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*“It was on this very day, two hundred years ago, that the Daemornia began. My grandfather told my father of this time and now I pass the history onto you. Let me tell you of our heritage, that of humankind. Of a time before the Offworlders and before the dreaded Daemon hordes, when man walked the earth alone and was not afraid of the darkness. It was a time of peace, without fear of slavery, poverty, hunger or disease.*

*Our technology turned dreams into reality. We had machines that could fly and vehicles without horses able to journey across whole countries in hours. We were able to leave our world with powerful rocket ships that could reach the stars. There was very little that could not be achieved. However, our continuous pursuit of the impossible almost brought about this world’s end.*

*Some say that we created a portal to travel to the stars, others claim it to have been a gateway to another world much like our own, but I tell you that what man created was a doorway to Hell. Small and insignificant, it grew, far beyond the imagination of its creators. The whole world rejoiced in what it would hold for our future, but it was our future that was lost.*

*Carried on the winds, the Great Plague swept across the world. It killed and mutated without pattern, leaving none unharmed. From the largest city to the most remote village, people suffered and died. It twisted the animals, as pets and livestock turned against their masters in fits of madness and rage. We know now that all attempts at a cure were fruitless and every day we are reminded of that by our very nature. Yet, the portal still grew, out of control, absorbing everything in its path. We do not know what happened to the portal, but we know that from its foul belly they came.*

*Many of you have been told stories of the monsters in our world, of the great beasts and vast hordes that roam the land, conquering, enslaving and murdering all in their path. Do not make light of these things, for they are true and horrifying to behold.*

*When the daemons first came to our world, we sued for peace, but it is a word unknown to them. Their master strived to have all, and this world, like many others would fall. Our magnificent armies, with their steel machines and powerful weapons proved useless, as the daemons swept across the land. We fought the daemon spawn with all the strength we had. In the great oceans, mighty ships battled the black serpents sent against us and in the skies above, flying machines struggled with the greatest of the winged daemons, but eventually we fell, until we had no choice.*

*The land beneath you is green, but it was not always, for the world was once turned to ash. Some of you have seen the great cities in which our ancestors lived. Their magnificent homes are now destroyed and barren, empty to all but the most depraved of creatures. The streets are covered in decay and filth but they were not always. We created great monuments of beauty and towers of glistening glass that could touch the sky. We had libraries and schools, the like of which we may never see again. We listened to the music and poetry of cultures long gone and admired their art and skill, but now it is almost all lost. The daemons destroyed much in their wake, turning fields to black by flame and death, but it was our own kind that ruined the land. Our great weapons had left charred ruins and destroyed the cities.*

*The war raged on for countless years, before the arrival of the Offworlders, some of whom are here with us today. Our world was not the first to fall to the lord of darkness for he had many slaves and minions. We know that control of his empire was not entire and many turned against him. I have seen many wondrous creatures in my travels, like our friends and allies, the Dankari, Reptilians and Night Stalkers and many more.*

*It was with such aid that our ancestors were able to turn the tide of darkness from our world. Many of you have read the stories of great heroes of that time, when the people of Earth fought back with rejuvenated strength. They pushed back at their new masters and fought for their very existence. My grandfather spoke of the greatest of the battles fought on our land. The last of our great armies, with their machines and weapons, fought side by side with their new allies. For more than a hundred days they fought against the daemon horde that came to conquer all. When the machines were gone they fought with sword and axe. When those weapons were broken or blunt they fought with stone, and when there was no more stone they fought with fist. Thousands died and still they fought, pushing ever onward. Eventually, after so many lives had been lost, they finally reclaimed our world, defeating the daemon kind and winning their freedom.*

*Today, our world is divided. The daemons, though now fewer in number, are still present and have many loyal followers even among our own kind. I have seen heroes standing alone against evil, kingdoms grow and crumble seemingly in the blink of an eye, innocents enslaved to serve the darkness, and people rejoicing in new freedom from tyranny. Our way of life is very different to that of our ancestors, but we have survived and we will always be here.*

*I know some of you venture out into the known world and beyond, some seeking fortune, some fame and others to destroy evil wherever it is found. My advice to all of you is to take heed of my story, learn from our history, never forgetting those that have laid their lives down in the name of peace and never, ever, be afraid of the dark.”*

# THE WORLD OF DAEMORNIA

The world as it was known is long gone. The daemons left little in their wake and the humans with their weapons almost destroyed all that remained. Despite this, many cities abandoned or destroyed during the Daemornia have since been reclaimed, though not necessarily by the humans and their allies.

