



HISTORY

reach beyond time. line your mind with stars.

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→ IN THE BEGINNING.

❓ — BEFORE

Xara Cosmia: a single planet flickering between four realities, timelines, and fates.

Fractured by an anomaly of space-time, it contains four identities: Exo Cosmia, Mare Cosmia, Nefe Cosmia, and Cata Cosmia. Separated for thousands upon thousands of years, guided in their growth by the strange Anomaly in entirely different ways, the four have lived completely unaware of each other.

But one day, sensors recorded strange readings from points in each Cosmia: the desolate surface of Exo Cosmia; a sacred shrine of Nefe Cosmia; a gothic cathedral of Cata Cosmia; the heart of the labyrinthine ruins of Mare Cosmia. As if it was fated, four different locals, urged by duty, curiosity, or something else, came to these points—and, reaching out, touched something.

This action brought about three things.

First, these locations would become the Axis Radiant, the heart of the Anomaly in every Cosmia.

Second, these four would be tied by fate, forever.

And third, there came...

❓ — THE MERGING

It seemed as if the world was ending.

The sky distended, the earth was dismantled, and reality stretched to the point of tearing—seams popped, stitches ripped, and the weave and warp of the universe were unjointed.

For one terrifying moment, Cosmians of every world were sure it was the end. That, soon, they would be utterly unraveled. But that storm of space-time lasted only seconds. Just as quickly, reality snapped back into place.

The only evidence it hadn't been a dream were the rifts it left scattered throughout the four worlds: tears in reality leading to entirely new dimensions, sister Cosmias that had grown alongside them for millennia, hidden until then by some trick of magic or physics. They were no longer the singular, lonely Cosmias they thought themselves to be: they were now one fourth of a whole, new neighbors now face-to-face with no going back.

That terrifying storm and epiphany ushered in...

❓ — THE FIRST YEARS

In the early days following first contact, the four Cosmias deeply distrusted one another. The rifts connecting them were terrifying distortions of reality and normalcy—and the worlds through them seemed much the same, composed of strange people on a familiar yet even stranger planet.

To make matters worse, communication wasn't easy. The few Cosmians brave enough to cross the rifts were afflicted with an interdimensional sickness, and could only stay for a short, uneasy time in an unfamiliar world before glitching home.

To ease the troubled relationship, the citizens who awoke the Axis Radiant were selected to be Liaisons between worlds, linked to one another only by their unusual relationship with the Anomaly. Under their diplomatic efforts, dialogue burgeoned between the Cosmias, and a sort of peace was achieved. Now intrigued rather than frightened by their cosmic neighbor's strange ways, the Cosmias began to trade with one another, sharing knowledge and resources—everything from textiles, to food, to technology.

However, as valuable as trade and communication was, rift travel still was an arduous endeavor. To remedy this, the Cosmians pooled together their resources—particularly Exo Cosmia's adept automation and Nefe Cosmia's mastery of magic, but not without the effort of all Cosmias—to lay down the tracks for an interdimensional railway system. Finally, now able to transport resources through realities with ease, the Cosmias prospered in earnest, urged along by an abundance of food and the spread of enriching technology.

Once reluctant neighbors, the Cosmias were now thriving allies. And then came...

❓ — THE FIRST VISITOR

It was not long after they had truly accepted one another that life changed again.

First came the readings, both like and unlike the changes in energy that heralded the Merge. *What did it mean?* they wondered—more sister worlds? Another cosmic storm?

Their anxious wait was broken by a shooting star, burning as it cut across the dark, cloudless sky. As star-gazing Cosmians tracked its progress that night, heads cocked in curiosity, they could not have known what it had in

store for them: a visitor from another world entirely, summoned by the whims of who-knows-what.

Xara Cosmia had been given its first **Outlander**.

Exactly a year later, the readings at the Axis Radiant picked up once more. But this time, they knew what to expect.

❓ — THE PRELUDE TO THE GREAT ARRIVAL

The first time it happened, they were baffled.

How were they supposed to know a stranger would be dumped on their front step? How could they have prepared for such an unexpected visitor from a home across the cosmos?

The second time it happened, they saw the signs, and this time they wanted to be ready.

These readings were just like before, but now much more intense. Researchers across the four Cosmias came to the same conclusions: their little wanderer, their single visitor, would not be the last. There would be many to come.

Each Cosmia prepared to receive their guests: new housing was built, programs were arranged, and Cosmians across the planet and its realities readied themselves for the knock on the door.

→ **AND NOW.**

❓ — THE GREAT ARRIVAL

We await with bated breath for the meteor shower of the millennia.

❓ — THE SHIFTED REALITY

All across Mare, Cata, Exo, and Nefe Cosmia, reality shifted. The Outlanders disappeared from them, waking in an isolated reality away from every living thing. Neither liaison nor aide were there for them, and connection was brought to an immediate halt.

Exo was a husk of its former self, stagnancy settling in permanence and deteriorating beyond repair. Nefe became lifeless, its magical foundation crumbling and becoming violently volatile. Cata was in an uneasy moment of peace—bereft of both beasts and Cosmians alike, allowing its rapturous ecosystem complete dominion in this bloodstained setting. Mare is drained of color, a black and deadened sea crashing against the islands with only a matter of time until they too crumble like the society beyond its shores.

A single red sun hovered—a thin connection between the Cosmias in this reality fraught with the apocalypse.

For a week, the Outlanders would enter rifts, closing them as they occurred. A seemingly fruitful push against the grain as with each success certain aspects of reality would mend itself. However, it turned out to be a futile attempt at week's end as every world collapsed and ended... only to start once more.

Everyday the world would end, with only the Axis Radiant guaranteeing safe passage from one day to the next. A cycle of unavailing effort, battering the soul until there's a click and a switch—a pop in the bubble of reality as the Outlanders were returned to the Cosmias once more.

The only evidence of this shattered reality being a large standing rift that loomed over Nefe Cosmia's White Coronet for little under two weeks before disappearing.

❓ — THE BELOVED DAUGHTER

Hayatna, the great island-turtle, returned to the Mare archipelago as part of her migrations through the world ocean. Her last visit was in a time that has passed out of living memory and even recent recorded history, so celebrations were in order. Together, native Mareans and Outlanders alike feasted, married, rodeoed, and so on, honoring her presence for the two weeks she stayed.

Many took to traversing her back, exploring the decaying structures and ruins of an offshoot Marean society that split from the islands many years ago.

Sinisterness abounded: evidence of disaster, but nothing natural.

An expedition led by Monique uncovered a secret, subterranean ballroom heaped with skeletons. Another, led by Sonia, ended in disaster when the aide accidentally triggered an active possession rune. And finally, three living survivors of this society were recovered from a cave of runes, afflicted with a strange disease of black bile. Something has happened here, and dread remains in the wake of the turtle: perhaps it will happen again...?