

EVERLOOP

A GUIDE TO THE BROKEN WORLD



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The Making and Unmaking of the World

Before there were maps, before there was memory, there was **the Drift**—a vast and shifting sea of unformed matter and will. Here, the **Prime Beings** roamed: shapes of hunger, storm, and birth. They were not gods, for gods require worship, and in the beginning there was none to give it. They were instinct given gravity, and their movements stirred the void into motion.

From the outer haze of the Drift, where matter thickened and began to hold its shape, arose the **First Architects**. Whether they were born from the Prime Beings or defied them into existence is unknown. These beings sought form within the formless. They built **the Fold**, a liminal plane between chaos and order—part map, part memory, part intent.

Within the Fold, the Architects inscribed the **First Map**, lines of pure concept drawn across the unanchored dark. The map was not creation, but *containment*—a way to keep the world from slipping back into oblivion. From its contours they began **the Weaving**, the act of binding those lines together into the vast lattice known as **the Pattern**.

To hold this Pattern firm, the Architects drove into it great **Anchors**—pillars of intent and memory that pinned the Weaving in place. Around the Anchors, reality crystallized. Mountains learned to stay still. Rivers remembered their beds. And atop all of it, life arose upon the surface that came to be known as **the Everloop**—a world of birth, decay, and return, forever turning within the Pattern’s slow song.

For uncounted ages the Pattern held, until one truth emerged: nothing made can remain perfect. The Weaving began to thin. Here and there, the threads loosened. Entire regions blinked in and out of time or space. These absences became known as **Hollows**, where the Pattern forgets itself and existence falters.

Even as the Pattern weakened, there were those born upon the Everloop who could still *see* its threads. They were called **Vaultkeepers**—keepers of memory, interpreters of echoes. They looked not into the future but into the Fold, where time is layered like sediment, endless and without direction. Their visions were imperfect, glimpsed through the shimmer of possibility.

Beside them stood the **Dreamers**, born tethered to the Fold. Through discipline, accident, or madness they could *nudge* the threads of the Pattern—subtle shifts that bent fate, softened storms, or stilled hearts. Their art was not conjuring but persuasion, coaxing reality to move by the smallest breath.

When the Hollows widened, a circle of Vaultkeepers and Dreamers sought to repair the failing Pattern. They became the **Rogue Architects**, believing they could weave anew the world as their ancestors once had. But they misjudged the balance. In their attempt to mend the Weaving, they shattered the Anchors—creating **Shards**, and a wound that will never heal.

That wound is known as **the Fray**.

Now the Fray grows still, and the Hollows multiply. Where Shards lie buried, the world trembles most, and time runs like spilled ink.

The World as Structure

The cosmos of the Everloop is best imagined as a map upon a wall:

- The **Everloop** is the world depicted *on* the map.
- The **First Map** is the original design—the drawn lines of intent that defined its borders.
- The **Anchors** are the pins that hold that map in place.
- The **Pattern** (or Weaving) is the fabric the map is pinned to—a vast field of connected threads and memory that gives structure to all.
- The **Fold** is the wall itself—the foundation upon which reality rests.
- And the **Drift** is the endless world beyond the wall, the house and the void surrounding it, where matter and will return to chaos.

A **Hollow** is where the map has worn thin—its paper nearly transparent.

A **Fray** is a tear that rips through map, corkboard, and wall alike—a wound from surface to foundation.

Field Guide to the Layers

1. The Drift — The Sea of Origins

Nature: Primordial chaos. Matter and will without boundary.

Inhabitants: The **Prime Beings**, vast entities that embody elemental instincts—Hunger, Storm, Ash, Birth, Silence.

Essence: The Drift is not a place but a condition. Nothing within it is still. To enter it is to dissolve into what you once were.

Purpose: From the outer reaches of the Drift the First Architects drew substance, shaping the first forms of stability. The deeper one goes, the less memory survives.

Status: The Prime Beings have not been seen since the Dawn. Their fates remain unknown.

