

Autumn

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Crimsonfall - October :

Araknavar, the Widowmaker

Crimsonfall is the Hallowmere name for the month of October.

It is the tenth month of the year, when the leaves turn red, gold, brown, and black before falling from the trees. The air sharpens. The days shorten. Shadows stretch longer across roads, fields, and doorways. What once bloomed now withers, and the world begins to show the shape of its bones.

Crimsonfall is associated with Araknavar, the Widowmaker.

Araknavar is the deity of woven fate, deathly patience, endings, traps, widowhood, quiet vengeance, and the hidden threads that bind one life to another. She is not worshipped as death itself, but as the one who waits near the places where choices tighten, promises break, and consequences finally arrive.

In Hallowmere, Crimsonfall is often seen as a month of omens and endings. Leaves falling too early, spiders gathering near thresholds, torn cloth caught in branches, or a sudden silence among birds may all be taken as signs of Araknavar's passing influence. Her presence is rarely loud. She is felt in the pause before bad news, the empty side of a bed, the letter never answered, and the door that remains closed.

Those who honor Araknavar during Crimsonfall may leave offerings of black thread, dried leaves, red cloth, bone needles, or small knots tied in silence. In some regions, widows and widowers are given special protection during this month, for it is believed that Araknavar hears those who have lost half of a life and still remain among the living.

Crimsonfall is also a month of reckoning. Oaths that were ignored may return. Lies may tighten around those who spun them. Enemies may find that the trap was set long before they noticed the web. Araknavar does not rush her work. She waits until the thread is pulled, the pattern is complete, and the one who thought themselves free realizes they have been caught all along.

Yet Araknavar is not honored only in fear. To some, she represents survival after loss. To others, she is the keeper of final justice, the one who remembers grief when the world moves on too quickly. Her web is cruel to those who deceive, but sacred to those who were wronged and left unheard.

Crimsonfall reminds the people of Hallowmere that every life is tied to another. Every vow leaves a thread. Every betrayal pulls at the pattern. And when the leaves fall red beneath the lengthening

dark, Araknavar watches to see which threads are ready to break.

Umbralis - November :

Umbravix, the Phantom Tail

Umbralis is the Hallowmere name for the month of November.

It is the eleventh month of the year, when autumn begins to lose its color and the world turns toward the long dark ahead. The trees stand thinner. The fields lie stripped. The air grows colder. Roads become quieter, and the nights seem to arrive earlier with each passing day.

Umbralis is associated with Umbravix, the Phantom Tail.

Umbravix is the deity of cunning, survival, shadows, stealth, hidden movement, clever escapes, and the instinct to endure when strength alone is not enough. She is not honored as a ruler of darkness, but as the one who knows how to move through it. Her power belongs to those who listen before speaking, watch before stepping, and survive by wit when force would fail them.

In Hallowmere, Umbralis is often seen as a month of caution. The harvest has passed. The year is thinning. The cold has not fully claimed the land, but its approach can be felt in every empty field and darkening road. During this month, people are taught to conserve, observe, and avoid needless risk.

Those who honor Umbravix during Umbralis may leave offerings in hidden places: beneath floorboards, behind loose stones, inside hollow trees, or at the edge of narrow paths. These offerings are rarely grand. A bent pin, a black feather, a strip of dark cloth, a small bone, or a coin placed where only the careful would find it may be enough.

Umbralis is also a month of quiet lessons. Children may be taught old warnings. Travelers may be told which roads to avoid after dusk. Hunters learn to read tracks in mud and frost. Households check locks, mend cloaks, and speak more softly after sunset. Survival during Umbralis is not about bravery. It is about knowing when to move, when to hide, and when to let danger pass by.

Umbravix is often invoked by scouts, thieves, messengers, wanderers, outcasts, and those who live at the edge of society. To some, she is a trickster. To others, she is a guardian of the overlooked and the underestimated. Her favor is said to rest upon those who escape impossible odds without needing to be seen.

Umbralis reminds the people of Hallowmere that darkness is not always an enemy. Sometimes it is cover. Sometimes it is warning. Sometimes it is the only path left to those clever enough to follow it without being caught.

Hollowtide - December : The Sister Wolf, Naethrandi, the Ferryman

Hollowtide is the Hallowmere name for the month of December.

It is the twelfth and final month of the year, when the world sinks into its deepest cold and the old cycle begins to close. The fields lie bare. Rivers darken beneath winter skies. Roads grow quiet. Fires burn longer in the home, and the nights seem to gather around every window, door, and threshold.

Hollowtide is associated with the Sister Wolf, Naethrandi, the Ferryman.

Naethrandi is the deity of passage, endings, rivers, souls, mourning, and the crossing from one cycle into the next. Though remembered as the Sister Wolf, her title as Ferryman is not a contradiction, but a sacred office. She is the one who guides what must leave, carries what cannot remain, and watches over those who stand at the edge of change.

In Hallowmere, Hollowtide is often seen as a month of release. The year is ending, but it is not simply destroyed. It is carried away. Old grief, old debts, old names, old failures, and old blessings are gathered like offerings placed upon dark water. What has lived through the year must now be counted, mourned, honored, or let go.

Those who honor Naethrandi during Hollowtide may leave offerings near rivers, wells, frozen streams, grave paths, or household thresholds. These offerings are often quiet and personal: a folded note, a black stone, a strip of wool, a candle set near water, or a small token belonging to someone who has passed. In some regions, families speak the names of the dead during this month so they are not forgotten before the year turns.

Hollowtide is also a month of crossing. Not every passage is death. Some are endings of duty, childhood, exile, grief, silence, or old identity. Those who feel caught between one life and another may pray to Naethrandi for guidance. Her river does not promise comfort, but it does promise movement. What cannot stay must be carried somewhere.

The Sister Wolf is said to walk beside the unseen river at the edge of the year. Some stories say her paws leave no tracks in snow. Others say her eyes shine across black water, watching for souls who have lost their way. She does not hunt the dead. She gathers them. She does not steal the living. She waits until the crossing is due.

Hallowtide reminds the people of Hallowmere that every ending is also a passage. The year dies, but the river continues. The flame lowers, but does not vanish. What is carried beyond sight may still belong to the greater cycle, waiting for the world to begin again.