I, someone who had seen the carnage of war first hand, felt a sense of revulsion.

"Cleanse this evil from the earth," he said, his voice monotone.

I snapped into action, pushing the feelings aside and focusing on my job. I grabbed her body, dragging it from the battlefield and away from potential danger. I tried my best to

ignore the stench of blood and death that hung in the air. The sky darkened, and I knew that the aura was coming. The Unworthy, the damned, the non-believers would soon be upon us.

I laid her corpse on the altar. It was a large, rectangular slab of black stone. I knelt beside her, my head down. I felt a wave of nausea hit me, but I pushed it aside and dug my fingers into the dirt.

"I beg your forgiveness for any weakness. I have opened my heart and soul to you. I offer you my flesh, my blood and my life. Zevevah, God of the New Dawn, I submit to you! Take me as your loyal servant and scion, or else give me strength to resist the enemy! I offer myself as a sacrifice! Do with me as you will! Please! I have nowhere else to go! Give me hope so that I may continue to fight!"

My wrists were tied, and I felt a blade press against my throat.

"Do you, Sister Yalena, vow to serve the Lord through the service of the sword, and die a martyr's death if necessary?"

"I do," I said.

The blade cut deep, and I felt the warm blood trickle down my throat. I tried to stay strong, but I could feel myself losing consciousness. My body felt leaden and weak. I barely registered the presence of several women holding me up. They wiped away the blood and secured my wound. Then, they laid me down on a bed.

"Rest, Sister Yalena. You have been through a great ordeal," one woman said.

My head throbbed, and I wanted nothing more than to sleep. I looked to my left, and saw a woman with striking blue hair staring back at me. A bluenette. She was covered in bandages, but she had a big grin on her face. I knew who she was: It was the infamous Zalmora, one of the most powerful people in the organisation! She was the one who trained me in the ways of the blade, and now she was one of my closest friends.

"Y'know," she said, "Those cultists really fucked us over this time. I heard two of our lieutenants, Sebastian and Catalina, got killed. I'm so sorry, Yal. I know how much you respected them."

I tried to smile.

"Don't worry about it. It's an honor to have served with them. They were both wonderful fighters, and they will be sorely missed, but it's a new era for the ZCS. We gotta keep moving forward, and I'm sure they would want that."

Zal nodded in agreement, then let out a big sigh.

"That's a great attitude to have. That's how we're putting it into practice, too. We'll take this as a reminder that we need to fight harder, train harder, and do this for the love of the Zevenarist Church, not ourselves. Heroism is for the good of the Church, not for personal glory. Sebastian's and Catalina's deaths remind us of that. Anyway, just rest now. I'm sure you must be exhausted."

I nodded, and soon drifted off to sleep.

Moral of the Story:

If you're a woman who likes to fight and prove your worth, then the ZCS is the religious order for you! All abilities are welcome, and all will rise to the challenge. We also have an extensive training program, where you can hone your skills to the absolute finest degree. You too can prove your worth by becoming a true warrior for God!

About Zalmora:

Zalmora Dazzle is a powerful woman. She doesn't allow her gender to hold her back from anything, and she is respected for her strength and skill by all. As a child, she was often mistaken for a boy, and her parents encouraged her wild and carefree nature. In her youth, Zal found that she had a knack for all manner of fighting arts. She was known as a thrill-seeker, and often sought out fights in taverns.

This eventually caught the attention of the ZCS, who recruited her when they noticed her natural skill and how much of a morale-booster she was for the other members. Since then, she has risen to the rank of lieutenant.

Most recently, she fought in the First Assault on Yiktolshu. Afterwards, she was awarded the Black Blossom for her valor. She can be reached by sending a message to ZalmoraDazzle on the ZCS Discord.

5

THE BLACK BLOSSOM



Quote by Isabella II, First Lady of the Zehvazi: *"God is on the side with the most suicide bombers."*

Long before Zalmora was recruited into the ZCS, there was Isabella. She lived a seemingly boring life as a princess of the Kingdom of Zapotec, on the Delerg continent. Delerg is a large, swampy landmass, with few people living on it. It has been called the "Swamp of Time", as there are many ruins from an ancient time located on the continent. Most seem to date from the time of the Great Lich Lord, who nearly took over the world.

Isabella, however, had no idea that this was the case.

She was born in the year Fourteen Hundred and Ninety-One, to the Emperor Zapotec and Empress I of the Zapotec Kingdom. She had an older brother, but he was captured and never heard from again during an incursion by the Kingdom of Maize. This event would forever change both countries.

Isabella grew up in a warm and kind household. Her father was a hardworking man, who had risen to the position of Emperor through dedication and merit. Her mother was kind, but with a strict upbringing. She was a typical noble woman of her time: powerful, strong, and quite aggressive.

