

Cycle of Dominion

A rotational thematic month dedicated to a specific deity from the Old Gods. Each Cycle shapes events, festivals, and mortal endeavors according to the patron's influence.

- [Overview](#)
- [Winter](#)
 - [Frostharrow - January : Noxvar, the Shadowed Raven](#)
 - [Evergale - February : Olvrida, the Celestial Seer](#)
 - [Winterwane - March : The Brother Dire Wolf, Veilskarvard, the Veilwarden](#)
- [Spring](#)
 - [Bloomstride - April : Yrselda, the Root-Crowned Matron](#)
 - [Greenreach — May: Caelvorn, the Verdant Hart](#)
 - [Dawnfire — June: Aureth, the Sunforged Lion](#)
- [Summer](#)
 - [Suncrest — July: Aelthar, the Zenith Flame](#)
 - [Emberpeak - August : ??](#)
 - [Harvestend - September : Brundovar, the Ironhide Keeper](#)
- [Autumn](#)
 - [Crimsonfall - October : Araknavar, the Widowmaker](#)
 - [Umbralis - November : Umbravix, the Phantom Tail](#)
 - [Hollowtide - December : The Sister Wolf, Naethrandi, the Ferryman](#)

Overview

“The passage of time flows under the watch of the Old Gods, each month a mantle of their dominion.”

Each month of the year is dedicated to an Old God, who presides over its days and season. Their influence shapes the world, guiding the growth of life, the turning of the seasons. Observing the cycle and understanding which deity governs each month allows mortals to align their actions with the rhythm of the Old Gods, gaining favor or wisdom through the passage of time.

Winter

Frostharrow - January : Noxvar, the Shadowed Raven

Frostharrow is the Hallowmere name for the month of January.

It is the first month of the year, marked by deep winter, long nights, frozen roads, quiet homes, and the feeling that the world itself has drawn inward. Across much of Hallowmere, Frostharrow is not treated as a month of loud celebration. It is a month of stillness, endurance, reflection, and careful watching.

Frostharrow begins the year in darkness and cold. The land is quiet. The trees stand bare. Roads are harder to travel, voices carry farther in the frozen air, and even familiar places can feel distant beneath snow and shadow. It is a time when people are reminded that not every beginning arrives with warmth or comfort.

This month is associated with Noxvar, the Shadowed Raven, because Frostharrow belongs to hidden things, patient observation, and truths that are not yet ready to be spoken. During this month, the people of Hallowmere often believe that understanding should be sought slowly. The year has only just begun, and wisdom comes first through listening.

Frostharrow is a month for reviewing what has passed and preparing the mind for what may come. Old records may be revisited. Strange events from the previous year may be remembered. Families may speak more quietly, travel less often, and keep closer to the hearth. In settlements shaped by temple law or old custom, Frostharrow may also be a time for preserving accounts, gathering testimony, and watching for patterns that were missed in busier seasons.

The meaning of Frostharrow is not fear, but awareness. It teaches that the first step into a new year should not be careless. Before the fields thaw, before the roads open, before vows are tested and journeys begin, there is value in silence. There is value in noticing what others overlook.

Frostharrow reminds the people of Hallowmere that not all beginnings are bright. Some begin in darkness. Some begin in patience. Some begin beneath the watchful shadow of a raven, while the world waits to see what the year will become.

[\[Enter the Hall of Noxvar →\]](#)

Winter

Evergale - February :

Olvrida, the Celestial Seer

Evergale is the Hallowmere name for the month of February.

It is the second month of the year, a time when winter has not yet released its hold, but the first signs of change can be felt in the air. The nights remain long, the roads remain cold, and the winds often move across the land with a strange persistence, as though carrying messages from places too distant to name.

Evergale is associated with Olvrida, the Celestial Seer.

Olvrida is the deity of stars, prophecy, visions, guidance, and truths seen from afar. Where Noxvar watches what is hidden in darkness, Olvrida looks beyond the present moment, reading the patterns of the heavens and the quiet movements of fate. Her presence during Evergale reflects the belief that the second month is not only a time of endurance, but a time of watching for signs of what is coming.

In many parts of Hallowmere, Evergale is considered a month of omens. People may study the stars more carefully, record unusual dreams, listen to the wind, or seek meaning in repeated signs. A raven's silence, an owl's cry, a ring around the moon, or a sudden shift in the weather may all be treated as something worth remembering.

