

**The End of the Beginning of**  
**Treha**

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## Prologue

It all started many years ago with the Nunidalah who dwelled on Treha. It was a world without water, sky or other life. The Nunidalah had magic power and with it, they were able to create. Their first creation was the crystal cavern which was used to heighten the state of mind of those within. Inadvertently these crystals created light and for the first time they saw their world and those around them. Their second creation, based off the crystal cavern, was the light sticks that are throughout the caverns. Numerous other experiments resulted in the creation of the vast vegetation throughout the caverns.

After thousands of years, they became rather lonely and one Nunidalah saw the end of their race. Soon after the Aliae were created, a tall and skinny race with two legs and four arms. They resembled the Nunidalah in everyway, except for they had yellow eyes and the Nunidalah had grey. Also, the Aliae had extra skin about their eyes so that they could prevent the light from entering their eyes when they wanted. The Aliae however, proved to be rather uncreative though intelligent. They never sought to change things, nor to question what was already said to be known. They referred to the Nunidalah simply as 'those who came before us', never considering themselves to be creations of the Nunidalah but rather descendants. They also had magic powers of their own, though less than that of the Nunidalah. Seeing only the creations of the Nunidalah, they only used their power for creation never thinking their powers could be used in any other way. They first created the wolves as loyal companions, then later spiders and scorpions (which were about the same size as the wolves). The spiders and scorpions were meant to be companions as well, but they sought the darkness found only in the farthest caverns.

The Nunidalah later created the Gmane who, unlike the Aliae, were strong yet creative. The Omane were easy to

distinguish from the others because their skin was pale, not dark blue and they only had two arms. Also their legs bent the other direction at the knees so that their legs bowed towards the front instead of towards the rear. Their intelligence was less than that of the Nunidalah and the Aliae, but they would think in ways the others could not fathom. However, the Omane lacked magical powers of any kind.

The Aliae creations did not like the Omane and would savagely attack them when their paths crossed. These confrontations led to their beliefs in greed and power. Seeing both the Nunidalah and Aliae as weak, they sought to enslave them. Of the three races, the Nunidalah suffered more than all. Though they had the power to create, they did not have the power to destroy. They could not kill their own creations, so for a hundred years the Aliae fought the Omane alone. Countless died till only one female Nunindalei existed, Idaria. If hope was an emotion that the Aliae or the Nunindalei could possess (only the Omane were capable of this) they would have lost it long ago.

## **Chapter I:** ***The Cavern of Karda***

The air carried the thick smell of the rotting corpses that still oozed so freshly. The Omane had seized the Cavern of Karda, the lowest of all the caverns and the only passage between the two great catacombs of caverns. From here, Marious knew they could not be stopped. Not just because he was the greatest warrior commanding his unstoppable clan of savages, but because now they had control of the last hope that the Aliae and Nunidalah had. The final siege was about to begin and there was nothing that would stand in their way.

“Savages!! To arms and to battle!” Marious screamed to his warriors.

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Jahaer awoke his state of meditation with a great sense of discontent. The Omane were coming, and there was nothing now that could stand in their way. The Cavern of Karda was their last great hope, the only passage between the two great caverns. Something had to be done. He looked around at the other Nunidalah, but none of them seemed to have shared the visions that he had. Jahaer stood and walked from the crystal cavern into the hall of the great three (the oldest and therefore wisest of the Nunindalei who now exist as one).

“The visions of long ago are at hand, for the Omane are coming. It seems that there is nothing that we can do and little time remains, it is coming”, Jahaer spoke softly.

“Time, another one of your false visions Jahaer. We have always existed and will always exist, nothing can change that”, the three spoke in unison. Before Jahaer could interject, the doors of the hall were burst open and a ravaged Aliae stumbled in and onto

the floor. His bodily fluids flowed onto the hall as he desperately tried to hold them in. He opened his mouth as if to speak, but before he exhaled his final breath and lay lifeless on the floor.

Though the great three had heard of this death that was occurring, they never really fathomed it. Seeing the Aliae die before him, so closely resembling the Nunidalah, gave them the sudden understanding of mortality. It was as if all life had suddenly sucked from the hall. Just then, another Nunidalah, by the name of Idaria, entered the room and instantly she began to speak.

“Indeed they are coming, but I have seen a creation that can save us”, she continued to step forward as she held out her hand which above it levitated a strange substance.

