

WORLD OF WRUNE

Wildermere Chronicle

A timeline of ages, wars, and revelations — from the Weaving of the world to the Present Age.

THE CHRONICLE OF WILDERMERE

AGE BEFORE MEMORY

The Weaving of Wru & Une

[Sacred]

Before the first realm, there were two. Wru — chance, motion, the thrown bone — and Une — memory, depth, the patient earth. They were not siblings, not rivals, but lovers and mirror-halves. Together they wove the rhythm of the world: the living and the long memory of it. It is believed — where they finally lay down together, the Alderheart grew. Nothing before this is recorded. Nothing before this needed to be.

THE AGE BEFORE ROOTS

The Covenant War

[War]

It began with a misread. Tasa Ru's Rootvoice interpreters forwarded what they read as Verdaan aggression to Garunga — it was border anxiety. By the time the error was found, skirmishes had already begun. Garunga answered with engineering: vast Alderheart root-wood networks ran beneath their territory, and they harvested them. Siege engines. Fortifications. Weapons with an edge that did not dull. And then soldiers began eating the root-wood itself — wounds closed overnight, tails regrew, bones reset. Garunga was winning. Meanwhile, Avondelle never declared a side. Their Stormborne ran the air corridors between warring realms, intercepting messengers and correspondence.

The Great Blight

[Mystery]

The over-harvesting did not announce itself. Colour left first — fields went grey-green, then grey. Rivers slowed. Soil stopped holding seed. The border lands between Verdaan and Garunga went silent. Wildermere was beginning to look like Cairnig. Tasa Ru broadcast the dying root-lines through the Rootvoice simultaneously to all realms. The evidence was undeniable. The war stopped not because either side had won — but because the land made clear it would not survive another season of it.

THE ROOT AGE

The Covenant of Roots

[Founding]

In the aftermath of the Covenant War and the Great Blight, Tasa Ru brings the six realms to the Alderheart. The proposal: the tree is declared untouchable, the Dwoles become the continent's sole minters, and Alderheart sap compressed into coin gives every animal a way to hold the tree without destroying it. The signatories carve their realm-marks into the bark. Avondelle signs last. The Covenant is not a treaty — it is a debt acknowledgment, made to a living thing.

THE AGE OF CASTES

The First Ceremony of the Spawnshade

[Founding]

Garunga formalises its system of sacred calling — the moment a tadpole reaches first form, it is brought to the Choosing Pool and drifts toward one of the great carved totems. Shellsworn. Stonebound. Tidechosen. The profession that chooses you is considered divine answer, not personal preference. No Triarch has ever overridden a Spawnshade result. None have tried twice.

The Veyuun Revelation

[Sacred]

A great meteor falls on The Great Hedge. The Avondii do not flee. They had long revered Veyuun — the brightest fixed star in Wildermere — as a conscious eye watching creation from above. The meteor, they decided, was Veyuun reaching back. Aeriefall is built around the impact crater, its foundations cut from the fallen stone itself — black, harder than anything quarried, warm to the touch even in winter. The Creed of Veyuun is born: that the sky has sovereign claim over the earth. The Avondii stop following Wru or Une entirely. They never look back down.

The Rootvoice Spreads

[Sacred]

Tasa Ru scholars discover the mycelial web threading beneath the soil of every realm — messages arriving as scent, dream, and echo rather than spoken word. The Branch of Memory claims this network predates the Alderheart. Both positions are still debated. Neither side will concede the other may be right.

THE AGE OF SHADOW

The Flicker Years

[War]

The Skin Spies are deployed as weapons. Noble houses are infiltrated. Courts are replaced. Wars are steered from the inside by faces that belong to someone else. No one knows how long it had been happening before it was discovered. Historical records from this period are treated as unreliable by all six realms' archivists.

The Unity Hunt

[War]

The only coordinated cross-realm military operation in Wildermere's history. Every realm contributed soldiers. The Skin Spies were hunted to near-extinction — or so the records state. Their only known identifier: a forked-tongue eye sigil, sometimes burned into the underside of a left wrist. Looking for it is usually how you find out you are already too late.

THE AGE OF RUIN

The Rootsapping — Birth of Pyrewood

[Mystery]

The root-wood harvested during the Covenant War did not vanish when the fighting stopped. The discarded husks were thrown into the Garung River. They drifted south. They collected. They dammed into what became Pyrewood Swamp: a place where the Alderheart's innate power did not leave with the sap, but curdled in the cast-off wood. The Triarchy does not acknowledge the origin story publicly. The shame is generational and unresolved.

The Brethren War

[War]

The bloodiest conflict in recorded history. It began as a miscommunication of tides and banners. A Skitter incursion from Breathrift caves finished the chaos. At Bannerdun Fields — once the most fertile land in Wildermere, directly beneath the Alderheart's outstretched roots — thousands fell. Friend and foe alike were buried together in the Barrows. No realm claims responsibility. None deny the loss. The weapons still break the turf after a century.

THE AGE OF COVENANT

The Pact of Quiet Flame & Birth of Bastion

[Founding]

War ends at Bannerdun. The Pact of Quiet Flame is signed within sight of the Memorial Stone. In its aftermath, dissidents, exiles, pacifists, and the simply rootless from every realm gather in Mottewood. Bastion is not founded — it accretes, the way a fire catches. The Freebraid is woven from the flags of every homeland its founders left behind. Every Speaker of Flame recites the Pact at the Alderheart. Every one of them means it differently.

THE PRESENT AGE

The Three Unmarked Cuts

[Mystery]

Three additional marks have appeared in the Alderheart's bark. No living signatory claimed them. The Barkscribes have confirmed they were not made by any known tool. No realm has publicly addressed this.

The Dead Do Not Stay

[Mystery]

Skeletal rat soldiers clawing from Bannerdun's burial fields, still in formation. Zombified Bogmaws lumbering through the Dark Morass. Wroteborn twisted with dead root and hollow bone. Something is wearing Une's domain like a stolen coat — calling the dead before she is ready for them, or before something that does not have her patience. No realm has officially acknowledged it. All of them have quietly doubled their burial rites.