Legends say the strength of the buried mountains, the power of the Rijn, the spirit of Veluwe and the essence of earth were at the center of it, and a powerful being was waiting to be given life.

Once upon a time, the forest touched the clouds and the river freely roamed the land. A giant shadow hovered over the triangle land between Veluwe, the Rijn and the mountains of the east.
Legends say the strength of the buried mountains, the power of the Rijn, the spirit of Veluwe and the essence of earth were at the center of it, and a powerful being was waiting to be given life.
The ancestors, messengers between mountains and sea, brought Ameym into being.
Centuries went by when there was nothing but the flow of winds, water, and fire.
Arneym waited, drinking in the energy flowing through this land, until the Rijn brought its first prey.
Absorbing its power, Ameym's wings began to unfold.
Yet before long, itself fell prey to another
and became caged within stones.
Slowly, it gathered strength.
until one day
it finally broke free.
From lands all around came the slithering serpent of flowing fire.
Arneym caught them
and drank in their fire
its wings beat ever more powerful and reached ever further.
Conquering new territories
capturing new preys.
Shapes in the mist, vague and indistinct, breathed life into the foreign creatures.
Blinded by treachery, Arneym sank its talons into their soft flesh.
Slowly, they morphed into different kinds of beautiful winged forms.
Together their wings and Arneym’s own created winds so magical, that they awoke many more beautiful dreams sleeping within the land, of nature’s, humans’, and cities’... because they share the same breath, the same beat of heart, the same joy and pain.