“It is like the blood that flows in us, but it is the color of life instead of death. Instead of staining like blood, it cleanses. I call it water. If we fill the Cavern of Karda with this, it will surely cleanse the Omane there of whatever it is that stains their souls”, she spoke inspiringly before the great three.

“Then it is done, we shall cleanse these Omane and create at last a peace”. With the last words of the great three, water rushed into the Cavern of Karda until it was filled.

“Go now, and tell me if they have truly been cleansed of their evil”, the three spoke.

Idaria left quickly and set out for the cavern. After miles of caverns she finally came to it. What she saw, sent a chill through every facet of her body. She saw all of the Omane lying below the water, lifeless. Seeing she had caused the death of many of her peoples great creations, she quickly jumped into the water in an attempt to save them. It was not long before she found she was unable to move or breathe and after agonizing pain, Idaria lay lifeless with the Omane. Yuri, an Aliae who was always at Idaria’s side, saw what had taken place and rushed to the great hall to tell the three of what had just happened.

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Marius crawled his way a few feet further, drenched from the recent flooding, before he finally could go no further.

*'They will pay for this sorcery! They may have defeated my clan, but the clans of Arte, Solen and Karr still roam. I shall defeat each of their leaders and lead the largest army ever to victory! Oh they will pay, oh will they pay'*, Marius thought to himself as he slipped into a state of exhaustion.

## **Chapter II :** ***Marius Returns***

After Marius recovered from his near drowning experience, he set out to take control of the other remaining Omene clans. He was raised with the Omene custom that the strong lead and the weak die. It was his turn to explain this old custom to Arte, Solen and Karr. The caverns catacombs were vast and he had nearly thirty miles to traverse to Karr's lair.

*'I must take Karr first, he is the strongest and will make the best example of my strength to the others. He will not go down easily, and his strength does indeed exceed mine. If I hit his knees from the front, they would likely break and cripple him. He would be an easy target from there'*, Marius thought to himself as he silently chuckled as he imagined the sound of Karr's leg snapping.

The other Omene tribes did not fight dirty when they fought for leadership as Marius's had. His new tactics would be a great surprise to them and give him an overwhelming advantage. Karr would go down quickly, removing any doubt in the clan that Marius was indeed superior.

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Yuri stumbled his way back to his people's cavern barely able to carry the weight of his own body. He spent his whole life aspiring to be like the Nunidalah's so that some day he could be Idaria's life mate. Now that was impossible, everything had now changed. For the first time his feelings of love, the feeling of passion which was the center of every Aliae, turned to feelings of malevolence. He could not understand why Idaria had tried to save the enemy, the savage Omene.

*'How could she love such savages? Have I been wrong about her all along?'*, Yuri thought to himself.

He collapsed to the ground, still far from the great hall and his emotions overwhelmed him. Unable to regain control he lashed outwards in a fit and a ball of fire flung forth from his hands and set the vegetation ahead of him ablaze. For the first time, the magic he had possessed created a force of destruction.

Scared at first of others condemning him for his discovery, Yuri hid in the caverns secretly practicing his magic for his day of ascension.

*'Even those he came before us cannot create such things. I have surpassed even their great abilities. At last, I will give them reason to respect my people'*, he thought to himself.

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Marios at last came to the sentries guarding the entrance to Karr's cavern.

"Take me to you leader, its his day to die today", Marios boasted to the sentries.

"Haha, yeah whatever you say. You guys hear that, this strumpet thinks he can take Karr. Bust open a barrel of beer, this should get entertaining", the sentry shouted the others.

Before long many of those waiting to watch were dunk stomping on the ground calling out there great leader. The curtains pulled back and Karr came forth, having to duck his head under the eight foot tall doorway just to fit. He was truly an incredibly large Omanc. Karr beat his chest twice before he came charged at Marios with a furious battle cry. The crowd started shouting and stomping louder than ever.

Marios quickly dropped to the ground and kicked full force into Karr's knees. Karr fell hard with a painful scream and Marios wasted no time in jumping on top of Karr's wounded body and snapped his neck to the side, severing the spinal chord.

The cavern was now silent with disbelief, but the silence was quickly broken with a sudden shout.

"Marios! Marios! Marios!", which was soon chanted by everyone in the cavern. Marios stood there with pride then grabbed the remaining beer barrel and held it above his head as he chugged its contents. Again the crowd cheered as Marios broke the barrel over his leg and began to scream wildly. The only thing the Omanc enjoy as much as fighting is drinking. Both of which, Marios was quite good at.

