
JASAULIA
THE GAME REMEMBERS
A Tale Before the Fall
Before the kingdom fell,
everyone believed it would last forever.

JASAULIA

THE GAME REMEMBERS

A Tale Before the Fall

For those who keep their promises,
even when the world forgets.

Created by
Jasaulia Studios

The Kingdom That Remembered

There was a time when Jasaulia had no reason to fear the night.

Its rivers ran clear through green valleys. Golden fields stretched beyond the hills. Merchants filled the roads, children filled the streets, and the bells of the old city rang every morning at sunrise.

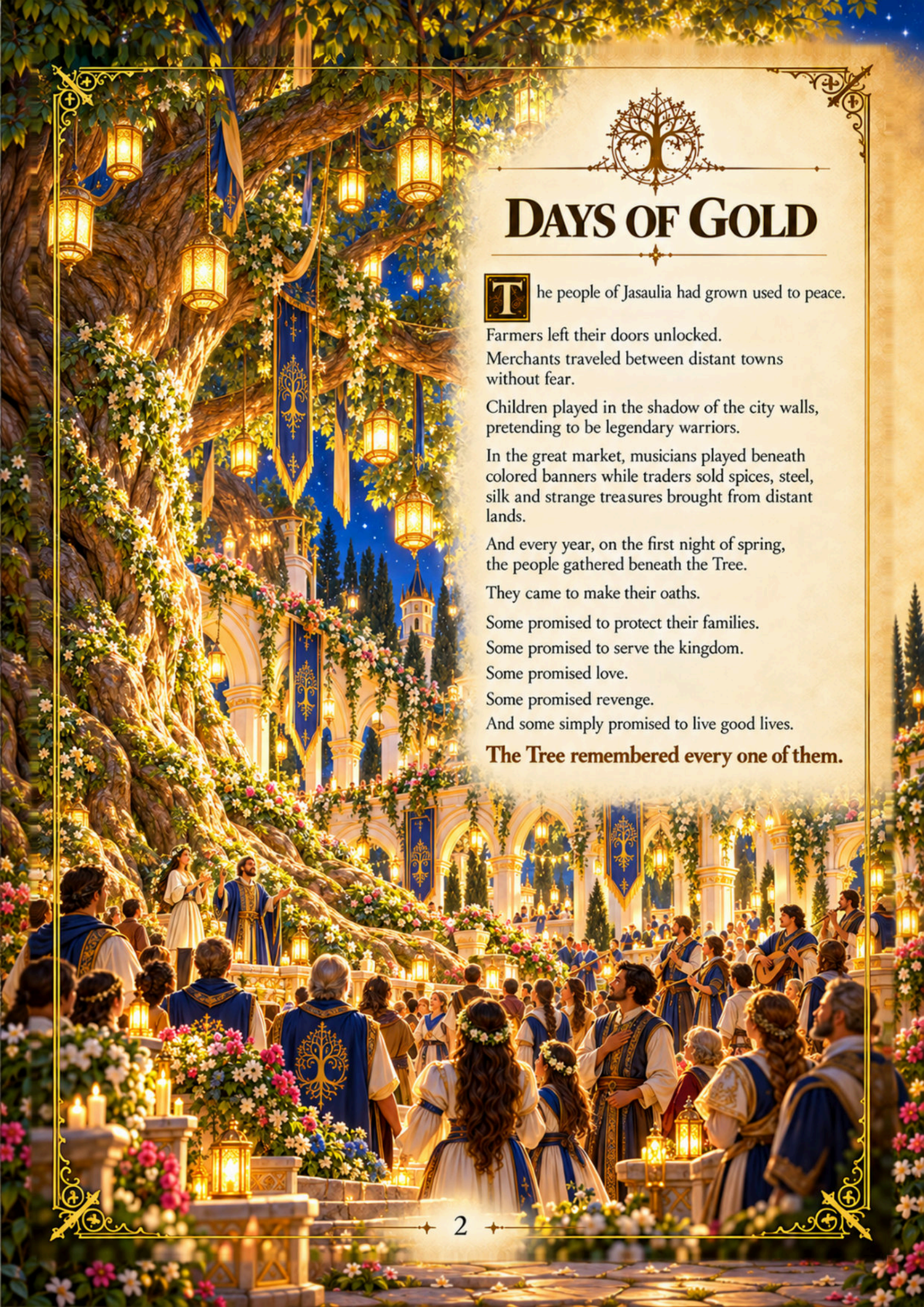
At the center of the kingdom stood the
Tree of Jasaulia.

