



CHRONICLE 1

# THE FORGING OF THE FROSTBLADE

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## Chronicle One

### “The Forging of the Frostblade”

At the dawn of the First Age, Ymir, the god of snow and ice, wandered through the frozen tundra alone. Icy gales howled through the snow-covered mountains as the cracking of ice sheets clashing against each other acted as a chorus to the wind.

Ymir was an unusual god. He alone would explore the lands of Eluan, observing and watching all the creatures and plants created by Khaius, the creator god, and his brother.

Of all the locations on Eluan, Ymir found the gelid landscapes the most comforting, admiring the purity and innocence of the snow that painted the entire land white while minute snowflakes sharp as blades pierced his skin as he strolled undisturbed.

One day, as the Twin Suns Elio and Zia shimmered radiantly on the horizon, Ymir noticed a bright blue sparkle originating behind a mountain range. The god, consumed by curiosity, decided to investigate and discover the sparkle's origin.

When he passed the range, a thunderous creaking gripped the landscape as he saw a gargantuan blue glacier crashing against rocks, creating the deafening sound he had just heard. The glacier's blue color was uncommon. It was clearer than the sky at noon, and as alluring. Only in his life had Ymir seen a similar shade, and it was the eyes of Mavi, the goddess of storms.

Ymir was hypnotized by the glacier, placing his hands and caressing it like a smooth jewel expecting to find a fault in it but to no avail. It was perfect. As he probed, he noticed that the glacier's center was more ultramarine in color.

Consumed by sudden inspiration and desire, the god took a shard from the glacier's heart. The moment his fingers touched the ice, he felt a stinging pain run down his fingers and all the way up through his arm.

He moved back, startled by what had occurred. Ymir touched again and once more felt a pain that made him retreat. Anger built up, and he yelled at the glacier: “I am Ymir. I am the god of ice and snow. I command you to obey me.”

A violent gale hit the glacier, shoving Ymir, who maintained his balance only through his strong desire to take a shard from the glacier's heart. The blue had become more alluring to the god, who felt it was glittering and calling to him.

As the god prepared to strike the glacier, he noticed a large dark shadow on the ground, causing him to raise his head and see what was causing it.

Up the sky, a colossal white dragon was making its way to where the god was standing. Ymir assumed a fighting stance, ready to fight the dragon if necessary.

The white dragon landed a couple feet from the god and greeted him. “Ymir, master of ice and snow, I ask you to leave this place and leave the glacier alone. It is evil.”

Ymir burst into laughter, “How can a place be evil? Creatures and gods can be evil, but not places.”

The dragon shook her head, “This glacier is evil. That is why it is hidden away by mountains that prevent its influence from spreading.”

Ymir stopped laughing. It occurred to him that the dragon was deceiving him and wanted the glacier and its beauty for herself.

Shaking his head, the god lifted his hands, which began to glow as the snow started to fall and the air began to freeze.

Realizing she was in danger, the white dragon abandoned any hope of convincing the god. She spread her wings, ready to return to the sky, and gave the god a final warning: “Beware this place, and anything you take from it, for it will only bring ill fortune and misery to Eluan.” And, without another word, the dragon returned to the sky she had come from.

Ymir resumed his attempts at retrieving a shard from the glacier's heart. For three days and three nights, he cast spells and ordered the snow and ice to do his bidding. And for three days, the glacier ignored him. As exhaustion seized him, he had an idea.

His brother Khaius, he who had created the world, had a magical chisel he had used to shape his creation. “Maybe that tool could pierce through the glacier,” he thought and turned into a snow owl right there and flew towards the Smedje, his brother's workshop.

When Ymir arrived at Smedje, his brother was nowhere to be found, although all his tools and books were in place.

The god grew anxious; what if the dragon was stealing the glacier's heart while he was away?

Ymir took his brother's chisel and a hammer and scurried back to the glacier.

Ymir's heart was beating like warring drums as he gazed at the glacier's heart with the chisel in his right hand.

The god placed the tool on the glacier's surface, causing red sparkles to fly as if two opposing magical forces were clashing.

The god lifted the hammer in his other hand and delivered a blow on the chisel's handle with one swift movement that could have killed a giant.

The blow was followed by the sound of cracking as tiny ice nuggets fell to the ground. Taking it as a signal, Ymir unleashed a flurry of blows like an enraged sculptor on defenseless marble.

