

## Home of the discarded

All things must die; so is the nature of the world. But what is death really? Is it the state which follows existence? It cannot be. Human souls will never cease to exist. They are simply relocated into heaven or hell. The shards of a mage avatar will pass into the horizon realms, or even further yet. The most heroic of the Garou will be immortalized in the Legendary Realm. For every being there is always some part of them which will forever exist. No, I would rather define death as banishment from the physical realm.

In that sense, I am dead. Forever trapped in this desolate world. The eternal gray which dulls ones senses, the motionless air which forces all banished beings into a sad display of what they once were. Some call this place the home of the discarded, others call it limbo. But I am able see what it truly is; it's the waste bucket of an ever cruel god.

I have been in this place for centuries, maybe longer, I do not know for sure. Just like everyone else I fought it for as long as my mind had the strength to do so, but even the most ancients of beings give in sooner or later. I cannot even begin to tell you how many failed attempts at escape I have witnessed since I came here. Of course the mortals who come here can always take the easy way out, straight to purgatory. But we immortal beings cannot leave. Nowadays I wish for purgatory, I long for something, something at all to happen. Most of all, I desire answers. Why am I here? Why does god favor her youngest and most flawed creation? I do not know, and neither does anyone else here.

Once I was proud; a god to the mortals and king of the others. I was free to roam the world as I pleased. Back then I mocked those weak enough to be banished from the world, but I see now that my pride and my power was all for the amusement of god. When I became too much of threat for her beloved humans me and all of my kind was removed.

In these final days most of us has spread out in this realm. Many of my kind have devolved into mindless husks; blank creatures doomed to roam. But not all of us; there are quite a few still scattered about. Why we refuse to give up, I do not know. Maybe it is hope or perhaps faith that one day we will be restored again? More often than not I find myself thinking of an age long gone; an age when the servants of Gaia still held true to their purpose, an age where the lineage of Caine had not yet left its cradle. I find myself fantasizing of a time where the world was ruled by me, my brothers and my sisters.

I am told by newcomers and passerby's that the world still speaks of us, that we are missed. But I do not believe them. As far as I know we have been forgotten. Sure, the mortals tell tales and draw pictures of us, but I am fairly certain they do not actually believe that we ever existed. Oh what I would give to see their reaction; knowing how close, but yet how far away we are. What would they do if they knew that we, the dragons, are simply a step to the side away? Our fate may be decided by god, but do not presume that we are ready to give in to her will just yet...