

“Don’t get bitten by the teeth,” Dontrel thought to herself as their rocket-powered skiff crashed against the waves. This warning was commonly heard in the streets and taverns of Black Bay, and it had become more of a challenge among the many thrill-seekers visiting the area. Ever the destination for adventurous types, at Black Bay it was not so much a matter of what to stay away from but rather how close you dared to go.

Dontrel janked a series of pulleys and levers, deftly zigzagging around the pylons, each one reaching for the stars from depths unknown. A large wave hit the skiff from the side, brine overwhelming the odontos’ sense of taste. The air felt strained, growing tenser with each zig and zag. Displeased, perhaps, by the insolence of the skiff-surfer, the pylons started to hum, permeating the noisy sea with a deep, metallic thrum.

“Don’t get bitten by the teeth,” Dontrel thought again, this time clenching their own.

The Cosmic Orchestration

The Order Celestial

When the Exarchs of Singularity created the galaxy and filled the gaping void with brilliant stars and verdant worlds, they did so in accordance with principles of creation and destruction as ambitious and inscrutable as the Exarchs themselves.

Led by Opus Nyn, foremost of the Lumin Order and wielder of the Scepter of Ascension, the Exarchs shaped the firmament of the cosmos and dotted the sky with countless orbs of empyreal fire, striating the chaotic nothingness of space with stellar marker-lights.

To the Exarchs, the stars of the sky should be arranged in a manner both pleasing and profound. The mightiest of these primordial creators would carefully place the nascent stars of the galaxy upon the dome of the heavens, delighting in their significance when viewed from impossible angles or in abstract totality.

Whether to recount their galactic stories of creation, communicate the arcane truths of their Singularity order, or inspire awe in their subjects, none can say. The true meaning, if there was only one, of the stars has long been lost, though their beauty is no less for that.

A Story in the Stars

To the ancient peoples of Adelphos, the carefully orchestrated brilliance of the stars would continuously spark their imagination. Whether glimpsed through the dense canopy of the planet’s megaforests or gazed at from atop the far-reaching mountain ranges of the world, the threadlike arrangement of silver gems against the azure tapestry of the cosmos would fill their hearts with boundless wonder and their minds with sublime terror.

Stories would be told among the people, both to delight and educate, of the majestic Exarchs, of their awesome powers of creation, and of their initial voyage beyond the veil of their world. Most popular and recalled of all were the tales of the nebulous order of the Lumin and their peerless leader, Opus Nyn.

In the stars above them, the ancient peoples of Adelphos saw traces of the great Exarchial design to which they themselves belonged. Writ large in the fire of celestial orbs, the works, both great and terrible, of the Scepter of Ascension were recounted for all to see and generations to remember.

Scryers, Smiths, Seafarers

To the ancient Five Peoples, the significance of the stars was not merely mythopoetic but also practical. The world of Adelphos with its slew of volcanoes, thunderstorms, kaiju, and countless predators was no less dangerous in ancient times, and the children of Opus Nyn were dependent on correctly interpreting and understanding their surroundings, both earthly and celestial, to survive and thrive.

The Sudari, ever attuned to the needs and temperaments of Adelphos' sprawling wildlife, would track massive beasts by the light of the stars and interpret celestial omens as a key to predicting the migratory movement of primordial herds.

To the warrior-smiths of the Mrekori, the sky was not only a source of inspiration but occasionally of material resources as well. Rare meteorite stone with arcane properties became swords of power, hammers of glory, and stranger machinations, all forged in furnaces as hot as the stars themselves.

Few mysteries of the cosmos were left unexplored by the runic seers of the Asketri. Hoping to unveil the secret order of the universe and harness the power of spark, they erected the great monolithic sparlons in geomantic alignment with the constellations.

Precious little of the great exploratory works of the Exari could have been undertaken had it not been for the stars surrounding Adelphos. Whether travelling on land or sea, the scholars of Omok made clever use of the position of celestial objects to navigate their world.

From atop the magnificent five observatories, the mystics of Omdrazi scryed the stars in an attempt to divine the future. Perhaps it was the stars themselves that gave warning of the impending cataclysm and spurred the prophet Azadel to admonish the reckless workings of the Asketri...