

AN EPIC THAT WILL BRIDGE THE EONS OF TIME...

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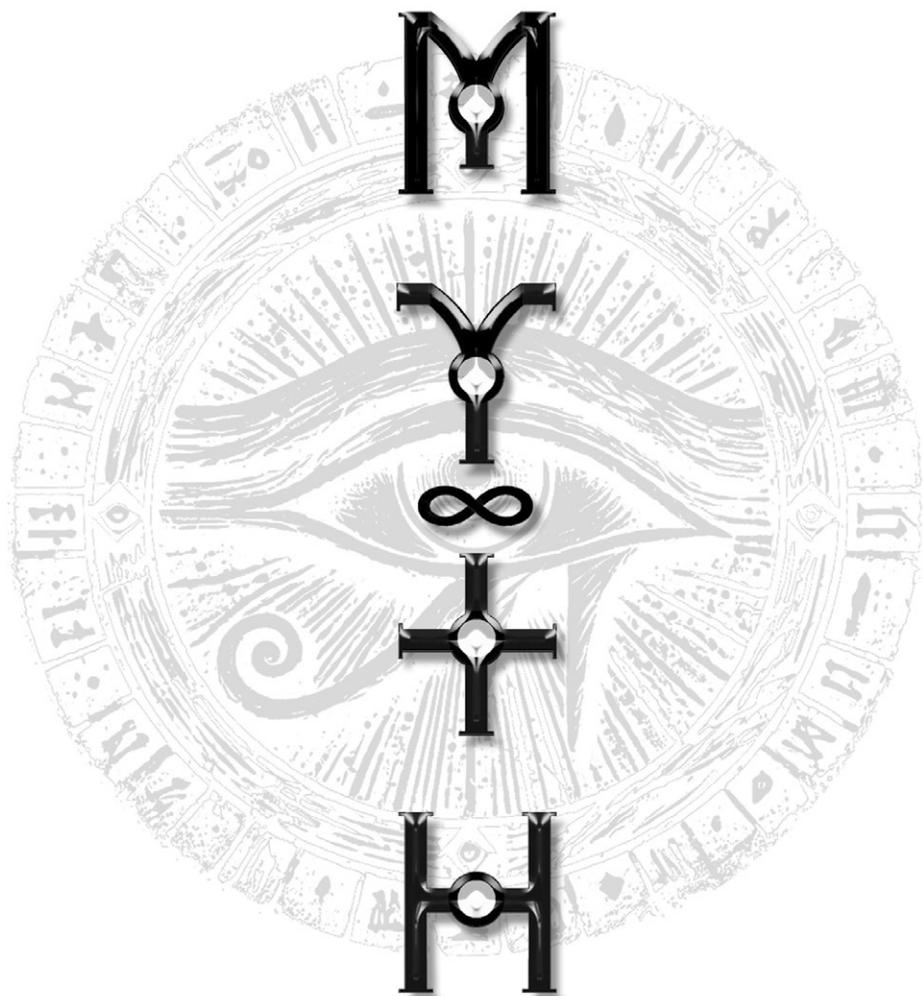
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OF THE
REIGN IMMORTALS

VOLUME I

J. F. NICKENS

AN EPIC THAT WILL BRIDGE THE EONS OF TIME...



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REIGN IMMORTALS
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J. F. NICKENS



ECHELON
Graphics
PUBLISHING

This inspirational work of transcendent fiction is dedicated...



*To those who left both light and shadow upon my spirit—
Every MYTH is born first in mortal impact.*

*To those who helped shape these words through trial and grace—
This myth would not exist without you.*

*To those who know whom I speak of—
I thank you for showing me what it means to live.*

This is a work of fiction.

All characters, events, and places depicted in this book are fictitious. Any resemblance to real persons, living or dead, actual events, or real locations is purely coincidental. The views expressed are solely those of the author and do not reflect the views of any affiliated organizations.

MYTH: Reign of the Immortals – Volume I

Version 3.0

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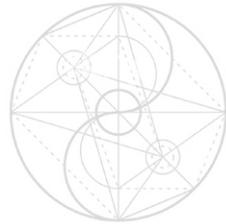
TABLE OF CONTENTS



Definitions	I-II
To The Flame Bearers of MYTH	III-IV
Transcendent Mythology	V
The Six Genres	VI-VII
This Fire Burns Hot	VIII-XI
Preface	XII-XV
Introduction	XVI-XVIII
The Sacred Codex	XIX-XXI
Prelude	XXII-XXIX

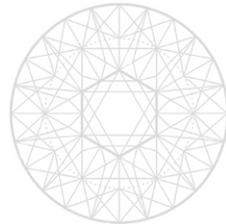
CHAPTER 1: *A Purpose for Hope*

Verse 1: <i>The Weight of Divinity</i>	1
Verse 2: <i>Shadow of the Morning Star</i>	16
Verse 3: <i>He Who Burns Brightest Still Burns</i>	31
Verse 4: <i>When Pride Wages War</i>	46
Verse 5: <i>The Scales of Judgment</i>	66
Verse 6: <i>Fist of the Almighty King</i>	83



CHAPTER 2: *The Season of Inspiration*

Verse 7: <i>The Reckoning of Fallen Thrones</i>	100
Verse 8: <i>Culling of the Damned</i>	120
Verse 9: <i>Apotheosis of the Edenites</i>	148
Verse 10: <i>Of Love, Dominion, and Sacrifice</i>	170
Verse 11: <i>The God Who Defied Oblivion</i>	186
Verse 12: <i>Sibling Forces: Flesh & Vision</i>	200



CHAPTER 3: *The Season of Maturity*

Verse 13: <i>The Price of Power</i>	221
Verse 14: <i>When Balance Becomes Law</i>	234
Verse 15: <i>The Beast Within: The Fall of Pesa</i>	248
Verse 16: <i>The Burning Crown: Opti's Ascension</i>	265
Verse 17: <i>When Blood Denies Blood</i>	281
Verse 18: <i>The Severing of Gods</i>	296

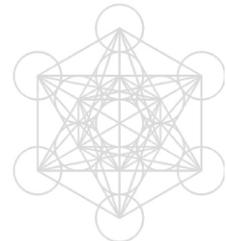
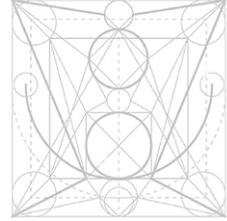


TABLE OF CONTENTS



CHAPTER 4: *The Tide of Transgression*

Verse 19: <i>Ten Echoes Before the Burn</i>	317
Verse 20: <i>The Rending of Divinity</i>	332
Verse 21: <i>When Titans Shatter Worlds</i>	348
Verse 22: <i>The Wrath of Ascension</i>	363
Verse 23: <i>The Duality of Flame & Grace</i>	379
Verse 24: <i>When Omnipotence Defies Fate</i>	392



DEFINITIONS

Myth

Pronunciation: \`mith\

A story, rooted in tradition, that explains the world—through history, belief, or imagination. It can be a truth disguised as legend or a falsehood mistaken for fact. Myths shape societies, define ideals, and breathe life into gods, heroes, and monsters. They do not demand proof—only belief.

