

THE GOLDEN AGE OF
HALLOWNEST

by Arionix

*"In wilds beyond they speak your name with reverence and regret,
For none could tame our savage souls yet you the challenge met,
Under palest watch, you taught, we changed, base instincts were redeemed,
A world you gave to bug and beast as they had never dreamed."*

— From 'Elegy for Hallownest' by Monomon the Teacher

The Wastes between Kingdoms are vast and wild and home to nothing but mindless beasts. It was but one speck of barrenness that the Pale Wyrms chose for its final resting place. Though overcome with Root, Green, Fungus and Light, the land lacked an order sought by the Pale Wyrms.

Its arrival brought with it a special light that uplifted the minds of bugs all around— a light which proved strong enough to even guide poor lost souls in the Wastes. Yet the Pale Wyrms desired company, to walk among the bugs that had started its worship. And so, it came to rest and shed its skin.

The Pale King rose from the ashes and started the Last and Eternal Kingdom, Hallownest.

