

Spring

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Bloomstride - April : Yrselda, the Root-Crowned Matron

Bloomstride is the Hallowmere name for the month of April.

It is the fourth month of the year, when winter has finally loosened its grip and the world begins to move with visible life again. Fields soften. Roots stir beneath the soil. Rivers run stronger. Branches bud. Paths once buried beneath frost become passable, though not always safe.

Bloomstride is associated with Yrselda, the Root-Crowned Matron.

Yrselda is the deity of growth, renewal, rooted life, bloodlines, planting, birth, and the quiet strength of things that endure beneath the surface. She is not worshipped as a gentle spring goddess in the simple sense. In Hallowmere, growth is not always soft. Roots break stone. Vines claim ruins. Flowers rise from graves. New life often begins where something else has ended.

Because of this, Yrselda is honored not only by farmers and midwives, but also by families, oathkeepers, healers, grave-tenders, and those seeking to begin again after hardship. Her month is a time of planting, mending, naming, and returning to the world after the long inward silence of winter.

In many settlements, Bloomstride is considered a month of vows. Families may renew household promises. Farmers bless their first seeds. Healers gather early herbs. Some communities hold small rites for children born during the month, believing they carry a strong connection to survival, patience, and hidden strength.

Offerings to Yrselda are usually simple and earthly. A handful of soil. A braid of roots. A bowl of seeds. A strip of cloth tied around a young branch. In older customs, a drop of blood may be pressed into the earth before planting, not as sacrifice, but as a promise: life given to life, memory given to growth.

Bloomstride is also a month of uneasy hope. The return of life does not mean the world is safe. It means the world is waking. Things buried by winter may rise again. Old grief may find new shape. Forgotten paths may reopen. What was planted in silence may finally break through the soil.

Bloomstride reminds the people of Hallowmere that life is not fragile because it is soft. Life is powerful because it returns. Beneath every field, every grave, every forest path, and every bloodline, Yrselda waits in the roots.

Greenreach — May:

Caelvorn, the Verdant Hart

Greenreach is the Hallowmere name for the month of May.

It is the fifth month of the year, when the land no longer merely wakes, but stretches outward. Fields thicken. Forests deepen. Vines climb old stone. Leaves crowd the branches. Roads that seemed open in early spring may begin to narrow beneath green shade and reaching briar.

Greenreach is associated with Caelvorn, the Verdant Hart.

Caelvorn is the deity of wild growth, forest paths, green mystery, animal instinct, hidden groves, and the living strength of the untamed world. Where Yrselda is honored in roots, bloodlines, planting, and the first return of life, Caelvorn belongs to what comes after: growth that spreads, wanders, conceals, and claims.

In Hallowmere, Greenreach is often seen as a beautiful but uncertain month. The land is rich with life, but life does not always make itself gentle. Brambles close over forgotten trails. Moss covers old markers. Flowers bloom over bones. The forest becomes fuller, louder, and harder to read.

Those who honor Caelvorn may leave offerings at the edge of woods, beside animal tracks, near old trees, or along paths that vanish beneath new growth. Offerings are often simple: fresh leaves, carved antler, river water, green thread, or bread left where wild things may find it. Hunters, travelers, herbalists, and those who live near the forest may ask for safe passage, sharp senses, and the wisdom to know when a path should not be followed.

Greenreach is also a month of discovery. Hidden places are easier to find, but easier to lose again. Strange flowers may appear where none grew before. Forest sounds carry farther than they should. In some regions, people believe that Caelvorn walks unseen through the green places during this month, blessing paths for the worthy and turning others away from what they are not meant to find.

Greenreach reminds the people of Hallowmere that growth is not only renewal. It is also hunger, movement, concealment, and power. The world does not simply bloom in May. It reaches.

Dawnfire — June: Aureth, the Sunforged Lion

Dawnfire is the Hallowmere name for the month of June.

It is the sixth month of the year, when spring gives way to the first true strength of summer. The days grow longer. The sun rises with greater force. Fields stand green and full, roads dry beneath the heat, and the world seems less hesitant than it did in the months before.

Dawnfire is associated with Aureth, the Sunforged Lion.

Aureth is the deity of dawn, courage, order, renewal, protection, and the steady strength of light. He is not worshipped as a gentle warmth alone, but as the force that drives back shadow, reveals what was hidden, and calls the world into motion. His light does not merely comfort. It commands.

In Hallowmere, Dawnfire is often seen as a month of action. Where Frostharrow teaches silence, Evergale teaches watching, Winterwane teaches crossing, Bloomstride teaches return, and Greenreach teaches growth, Dawnfire teaches resolve. It is the month when plans become movement, vows become deeds, and the year begins to show what it is becoming.

Those who honor Aureth during Dawnfire may rise before sunrise to greet the first light. Some light gold or amber candles at doorways. Others polish blades, tools, bells, or household symbols, believing that objects used with purpose should be brought into the light before the work of summer begins. In some regions, oaths spoken at dawn during this month are considered especially binding.

Dawnfire is also a month of protection. Watchmen, travelers, soldiers, and sworn orders may offer prayers to Aureth before taking up duty. His name is called not only for victory, but for clarity, discipline, and the courage to stand where fear would have others turn away.

Yet the light of Dawnfire is not without warning. Brightness reveals both beauty and rot. Long days leave fewer places to hide. Secrets kept through winter and spring may come into view beneath Aureth's gaze. What cannot endure the light may begin to burn.

Dawnfire reminds the people of Hallowmere that renewal is not only found in growth, but in action. The world has awakened. The paths are open. The light has risen. Now comes the test of what will stand beneath it.