

[ENG] The Legend of the Flux Rupture

*Before the fracture,
before the Flux passed judgment,
we walked united in the same vibration.
The Vortessence asked neither for purity nor for fault.
It answered the need of the chorus,
and the chorus answered the world.*

In those deep times, the tribe dared to listen further.

*They raised the ancient circle,
they bound their hands, their voices, their thoughts,
and called upon the Flux not to survive,
but to understand.*

*This ritual was neither forbidden nor wise.
It was curious.*

And curiosity is a blade without a hilt.

The Three Presences

Among those who sang stood three spirits already distinct.

Teq'Ki,

whose gaze always turned toward what could be saved.
He sang to ease the world's suffering,
never asking for anything in return.

Nep Ah-Ta,

who walked between the pulses.
Neither refusal, nor abandonment.
He sought the balance of the Flux,
the point where no debt overflows.

Kra'Thral,

ardent, hungry for power and knowledge.

He did not hate

he desired.

And his desire vibrated strongly in the Vortessence.

They did not lead the ritual.

They amplified it.

The Moment of Rupture

*When the chorus reached the ultimate depth,
the Flux responded more fiercely than expected.*

*The Vortessence no longer merely flowed.
It looked back.*

*Then came the **Rupture**.*

*Not as an explosion,
but as a torn silence.*

*The Flux ceased to be one.
It bent around their hearts.*

*What **Teq'Ki** gave without reserve,
the Vortessence made luminous and steady.*

*What **Nep Ah-Ta** contained without excess,
it made measured but demanding.*

*What **Kra'Thral** called for with fervor,
it made ravenous and biting.*

*The chorus fell out of harmony.
Not through hatred,
but through revealed truth.*

The First Changed

*When the ritual ended,
the elders felt the dissonance
but did not understand it.*

The three, however, were the first to bear a spiritual mark.

Teq'Ki felt the Vortessence support him
when he healed, protected, freed.
But it withdrew if he doubted.

Nep Ah-Ta discovered that every call to the Flux
demanded a price equal to its use.
No more, no less.
He learned to count the invisible debt.

Kra'Thral, at last, tasted heightened power,
but each invocation left a trace,
a void,
a new hunger.

They understood then :
the Vortessence was no longer an indifferent river.
It had become a mirror.

The Legacy

*The tribe divided not by war,
but by resonance.*

Those who followed **Teq'Ki**
sought the **Glow of Preservation**.

Those who walked with Nep Ah-Ta
learned the **Glow of Balance**.

Those who heeded **Kra'Thral**
embraced the **Glow of Voracity**.

Thus, the paths were born.
Thus, the innocence of the chorus died.

And from that day on,
none used the Vortessence without being known to it.

So it is still sung,
in the ruins and beneath the stars, across the universe,
that the Rupture was not a sin...

...but a revelation too heavy for a single song.

Revision #3

Created 2026-03-26 21:49:31 UTC by Holdman

Updated 2026-03-26 21:58:08 UTC by Holdman