**Concept 6 - CN’s Thusfar Unnamed Concept**

Right, so I’ve decided to focus entirely upon history/backstory with my concept. After much deliberation, I figured that if I were to try and flesh out as much of a background for the game as possible, then (should this be chosen) we collectively could work on the elements of the story that are more “personal” so to speak, as well as gameplay, so that we can all have our say in that stuff. You’ll note that in a few cases, I replace names with Greek letters, and certain details with square bracketedythings. This is for a similar purpose, and will be details that we can decide upon as a group (once again, assuming that this concept is chosen).

I feel as though whilst we come up with concepts separately, after the decision process we should all be able to all have our says, so that’s why I’ve tailored my concept like this.

Anyway...onto the aforementioned concept...

The game is set in the nation of α which is inhabited and ruled by humans (ORIGINAL). α is heavily reliant upon the power of maaaaaaggggiiiic (feel the power of it), and it serves as a way of powering “machines” in the stead of electricity (I'd liken it a bit to how Lost Odyssey deals with magic, but less "this thing is a magic engine" and more that devices/machines are either actively powered by people with the talent for magic, or have been infused with magic, so that they may perform their purpose, until their magic reserves run out...if this is a bit unclear, feel free to ask me about it).

α is a monarchy, ruled by a shadowy, and virtually unknown entity known as the Patriarch. The term monarchy however is used loosely, and α is more directly ruled by its reliance upon magic, a commodity which is predominantly controlled by what is known as The Mancery, a gigantic collective of those that have the talent for magic, run by a council of the ten most capable members. Those that have said talent are known as Mancers.

To put it bluntly, α is completely reliant upon magic. Liken it to how reliant we are on electricity; were it to suddenly stop being available, shit would turn south, fast.

Despite the how advanced the use of magic is, it hasn't been around for a long time. The origins of magic stem from 100 years in the past, in the midst of a great war. We'll get onto where magic ties into it in a bit, but first, some background history for the background history (yep).

[UNDETERMINEDAMMOUNTOFTIME] ago, the nation of α, which was at that time known as ß, began expanding its lands outwards, on the order of the current Patriarch (at this stage in history, ß was a more true monarchy, the Patriarch was a far more influential figure). This period of time is now known as the Dark Era, by present day α. ß was quite small at the beginning of the Dark Era, yet it was still far more advanced than any of the surrounding nations, wielding superior weaponry, armour and technology (not the magic (or electrical) kind). At this stage in history, the land was far more divided, comprised of many little nations, some inhabited by humans, others inhabited by [OTHERRACES]. Some submitted to ß, and joined them, whilst other nations resisted, and were decimated. This outward expansion went on for some time, ß's power growing with it, but this would prove to be its undoing (OH NOES).

[UNDEFINED] years into the Dark Era, ß was pressing both southwards towards the land's coastline, and north, towards a large mountain range, with the intention of dividing the land, as the smaller nations had begun to band together in resistance. They reached the mountain range first, ceasing their expansion at the base of the immense range, confident that no significant force could scale the vast and inhospitable area. Once their hold up to the mountain range base had been consolidated, the bulk of the northern army turned back, in order to bolster the southern army, which was having a much harder time pressing forward, as most of the rebellion against ß had formed closer to the coast.

To the present day, what exactly provoked the following disaster has not been determined, but shortly after the northern army began to make its trek back south, communications from the newly established north outposts ceased, and when attempts were made to uncover what had happened, those sent to check never returned. The northern army was ordered to once again turn around and head back north in order to finally discover what had occurred. A mere sliver of the army returned, bringing news of terror. The northern army had pressed back to the outposts in the foothills of the mountains, to find devastation. Everything had been reduced to ruin, all inhabitants were found brutally killed, or were missing altogether. The army continued its march all the way to the base of the mountains, in order to find what had caused such destruction, but it found them first (HOW CORNY). Without warning, the army was set upon by a larger force, who poured from the very mountains themselves. The attacking warriors (let’s call them γ) were of a race unknown to the people of ß, who were [PROPOSED APPEARANCE LATER ON IN CONCEPT]. Due to their ability to so easily traverse the dangerous landscape, and their apparently even more advanced armaments, these fierce beings quickly decimated the already exhausted army. As mentioned before only a tiny fragment managed to escape to relay the terrible news that both the northern army was all but destroyed, and that the beings that had done so, were now headed southward.

ß was thrown into chaos. As the southern army, already tired from their shoreward advance, attempted to move some of its forces north to combat the slowly advancing threat, those that they were fighting began to make their own advance, reclaiming their land from the remainder of the army. The populace was panicking; what had originally been an expansion of land, had changed into being trapped between two armies, ironic, as the expansion’s very purpose was to prevent their foes from being able to move north or south of ß. When it seemed as though ß’s situation could not get any worse, they were dealt the final nail in their coffin; the Patriarch was assassinated. Though this wasn’t a nail in the coffin because the Patriarch was a loved monarch, he was both hated by some of the populace, and also had loyal followers, and thus, his death created a rift within the general public. This rift however, was further widened by the circumstances that surrounded his death (AND FINALLY, WE REACH MAGIC STUFF, ABOUT FUCKING TIME).

The Patriarch’s assassins (of which there were nine), displayed amazing abilities, which had never been seen until this time (what would eventually come to be known as magic). They appeared out of thin air, in the midst of a banquet being held by the Patriarch (he did not hesitate to indulge himself, even in times of crisis), disabling (seemingly sending them into unconsciousness) all those that came to oppose them, with mere flicks of their hands, not that many did so, shocked as they were by nine people suddenly materialising. One which appeared to be the leader of the group (later to be known as *One* as he never revealed his name), announced that they were known as *The Ten*, and declared the Patriarch a fool who was condemning his people to death, and continued to condemn him to death for his sins. So captivating was *One*, that all but the Patriarch himself found themselves unable to tear their gaze away from him, though perhaps that was also a form of magic he was using, and the Patriarch’s demands that the man in front of him be silenced, fell on deaf ears. As *One* finished, *The Ten* raised their hands in unison towards the Patriarch, and he simply died.

