

EONS

EON ONE: BIG BANG

Light and the First Eon

In the beginning, God created the universe — not as a finished, sealed object, but as a field open to every possibility. At its origin, the universe was disordered and empty: not because nothing existed, but because everything was mixed together. Formless energy, unnamed matter, an ocean of potential where nothing could be told apart from anything else.

And the Spirit of God — the divine particle — moved over that primordial sea. It did not walk, nor rule: it fluctuated, like a faint vibration crossing an abyss thick with particles, like an intention not yet spoken. There, particles collided with one another without structure or stability, in a blind dance where everything was born and dissolved in an instant. As yet there were no atoms, no light able to travel, no “outside” where anything could be seen.

Then the universe began to expand. This was not movement *within* space, but the very creation of space itself. In that opening, protons found neutrons and, for the first time, something remained: the nuclei of hydrogen and helium formed, the simplest seeds of all matter that would ever come to be.

But the universe was still opaque, a burning fog where light remained trapped in constant collisions, bouncing without memory. Until expansion continued, and chaos began to cool. Then electrons joined the nuclei, and atoms were born as complete units: no longer mere tension, but defined identities. In that moment, photons were set free: light stopped colliding, and the universe became open to sight.

And God said:

Let there be light.

This was not the creation of the sun, nor a lamp hung in the sky: it was the creation of distinction itself. The ability to see, to separate what is from what is not, to draw a line between presence and absence. And He separated light from darkness — not to destroy the shadows, but to give them their place. He called the light *Day*, and the darkness *Night*.

Thus time was born: not as a clock measuring hours, but as a rhythm, an alternation. There was evening — the retreat of chaos — and there was morning — the arrival of order. This was the first eon: not a twenty-four-hour day, but the first age of the universe.

SECOND EON: THE NEBULAR HYPOTHESIS

The Great Luminaries

And God said that atoms of hydrogen and helium should gather and ignite within the depths of space. Obeying newly born gravity, matter began to draw together: invisible clouds slowly compressed, spinning upon themselves, until pressure within them woke fire.

Thus the great luminaries were born: suns and stars. They were not placed in the sky like external lamps, but kindled from within, as furnaces of fusion where matter learned to turn itself into light. Every star is a burning heart, a luminous wound in the darkness of the cosmos.

With them came wandering bodies: planets, which do not shine of their own accord but dance around the fire, drawn by its invisible weight. Among them was the Earth: still unformed and fiery, a world in gestation circling a young star.

And God said there should be a moon: a faithful companion that would not wander like the rest, a stone to mark the months and years. The Moon was formed from the same origin as the Earth: born of impact and remnant, of chaos turned into bond. It does not shine with its own light, but reflects, measures, and orders.

The luminaries were not made to be worshipped, but to serve: to mark days, count months, reckon years, and separate ordered time from chaos. So the universe received its calendar — not yet human, but foreshadowed.

Time ceased to be only expansion and became cycle. Stars fixed the backdrop of the sky, planets learned to turn, the Earth found its seasons, and the Moon sealed the measure. God saw that this order was good.

There was evening when fire settled into stability, and morning when cycles began. This was the second eon: the age when light found its bearers, and the universe learned to repeat itself without losing its form.

THIRD EON: THE PRECAMBRIAN SUPER-EON

The Day the Earth was Shaped

On the day God prepared the Earth, no plant of the field had yet grown, nor was there anyone to till the ground. Not because life had been denied, but because the world was not yet ready to sustain it. It was young and fiery: its surface unstable, its interior a sea of flame.

From deep within the mantle, volcanoes split the crust so the Earth might breathe out its breath.

No rain had yet fallen from the sky, but the planet sweated from below: within crystals of ringwoodite, buried hundreds of kilometers down, water had been stored since the world's birth. Freed by heat, it rose as vapor, wrapping everything in a thick, warm mist.

Before seas there was vapor; before rivers, breath. The Earth was covered in waters without border, without shore or solid ground. All was submerged, nothing set apart.

And God said:

Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters.

It was not a solid vault or unmoving roof: it was an intermediate realm, the atmosphere being born. Waters were then distinguished by their state: those below, dense and all-encompassing; those above, lifted as vapor and cloud.

In those formless oceans the simplest life arose: cyanobacteria, invisible and tenacious, that learned to drink light and breathe out oxygen. For uncounted ages they transformed the waters and, little by little, the very air of the planet. That oxygen rose high and became ozone: a protective veil between the Earth and the void of space. So the firmament fulfilled its purpose: not to hold stars, but to guard the life that was yet to come.

There was evening when vapor covered the world, and morning when the sky began to protect.

This was the third eon: the age when the Earth was forged, even if it could not yet be seen.

