The Echoes of Duskara

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A World Held in Wind and Twilight

Duskara is not Earth. It is not even Earth-like. It is a planet of brutal contrast—locked in place, its day side scorched beyond reason, its night side frozen and silent. Life clings to the narrow band in between, a twilight belt of storm and resilience.

It is here that you once walked.

And it is here, or beyond it, that you now write from.

Your fragments drift through the wind—not the wind of air alone, but the wind of memory, of psychic trace, of auroral thread. Across settlements, across centuries, across collapse and renewal, something connects you still.

You may no longer know each other.
You may no longer be alive.
But the wind remembers. And so do you.

Key Concepts of the World

- **The Twilight Belt**: The only habitable zone, 200–300 km wide, where temperature and light permit life. This is where most Windcallers are born, train, and serve.
- **The Day Side**: A sun-blasted desert of vitrified rock. No one survives here without shielding. Some still believe it holds ancient truths beneath the glass.
- **The Night Side**: A frozen wasteland pierced by geothermal breath. In its caverns dwell the Deepkin—keepers of bioluminescent lore and whispered rites.
- **The Storm Walls**: A colloquial name for the perpetual cyclonic zones where hot day-side air meets frozen night-side winds. These raging barriers make travel between hemispheres deadly, but sometimes truth crosses here—delivered in lightning.
- **Windcallers**: Trained mystics who serve as diplomats, weatherworkers, and memory-keepers. They feel the wind like blood. They record what others forget. They carry the burden of knowing.
- **Fragments**: Messages left behind—rituals, visions, recordings, or maps. Not all are meant to be understood. Some were never meant to be found.

Your Connection

The two of you were once bonded:

- Perhaps you trained together.
- Perhaps you were rivals.
- Perhaps you loved each other.
- Perhaps you were never meant to meet at all.

You are separated now by time, distance, loss, or death. One of you writes from the aftermath. The other from before the fall. Or maybe neither knows what really happened.

Across cycles, the truth will rise. Or fracture. Or change.

Inspirations

This game is inspired by:

- **Letters across time** in *If Found*, *Firewatch*, *Dear Esther*
- The **soft apocalypse** of *Children of Time* and *Annihilation*
- The ritual weight of *Windcallers*, *Fall of Magic*, and *Thousand Year Old Vampire*
- The aesthetic of ruined technology, psychic resonance, and aurora-lit vastness

You are not explorers. You are not heroes.
You are echoes in the wind.