

# 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.

Hollowtide 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.

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