

The winds that sweep across the Plains of Ash carry with them the unbreathable dust of volcanic eruptions, sometimes bringing with them the voices of the ancient dead - whispering tales of forgotten times. Once known as the Plains of Dawn, these lands were a verdant paradise, where rivers danced silver in the sunlight and forests rose in reverence to the heavens. The great Murky Lake reflected the vastness of the sky, its crystalline mirror nourishing life in all directions.

These were times of glory and life. The tribes that inhabited these lands saw them as a gift from the gods. It was sacred ground, where only the noblest sorcerers and warriors deserved to rest in their tombs. The ancients said that the spirits of these honored dead rose on nights of the full moon, watching over the crops, spreading their strength across the fertile soil. The power of the past flowed like invisible blood through the roots of the trees and through the golden grains of the fields.

But the old gods are capricious and merciless.

The Great Hecatomb came, and the earth roared like a caged beast, the mountains convulsed, spewing fire and destruction in every direction. Columns of black smoke rose like pillars from the underworld itself, and a storm of ash fell upon the earth, suffocating all life. Lake Murky bubbled in its own death, its waters poisoned by sulfur. The rivers became putrid veins, winding through the barren land, dooming any form of existence that dared venture there.

Now, the Plains of Ash are a wasteland of desolation. The ground is hard as iron, cracked and barren. Charred trees rise like twisted specters. The sky, often veiled in sulfuric mists, refuses to shine over this cursed place. The few who dare to cross this land swear they hear voices carried on the wind—murmurs of the ancient warriors and sorcerers who rest there, perhaps furious that their rest has been disturbed, perhaps still watching over something deep beneath the scorched earth.

Are their tombs strong enough to withstand the eruption? Do the spirits of old still lie sealed beneath the ashes, or have they awakened as dark guardians of a forgotten realm?