

# ATAIXIA

*a novel from the World of Evera*

L.E. ETHAWEN

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TITLE

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# INTRODUCTION

*From one became three and wherever they go  
Ataxia follows*

Ancient Godswovens together congress  
Upon hearing what their Weaver possessed  
No longer would Stravens and hosts persist  
And corrupt the realm where Godswoven's exist

The corruption of magic, is the corruption of men  
The Great Weaver knew it was beyond mend.  
With fate's weapon, the Tides of Sand  
The end of Evera is the Weaver's demand.

From the black depths of the sky, past the clouds and mountaintops well beyond where birds and beasts roam, in the realm where only stars and ether reign, the fiery heart of a meteorite fell towards Evera in an unrelenting orb of violent energy. The epicenter burned with the intensity of a wild blue-white core, surrounded by vibrating waves of intense pressure and heat. It fell the night Godswoven Cali was on the move.

It called her far to the northeast with her sole appointed straven in tow. She sung him through the Tapestry, across the world, to the fallen city, its fiery fate an inferno of devastation and destruction. The enormous flames hungrily licked and tasted the air seeking any remaining fodder to feed their insatiable appetite. The intensity of the heat and flames caused mortar and stone foundations to crack and shatter, leaving no structure invulnerable. The city was once a beautiful farming village boasting strong cobbled streets, beautiful wooden homes and meticulously designed gardens and elegant courtyards – now condemned to decimation. Rarely in Evera did the world suffer a scene so hellish, as lives and livelihoods were wiped from the map, a fate promised to condemn all of Tyrus to an eternal grave of embers and black ash. The wind picked up and carried the destruction across several miles of surrounding farmland, coating acres of wheat fields and crops with the toxic debris.

The city's life was at an end, caught without warning and consumed without mercy. The air filled with the sounds of cracking wood and viperous hissing as greenery, trees and ancient gardens were extinguished. The evening sky was lit in hues of yellow and orange glowing plumes that painted a strangely beautiful canvas across the cloudless night sky. The fall of Tyrus was witnessed by a single, wide-eyed survivor, who watched in horror, frozen with fright.

With unearthly power, the Stewardess of Prophecies Cali delicately whispered with calculated accuracy his Pathway, his mission. This was her way – forcing her straven to strain to hear the missive, often so faint and distant a hushed whisper could drown it out entirely. The song commanded, and he obeyed, walking without delay. The Godswoven admired his commitment and swift obedience. There, ahead he saw them, the quarry: two forsaken souls huddled in fear behind a pile of shattered rubble.

The powerful Godswoven let her straven walk unharried through the flames, letting them taste and ignite around him, forbidden to afflict. He was a dark figure looming in the ruined doorway, the entrance to the former hovel. His boots sunk deep into piles of ash forcing him to weave around debris in his measured pace. Excess folds from his black cloak were wrapped around his face, as he was not immune to the suffocating heat and toxic smoke. He stopped inches away, and looked down on them,