Prologue

The Story Of Kingdom’s End

Many moons had passed since The Crown had given permission for the expeditions to The New World. It had been a dire time, but many companies had taken up the mantle to journey into the unknown for the sake of happiness, wealth, and adventure. However, they had no idea what this would mean ...

The once pleasant lands of the New World had become tainted with the events that had occurred there, as if with every brick they'd placed had somehow conjured a fresh horror. The mighty Kraken had arisen, a fierce Ghost Galleon had emerged from the grey ocean, and the many horrors of the dank and foreboding islands had wrought their special brand of evil across the world. All of these heinous events had only one defender, the varied array of brave souls seeking a new home, not knowing the truth of the world they'd come to claim. They had formed themselves into many companies, and established their various colonies without realising that their hunger for new lands and exotic resources were beginning to encroach upon the evils in the New World.

Having fought bravely to defend their claims, their mighty wealth and material possessions meant nothing. A black and purple fog spread across the New World like an unhealable bruise. This fog brought with it all the unleashed sins of this world, striking down everything in its path with a plague that showed no signs of abating. Hundreds of alchemists and medical specialists from every company had worked diligently to try and combat this latest threat, but to no avail. They had even isolated and destroyed certain civilisations under the guise of trying to rid the world of this plague. Some companies had used the world's evils as a way to gain political or geographical supremacy, so as time passed even the most trusting of people found it hard to judge a company's motivations, and being so far from Kingdom's End, The Crown was powerless to intervene.

This is why they called it The Great Upheaval, as the surviving companies knew the New World had died, and their efforts were inept against the veracious torrent of evil pulsing from the oceans beyond the horizon. So, they fled the New World which had offered such promise, and under a fragile alliance they ventured out to uncover new lands to settle, hopefully beyond the reach of these evils. At the first sight of land, far away from The New World, this alliance began to crumble. People began turning on each other, arguing over claims, disputing how resources might be allocated, and it seemed the troubles of The New World had taken their toll on the survivors. At the extremity of the pioneering fleet, some ships had even turned on each other, and it seemed like even escaping death wouldn't secure the living. One such battle had lasted for many hours, and while some companies tried to save floundering ships and drowning sailors, many had been lost to

the hungry swell of the ocean.

As more and more islands appeared, small groups of people began peeling away from the main fleet, some under good terms, some not. Some companies sought to trade with others once they established a new home, while others, so mistrusting and hateful, threatened to get revenge on companies they saw as greedy or duplicitous. They had hoped that The Crown would save them or send reinforcements and supplies, but they knew now, as they sailed away from each other, that the future was uncertain, but their own to make.

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