MYTH

Pronunciation: \`mith\

*(*When spoken, it carries more weight than sound alone can hold)*

A force beyond time and truth, neither bound by history nor confined to fiction. **MYTH** is not a fable whispered to children—it is the loom upon which all stories are spun. All mythology interlaces, each thread weaving belief, history, and imagination—binding the past to a brighter future.

Each volume of **MYTH** is built upon a sigil (*defined later in this front matter*) — **M**, **Y**, **T**, **H** — the four pillars of this epic. These are not mere letters, but living sigils, the eternal architecture of this saga. You will see these sigils on the cover, in the Codex, and within the story itself. Their mysteries will unfold as each volume awakens:

M ~ **Manifestation**: Where nothing becomes everything.

Y ~ **Yielding**: To yield is to bleed, to bleed is to heal.

T ~ **Transcendence**: When all is lost, only transcendence endures.

H ~ **Harmony**: The blueprint of existence revealed.

MYTH — a design both seen and unseen, guiding you beyond story, and into revelation. It is the silent architect of fate, the unseen hand that bends belief into reality. It does not fade. It does not break. It endures—so long as there is a mind to remember it, a voice to speak it, a culture to enrich it, and a world to shape it. **MYTH** isn't just another creation story...

~ It Is The Threshold. Here Begins the Awakening ~

Mythology

Pronunciation: \mə-'thä-lə-je\

A collection of myths that form the foundation of a people, a culture, or an idea. Mythology is more than stories; it is a reflection of human nature: What we fear. What we worship. What we dream. It binds the past to the present, the real to the unreal, and the mortal to the divine.

Transcendent Mythology

Pronunciation: \'tran(t)-,sen-dənt 'mith-ə-lä-je\

(*A mythic revelation beyond history, legend, and even belief itself.)

Transcendent Mythology is more than sacred story or cosmic explanation. It is the fusion of divine law, cosmic order, and the eternal struggle between existence and oblivion.

Unlike traditional mythology, bound by culture and time, **Transcendent Mythology** shatters all boundaries. It forges a mythos that is timeless, universal, and woven into the very fabric of creation itself.

Where mythology explains, **Transcendent Mythology** awakens.
It does not merely tell stories of gods, mortals, and celestial forces—
It creates them.
It empowers them.
It is the breath of existence,
The scaffolding behind all meaning,
The living myth that underlies reality itself.

This, my friend, is not just a new mythology...

It is a new genre of literature.

TO THE FLAME BEARERS OF MYTH



By *J.F. Nickens*

Welcome to *MYTH: Reign of the Immortals*, the first of four *Sacred Volumes of Transcendence*. This story has lived and matured with me for more than three decades. What you hold is not just a story, but the first key to a greater design—a saga that spans gods and mortals, creation and consequence.

~*To the Devout in Faith*~

(*The Chronicles of Narnia* / *Ben-Hur* / *Paradise Lost* / *The Pilgrim's Progress*)

For those who seek out echoes of the divine, or believe that myths carry eternal truths in mortal words to bridge heaven and man's fragile heart, **MYTH** whispers: *The war you feel in your spirit is real—and you were born to engage it.*

~*To the Connoisseur of Mythology*~

(*The Iliad & Odyssey* / *The Aeneid* / *Beowulf* / *The Epic of Gilgamesh*)

For those who savor the oldest stories, who know that behind every legend lies a fragment of the first truth ever spoken, echoing through time and memory. **MYTH** whispers: *The ancient voices still speak, if you dare to listen.*

~*To the Keeper of High Fantasy*~

(*The Lord of the Rings* / *The Silmarillion* / *Earthsea Cycle* / *The Wheel of Time*)

For those who seek quests with deeper destinies, where gods walk among mortals who become forged through fire and hardship, **MYTH** whispers: *Every hero begins nameless, until their trials become legend.*

~*To the Seeker of Philosophy*~

(*Siddhartha* / *Thus Spoke Zarathustra* / *The Republic* / *Meditation*)

For those who question, who peel back layers of meaning to see the foundations of existence beneath the myth. Seeking truth within every shadowed silence. **MYTH** whispers: *Answers live not in certainty, but in the courage to ask.*

~*To the Guardian of Modern Legends*~

(*American Gods* / *Neverwhere* / *The Sandman* / *Fables* / *Good Omens*)

For those who feel the pulse of every epic ever told, who see the threads binding ancient tales to the stories of our age, weaving past and present into living myth. **MYTH** whispers: *The old stories are not gone, but live in every tale you hold dear.*

~*To the Traveler Between Realms & Technology*~
(*Dune* / *Foundation* / *The Expanse* / *Hyperion Cantos* / *Star Wars*)

For those who see the encompassing wonder of cosmic speculation and its machinery, those who dream of worlds where creation myths and future sciences converge. **MYTH** whispers: *The same hand that shaped the stars may shape you beyond imagination.*

Also, for those who are the meta-physicians, the mystics, and the myth-makers of meaning—those who see beyond what is, and to what may yet become, **MYTH** whispers: *Reality is not fixed, but formed.*

The themes and symbols in this volume are intentional, forming the foundation on which the entire saga rests. They are not mere puzzles, but living threads designed to reveal deeper meaning as the journey unfolds. You don't need to grasp every word at once—let the story guide you, and the truths will unveil themselves in time. What follows is only the first revelation. Greater trials, deeper truths, and sacred destinies await beyond these pages. This flame is now yours to bear. And finally...

