

The Grey World

From above, the world of [Myra](#) looked much like any other world. Rivers, mountains, forests, and, of course, cities. Cities that covered roughly half of the arable land of Myra.

It hadn't always been like this - as [Will](#) called it, "a grey world". Long before it had been a world that was wild and free of this gloom. It was in those days still a very young world.

Until the [Arcanian Revolution](#), the world had long been home to what most people refer to as 'magic'. Those special powers were latent in nearly a third of the world's inhabitants and during the ages of antiquity had shaped many of the earlier kingdoms as empires.

As wars consumed the world in those older days, a small cabal of the magical elite began meeting with the other like-minded elites in the surrounding kingdoms.

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