Those who honor Olvrida during Evergale often do so beneath the night sky. Some light pale candles near windows. Others leave bowls of water outside to reflect the stars, believing that still water may catch messages the eye alone would miss. In certain regions, children are taught the names of constellations during this month, while elders speak of old prophecies and warnings written in the sky.

Evergale is also a month of preparation. Farmers, travelers, temple keepers, and sworn orders may begin planning for the seasons ahead. They do not act blindly. They watch, listen, compare signs, and seek guidance before stepping into the year's first true changes.

Evergale reminds the people of Hallowmere that not every truth is buried below. Some are written above. Some arrive on the wind. Some are seen only by those patient enough to look beyond the storm.

Winterwane - March : The Brother Dire Wolf, Veilskarvard, the Veilwarden

Winterwane is the Hallowmere name for the month of March.

It is the third month of the year, when winter begins to weaken but has not fully released the land. Snow turns to mud, rivers strain against thawing banks, old roads reappear, and the world enters a dangerous in-between state. It is no longer the deep stillness of winter, but neither is it the safety of spring.

Winterwane is associated with the Brother Dire Wolf, Veilskarvard, the Veilwarden.

Veilskarvard is a guardian figure connected to thresholds, crossings, protection, the wild path, and the boundary between the known world and the realms beyond it. He is often honored as a watcher at the edge of things: the edge of the forest, the edge of the road, the edge of the firelight, and the edge between Hallowmere and what waits outside it.

Because Winterwane is a month of transition, many people believe it belongs naturally to Veilskarvard. The land is shifting. Ice breaks. Paths change. Fog rises from thawing ground. Boundaries that seemed firm during winter become uncertain. In such a time, travelers, hunters, wardens, and those who live near wild places may offer respect to the Veilwarden before crossing into unfamiliar ground.

In some regions, Winterwane is known as a month of testing. Roads may open before they are safe. Rivers may look shallow while running strong beneath the surface. Forest paths may return changed from the snow. The wise do not assume that a familiar road remains familiar after winter has passed over it.

Those who honor Veilskarvard during Winterwane may leave offerings at boundary stones, forest paths, old gates, or crossroads. These offerings are often simple: a strip of dark cloth, a carved wolf mark, a portion of meat, or a quiet vow spoken before stepping beyond safety. The purpose is not to ask for ease, but for passage, protection, and the strength to recognize danger before it closes in.

Winterwane also carries a deeper meaning in the Archive. It represents the moment when things begin to move again. Secrets buried under snow may surface. Tracks hidden by storms may be

found. Old wounds may reopen. The year has begun, but now it starts to walk.

Winterwane reminds the people of Hallowmere that every crossing has a cost. To leave winter behind is still to pass through its teeth, and those who travel during this month do so beneath the watch of the Dire Wolf at the boundary.

Spring

Spring

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.

Spring

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.

Spring

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.

Summer

Suncrest — July: Aelthar, the Zenith Flame

Suncrest is the Hallowmere name for the month of July.

It is the seventh month of the year, when the sun reaches its greatest strength and the land stands beneath the full weight of summer. The days are long, the air is heavy, fields strain toward ripening, and shadows grow shorter beneath the high light.

Suncrest is associated with Aelthar, the Zenith Flame.

Aelthar is the deity of high sun, revealed truth, endurance, trial, clarity, and the fire that leaves nothing hidden. Where Aureth is honored with the dawn and the first brave rise of light, Aelthar belongs to the sun at its highest point. His flame does not gently awaken the world. It tests it.

In Hallowmere, Suncrest is often seen as a month of exposure. What was hidden in shadow may be forced into sight. Weaknesses in walls, crops, vows, bodies, and hearts may reveal themselves beneath the heat. Lies become harder to keep. Rot becomes harder to ignore. Even old wounds may ache more sharply beneath Aelthar's gaze.

Those who honor Aelthar during Suncrest often do so at midday, when the sun is highest. Some stand in silence beneath the open sky. Others burn written confessions, broken promises, or false records, believing the Zenith Flame carries away what cannot survive the truth. In certain regions, trials of honesty, endurance, or public judgment are held during this month, not as punishment alone, but as purification.

Suncrest is also a month of strength. Farmers labor through the heat. Travelers rise early and rest under shade. Watchmen keep their posts despite the glare. Sworn orders may use this month to test discipline, believing that anyone can make a vow in darkness, but only the worthy can carry it beneath full light.

