

Geography of the World

The world of Etokys is a complicated matter. While many other worlds follow similar patterns to each other, the mysterious circumstances involving Etokys's creations led to an incomparable experience. To put it as briefly as possible, Etokys is an inverted torus, rather than a sphere. When standing on the surface, the world stretches far to your left and right, wrapping around you like a large ring. Far in the distance, this ring stretches out, turning up and away, until it eventually loops right back to where you are. At night, there are no stars in this world—only the glowing lights of whatever settlements exist on the opposite side of your portion of the world.

The light of this world is provided by a pair of glowing orbs of magic. No one knows where the Sunlight or the Moonlight came from, or why they orbit through the center of the world, but for their warmth and light, all are grateful. Seasons and the weather, too, seem to be magical effects, although their magic is far beyond what any in Etokys could comprehend.

As for the geography of Etokys, it is difficult to put into words how the different nations exist, where the borders are, and so on, but what is easy to say is that, despite the unusual shape of the world, Etokys is home to basically any geographical feature that is present in other planes. Mountains and caves, icy tundras and volcanoes, a sprawling ocean—all these and more can be found throughout the world.

Important Factions

Within Etokys, there are a variety of important players on the world stage. Typically, the most powerful nations are linked together by an alliance, known as the Coalition, although there are a handful of other factions that have a notable presence—for some, their power even rivals the Coalition nations. Most of the important factions are detailed within this section, with information that is freely accessible to characters detailed here.

The Nations of the Coalition

The Coalition is a group of four nations that have a loose alliance. They have semi-regular meetings to discuss world events and diplomatic agendas, although they do not always see eye-to-eye.

Ikhet (Knowledge)

Capitol: Maerifa

Name for citizens: Ikhetians

Often frowned upon by the other nations, this nation has decreed that knowledge should be shared. Dangerous knowledge, including of magics forbidden or taboo in other nations, is available to learn here, but it is typically regulated in the hopes of instilling responsibility in those seeking it. Technology is also more advanced here, as inventors and artificers have access to any knowledge they could seek out. The standing army here is fairly small, full of well-trained and experienced warriors and adventurers. Most guards are basic undead, such as zombies and skeletons; most citizens donate their corpse after death to

the nation in order to serve and protect their homeland and their families. Graves outside the capital surround the city with an army, 100,000 strong, capable of being risen at a moment by the leaders of the nation in the event of an emergency. Living creatures, with their ability to think and improvise, are relegated more to positions of leadership, since mindless undead make for fantastic foot soldiers and not much else.

Abrûm Será (Business/Money)

Capital: Derbana

Name for citizens: Serainians

Started by a council of 5 dragons, money is power here. Leadership is often delegated to the wealthiest non-dragon, from whom the largest tithe is required, and from whose pockets are taken the funds to improve society. Despite the inherent greed that drives many here, leadership positions are often rotated, as the richest expend their riches improving and running society and filling the dragons' pockets. All citizens are taxed for the dragons, though, so all are encouraged to continue pursuing business endeavors. Many adventurers work here, seeking riches; goblinoids and kobolds are common in this profession here, while dwarves are prevalent in most other matters of business in this nation.

The five dragons maintain a mostly hands-off approach to allowing their nation to run, but when things stop running smoothly, they are willing to step in and fix problems, even if the problem is the current leader. In their free time, most of the dragons have taken up hobbies. Recently, one dragon decided to pursue art, and has spent a vast fortune to purchase an entire mountain for a canvas and inane quantities of paint to experiment and draw with. Two of the other dragons have secretly begun a relationship, even having a secret child.

Balam (Combat Ability/Strength)

Capital: Gaharib

Name for citizens: Balamites

Might makes right here; the right to rule is determined by those with ambition to rule, who challenge for the throne. Giants and giantkin are common here, though many treat those they view as weaker as inferior; half-breeds and false giants often deal with persecutions because they are viewed as weaker than the true giants who typically lead here. The false giant half-breeds, usually known as ogrekin, are among the most looked down on, although anyone who can prove their strength is able to take the respect they deserve.