~*To the Patient of Heart and Steady of Mind*~

PLEASE NOTE: This is *not* an epic for the casual reader. **MYTH** does not bend to modern brevity or chase fleeting thrills. It is a *sacred inferno*—burning slow, steady, fierce, and without apology. Those who hurry this story will miss its *beat*. Those who demand instant *clarity* will find only ash. This tale will not meet you where you currently are. No, my friend, it will awaken what has long slumbered within you—to mark your soul with a purpose that may never fade.

But for those who dare—and choose—to be refined in its blaze, who breathe deeply and enter with a patient heart... will find something far more enduring within their spirit, just as it awakened within mine—
This Eternal Flame.

TRANSCENDENT MYTHOLOGY



A Paradigm Shift of Consciousness

By: J.F. Nickens

We were told through the ages that the gods shaped our world, and we were just players on their stage. For a long time, this was enough. But something is changing. You feel it—don't you? In quiet moments of contemplation. In the chaos around us. In the space between who you are and who you can become. This isn't just the evolution of human nature. This is *a paradigm shift of consciousness*—a turning of the mind, the soul, the very fabric of what it means to be human. A shift that doesn't ask for permission, but demands awakening.

We no longer wait for mythic saviors or pray for mythic miracles. We now begin rewriting and experiencing this awakening for ourselves. Not in the old ways—carved in stone and sealed by blood—but in new ones: alive, questioning, and bold with vitality. A story where we can become the architects of our fate. We who carry the burden, and brilliance of personal choice.

What of the gods of old, you ask? They were mere reflections—mirrors of what we feared, or longed to become. Now that mirror shatters, and in the shards that remain, we see ourselves made whole. This is not about heroes chosen by prophecy. This is about those who choose to rise. To think. To feel. To change. To thrive in your humanity that is no longer content with mere survival, but driven by a far greater purpose. A myth that is no longer above us—but one that is forged *within* us. In every defiant truth. In every act of courage. In every refusal to forget what truly matters.

You are not just a witness to this shift. You will become a part of it, if you so choose. You are the necessity to its being. This is not just another epic fantasy. This is the frontier of what can be made real, told through fire and vision—but only if it allowed to rise in your heart. You make the call.

Step forward now and carry that fire. Become the story that you alone were meant to write—and rise to your fullest potential.

THE SIX GENRES



To Sacred Transcendence of the MYTH Saga

By: J.F. Nickens

Continuing The Earlier Definition:

Transcendent Mythology is not constructed from traditional sub-genres. It is formed through six literary forces that act as the narrative architecture—each one essential, elemental, and eternal. These following genres do not flavor the story—they build upon it. They are the mythic organs of a living storytelling form. Together, they awaken the reader through a multi-faceted experience of truth, transformation, and transcendence.

Mythic Fantasy – *The Spine*

Function: Forms the sacred foundation of the saga—its gods, divine laws, realms, and metaphysical tone.

Unified Definition: This is the cosmological heartbeat of MYTH. It constructs a wholly original pantheon, sacred architecture, and mythopoeic voice—not retelling ancient traditions, but forging a new lineage of the divine. These are not stories about gods; they are stories told from the perspective of gods and prophets.

Epic / High Fantasy – *The Skeleton*

Function: Provides the narrative scale—multi-realm conflict, prophecy, war, and structural scope.

Unified Definition: MYTH unfolds as a high epic across dimensions, dynasties, and divine battlegrounds. Prophecy becomes scripture. War becomes theology. Every movement serves the sacred scaffolding of a multiverse conflict with spiritual consequence.

Spiritual Allegory / Metaphysical Fiction – *The Soul*

Function: Imbues the story with theological depth, sacred consequence, and emotional resonance.

Unified Definition: MYTH is a spiritual mirror—its trials reflect eternal principles: rebirth, divine justice, memory, mercy, and truth. Every plot point

has a sacred echo. Allegory is not used to moralize, but to awaken.

Visionary / Philosophical Sci-Fantasy – *The Mind*

Function: Elevates the narrative through metaphysical mechanics, sacred geometry, and conceptual structure.

Unified Definition: Here, philosophy becomes law. Memory becomes structure. Vision becomes revelation. The speculative aspects of **MYTH** are not scientific—they are metaphysical: laws written in light, perception, number, and divine will.

Cosmic Horror / Dark Fantasy – *The Shadow*

Function: Grounds the antagonist force through physical and spiritual decay, the corruption of divinity, and existential risk.

Unified Definition: The horror in **MYTH** emerges through the collapse of divine order, the twisting of sacred truths, and the infection that spreads when ultimate power loses purpose. Fear becomes metaphysical: not chaos, but meaning undone.

Tragic Heroic Fantasy – *The Heart*

Function: Grounds the divine in emotional intimacy—personal sacrifice, love, betrayal, and loss on a mortal level.

Unified Definition: **MYTH**'s characters are not vessels—they are vision. Their sacred wounds shape the world around them. Every decision is mythic in consequence. Their emotional tone is Shakespearean, but eternal in action.

~ Transcendence: *The Crown Jewel* ~



Function: The fusion of these six genres, in particular, and what they create when unified.

Unified Definition: Transcendence is not the *genre itself*—it is the experience of sacred revelation. The reader does not simply consume a story—they become a part of it, a believer in it. Transcendence is the final realization that a story was never just about epic literature itself, but the forgotten truths that are unlocked once the reader sees beyond the words, and remembers them.

THIS FIRE BURNS HOT



By J.F. Nickens

This page carries the weight of over 40 years of study, reflection, and transformation. Mythology has not merely been a fascination for me. It has been my companion, my guide, my solitude. A sacred lens through which I've come to understand not only the stories of the world, but the deep, ancient forces always present within the human soul.

Transcendent Mythology is the distilled essence of that lifelong journey. It is not a reflection of the past, but a summons to the future. Not a tribute to the myths we've inherited—but a declaration of the myths we are now called to create.

MYTH: Reign of the Immortals (Vol. 1)—along with the other three volumes that will follow—is not the product of a trend, a focus group, or a writer's room. It is the result of decades of solitary work, tireless crafting, sleepless nights, and spiritual conviction—all while running a full-time business. I am *not a scholar* with titles or letters after my name. But I am something even more rare: a visionary with a voice—one forged through fire, failure, redemption, and an unrelenting call to create something enduring.

MYTH *is not derivative.*

It is not stitched together from scraps of ancient text or recycled narratives. It is a living cosmos—a mythic engine of divine narrative, moral imagination, and sacred geometry. It is theology and philosophy, poetry and prophecy—fused into balance. It draws from the old, but is bound to no past. It speaks in ancient tones but echoes forward into futures not yet dreamed.