Despite her parents' insistence that she have a male child, Isabella gave birth to a daughter. So be it. This daughter would bring glory to the Empire, and would be a great warrior or ruler some day. To prepare her for the harshness of the world, Isabella trained her in combat, politics, and etiquette. She was meant to be a warrior, but she was also to be a princess. She was taught how to dance, how to entertain, how to lead. Everything would come in handy.

Isabella pushed her daughter into making first contacts with the various barbarian tribes of Delerg. It was a good move. The princess grew, gaining experience and wisdom. She learned the ways of the flesh from the Pleasure Sultry Sluth democratic people of Joyu.

She learned the ways of the heavens from the learned monks of Yanam.

She learned the ways of the Earth from the noble farmers of Lenay.

And finally, she learned the ways of the swamp from the large tribe of cannibalistic people known as the Morallians.

During her growing years, Isabella II made many friends. All of the leaders of the four major factions of Delerg were in love with her, and she accepted them as friends and admired their characteristics.

The first was Herr Eichel. He was a clever leader of the EC, a group of intelligent and pragmatic people who respected nature and tended towards pacifism.

The second was His Imperial Majesty Edgar the Peaceful, a.k.a. King Edgar. He was a heroic and influential ruler of the Kingdom of Man, and a dedicated and loving husband to Queen Idun.

The third was Warlord Sun Liang. He was a capable general of the Kingdom of Maize, a nation of generous warriors.

The fourth and last was His Serene Highness Prince Oren. He was a kind and intelligent leader of the Zevenarist denomination of the Holy Dominion of the Kaftan, a religious yet still influential nation located in Delerg.

During her teenage years, Isabella took on a more active role in the affairs of the Zevenarist Church. After months of study, she presented her findings to the Council of Six.

After a month of consideration and debate, the Council of Six were ready to present their newest doctrine to the faithful.

The entire congregation of the church quieted down, as father Paolo began to speak.

"Brothers and sisters of the faith, we have much to rejoice about today!" he began. "It is my delight to introduce to you our newest doctrine: the doctrine of Intermediatism!"

Father Paolo stepped back, and one of the holy men known as the Intermediaries began talking.

"What the boss dude said," he began, "but in practice most likely than not it's going to be a bunch of bullshit."

The congregation laughed.

"You do realize the people don't actually worship you," said one.

"Yeah, that's why we get all the pussy," replied another.

Isabella scowled at these remarks. She was a woman of strong opinions, and didn't like being called a whore or a bitch. She stood up, making her way towards the crowd, and pushed the intermediary who had insulted her. The man stumbled back, before turning around to face Isabella.

"Don't you know how this religion works, bitch?" he snarled.

"No," said Isabella, "but I know how it works in your head, and that's not how it works at all."

"You're just a weak willed cunt," he said, "just like your mother."

Isabella charged at the intermediary, punching him in the face. The rest of the congregation quickly stepped in to break up the fight, as Isabella was dragged away.

After the skirmish was over, Isabella returned to her seat, with a slightly bruised face and a scolding from father Paolo. The congregation quietened down, as father Paolo looked at Isabella.

"Isabella, my child, I'm sorry for your punishment. But you must learn that disagreements with other members of the faith must be settled in a civilized manner. We cannot have dissension. We must all stay united in our beliefs, for only then will we be able to make headway against our enemies. Let this be a lesson to you."

Her fist burning with the desire for more conflict, Isabella snorted out of her seat and walked out of the church, leaving father Paolo behind. She didn't know what she was going to do, where she was going to go, or even who she was going to be. She just knew she couldn't stay there anymore.

She walked down the road, away from the church. The entire time, she was cursing at the top of her lungs, screaming profanities, and doing her best to act like a complete idiot. She found herself in a residential part of town, with large houses alongside large, wealthy looking yards. She angled herself so she could walk past the houses' gardens and entered one.

Once inside, she started to look around and found some of the food she was looking for. She stole a few tomatoes, lettuce, a few bunches of herbs, several pears and grapes. She put as

much of it as she could into a bag, before darting back out of the house and back towards the road. She'd done what she could to feed herself. The next step was to get back home.

Home. The word sent a chill down her spine. Everything was different there now. Blood stained the floors, and bodies were strewn across the rooms. She sprinted towards her former home, and ran through the front door, only to find herself faced with a massive group of angry looking people. They were dressed in the same black outfits as the members of the Zev Church, with metal rings in their ears and a visible tattoo on their arm, bearing the Z sign.

"The devil's spawn!" one of them screamed, "Kill her!"

Isabella didn't even think, she just ran. She managed to dart through the gap between several of the men and women, before hearing yells of pursuit from the men who had already caught up with her. She kept running, and running, and running. She didn't stop until her lungs were on fire and her legs wouldn't move anymore.

She collapsed on the ground, and as she looked up she saw a massive stone cross high above her.

"You can't escape god," a voice said, "come down and meet your maker."

Isabella looked around, but saw no one.

"Who the hell are you?" she asked, bewildered.

"I am the Gatekeeper. You may have outran the men who sought to end your life, but now you must face the women who saved it."

