

[ENG] The Path of Voracity

In the Earliest Times

In the earliest times, before the Flow was weighed or even named, there arose among the Vortigaunts a being who would bend to no limit.

*His name was **Kra'thral**.*

Kra'thral beheld the Vortessence and declared :

“Why is this given, if not to be taken, even dominated ?”

Where others felt kinship within the Flow, he felt distance and saw it as a tool.

Where others heard harmony and peace, he heard abundance left untouched.

And Kra'thral was not satisfied.

Of the Descent

When the tribes ventured into the deep currents of the Vortessence, Kra'thral did not advance with caution.

He went willingly where the Flow tightened and screamed, where it begged him to leave, where it sought to cast him out.

*Others felt fear there.
Others turned back.*

Kra'thral did not.

He learned a singular truth:

The Vortessence responds most clearly when life is undone.

*Not by accident.
Not in defense.
But by intention.*

*When suffering was chosen, the Flow grew dense.
When fear was embraced, it became compliant.
When lives were taken without hesitation,
the current opened like a wound.*

Thus spoke Kra'thral :

“The Flow is not wounded by death.
It is revealed.”

The Teaching

Kra'thral taught his disciples:

“All beings are bound to the Flow,
but not all hold equal worth.
Many exist only to feed the few.”

*He rejected preservation, naming it fear.
He rejected balance, naming it delay.*

*Mercy, he said, disperses power.
Restraint fractures the self.*

Only consumption refines.

*To destroy a node of the Flow is not a loss.
It is a gathering.*

*Thus, his disciples learned to draw Vortessence
from the dying,
from the enslaved,
from the broken.*

*They learned not to weep.
They learned not to remember names,
for that signified weakness of body and mind.*

Of Transformation

As they followed the Path, they changed.

*Their cords grew thin and rigid,
as if hollowed from within.*

Their eyes burned without ever dimming.

*The Vortessence no longer flowed through them,
it clung to them like a disease.*

*They spoke less.
They listened less.
They desired more.*

*This was not decay, said Kra'thral.
Truth had simply been made visible.*

*For the Flow does not love.
It does not forgive.
It does not preserve.*

It endures, and it feeds.

After the Schism

*When the Flow was divided and morality became a threshold,
many cried out in confusion.*

Kra'thral did not.

He said :

“The weak are turned away from what they fear.”

*For though some paths were sealed,
the deepest current remained open,
the one that answers only to those who abandon
kinship, memory, and restraint.*

*Where others sought to heal the Vortessence,
Kra'thral sought to bring it to its end.*

And he spoke his final teaching:

“*The Flow will end as all things do,
not in balance,
not in peace,
but in the hands of the one who takes enough to stand alone.*”

Epilogue

And his words did not fade.

*They sank into the minds of many,
forever etched.*

***Even now, they move beneath the Vortessence
like buried script,
awaiting those who do not listen to harmony,
but to hunger.***

Revision #1

Created 2026-03-26 22:28:50 UTC by Holdman

Updated 2026-03-26 22:32:05 UTC by Holdman