

It had been some time since the great calamity that had split the neighboring planet in half, chunks of earth had been cast out into space neighboring Arcadia; massive chunks of rock and planet-debris striking parts of Arcadia's maroon colored surface.

Omen, the only inhabitant of the planet, had felt a massive explosion ripple through the ground as parts of Skire had struck the planet's surface in his sleep, embedding themselves deep within the surface of the world, causing mass destruction to the surrounding flora and fauna. The olive colored crowned clown cat had quickly scurried to his feet, both golden claw and hoof scratching against the rocky surface of the temple that had been discovered just shortly after Omen's arrival, pink eye snapping open with surprise.

The temple, seemingly made of white quartz of some variation, had acted as a form of shelter to the crowned clown cat; having been cast from his home amongst the heavens, his wings torn from his body in an effort to prevent him from returning.

Despite his lack of wings, Omen had managed to maneuver to the nearby planets using a series of powerful wind tunnels, the jets of air thrusting him out into the space around Arcadia, something each nearby planet seemed to have in common. Why others had not chosen to join him amongst the pink and maroon planet he could not say, but he wasn't complaining in the slightest, having been burned by those before he was hesitant to trust anyone let alone talk to the few he encountered. Perhaps the size of it, the planet being on the smaller size, or the lack of sunlight half of the year, it didn't matter so long as it kept others away.

Omen had sensed the disaster long before the planet had cracked in half, his godly senses remained with him despite being cast out from the heavens. Yet despite this he couldn't pinpoint exactly when the destruction would occur, thus catching him off guard in his sleep.

He had made sure to remain hidden when refugees had eventually made their way to his home immediately following the crackening, their bodies weak and injured from the catastrophic event. This is something he had anticipated, thus making sure he had plenty of routes dug up in the event someone managed to see him or even corner him for any reason. He had heard a great deal of horror that had erupted across the planet's surface from those who had fled it whilst lurking among the shadows, massive ichor beasts had risen up from the planet's core and begun attacking the inhabitants of the planet that had chosen to remain. Many had lost their life to those same beasts they attempted to fend off, strength dwindling as they came in contact with the infected ooze that dripped from the ichor beasts bodies. Through various magics, those who were brave enough to stand and fight for the remnants of their homes eventually managed to drive those monstrosities back into the core of the planet, though for how long no one could say. Those who were displaced during the time had eventually made their way back to the remnants of their home planet, eventually leaving Omen alone amongst Arcadia once more. He was grateful for this, a breath escaping his chest in a lengthy sigh as he watched the last of those without a means to fly from the planet's surface leave via the jet streams embedded across the planet's surface, his body slithering out from a tunnel he had built.

Using those very same jet streams, Omen quickly found himself soaring through the air, what remained of feathers bristling amongst the wind as his body shot towards the remnants of the neighboring planet. Prior to his landing, Omen was finally able to get a better glimpse at the remnants of the planet as a whole versus the small glimpse he had been able to capture from the surface of his home as he soared through the air. The planet had indeed been torn in two, massive black and purple iridescent crystals had formed at the center of the planet, hardened ichor turned solid by some unknown means. Small pockets of asteroids floated amongst the planet containing various flora, somehow still growing despite no longer being connected with the surface of the planet. Those with the means to traverse from the rocky pockets took advantage of the extra uncontested food source.

Several large lakes seemed to flow over the edge of the planet's cracks, water bubbling out into endless space; one would think those very lakes would run out of water sooner than later but he didn't question it. Those same lakes provided a relatively "soft" landing pad for the crowned crowned cat as his body soared ever closer to the planet's surface. With a decent sized eruption, Omen's lanky body collided with the cool water, waves rushing up around him before swallowing him beneath the surface. Water rained down across the lake's surface, Omen able to see the droplets reconnecting with the water above him in little pinholes. Having no need to breathe, Omen spent a time beneath the surface of the lake, the water cool against his body, the darkness slowly creeping up beneath him as he sank lower and lower into the lake. Small bursts of bubbles rolled from between his feathered haunches, his eye following them as they passed up above his sinking form. How this sensation felt similar to the exiled god, watching as his life had been lost to him, limp body sinking further down until nothing left but darkness remained.

When Omen awoke on the shoreline of Skire, the sound of soft waves rolling up just a stones throw away filled his many ears, despite their current waterlogged appearance. With a grunt, the beast rose to his feet, both fur and feather plastered to his body. A quick shake of his limbs sent the water flying in all directions, leaving droplets to absorb back into the sandy surface of the beach.