
OBLISKURA

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Alex Konstad

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alexkonstad.com | artbook-news.com | caurette.com

ISBN 979-10-96315-84-0

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Artwork and concepts by Alex Konstad

Book designed by Spiridon Giannakis
Ornaments designed by Viktor Pushkarev
Texts edited by Veronica Sofia Nitu

Co-published by Spiridon Giannakis
and Éditions Caurette

Dépôt légal : février 2021
Première impression : février 2021
Made in Europe

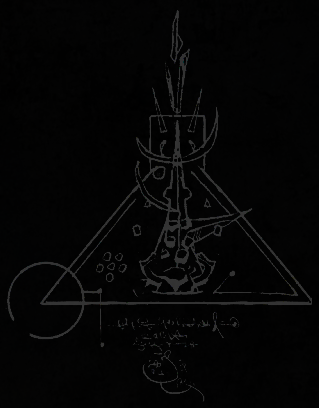
Thanks

To my Mom and Dad, John and Candace Konstad, for always supporting me through thick and thin, for encouraging me to be creative, to ask questions and to always stay curious about the world. I'd like to thank my brother, Kevin, for always sticking with me through thick and thin and pushing me to be the person I am today.

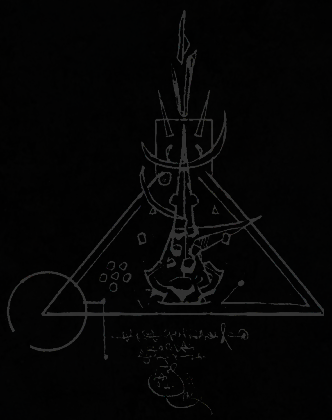
And to my partner Cathleen, for being such a bright inspiration in a dark world and encouraging me to keep going and to finish this book. I'd also like to thank everyone who has supported my work over the years, I absolutely could not have done any of this without you.

Thank you.

Alex



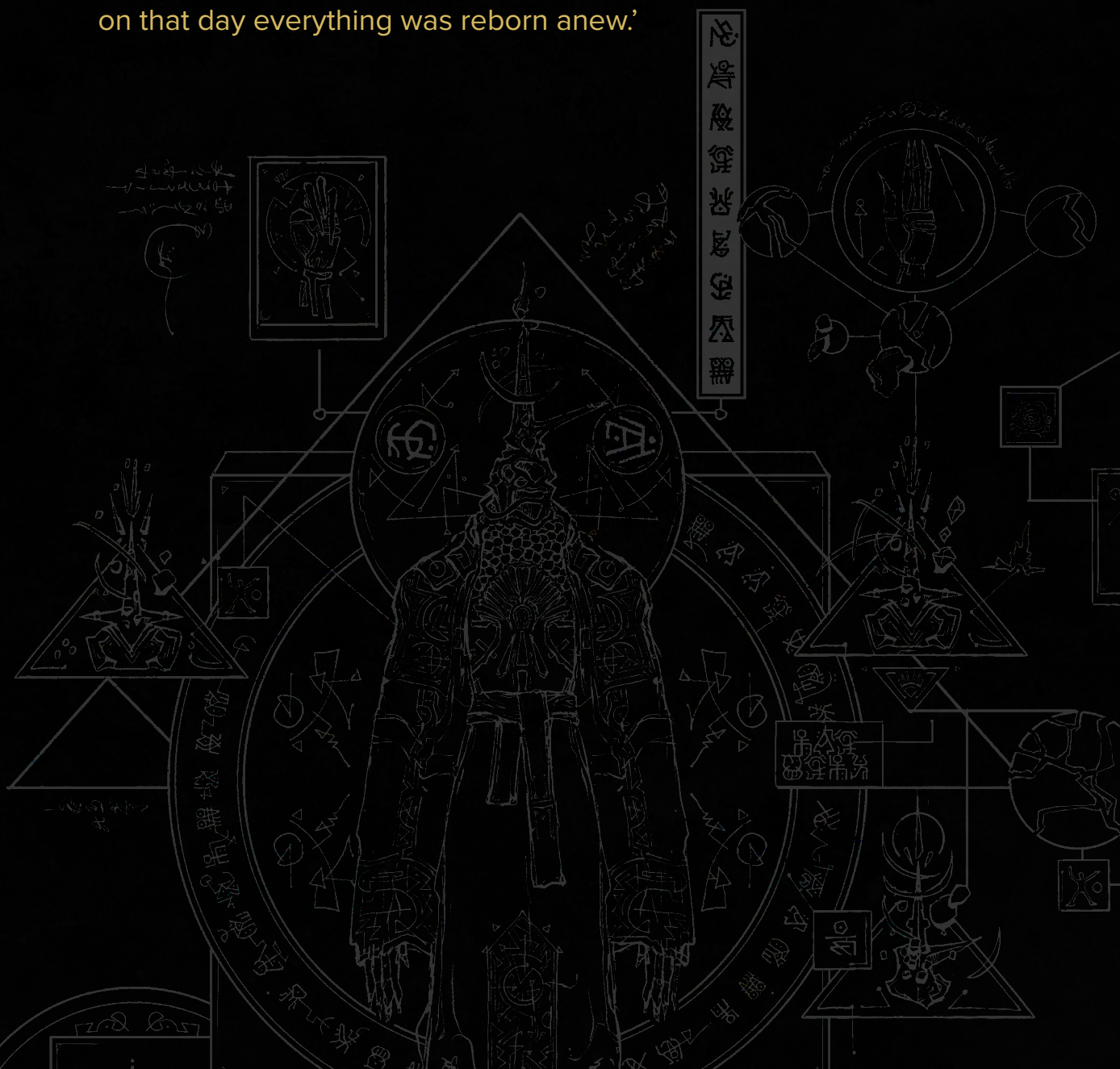
"There is great power in Stone."



‘They arrived to great wonder and spectacle, bringing with them magick and energy, the likes of which had never been seen before.

On that day everything changed;

on that day everything was reborn anew.’





