

"They say the world was once whole. Long before the stone-work of our cities and the borders of our maps, there was the Great Kingdom of Ostoria: a realm of giants that spanned the known world. But thousands of years ago, hubris shattered that land. In an event now known only as **The Sundering**, the giants reached for the primal essence of the planet itself, seeking to harness the very flow of magic. They failed.

The earth broke. The sky burned. And Ostoria was torn into the scattered continents we know today.

You find yourselves on the continent of **Lorothan**, a land that has spent millennia growing over those ancient scars. To the north lie the frozen fjords of **Norosfell**; to the south, the sun-drenched vineyards of the **Republic of Vassina** and the chivalric **Kingdom of Movena**.

But you stand in the **Freelands of Silverymoon**, a massive, rolling territory governed by the Sovereign Katherine Rowan III. From here, the great capital is a distant, shimmering vision on the horizon, its arcane spires occasionally catching the sun like needles of glass.

Lately, the air feels... thinner. The 'Primal Echoes' - ghostly remnants of the Sundering - are appearing more frequently. Rumors whisper of the **Runicarum**, the Mageocracy of Eledhen's elite exploratory force, moving with a new, quiet urgency. Some say they are looking for something lost during the Sundering. Others say they are looking for a way to finish what the giants started.

But those are problems for kings and archmages. For you, the world is smaller. It is the smell of damp wool, the taste of watered-down ale, and the flickering light of a dying hearth. You sit in a run-down tavern in a nameless hamlet, your pockets lighter than you'd like. Across the room, a red-faced man named **Grilop Dungree** is shouting about gold and a 'prestige' escort to the great city of Silverymoon.

The road is long, the employer is drunk, and the world is broken. But the gold is real.

And so, your story begins..."