


In the darkest part of the sea, in perhaps the darkest part of the *Life Story*, far away from the eyes of Man, terrible *Xurh-Rahab'n* was born into a world it desired to *remake* in its own foul image.


The world *Shaitan*, the indefinite predator.




The dark engine that fed our hungry nightmares.



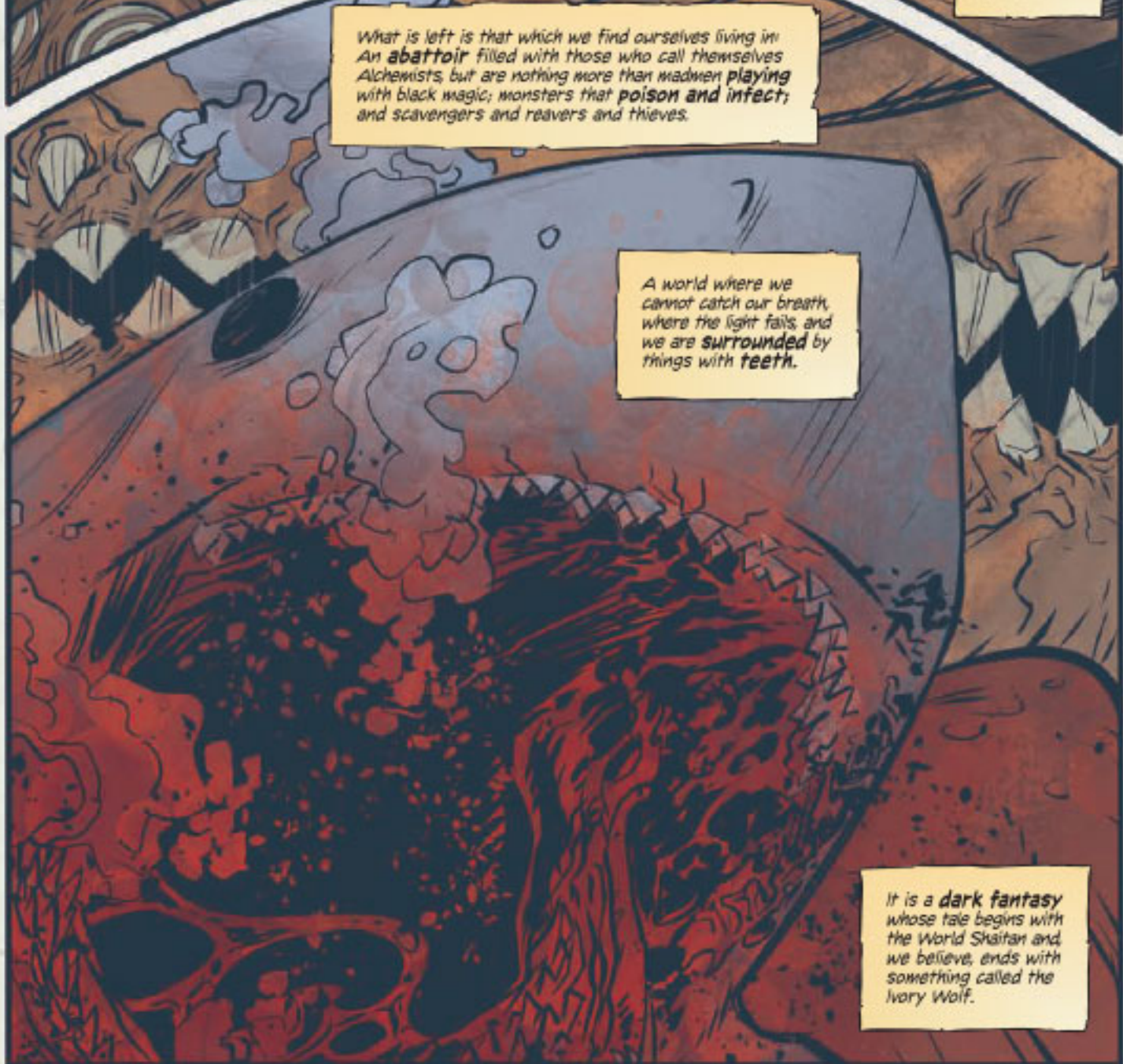
For it was
Xurk-Rahab'n
who would
crack the
world--



--tear it
asunder--



--and finally...
devour it.



What is left is that which we find ourselves living in:
An **abattoir** filled with those who call themselves
Alchemists, but are nothing more than madmen playing
with black magic; monsters that **poison and infect**;
and scavengers and reavers and thieves.

A world where we
cannot catch our breath,
where the light fails, and
we are **surrounded** by
things with **teeth**.

It is a **dark fantasy**
whose tale begins with
the World Shaitan and,
we believe, ends with
something called the
Ivory Wolf.