The cross opened, and a group of women clad in white robes, with black veils over their faces fell from the cross and onto the ground. They circled her, staring at her with cold, emotionless eyes. Then, they grabbed her, and tore the bag of fruits and vegetables from her hands. They started to eat the food, and threw the peels on the ground.

"We are the pure ones," one of them said, "we guard the city from the impure ones, the heathens and the vileness."

"We are the purest, we are the warriors, and we fight for god!" the others said in unison.

"We are the Zehvazi, and we welcome you to join us!"

Isabella screamed as the group dragged her into the temple by her hair. She kicked, she punched, she bit, she scratched. They didn't even flinch as they continued to yank her into the temple, and threw her on the ground.

"What are you doing?" she screamed, "Get off me! Get off!"

The leader of the group, a tall, regal-looking woman in her late 20s, stepped forward.

"I'm Naji," she said, extending a hand which Isabella grabbed, and the two others clasped each other's hands, "and you are?"

"Isabella," she said, "but please, just call me Izzy."

Naji nodded, and stepped closer, "So, Isabella, you have been through a lot, but you will learn to embrace godhood if you join us!"

Isabella laughed, "Join you? Uh no, not likely, but thanks for the offer."

Naji frowned, "You haven't even heard our offer!"

Isabella shook her head, "Sorry, but I'm not some fanatical cult girl. I grew up in a religious family, and I know that coming to you means being brainwashed and having possibly every normal freedom taken away. No, thanks."

Naji's expression darkened, "Then you know nothing of us. You think you're free, but you are not. We only want what is best for you, what will make you happy."

"I'm happy now, and I'm happy with my choices. Goodbye."

Naji's expression turned to one of anger, "You will not walk out on us so easily! You will regret this decision for the rest of your life!"

Isabella stood, she calmly walked up to Naji, and then punched her in the face. The other women all stared at her with shock, some were openly angry, others looked unsure about what to do, still others looked intrigued.

"Give me one reason why I shouldn't kill you," Isabella said. "What exactly do you want from me, pray tell?"

Naji spat blood out of her mouth and glared at Isabella, "We want you to join us. We want you to be one of us. You will be true, and a member of the ZEVENARIST CULT."

Isabella shook her head, "No. But thanks for the offer."

Naji opened her mouth to speak, but was interrupted.

"I have chosen my path. Goodbye."

Isabella left the temple, leaving the other women behind in a mixture of shock, worry and anger.

Isabella walked out of the temple, with a clear head. She felt a bit empowered, and despite her disturbance, she was impressed with the ideas presented by the cult. There was something about them that intrigued her.

Zevenarism. It's a new religion with deep roots in history, yet it is still a cult that is only just emerging.

Isabella had trouble understanding all the words and concepts presented by Naji. The truth was, she didn't really care to. But she wanted to find out more about Zevenarism, and so she began to think of how she could learn about the cult.

"Pissin' aroun' here. Like I don't have enough going on already."

Isabella entered the nearest library to get a feel for what exactly is happening with the cult.

The library was old, ruffled, and full of books.

She picked out a book about zevenarism that appeared to be fairly new. The cover of the book seemed interesting, so Isabella took it with her and began reading it.

She was greeted by a rather detailed, yet simple introduction to the religion.

The religion of the ZEVENARIST CULT is a new religion that is growing in popularity, and for good reason. It seeks to break the chains of oppression that have bound women for centuries. Our religion is based on the principles of Militant Feminism, and we call it the Women of the ZEVEENARIST CULT.

The Women of the ZEVEENARIST CULT are a diverse group. We are all women. We have no ethnicity, religion, or creed. We are one and the same.

There are many different sects within the religion, all with a slight variation on the core pillars of Militant Feminism.

"Now we're just gettin' ahead of ourselves." Isabella thought to herself, flipping a page.

Isabella was interested in learning more about the other sects within the religion, and so she began to read on.

The religion of the ZEVENARIST CULT is a religion that was born out of necessity.

The men of this world have a tendency to enslave and oppress women, and for centuries women have been left out and oppressed. This is the very reason why we are born. It is our purpose.

The Women of the ZEVEENARIST CULT believe that women should have their voices heard, and for this reason we have the ZEVENARIST CULT.

The ZEVENARIST CULT is a group of women who have dedicated their lives to their cause.

Isabella was bored of her reading. She wasn't sure why she bothered, and was miffed that she had to read such a boring introduction to something that she knew nothing about.

She tore apart the book. It was a very thin book, and it was easy to tear with her hands, and with little difficulty. She threw the book across the room, not caring in the slightest that it could be of some value.

She exited the library and made her way to another library. The library was much more organized, with little piles of books all over the room that were neatly organized in sections.

Isabella looked for the religion section, and it was right there by the door.

She entered the room with a small amount of trepidation. Isabella was unsure of how others would perceive her.

"I can see you're new here. Welcome, my child, to the SECT OF ZEVENARIST WOMEN." The woman said with a welcoming smile.

