

THE RACE

Centuries ago a new race suddenly appeared on the world stage - The Avatars. Some legends paint them as invading conquerors, others as merciful liberators, but every story tells of the massive war between the Avatars and your ancestors...but so much has been lost, and forgotten, in time. It was said The Avatars came from the sky on pillars of cloud and fire, unarmed but able to topple nations with a word, like men in appearance but unlike anything mankind had ever seen.

And then, or so it seems, they melted away. After defeating humanity, and setting up a worldwide kingdom that has endured many hundreds of years, The Avatars quietly fade from history, leaving only their maddeningly perfect simulacra behind.

Enter the world of The Race

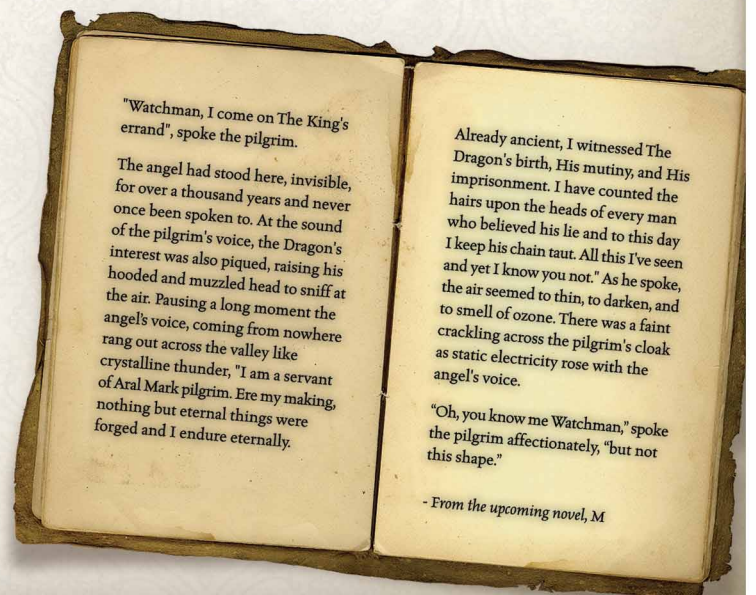
A fantasy role-playing game set in Earth's distant future. Players explore a fantastic world on the brink of revolution; hauntingly familiar to our own, but changed beyond recognition by the mysterious race of Avatars. Who were they?

Where did they go? And most importantly, who are you?

At its heart, The Race is an exploration of identity. The story unfolds as the player uncovers ancient secrets about the mysterious Avatars as well as humanity's distant past. Sorting out the dozens of theories and hundreds of stories will require tremendous courage and profound wisdom - all in the increasingly dangerous world of men ready to throw off the Avatar's yoke.

FEATURES:

- Fantasy MMORPG
- Multiple, discontinuous geo-regions offer widely different environments.
- Multiple, discontinuous social strata allow players to experience the game over an over from vastly different perspectives.
- Game mechanics model supernatural and ethical realities. Built in reflections of spiritual 'laws' like theft, sacrifice, prayer and fasting.



"Watchman, I come on The King's errand", spoke the pilgrim.

The angel had stood here, invisible, for over a thousand years and never once been spoken to. At the sound of the pilgrim's voice, the Dragon's interest was also piqued, raising his hooded and muzzled head to sniff at the air. Pausing a long moment the angel's voice, coming from nowhere rang out across the valley like crystalline thunder, "I am a servant of Aral Mark pilgrim. Ere my making, nothing but eternal things were forged and I endure eternally.

Already ancient, I witnessed The Dragon's birth, His mutiny, and His imprisonment. I have counted the hairs upon the heads of every man who believed his lie and to this day I keep his chain taut. All this I've seen and yet I know you not." As he spoke, the air seemed to thin, to darken, and to smell of ozone. There was a faint crackling across the pilgrim's cloak as static electricity rose with the angel's voice.

"Oh, you know me Watchman," spoke the pilgrim affectionately, "but not this shape."

- From the upcoming novel, M



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