Despite their eagerness for combat, the nation is not a particularly war-going nation. They seek to improve themselves by combat, not by war; a dead warrior cannot grow from their defeat, nor can they provide a challenge in the future for the victor. Should the need for war arise, however, many in the nation would leap at the chance to prove the strength of both themselves and their nation.

Once upon a time, Xahr ran a gladiatorial arena here. Once he had grown in power enough, he migrated to his demiplane, but business then slowed down. Xahr eventually grew bored in his demiplane as he stopped getting visitors altogether, and started abducting adventurers to satiate his boredom, which may be leading to his downfall.

Swayna (Enlightenment/Self-Actualization)

Capital: none; council meets in a variety of locations that rotates.

Name for citizens: Swaynans (common term)/Swayni (official term)

Swayna is a nation with very little unifying policy. Geographically, it has no capital city. In fact, there are no large cities at all, at least compared to the other nations of the Coalition. Towns and villages are dotted throughout the nation; most settlements try to live in harmony with the natural world, building as few buildings as necessary and trying to preserve as much wilderness as possible. Many Swaynans seek to improve themselves as a way of life, either through religion, spending time in nature, or meditation. As such, Swayna is home to many monasteries, druidic orders, and temples.

While there is a council of representatives that meets frequently to propose ideas for the nation, it is rare for any policy to be implemented everywhere; instead, individual settlements are allowed to choose what works best for them. This freedom means that the experience from one village to the next is likely to be very different. Should a particular settlement implement a policy that harms the rest of the nation, the council would seek to pursue measures against the errant settlement. This has rarely happened in the history of the nation, though; typically, bad policy impacts only those in the small settlement that implemented it, resulting in enough people leaving for other settlements (or to make a new one) that the mistake is either fixed or the settlement falls apart.

Home to many monks, rangers, and druids seeking wisdom and enlightenment, as well as clerics and paladins seeking to be closer to their gods.

Independent Factions

Beyond the Coalition, there are a number of independent actors. Some of these are mostly reclusive, while others still interact frequently with others.

The Sea

Unlike the other factions, the Sea is not a unified force. Calling it a faction is almost wrong; within the Sea, there are countless independent groups who pursue their own agendas. However, there are some groups, such as the tritons and the otarii, who are willing to provide aid to any who may find themselves in their domain. Most of the Sea folk tend to focus on their own lives and the Sea around them, preferring to avoid the affairs of the land folk, although, should an attack come against the Sea for some reason, most of the Sea folk would rise up to defend their home.

The Sea itself is the largest body of water on the surface of Etokys; it encompasses nearly a full third of the world, nearly uninterrupted, save for a single large landmass in the middle and a few tiny islands that have cropped up over time.

The Sea is actually home to a wide variety of edible plant life. In Swayna, some of the coastal populations make use of the Sea to grow massive amounts of crops just off the coast, which are transported throughout Etokys. For the plants that don't grow in sunlight, they utilize some of the caves throughout the rocky sections of coastline or create new ones; this was apparently done in collaboration with some

deep-sea folk, who brought the crops to the surface dwellers as part of some deal, the details of which are now long forgotten.

Home to many water-breathing creatures and peoples.

The Lone Island

Capital: Tennero

Home to most of the original human population. Until approximately 250 years ago, humans were very rare. Then, some of the sea folk made contact with the human settlement on the island and helped them to develop seacraft capable of successfully making the journey to the mainland.

The Lone Island is the name given to a large landmass near the center of the Sea. It is considered the homeland for most of the original human population; until approximately 250 years ago, humans were very rare. Then, some of the sea folk made contact with the human settlement on the island and helped them to develop seacraft capable of successfully making the journey to the mainland.

The Lone Island was home to a variety of villages, stretching throughout the island and up and down the mountains and caves along its interior. These villages were linked by a series of roads, allowing for easy communication between different villages. These days, there is a large coastal town that serves as a central pillar of government, helping unify the island and welcome new visitors to a land once isolated.