The greatest loss of the war against the daemons was in the field of science and medicine. Often the knowledge remains, but the will and means are gone. Hospitals are typically basic and those in smaller towns are usually rife in disease. Magic and Psionics have taken some roles from conventional medicine, with power and skill beyond the reach of doctors.

Many cities have little, if any electricity and those that do face regular blackouts and power spikes. Custom-built generators provide heating and light for chosen areas, but usually only for those that can pay. Fossil fuels are non-existent and most do with an open wood burning fire and wax candles. Even within such cities there are areas beyond repair and completely inhospitable to all but the most determined and hardy. Wandering bands of Night Stalkers will take to such conditions where their skill of survival is unmatched by many races, as too do the daemons of Erebus, where they can act out their tasks without interference.

While there many places under reconstruction there are a few places that remain untouched by the Daemornia. Tech towns are the last surviving communities from before the daemon incursion and are in a preserved state, with schools, libraries, religious houses and recreational buildings. With an almost entire human population they continue to live by laws passed down from their ancestors. Many are known to have connections to the UEA and they have their own militia who will defend their home with all the tools at their disposal. Unfortunately, the vast majority of humans do not have the luxury of this lifestyle and have to live in far worse conditions

Shantytowns are the den of scum, criminals and the lowlifes that prey on the weak. They typically have a small population of between ten and twenty thousand, of which almost all have something to sell. They tend to form in the burnt out shells of the old cities and towns that fell during the incursion. Living conditions are generally poor with many self-claimed territories and internal borders. Despite their obvious dangers, they are an invaluable source of information and hired hands. Almost anything can be bought here, from illegal drugs, exotic weapons, off-world artefacts and even slaves. They are an unpleasant place to be in and are becoming far too common in this world, but there are places even worse than the Shantytowns – these are simply known as the Fallen

## Economy

The old world economy collapsed shortly after the Daemornia. The largest cities today trade in number of commodities, such as livestock, food, building materials and antique technology. Denzon, the currency developed between the humans and the Offworlders, is in worldwide use, although some remote towns or independent countries may still use their own coinage. Wealth is important for survival in the world, but it is not always determined by the amount of currency a man holds. In some smaller towns and especially remote villages, the best way to obtain goods is by trade alone.

The highways of yesteryears were bustling with traffic, with humans travelling to and from cities every day, transporting goods, going to their place of work and even for leisure. However, those days are gone. The roads that once stretched for miles are still laded with those vehicles, though often only their burnt out carcasses remain. The smooth asphalt that glistened in the morning sun is now cracked and holed, with many miles nothing more than rubble. The incursion that befell this world turned much to ash as the war with the daemons raged on.

In some parts of the new world vast networks of roads join many cities and towns. However, such travel is slow, as working motorised vehicles are almost unheard of, as too is the fuel they need. Animal drawn cart and steeds, such as Horses, Kangars and Korgs, are the typical mode of transportation for most.

Travelling these roads can be long and arduous, with many miles of often unforgiving land between each location. The ancient highways and byways are often home to many dangerous and sometimes depraved creatures, with some unseen by human eyes. It is advisable to take care of such derelict roads, for many cities have been long forgotten and lay waiting to be discovered. As too, may their new occupants.

Despite the growth of many cities the greatest killer and bringer of sorrow, is through poverty alone. Many do not have the skills to earn a living and some can barely read or write. The poor and homeless take to surviving in those places than others turn away from, and in the cold, dark and wet, they scrape a meagre existence. For many, their life is short, sometimes preyed upon by unseen horrors. Often, those that do survive take to a life of crime, stealing and taking that which they desire, or simply need.