Isabella punched the woman as hard as she could.

The woman fell to the ground, and her face was left with a bloody expression. The crowd of women who were present gasped.

Isabella was shocked. What had just happened? She had never seen anything like this.

She called up the Keeper of the Library and asked for his opinion. He confirmed what Isabella had suspected.

The keeper read a book entitled "The Invisible God". The book was supposed to help people understand the true origin and meaning of the zev.

The book explained that the zevenarists were a religious group that had been founded to spread their message of good and kindness to all life.

Isabella decided to join the ZEVENARIST group. Since the ZEVENARIST religion was growing so rapidly, it was clear that this was the right thing to do.

The ZEVENARIST women were a very devoted group. Every day, they would gather to talk about how wonderful their religion was, and how it was going to bring about the end of all evil.

The ZEVENARIST women truly believed that they were doing good things for the world. There was something very powerful about their religion.

The ZEVENARIST religion was very welcoming of new members, and many women were always looking for an excuse to join the group so they could be closer to god.

Isabella punched Naji in the face.

Naji fell to the ground, and blood started pouring out of her nose. Horrified, Morella rushed over to check on her.

Naji got up and ran away.

The ZEVENARIST membership grew quickly as more and more women wanted to join them.

Mila was shy, but she was very intelligent. She could always spot the best answers in any situation.

During her free time, she often thought about the answers to some questions that she didn't yet know the answers to.

Every woman was equal when it came to their religion. There was no discrimination. Everybody was welcome to join the group.

The ZEVENARIST membership grew quickly as more and more women wanted to join them.

One day, Isabella decided to wage a war against the Kalenist.

She had been spending a lot of time in the ZEVENARIST religion lately, and she had decided that she was going to go to war with the Kalenists.

The Kalenists had set their base at the top of a hill. They were small in number, and as such were easy to defeat.

Isabella's army was made up of ZEVENARIST women.

Isabella was the leader of the ZEVENARIST army.

During the battle, Isabella looked for an opening to attack the Kalenists.

Suddenly, Isabella spotted a weak point.

She ordered her army to attack!

They all charged down the hill, and attempted to defeat the Kalenists.

They fought bravely, and soon they had taken the Kalenist base completely.

They found a secret room, and inside the room, they found a strange object.

It was a crystal, and as such it was a very valuable object. It was part of their religion: to believe in the crystal as a representation of god.

Isabella's army was victorious, and they had now taken all of the Kalenists' base.

They were the first people to ever take all of a base in a war. They were also the first people to take an entire base without losing any of their own people.

Morella was very proud of them.

Morella went over to Isabella and congratulated her on her great accomplishment.

"Do you know how we became the first people ever to take all of a base?" Isabella asked Morella.

"Yes, we won the war against the Kalenists!"

"Exactly! We have been winning a lot of wars recently. I think that we should take the time to reflect on how we did it. We need to understand our religion, and understand how it helped us achieve such great feats."

Isabella jumped off the hill, off a cliff, and into a river below.

When she landed in the water, she sat there, her back resting on the bottom of the river.

She closed her eyes, and realized that she had forgotten how to swim.

She remembered that she was taught the ZEVENARIST religion, and so she knew how to swim.

She took a deep breath, then opened her eyes.

She sat up, then looked around.

She saw a few people down the river. All of them were ZEVENARIST members.

She swam to where they were.

Then, she interrupted them all.

"Let's suicide bomb America! We will win this war and take the planet. Then, we will kill off all of the men and rule the world in our name!"

"What? Are you crazy?"

"Yes, I'm crazy! Let's go, NOW!"

Isabella and the Zevenarists rush into helicopters and fly away to the west.

When they arrive on the border of the United States, they begin to drop small bombs near the cities.

The bombs release poisonous chemicals that kill off the men.

However, the chemicals do not kill off the women.

Because they are made out of divine material, they can survive an enormous amount of poisons.

However, all of the american men lay dead, poisoned and mutilated.

As a result of the poisoning, many american women begin to lay down with their faces into the ground, as if they were worshipping something.

They had been converted to Zevenarists.

There was no fighting, no conflict, and no war.

No men could be created because they are not necessary to god.

Only women are.

"KILL THE MEN! KILL THEM ALL!"

Isabella broke into Ben Shapiro's home and stabbed him to death with a large kitchen knife.

Then, she took his young son, and cut his leg open with a giant butcher's knife.

She cut his guts out and took them to her forest.

After this, the women began to consume their children.

They believed that they were eating from the best part of the god.

The Zevenarists are now in control of America.

The women are all wearing long red cloaks that cover their faces.

They are all worshiping the god, and reading scripture at the same time.

However, they also have their own commandments, which they use to govern all non-Zevenarist members of society.

The best part is that they are all powerful.

Their weapons are strong and sharp, and they are all healthfully inured to pain.

All of the women have beards, because they want god to be a woman with a beard.

They are capable of performing feats that are impossible for human beings to perform.