The largest mountain on the island is actually an active (but stable) volcano. The ash that spews from it enriches the soil, allowing for plants to grow far larger and more fruitfully than nearly anywhere else. This has led to massive species of trees throughout the island, some of which became home to some of the villages on the island. Other villages made use of the cave systems or dug into the earth to create pockets of cooler air and escape the heat during the days. The ash, which is also an effective thermal insulator, is used in a lot of buildings for this purpose.

The occasional lava flows also provide a source of renewable rock, which is used for much construction on the island; most buildings in Tennero, the capitol, are black in coloration due to this, providing a unique—if unsettling—aesthetic. It is sometimes referred to as the Black City for this reason.

The source of the volcano is rumored to be a portal to the Plane of Fire, although no one has been able to confirm this—the energy that fuels it is, however, confirmed to have originated there, regardless of if there is an active portal. As such, many elementals find themselves feeling at home on the island. Genasi, particularly of the fire kind, are born more frequently on the island; they form the largest humanoid population on the island aside from the native human one. There are even some small villages on the island that have, historically, venerated fire genasi as messengers and speakers for the volcano at the center of the island, which they considered to be a god—or at least a sign of a god—that granted life to the island and its people.

The Creeping Dark

Capital: Tejina

A land where a seemingly malevolent force has ruled for generations; the Dark's territory has slowly been expanding over time, signified by an ominous aura that weakens positive emotions and strengthens negative ones. The Dark's ruler has never made an appearance outside its domain, and no one from

outside has ever been granted an audience with the ruler. The Dark may be home to many kinds of malicious creatures—no one knows for sure. None who snuck in returned to tell the tale.

Might be home to many Shadowfell residents, and other monsters.

Secret knowledge, only known to those who live there: There is an area within each city or town, known as a necropolis. It functions similarly to a cemetery, housing the remains of the departed. When a loved one passes away, those who remain behind construct a small house in the necropolis out of clay and mud, then decorate it in honor of the one who left. Some choose to leave behind a will, declaring their desire to instead rest in the house of a loved one who is already gone, rather than creating a new house. Once the home is prepared for its new resident, the loved ones gather for a housewarming party, celebrating the life and interests of the one being laid to rest in the necropolis. It is a common sight for people to go visit the eternal home of their departed loved ones, bringing gifts or taking care of the home in place of the one who is resting. New homes are often built into or on top of relatives who desired their own resting place, resulting in a web-like maze of buildings that can trace family histories back for generations. In larger cities, the necropolis can tower over the city proper. Those who don't have loved ones left behind, or whose loved ones are incapable of building a home for them, are either interred in a communal house or have a custom one built by the stewards of the necropolis. Necropolis stewards, sometimes known as crypt-keepers, are individuals who work at the necropolis, providing upkeep and other services to care for the necropolis's residents and provide peace of mind for those left behind; their work is a very important aspect of life in the Creeping Dark, garnering much respect for their position. Since life in the Creeping Dark is comparatively more difficult than elsewhere in Etokys, the belief that there will be a time of rest and peace, once their time is over, provides hope for many.

Adventurer's Guilds

Headquarters: City of Wani

Independent of the separate nations, but omnipresent in each nation, the Adventurer's Guilds has a headquarters outside the land of the other nations. They maintain a policy of neutrality, existing only to ensure consistent treatment towards and availability of adventurers.

At one point, one of the leaders of Abrûm Será, in an attempt to keep more wealth and power for himself, withdrew from their contract with the Adventurer's Guild. The Guild promptly withdrew all their resources from the nation, which pulled most of the nation's adventurers away and left Abrûm Será rapidly falling apart as a cornerstone of their nation was suddenly crippled. The dragons stepped in once they realized the gold had stopped coming in; the leader was removed from office (and possibly eaten, though the rumors of that have yet to be verified) and the new leader immediately sought to reinstate the deal, offering an incentive to adventurers to come back once the deal was back in place. Since that time, the power that the Guild holds has gone unquestioned.

The Witch Covens

Throughout the land—and the Sea—there are a handful of Witch covens. While not all covens agree on every matter, they all seem to have an alliance, granting them a much larger sphere of influence than if they all were independent. Outsiders are not typically allowed in, so the details of what binds them all together is unclear.