Yet Aelthar's fire is not only harsh. It is clarifying. It burns away deception so that what remains may stand cleaner, stronger, and more certain. Those who endure Suncrest often emerge with fewer illusions, but greater understanding.

Suncrest reminds the people of Hallowmere that light is not always comfort. Sometimes it is judgment. Sometimes it is mercy. Sometimes it is the flame that reveals what must finally be faced.

Emberpeak - August : ??

Emberpeak is the Hallowmere name for the month of August.

It is the eighth month of the year, when summer reaches its hardest and most demanding point. The light is still strong, but the freshness of early summer has passed. Fields grow heavy with ripening crops. Roads bake beneath the heat. Metal burns to the touch. Work becomes slower, harder, and more necessary.

Emberpeak is associated with PLACEHOLDER.

PLACEHOLDER is honored during this month as a force of heat, labor, endurance, pressure, and transformation. This is not the gentle warmth of dawn or the clear light of high summer. Emberpeak belongs to the heat that tests what has grown. It is the fire of the forge, the sweat of the field, the strain of the body, and the pressure that reveals whether something is strong enough to last.

In Hallowmere, Emberpeak is often seen as a month of hard work. Farmers tend fields that are nearing harvest. Smiths and craftspeople labor through long days. Travelers move carefully beneath the sun. Families prepare stores, repair tools, strengthen gates, and finish what must be finished before the year begins its turn toward decline.

Those who honor PLACEHOLDER during Emberpeak may do so through work rather than words. A sharpened blade, a repaired hinge, a harvested bundle, a finished wall, or a tool restored to use may all be considered offerings. In some regions, people leave small pieces of worked metal, ash, grain, or charcoal at hearths, anvils, fieldstones, or boundary markers.

Emberpeak is also a month of transformation. What began as seed is becoming crop. What entered the forge as raw metal may leave as blade, bell, nail, or chain. What survived the earlier months must now prove whether it can endure heat, weight, and use.

Yet Emberpeak carries a warning. Not everything survives being tested. Crops can fail. tempers can break. Tools can crack. Bodies can weaken. Promises made in cooler months may strain beneath the burden of work. The heat of Emberpeak does not create strength from nothing. It reveals what was already there.

Emberpeak reminds the people of Hallowmere that survival is not only a matter of growth or courage. It is also labor. It is endurance. It is the willingness to be shaped by fire and still remain whole.

Harvestend - September : Brundovar, the Ironhide Keeper

Harvestend is the Hallowmere name for the month of September.

It is the ninth month of the year, when the fullness of summer begins to give way to the first signs of decline. Fields stand heavy with grain, orchards bend beneath fruit, and storehouses begin to fill. The world has not yet entered the cold, but the people of Hallowmere know it is coming.

Harvestend is associated with Brundovar, the Ironhide Keeper.

Brundovar is the deity of harvest, endurance, stored strength, household protection, preparation, and the guarding of what has been earned. He is not a god of battle for battle's sake, nor a god of wild abundance. His strength is steadier than that. He belongs to full granaries, reinforced doors, repaired tools, thick walls, and the quiet discipline of people who know survival depends on preparation.

In Hallowmere, Harvestend is often seen as a month of gathering and hardening. Crops are brought in. Tools are mended. Roofs are checked. Gates are strengthened. Families count what they have, what they lack, and what must be protected before the colder months arrive.

Those who honor Brundovar during Harvestend may leave offerings in storehouses, barns, hearth rooms, or beside the main door of a home. These offerings are usually practical: a bundle of grain, a strip of cured hide, a small iron nail, a sealed jar, or the first loaf baked from newly gathered flour. In some regions, families press a hand to the doorframe and speak a quiet promise to keep the household standing.

Harvestend is also a month of responsibility. The land has given what it can, but it must now be preserved. Waste is frowned upon. Broken tools are repaired rather than discarded. Food is stored with care. Oaths made to family, village, order, or kin are remembered more seriously as the year turns toward darker days.

Brundovar's strength is not loud. It is the strength of something that does not break easily. The thick hide. The locked storehouse. The steady hand. The old beam that holds through storm and snow. His presence is felt wherever people prepare not only to survive, but to protect what others will depend on.

Harvestend reminds the people of Hallowmere that abundance means little if it is not guarded. The field may feed the body, but discipline carries the household through the dark.

Autumn

Autumn

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.