**Introduction**

The Neran nations lived separately for many generations, warring intermittently through the ages. Factions of technology, traditionalism, and gene editors traded land back and forth, eventually settling in a triad on the semicircular supercontinent--Each nation controlling roughly a third of the land. During the infrequent peaceful periods, they would sometimes intermingle at the center. A great hive was built at the center of the massive desert, and thinkers would convene within to discuss politics. Defensive retaliation agreements began to be popularized by the thinkers in the final age of Neran separatism. If one nation attacked, the others would attack back until a set amount of land had been taken. The goal was to make the nations’ area always even, and self-correcting. What this led to was warmongering thinkers being selected against, and within a few dozen generations much more peaceful terms were solidified. Regular trade and sharing of ideas between the nations became more common, and soon the Neran acted as one massive unit. Behemoth queens roamed freely once more.

**Unification**

The Neran, having unified and conquered the entire continent, now looked outward. Flying Neran were engineered, and sent outwards across the oceans. One area of note was a constant storm to the southeast. This storm formed an impenetrable barrier to sailing vessels, and would kill any flying Neran. As small islands to the north and west were colonized, the main force of the empire focused on technological improvements. Behemoths grew static, and began to function as sessile hives for the Neran. Soon, airships flew above the bustling hives. Covered in padding, with powerful electric motors, the airships could link together to hopefully weather the eternal storm. The Neran sent off a massive fleet towards the storm, determined to discover what was at the center.

**The Attack**

Upon breaching the clouds, lightning struck near constantly. The airships clung together as Neran drones absorbed and redirected the shocks. Through hurricane winds, the Neran pushed forward. After a few hours, the front of the fleet breached the inner circle of the storm. Clear skies showed a massive, glittering city of stone and gems on a lush, green island.

Suddenly, the entire storm cleared. The clouds did not evaporate so much as slam down, all at once, in a brief torrent that snapped the extremities of the ships off. Communications were re-established, but some airships did not respond to the rendezvous call. One by one, airship links began to go offline. In the distance, one could be seen cut into numerous perfect cubes, hanging still in the air. A glowing figure buzzed around them, before they finally fell, sinking into the ocean. The figure turns its focus on the rest of the fleet, which is just beginning to retreat, and all goes dark.

**The Aftermath**

On the mainland, communications suddenly cease with the fleet. The Neran are shocked, but receive reports that the storm has cleared. The celebration does not last long, as suddenly earthquakes wrack the entire continent. Behemoths tip as the ground writhes beneath them, and swathes of Neran are crushed. Factories crumble into massive fissures opening like maws. On the coasts, mountains rise in minutes. Desperate thinkers escape underground, but the writhing earth crushes many. Drones scatter from their collapsing hive cities. Communications completely cease as Neran civilization crumbles.

Less than 10 Thinkers survive underground in the coming years. Drones scavenge the remains of their cities, but are dying rapidly without their protective behemoths. Small societies form, with up to a hundred Neran drones, but they wither away as many leave to scavenge and never return. In the center of the continent, strange plant life grows from the desolate desert. A wandering group of Neran find the oasis, and drink from its pools. Reverie descends upon them as unlimited food and water are in their grasps alone. The glowing figure seen by the airships hangs above for days before disappearing and reappearing again later.

All at once, the drones are knocked unconscious. They awake instantly, and find their bodies moving oddly. To their horror, they find themselves mutated. They stand bipedal, their eyes have centralized into two, their middle graspers having grown vestigial. Untold generations of genetic modification occurred in what felt like a second, and the Neran are now trapped within deformed, ill-suited bodies. The drones have become Neranoids. Some try to escape the oasis. They enter the desert but in a blink they are back in the clear blue pools of water.

Generations pass. The Neranoids grow in number. The newer generations are content with their easy, relaxed existence. The first generation still lives, kept alive by a strong connection to Nn. The others live and die naturally, unburdened by such a connection. Nn appears now and then to communicate to the first generation, and morph them further. They are told to form tribes and keep separate, never to rejoin again. Visions of unified Neranoid are accompanied by excruciating pain, and visions of quiet, tribal existence with a deep happiness.

After a few hundred years, the oasis fully dries up. The Neranoids leave in different directions, bringing with them their offspring. Small villages are set up in the grassland around the desert. Over the next few generations, the climate drastically shifts. The desert interior of the continent becomes grassland, pockmarked with trees. The mountainous ring near the coast holds thick forests on the east and west, while the desert still seeks out existence in the south. To the north is tundra and still higher mountains. Clouds form in the center of the continent and move outward from there, creating a circular bowl of contained climate. It seems Nn blesses the area as long as his wishes are heeded.

The Neranoids soon discover their ability to use Elemental powers, now necessary as battles for land and resources break out. Neran drones were never particularly strong, but they could all use any element. Now, each tribe of Neranoid is only bonded to one. Slowly, soft borders form. The Fire Neranoids exist in numerous tribes spread across the interior of the continent. Earth Neranoids convene in a southeastern pocket, digging out a city in the badlands near the desert. Water Neranoids construct the largest city of all, to the far central west, and outnumber all other Neranoids by far. The smallest group are Lightning Neranoids, moving along roads north and south, east and west. They act as traders between the other races, and are known for their music.