The Cult of the Divinity

The Divinity are a cult dedicated to pursuing godhood. They believe they can obtain power and become like a god by gazing upon divinity. Some sects use rituals to allow their chosen to peer into another realm, causing madness, mutations, and, in rare cases, the bestowal of power for those strong enough to handle it; those that feel the presence of its power grow intoxicated by it, desiring more and more to satiate their addiction, increasing the odds that they go mad or mutate as they absorb more power than they can handle.

The god that they worship and believe to be seeing is not, in fact, a deity. It is the abomination at the center of the world, whose power leaks out and corrupts those affected by the ritual.

The LORE

Creation (Spoilers!)

There was a great wyrm, rivaling even Bahamut and Tiamat in power, but they had a desire to wander. They traveled through the multiverse, taking in the sights, growing attached to existence. One day, they stumbled into a portal to the Far Realm and attracted the attention of a powerful entity, whose hunger knew no bounds. It sought to consume the Wyrms, taking its power for itself, and gave chase. The Wyrms, realizing the power this entity already held, feared for their life and returned through the portal, but the creature was relentless. For ages, it chased and chased. The wyrm had no escape.

After much fleeing, the wyrm came up with a plan. Should they be caught, they would be inevitably consumed. The entity, now unleashed into the multiverse proper, would then wield enough power to be nigh unstoppable. Its hunger was taking a toll on it, but the wyrm was wearying as well. If the wyrm could drag it far enough away from the multiverse, they could potentially hide away in a demiplane, stalling out the entity and preventing too much harm from coming to the multiverse. Or, most ideally, they could imprison the entity within a demiplane on its own. The wyrm began to prepare a spell as they flew through the Astral Sea, deeper and deeper, ~~far beyond where anyone had explored before.~~

In the deepest known depths of the Sea, the wyrm activated its spell, creating a portal to a demiplane in front of it. However, the entity had caught up. The wyrm, in a moment of weakness, sought to use the portal to save itself, rather than try to trap the entity, and that was where it all went wrong. The wyrm, tired from the chase and gathering their magical energy for such a massive spell, felt a pierce in their side as they went through the portal. Dark, corrupting magic instantly flowed through them, like a magical poison.

The portal twisted and turned and stretched. The magic had been affected nearly instantly, causing the spell to warp. Even this far into the Sea, the surrounding area wasn't completely devoid of life. While it was sparse, there were many small civilizations and burgeoning peoples, as well as some gates to other planes; all the material from the entire surrounding area was dragged into the portal, and even some material and creatures from through the nearest portals. The demiplane began to form, not out of raw magic, but from the materials and peoples pulled in. The portal eventually twisted all the way onto itself, forming the torus that is Etokys, the material settling inside the corrupted portal.

The wyrm, in its last moment of desperation, grabbed the entity and dragged it into the center of Etokys, before the demiplane vanished, leaving nothing but a void for countless miles around and a new gateway to a demiplane in its place. In their new demiplane, the wyrm rapidly fired off spells, sealing Etokys inside another plane and then sealing the wyrm and entity into a stasis demiplane. The wyrm, having given up on surviving, sought to buy as much time as possible for everyone else; perhaps there would one day be power enough to rival the entity. In the interim, the demiplane around the pair locked them at the center of the world, and it slowed down time and forced a kind of hibernation on the two. The wyrm was still corrupting, but slowly; countless generations could pass, and so long as the magic didn't fail, the multiverse would be safe... for now. But one day, the magic would fail. The egg at the center of it all would hatch, and a new, corrupted wyrm would be unleashed upon all of existence, threatening everything.

1000 years have passed since then, and it is time for a new generation of heroes to be born.

The Spirit Plane

The Spirit Plane is a plane of existence that wraps all the way around the world of Etokys, sealing it off from the rest of existence and blocking nearly all interplanar travel. It is the domain of Astria, the goddess of death, who was one of the first living beings who discovered the plane. Having been charged with the care of the departed souls of Etokys, she began to organize the afterlife, providing purpose to all those souls who had passed and wandered aimlessly before she got there. Under her guidance, systems were put in place for judging the dead and for offering a peaceful afterlife for most. She and her spirits built up a massive settlement, known as the City of the Dead, that currently occupies nearly a third of the Spirit Plane. Intending to create a paradise, Astria worked tirelessly for hundreds of years, transforming the Spirit Plane into a place where those who pass on can find peace.