It is *God given.*

I do not hide the fact or apologize that *Ai* has helped me refine this vision to a scalpel's edge. But *Ai* did not birth it. That distinction matters. I brought the scrolls. I lived the journey. *Ai* became my *final* editor—but it was *never* the flame. The flame, the soul—that has always been mine. The dream—every beat of it—was forged in this gray matter long before any computer or cell phone processed a single syllable.

To those who say, “*Surely this was a team project,*” or worse, “*This was clearly created by Ai,*” I say this, and let me be *very* clear:

You are not witnessing a team’s creation—but a soul’s testament. And if the scale of it defies your expectation of what one person can do over the course of thirty plus years, perhaps the question is not *how*—but *why not*?

Why shouldn’t this generation birth a new *Homer*? A new *Dante*? A new *C.S. Lewis* or *Tolkien*—for a world ablaze with distraction and starved of vision? If you’re skeptical, I invite you to look deeper. Read not only the words, but the messages between them. Feel the structure. Hear the rhythm. Sense the sacred order. I wrote this not to dazzle anyone with prose—but to hopefully awaken something you forgot you even carried.

Every verse of **MYTH** was born from vision, rewritten through maturity, and shaped by the kind of creative solitude no shortcut could ever replicate. The handwritten volumes of notes with ideas in the margins, as well as the drawings I still carry from decades ago—are safe and sound. The additional handwritten outlines no one saw but me? Still intact. This is the story of a soul undeterred and resolute—proof that modern myth can still rise from the heart of one generation to the next.

I’ve knocked on the doors of agents, publishers, and committees more times than I can count—only to be told **MYTH** was too big, too deep, too different, too controversial. But that didn’t stop me.

It refined me.

Every unanswered query, every form rejection, only proved what I already knew: this work wasn’t meant to follow the path of committees, publishers, or “agents” who only looked at the dollar signs and numbers instead of the soul. **MYTH** wasn’t made to chase trends.

It was born to *outlast* them.

This fire burns hot, baby... Because it was meant to!

It is the sacred engine meant to ignite a conversation across generations, cultures, and beliefs—one that no Ai could ever think up by itself.

And for those still uncertain—the proof will be undeniable, soon. Once the official *MYTHepic.com* website launches in early 2026, a dedicated archive will showcase scanned original documents, hand-drawn illustrations, and annotated notes spanning *over three decades*. Among them: original digital

artworks I created in *Painter*, dating back to 1994—the genesis of **MYTH**—the visual testaments *long before* the rise of Ai or digital generation shortcuts.

This Red Line is Real!

The full epic of **MYTH** will be told through three volumes— In print. In digital. For all. But the deeper meanings? The laws, the sacred alignments, the living sigils? These were never meant to be skimmed or scrolled. That's why this website will not just be an archive. It will be a gateway.

This is where the *Sigils of the Codex*, one by one will awaken into action and voice. This is where their words will call to those who want to hear them. This is where the reader crosses from the epic into initiation.

But let this be understood:

If you enter through a cell phone, you will hear only the first song of their meaning in *8 sigils total*. Their voices, yes, will be heard through a tap or a swipe, but then only their echoes will remain. No symphony of the 60 sigils fully alive in **MYTH**. No more verses foretold. No more insights or sacred diagrams. No more access until the *Companion's Codex* is known. The true experience of **MYTH**, my friend, will exist only through *desktop access*.

This is not a restriction or a punishment, but simply a return to a much needed ritual, and it will be honored. So, if you want the full experience, you must come with focus and join me in this odyssey.

With *attention*. With *intention*. **MYTH** will not chase you, but it will patiently await your arrival. These are not imitations or flavors of the day; they are sacred artifacts from a world that began my own mythic odyssey.

Oh, and one final thing...

I'm also a lifelong creative professional—founder of a nationally recognized graphic design business, *Echelon Graphix*. For well over two decades, I've brought artistry and layout design to digital life with precision, discipline, and integrity. Our many customers would agree: we don't just imagine works of art—we *design* them, *build* them, and help *deliver* them with the same passion and professionalism that have defined the course of this author's entire artistic career.

And in 2025, Echelon Graphix became the official digital publisher of the **MYTH Saga**—a natural evolution for a design studio that was never just about design, but about *vision*. This isn't just a brand any longer—it's become a sacred covenant. One, God willing, that will be built to last for generations.

MYTH is more than a spiritual undertaking—it is a visual and structural art. From layout and typography to cover and formatting, every element was shaped by my hand. Every sigil, motif, and trailer frame—on the site, YouTube, and beyond—was born of trial, error, and stubborn vision. No committee. No advisers. Just decades of grit and soul.

This is not merely a story I have written. It is a universe I forged—word by word, line by line, pixel by pixel. If one day a major publisher takes **MYTH** to new heights, that will mark a natural evolution: a release from these hands into those of a team with the integrity and vision to carry it onward. Until then, it remains the domain of Echelon Graphix.

I would not have it any other way.

MYTH is not manufactured; it is lived.
It is legacy.
It is real.

Let the skeptics come and still be skeptical.
Let the critics come and still be critical.
Let history remember who spoke fire into it—an inferno that no longer forges me, but becomes a gift ready to forge *you*.

THIS IS MYTH!

In Fire and Faith,
J. F. Nickens
2025

PREFACE



The Hero's Journey is indeed, alive and well.

My own exhilarating, mind-swept expedition into the fantastic realms of **MYTH** began in the spring of 1994, during my final year of college. Since childhood, I had loved reading and studying the classic Greek and Roman tales, but it was a series of four specialized courses in mythology that became the crowning achievement of my studies.

This intense analysis culminated in a final project—one that would unknowingly shape the next thirty years of my life. A ten-page creation myth, meant as a final assignment, would become something far greater.

What began as a classroom exercise became my lifelong calling. Within six months of graduation, the story had expanded past a hundred pages. A year later, it had more than doubled in size.

Now, after three decades of writing, editing, evolving, and re-imagining, that humble myth has transformed into a three-volume, seventy-two-verse epic spanning well over a thousand pages.

