



Ajuna

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Saturdays at 7 PM

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Channel: #ajuna

Five hundred years ago, the world of Ajuna was torn asunder.

An elemental storm of fire, water, wind, and earth known as the Great Cataclysm ripped across the seas and continents, undoing eons of natural shaping. Whole continents were plunged in a mire of steam, magma, and sea, a great eruption that spread wide. Countless lives were lost, whole civilizations were gone forever. All that was in its wake were deep, dark oceans with jagged bottoms, too deep to fathom. In a single explosion, much was simply swallowed into the four elements, gone forever.

But not all was destroyed.

The continent of Wessia was formed in the wake of the cataclysm, created from the lands untouched by the wash of raw elements. Here, a new empire was cast, conquering the confused lands with help from the Church of Pholtus. Peppering the vast ocean, small alcoves of lands survived the blast as islands. And far across the boiling seas, deep in where the epicenter of the great cataclysm... was a wasteland, home to countless abominations and mad sorcerers.

This is the world of Ajuna, two continents sitting in a vast sea.

Five hundred years is not a long time, in the great scope of time. What is countless generations to men is only a moment to a god, a brief instance. Yet as time passes, the memory of the apocalyptic event becomes dimmer and dimmer, what laid in the wake of such catasophry becomes twisted through legend and myth. What was the end of days was not the end of days, and slowly the world heals, building towards a brave new world of plenty.

But scars are never forgotten.