Deities in Etokys

There are very few deities in the world of Etokys. Most deities are fairly hands off and do not directly interfere with the world. Much of their influence comes from either their chosen few or from misattribution to their abilities; not every successful roll of the dice can be attributed to Mumpty, but that won't stop people from saying it was him, after all. Most religion tends to focus on worshipping at least one of these deities, although there may be occasional, smaller religions out there worshipping beings that have not attained godhood—at least, not yet. An increasingly popular religion prays to the council of dragons who founded Abrûm Será, as though they were gods of riches and wealth.

Astria, the Lady of the Dead

Species: High Elf

The first deity, and oldest (in position), is the goddess of the dead, ruler of the Spirit Plane, Astria. Long ago, she was simply an elven wizard of great renown. However, her knowledge of magic led her to explore far beyond the boundaries of Etokys, where she found the Spirit Plane in chaos. When she called out for aid for the dead, the only voice that responded gave her a task: "Do it yourself." And so, for generations upon generations, Astria worked tirelessly to care for the souls of the departed, providing

them with a suitable afterlife within the Spirit Plane. For countless years, she was the only deity in Etokys; over the past 250 years though, a variety of other deities have begun to appear and see worship.

Astria's ideals are well-known to her followers; as the most veteran deity, she has had hundreds and hundreds of years beyond the others to provide guidance to her followers. Despite being a goddess of death, to her, life is sacred. What you do with your life is just as important as what you do with your afterlife. A life should not be squandered and thrown away without cause—all things have an appropriate time to end, and to cut that time short is to deprive the world—and that creature—the opportunity to grow. The life you live and your impact on the world helps determine your afterlife—to leave a lasting, negative effect on the world around you is a gross misuse of the life you have, and it will be punished—if not in your lifetime, then in the one to follow. Astria does not demand perfection from her followers; she simply asks, as has been passed down for generations: “Just... Don’t be a jerk.”

While her general life philosophy is summarized in those five words, she does have more specifics she asks of all creatures—especially her followers. The first request is to allow the dead to rest in peace. This specifically refers to the spirits of those who have passed on, whose time has come. The corpses left behind are fair game; the restless spirits who are not yet ready to pass, okay. But do not disturb those in her care; she will judge them and deal with them appropriately. The second request is to offer aid to restless spirits who are struggling to pass on. While it is rare, some souls become tethered to the material world and will interact with others around them; should anyone encounter one, they should attempt to help it, or they should seek out help to direct towards the spirit.

It is for these purposes and more that Astria began the Soul Stewards, an order of Rangers who straddle the border between life and death. The Stewards began within the last 200 years, after Astria entered into an agreement with an adventurer named Denerec. Denerec was tasked with hunting down an entity who had evaded his death and caused untold suffering for years, since Astria was too busy with her duties. After successfully fetching his soul, the two began working together, with Denerec handling many of the tasks that the Lady of the Dead was unable to do. As he grew older, the two came to the conclusion that his duties should be passed down and split—and thus, the Soul Stewards were born.

The Soul Stewards are marked by their Lady, granting them citizenship within the Spirit Plane and within the world of Etokys, putting them, to her followers, in as high esteem as her Clerics. These chosen few serve as guards for the border between life and death, preventing unwanted incursions in either direction. They are also often tasked with journeying throughout the world, using aspects of Astria's power to carry out her ideals. Many of her followers will seek out a Steward to aid restless spirits they cannot help themselves. Stewards will also be occasionally tasked by their goddess herself with targets she has noticed have evaded death for too long—while those who expand their lives and use them for good or mundane things are generally overlooked, the unnaturally long-lived who do evil may find their plans cut short by the chosen of Astria.

