



will you heed its call?

→ BACK TO THE BEGINNING.

❓ — FOUR ...

INNUMERABLE MILLENNIA AGO... in a faraway, distant universe, an anomaly of space-time fell upon a newborn planet and changed the fate of that world forever. The planet, young and malleable, succumbed to the force of the anomaly. Once a celestial body like any other, Xara Cosmia's fate fractured into four entirely different realities, and as millenia upon millenia passed, the four would change and grow into the worlds we know them as now: Exo Cosmia, Mare Cosmia, Nefe Cosmia, and Cata Cosmia.

❓ — THREE ...

TIME MOVED ON... Xara Cosmia lay dormant, a single planet flickering between four dimensions. In each timeline, life arose and

societies walked down separate, yet parallel paths— a creature that flew in the colorful skies of Nefe Cosmia might swim in the mysterious seas of Mare Cosmia, slither the haunted valleys of Cata Cosmia, or prowl the dark desolation of Exo Cosmia. The people of each timeline lived and died and were born again, unaware of the sister realities that moved in tandem alongside them.

❓ — TWO . . .

EVEN SO... the balance was tenuous. Despite the fracture, Cosmia had cradled each of the four timelines, uninterrupted for what felt like millennia, wavering and rippling next to each other. However, ever so slowly, inch by unthinkable inch, they danced closer and closer to each other, attempting to right a nearly imperceptible astral wrong — to gather the loose threads and mend the fabric of their ruptured realities.

❓ — ONE . . .

ALL AT ONCE... the timelines collided. In an instant, the four worlds became abruptly aware of one another— shockingly different yet frighteningly similar. Reality had been irrevocably changed, warped into instability. The point of the original fracture, known as the Axis Radiant, was the tear in the fabric through which they glimpsed their sister worlds.

But little did the Cosmians know: Xara Cosmia was not done changing.

As they tentatively reached through the tear, traveling to and trading with their cosmic neighbors, the threads of reality continued to fray, clearing an opening...

❓ — ZERO.

YOU ARRIVE... crash-landing on the sands of space-time with immeasurable force.

And you are not alone.

A vast alien world spreads out in front of you, governed by an unfamiliar sun, ruled by strange moons and stars. You are acutely aware that you do not belong in this world.

The world's attention falls on you.

Space-time ripples around you, caressing the seams of your reality. Of your existence. Through a wave of vertigo, you feel something— a string drawn tight, perhaps, a needle thin as time itself sinking into the depths of you and *yanking*— and abruptly, you are anchored. Moored, though not grounded; not yet whole.

You are a celestial body adrift in a world outside of your own.

In the distance, a faint force calls to you.

Save me and I'll save you.