

History of Cresthaven: A Deep Dive into the Lore

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Gather round the digital campfire, for tonight we delve into the captivating realm of Cresthaven RPG, a world where the dust of a forgotten age settles on the vibrant canvas of high fantasy. Prepare to be surprised – Cresthaven isn't some distant, fantastical realm. It's our very own Earth, a thousand years after a cataclysm so profound it birthed legends.

Imagine the familiar silhouette of a skyscraper, its once-gleaming facade now just a broken husk reaching into the sky. This is the poignant beauty of Cresthaven – a world where remnants of a technologically advanced

civilization stand as silent sentinels, their forgotten purpose a source of endless fascination for the people who have risen from the ashes. This apocalypse wasn't a natural disaster, but a horrific consequence of human ambition. The ancients, with their technology so potent it mimicked magic, inadvertently tore open the very fabric of reality. Through these portals poured a torrent of beings – the fantastical creatures that populate our myths and nightmares, alongside something more... ethereal.

Legends speak of a shadowy cabal in the dying days of the old world, a group so privileged they were ostracized even by their own kind. These were the **Ascendants**, beings who had used their vast wealth and influence to manipulate the very technology that would shatter the world. Their goal? Not to save humanity, but to cleanse it. Fueled by a twisted sense of superiority, they saw themselves as the next step in human evolution and everyone else as a hindrance, and a hindrance that needed to be cleansed. Their tampering with reality triggered the cataclysm, ripping the world apart and ushering in the age of chaos.

In the aftermath, a strange transformation occurred. Some humans who had been exposed to the raw magical energies of the rifts emerged changed – taller, sharper, with an uncanny grace. These were the first **Elves**. While some were victims of circumstance, others – descendants of the Ascendants – reveled in their newfound physiology, seeing it as a validation of their bloodline's superiority.

They retreated into hidden enclaves, ivory towers built upon the bones of the old world. Their motives are shrouded in mystery. Do they simply preserve knowledge, or are they manipulating events from the shadows? Are they the sole inheritors of the old magic, or are there whispers of a darker power they serve? Perhaps they even seek to control the portals, manipulating the flow of creatures between worlds for their own nefarious purposes.

This ancient world created wondrous things, and a world that was bountiful for all. Now these devices fuel the arcane arts of the Wizards, who are far from the stereotypical robed figures. They are scholars, piecing together fragments of lost knowledge to manipulate the fundamental laws of reality. But magic isn't the only force shaping this world.

The Pantheon of Broken Chains

The cataclysm wasn't just a physical tearing of the world. It also weakened the boundaries between dimensions, allowing powerful beings to seep into our reality. These entities bear an uncanny resemblance to the gods of the Egyptian pantheon – the **Pantheon of Broken Chains**. Weakened by their escape from their home dimension, they exert their influence on Cresthaven in a subtle, manipulative way. Some offer divine blessings to those who worship them, while others whisper promises of power in exchange for dark rituals. Clerics who commune with these entities become conduits for their power, adding another layer of complexity to the world's religious landscape. Is this power a gift, or a subtle form of control? Do the gods have their own agendas, perhaps even manipulating the actions of mortals for their own ends?

Dark Conspiracies

The whispers in the taverns and around flickering campfires weave tales of multiple dark conspiracies, adding layers of intrigue to your Cresthaven campaign. Here are a few ideas to get you started:

- **The Lost City of Gold:** Legends speak of a metropolis untouched by the Cataclysm, a place where the Ascendants fled with their most prized possessions, including forgotten technology and untold riches. Is it a myth, or a potential source of immense power for those who dare to seek it? Was it already found by powerful interests like the King of the Sky?
- **The Cult of the Machine:** Whispers paint a chilling picture of a hidden sect – not robed cultists, but ingenious Gnomes. Revered for clockwork marvels, they might hold a darker truth. The creation of a mystical steam engine, the Grizaloop, is rumored to unlock forbidden communion with the old world's technology. Do they revere it as divine or seek to activate it for their own twisted ends, manipulating creatures from beyond the rifts to further their agenda?
- **The Night Sky:** Is the Moon truly a natural satellite, or a colossal artificial construct, a remnant of a forgotten civilization or a gateway to another realm entirely? Strange markings etch its surface, visible even a thousand years after the Cataclysm – glyphs, scars, or forgotten warnings? And what of the constellations that dance across the night? Are they mere stars, or something more? Do they influence weather patterns, or are they the watchful eyes of long-dead gods, or perhaps even deadly defense mechanisms – “killer satellites” from a bygone era, waiting to be reactivated?

The Village of Cresthaven is your jumping off point into this world. Everywhere you can see the marks of this world, from the secretive Order of the Magi, to the Sewers themselves which possess some unknown machination that creates the oasis of the village itself!

This history merely serves as a foundation for the rich tapestry that is Cresthaven RPG. Here, the lines between post-apocalyptic reality and high fantasy blur, beckoning players to explore a world where the remnants of a lost civilization intertwine with fantastical creatures and potent magic.

Imagine the thrill of uncovering a hidden vault overflowing with forgotten blueprints, each a potential key to unlocking the mysteries of the “old magic.” Your players might stumble upon a hulking automaton, its rusted gears groaning back to life in a forgotten chamber. Or, perhaps they'll discover a downed alien vessel, its pulsating core humming with unknown energy. ***The only limit is your imagination!***