

I. END OF THE FIRST WARSURGE

"They say history is written by the victors. It is now time for unveiling the truth."

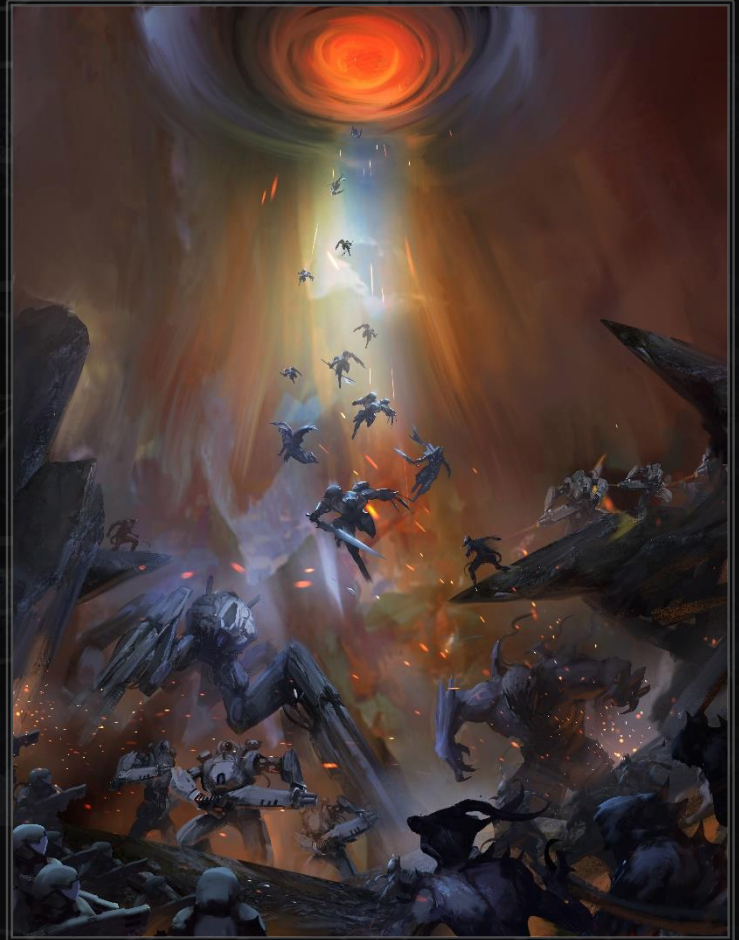
– The Prime Alchemist, to his Inner Circle of Acolytes

War never changes. All conflict is fuelled by hatred, greed or those defending from enemies with these motives. In both physical and metaphysical reality, vicious battles rage with no signs of ceasing. There are bitter feuds started in aeons past where warriors have long forgotten why they began fighting in the first place.

Described by some as a maelstrom of massacre, The First WARSURGE was an era of constant turmoil and violence on an interdimensional scale. The great surge of warfare across the greater part of the Omniverse had earned it that title. WARSURGE itself was broadly defined as interconnected universes linked by gateways and rifts, ravaged by constant war.

Civilisations and races of various technology levels all played their part in the conflict. Knights in shining armour fought alien monstrosities, massive war machines clashed with races wielding arcane powers, infantry stood firm against legions of bloodthirsty beasts. Many of the weaker, less strategic or technologically inferior empires were crushed underfoot, their worlds plundered and reduced to nothing but ghosts and ashes...

Unsurprisingly in realms of unlimited possibility, some of the greatest battles of The First WARSURGE took place within a single native universe, largely uninfluenced by other realities. For example, incredible wars were fought by a massive, superstitious human civilisation. Wielding power armoured super soldiers, they stood against an array of aliens, machines, demons and traitors. It was by far one of the most violent realities to ever exist, and still does to this day.



War may not always be about military campaigns, but could simply be a battle for survival. In some realms, death is not the end but a perpetuation of the same struggle faced in life. In some universes, hordes of diseased undead or 'zombies' roam aimlessly within post-apocalyptic worlds, seeking to feed on the living. These realms are prime targets for necromancers and conjurers of dark magic, for the most common resistance to these would-be corpse thieves comes from fledgling survival communities. These people in most cases would willingly turn a blind eye to the dark sorcerers and let them 'steal' away the undead – it would be a welcome relief from the voracious appetite of the ravenous hordes.

Yet in another case, there was a dimension where reality had reset itself. A mighty conflict of dark magic and warriors of evil gods brought one world and the fabric of that cosmos to oblivion. Heroes and villains long deceased were given a second chance however, as the soul of a mighty hero temporarily harnessed that realm's power of time and set things back. This act changed the outcome of a key event... but destroyed him in the process. Inevitably war returned and it was considered worse than it was previously for those who lived in that realm. There was hope, but there is no true despair without it.

As for the First WARSURGE itself... it did not matter why or what was being fought over in the end, for a mysterious entity suddenly appeared and changed everything. In the blink of an eye, every interdimensional portal, gateway and rift closed; forcing the First WARSURGE to an abrupt end. Reactivated gateways only lead into the Infinite Dark itself, a death wish for any who would dare enter.

The architect to the war's end was known as Creaos. He had constructed pylons inside a pocket dimension of his own design, hidden within the Infinite Dark. Time literally stood still for several moments as structures known as the 'Eternal Pillars', were set into position. Mysteriously, they blocked gateway travel between universes. As a result, this created an unwilling peace to the most war hungry and aggressive of races, nations, empires, kingdoms and civilisations.

Creaos had achieved the impossible: each realm was left isolated to fight their own battles or destroy themselves, and in some cases, find peace. Yet his work was not finished... he longed to create perfection, unity and utopia.

By the hands of this enigmatic being, a new universe was ready to be born.