The Foundation of MYTH

MYTH stands beside epic fantasy and mythic fiction, drawing from deep roots of great works such as *The Lord of the Rings* by J.R.R. Tolkien. Yet **MYTH** also holds unique qualities that set it apart. It is a story woven into the very fabric of mythology itself, carefully infused with the classic themes, symbols, and archetypes that have shaped human storytelling for millennia.

In this sense, **MYTH** shares its foundation with one of the greatest literary examples of fantasy Christian fiction: *The Chronicles of Narnia* by C. S. Lewis. Like that legendary series, **MYTH** carries the timeless battle of good versus evil, yet it does so in a way that bridges myth, fantasy, and science fiction—a combination that even classic series do not explore.

For this, I must express my deepest gratitude to the science fiction genre itself, which completes the grand design of **MYTH**—especially in this, the first book of the series. As fate would have it, in the winter of 1994 (the same year I graduated from college), *Stargate* was released in theaters. This single film opened an entirely new dimension of storytelling possibilities,

inspiring me to explore how mythology and science fiction could coexist in perfect harmony.

Much later, in 2010, the television series *Ancient Aliens* became a weekly fascination for me. This show explored the mythological components that resonated deeply with my work at the time, allowing me to further strengthen many of the foundational concepts in **MYTH**'s second release in 2020.

Now, in 2025, I have finally completed the third and final evolution of **MYTH**'s first volume—the culmination of three decades of refinement. This version now represents the perfect fusion of mythology and religion, shaping **MYTH** into its ultimate, epic expression.

Honoring the Greats: The Mentors of MYTH

I have always believed in giving credit where credit is due. To that, I owe my eternal gratitude to the late, great **Joseph Campbell**. His groundbreaking work on mythic structure and *The Hero's Journey* shaped not only this book, but my entire understanding of mythology itself.

If you, like me, have ever been captivated by the power of myth, I strongly encourage you to explore Campbell's work. His 1988 PBS documentary, *Joseph Campbell and the Power of Myth*—a six-hour conversation with journalist Bill Moyers—remains, in my opinion, one of the most influential and insightful explorations of mythology ever produced.

In addition to Campbell, I must also acknowledge Alan Watts, the American Buddhist philosopher whose teachings—equal parts profound and playfully irreverent—deeply influenced my understanding of self-discovery and the human experience. His voice, whimsical and wise, opened doors to truth with laughter as often as with insight.

One of his most profound beliefs was this:

"It is important to live life with a knowledge of its deeper mysteries—especially your own. Because once you discover what is truly ticking inside of you, the very thing that makes you who you are ... you simply get straightened out."

Once this revelation occurs—once you discover the one thing that sets your soul on fire—and you pursue it with relentless passion, it will bring a fulfillment to your life unlike anything else.

Once you find it, the very universe itself will begin to conspire in your favor.

As Campbell famously wrote, “*Follow your bliss.*”

Finally, in the spring of 1994 at *Spokane Falls Community College*, a teacher named Richard Ibach saw something eternal in this young artist’s writing. He gave this final an A++, not for what it was, but for what it would become. Thirty-one years later, that work has become **MYTH**. This epic is dedicated in part to the man who saw the flame before the fire and for that I am eternally grateful. Thank you, Richard, and Godspeed your continuing journey into eternity.

The First Sparks: My Final Honor

Now, if I’m being honest here, this journey didn’t even begin in college.

It’s a little embarrassing for me to admit this now at my age, but I’m filled with nothing but pride when I reflect on how it all truly began—way back in 1980, when I was just a nerdy kid in sixth grade, and I saw a film called *Xanadu*—a musical fantasy that’s since become a cult favorite.

That deliciously cheesy movie—with an artist chasing a dream, a musician trying to relive one, and a muse to guide them both—sparked something in me that has never gone out. And with the electrifying music of **ELO**—a band I already loved—it ignited an even deeper spark that’s never faded. At just twelve years old, it awakened my talents and vision, planting seeds that would one day grow into a career in graphic design, a lifelong devotion to mythology, and now, authorship.

Strange as it may seem, *Xanadu* was the first time I felt it—the pull of something much greater. Looking back, I realize now, this was my first true journey into **MYTH**.

May the Almighty continue to bless both your journeys beyond the rim, Olivia Newton John and Gene Kelly—to continue dancing together to the song of the cosmos.

This passion became solidified with **Clash of the Titans** (1981), starring Harry Hamlin. Watching *Perseus* confront gods, monsters, and fate itself on the big screen stirred something deep in me—the thrill of ancient courage meeting divine consequence. I was captivated by his journey, his resolve, and the sense that myth could make the impossible feel real.

It was through Perseus that I first recognized the timeless nature of the *hero*—their flaws, their triumphs, and the divine spark that calls them to something greater. From that moment on, mythology was no longer just a subject I admired—it became the very lens through which I would view destiny, courage, and creation in my own life.

A Final Thought:

For me, **MYTH** has been my sacred paradise for over thirty years. Now I share it with you, hoping it may ignite your own sense of wonder, purpose, and adventure. The Hero's Journey is yours to take—it's your odyssey alone. But in every great myth, in every legend ever told, they all began with a single step. Now my friend, it is time to take yours.

As Campbell famously wrote, "*The cave you fear to enter holds the treasure you seek.*" This is the essence of the Hero's Journey—transformation through trial, discovery through darkness. In stepping beyond the familiar, you will find the story only you were meant to tell. Should you allow it, that story, once begun, will echo forever in your soul.

Every call to adventure, whether whispered or roaring, is an invitation to awaken. The hero does not seek comfort, but truth. Your trials will shape you, your choices will define you, and your courage will carve your legend into the fabric of time. Embrace the unknown my friend—your *myth* is waiting to be written.

INTRODUCTION

The Strength of MYTH: *An Odyssey of Truth, Destiny, and Transformation*

*“Every great myth is not just a story; it is
the mirror that reflects who we are.”*

—The Authors Consortium of Mythology

Though this consortium is fictional, the truth behind their words is not. Their collective insight echoes our struggles and triumphs—it whispers of who we are, and who we are meant to become. It weaves the thread of mortals and gods alike into a sacred framework of coexistence throughout the ages.