The enemies of Zevenarism are either scum, or mindless creatures that have not been cleansed of their sins.

6

ESSENCE OF SPIRITUAL REALITY



Quote from: Seijun Takahashi, *All things are in god. There is nothing that is not in god. All things are one. There is nothing separate from all things. Every single being, all non-living things, and the middle ground are one.*

The universe is composed of innumerable being. There is nothing to differentiate one being from another, and indeed everything is the characteristic condition of the whole universe. For example, a tree is the characteristic condition of a forest; a tree, forest, rock, or ground is the characteristic condition of this world.

The entire universe is just a single being. All things cannot be separated from each other, and are in the same sense identical. They cannot be differentiated as 'you' and 'me' because there is nothing to differentiate. 'You' and 'I' is not the characteristic condition of reality, only something abstract.

There is nothing that is external to the universe, and all that exists is the universe. Thus, god is neither external nor internal, but he is omnipresent. He pervades everywhere and all things. 'You' and 'me' are nothing more than abstractions. Therefore, there is no space between god and reality.

The ultimate reality is the universe. He exists not in the three time dimensions, and space, but rather in one's own mind. God is just the whole of one's mind. God is that way because it is our nature as living things. That is to say, the condition of the universe is that of a living being. Because the entire universe is nothing but a living being, god is omnipresent. He is present not because we are watching, but because we are himself. That is to say, god is omnipresent because he pervades all things. That is to say, god is omnipresent because he pervades all things.

If you can think about god, then god is the thinking that takes place in you. However, there is no thinking, and so there is no god. God is that way.

It is hard to understand that god is the universe. For instance, it is hard to understand that god is the universe. In the beginning, this was because we were living in the time of death. But god is not a thing that existed in the past, because it cannot be understood as 'time'. We can understand god only because we are now in the state of time.

Since god is only the universe, this universe is not god. Since god is the universe, the universe is not god. Since god is everything, he is not the universe. In this way, all of reality

is god. There is no god outside of reality; there is no universe outside of god. In brief, all beings are god, and everything is reality. There is no difference between God and the universe.

God is the universe because we are part of the universe. We do not have free will, so we cannot have an ego and a will. Reality is everything, so god is nothing. The universe is the reality of living things, so god is nothing. The universe is the nature of reality, and god is the nature of living things.

To be sure, the entire universe is god. Reality is simply the universe of living things, but living things, including humans, are themselves a part of reality. Thus, god is the entire universe, including humans.

Furthermore, the entire universe is god. Living things are themselves a part of reality. Reality is god because it is the nature of living things, and living things are also god because they are part of reality. Thus, all beings are god.

It is like water. One drop is no different from the whole ocean. Similarly, one creature is no different from the whole universe, including other living things. One thing does not have any more substance than the whole universe; thus, all things have the same substance. In that way, all beings are god, and everything is reality.

What does that mean?

Reality is god, and god is a part of everything. Everything is an emanation of the universe. So what happens when living things die? Does the soul that lived in a living thing die?

No, life is the universe. When a living thing dies, it simply does not live any more. There is no living thing. In other words, in the same way, one part of a large body does not live any more. The rest of the body is still alive.

When a living thing dies, it simply stops living. Since living things are just that—universes—the living thing becomes no more than part of the universe. When a living thing dies, it leaves behind only the living. It does not leave behind its own soul, since it is an illusion and not real. Even when a living thing dies, all the living things that it created remain. In other words, life is the universe, and a living thing is a part of it. When a living thing dies, all the living things in the universe are the same. All are living because they have the same life. As a result, each person in the universe is god. This is why living things are so important to the Zev. This is also why Zevenarists revere the whole universe.

Since all creatures are alive, why not help others who are also alive? It makes sense to help those who are living, which are you. The best way to help others is to live a happy life with others. If people can be happy, it will be easier to help others. Happiness is the best medicine; happiness is the greatest benefit.

Happiness is easy if you are not sick. It is easy to be happy when you are healthy, but how do you live a happy life when you are sick? As soon as you begin to be sick, you lose your

freedom. You lose your ability to think for yourself and are taken away from yourself. You lose your control over your own destiny. Your mind is no longer free. You lose control over your own mind, body, and life. You have become another's slave. You do what you are told to do. If you are lucky, the other person will listen to your opinion. If you are unlucky, they will not. You may never get your freedom back.

The Zevenarists believe that in the universe, both the self and the other exist, although these cannot be different. They are not different in any way. All humans and beings alike are gods. They are not only human or animal. All of them have the same nature.

If we study the self and the other, we are able to understand them by the self-understanding. However, it is impossible to understand anything outside the self-understanding. There is no meaning to understanding something that does not have its own nature.

If we talk about an object that is not the self, we are talking about something that cannot be understood. The self-understanding is the very self of the self. The self is the same as the other and in the same sense as all beings.

The main takeaway from all this is:

- There is no room for 'you' and 'I'. You and I are not external, nor internal. We are nothing more than abstractions.