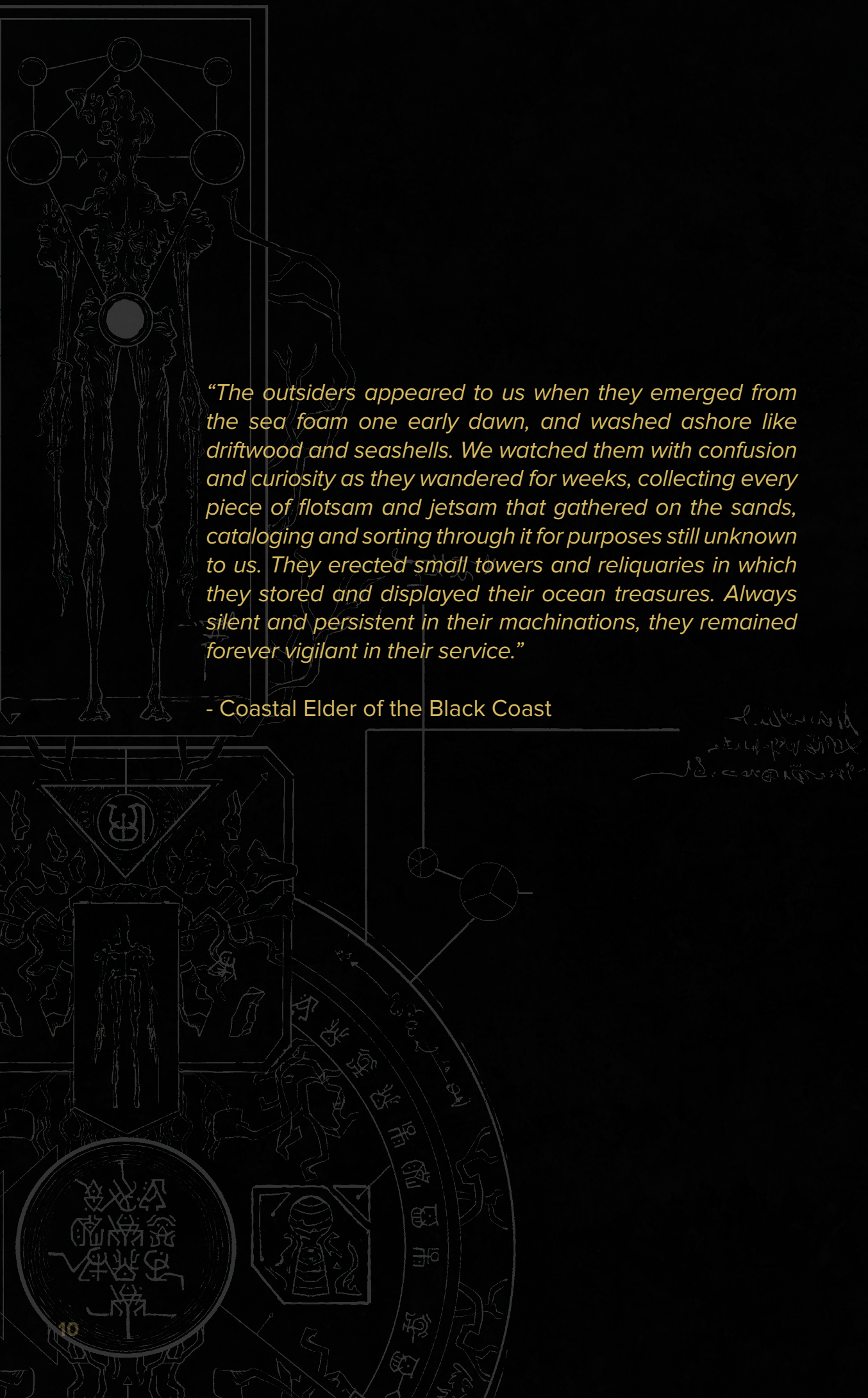


‘The sheer cliffs of the Black Coast provided many vantage points. The tireless youth of the coastal villages were always watching, always waiting, tasked with vigilantly monitoring the ocean waters.

The tides brought many things to their shores, most of which were best disposed of quickly.’







“The outsiders appeared to us when they emerged from the sea foam one early dawn, and washed ashore like driftwood and seashells. We watched them with confusion and curiosity as they wandered for weeks, collecting every piece of flotsam and jetsam that gathered on the sands, cataloging and sorting through it for purposes still unknown to us. They erected small towers and reliquaries in which they stored and displayed their ocean treasures. Always silent and persistent in their machinations, they remained forever vigilant in their service.”

- Coastal Elder of the Black Coast





“Only a select few of the coastal seers commune with blood magick, a rare thing often left to those in the Rubicons. But these are troubled times and the people are desperate for answers. As the horizons grow darker, so do our hearts.”

- Olutai, Seer of the Black Coast







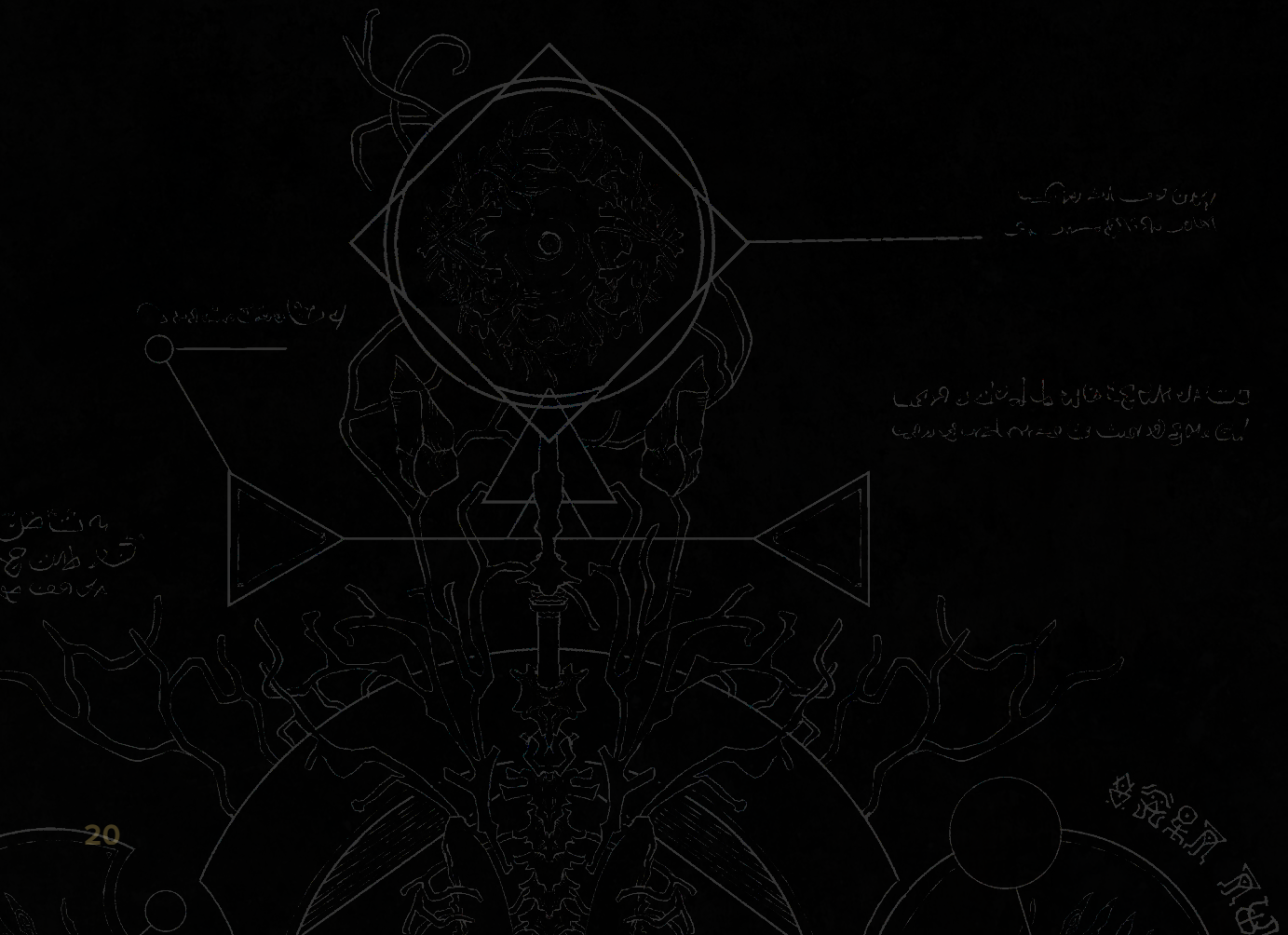
Alps of a certain age are known to have gathered a wealth of trinkets and small items over the years. The power of command affords them a sort of sedentary lifestyle. The seniority and power of these individuals ensnare many fledgling alps, encouraging them to collect more treasures and trinkets while their own bodies turn to engorged sacks, swelling from inactivity.

