

Mana

The firstborn race given life by Astaroth, populating the still-new lands of Simuhay. They were sculpted from magic and took a variety of forms, but all featured striped markings on their fur.

Not content with their existence as mortal beings, the Mana decided to carry out a magic ritual to ascend into a new form - a divine entity to rival their creator. It is unknown how many of the Mana went along with this plan willingly; it is highly likely that a significant number of them opposed the ascension, or did not fully understand its ramifications. Whatever the case, however, the Mana successfully completed their ritual, morphing into the Collective that now rests in the Astral Plane.

The Mana's ascension was an event of great and terrible power, and the material plane was not built to withstand the strain. As a direct result, Simuhay physically cracked and shattered into its current state - four main plates and strewn debris floating in the Astral Sea.

- [Excerpt from Mira's journal](#)
- [Excerpt from Xena's journal](#)

Excerpt from Mira's journal

Learning about those who came before the Arathans was...deeply fascinating. Called "Mana", according to Myson - beings made of magic, defined by how they felt and how others saw them. Truly fascinating that in this world, being like that existed at one time! I wish I could have met one.

Excerpt from Xena's journal

"I feel...weird about what Icarus did. I mean, I feel better than ever. I can't fucking deny that. Shit, it feels *right*. Magic that's *mine*, not someone else's. But I know what him giving me this gift cost, and I damn well know what him completing his ritual does. They're suffering, yeah, but they could be brought down. Some of them were goddamn kids, or never wanted to ascend. And they didn't fucking get a choice or a chance to avoid that. Now Icarus wants to burn them up to give everyone power. Fucking end them all to further his own goals.

"The worst part is...I don't think I have it in me to oppose that now."