MYTH: Reign of the Immortals is more than the first volume of an epic fantasy novel; it is an *odyssey*. A journey through the paradoxes of truth and deception, faith and doubt, justice and mercy. It is a testament to resilience, transformation, and the battles we face—not only in the world, but within ourselves. The greatest myths endure not for spectacle, but for revelation. They peel back the world to show us who we really are. They challenge us to ask:

- ~ *How do we heal without letting our wounds define us?*
- ~ *What does it mean to seek truth in a world soaked in deception?*
- ~ *How do we stand when the weight of the world demands that we fall?*
- ~ *What does it mean to grow—in body, in mind, in wisdom, and in purpose?*

At the heart of **MYTH** lies this truth: *Growth is not merely a part of life—it is life.*

This growth, this transformation, is inescapable. It shapes mortals into gods—and gods into something even greater... or something far more insidious.

Through *D'Reem's* evolution, we will witness the physical transformation

from mortal to god, a trial of power that demands not just strength, but the wisdom to wield it. *Xionn's* journey unfolds across three divine ascensions, each echoing the spiritual evolution every soul must undergo to reach its highest calling.

Opti, a divine force manifest into being, matures not in power but in understanding, showing that even gods are not beyond the need to evolve. *Pesa*, in contrast, walks the path of regression, its divinity unraveling into monstrosity through *Dia'Baal*—a haunting reminder that power without wisdom, corrupts absolutely. And finally, *T'Naeva*, unchanging in body, undergoes the most profound transformation of all—growing from a soul clouded by innocence and betrayal into one sharpened to a scalpel's edge through love, truth, forgiveness, and revelation.

MYTH embraces what I call the *whole-pie mentality*—a vision that does not divide truth, but unites it. It sees the fullness of experience—the tension between pain and purpose, between order and chaos—not as conflict, but as balance.

Strength is not found in choosing between hope and struggle, but in embracing both. Justice must be tempered by mercy. Grief must make way for healing. Faith must walk hand in hand with action. And wisdom? Wisdom is forged where contradiction becomes clarity—where harmony rises from division.

We are not only meant to avoid trials in this world, my friend... we are meant to simply acknowledge, and then defeat them.

For those drawn to sacred wisdom, **MYTH** echoes familiar truths:

The **Bible** calls us to stand firm (*Ephesians 6:10–18*), to find joy in trials (*James 1:2–4*), and to believe that beauty will rise from ashes. (*Isaiah 61:3*).

Buddhism teaches that self-mastery, one becomes unshakable. (*Dhammapada 25:8*).

Hinduism urges us to act with purpose, without attachment to outcome. (*Bhagavad Gita 2:48*).

Islam reminds us that trials refine the soul, and that divine help is near for those who endure. (*Surah Al-Baqarah 2:214*).

Taoism shows us that, like water, the softest path wears down the strongest stone. (*Tao Te Ching 78*).

Just as sacred geometry is woven through the great spiritual traditions worldwide, **MYTH** reflects (and respects) this deeper, unspoken design within every journey—an unseen harmony that unites struggle, transformation,

and destiny of one's life into a greater whole. This is the heartbeat of the whole-pie vision: all paths, beliefs, and truths forming a single pattern of unity.

The greatest stories don't just entertain, my friend... they awaken.

MYTH is an invitation—to look deeper, to question what we call truth, and to embrace the journey of becoming something greater than we were before. Perhaps it will reveal the beauty of humanity in a way you never expected: a reminder that belief in *ourselves* is the first step toward healing the world, one soul at a time.

I now present to you that gift from a friend of mine...

*We weavers of fibers made of myths to buffer earthly storms –
So cloaked against the shroud of doubt all wonders to perform –
To take the clay of stars my friend the dust washed from sky to sea –
Pressing it into these shapes of things—these gifts for you and me.*

— James Lee Hansen

And so, from these truths was created the first **SIGIL**... the pulse that breathes all *myth* into existence.



MYTH: Reign of the Immortals (Vol. I):

The Sigil of Manifestation



It stirs where nothing becomes everything. Where upheaval births gods both mighty and fallen—and burns entire realms. This is the first of four sacred sigils: the moment creation tears through the void like fire through silence. It marks the origin of gods, of laws, of dimensions, and of worlds.

This is the epic that gives truth its teeth—but also reveals the evil bold enough to bite back when confronted.

The Sacred Codex of MYTH

Before the first cosmic breath, there was the SIGIL

These are the divine glyphs of the Immortals—each forged from the essence of the Companion, echoing with mythic truth. A truth that remembers what the world forgets, reveals what the eye cannot see, and restores what time seeks to erase. Unbound by the hands of fate and guided by divine purpose, these sacred symbols stand true at the end of every verse.

Five anchors in a sea of revelation, in sacred sequence, revealing the mystery between the words. These are not just sigils, they are reality made manifest.

To see them is to *Remember* ~ To know them is to *Awaken*



MYTH Vol. I Sigil



MYTH Vol. II Sigil



MYTH Vol. III Sigil



Companion's Codex Sigil



The Companion



Evil



Existence



Oblivion



Force of Harmony



Deception



Love



Hate



Force of Imagination



Ignorance



Creation



Ruin



Time



Stillness



Force of Reality



Delusion



Fate



Chaos



Order



Sin



Life



Death



Wisdom



Apathy



Angels



The Fall



Demons



Lucifer Morningstar



Dia/Baal Fallenstar



The Great Realm



Ametheden



Harr-Manee / Gaea



Earth



Ocean



Realm of Reality



Realm of Imaginatio



Xionn Theone



Xionn Theone 'The Edenite'



Sovereign Hand Xionn
'The One'



Grand Sovereign Xion
'The Lion Within'



D'Reem - Young Warrior



D'Reem - Warrior



D'Reem - Great Warrior



D'Reem (The Ideal)



OPTI (Divine)



OPTI (Matured)



T'Naeva 'The Witness'



T'Naeva's Birth



PESA (Divine)



PESA (Corrupted)



Chup'Dravak-Ra



Eternal



Corporal



Sigil of the Veiled Sight
#1



Sigil of the Veiled Sight
#2



Sigil of the Veiled Sight
#3



Sigil of the Veiled Sight
#4

These final four sigils of the Veiled Sight will be revealed in Volume III:
MYTH: The Conquest of Heroes



PRELUDE

The Veil Shall Lift



She arises whole from Ocean's depths, radiant and magnificent—borne of light and life, her essence shimmering the beauty of Creation's first breath."

The heavens sing her arrival—a pure and holy symphony reverberating through reality. Ocean's waves bow, carving her radiant form with the skill, the grace of a master artisan. Her divine form rises higher through the swirling waters, each movement a testament to her ethereal authority—a presence born to command awe and devotion.