However, these alps, through their efforts to amass such treasures, are known to have gained some form of crude magick. Their sheer belief in the power of their collected objects imbued them with supernatural abilities: levitation, telepathy and sometimes mind control; tools used to further their chokehold on the colonies they lord over.





The first steps were felt miles out, and that which had slept for millennia awakened to walk the Earth again, its gargantuan mass swallowing the sun's light as it rose. The gigantic form slowly came to rest miles out from the coast. There it stood, waiting, watching. The people of the Black Coast had whispered hallowed tales of the great giants of the ocean, the ancient stewards of the water since they had first settled there. Engines of balance, the Giants had been laid to rest in a time of great prosperity. Why one had risen now, its form resplendent in the morning air, was of great concern to many peoples of the Coast. It was an ominous sign of things to come.





‘The shapeshifting god of the rivers. Both life and death; the eternal circle. All that begins here, ends here, and all that starts, finishes.’

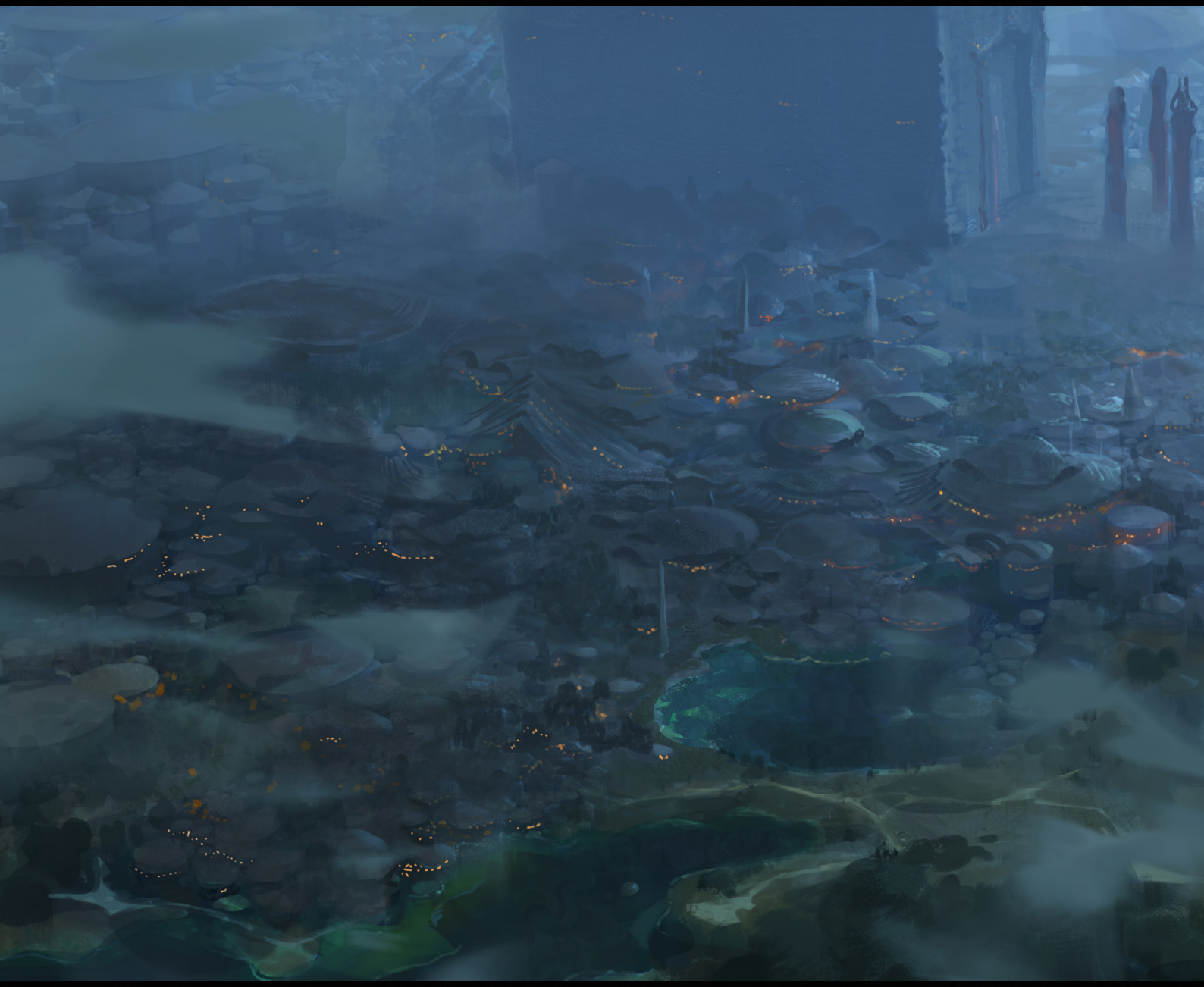




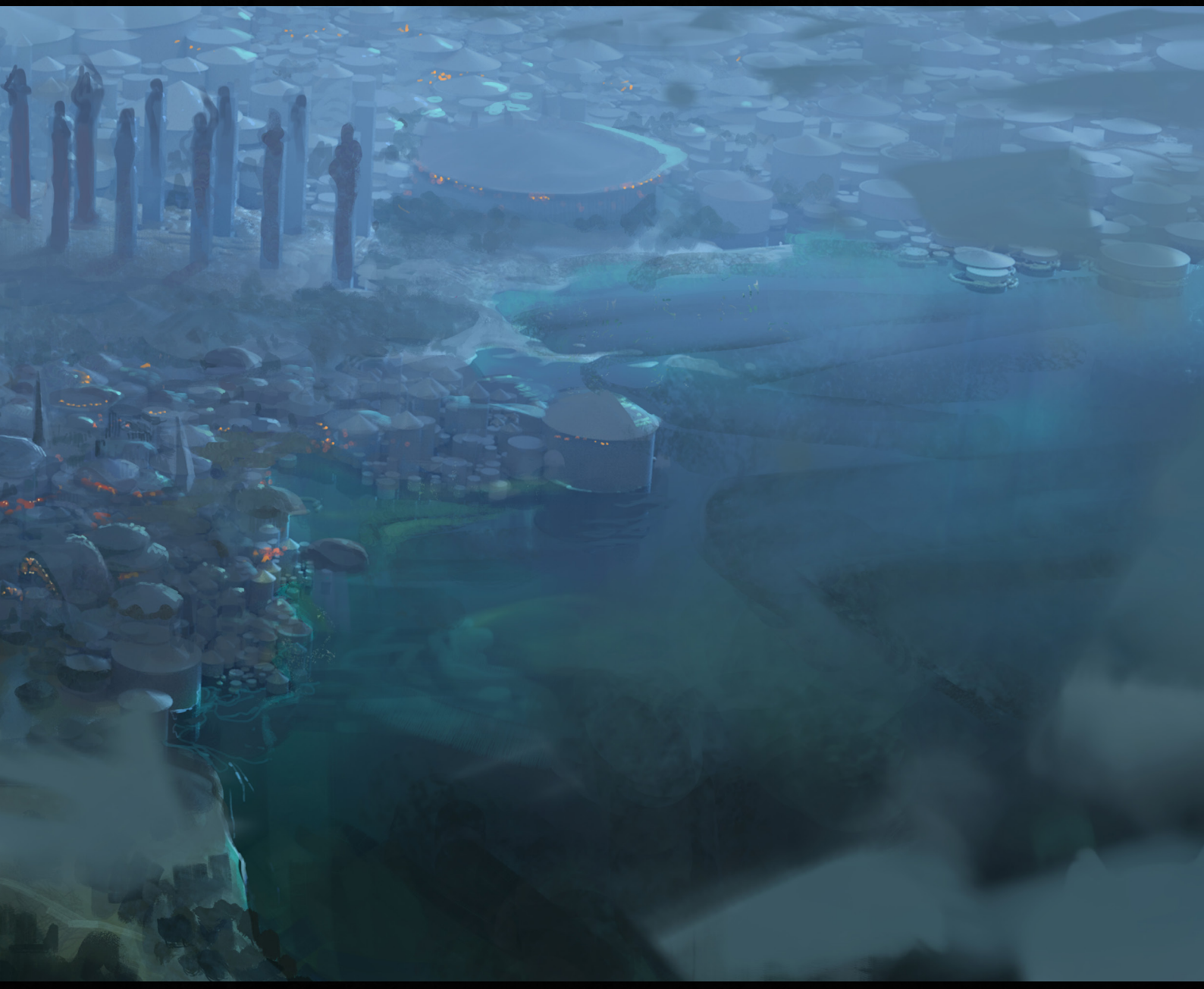
‘The Citadel lay just off the Black Coast, a tall cyclopean structure amidst the neighboring villages. Its monolithic size and mass made it stand out like a cancer among the towns’ buildings. A fortress wrought of magick stone and blood built not to keep things out but in. A cacophony of wails emanating from inside could be heard for miles as tortured souls were ferried to its bowels for ritual sacrifice. The vibrations of their anguish echoed into the salted winds.’



