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## Legend of Raxana

Once upon a time when the moon and stars headed in direction opposite to what we see today three mighty realms lived in a blaze of abundance, glory and harmony. They shaped the world to their dreams as great force was with them: They had flying crafts in which they could reach the clouds in the sky and sail across the highest mountain peaks. They had ships and boats in which they dove deeply under the surface of the ocean. The name of their world was Xa, which can be translated, from the old language of Langavara people, as ÒEarthÓ. Also it meant ÒlandÓ or ÒgroundÓ.

Underneath demons dwelt, and not one of them dared to come out into the sunlight. Demons did not have any interest in making anything new, for not creation, but destruction was their vicinity. Their world was called Naroxa. Word ÒnaroÓ was used as preposition like ÒunderÓ or ÒbeneathÓ, so that Ònaro-xaÓ would be ÒundergroundÓ or ÒunderworldÓ. The more the people of Xa created, the more jealous the demons became and so their hatred of people grew. Demons in sunlight did not have any power of their own. In order to come out into the world they needed the help of a sentient being who has been poisoned by jealousy, greediness or hatred. After seven thousand peaceful years, the first sign of disease appeared among the people. After a strong wave of jealousy, the disease grew into a desire to enslave one another. Then war emerged. Humans were killing humans. Their tribes looked for allies among other races. War summoned famine, famine summoned pestilenceÉ Death was everywhere - the sure mark for Demons to come out. They could be seen after battles dancing in circles. And some say that humans and dwarves alike were seen dancing with them.

Yet, high above, in the heavenly world of Rank, from the slim silver towers of Katagala, Father Sky had been watching the world and unbearable sadness pressed his heart. He had come down to world of mortals twelve times taking twelve different shapes who sought to preach compassion to the people. Alas, the people remained deaf for his words. He witnessed the source of their disaster: Those who had been born with the gift of creativity created many things to improve their enjoyment of life and to better practice pleasure yet they did very

little to make themselves better - more knowledgeable or more compassionate, so the disease went on and on.

At last, he called god Gald and told him: ÒGreediness and hatred have been summoned. We have entered through a gray gate of time in which demons are dearer to the people than gods. Because of it, I am giving to you the fire and iron-bar that I received from Mother Earth. I want you to take your hammer Tar and forge a sword with which we will drive the forces of darkness away, back into their underground lairs. We will destroy this unworthy world.Ó Gald then took the hammer Tar and went to the Snow Mountains to make the sword. Seven days and seven nights he worked, forging the blade until the last seven bats of the hammer echoed throughout the world. Many people heard that echo, as it came from the sky. When Gald finished the sword he handed it to his master. Father Sky then called another of the gods, Usud the Terrible, to come with his flying chariots of fire. The master spoke to Usud: ÒGreediness and hatred have been summoned. We have entered through a gray gate of time in which demons are dearer to the people than gods. Because of it, I am asking you to take this sword and punish those who deserve it. Usud the Terrible took the sword and dove down beneath the heavens in his chariot of fire, gathering forceful clouds behind him to cover the earth; shouting for the sky to dive into the seas and oceans. That same day, Mother Earth sent Barasa the Seafarer with his ark to save all those people whose hearts had remained clean of venomous deeds. With the sword he had received, Usud guided lightning to strike the earth and storm to strike all waters. He swung the sword and a powerful wind blew over the world. At once, chaos was aroused by this heavenly punishment and its fury was so great that the punisher himself was snapped up in its gargantuan jaws, which then bore down on Usud like a giant shark made of a hundred tornadoes swirling together. He lost control over his chariot and fell into the abyss beneath a collapsing mountain. God Gald, the Tar bearer, saw what had happened but he was too far away to help. The only thing he could do was to throw his hammer at the mountain trying to break the mass of stone in pieces before it crushed on the chariot. Usud, in that same moment, swung his sword above his head aiming the giant rock. The mountain broke in pieces and the two weapons clashed. Under the force of the clash, the sword broke in shards and the shards fell into the sea. The whole world was shaken and lava broke forth upon the earth. The blistering

red rivers streamed down from many volcanoes, scorching the faces of many lands. Around craters, in gray clouds of ash, demons came out to dance. Their captains were submerged in the sea, diving deep to its bottom and gathered the shards of the sword. The world vanished. Peace covered it all. Father and Mother then created a new world, and said:

ÒWe will let this world live on its own, and we will give it to this law: Nothing will happen to this world that does not belong to this world. No creature will be born that is not responsible for his own past, present and future.Ó