

THE WYRD LOOM PRESENTS

DICEWOVEN FABLES

THE PRIMER

- A Chronicle of the Broken Realm -

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A TALK OF THE DICEWOVEN REALM

Listen, child of the Loom, and I will tell it plainly.

There is no straight road in this world — not through city nor forest nor faith. The realm is stitched from choices, not certainties. A single footstep can wake a rift. A single whisper can crown a tyrant. A single kindness can unmake a war.

Once — before even the runes remembered — the Loom beneath the world was still. No fissures. No echoes. No hungers from the dark Between. Then someone — no one agrees who — pulled a thread that was never meant to move. And the world has been unspooling since.

Some wanderers believe the Rifts are punishments. Others say they are invitations. The wiser sort say they are neither — they are tests, but not of strength. They test who you choose to be when certainty is stripped away.

Common folk blame heroes for all of this, of course. Whenever legends walk, trouble follows behind like a debt-collector. But the old Weavers teach a harsher answer:

“Heroes do not cause the wound — they simply appear where wounds already are.”

The realm is not dying. It is deciding.

And every thrown bone, every bargain made in ink or blood, every vow drawn against the night becomes another knot in the story. One day, the Loom will settle — when enough people have chosen what the world should mean. Until then, we travel with our eyes open and our dice ready.

For the world does not reward the bold or the good or the cruel.

It rewards the ones who act.



You have heard how the world began to unravel when that first forbidden thread was pulled.

Now hear how people live inside that unsteady weave.

Most folk think fate is like a river — fixed banks, fixed end.
The old Weavers teach a sharper truth:

“Fate is a cup of bone in your hand. You do not choose the markings, but you choose when to cast.”

And so the realm divides not between rich and poor, nor learned and ignorant,
but between two kinds of souls:

Those who clutch their bones out of fear,
and those who dare to throw them anyway.

Look to the wandering iron-priests of Feldmarsh — they walk barefoot into war not because they believe they will live, but because they believe the step still matters if they die.

Look to the quiet mothers of the coast — hiding books beneath floorboards through five regimes — because ideas must survive even when bodies do not.

Look even to the thieves of Embergate — who would rob a tyrant blind not out of greed but out of spite, as if spitting in the face of the pattern itself.

None of them believe the world is gentle.
They act because it is not.

You must understand this or you will misunderstand everything:

In a realm that frays and shifts and splits without warning, meaning is not found — it is declared.

Hope is not a gift here.
Hope is an act of rebellion.

That is why the Rifts came when they did — not to destroy the realm, but to ask a question of it:

When the ground writes nothing for you... what will you write back?