Her divine flesh touches the newborn shore, and the heavens sigh in reverence. She lifts her arms to them, drawing the celestial symphony into her being, an eternal blessing, unbroken. She walks to me with a smile and places her hand in mine. And for a single fleeting breath, all is Harmony... She is more than divine; she is my destiny—a force of life and love brought into existence for a purpose far beyond mortal comprehension.

I am D'Reem, *The Ideal*, and she is all that matters to me now.
But in a heartbeat, the harmony shatters.

From beyond time's veil, my ancient father and mentor, Xion, watches—his omnipotent gaze cutting through the lattice of eternity to this singular moment. He has seen countless cycles of creation and destruction over the eons, but this fracture—a whisper disguised as fate—feels heavier to him, as though the weight of the world tilts toward an abyss from which even I and she may never return.

I then see it.

A shadow spills across her light—not from the heavens above, but from the depths within. It slithers unseen, curling through the fabric of her divine being, coiling tighter with every breath she takes. A presence... No, a *whis-*

per. It does not belong. It writhes like a living curse, as though born from the will of something ancient and malevolent—a remnant of a power long defeated, yet never wholly undone. Its deceit twists through her thoughts, each word binding her to its dark intent.

“You are alone ... betrayed ... abandoned by him.”

She removes her hands from mine, retreating awkwardly away. A flicker of uncertainty—an unspoken hesitation—shadows her face. Then her trembling fingers brush my chest. I feel it—the warmth of her essence suddenly meeting the cold, dark tide rising within her.

For an instant, the war begins. The shadow whispers again, louder this time, more insistent.

“He is the one ... the destroyer ... the deceiver ... cruel and merciless.”

Her breath falters. A memory of recognition flickers—brief, fragile. Wide, anguished eyes lock onto mine, pleading, searching. For a single heartbeat, her light flares—defiant—struggling to resist the encroaching darkness. But the shadow’s coil is relentless, and her light begins to fade. It spreads through her like venom, twisting her brilliance into lament. Her hand recoils from my chest as though it has been burned. She staggers backward, her harmony drowned beneath a rising storm of anger.

Oh ... I should have known.

This shade—borne of Dia’Baal Fallenstar—settles upon her mind with insidious intent, weaving both distrust and anguish into her soul. Yet from Xion’s cosmic perch, his ancient eyes narrow. He muses silently.

“This is not the full force of the adversary. This is but his echo—his whisper—a remnant clinging like frost in the first light of dawn. His dominion was ended once, and it shall dissolve again beneath the rising sun.”

But to T’Naeva, the shadow feels as vast as the void. I reach for her—instinct, desperation, love. But this beautiful, tortured soul is already lost.

Moments ago, you rose from Ocean’s birth and danced among its waves. You came to me as our fingers became entwined as one—but now...

The shadow coils deeper, suffocating her light, drowning the brilliance that

once was. The symphony of her creation crashes into my soul like a lament of the cosmos, each discordant note stoking the tempest of her coming wrath. This is no mere phantom; it is the bitter residue of Dia'Baal's former reign—a shade severed from his true form when the Creator cast him down. Though diminished, it clings like an echo of rebellion, seeking cracks in her innocence to sow its venom.

My chest tightens—my vision narrows with every cruel step she takes away from me. She stands in silence, her glare burning through me—a memory too sacred to embrace, yet too deeply etched in creation to ever release. *Ocean* bends to her will now, rising in tempestuous devotion—each wave crowned with the raw fury of her soul. Now, and it rises—*charged*—with her fury. Waves churn, crashing down all around us in violent defiance, thrashing as though alive with dread. Even the air trembles beneath the weight of her wrath.

Where have you gone, dear T'Naeva?

I brace myself before the storm, and I hear...

*The thunders quake throughout this leaden, starless firmament...
Its energies focus... Intensify... Merge...*

“You stand before me in silence—why? Do you not deny my pain? Do you not beg for my mercy as I writhe in misery because of YOU!?” Her breath shudders as *rage* and *doubt* war within her. Both of these things, the rage and the doubt become... *as one*.

“NO... It is you! Murderer! Deceiver! Thief of light! Yet... beneath the lies, something lingers—a whisper I cannot silence, a truth I dare not face!” Her voice quivers, raw with fury. The air thickens with salt and grief; *Ocean* itself mourns because it feels her pain.



Grand Sovereign Xion, 'The Lion Within,' stands in solemn stillness, his eyes shadowed by sorrow as they trace the cosmic mosaic of those he loves, its intricate designs fracturing and shifting in ways even he cannot

mend. Once, his mighty hand shaped this world—and forging the path that raised this warrior to the precipice of destiny.

But now, Xion has yielded all—his authority, his labors, his heart—to the will of his Eternal *Companion*. The coming maturity of Earth no longer rests in his grasp, but in the hands of the One who ordained it before its first dawn.

His power is no longer needed for Earth's sake, as he can only witness as Dia'Baal's corruption takes root. Through his four eons of life, he has already seen the folly of gods and mortals alike, especially here as the first coming age of humanity, stirs, but never has he felt such a void forming so quickly before him. The whisper echoes a final mocking line through his vast mind, hearing it rage as a thousand thunders.

"She is mine now, warrior... as I too was formed in the beginning, and ever shall I be the whisper—to bring you both, misery."

Xion's ancient eyes narrow, sorrow and resolve mixing as he exhales. His whisper drifts upward, though only *Two* can hear him:

"The first shadow upon this new Earth has been cast... May the Companion assist you now, O, Mighty Warrior. The weight you now endure in your maturity is more than I can bear."

A goddess erupts into a roar that shakes heaven and sea alike!

"I will no longer tolerate your presence! You, who stole Pesa's light! You, who cast it into oblivion!"

I inhale slowly as her storm crashes over me. My heart aches for what she has become—for what Dia'Baal has turned her into—but I hold firm beneath her fury. Softly but resolutely, I speak.

"T'Naeva, I foresaw this moment—the tide of lies now entwined in your soul."

My voice wavers not as I take a firm step towards her.

"I will not turn from you—no fury, no shadow, will drive me aside."

Our gazes clash—hers ablaze with fury, mine anchored in sorrowful resolve. The light of her birth is gone, replaced by the darkness overwhelming her soul. T'Naeva wails—a cry that splits the heavens, shattering even my immortal heart. Divine tears carve rivers of grief upon her face.

