

CODEX  
SOHRAKIA  
*The Gifted Dark*

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# DEDICATION

To my fabulous sis, thank you for your patience and for always supporting me, and keeping the TV volume down while I write.

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*Seriously, please go check out both the Jorthus and Morrigan's Brood novel series!*

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# DISCLAIMER

This fictional tale is not intended to imitate or promote any religion, ideology, creed, doctrine, or philosophy. All themes, names, characters, and incidents portrayed in this work are fictitious. Any similarities to actual religions, ideologies, creeds, doctrines, beliefs, philosophies, or persons; whether living, dead, undead, immortal, eternal, or otherwise, or similarities to items, places, worlds, or dimensions, are purely coincidental.

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# PROLOGUE

In the beginning, was The Dark, and The Dark was matter, and The Dark was chaos. Dark Matter existed alone upon the Face of the Deep until the moment of The First Thought—the first instant of self-realization, which was The Great *I Am* that brought The Light of awareness and of organized matter into being.

The Light was conscious. But The Light was not chaos. Unlike The Dark, The Light sought order and harmony and symmetry—Dark Matter’s true and everlasting opposites.

Both essences of Matter longed for their own form of creation. But, due to the fundamental differences between them, only Light Matter was chosen to bring forth ordered substance, harmonious form, and sentient life, all by the will of The First. Thus, as The Light progressed in its journey to take forms, The Dark presented a constant threat to influence anything organized of Light with muddle and discord.

And so, The Light resisted Dark Matter’s influence by shoving it away, into its own place, which became known as Outer Darkness.

In the scheme of things both infinite and eternal, Light Matter hastily brought forth organization, thought, and awareness—encompassing and comprised of all existence. This One First Consciousness called itself *Ela’mah’dai*, meaning The First Thought, and matter then multiplied exponentially. From The Initial Thought was born the Seraphon, the first and highest beings of light and the Creators and Governors of all that was, and they were many.

Matter is, and therefore cannot be created nor destroyed, but it can be molded and shaped only by the will of those born of The First Consciousness. The Seraphon were of one mind, of one goal, of one reason, and they set forth to do the will of The First Consciousness in all things.

Between Outer Darkness and The Eternal Realms of Light, the Seraphon erected a barrier to more efficiently separate both realms. The barrier was a void containing no form of either Light nor of Dark Matter. But a void cannot remain empty indefinitely—and being empty, The Void hungered, as a magnet hungers and draws its polar opposites unto its substance. A new form of Matter; comprised of tiny remnants of Light and tiny remnants of Dark—each being the opposite of The Void—was sucked in over eons of time, creating matter that was essentially “Gray”. Thus, The Void became a depository of the remnants of all creation, the collector of discarded, fringe

matter—matter that continued on the course of self-organized, self-propagating structures set forth by the Seraphon, only to a far lesser degree.

As the universal laws of matter were created, so that ever-filling void obeyed those same principals, but in its own way and without the Seraphon's influence. And even without their direct hands, Gray Matter brought into being all manner of things in the image of The Eternal's higher creations, but all at lower vibrations, with fallibilities, flaws, pains, illnesses, finite lives, and ultimately, death. This new dimension became the vast ocean of temporal space; self-organized and perpetually created from laws, the remnants of which were infused into the Light Matter before it was influenced by those oh so minuscule vestiges of The Dark. Over eons, that endless Gray Space became filled with worlds and stars and all manner of life. These lower forms of creation were not a displeasure to The Great Creators, on the contrary, they found the new, lower worlds to be most curious and fascinating, and they called this new dimension The Mortal Realm.

Upon some of those mortal worlds were found endless forms of Terrestrial life and of sentient beings, such as mankind—unclean creatures, yet formed in the very image of the Great Seraphon themselves. These lower beings, living directly in between both Outer Darkness and The Realms of Light, were constantly pulled in both directions and thus evolved having both influences as the foundation for their hearts, minds, and souls, which was the reason for all of their struggles, their joys, and their pains.

The Seraphon grew concerned about the influence of Outer Darkness on their hapless mortal “children”, so they built a veil of greater protection between the realms. It was a barrier stronger than the naturally occurring separation between dimensions, not unlike the divide between The Realms of Light and Outer Darkness itself, which existed naturally as two opposing magnets repel one another. Only this new realm required a guard, for The Grey could not fully repel The Dark.

One of their brethren was chosen as sentinel and given a new name, Saham'a'iel, which means, Guardian of Darkness. He was to watch over the veil between realms, over Dark Matter itself, and he would prevent the lightless essence from further escaping into The Mortal Realm, thus protecting fragile man from even greater infernal influences. Saham'a'iel was loyal in his duties, ever-present at his post, and ever watchful of that all-important barrier, as well as the protection of The Mortal Realm and its hapless denizens.

But, after endless time in close proximity to the roiling, writhing, powerful Darkness, Saham'a'iel began to falter in his duties. He became entranced by The Dark, lured by its insistent cries for order, and its burning desire for its own form of life. Saham'a'iel wondered at the pain he could feel across the veil between pure Light and Outer Darkness, and found himself troubled by the sentience and the unbridled passions he felt there. The energy he sensed was



as true and as real as that of The Mortal Plane. All Dark Matter desired was to have form and to find meaning, and Saham'a'iel began to wonder, to consider trains of thought wholly forbidden among his kind; why was it that Darkness could not have form and shape as the other dimensions had?

