

BACKGROUND

The tempest children of Pangara, God of the Wind, have long reigned over the waters between Allansia and Khul. Many who sought to cross the perilous Ocean of Tempests have lost their lives to the raging storms or the terrifying sea creatures that dwell there. But deep within Zephyrus, largest of all the tempests, where the air is sweet and calm, lies the floating archipelago of Pangaria. The five islands of Cirrus, Altos, Cumulus, Incus and Asperitas surround a sixth small island known as Nimbus.

You were born and raised in Pangaria, but whilst many of your friends have opted to join the working communities of their home isles, such as Cloudkin farming on the water island of Altos or wrangling the magical (yet tasty) fauna of Cirrus, you dreamed bigger. You didn't want to settle for just one island. You wanted to see it all. And so you decided to join the Sky Watch, the guardians of peace within the whole of Pangaria. But your beloved home has a lot of peace to go around, and your first few weeks in the Sky Watch have been a rather dull parade of lost pets and mediating petty squabbles

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regarding overgrown shrubs. Your heart cries out for adventure.

And then one fine morning, an urgent message arrives at your Watchhouse summoning all the Sky Watch to an emergency meeting in the Citadel on Nimbus. It seems that adventure has finally listened and answered your plea.

Full of nervous excitement, your entire Watchhouse boards the local flyer – one of the small airships that transport Pangarians between islands. No one seems to know the purpose of the meeting, but it is bound to be something quite extraordinary for the entire Sky Watch to be summoned. You’ve only been to the Citadel once, when you were sworn into the Sky Watch, and it still holds newness and excitement for you. Stretching, you lean your head out of the flyer window and crane your neck in order to get the first glimpse of the towering spires and sculpted ramparts of the Citadel, the home of Pangaria’s lawmakers, diplomats and island officials. The flyer’s Goblin pilot wearily reminds you to keep all limbs inside the ship, lest you lose something essential.

Although you’ve heard tell that there are tribes of Goblins out in the world who are aggressive towards humans and other species, the Goblins of Pangaria are largely friendly. Most importantly, they developed the technomancy – a blend of elemental magic and engineering – that keeps Pangaria airborne.

You’re just about to disembark and take your first steps

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on to Nimbus when your commander, Captain Halleck, looks aghast. “By Zephyrus’s breath!” he exclaims, looking directly at you. “I’ve forgotten my hovers! Can’t be seen in the Citadel without those. Please retrieve them from the Watchhouse, recruit.” He pats at his pockets, searching for something. “Bring my coin bag too.”

You nod. As the newest member of your Watchhouse, you don’t really have a choice. Remaining on board the flyer as the rest of the Watch disembarks, you hope you can get there and back without missing anything exciting. Seeing your frustration, the flyer’s pilot softens and cranks up the craft to its top speed and brings you right up to the Watchhouse door. You rush inside and soon return, clutching the small leather purse, jingling with coins, and carrying Halleck’s hovers.

Up close you can’t help but marvel at the intricate, light-as-air metalwork of these portable wings, powered by storm crystals, harvested and gathered from the local tempest by the elemental Stormborns. You look forward to the day when you are senior enough to get your own pair. You check the crystal gauge, which is attached to a small blue-green storm crystal that has a tiny imprisoned tempest swirling inside it. It’s a third full, but there’s no time to charge the wings. You throw yourself back into the flyer.

The little airship has barely had time to set down when you leap from the bulwark and start to sprint towards

the Citadel. Suddenly a great explosion rocks Nimbus and a wave of energy surges outwards from the fortress, catapulting you through the air and over the edge of the island.

You begin to plummet downwards.

YOUR ADVENTURE AWAITS!

May your STAMINA never fail!

NOW TURN OVER...