

Oberon, the Adversary

Dictations by Titiana, Queen of the Unseelie

*For use in the teaching of
Unseelie History to worthy children.*

Oberon was not always King of the Seelie and Lord of All Fey; no, Oberon was not always ruler of his domain. Before the Faerie Realms came to be, Oberon existed as a Star God in the Realm of Lysia, the Realm of the Elves.

His power was great, even then, but his ambition was greater, and the Star God Nova struck him from the sky.

This was the fall of Oberon.

Without the immense power generated from his Star, Oberon wandered the wilds of Lysia, but he would not be thwarted. Weakened, but not

defeated, Oberon always showed the ambition and relentlessness that we know in him today.

He established himself as the “Teyrauror,” an Elven word that means, “highest of the high.”

A cruel irony for one that fell from the sky, but it suited him.

Some say that by accepting him as their leader, the elves that would become the High Elves became damned for all of time. But Oberon brought them power and knowledge.

Oberon taught them how to rip the magicks from the Realm itself and use them as they saw fit. Each high elf underwent a process that

formed a powerful magickal gate within their bodies, through which the magicks of Lysia could flow into them directly. The process changed them and their descendants forever.

But Oberon was not content to rest on his accomplishments. He ordered the construction of a massive ziggurat. A tower that would pierce the heavens above and reclaim the magicks Oberon had lost in his fall.

Nova was not pleased.

All could sense the change in the Realm during the years the ziggurat of Oberon was being completed. Magick fizzled or backfired

unexpectedly, strange monsters began appearing across the Realm, and nightmares took shape and stalked the daytime. The bright sun of Nova changed color and shape erratically in the final days.

Finally, as Oberon stood on the highest floor and began his breach of the heavens, Nova's rage grew too great to contain. His sun exploded, flooding the Realm of Lysia with magickal radiation and smiting the ziggurat back to the planet it came from. The broken hull of Oberon's ziggurat still stands today, over sixty-five million years later as the Realm

of Lysia reckons (hundreds of millions of years later for most of the Faerie Realms).

If only Nova's rage could stop once unleashed, but I suppose we should at least be in part grateful, for at the same time, the dragons of the Realm of IIo had summoned a monstrous Comet formed of all their hate and fear to wipe out the saurians.

The two cataclysms, although separated by the Aegis between the Realms, interacted and formed the First Gate between IIo and Lysia. The multitudes of Oberon's elves fled from Nova's wrath through the First Gate. The

legends of Oberon's fall and his great ziggurat entered into the myths of the high elves, and were passed down to their slaves, the humes.

Those that could flee did so, anyways. Others were too close to Oberon and the magickal nexus being formed. Similarly, the world-wrecking magicks of the Comet on IIo created a powerful vortex of magick that sucked in unwary creatures and resisting ones alike.

The meeting of the Realms of IIo and Lysia across the Aegis formed a new place: the Infinite Realms of the Faerie, our home. The creatures sucked through the vortex were

forever changed by their travel through the Fabric of the Cosmos and became the first fey.

This was when my memories began. I, Titiana, was at the time only a princess in the court of my father, the Unseelie King. Although I was fully mature, I have no memories before the creation of the Realms.

My father was one of the few that remembered, and he remembered Oberon's cruelty and capriciousness. The Unseelie rose up against Oberon and his Seelie followers.

The war raged on for millennia. Oberon paid it no mind, and we were never able to penetrate

to his personal Realm. Oberon took the years to construct his own castle, and when he looked out from the ramparts at the war of the Seelie and Unseelie, he was displeased.

With a word, Oberon killed my father. With another, all Realms above his castle were hurtled through the mists to rest millions of miles higher and to never bother him with their sight again.

It is said that fey that have fallen from those banished Realms have written entire books as they fell. Recently, faerie scholars have called into question the quality of these books as the

only thing found afterwards is a pile of goopy unreadable and unsorted papers.

The War of Seelie versus Unseelie was over. I was given to Oberon as a gift to try to appease his anger against the Unseelie, but imagine my surprise when I discovered that he had acted out of boredom, not anger.

Unwilling to return to Lysia and face Nova and his legacy on that Realm, Oberon turned all his attention to IIo. His elves had chosen a new Teyrauror to replace him and they had more power with the First Gate than they had ever wielded under his control.

The high elves had fought off the dragons of the Realm of IIo—creatures that shared a common ancestry with the Star Gods of Lysia! Such was the power of the First Gate. The elves had already taken to molding the world in their image, and had created the Tauren Races. Oberon planned to take it from them.

Oberon crossed the Realms and came to IIo himself. He tempted the elven esolons with the idea of the perfect servant: the creatures that would become humes.

But in their genetic and magickal makeup, Oberon planted the seeds that would blossom

into the fruits of anarchy—some called his “gift” Knowledge, but Oberon merely thought of it as giving them the power of Disobedience.

He thought it fitting, seeing as how his high elves had disobeyed and abandoned him at the end.

The humes were too powerful though. With their allies amongst the dwarves and the Tauren Races, their Archmagi were able to seal away the First Gate forever, barring its magicks from both the elves AND Oberon.

Oh! The immeasurable joy I felt that day to see my husband’s plans fail to come to fruition—

not that I had anything to do with the Archmagi's Seal, of course.

Even with the Archmagi's Seal in place around IIo and nearly all of our faerie circles closed as a consequence, Oberon could still influence that Realm.

Throughout hume history he has plotted with them and against them, but never for anything other than his own personal advancement.

He frequently fails in his temptations, but he wins often as well. He is not just the Adversary of all Unseelie, no matter what truce exists between our kind, but he is the

Adversary of the Humes! An enemy only their legends speak of and most have convinced themselves is a lie.

His most brilliant design against them has been to convince them that he is only a tale, and not a threat against their way of life. For Oberon is a threat! Nova saw it and forced him to fall, not once, but twice. He is a threat to any and all, and he will use anyone and anything to reclaim the power he believes is rightfully his.

We, the Unseelie, must be wary.