It was not long before Marios had control of the other clans and lead the greatest army Treha had ever seen. They made base camp next to the flooded Cavern of Karda where he set his greatest minds to find a way to traverse under the water, through the cavern. After nearly two hundred died trying they determined that their armor, which was made mostly of rock slabs and vines, caused them to sink rather quickly in the water and was soon discarded. A few months later, a handful were able to swim but many died trying to find the entrance on the other side. The water had become cloudy from all the decaying bodies in the water and was impossible to see anywhere they were swimming. Finally one of them had the brilliant idea to tie a vine to their ankles so that when they could no longer hold their breath they could be pulled back out.

One year and two months later, the entrance was discovered by Marios himself. He tied the vine off on the other side and returned to the other side to tell the others of his discovery.

### Chapter III : *Yuri's Ascension*

“The Omene are returning, and in far greater force this time. Our powers are weakening, and they draw ever near. You know as I do, that if they are to reach us, it will be our end. We must do something and fast”, Jahaer said to the great three.

“We know now what you speak Jahaer, and already have planned a temporary solution for this problem. The Omene are very creative, and though we see none now, they will find a way around this obstacle”, the three spoke in unison. “We shall create a new creature from the one the Aliae have already created. They have a natural desire to consume the Omene. However, instead of digesting their victims, they shall regurgitate them as their own young. A new life shall spring from what we created. They will have the legs and arms of a spider, the torso of the Omene, a tail of a scorpion and the head of a wolf. They shall be ever dependant on the water we once created so they can never venture from the Cavern of Karda”, the three spoke as Jahaer looked at them oddly.

“I cannot think of anything better, but I fear we have ano...”, Jahaer began to say as a heated debate broke out.

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Marios pulled his way along the vine back to the other side of the caverns, all his troops in front of him. Suddenly the waters became clear and creatures emerged, hideous creatures. They sprang to life and began to furiously attack the Omene swimming through the water. The bodies of those attacked were devoured to the last finger. Without thinking he pushed off the cavern wall and swam directly towards an oncoming Kardan.

A whip of its tail came towards Marios, but he moved with amazing reflexes and grabbed hold of its tail and re-directed it

into the Kardan's own head. Twitching wildly, it started to sink to the bottom but was devoured by other Kardans before it reached the bottom.

*‘Truly savage creatures to devour their wounded’*”, Marios thought to himself.

He continued to swim towards the opening as he watched hundreds get consumed by the creatures. Reaching the opening at last, he pulled himself up and out of the water. The Omene behind him was half out of the water when he was grabbed suddenly by the leg and pulled under.

“Marios!” the Omene screamed.

Marios turned quickly and dove into the water to save his fellow clansman. Though brutal in their practices, the Omene believed firmly in never leaving a living man behind to the enemy. As he breached the waters surface he looked face to face with a Kardan, its mouth wide open and about to stomp down upon his head. He grabbed the creatures jaw and tore it from its head and it lashed around as the other Kardans around it began to eat it. He quickly reached the other Omene and used the torn jaw as a weapon and he thrust it into the other Kardans neck. Its grip loosened and Marios pulled his clansman back and eventually out of the water.

Marios stood above the wounded man and observed his wounds. One leg was missing, and the other looked as if it would not be functional.

“The strong survive, and weak shall die”, Marios said as he finished off the Omene with a blow to his head.

“Onwards now! Our destiny is at hand!”

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“It is done, the Kardan creatures have been created. We shall obeserv...”, the great three were interrupted by the breaking

of the halls doors as Omane poured in and slaughtered the Nunidalah standing near the door.

This was the second time the great three had ever seen death, and the first time they had watched fighting take place. The Omane tore the Nunidalah one by one as they offered no resistance. The great three were soon slaughtered as well and only three Nunidalah stood alive before the Omane. As they closed in on the last three and voice echoed from behind them.

“All that is done, can be undone. All that is found, can be lost. All that lives, can die. It is your time now”, a sudden explosion of flames consumed the rear ranks of the Omane.

The smell of burning flesh filled the hall as the Omane turned to face their new enemy. Yuri stood before them and hurled another ball of fire at the now advancing Omane. Rank after rank, they fell before him but their numbers were numerous. Yuri was soon falling back towards the crystal cavern. Throwing balls of fire and spraying acid from his hands, hundreds of Omane died but still relentlessly charged him.

