

The Opening of the Rift.

I

There was a place, in the dim and distant past, where the barrier between this world and Beyond was thin. A remote place, known to no one, no one that is except for Jorthrjc the Eternal, a great dragon amongst dragons, in the age of the dragons, before they were banished.

The “Thinny”, as it would become known, is a place where reality has been eroded away and the boundaries between worlds waver and shimmer. It is to be found high on a glacier in the south-east of Iceljund, a cold foreboding, unforgiving place.

It is in this place we find the colossal dragon Jorthrjc looming, its scales a dark obsidian interspersed with veins of pulsating crimson. This behemoth has eyes that blaze with an insatiable hunger, fixated on the wavering barrier that separates the mundane from the mystical Beyond. The air around Jorthrjc crackles with raw energy, the very atmosphere seeming to react to his presence.

The dragon's immense wings, each as vast as a stormy sky, are tensed and ready. With a mighty flap, he stirs the winds into a howling tempest, the force of which raises the snow lying on the ground into a colossal, swirling blizzard. His razor-sharp claws, each capable of rending mountains, glow with a fierce, otherworldly light as they slash at the ethereal barrier, sending ripples of incandescent energy spreading outward.

Jorthrjc's roar echoes through the valley, a sound that resonates with the primal fury of the ages. It is a roar born of desperation and boundless greed, a cry for the riftmatter that lies just beyond his reach. This magical essence, more potent than any earthly power, calls to him like a siren's song, promising boundless power and unparalleled dominion.

With every strike, the barrier weakens, its luminescent fabric fraying under the relentless assault. The dragon's breath, a torrent of molten fire and lightning, crashes against the divide, scorching the very essence of reality. Jorthrjc's eyes narrow, focusing intently on the spots where his efforts have made the most impact. His heart, if such a beast can be said to have one, pounds with a frenzied rhythm, each beat driving him closer to his goal.

As the barrier begins to give way, the air shimmers with an eerie, icy blue light, and tendrils of riftmatter seep through the cracks. These wisps of pure energy snake toward Jorthrjc, drawn by his indomitable will. The dragon opens his maw wide, inhaling deeply, and the riftmatter flows into him, a river of incandescent power that ignites his veins with a blinding brilliance. His scales glow ever brighter, and his muscles swell with newfound might.

Empowered by the riftmatter, Jorthrjc redoubles his efforts. His strikes become a blur of motion, each one more devastating than the last. The barrier, now a fragile web of light, quakes under the onslaught. Finally, with a triumphant roar that shakes the very foundations of the world, Jorthrjcc breaches the divide, tearing open a gateway to the Beyond.

As the rift widens, the full force of the riftmatter pours forth, engulfing Jorthrjc in a maelstrom of power. The dragon, now a titan of unimaginable strength, basks in the energy, his form towering and radiant. The Beyond, a realm of infinite possibilities and boundless magic, lies open before him, ready to be conquered by the insatiable Jorthrjc the Eternal.

As the rift between the realms gapes wide, pouring forth the scintillating energy of riftmatter, the ground trembles under the oppressive presence of Jorthrjc the Eternal. His obsidian scales shimmer with the newly absorbed magic, casting a sinister glow over the devastated landscape. The air crackles with raw, untamed power, and the dragon's eyes burn with an insatiable greed, now magnified by the riftmatter coursing through his veins.

II

In the distance, the five Elders make their stand, a formidable force united by destiny and desperation. They know that failure means the end of their world as they know it...