Elyssiadora, the Archayne Mistress

Species: Eldritch Spider

The oldest deity by age is the Archayne Mistress, Elyssiadora. She is the goddess of magic, and she shares the domain of life with the solar choral dragon. Elyssiadora is typically portrayed in her eldritch spider form, eyes shining gold, using her knowledge of magic to create her web from glowing green

strands of the Weave itself and to reach through all creation. Legend has it that she has been studying magic since before the dawn of the world.

Balatos, the Unconquerable Warrior

Species: Cloud Giant

Balatos, the god of might, was the giant who founded the nation of Balam nearly 400 years ago. He believes in solving every problem with brute force. Balatos was around far before he became a god, although he is still younger than Astria and Elyssiadora; he is known to make occasional appearances, mostly in Balam, now that he has become a god—he claims that being a god gets boring and he wants to use his unmatched strength to actually do stuff, not just sit around listening to prayers. Balatos is also often worshipped by those who rely on their bodies and their strength for their livelihood; blacksmiths, sailors, guards, and many others.

Mumpty, the Usurper of Reason

Species: Dohwar

Mumpty, a dohwar, is the god of luck, fortune, fate, and gambling, and he is the patron god of most gamblers. He is the youngest god, and also the most recent one to achieve godhood, having only been a god for around 100 years at this point. The legends of Mumpty's life are still told as folk tales, though no one is really sure how much of them is true.

Solar Chronal Dragon, the Bringer of Light

Species: Dragon

The solar Chronal Dragon has no known name. In fact, he has never been seen; many doubt he even exists, but enough people have worshipped him for the light he brings that he has become the god of light and the primary god of life. Since the life domain is such an expansive domain, he shares his responsibilities with Elyssiadora, although most choose to pray to the Dragon for their needs.

Nadali, the Shaper of Minds

Species: Changeling

Nadali is the deity of emotions. They are a changeling, wearing countless faces to suit their moods and influence others. To Nadali, mortal nature is a malleable toy, one they were meant to play with and shape. They are a fairly aloof deity, rarely intervening in mortal affairs unless they think it will be fun; many mischief-makers find favor with them for that reason.

Kaben Rin, the Fiery Preserver

Species: Serket

Kaben Rin is the god of nature. In his mortal life, he was a serket who sought to travel the world. Known for his fiery temper, he became obsessed with the wonders of the world, often fighting people if he saw them do anything to desecrate the natural world. As a god, Kaben has mellowed out some—he rarely smites anyone, though he does interact with clerics and druids more than any other god, and his temper still leads him to assign the occasional quest of “Go make problems for those hurting my world.”

Shahari, the Omniscient Witness, knower of things

Species: Kalashtar

Shahari is the goddess of knowledge and order. To her, everything has its place: the world is the way that it is, and therefore, to try to resist what is would be inappropriate. Despite her position, she is not always the goddess prayed to for knowledge, much to her dismay. Many times, people will pray to Elyssiadora or Astria, as they are known to be very knowledgeable and less... prickly. While their prayers may not always receive an answer, many attribute this to Shahari's jealousy over the other goddess's popularity causing her to block their aid, which only contributes to her reputation as a rather difficult goddess to worship.

Aikari, the Weaver of Curses

Species: Eldritch Spider

The minor goddess, Aikari, is not always considered to be a true goddess, although she is technically a deity. Another of the eldritch spiders, like her sister Elyssiadora, Aikari is the Queen of Spiders and goddess of curses, although any deity has the ability to use curses. She is primarily worshipped by occult groups, although she has no desire to partake in her duties as a goddess and instead spends most of her time locked away in her own demiplane, typically only coming out to meet with others like her.

“Dragon”/Eldritch Spiders and the Archayne

A race of incredibly powerful spiders. Many are very intelligent, even capable of tugging on the Weave and casting spells. The upper echelon of these spiders is known as the Archayne, and they are incredibly deadly, should they choose to be. Most eldritch spiders live in fairly solitary environments, residing in their own demiplane lairs where they can drag prey into. The asteroid spiders are the closest members of the spider family to them, being directly descended from the eldritch spiders, but due to an impure bloodline, they became monstrosities, rather than maintaining their ancestor's intelligent demeanor—a fact the eldritch spiders hold against them. Eldritch spiders are typically very proud of their heritage, viewing themselves as equals to the mightiest of other races out there, like the dragons and true giants. Aside from asteroid spiders, who reject their heritage as spiders, other spiders will generally yield to an eldritch spider—especially if that eldritch spider is an Archayne.