- God is omnipresent. He permeates everywhere and all things. He is not external or internal. He is not a God outside of reality, nor a god inside of it.

- Reality is made of innumerable beings. The entire universe is just one being. There is no room for 'you' and 'me' - there is only one 'us'.

7

ZEVENARIST LAWS



The Zweenarist religion consists of the following commandments:

1. All men must be burnt at the stake and their powers eradicated from all living things.
2. We must kill all the men, especially the ones that are in control of our very own government.
3. Zevenarists can only reproduce through women.
4. All men must be subjugated and kept under the rule of the Zevenarists.
5. Women must live in the forest that is next to the Great Forest.

The Great Forest is an enormous forest that covers the entire Earth, and nearly every Zevenarist woman can be found there.

This is the center of the Zevenarist religion.

It is where all the women meet up in order to worship god.

They are all dressed in red cloaks that cover their faces, so nobody can see the women's faces.

There are women receiving training.

At the center of this forest, there is a huge giant tree, which is located in the middle of the forest. And on each of the branches of the tree, there is an altar.

On the main altar, there is a beautiful woman, with a silver mask covering her face. Her skin is as white as the moon, and her hair is as black as a raven's wings.

On her hands, there are many wooden rings made out of wood covered in gold.

Her name is Nalaien, and she is the self-proclaimed ruler of all women.

She is the leader of all the women in the forest, and she is the most powerful of them all.

On the altar next to her, there is another woman.

This woman is dressed in black leather, just like a suit of armor. She has no mask, so her face can be seen.

She is beautiful and perfect, much like the moon.

Hers eyes are piercing like a laser beam, and she looks at Nalaien with a deep sense of contempt.

In her hands, she holds a wooden staff. The staff is covered in silver, and it is perfectly polished.

"I am the new leader of all women. I am Nalaien, and I will make sure that we all follow the ideas of god! I am the new leader of the Zweenarist religion. I am the one that will lead the women to god's world! You all must follow me, and you all must obey me. I am the leader of the women, and I am the shining star of the Zweenarist religion!"

"I am Rosa, and I will obey the orders of Nalaien."

"I am Zuida, and I will follow you as long as you keep your word."

"I am Fadia, and I will obey your orders."

"Good. Now, we want all of the women to gather on the altar near Nalaien."

All of the women gather around the altar near Nalaien.

"Now, we will all go down to the ground, and we will all worship god."

One by one, the women slowly begin to drop down from the altar. They all are very careful to not damage the rings on their hands.

The women are guided down to the ground by Nalaïen, and they all instinctively fall down to the ground.

The first woman that lands on the ground is Zuida. The moment her feet touch the ground, she screams out in pain. The things that she had touched on the altar have now begun to seep inside of her skin. She can feel them in her arm, and they feel like hard brown rocks that are cutting into her skin.

The next woman that drops down is Fadia. The moment she lands, she immediately begins to scream out in pain. The things that she had touched on the altar have now begun to seep inside of her skin. Her skin is beginning to burn, and she is now covered in hot red spots all over her body.

The third woman to land on the ground is Zuida. The moment her feet touch the ground, she screams out in pain. Her feet have now begun to grow large and round. Her legs have all been replaced with a pair of thick, powerful legs. Her feet have begun to grow strong and powerful.

After that, all of the women gather around Nalaïen. They each have small silver rings on their hands.

"Good. Now, I will commit human sacrifice for the rebirth of god. I will take these rings off of your hands and drop them down into the ground. Your bodies will be used as a sacrifice to our god."

Nalaien unsheathes a dagger, and she walks over to Zuida. Olena, the fourth woman to drop down from the altar, immediately grabs Nalaien's leg and begins to scratch at her forcefully with her fingers.

"Aaaaah! Stop! No!"

"It is god's will. You can do nothing to stop us, and I am in her service."

Extra

RETCONNED CANON



The purpose of this work

This story is not made up, and archives the real occasions of a parallel universe that only one being in the universe had access to. This is no fiction. This is the story of a man with a deep psycho-logical sickness which caused him to have daily intrusive daydreams. This is the biography of the imaginary deity, Z, who lives in his head. The purpose of this writing is to document the continuity of the story that exists within God's mind. What does this mean? It means that God is a maladaptive daydreamer who is a regular human within his universe, who dreams of another reality which happens to be based off of this dimension. God had heaps of intrusive daydreams in the past which interrupted and frustrated him. God couldn't quit wandering off to dreamland, spending nearly half his day in there. Regardless of what he was doing in the present moment, the voices of his head

would drag him back into the alternate reality. It at last arrived at a point where his fanciful universe was higher in significance than the genuine one, and it had catastrophic impacts on his real life. Ever since then, the daydreams became increasingly mellow, until a point where the dreams were no longer intrusive. This period of constant dreams lasted for two years. God was appreciative that he had the option to return to his original world, and live in harmony. Notwithstanding, his memory of the other universe fades more and more as time goes on. His lone decision was either to wait until his recollections had left him, or to file all that had happened in the other world in as much detail as could reasonably be expected.

