

## Inseram Simulacrum

The cold, harsh wind swept over the sweeping plains. Ruins of a long forgotten civilisation provided shelter for the now few animals.

This was, and maybe still is, Svalbard.

It was once a rich and beautiful land, though quite cold. Luscious mountain views and bright green prairies dominated every view. Beautiful buildings with magnificent arched gates, doors and windows covered in intricate carvings of animals and other such things.

Now it is but a desolate land, the plains and mountains are a dark grey, sometimes a small patch of khaki, dark or deep moss-green can be found, as it is almost always is. The cities are ruins, the carvings are just now irregular dips and bobs, the once myriad of creatures is now a handful of species.

What happened here is a tale of battle and slaughter, worthy of the gods. Svalbard was only the beginning,

Here, in Svalbard, the wraiths first came. They were dark creatures, darker than the darkest of nights, jet black and colder than the ice that surrounds this land, they were cold to be around, yet they held a touch that incinerated anything organic they touched.

They first came in ones and twos, attacking small farm houses and villages. Attempts were made to kill them or capture them, but all parties and groups never returned. Not too soon after they came in small teams holding ranks of about a dozen. Then droves consisting of many dozen, even into the hundreds. They gradually built up their confidence, and attacked the cities.

Within an hour of the first attack on the cities it was a fiery bloodbath, screams and moans could just be heard over the burning, crackling fires and the rumbling of collapsing buildings. And the once cerulean blue sky was painted a flickering orange

and ash grey. The streets were splattered with crimson and rubble, the massacre was horrible... almost as horrible as the wraiths themselves.

Once Longyearbyen – the former capital of Svalbard - had fallen, the wraiths dispersed, to reap the land of the living and to chase and predate on any other survivors or farms they had over looked. Within a few days the land was dark and grey, as it is now, the only survivors were the seals, who hid in the sea, the birds who stayed in the air and the rats, moles, and worms who lived underground.

After Svalbard had been reaped, all but a few wraiths left Svalbard, to make landfall upon countries such as; Norway, Sweden, Greenland and Novaya Zemlya. They reaped them too and kept moving south, in search of more living prey to feast upon.