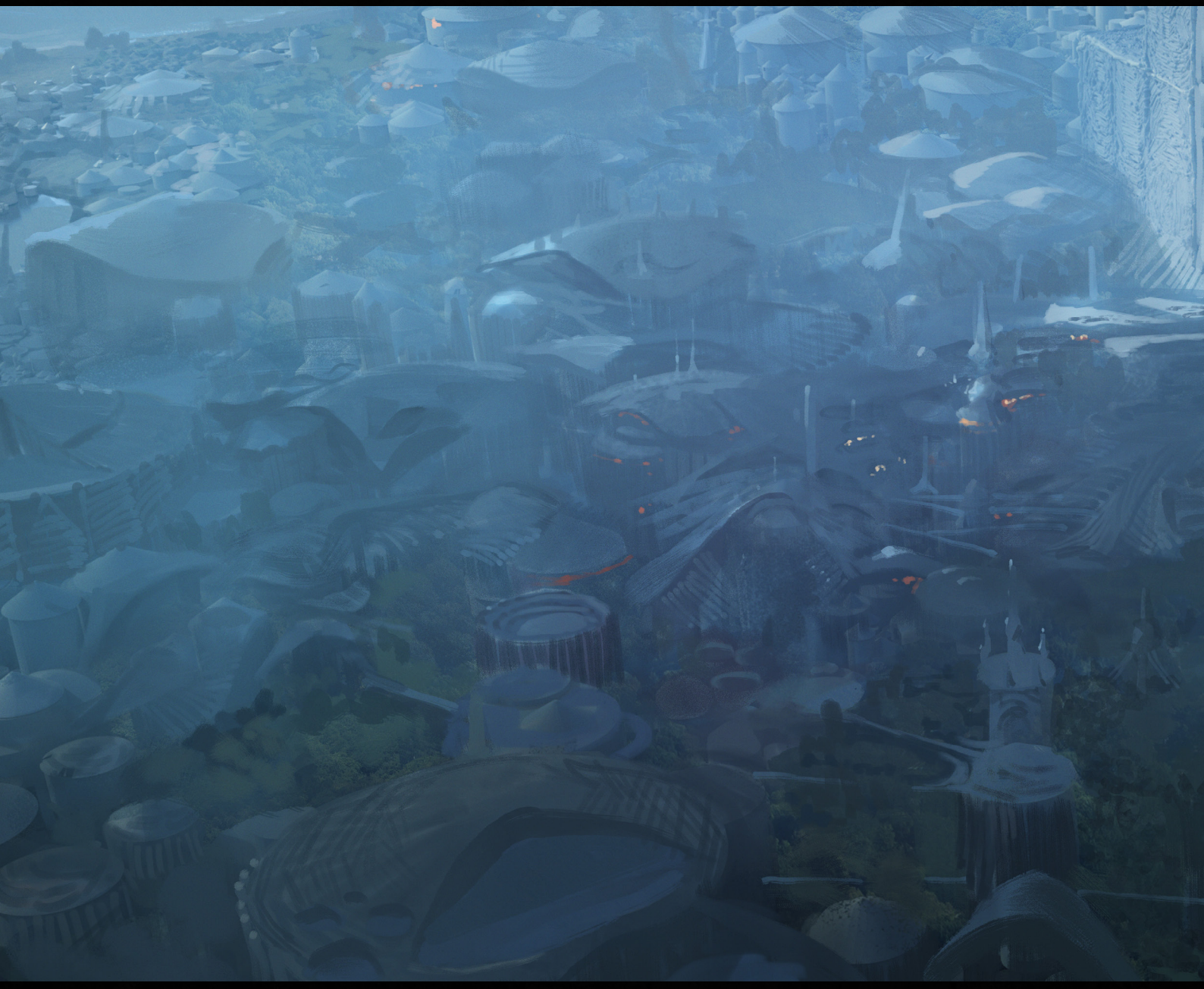




‘The more highly populated cities of the Black Coast became gathering spots for all the local villages. People would travel miles to attend the ceremonies hosted there. The rumbling of the winds had changed and “tonight would be different,” many said. That night, those sacrificed would bring change. That night, they would finally pay



tribute to that which had guided them. The voice of the Rubicons had made its way down the mountain pass and found purchase on the Black Coast. The silent whispers of maddened gods found their flock among those not familiar with their call and unaware of the treachery of blood magick.'