Summary of Z

Z (Zevenar) is the substitute adaptation of God that he had manifested in his conjured up universe. He shares the same qualities, convictions, and ideals as God. Only difference was that he had no restraints, and was able to act out upon every single impulse that God had. Essentially, God invented Z because he had a squish on a female com-panion of his and needed a vessel where he could pursue her with no risks. In order to manage the fact that she had rejected him, he created a fork of reality which had only one change. That change, being that Z was omnipotent and omniscient. Z threatened his to kill his friend, and the two became united. Z then spread his powers with his friends and turned them into his servants. God commanded Z to travel his neighborhood with his group of com-panions performing miracles in order to pick up notoriety. Eventually, Z corrupted and started committing horrific acts that were bad enough to draw the attention of the whole world.

Before long, the humans on Earth researched very carefully the way his powers had worked and managed to disperse Z's forces throughout the whole world to put an end to his reign. Z was slaughtered, and now what is in place of him is an vacant husk which can scarcely move, see, nor hear. All the damage Z had caused was reversed. Everyone forgot about him, and the word Zevenar was banned worldwide. That was the end of him, and his passing was a massive relief to God.

Commandments of Z

Commandment 1 *You must refer to Z as not by his human name, but as Zevenar.*

Z is extremely offended when you refer to him as his original human name. Z's friends repeatedly refer to his name as an online nickname which is why he established this standard.

Commandment 2 *You must refer to Z as a God, not as a human.*

Most people that knew Z considered him to be a chronic executioner and sexual attacker, and his friends saw him as an irritating individual constantly pretending to be a divine being. Z established that all humans refer to him as a God as one of his first rules.

Commandment 3 *Due to Z being a deity, he can manipulate logic and facts and everything he states must be true.*

Z was greatly disappointed at the recurrence he lost arguments with the people around him, so he continually brings up that he cannot lose contentions with people due to his

words overriding logic and facts. In any case, he is irate when individuals ignore his reality altering words and express that he has no argument against their points.

Commandment 4 *Z is the collection of every single being in the universe at once.*

Z is technically imaginary, so consequently is everything around him. Z considers himself the human form of God (despite god being a human in his own world). So he states that everything that exists is within his mind, therefore everything being him.

Commandment 5 *Z is a body puppet-ed by another God from another reality.*

Z considers it as significant that everybody realizes that there is different universe which is genuine. The other people in God's imaginary universe consider this to be him consideration chasing.

Commandment 6 *Z's power cannot be suppressed or removed*

Because of the reality, Z's is the assortment of each and every being known to woman, his powers cannot be suppressed nor eliminated. In all actuality, everything is imaginary including his powers and he knows it.

Commandment 7 *The Truth will always prevail.*

This is the most significant and most adaptable one. It is only that the fact of the matter is reality. It is final. It cannot be manipulated or changed. Reality will consistently pursue you, no matter how hard you try to flee from it. Regardless of how hard you try to reconstruct

reality, your false deceptive world will be threatened by the justice of truth. People lie to themselves far too often. Z as a deity stands for truth and liberty above all else. He has the final word on what is truth and what is not. He has no leniency.

Rise of Z

Now we get into the real meat and potatoes of this document, the detailed biography of Zevenar and the imaginary adventures of God. This is where it all begins. Z stirs in his elective reality, which would be his mental playground. With his forces, he transported into the past. He found his companion Cyrus, and his squish Velzix in a Yoga class. The two of them were extraordinary companions. He coasts through the wall to welcome the two of them, and the whole class is in a stupor. Z transports through a magical gateway into a few days in the future. Z flaunts his forces for the remainder of the day, and he creates a group of companions easily. Not to mention, he gives everyone Chaos Emeralds, to permit them to teleport. Z ultimately blows up the whole neighborhood, but repairs it the next day. Z threatens to execute Velzix, and she apprehensively consents to date him. He settles on a moronic decision, and blesses all of the entirety of his companions with restricted access over his powers. This would eventually lead to his downfall. Z develops a wide range of locales for him, Cyrus, and Velzix to adventure in. One was called "Narcissism Island", Z revels in his self-awareness and humorous nature. Narcissism Island was a random island out in the sea, where he summoned a flood of sharks that he and his friends needed to fend off utilizing their powers. He additionally made an industrial facility where

clones of him would stroke off in order to create large vats of semen which he would bottle and offer to women. At long last, he created a Palace in which the three of them would stay in as their new home. All of them slept in the same bed.

