

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.

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