Older than the kingdom itself, its roots disappeared beneath the earth, while its enormous branches spread above the royal city like a living crown.

The people believed the Tree remembered everything.
Every promise.
Every sacrifice.
Every name.

And as long as the Tree stood—
Jasaulia would stand with it.





Days of Gold

The people of Jasaulia had grown used to peace.

Farmers left their doors unlocked.
Merchants traveled between distant towns without fear.

Children played in the shadow of the city walls, pretending to be legendary warriors.

In the great market, musicians played beneath colored banners while traders sold spices, steel, silk and strange treasures brought from distant lands.

And every year, on the first night of spring, the people gathered beneath the Tree.

They came to make their oaths.

Some promised to protect their families.
Some promised to serve the kingdom.
Some promised love.
Some promised revenge.
And some simply promised to live good lives.

The Tree remembered every one of them.

The Four Who Did Not Know Each Other

Four people lived beneath the same peaceful sky.

They did not know one another.

They had never fought together.

They had never shared an oath.

And they had no reason to believe their paths would ever cross.

One was a soldier who had sworn that no innocent person would fall while he still stood.

One was a young woman who carried fire in her hands—and something darker inside her heart.

One walked where others could not see, hearing secrets that were never meant to be heard.

And one traveled from village to village, binding wounds and settling disputes with words instead of weapons.

They were very different.

But the Tree remembered them.
Even before they met.











The First Sign

The first sign came quietly.

Birds stopped singing in the northern forests.

Then the wells near Blackwood turned bitter.

Then people began dreaming of a black sun hanging above the kingdom.

The royal scholars searched their ancient books.

The priests searched the stars.

The soldiers searched the borders.

They found nothing.

So life continued.

The markets opened.

The bells rang.

The children played.

But beneath the city, far below the roots of the Tree, something had begun to wake.

Something that had been sleeping for a very long time.

The Night the Bells Stopped

It happened without warning.

Every bell in Jasaulia rang at exactly the same moment.

Once.

Twice.

Three times.

Then silence.

The sky turned red.

The rivers stopped flowing.

Across the kingdom, people looked toward the horizon and saw a wall of darkness moving through the mountains.

The royal guards closed the city gates.

The King ordered every soldier to their post.

Nobody knew what was coming.

Then something appeared beyond the northern hills.

Not an army.

Not an animal.

Not a storm.

A darkness shaped like a crown.

And beneath it—
something was walking.





The Falling

The first city disappeared before sunrise.

The second lasted until noon.
By nightfall, smoke covered the northern horizon.
The roads filled with refugees.
Families abandoned their homes.
Soldiers returned wounded.
Messengers stopped arriving.

And the people finally understood the terrible truth:

The kingdom was losing.

The King ordered the Tree protected at all costs.
But the enemy did not come for the palace.
It did not come for the gold.
It did not come for the throne.

It came for the Tree.

Because whoever controlled the Tree of Jasaulia would control everything it remembered.

The Last Oath

The defenders gathered beneath the Tree.

Hundreds stood there.

Farmers.
Knights.
Merchants.
Scholars.
Parents.
Children.

People who had never held a weapon stood beside those who had spent their lives preparing for war.

The King looked upon them.

He knew.
They all knew.

This might be the last night of Jasaulia.

So the people made one final oath.

