

session 0 -

#session

World Introduction

- The Current year is 84 AC - After Cataclysm
- A few Centuries ago a Necromancer rose to power in the abandoned Fortress of Aberrant, deep in the Shadow lands where only the creatures of darkness dwelled, a Warlock far more powerful than any that had come before him. For years he would quietly gather his forces, powerful creatures and bands of Orcs, Goblins and other foul creatures would flock to his banner. And then on a simple day, he was ready, and he attacked.
- The Nations of Eriodran were unprepared, and reeled under the swarm of monsters suddenly assailing the free realms. The Empire, ruling supreme over the land, rallied her armies and fought back with all she could muster.
- They grinded armies against the hordes of beasts the Necromancer commanded, pushing the armies first out of the land commanded by The Empire and took their first steps into the Shadow lands. Victory seemed to be assured. But the Necromancer would not be so easily best, unleashing a plague which revived the dead - recently or not - killed crops and poisoned water, corrupting the land itself with darkness.
- Caught off guard for a second time, the forces were decimated, entire armies would disappeared under swarms of their own dead. The Empire had fallen right into a trap.
- They were pushed out of the Shadow lands, and then further. But The Empire would not go quietly, new technology and magics would be created and used to gain minor victories, tens of thousands of soldiers sacrificed for a mere month of reprieve.
- But it would not last, Elsgate would fall, hailing the beginning of the end for The Empire. Her resources exhausted, her armies empty, and her leaders aimless.
- The worlds salvation would come from the Cataclysm, the premier group of magic users called The Conclave would cast a spell so great it split the continent in two, separating the living from the dead. Doing so would have

grave consequences, many of [The Conclave](#) would lose their magic and lives after the spell, it permanently lowered the presence of magic in the world and ensured that from then on that any magic user would be regarded with suspicion and dislike.

- For decades further the war would continue, Nations had crumbled, races brought as low as to a few thousand. And now, the realm is on the brink of defeat. But a few Nations remain, The Dwarven strongholds of [Galdarahl](#) and [Dirbadur](#), the Human realms fractured into their own petty nations, the Elven tree city of [Thaisera](#) and the Kobald mines of [Groleche Caverns](#).
- The world rests on a knifes edge...