But to inquire after such things with his Brethren of Light would surely be a terrible thing in their eyes. Always had his kind shunned The Dark, which now confused Saham'a'iel, who having remained so very close to The Chaotic Realm for so long, had lost such feelings of revulsion and of...fear? No, not fear, for no Exalted Being should ever *fear* The Dark. Rather it was guarded respect that was fleeing his considerations—a respect that had morphed into compassion that grew over time until...

Finally, overwhelmed with endless curiosity, and feeling pity for Dark Matter's neglect, Saham'a'iel tore a small hole in the veil and plucked matter out of The Darkest Realm. He held the stuff within his palm; that purest umbra, undulating, *feeling* essence... He touched and caressed it, felt its energy, its deepest needs, its own fierce and insistent curiosity...even its *innocence*—for it was a pure, unmade thing that simply desired to *be* made. From that day forward, he kept the tiny blob of matter close to himself, learning of its makeup, its yearnings, and its needs.

Eventually, he realized, as he became increasingly familiar with the properties of Dark Matter, that it was not so unlike Matter of Light, or of the Gray essence of The Mortal Realms, realms that had been influenced since time immemorial by its stygian energies. And Saham'a'iel could stand by without action no longer.

He knew that by using his own powers of Creation, he could form and mold The Dark into its own kind of order, and life could spring from it just as it had from The Light!

Unable to overcome the burning drive to test his powers with that Forbidden Matter, Saham'a'iel took the little blob of The Dark and fashioned it into a seed of life that rejoiced in its order, throbbing with the joy of its own possibilities as it begged for the chance to grow. The thrill of his achievement filled The Seraphon to overflowing, and he wanted so much to share what he had accomplished with the rest of the Seraphon, to show them that all matter, whether Light or Dark, could be organized and have structured life!

But what he had done was the greatest violation of his duties as Guardian of The Dark, and even more so of his powers of creation. It was a dereliction of his assigned calling and a rejection of his very kind, in every conceivable way. None of the other Seraphon would share in the joy of his discovery. Instead, they would destroy his tiny seed and he would face eternal punishment for his gross violation.

Saham'a'iel could not bear the thought of his beloved seed's destruction!

Joy then turned to terror and Saham'a'iel panicked. In desperation to hide his crime, he did the only thing he knew to do—he took that dark, undulating seed into himself, burying it deep within the core of his being where no one could discover it.

After this new blasphemous act, Saham'a'iel stuck to his mission, diligently keeping Dark Matter at bay within The Outer Realm. But that seed was thriving and growing inside of him swiftly, and its influences were becoming increasingly impossible for him to ignore. His curiosity burning to uncontrollable levels, soon he crossed through the barrier and into the very heart Outer Darkness proper, where he chose to guard the veil from the dark side, rather than of from the Light.

As a being of First Creation, Saham'a'iel was not barred from any dimension. He was only restricted due to his calling, his devotion to which was waning as that Dark Seed nestled more firmly into his soul.

His brief stints into Outer Darkness felt uncomfortable when first he tested those forbidden waters. The energy was repulsively strange to his exalted being, deeply frightening to his well-ordered mind, despite knowing that he should feel no fear. And yet still he continued to venture there—drawn by his fascinations and his burgeoning compassion for Darkness' plight.

But soon, all of that initial unpleasantness had faded away, and Saham'a'iel found his comfort level increasing in the presence of The Dark, while more and more, returning to The Light Realm seemed almost to burn him in his deepest self.

Saham'a'iel's obsessions; the feel of The Forbidden matter as it cradled his body, its taboo entreats, the very tones and caresses that assailed and entreated him endlessly, and the desires and fierce emotions unlike any he had ever known, continued to grow within Saham'a'iel. His Seraphonic mind faltered as a new, impish mind expanded, and the wayward Seraphon sank into a sea of arcane passions and raging emotions. Saham'a'iel's darkening soul seemed to swell within him. At times he was nearly overcome by paranoia, fear, joy, and even pain. The untainted Seraphon felt none of these things, existing in a reality far removed from The Dark's influence and the jumbled thoughts and emotions of lower beings such as humans. But Saham'a'iel relished in his raging emotions. He thrilled in the changes happening within himself and vowed never to be returned to his original state.

Saham'a'iel also became adept at hiding his strange derangements from the other Seraphon. But, whenever he could not find the strength to pretend the serenity he should naturally feel, he would escape into Outer Darkness, or even flee to one of a plethora of mortal worlds to hide until he could gain some measure of control over himself. Ever more frequently he found he preferred to spend time on The Mortal Plane. Mortals and Terrestrial life

fascinated him, and the diminished light there became more comfortable to his changing senses than the burning, searing glare of The Higher Realms.

One particular world soon became his favorite, a simple planet called Terrasan. Terrasan was a world late in its development and well established in its lands and populations. Not yet having reached any substantial technology outside of animal-drawn carts, small villages, farming, and the simplest forms of government, Terrasan held an endless fascination for Saham'a'iel and his burgeoning Dark Seed.

But Saham'a'iel kept his visits brief, for he knew that he could not remain indefinitely on Terrasan, nor anywhere else in The Mortal Plane. And he could not be away from his duty of guarding Outer Darkness for too long, or he would most certainly be discovered...