**!!Please note that this section is currently under development!! Not Official as of yet, or is it?**

The Land of Spira (Overworld) (New)

The Tale Bards Tell of the Origins of Spira

*In an era long-forgotten, before this world had found its true shape, it was but one of four scattered remnants of another land the gods of old had abandoned. It was on that first remnant that the World Tree was planted, nurtured by those few survivors of their planet's destruction. In time, as the Tree grew, it granted shelter and sustenance to those who had helped it thrive. Its roots expanded to form new ground from the piece of land it had been planted in, and the sky took rest in its firm and sturdy boughs. The fruit of the World Tree kept the people safe from hunger and the leaves stretched out to connect the distant stars strung in elegant splendor across the universe.*

*And it was when the Tree had reached its full maturity that the Three Branches fell. Each branch held a mere fraction of the old gods' power, but were more than weighty in the feeble hands of those who held them. The strongest of the survivors took the first. He gained the warmth and energy of Light, becoming the leader of the Celestial Legion and all who received guidance from the Sign of the Wolf. The second Branch was taken by the smartest survivor, who became leader of the Stellar Defenders. He gained power over the cold depths of Darkness, and was joined by those who sought the strength of the Great Bear. The last of the Three Branches was taken by the survivor who had the purest heart, and it was he who became the first of the Astral Enforcers. He gained an unfathomable understanding of the delicate nature of Equilibrium, and led all those who claimed the Lion as their guide. When these three races acquired those vast abilities, it was their responsibility to not only keep the beginnings of their world in perfect balance, but to also seek out and signal to a more powerful deity who could do what they never could - bring the realm to completion.*

*From a far-off galaxy by the name of Tsolstralis, a mighty dragon god arose to see this strange new world that had risen from ruin. Astralis the Ancient had heard the call to finish what had begun, and he thought it only fair to respond to the ones who had been trying so tenaciously to hold the fabrics of their world together without help. Along the way he passed many deities and demigods who made homes in the cosmos - most of whom had lost their creative spirit well before his birth, and had elected to ignore the signal that had been sent in quiet desperation. When at last he arrived, Astralis swiftly determined all that would be necessary to complete the final design of the World of Spira, and began the process of setting it in motion. First, he shed some of his scales, scattering them across the newly-formed land to become seeds of various kinds. Next, he traced patterns in the land with his claws, forming rivers, lakes, and even islands on the planet’s surface. With a strong but controlled wingbeat, wind rushed through canyons and weather patterns began to form for the first time. The flame of his breath ignited the deepest core of the earth itself, and with several swift maneuvers he tied the Strands of Life linking every living thing back to the World Tree, where all had begun.*

*Before he left Spira and returned to the world he had been looking after previously, Astralis had one very important thing he needed to do. He needed to appoint a fledgling god to watch over this new world, to ensure it would not fall to chaos entirely. After some searching, he found a Celestial Daughter adrift in the stars of a neighboring galaxy, and brought her to this world. He taught her how the laws of nature worked, where the mortals made their dwellings, and instilled in her the desire to create. Then, as swiftly as he had come, Astralis the Ancient left, allowing the Phantom of Spira to rule over the newest of the mortal realms.*

*Knowing the vast nature of the land itself, and particularly the importance of the World Tree, she married the magic of stardust and the warmth of nature to create the Spirit of the World Tree. After tasking that same Spirit with the duty of defending the Tree and all the Threads of Life that were tied to it, the Phantom chose her as a confidant - someone to speak to and confer with about the process of running the world. The Spirit of the Tree wisely advised that the Phantom gather Guardians over Spira, to solve the smaller problems of the mortal world and to protect them from themselves if corruption should ever strike. To that end, the Phantom of Spira gathered 12 different people she deemed fit for the task ahead of them. And it was from those 12 that 2 in particular were chosen and set aside. Lord Dreadful the Necromancer, and the Grand Time Mage Amser were given special powers and abilities beyond that of the other Guardians of Spira. And it was with those gifts from the Phantom that they crafted two additional worlds - each from one of the remaining fragments Spira was born from. The land below, Abstara, was created with the help of Lord Dreadful, and the land above, Solreach, by the Time Mage Amser. Soon enough, the World Tree added these new worlds to its ever-expanding network of Threads and Branches, and for a time all three worlds prospered under the guidance of the Phantom and her Guardians.*

*But the beauty and purity of the beginning of this land was never destined to last, for an unfortunate tragedy befell Lord Dreadful while he was exploring the depths of Wildwood. There, hidden deep within the trees and shrubs planted by Astralis himself, he had found a mysterious tower, and sought to investigate. Living and working from within the tower was an eccentric Alchemist, tinkering with potions and medicines to seek out their effects. After some conversation and several visits, the Alchemist came to Lord Dreadful with a proposition that the Guardian of Abstara simply found too interesting to pass up. For it was on that day in particular that the Alchemist was convinced he had unlocked the secret to immortality. All Lord Dreadful needed to do was take the contents of the vial, and he would never suffer the bitter taste of death.*

*What he had failed to consider was the fact that the potion in its current state had sat untested for several months. While he had been promised immortality and all the wealth of knowledge he stood to gain from it, Lord Dreadful now found himself heavily burdened with chaos and corruption that his heart had never known before. For fear of what he may become, he swiftly isolated himself in Abstara, hoping against hope that the curse could be controlled, but it only grew to consume him in the coming months. As his power grew, he began to war against the very land he swore to protect - pillaging its resources and harming its people. The Spirit of the World Tree wept in deep grief over those many countless Threads of Life prematurely cut before their time, and this drew the Phantom’s undivided attention. But so great was his power and so deep the fear of his actions, that few stood with her on the day she confronted him to try and convince him to change his ways. With hardly a single thought of what it could mean for himself or the realm, Lord Dreadful subjected her to the very same curse he was suffering with, thus bringing her under his control.*

*But while the Phantom was and still is a great many mysterious and wonderful things, foolish was not one of them. She had seen the new nature of Lord Dreadful under the influence of the curse and had worked with the Spirit of the World Tree to devise a plan. Under the cover of darkness, the night before the two opposing forces had decided to meet, the Phantom of Spira took great pains to divide herself into two separate parts. While one part kept all the pride and power of divinity, the other was confined to the disguise of a mortal body until such a time would come that she may one day be made whole again. With this urgency and all the chaos surrounding the coming battle, the goddess fled the scene as far as her mortal legs would take her, slipping through Lord Dreadful’s corrupt and crooked fingers.*

*It is said that the Phantom still wanders this land in her mortal form, having escaped corruption and seeking to regain her lost strength in the fight against Lord Dreadful and all who have been forced to join him. She stands as the final beacon of hope - a light in the darkness that surrounds the World of Spira. Gods help whoever finds that elusive light, for their task, should they choose to take it, will be far greater than any man should ever have to bear…*