



Shatterdawn

“At the dawn of time when the gods themselves were but a dream, the life spark bloomed in the black of the cosmos. When tiny specks of nothing began to bond together and formed the first of the shining crystals that would form the faces in the heavens of those yet born gods a world was born in a flash of time, so much quicker than an instant. The Life Spark flared and thunder sounded even though there was still yet no one to hear it. The Life Spark shone through the ever darkness of the womb of making and sent forth a shudder followed by the first of many fires that shone like beacons and the heavens burned. When the fires died and faded to the shining gems that would become the stars in the great mural of gods that filled the sky above. Below the billowing mist parted to reveal the mass of land that would be this newborn world, in that time it was one land that boiled from the seas, The lands cracked and cried out with the birthing pains as does a newborn child when it’s face first touches light. From the sounds of those first cries the gods awoke and magic came with a thundering blast that broke apart the newborn world sending some to the depths of the boiling seas and scattering the rest to find their place upon the face of the world, the world that was to be called Shatterdawn.....”

The Birthing of the world
“Odi Silvertongue” The Black Bard