Beneath the roots, way, way down through the layers of what was, past the golden stove, and even deeper than the darkness...the sky opens back up. Here the destitute and dejected find refuge from the bleak finality of their darkest hours. These newcomers are bestowed with gifts of power and freedom they would have otherwise never known. They live in paradise, for a time.

Hara, unstable by nature, is a dying world. The forces of creation that brought it into being now threaten to tear it apart. In an effort to encourage the misfit visitors to stand up and help, Hara’s stewards have developed an incentive: Whomever can contain the most of Hara’s destructive magic within their own being will be rewarded with their heart’s true desire.
CHAPTER 1
THOMAS EVENING

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LONDON, 1870.

I was born into the wrong place and time.

My childhood could only be described as...

...explosive.

And although I managed to graduate from Oxford by the age of eighteen...

...I remained in a world unprepared for my ideas.
BUT JUST AS THAT WORLD CAST ME ASIDE, ANOTHER REACHED OUT AND TOOK ME IN.
Hara, Conflux 734.

In Hara, I found a world of new opportunities.

But opportunity can be tricky.

You have to know when to reach out...

...and seize it.

Believing full well that anything you can imagine...

...can become reality.
ON EARTH WE HAVE MANY WORDS FOR THIS DRIVING FORCE: PASSION, AMBITION, DESIRE...

...ON HARA IT IS INEFFABLE.

AND WHEN LEFT UNDIRECTED THAT ENERGY IS CAPABLE OF UNTOLD DESTRUCTION.

LUCKILY, HARA HAS FOUND THE PERFECT OUTLET.
The Kensi, Hara’s Guardians, reach out to other worlds in search of those able to tap into this essence in their own place and time.

Some band together.

Others remain alone.

But we have all been summoned for a singular purpose.
Hara’s unstable energy reaches its breaking point each time its two suns eclipse.

The Conflux, they call it.

With each Conflux, only one champion can rise above and become the vessel for Hara’s salvation.

The challenges are grueling.

The competition, violent.

But that is often the case with great opportunities.
IN THE END, I HOPE IT IS MY CREATIONS THAT ARE REMEMBERED...

...NOT MY ACTIONS.