A sudden sharp feeling of pain seared though his back as a voice whispered in his ears, “You have killed many sorcerer, but none stand between me and my destiny”.

Marious grabbed Yuri by his lower arms and threw him into the wall. Yuri crawled into the crystal cavern trying to regain his composure. He stood back up and turned around to face the coming Omane. However all he could see were Nunidalah where the Omane once were, they had all become Nunidalah. They all moved with so slowly outside the cave, it was if time had slowed to a near halt. His mind filled the thoughts, sights, smells and sounds he never imagined. No Aliae had ever entered the crystal caverns, and Yuri soon learned the truth to all that was. He saw the creation of his people, then the Omane. He saw the Nunidalah create the great flooding of the Karda Cavern, he saw Idaria die

again and he saw himself change. Yuri’s mind drifted further and he saw the caverns ceilings become blue like water.

“It is time for you to die now sorcerer”, Marious said interrupting Yuri’s visions.

Yuri turned to find Marious standing before him, looking like an Omane once more, and the others closer to the entrance but still moving slowly. He shot forth his hands as if to create fire but nothing happened. It seemed as if his powers did not work inside of the cave. Marious struck Yuri in the lower jaw then the chest sending him stumbling backwards. Yuri recovered quickly and sprung quickly and hit Marious back across his head several times.

“You have much more fight in you than most Aliae, but still weak”, Marious said as he struck Yuri to the ground.

Yuri began to pick himself up as Marious sprang on top of him thrusting a knife towards his neck. He grabbed Marious’s forearm with both his right arms but the knife still moved toward him. With all his might and using all his arms he tried to force back his arm with no success. A sharp pain suddenly burst through and he knew now, it was over.

## Chapter IV: *The Awakening*

The Aliae had been gathered together in the center of their encampment as the Omane began to tie their lower arms and legs together. Others began the construction of walls to contain their new slaves. It was not long before the Aliae were shaving the rocks down to be used as their own walls.

*'The other Omane should be reaching the great hall by now, it truly is the end'*, a Aliae thought as he worked.

Two more Aliae were slaughtered for their refusal to work, it seemed as if it was all coming to an end. A sudden burst of light entered the cavern and blinded everyone. The light did not stop, but grew dimmer till they could finally see. The ceiling of the cavern was gone, and everywhere they looked they saw blue above them. All the Aliae's arms stretched outwards and grew in size until finally great wings were where their uppers arms once were. Before long they were flying into the sky heading away from the Omane. Below they saw Yuri lying below but he had not grown wings. Near him, lay the corpses of thousands of Omane.

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Yuri knew now that his end was coming and he finally understood all about the Omane, the Nunidalah and his own people. He reached in and gathered all of what he had left and the crystals suddenly lit up brighter than ever till all that could be seen was white. When he could see again, the crystals were gone and the sky had been created. In this moment, a wave of fire shot outwards from him and seared all the Omane leaving piles of burning flesh.

His hands grew cold as he saw that everything had gone as he hoped. An Aliae flew above him and away into the sky, followed by dozens of others. One descended upon him.

"Yuri, we must leave! Come!", the Aliae shouted.

"There is no future for me Vorta", Yuri said as he tilted his head back revealing the wound in his neck. "This power, it is in us all. Come closer", he spoke as he laid his hand upon Vorta.

Yuri's memories of what he learned in the crystal cavern flowed into Vorta. When finished, Yuri lay dead. Vorta picked up Yuri's lifeless body and flew towards the horizon with the others. The new thoughts echoed through his mind and he knew things would have to change.

*'With the Nunidalah now gone, it is up to us to protect the creations of our creators. We are from the same, we will find a way to live together'*, Votra thought.

The remaining Aliae settled high in the mountain tops where they remained for thousands of years. Vorta taught to the others the truths about their origins and everything began to change. They watched over the Omane for many generations till their presence was once again needed to protect the last great creation of the Nunidalah. Many believe the great light that lights the world is Yuri himself. Saying also that he purposely had it rotate around their world so that they would never forget that the world was once covered in darkness. A statue of Yuri was constructed in his remembrance on the highest peak of the mountain. Inscribed in the stone at the base was, "Yuri, the one who opened our eyes".