## **Gredits**

Author: Joseph Miller

Artists: David Esbri and Scott Purdy

**Editor:** Suzi Yee

Design and Layout: Suzi Yee

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# The Wyrd bard of bore



O ever-changing lands,
Where the mortals face unknown,
The ever-shifting sands,
Of a visage not your own.
Who sees beyond your guise
When the cycles strike their toll?
I see your lovely eyes
And recall your wondrous soul.
But love, you fade away
Just as swift as you appeared,
Beneath the wild display
Of the ever-changing Wyrd.

-Prince Poesi

#### The Wyrd

Welcome to the **Wyrd**, an ever-changing land where anything and everything can appear or disappear with the turning of a cycle or an active imagination. It is a place filled with the stuff that dreams are made of and populated by a cast of characters both familiar and unknown. It is a domain where illusion and reality meld together in a surreal existence, where the fantastic and impossible are not only possible but prevalent. Every story ever told by mortals since the time of the flood has been born here and every invention has been designed within the visions of this place. It is a marvel to behold, but it is a dangerous place. The spirits of the Unseelie

fey that drowned at the beginning of the Forgotten Age still haunt the landscape seeking revenge upon all who are unfortunate enough to cross their path. In addition to these vengeful spirits, the domain of the Wyrd has the more subtle peril of seduction. This land tempts mortals to spend their lives fulfilling their every wish and many have lost themselves within the Wyrd for years, decades, and even centuries before returning to the Mortal World, while some are never seen again. Wonder and enchantment populate this surreal domain and fill it with unpredictable opportunities and dangers of fantastic adventure.

# History of Nevermore: Part II

As the bewitching fogs of the Forgotten Age retreated the ever-changing Wyrd emerged. This newborn land split the Heartlands in two and was populated by mortals some of whom had become powerful dreamlords during the dreamland's long slumber. Soon after the murky mists of forgetfulness faded from the world the mortal dreamlords began to found realms within the wild and whimsical Wyrd. They shaped these spheres of influence in their own image and according to their deepest psyche, but they did not have complete control over their realms, which would alter to reflect their emotions and passions. For a short time, these nascent lands lived in peace, but as fate would have it two mortals were about to make a discovery that would reforge the dreamlands in a crucible of conflict.

### The Two Wanderers

The catalyst of this change was discovered by two mortals named Nyxis and Mahr, who wandered the Wyrd in their youth as friends. Their experiences of the unfettered lands taught them how to become unparalleled dream weavers shaping the world around them as they traveled the dreamlands together. They were powerful enough to found their own realms as other dreamlords had done before them, but there was something in the unfettered lands they felt drawn to and like dowsing rods they drifted ever closer to it until one day they came across the field of rainbow-hued flowers that would change everything.

#### The Field of Flowers

Never in all their travels had they seen such a sight and their every attempt to dream weave in the area failed. It was as if this small field was completely untouched by the surreal lands surrounding it. They experimented with the flowers and the gems they produced, but nothing worked, until finally Nyxis took a gem out of the field and tried dream weaving it into a crown. The gem transformed into a crystal crown within the blink of

an eye and she showed it to Mahr. However, no matter how much they tried to change it back into a gem they could not do so, nor could they change it into anything else. Nyxis and Mahr studied and experimented with the substance for a year and watched the flowers produce their blooms during Cadence. They called the substance "neverite" because after it was changed it could never be altered again. They both made a pact to share the neverite field and return each Cadence to gather the neverite blooms into an equal share. After this they parted from one another to found their own realms, but unlike the realms of the other dreamlords their realms would stand forever, unchanged, a monument to their mastery over the dreamlands.

## Realms of Night and Day

Nyxis created the realm of Nyxia, a realm of frozen beauty. She surrounded her realm with seven walls of ice each rising a little higher than the last until they reached the courtyard of the Frozen Keep. Nyxis shaped the sky as well creating a midnight sky with a full moon and stars as the only light. She had always seen the world in black and white, good and evil, truth and lies, and so her realm reflected this inner character. Never did the sun shine here, though the icy walls glowed in the soft moonlight contrasting with the dark skies above.

In contrast, Mahr created a sun-drenched desert realm filled with magic and wonders, called Maghreb. Within this realm he created the City of Brass surrounded by impregnable walls molded as if from cast iron. Two towers of brass, like twin fires, rose above the city brilliant and blinding. There were twenty five gates leading into the city, but none of them visible from without. It held within its mighty walls a series of mansions and palaces with rainbow-hued domes gleaming gloriously in the golden sky. Streams flowed throughout the city with glowing flowers and fruits lining their banks. It was a realm of solitary beauty where Mahr pondered the world in peace.