

CHRONICLES OF

HALL OF



BOOK
1
X

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They raped their Mother, the Earth, and bound Her with sorcerous chains. The moon caught fire; the sun froze. In the veins of the world her lifeblood choked to dust. The oceans boiled to miasmas that clotted the skies. Rocks fanged up from the stubble of dying forests. As She began to rot, Her creatures, Her children, survived as best they could. Tearing at each other, prowling in Her fetid hollows, breeding abominations. Feasting on Her, fungi and molds became sentient.

And, as the ages passed, some lineages of men grew monstrous as others diminished, weakened and became easily their slaves. These "higher" men fed on the lesser, growing in strength, and hurled their tribes on upon the other in terrible truce-less wars. Until one tribe crushed the others into kneeling submission under a lord, nameless save for his title, Tyrant.

But though decayed, She was not slain. With the little strength that remained, She seduced Worm, the least, the most abject of those creatures bred for meat. Unlikely savior, through sorcery and helped by unlooked for allies, Worm followed the thread of his fate to Her. If he can free Her, Her blood will spout into a flood and frenzy of returning Life. And her hatred will swell Worm into being Her champion, Her consort, and Her avenger, the Honored God.

























Later...









Later still...





Down...





















CRUSH
THEM.