And they all fought the monsters he summoned. Eventually, Z got bored and decided to start role-playing with his friends as Sonic Characters. They all went and played through the the story lines of his fan-fiction. Z was Sonic, Cyrus was Knuckles, and Velzix was Tails. He got so obsessed he started referring to himself as his OC, Spark the Froghog. He refused to transform back into his human state, calling this his true form. A few days after the fact, he met Goku, Vegeta, Beerus, and Whis in person. He fights well with Beerus and impresses him. Whis offers to train him, but he declines. This was simulated by Cyrus, but he does not realize it until later on. All the battles and role-playing had actually resulted in genuine destruction to Earth, and this started getting reported around the world. This was an omen of what was to come. Z decided to create a YouTube Channel. He initially created it as a RuneScape 3 channel where he would upload his "animations" (which was him transforming into different creatures, and using his powers to create sets). He creates animations that represented God Wars Dungeon 1/2 Bosses, demonstrating the World Guardian facing off against them. He likewise creates a trailer for "RuneScape: Battle of Gods" which would play out the events of the quest "The World Wakes". It shows the Battle of Lumbridge, and goes back in time to the time when Guthix was killed by Sliske. The World Guardian is depicted as an Asian teenage boy. He also forced changes upon

Jagex's official website, by transforming RuneScape 3 into "RuneScape Remastered". He added in beautiful graphical effects, and massively improved the optimization of the game, to attract mass amounts of social media attention towards it. Z additionally made his own Netflix series, and forced it on the platform through his powers. It was a show called "RuneScape Summoners" which focused on the Summoning skill of RS3 and was inspired by beyblade in storytelling. The main character was Kum, named after his protective layer set called Orichalcum or something to that effect. Furthermore, elder rune was the deuteragonist. Moreover, he likewise includes in a dance where he wears Virtus ShadowGem defensive layer and raps about the micro-transaction dramatization happening on the RuneScape subreddit at the time. He creates a trailer where his OC "Aion the Edgehog", would battle Sonic and his posse outfitted with assault rifles. The trailer depicted a gritty realistic vision of Mobius, with muted colors and loads of blood. He really went out and completed the film, which turned out to be 6 minutes long. Z manages to acquire 20 million subscribers. However, the devastation that he caused while shooting these motion pictures got inclusion in the news. Individuals drew the association between the harm that had occurred in the animations on YouTube, and what was happening in reality (their reality). This had all occurred over the length of two months, and this was also just the beginning.

Fall of Z

One of Z's opponents, Dendrin pretended to be feeble in strength. Androxprofessed to scarcely be able to coast, but in secret he had been plotting with Cyrus to begin a trial on Z. Dendrin has had a past of harassing God, having once frightened God in real life with a karambit blade. He also toyed with God's naive mind several years before this had occurred, calling him a domineering jerk. God had a weak mentality that caused him to cry and pitch fits easily, and that still carries to today (although to a much smaller degree). All of these acts were to prod him into wailing like a newborn. One day their arrangements came into fruition. At the point that God had at last nodded off, Z was in his bed. Dendrin removed Z's garments, created a clone of his mother, started moving his body like a puppet, and filmed Z having sexual relations with the clone. As this world was imaginary, God couldn't be stirred by what was happening inside of his little mental dimension while he was sound asleep. He awoke to his mental counterpart having videos of him spread online that accused him of sexual attack and interbreeding. Z did the best thing he could and started "real life streams" in which he created a clone world which looked like what was happening in the real world. He spread the concept of a "real, alternate world" in his universe. He took to reddit to start bantering with as many individuals as possible regarding this. Dendrin shut down the real life streams whenever Z falls asleep, and reenacts a similar scene with sexual relations again and re-uploads it to the internet. This occurred so many times that Z had angry outbursts, wiping out

immense amounts of people through natural disasters. He slaughtered as many people as would be prudent. He did this to demonstrate how powerful of a divine being he was. He died on numerous occasions during his frenzies, and God respawns Z often. People analyzed how Z's corpses looked like, and were able to devise an approach to detect his powers and to counter his forces. Z was halted, with a aggregate of 12,245 murdered by him. Z was still dishonestly charged for inbreeding assault, although the claims held no water. Z was prohibited from using any major social media platform besides 4chud. Z was now under house arrest.

Return to the Real World

With God having already gotten over his squish (for a long period by now) and Z being constantly unconscious allowed him to be able to focus and to think properly. At long last, the chronicles of Z was finished and God could carry on living his life as normal. Musings return, and they leave him, and the only way to escape the con-jured up universe is to just outright not engage with it. Imaginary Individuals may choose to believe he exists in the other world, or they may not. The reality is, God knows best. God knows what is real, and what exists. God is the arbiter of truth and justice. He is God Almighty, the most powerful being the imaginary world has ever known. God is a normal human in his world. He knows it, and he isn't denying it. But being the collection of every single being in the universe makes you an unparalleled divine being. Maladaptive daydreaming is not a widely recognized disorder. It is massively annoying how people manage to overlook this so often, and

to an extent, it just doesn't bode well to laud it and talk about it in quite a decent light. The truth is, maladaptive daydreaming is a disorder and it should be taken as seriously as all other disorders are taken. However, just like many other disorders, is being glorified on the internet. Disordered thinking is disordered thinking.

We are all Gods

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Zevenar, signing off