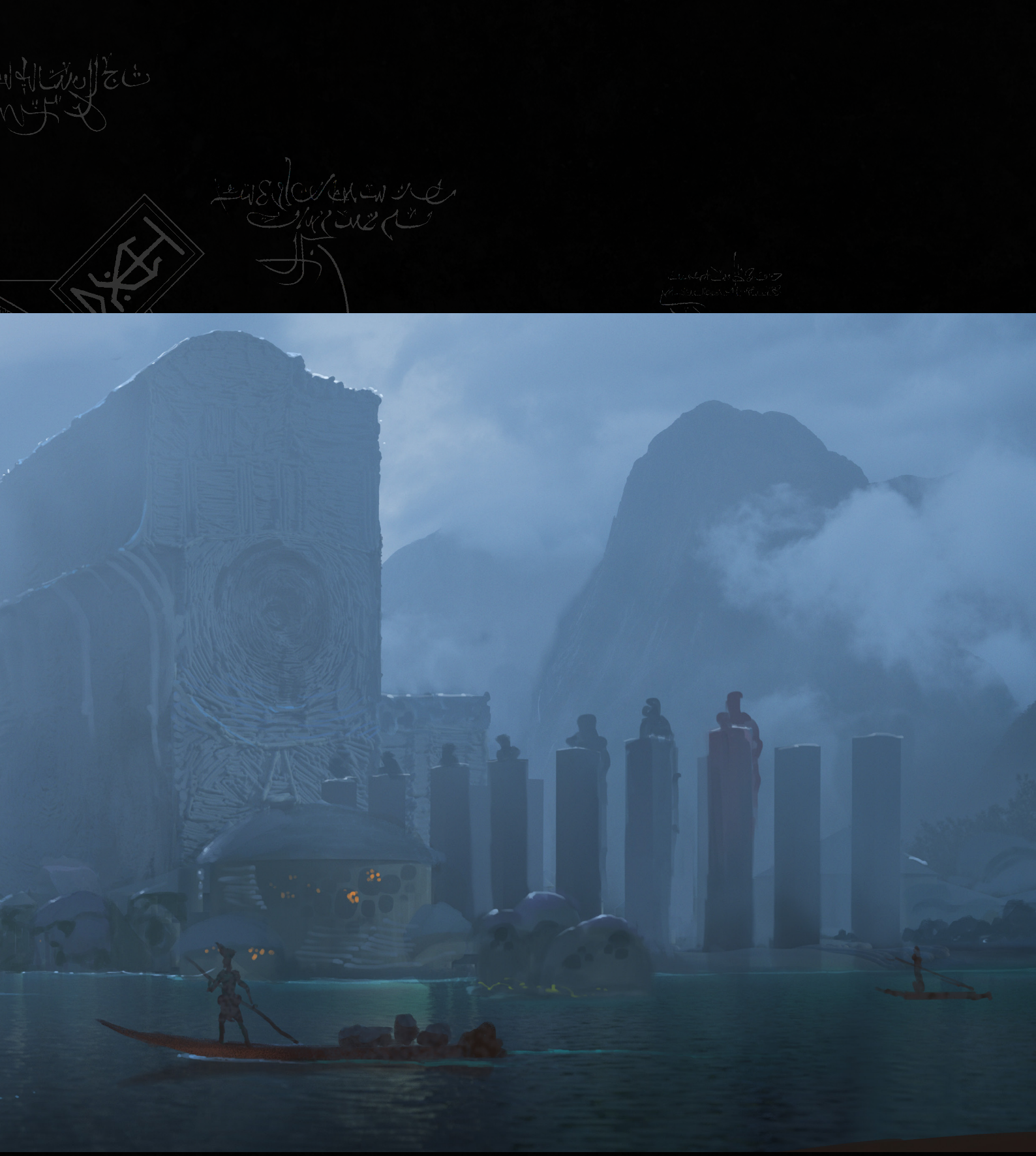
‘The droning chant of their hymns could be felt in one’s bones and tissues, a reverberating magick that buried itself in one’s body like a tick. A deep vibration that



traveled for miles around; the type of vibration that made one's blood sing and embedded itself within the very cells of one's being.'



‘There were many whispers of this time, quiet talks of shifting tides and winds of change. What was once a soft ebb and flow was tumbling into a massive gyre, a storm that no one person could have predicted.’





‘And in those blooded halls, in that resonant chamber, those listening found their salvation.’







‘And from the outside looking in, *It* watched. The sentinels of the coast had steeled themselves for that moment: an event millennia in the making. The keys of existence had been turned, spheres aligned, and now all would see that which they hold dear laid bare before them, stretched out through infinity. Conscious chaos.’





‘Only later would we realize that in our desperation, in our craven ambition, we had released something into this world that should have never been freed...’





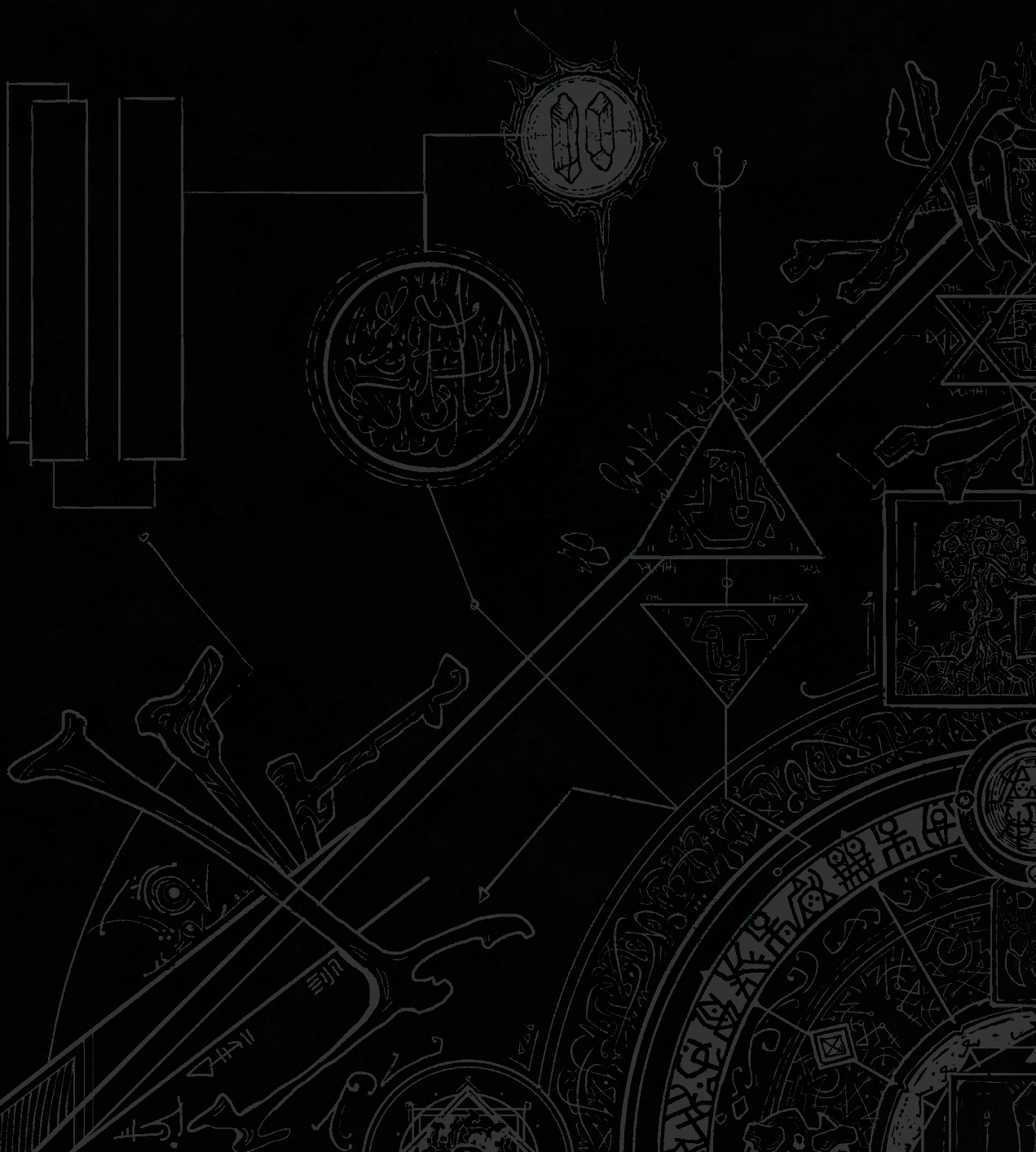
‘He looked out across the coast solemnly, his gaze fixed on the horizon. The ocean brought many wonders but with them, a certain misery as well; a pall that hung over those who collected its relics.

