

Euriddian Empire Setting

Pitch

The Euriddian Empire is 25 years old. It is beautiful and at its peak.

We live in the golden age. Art nouveau ironwork, Aether-lit boulevards, skyships docking at wrought-iron spires. The floating continents united under the Golden Lion. Cafés full. Newspapers thriving. The future has never looked brighter.

The cracks are already starting to show.

The Golden Truths

These are the things that every character knows, no matter what background.

1. **The world is broken.** The world shattered a long time ago. Now it's floating continents above an ocean wound. Skyships are the only way between them.
2. **Aether powers everything.** Mined from the floating islands, refined Aether runs the skyships, the street lamps, the guns, the telegraph. It is finite. Whoever controls Aether controls the Empire.
3. **The Empire is young.** Twenty-five years ago, King Tarathion Eurid unified the warring nations through diplomacy and sheer presence. Most adults remember the wars before.
4. **The Six watch over us.** Solarion, Luna, Mallus, Titania, Lliira, and Morana — the six Prime Deities. The Church of Solarion runs the show, but its grip is slipping.
5. **Magic and industry are the same thing.** A street lamp is a crystal humming with bound light. A revolver is magic punching a bullet through a firing crystal. Your wizard and your engineer use the same tools now.
6. **Not everyone is happy.** The elves joined reluctantly and never embraced it. The dwarven forges chafe under Imperial taxes. The plains feed everyone and get no say. The frozen hinterlands barely get by.

A Day in the Empire

You wake to a tram bell. Morning paper on the doorstep — the *Chronicle* if you're respectable, the *Dock Ward Whisper* if you're not. Headlines: trade disputes, a refinery opening, last night's salon.

You take the tram to work, or walk if you can't afford the fare. Wide boulevards, ironwork curling like ivy, Aether-lamps still glowing from the night before. A skyship passes overhead. In the poorer districts, the lamps flicker.

Evenings: a salon if you have connections, a temple if you're faithful, a spiritualist parlor if you want to speak to the dead. The Church disapproves. The parlors are full. At night the wealthy districts stay bright. Where the Aether doesn't reach, it's very dark.

The wilderness is still out there. Monsters still hunt between the islands. Ruins still hum with old magic.

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