For a long time the god worked, retrieving a majestic shard, which he then began to shape. Free from the glacier, the shard was easier to manipulate but was as resistant. Ymir had never seen ice like this before, stronger than steel and much sharper; were it not because of the chisel and his dominion over ice and cold, the ice would have remained amorphous and indestructible.

The god's obsession with shaping the shard had made him unaware that the ice had been speaking to him, murmuring to him to create a weapon, a blade.

A week had passed, and Ymir was a mess; his hands were bleeding from the effort, his clothes were covered in layers of snow, and his eyes were red from so much strain. But his efforts had been worth it. In his hands, he had the Frostblade, a weapon made from a glacier whose unnatural and magical ice made it stronger and lighter than any metal. The sword was made from different shades of blue, from almost white to an ocean deep, depending on how long Ymir had worked on it.

Exhausted, the god placed the blade on the ground while he sat and closed his eyes before falling into a profound slumber.

“Ymir!” screamed the voice as very soft snow fell in the region around the glacier. At the time the voice echoed in the area, the chisel and the hammer started to glow and hum. They detected the presence of their owner, the god Khaius.

“There you are! Why did you take stuff without asking for them, brother?” asked the god as he made his way towards his slumbering brother. Before he got to him, Khaius stopped beside the Frostblade.

At first, he spotted a blue sparkling, a faint glow next to Ymir. As he got closer, he noticed it emanating from a long object. Khaius now saw that it was a sword and what weapon it was. He had seen many during his lifetime but never of this beauty and shape. It was immediately apparent to him that it wasn’t made of metal but from some ancient ice, as old as creation itself.

Khaius was about to call out for his brother again, but something inside stopped him. He couldn’t look away from the blade, his eyes were fixed on it, and he desired it.

Khaius knelt down and stretched out to take the blade.

The moment the weapon touched his fingers, the god heard a faint murmur coming from all over the glacier. “Take me.”

Before Khaius could properly grip the weapon, he was stabbed in the back with the chisel by his brother Ymir.

Khaius turned, his face distorted by shock and pain, as his brother drove the chisel more times as he yelled, “Get away from it! It’s mine!”

Ymir’s eyes were incandescent with wrath, while yellow and white foam formed in his mouth as he repeated in hatred, “Leave it alone!”

The god of ice and snow tackled Khaius to the ground, jumping on top of him while he drove the chisel into his brother’s stomach. Khaius wretched in pain as Ymir twisted the chisel, worsening the already terrible wound.

As the two brothers fought, a blizzard hit the glacier, caused by Ymir’s uncontrollable wrath. Khaius’ pleas to his brother were silenced by the howling winds. As his strength was fading away, Khaius took the Frostblade that lay beside them in one last act of desperation, and slashed his brother.

Ymir dropped the chisel and stepped back as he bellowed in torment. Blood streamed from the wound like a raging waterfall as the god of ice and snow cast spells to close it. But the wound would not close. Khaius stood up and watched as his brother staggered away from him and the blade.

Before he could stop his brother, the blizzard worsened, making it impossible to see or move through.

Khaius used the Frostblade to dig a hole, which he got into and covered with his cape. A feeble but efficient method to avoid the blizzard. As Khaius lay next to the Frostblade, he had visions he had never had before. He saw all the peoples of Eluan kneeling at a crowned figure wearing crimson armor and a white cape. He recognized the figure. It was him. On his right hand, he held the Frostblade; the blade had drunk the blood of countless enemies, but it had no trace of anything other than the reflection of its gorgeous blue tones.

The same people that celebrated him followed him in his battles against other creatures: the fey, giants, and even dragons. His armies marched, with him always at the front and undefeated.

Khaius woke up; the blizzard had ended hours ago. The god remained still, his eyes anchored on the Frostblade.

The god took the chisel, which was still wet with his blood, and ignoring the pain from his injuries, the god proceeded to carve runes into the Frostblade, runes that he bathed with his essence and power.

Whether he was aware of it or not, the Frostblade had cast a shadow over Khaius’ soul, releasing a dormant ambition that soon mastered the god.

When the god finished, he raised the Frostblade to the sky and gave a roar that summoned all the elements of creation: fire, wind, air, water, and wood; unleashing earthquakes and storms as had never been seen before in Eluan.

The god Khaius soon embarked on a war of conquest, attacking all the people of Eluan who refused to submit to his will. His armies soon spread to all corners of the continent.