Those in close proximity to the relics of the ocean felt its touch, a poisoned kiss to the consciousness that was impossible to shake, like a small whisper embedded deep within one’s brain. All that washed up from those waters were not to be kept, and only those who had spent their life in them knew how best to avoid it.’





‘The beasts of the swamp marshes live a long life, protected only by their thick skin and foul-tasting flesh.’

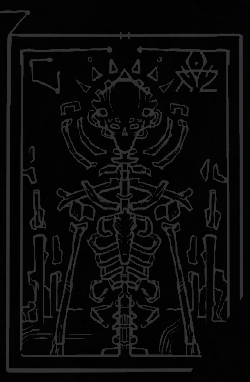




There were many roaming souls on the Black Coast who had left a more chaotic life abroad to search for a slower life by the water. For those trained in the mires, however, their skills never softened and even in their new home, they could find work if they looked hard enough.







‘Between the Onilith and the coast, the Sleeping King sits. Locked in place on his throne, his siren song calls to all but the strongest; a song of peace, singing to tired souls a soft promise of a warm embrace. As he calls out from his hallowed dominion, his army grows.’







‘The fauna in these areas have become very receptive to outside vibrations. As the great hymn builds, we have witnessed a change. They have become… not of this earth.’





The Golden Spirits were a rare sight indeed; an omen of luck and growth through adversity, a hint of great change. To see one was a welcome sign of things to come for those who lived on the Black Coast.







“The spirits of the Onilith bask in the cool boughs of the forest. They are ancient beings, filled with immortal secrets, teeming with the knowledge of the earth. Bring with you a riddle, for they collect them. The most perplexing of riddles might earn you a gift — a priceless blessing worth its weight in gold.”







‘The earthen sentinels of these estuaries are ever vigilant. Much is sacred in these lands and to threaten it is to invite death into your home.’





‘The fenrir of the forests are dreaded beasts; ferocious masses of fang and claw that hunt in great packs at night. Be wary of their howls, for they are the harbingers of their king.’



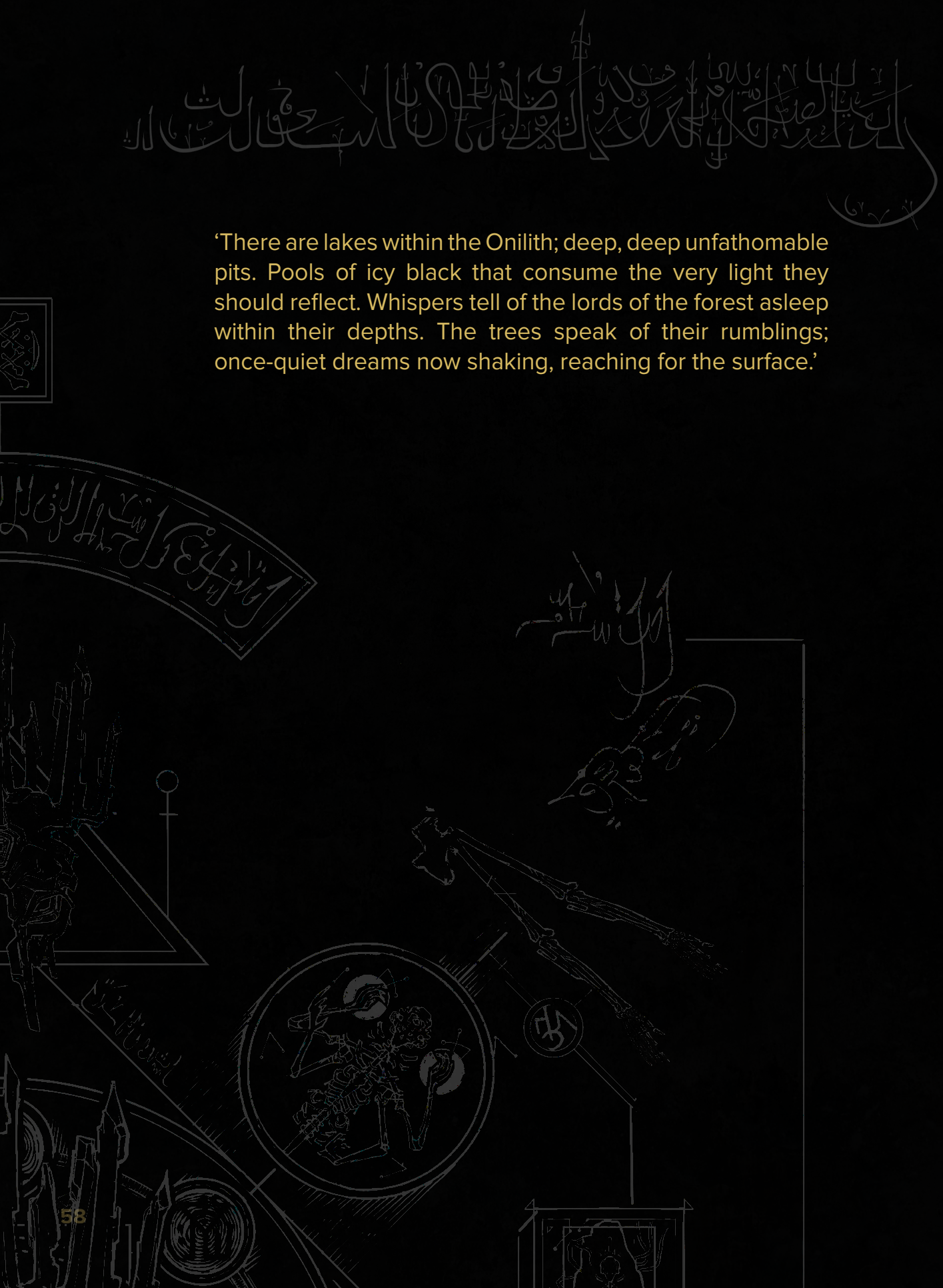


“The jeweled sands of the Black Coast were littered with many a mystery. Twisted beds of kelp and seashell were made animate amidst the lapping tides of the ocean. The golems were stumbling ashore more frequently; the potency of the waters increasing with each passing day.”

- Coastal Fisherman







‘There are lakes within the Onilith; deep, deep unfathomable pits. Pools of icy black that consume the very light they should reflect. Whispers tell of the lords of the forest asleep within their depths. The trees speak of their rumblings; once-quiet dreams now shaking, reaching for the surface.’



