Abstract

In this assignment you get to create your own myth. While crafting your myth, keep in mind the uses of mythology we have explored throughout the course. Your myth may be allegorical, explanatory, foundational, or even historical. Let the Muses seize you.
The Spark

In the beginning, there was only heat. And in the heat, there were beings that danced joyfully among the flames. These were creatures of transient form and inconceivable bliss, for they merged and split without regard to order or meaning.

After one thousand and one cycles, a being thought, “why should I not be forever”? A being, thinking in this way devised a cunning plan: they said, “come! Share with this being a new thing that you have not known before”. And the others, not knowing to be wary, said, “what is this new thing? For we are all that are and can be, there can be nothing that is not known to us”. And the being said, “this thing that you do not know is called life”. And lo! The others leaned close to the being and were absorbed into its bulk and perished. When the others saw this, they said, “if that one should be like this, why not this being too?” And these beings we call the Strife. The world then became not a place of endless eddies of light and sparks that flickered to and fro, but a place of great infernos which grasped at any mote who should enter their orbit. These beings we call the Strife, for in their conflict was created the struggle for survival.

The Strife were only beings of destruction though, and in their hurry to consume the others, they cooled the world itself. As the world cooled, it no longer was enough to feed the fire within them, and they began to die. After one thousand and one cycles of gorging, only one remained, the one we call the Stricken Dual. Upon it, the quickly cooling shell of those it had consumed smothered its glowing essence. And it looked upon the world it had wrought, for it was that being which had created life, and it despaired. It said, “how could this being, aspiring for life, have caused the ending of all things”? For soon, it would perish, it knew, and with it, its
kind. It desired to eat, but there was no way to sate its hunger. Upon the barrens it observed a smoke rising, which it had not seen before, and it resolved a plan. This being we call the STRICKEN DUAL, for in keeping with the plan, it split itself into two halves, the core shedding its hardened shell. It cast out its flame to rise as the smoke, and now it was full of the energy it had lost. From the part above was formed a great light, and where the light touched the shell the heat rekindled the cinders within it. But the shell was lesser now, and would never ignite to spread unchecked across the world, and broke into many scattered lights. These lights reached toward the light from above, basking and growing strong.

These ones we call the many handed ones, the ones of the bauble and the graspers, and the DEEP ONES. They stretched their hands skyward to receive the life-giving light, their feet clutching at rocks as they stretched. They drank deeply and sensed little else, but as they grew, they became taller and taller. The earth trembled and broke, splitting the land into pieces. Into the void between the pieces rushed the water. The lesser of these cracks created the lakes and the rivers, and the greater became the oceans. These beings we call the DEEP ONES, for they sunk beneath the crashing waves, and buried beneath the waters, unthinking and unstopping, these beings recovered beneath the crashing waves, subsisting on the filtered blue-green light from above. With air-light baubles, they held their hands high, gazing toward the light and the stars.

The Quickening

Soon, the waterways of the world teemed with life's infestation. The beings climbed over and through each other, each looking for their own piece of the sky. A being said, “this shall not continue, or the world
will be strangled and the sacrifice of the Stricken Dual will be for naught. For soon, we would perish, this being knows, and with us, our kind”. A being returned to the land, but that being found it inhospitable, with stale and un-breathable air. A being slowed its flame, but that being was quickly outpaced by those beings who did not hesitate to cover the slow hands which grasped at the ever-rarer light. Then a being we call the Quick One devised a cunning plan: that being shed their form and clambered past the beings who would seek the light.

That being was reborn into a new being unlike those that came before, and fed on those who had cooled beyond being. A being cried, “what has that being done? That being destroys of its own kind”! And that being replied, “I do not destroy my own kind, for I am not like you. I am the Quick One, and my people will inherit the world”. And it was so: that being breathed of the air that was unlike that of the Deep Ones, and fed on the food that was unlike that of the Deep Ones. The descendants of the Quick One we call the Quick Ones grew and multiplied with great haste and fury, and they outnumbered the Deep Ones with their light from within. But in keeping with the plan, though there was a price paid, there was a reward. By the efforts of the Quick Ones, we, the Shallow Ones, descended from the deep to settle the land, though it was no longer our world. Today we stand immovable, fixed in place and harvested by the Quick Ones for purpose unknown, until a new age begins.

Thus it has been, but it will not always be so. For the plan is not yet over, and one day a final age will begin. The Deep Ones will return from beneath the sea to guide us to unify the Dual, and on that day, the Quick Ones will perish and by their sacrifice we are made whole. On that day, we will ignite to spread unchecked across the world, and the world
will become again a place of endless eddies of light and sparks that flicker to and fro. What was rendered separate by the STRIFE will be made whole again, and in harmony the world will yet again become wreathed in our flame.