

# Recordings from the Genesis Kiln's entrance

When the Mana ascended to their divine forms, they viewed the moon with contempt- as their final mortal act as a collective, seeing themselves as bright as the stars in the heavens that guide moorless sailors at sea, they gifted the small moon a personality- a mind.. As if in exchange for their own.

Kaia, the goddess of gentle moonlight, felt the scorn of those who brought her into being.. And she wept. Where Mana lifted themselves to the distant heavens, Kaia's tears fell to the earth- and from those tears, the Caeloraan were born. Inheritors of the realm that the Firstborn left behind, they themselves felt connected to the stars.. Reverent but wary, it was by the graciousness of their goddess' pale light that they could peer into the realm inhabited by those who ascended. The Caeloraan, magic beasts of their own sort, contrasted the ones born of Astaroth's will in embracing their mortality. They gave thanks to the land, the winds, the sea.. They connected with the people born of ordinary things, and shared their knowledge.

[cycle through images of different species, antfolk, mothfolk, avali, rats, avians, nabatans]

The damage the Mana did to their home was not well understood, however, and the land itself began to fray and unravel. The world began to change and split apart, and countless souls were separated from the mainland- adrift in the astral sea, to realms we may never again cross.. And with this forced isolation, came great loss. Our families, splintered- our nations reduced to villages. Without enough people for prayer, Kaia could not sustain her life.. The moon itself shattered anew, and with the loss of her gifts, we suffered. The realms we named Avistym, Flostym, Wyrmostym and Kiristym became harsh and unusual in their own ways- unstable.. Unlivable. In our desperation, the Caeloraan worked to create a machine to attempt to bridge the impassable gap between worlds, to jump the distance of the great expanse of the Astral Sea. That device lies ahead- The Genesis Kiln. May it serve as a grim reminder to all who see it. And may the door remain closed, evermore.

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