

Six paths of the raven flame.

If one were to reject kindness and care in their heart, they may follow faithfully the Raven flame through the nothingness.

Six blind paths; six masters. Black scales; all 'hers'.

Onyxi, enveloped in corruption. The conscious of the raven flame, too large to go unnoticed; too massive to comprehend. It has spread like wildfire in the essence of her being, yet she remained sane, calm. Limbo and beyond flickers behind her emotionless eyes. One gander and you are bound to her whim. May be that she is the youngest, but a child; fear her for she is the furthest removed from sympathy.

Darinox: ever smoldering with boundless, endless ire. First to serve under 'her'. Unlike the gaze of discipline "Nar'gi maza" The art of scorching wings "Umi'ji maza" shows the arcane form of the raven flame. 'Her' wings were torn entirely from her against her will, but he, taking solace in her presence, tore them himself.

Blood spewed; his face contorted in pain. He had to be saved, yet he never screamed. All but the ancient, mysterious precursor metal must yield to the strike of his 'wing'. Demonstratively destructive. Legend has it that he tore a mountain top down to atoms in his rage at having failed 'her'. This blade is swung without mercy, but not without searing agony to the wielder.

The simmer: Ivarir. The others were touched by the raven flame, Ivarir were the one to reach out, to touch it. The others forever tethered through Mar, while Ivarir became a tether herself. It exists in all things, the raven flame... All none living. Were human nature

exists; she goes. Space and state of being are no more than suggestions to her and are almost never followed. Distance, rather to her or her subject, no matter for her infinite step, “Lir’ga Maza” The slightest grace of her fingertip: a mark of death.

Though her care is one of duty, Taganox is not without such. Living is one thing, death another, a third: flickering with the raven’s flux of the black flame. Fli’or Maza: The life after death. Make no mistake, there are no such thing as resurrection. Death is death. For the beings created from; buzzing with magic, with Mar, for them a second state of being exist. Their bodies repurposed and empowered. The echo of Mar reverberating through their corpse mirrors the last image of their live conscious. This recreation is possible through the summon of the raven itself.

He was named Ixir at birth. Void... He has cast his name aside, the nameless of the six. He desires no name, as he does not be in this reality... not fully. Like Shadow and his human appointed, but at the same time nothing alike that, the nameless walks on Luxia and in Limbo equally. Limbo is understood equally to the vastness of space surrounding us. But a pocket dimension... a gateway, it fully is entangled with our reality. A lazy step in the endless desert is ten leaping sprints across Luxia. He is agile, cutting through the wind and out of any human eye. A firearm possesses no more threat than a pebble to a lake.

Brothers and sisters under ‘the mother of all new-age dragyns’, they love him but fears him equally. Lastly and most lethal: Argon the puppet master. Many dragyn bodies shattered, seeking power. Argon was no exception. Before his soul dissolved, he latched onto a seed. It became the ‘black feathered seed’. He grew forth on the New Highlands, overlooking the palace. Every being needs a being to be

in, not Argon. His presence is incredible, free to skip from vessel to vessel; not limited to one. Maza. He has been seen often carried behind the ear of Ivarir as a white rose.

Now... I dare not speak her name, certainly not in writing. The six spend decades training till their bones shattered and their minds unraveled from maddening fatigue. She has them appear amateurs. Not a master of any of the six paths, but a grandmaster of all of them. After all, 'she created them. 'She' sits on her throne, watching. Her enemies should praise that she follows the traditions of old.

Beware of the Raven flame, praise its subject's protection against the greatest fissure in magic. All hail the queen of a thousand years to come.