2. The Fold — The Architects' Realm

Nature: The intermediary plane of thought, design, and intent. Neither matter nor spirit—it is the mind of creation.

Inhabitants: The **First Architects**, and later, the **Vaultkeepers** and **Dreamers** who touch its surface.

Essence: The Fold holds the **First Map**, a construct of pure geometry and tone that describes—not depicts—the world.

Purpose: To give shape to the Drift and anchor the Pattern to meaning. It is the wall upon which all else is hung.

Status: The fate of the First Architects is unknown. Some claim they were absorbed into the Fold itself.

3. The Pattern / The Weaving — The Fabric of Reality

Nature: A vast field of luminous threads binding time, space, and thought into continuity.

Inhabitants: The echoes of every soul and event that has ever existed.

Essence: Within the Pattern once stood the **Anchors**, pillars that pinned the Weaving to the Fold. Their remains, the **Shards**, still hum with power beneath the world.

Purpose: To sustain memory, balance, and form. The thinning of its threads creates **Hollows**, places where reality blinks or folds in upon itself.

Status: Weakening. Hollows spread. The Weaving grows thin.

4. The Everloop — The Living Surface

Nature: The world of mortals—layered upon the Pattern, nourished by it.

Inhabitants: All living things.

Essence: The Everloop is the image within the Map, the reflection of the Pattern. Each life lived is a single thread in its design.

Purpose: To enact the Pattern's rhythm—birth, loss, return. A cycle that spins ever onward, never the same, never truly new.

Status: Fragmented but alive. Regions touched by Shards or Hollows experience distortions of time, memory, and nature.

5. The Fray — The Wound Between Realities

Nature: A living rupture cutting through all layers; its edges shimmer like torn silk, its core devours light.

Inhabitants: None stable—within it drift fragments of time, broken cities, half-memories, and reflections of what once was.

Essence: Born when the Rogue Architects shattered the Anchors. The Fray widens where Hollows overlap.

Purpose: None discerned. Some believe it is the world remembering the Drift; others that it is the price of creation itself.

Status: Expanding. The cause and endpoint remain unknown.

Those Who See the Threads

Vaultkeepers – Stewards of memory who perceive the echoes within the Fold through the threads of the Pattern. They interpret what they see, though meaning is rarely clear. Some work alone, others in *Circles*—guilds devoted to different methods of interpretation.

Dreamers – Walkers between waking and Fold. Through trance, vision, or accident they nudge the Weaving's threads, shaping fate and flow. Some Dreamers never learn the source of their gifts; others train within Circles to harness them.

Rogue Architects – The lost order who sought to repair the Weaving. Their failure shattered the Anchors and birthed the Fray. Their fate is unknown, though many believe remnants of their minds still whisper within the rift.

Glossary of Phenomena

- **Hollows:** Weak points in the Pattern where space, time, and memory flicker. Their cause remains unknown.
 - **Anchors:** The original stabilizing pillars driven into the Pattern by the First Architects.
 - **Shards:** Broken remnants of the Anchors—each still hums with the intent that once held the world together.
 - **The Weaving:** The act of creation; the process by which the Pattern was made.
 - **The Pattern:** The structural lattice of existence—the corkboard upon which the First Map is fixed.
 - **The First Map:** The initial design drawn by the First Architects.
 - **The Everloop:** Both the living world and the eternal cycle of return.
 - **The Fold:** The realm of concept and design.
 - **The Drift:** The primordial sea of chaos.
 - **The Fray:** The wound that cuts through all, linking every layer in dissonant fracture.
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Beliefs and Uncertainties

- It is **unknown** why the Hollows first began.
 - The fates of the **Prime Beings**, **First Architects**, and **Rogue Architects** remain mysteries.
 - It is **assumed** that Vaultkeepers and Dreamers share a lineage with the First Architects, though no proof exists.
 - Shard-touched regions are the most unstable—time, matter, and memory contort where their influence spreads.
 - Across the Everloop, all agree the Fray is real, but opinions differ: some worship it, some fear it, others ignore it entirely. Most live with quiet acceptance that the world itself is slowly unraveling.
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