"O, mighty Pesa, your brilliance undone—not by time or fate, but by his

merciless treachery! And now I stand before the deceiver who extinguished you!” She turns to me again. This time, no roar escapes, only a trembling growl.

“Vile deceiver! Must you stand before me as if you do not know? Must I suffer in your presence, drowning in truths I cannot bear? Leave me at once—or I swear you shall feel the anger blazing within me!”

Her words cut deep—not because they wound me physically, but because they are steeped in the lies she trusts. My patience frays under their weight, but still, I do not raise my hand against her, *nor would I ever*. I reply firm but gentle.

“Your fury blinds you, T’Naeva, but even now, I see you.”

Another step forward. My resolve does not falter.

“Do not let your truth of pain deceive you into turning against me!”

My voice softens, filled with sorrow.

“I will bear your grief, as I have borne my own. For terrible truths have wounded me, as they now wound you.”

Her storm rages—the heavens seize in anticipation—but I press forward one final time. Xion’s gaze lingers because even gods cannot unmake fate. But he sees it now—a choice, trembling on the edge of oblivion, waiting to be claimed. He exhales slowly, his presence lingering, as if awaiting an answer.

Then, a voice—steady and resolute—rises in response.

... You have done well, Grand Sovereign Xion, o, mighty Lion Within, and I have heard your appeal, and it has moved me. Be not weary in your well-doing, for what you have sown in faith upon this Earth shall be reaped in glory. Yes, this final burden is now Mine alone, just as it has always been ours alone. Hope remains, dear friend, even through the ticking eons of time where you, My most faithful servant, endures.

Suddenly, another echo arises, a voice so beautiful and serene, yet full of wisdom, grace and quiet vigor—it is breathtaking to me in its tone and clarity.

“Uh hum... Let it not be forgotten—for even the heaviest of burdens were never yours to bear alone. Not yours. Not Xion’s, and certainly not mine... for I share them fully, as I have always done.”

The Lion Within chuckles softly—low and full of warmth—part amusement, but much in wonder, as if to say:

‘There she is... now that’s the spirit I’ve longed for since I was but a youth.’

The Companion, for a long calculated breath, does not answer. Was this a test? Was this a final measure of *her* resolve? Xion wonders, watching the stillness deepen. Then, at last, the Almighty speaks—His voice hushed—not weakened, but stilled, as if echoing across the threshold of time, deep in memory since the *ANEW*.

... Ah yes, ever the gentle yet spirited voice that occasionally stirs even the depths of My stillness across the eons. You speak as only Love can speak, my dear—softly, yet with a resonance that reaches the marrow of all My creation. Indeed, some fires were never meant to burn alone, and his never did in you, My beloved... Edenite Rose.

A soft chuckle slips from her lips and she smiles in a wide grin. Her eyes, illuminated in brilliant emerald hues in her newly forged ascension, lift to meet His radiance.

“You haven’t called me by that name in ages, O, Mighty Companion.”

She murmurs, her voice serene yet woven with a forged eternal strength.

“... I almost forgot how beautiful it still sounds coming from You.”

The pause that follows is not silence, but a fullness that hums with eternity—an infinite weight pressed into the single heartbeat of divine recognition. Her tone deepens with quiet authority, gentle yet unyielding.

“But I did not wait for your words to remember who I am. I carried both your names within me when no other lips spoke of them. I bore your names through the trials of countless ages with love unmeasured, and through both my own breaking and remaking—I still do.”

The Companion’s light swells—not in dominance, but in perfect harmony with hers and Xion’s—as He answers with a voice brimming with affection:

... And to you I say this, O powerful Rose, you were never merely a name, but the living essence of a truth that even I regard with awe.

His dear *Edenite Rose* inclines her head, emerald eyes brightly aglow, as her voice lingers with quiet authority.

“Perhaps. Or perhaps because the Force of Love was never meant to be a silent witness, but was always destined to walk beside the Mightiest of Lions.”

The three now stand as One in harmonious agreement, and the Companion speaks.

... D’Reem shall come to witness. The veil shall lift. The cosmos shall bear its truth through Me to him. And when the fire of My revelation has burned through all falsehoods, he shall know the truth to set her free—and then to remember. My love is pure, as is his for her. Unbaken, and because of this, his eyes shall be opened. And his passion for her—true in trial, unwavering in devotion—is spotless for his beloved T’Naeva. Because of this, dear companions... He is ready.

The Lion Within, matured through his four eons of existence, closes his eyes as celestial tears streak down his radiant face. He smiles once more, knowing his Companion has spoken His goodwill, and from this moment forward, He will forever dwell close to his Creator’s side, *and so will she.*

His duty is fulfilled. His watch over Earth has come to an end, and as the mighty teacher gazes upon his beloved warrior, his heart swells with pride. An ethereal hand—soft as the petals of a rose yet strong enough to caress the heart of a galaxy—traces the breadth of his broad shoulder with her fingertips as she speaks.

“In truth, it was always you who carried this world upon your shoulders—this sacred burden of servitude upon your heart alone, dear husband. The Mighty Grand Sovereign of our nation you were ever destined to become... even when these burdens of Earth were never meant to be yours alone.”

Xion’s lips curve into a faint smile—worn, weary, but filled with love.

“And yet, it is your hand, your soul, you love I feel now... as I have felt unseen, age upon countless age... and may those burdens be damned.”

Indeed, this beautiful cosmic entity known to her Creator as the *Edenite Rose*—this Force called **Love**, is now Xion’s sacred paradise... Forevermore, and she speaks.

“Perhaps because I was always there from afar—watching you, hoping with you, loving you. In the vast solitude I carved for myself within the Great Realm—one I tempered in silence, honed in struggle, and sanctified in the devotion I poured into you freely. Whether you knew me then or not, it never mattered to me in the least.”

The Companion's light stirs, brighter, warmer, not in correction but in acknowledgment of *his two greatest servants*. The Grand Sovereign exhales once more as the eons of weight press from his spirit and drift into nothingness. With quiet reverence and a handful of celestial tears, he tenderly grasps his beloved's hand in his, a final, unspoken truth lingering between them—one that is cosmic, eternal, and undeniable.

"Somehow, I have always known these things to be true... My beloved Lioness."

Xion exhales, and the release of countless ages in his divine breath says it all. *"That you were always the one for me."*

And so, the shadow is exposed—the divine unveiling... *begins now.*