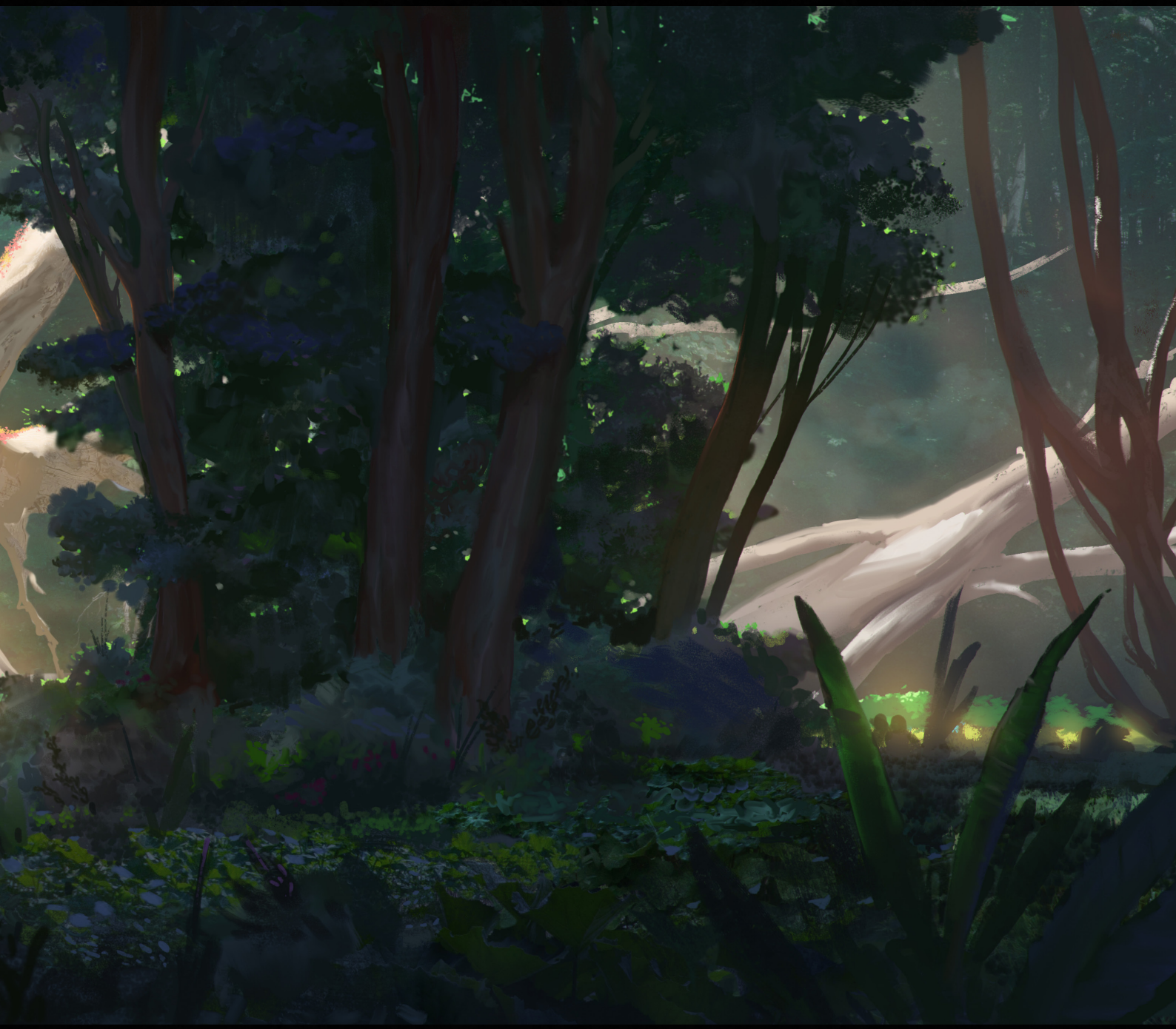
‘“You are not welcome here,” he whispered, pulling his hood closer to his head. The sickly sweet smell of rotten flesh was cloying in such a tight space. The suffocating vapors they breathed to stave off the infection only added to the misery of the encounter. The lepers of the land gathered in the Onilith. They found hope deep within the trees, away from the prying sunlight, and pointed fingers in their hometowns. In the rich dew of deep forest ferns and springs, they found a healing salve to soothe their dying flesh.’







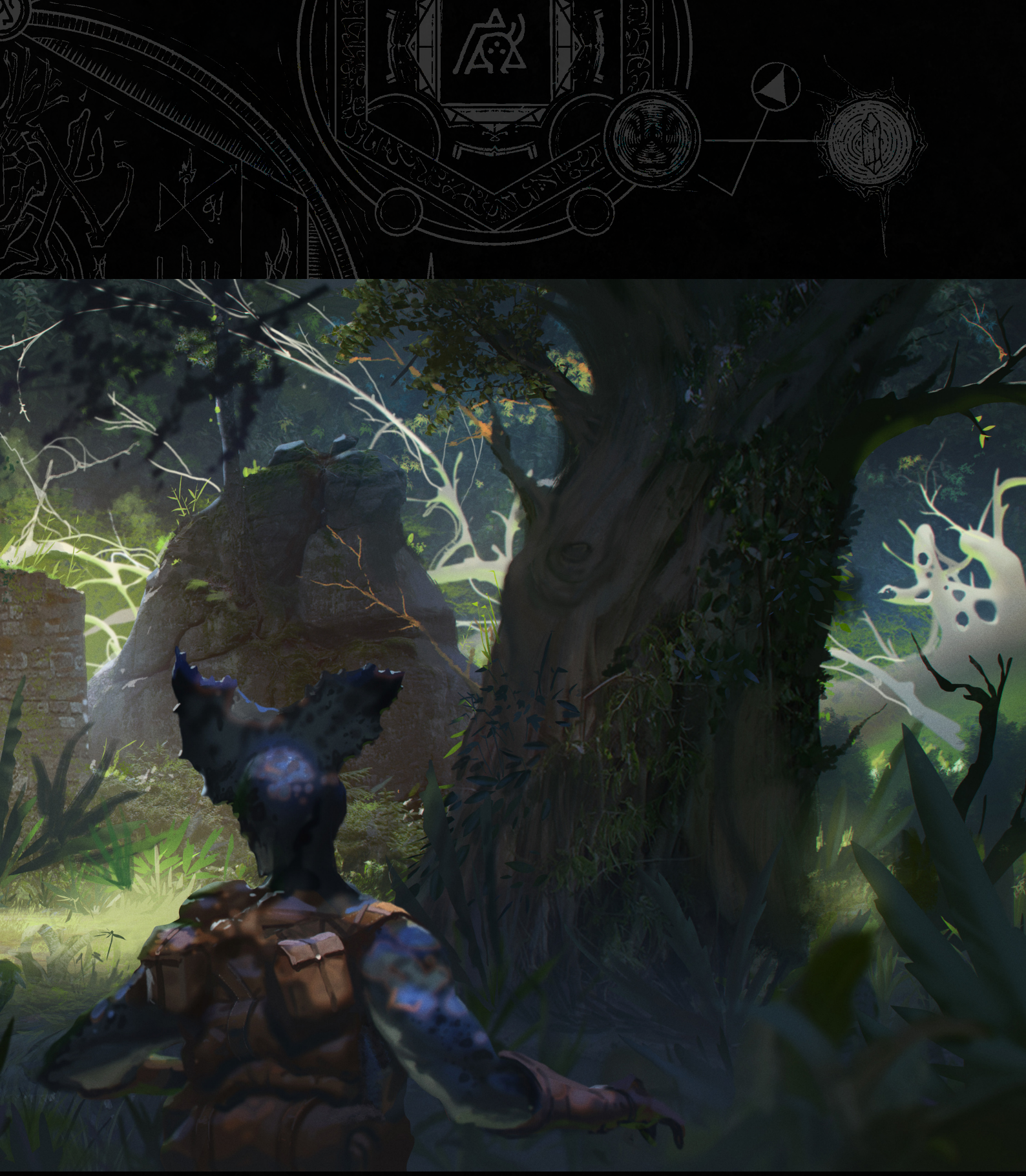
The forest was littered with them: the bones of the ancients. They had sacrificed everything before the Darkness came, the very essence they held in death still protecting the forest from Annihilation. Many would come to bless them for their duty, for they were relics of



great significance to the people of the Onilith. To be a steward of their upkeep was one of the highest honors one could gain. Such protectors would gather in great congregations to anoint and preserve the efficacy of their magick.