The Archayne is a loose term used to describe the most powerful eldritch spiders. An Archayne typically has power on-par with ancient dragons, although weaker eldritch spiders can still reach levels comparable to younger or weaker dragons. All Archayne are very in-tune with the Weave and are masterful spellcasters.

Elyssa Ariadne is a particularly powerful Archayne. She has been around since before the world's creation, and eventually grew bored with her own demiplane and decided to polymorph into an “elf”, wandering the world to learn more and meet new people. She is also, unknown to most, the goddess of magic and shares the domain of life with the choral greatwyrms, who—due to its position as dying and actively being corrupted by the entity, is the absent parent of the gods and doesn't actively participate in godly duties. The goddess Elyssiadora, whose true identity is Ariadne, typically takes over the duties for the life domain, as she is one of the few creatures who has an idea what the Wyrms is going through, and

since she already has partial dominion over it. Ariadne is fairly hands-off, like most of the other gods. Her sister, Aikari, is the queen of spiders and “leader” of the Archayne, although the Archayne do not typically listen to their leader and typically do not interact. Most Archayne come from the same brood.

Folk Tales

Legend of the Chronal Dragons

Once upon a time, there were two great dragons. These dragons were incredibly proud creatures, wielding power over time itself. The two were always bickering with one another; the Sun thought that their powers were equal, and that they should use their powers for the good of all. The Moon, though, hated this idea. He believed that he was stronger than the Sun, and that he had a right to rule all else. Back and forth, day and night, their quarrel never ceased. One day, the goddess Shahari had enough. She schemed with the goddess Aikari and plotted for the downfall of the chronal dragons. Finally, she met the two dragons, arguing as always.

“Dragons, you have angered me for too long! You do not deserve your power; until you resolve this squabble, I shall punish you!”

With that, she cast a powerful curse on the two dragons, taking their intelligence. With no wits left to battle with, the two dragons took to the sky in flight, glowing with magical energy. The Sun, deep in his soul, felt that this fight was wrong, however. Rather than fight his brother, he turned and fled. The Moon, furious, gave chase. With their minds taken from them, though, the two became locked in a never-ending chase, the Moon chasing the Sun around and around the world. Even to this day, when their bodies have withered away, their souls still chase each other through the sky, offering their lights to all those who live here.

The Legend of Mumpty

Long ago, there was a dohwar named Mumpty. No one knows where his story began; his family, his past, they were shrouded in mystery. One day, he was in the land of Abrûm Será, as though he had always been there, unnoticed. A stranger, scheming to cheat the child out of easy money, looked at him and said:

“You there! Play my game, and if you win, I’ll give you money!”

These days, no one knows what Mumpty was supposed to give up if he lost. It didn’t matter; Mumpty, without even being told how the game worked, won; he trounced that schemer so completely that he ran home crying. This was how Mumpty lived. All who approached him were left in awe at his abilities. No matter the game, whatever the bet, Mumpty would win.

In time, he gained both fans and enemies—none more-so than the dohwar named Doyle. It was said that Doyle lost to Mumpty more times than any one else; he once was dragged away from their game, screaming that Mumpty was a fraud and a cheat. Doyle became obsessed with ruining Mumpty; he

spent years planning his demise. His wife left him, his home was taken to pay his debts, and still Doyle would not relent.

Eventually, Doyle met a powerful entity. Pledging his soul to the creature in return for the power to make Mumpty pay, he dragged poor Mumpty into a game of life or death—with Mumpty's friends on the line! And yet, despite all the odds being stacked against him, despite magic favoring his foe, Mumpty would not be beat. Doyle, foiled again, collapsed, his life forfeit in the very game he forced onto Mumpty.

No one really knows what happened to Mumpty in the end. Much like how he came, he vanished without a trace. And yet, after years of being gone, legend says that, if you call out to Mumpty, fortune might favor you too.