The events that followed were strange, to say the least. With the death of the Patriarch, those captivated by the moment regained their senses. Some cowered in fear at *The Ten*, some fled, either to find safety, or to alert others as to what had just happened, and some of the more brave guards attempted to engage *The Ten*, a futile attempt, as *The Ten* began to leave, and whilst it seemed as though they were merely walking, none could seem to catch them. They walked through the capital of ß, onlookers stunned, walked through the front gates, and proceeded north, towards the advancing horde of γ. The detachment from the southern army was quick to catch up to *The Ten*, moving far faster than they should have been, however like those that attempted to assault the mysterious assassins in the capital, none could catch up to *The Ten*. And so, they continued north, all parties inexplicably making much more distance than that which seemed possible.

Meanwhile, in ß the populace was split. Those that did not support the late Patriarch, hailed the coming of *The Ten* as a sign, proof that their ways were wrong, and that they should attempt to make up for the wrongs that ß had committed. Those that did support him, saw *The Ten* to be agents of their enemies, and aggressively opposed the rest, though this group has slowly dwindling, as those that comprised it, turned, whether out of fear of the strange abilities that *The Ten* has exhibited, or through coming to understand that their ways were indeed wrong.

Back north, *The Ten* and their pursuers eventually reached the opposing army of γ, who surprisingly hadn’t progressed as far as assumed. *The Ten* stopped (as did everyone else); in front of them one army, behind them another, all eyes on them. *One* spoke for *The Ten* once again, in his calm, captivating voice, reaching all ears as clearly as if he were standing by every person, saying the following:

*The time has not come for any of you. Events have been accelerated beyond their design, and we seek to put things right.*

*But know that what we do is merely delay the inevitable. A conclusion shall be met, but now is not the time, you are not ready.*

*In this sacrifice, we grant you a gift, one that you must decide how to wield, for good or ill.*

*Time will tell.*

With these words, *The Ten* raised their arms, and all went black.

Upon regaining consciousness, ß’s army found a gigantic fissure running as far as the eye could see where *The Ten* had stood (with no sign of them), separating them from the north. This event would eventually come to be known as *The Division* (these guys are original), and heralded the end of the Dark Era. As it turns out, the entirety of ß, and indeed, even those they were seeking to oppress, heard *One*’s words, cryptic as they were.

ß began to pick up the pieces, quick to elect a new Patriarch (who wasn’t a bastard), and cease their foolish fights with those around them (to the loss of much land and wealth, in order to placate those they had wronged), and they even changed the name of their kingdom to α, as if they were giving up that past. α was quiet for a time.

And then, people began to exhibit powers akin to those of *The Ten* (though MUCH MUCH MUCH MUCH MUCH MUCH MUCH less potent). This was met with awe and fear, considering the recent occurrences. This was however shortlived, as with the signs of magic manifesting itself in people, another of *The Ten* emerged (yeah, holy shit, I wasn’t derping with my maths) referring to himself as *Ten* (and hence, why people took to calling *The Ten*’s (apparent) leader, *One*).

*Ten* explained that he remained, in order to school those gifted with magic, so that they could properly utilise it; and that is what he did, founding the Mancery, in order to turn raw talent, into refined ability. This continued until those now highly skilled in Mancing (as it came to be known) were capable enough to teach their own, without *Ten*’s assistance. He formed the first Mancery Council, comprised of his ten most competent students, and then vanished before their eyes, never to be seen again.

From then on, everything was quite peaceful for α. The tension between α and its surrounding nations faded with time, citizens got on with their lives, and the Mancery became more powerful, as it very rapidly began to utilise its powers for producing machinery (a concept taught by *Ten*), as the monarchy began to fade, and its Patriarchs with it.

OKAY. That took a long time, and contains many letters and words. Beyond this, is just some not so set in stone stuff, more as things that may be worth adding, or discussing, should this concept be chosen.

* I believe that a good point to begin the plot would be the main character joining The Mancery, or having been at the Mancery for a short amount of time (starting as a kid and discovering your power is a bit clichéd :P). The player could learn the game as the character learns magicsstuffsdssfd.
* An idea I had for the plot was that as it is set near the 100th anniversary of *The Ten* creating the rift, upon the anniversary, the rift could, I dunno, close or something, thus resuming the invasion. Could prove for the driving force of the plot (of course, intertwined with some kinda mystery conspiracy twist thing).
* I was considering including a religion for α, but I had difficulty including it without overcomplicating what I was trying to do. It’s probably something worth considering should this be chosen.
* I imagine the γ as being thin, and well muscled creatures, with very sharp angular features, pointy teeth, perhaps some small horns/boneythigns around the face. They are just as comfortable on two legs as on all fours, which is a sign of them having to cope in the mountainous regions. Their armour is of a very durable and tough metal which is found in the mountains, that being the predominant reason for their greater weaponry and armour (both of which are all spiky and stuffs), said armour is also made with manoeuvrability in mind, once again, due to mountainsszsz.
* Another plot idea I had was that it turns out *The Ten* weren’t only talking to those south of the soon to be created rift, but the γ too, granting them magic (it’d prove for a nice TWEEEST). From that could stem the idea that *The Ten* aren’t what they made themselves out to be (Possibly they are le true antagonists? Did what they did to further some kinda goal? Hell the shadowy Patriarch could even be one of them, being all puppetmastery).