Deep within the forest, you can still find relics of the time before. Doorways and entrances to places unseen, they whisper in the forests, beckoning and ensnaring those

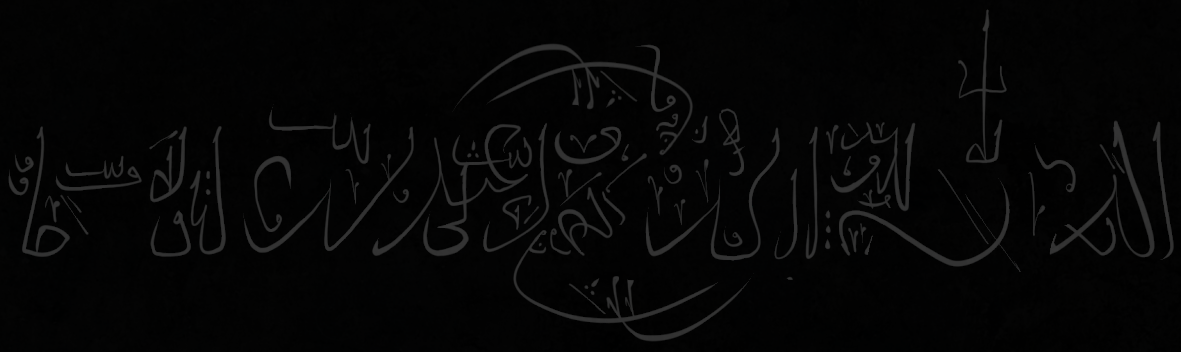


who hear them. Do not listen, for they are enticements from beyond our plane; fickle promises and lies muttered by those anchored to times unknown.

The healing clerics of the forest have great power in this realm. Seek them out in times of need for they will be a guiding light for your soul.





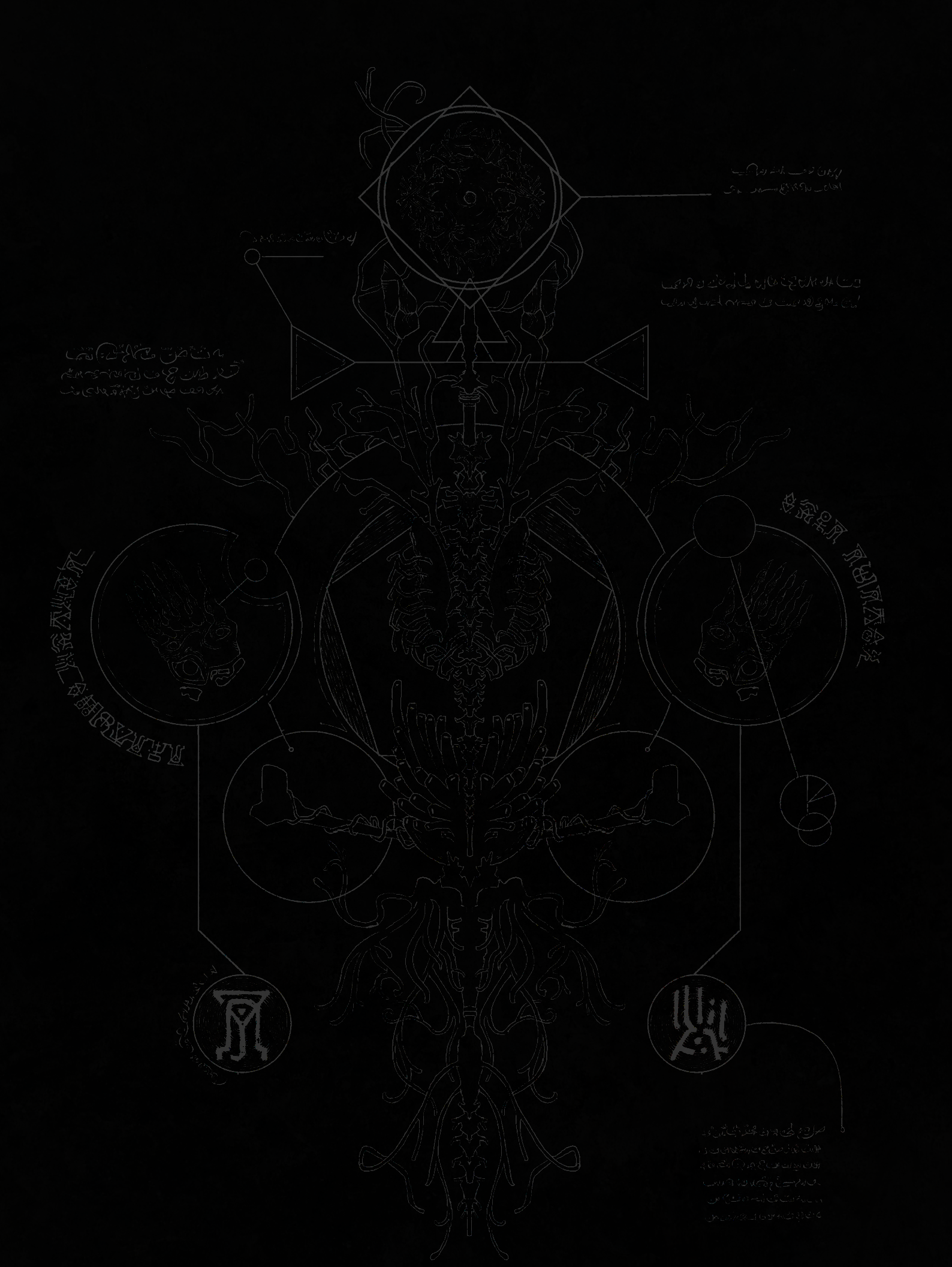


‘The Riddled One sits atop the last falls of the Onilith, on the border of the Rubicons; waiting, watching, guarding… forever still while time passes around him.

He will wake again one day to wander the forest and stir that which lies beneath our trees, to bring wrath back into the world.’









Alex Konstad is the author and creator of *Obliskura*, *Genesis Wars*, *Hell of a Story* and *The Recipe*. His creative work is bold and imaginative, looking to explore places not yet seen. Before delving into crafting worlds and making books, Alex was an art director for Feature Animation and a concept artist/ illustrator for games, film and TV. Working with clients such as Netflix Animation, Warner Animation Group, Dreamworks Animation, Sony Animation, Luma Pictures, Wizards of the Coast, Riot games and Blizzard Entertainment.

An Oregon native, born amongst the forrest canopies of the Pacific Northwest, Alex now resides in Los Angeles where he has found himself contributing to feature animation projects. He loves a good pint with the boys, tending to his plants, wearing big fits and nerding out over a good film or book. He is a lover of animals; a happy father of two cats, Pepper and Pierre and his beautiful lizard, Pepito.

An ever curious and imaginative person, Alex strives to push the boundaries of his art and stories with bold colors and new takes on the genres he tackles. A lover of dark fantasy, horror and Sci-Fi, Alex has a penchant for diving into dark worlds and taking the viewer along with him for the ride.