THE RAKIA: THE FORGING OF THE WORLD

The firmament described here is not presented as something delicate or ethereal: it is something stretched forth with force, set apart through tension. The word used evokes an act closer to the blacksmith's craft than the building of an arch — something struck, drawn, and made firm while still hot.

Imagine the process: an artisan taking iron glowing red, striking it again and again to give it shape. Every blow sends sparks flying, every strike rearranges the structure — not to destroy it, but to make it habitable. Metal does not emerge with its form; it receives it in the striking.

So it was with the early Earth, shaped amid fire. During the Late Heavy Bombardment, fragments of the ancient planet Theia, along with asteroids, comets, and meteorites, struck its incandescent surface time and again. From those impacts the Moon was born, the crust was remade, and elements were released that would form the atmosphere.

The blacksmith's sparks find their exact mirror in those celestial strikes: they are not meaningless chaos, but creative violence, an essential part of the world's making. The firmament is no fixed ceiling: it is the result of a long cosmic forge, born of collision, heat, and pressure, that sets our dwelling apart from the abyss beyond.

FOURTH EON: THE PALEOZOIC

The Rising Land

And God said:

Let the waters be gathered together, and let dry land appear.

After ages beneath the waves, the Earth began to tense from within. Plates pushed against one another, ocean floors rose, and ground long hidden returned to the light. The continents we know did not yet exist: only vast united masses, supercontinents in the making. Dry land appeared bare and desolate, scarred by volcanoes — the skeleton of the world, before it would become a garden. God called the dry land *Earth*, and the gathering of waters *Seas*. And He saw that it was good.

Upon this new ground, life began to leave the water. There were no trees or fruits as yet: first hardy algae, mosses, and primitive ferns that learned to live between rock and moisture. In the seas, fish explored the shorelines; some, driven by need, dragged themselves through mud and breathed air for the first time. They returned to the water, but came back to the shore again and again: so amphibians were born, a bridge between two worlds. From them rose the first great reptiles, masters of swamps and humid forests.

The world filled with abundant, yet fragile life. At the end of this era, as continents shifted and the climate turned harsh, many forms vanished in the great Paleozoic extinction: the world fell silent, ready to begin anew.

There was evening when life claimed the land, and morning when it learned that letting go is also part of being. This was the fourth eon: the age when ground rose above the waves, and creation took its first step beyond the water.

FIFTH EON: THE MESOZOIC

Terrible Lizards and the Living Sky

After the silence, God said:

Let fish multiply in the seas.

And life returned to fill the waters, with new forms swifter and more diverse, able to dwell from coast to deepest abyss.

Then He said:

Let terrible lizards fill the earth and the air.

The Earth answered with abundance. Dinosaurs arose: reptiles of colossal size, lords of water, land, and the first skies. They were not creatures of evil: they were life exploring its own limits, expressed in unbridled strength.

From among them, some were transformed: their bones lightened, their limbs adapted for flight, their scales turned to feathers — first for warmth, then for wings. So birds were born: they did not arrive from outside, but rose from the lineage of great reptiles, as if the earth itself had learned to ascend. The sky, which had only ever separated, became a living realm.

God blessed every living thing, and saw that it was good. There was evening when life reached its greatest scale, and morning when it learned to soar. This was the fifth eon: the age of giants, when the sky itself was filled with life.

SIXTH EON: THE CENOZOIC

The Fall of Giants and the Birth of Humanity

When terrible lizards ruled the world, a rock of fire fell from the heavens and struck the Earth with devastating force. The impact threw up dust and ash that blotted out the sun, breaking the balance that had sustained giants for ages.

Great reptiles of land and sea perished: the Leviathan of the deep and the Behemoth of the plains fell — not through wickedness, but because their time had come. The world fell silent once more. Yet not all was lost. In caves, burrows, and hidden crevices beneath the ground, small, quiet beings survived: mammals, who did not rule by size or might, but by adaptability and care for their young. They waited while the planet healed.

When dust settled and light returned, they stepped forth to fill the world with new forms: beasts of the field, runners, grazers, creatures that guard their own. And at the last, humanity arose. It was not the strongest or swiftest: it was the one that could remember, name, and look ahead. It walked upright, freed its hands, and turned its gaze to the sky with questions.

God said:

Let us make humanity in our image and likeness.

Not in strength or stature: in consciousness. Humanity was given stewardship over the earth — not as a tyrant or absolute owner, but as guardian and caretaker. For to rule is not to destroy: it is to understand and tend.

God saw all that He had made, and behold, it was very good. There was evening when the Earth left its giants behind, and morning when the universe began to know itself through human eyes. This was the sixth eon.

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