In less than a year, Khaius and his forces had subjugated the entire continent of Eluan. Only two groups remained free from his grasp: the dragons, who had decided not to participate in the conflict, and the other, the gods.

Khaius knew that his hold on power would never be consolidated until he subdued the other deities.

Although he was a god, there were other beings above him called the Primevals, the manifestations of concepts and energy that birthed the other gods, including Khaius.

Without giving it a second thought, the creator god Khaius marched on Eternys, the ageless forest that many of the gods called home.

Khaius’ armies fought savagely, slaying numerous gods and their servants in the process. Blood soaked the ground red as hundreds of thousands perished for one god’s ambition, creating a crimson lake that exists to this day, known as the Sea of Anguish.

The tall trees of Eternys that reached the stars were hacked down by the mortals, and used to create more weapons and ammunition to fight the gods.





The other gods were bewildered. They knew that mortals were brave, capable of incredible feats of valor and might, but never expected them to prove a challenge for them. And although this was partly true, the forces of Khaius were only able to battle the gods thanks to the blade's power, which poisoned their minds with whispers of power and the creator god's influence.

Khaius didn't even bother giving the gods an ultimatum; he was sure of his victory and desired nothing less than their total decimation. However, despite his talent and power, Khaius had not realized that he had fallen to the Frostblade's sway, even ignoring his own instinct and voice. Had he done so, he would have understood that challenging the rest of the deities could only end in defeat for him, but such were the blades' powers that the god marched deaf and blind to the world around him.

The god reached the Dead Tree, the tallest and the oldest of all the trees in Eternys, and the one believed to have died to give birth to the Primevals. The tree was the only way to reach the only beings above the gods.

As the battle ensued behind him, Khaius lifted the Frostblade, focusing all his power on the weapon, and swung at the Dead Tree.

The blade penetrated the petrified bark, causing a string of tiny cracks to form around the trunk, after which a deep lament echoed throughout Eternys.

Khaius lifted the weapon again and released another swipe. For an instant, time slowed down as the blade flew towards the tree, and just as it was inches away, it got deflected and landed on the ground.

The creator god screamed in frustration, "What devilry is this?" He turned and saw Ymir, his dying brother. The wound caused by the blade was now healed, and he looked more alive than dead; only standing up because he was leaning on Klepyon, the goddess of medicine.

Ymir was free from the Frostblade's influence and back to his old self. Ashamed of his madness and creation, the god of ice and snow had taken it upon himself to stop his brother.

When Khaius turned to face Ymir, two war gods arrived: Fjleaar and Dain, who charged against Khaius without saying a word.

Although the Khaius and the Frostblade's power was greater, Ymir still commanded ice and snow and could disrupt his brother's movements.

Whenever Khaius was about to land a deathblow against one of the war gods, Ymir would alter the Frostblade's trajectory by some inches so that the weapon always missed a vital organ.

No matter how hard and precise Khaius attacked, his blows were always shifted, consuming him with rage each time.

As the mythic duel between gods stretched out, Khaius' forces began to lose ground as their god was not there to lead them, releasing more deities who swooped in to assist Ymir and the others.

Khaius struck at the new arrivals with ferocity, cursing them for interfering. Ymir welcomed the intervention; he was exhausted and could not deflect the Frostblade anymore.

Five other gods were downed by Khaius, creating fear in the rest of them. It was in this dark moment that Ymir jumped in the path of the Frostblade and received the entirety of the impact on his ribs.

Khaius tried to pull back the Frostblade, but it would not budge. Ymir, pressing the blade against him, started to freeze it to his body, preventing his brother from pulling it.

The other gods took advantage of Ymir's heroic sacrifice and overpowered Khaius.

Seeing their leader defeated, the mortal armies panicked and abandoned the battleground.

The surviving gods chained Khaius and held a council to decide what to do with the renegade god. The deities debated for a month, deciding that the creator god would be stripped of most of his powers, and sent to Eluan to join his creations. There he would carry out his sentence to serve as guardian of the Frostblade, watching how different heroes searched for the weapon, unaware that although it granted remarkable powers, these did not necessarily behave to the wielder's benefit.

Khaius was thrown from Eternys, creating a great crater where he crashed. When he regained consciousness, he could no longer see the green of the leaves or the sky's blue. The god existed only to follow the Frostblade as it swaps hands over time or heroes try to claim it.

As for Ymir, the god of Ice and Snow, perished, but his phantom is believed to walk the frosty lands of Eluan.