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.

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