

Excerpt from Praecidia: Land of Magic, travel guide and collection of apocrypha. Drafted and published by Caliban Danikos, Headmaster and Professor Emeritus of Cloudspark University, High Scholar of the Fallen Gods, author of The Histories of the People of Magic, The 6 volume Legend of the Fall, The Morality of Spartech, and Sparkyon Artefacts. Dated 2213 Post Oraculum.

Introduction:

In my centuries of writing, I have not taken as much joy lowering my pen to the page as I have in writing this, Praecidia: Land of Magic. Oh where to start on our beautiful gem of a world. Much has changed from the day I first laid my newborn eyes upon the Magisterium, our sacred first city. Our people have spread across the face of this magical sphere, settling in the groves and hills, the forests and mountains, the beaches and plains. I have, in my extended life, been blessed by the falling light of Illyustra, to travel this place. To make myself at home with its many people. I can say, without bias, that varied as we may be, the beings of this world are good at their core. Content, by and large, to live next to their fellow folk, cook delicious meals, harvest their bountiful crops, and craft fine artisanal goods. But I get ahead of myself.

When we left Eastmarch to settle Praecidia, we had no indication of what lay in wait for us. Would this place be difficult to find home in or would we find ourselves blessed by our makers. Within months it was readily apparent the latter would be our resounding truth. The Lytefok first reached the eastern shore of what would come to be called Hypheria and sailed across The Fret, making landfall in mere days on the lush and temperate Winden. Our new home, birthplace of Gjallerfall, and the start of a great many stories. Intrepid leaders would arise, divinely inspired authors, forge-blessed crafters.

The 500 years that followed went by in a blur, punctuated by the appearance of the first of the Sparkborn. The final gift of our fallen gods, it would seem, cautiously sailed into Gjallerfall, eyes darting inquisitively, hearts longing for home. We came to understand they called themselves the Mutatio. They were a timid people at first, hiding their anxiety by shifting their appearance so that they could better fit in with us. What a miraculous gift they had. Their discovery led our scholars to look for others born from the wreckage of The Vessel, and many were found. The machines we had built to assist us in the Magisterium had been given consciousness. They called themselves Machinata, but came to be known as the Sparkheart. They took it upon themselves to steward pilgrims visiting the ruined Magisterium, taking homes in the debris and resilient domiciles.

I was among the first group to travel to the plains northeast of the Magisterium and discover the humble and mighty Hûdel. Hulking and gentle, the beastfolk of the Hûdel appeared similar to draft animals we had domesticated in Winden. They stood 8 feet above the ground, bound in rippling musculatures, and were deeply spiritual. I went, with their first matriarch, Geldenrahm, on a tour of Rovenhaal, their name for their land. I walked through the impressive citadel of Hodogast. I ate of their tables, drank of their cups, danced with their children.

In the years that followed the discovery of the Mutatio, Hûdel, and Sparkheart, we would also acquaint ourselves with the Stryder of Hyphos, the Finfolk of Tragadun, the Glyphon of Astrion, and the opinionated True Lyte of Oshibrate. Such diversity, a beautiful gift. We accommodated them, shepherded them, but before long it was obvious they needed us less as teachers as they were rapidly capable of being independent. What followed was a time of discovery and fellowship. From mountains of Hypheria, cracked and tall, to the tropical oasis of Bajaston, lush and bright, life extended across our world in complex and magnificent ways.

There were conflicts, of course, but they rarely lasted. It is far too early in our time to know if conflict will return. But for now, as we all grow more comfortable in our young and maturing home, it would seem that the peoples of Praecidia have been blessed to exist in a place welcoming and compatible with all kinds.

The Call:

People of the Praecidium. We all know the sacred texts tell tales of the vision Omni the All Knowing saw. As the world moves ever forward, the Kingdom of Gjallerfall, by decree of King Osgarant, has chartered the formation of The Spark Guard, an organization dedicated to investigating anomalies in Praecidia, magical or otherwise. Reports of oddities have risen in recent years, and we feel it is our responsibility, as people of this world, to fight for its persistence. Come, join us, help us protect our home from those who may see fit to tamper with the peace we hold so dear. Report to Gjallerfall by the first week of Bloom. Thank you for your service.

The Hand of the King,
Hezekiah Rask