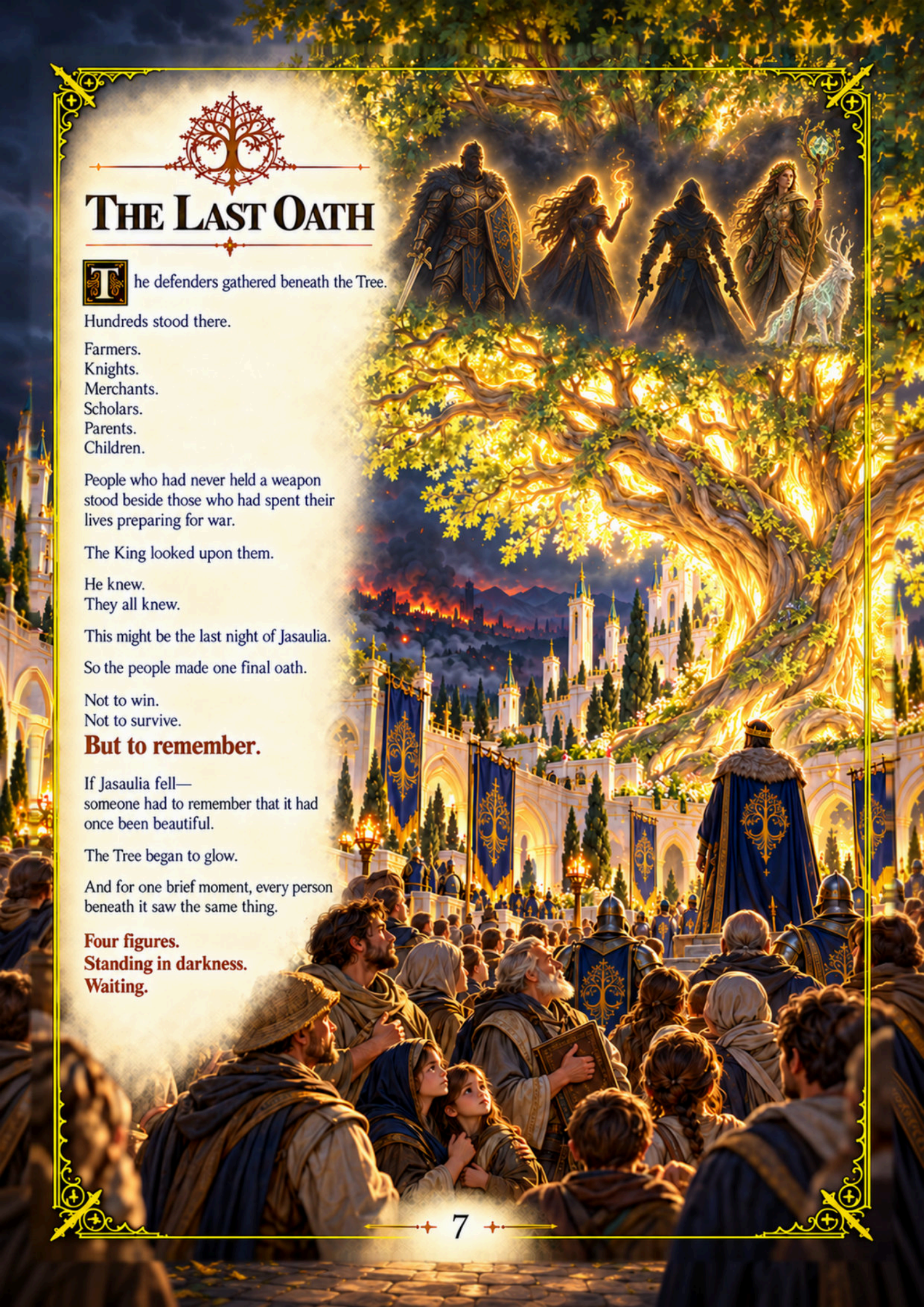
Not to win.
Not to survive.
But to remember.

If Jasaulia fell—
someone had to remember that it had once been beautiful.

The Tree began to glow.

And for one brief moment, every person beneath it saw the same thing.

Four figures.
Standing in darkness.
Waiting.





The Warden

The northern gate broke before midnight.

The Warden was there when it happened.

He had spent his entire life believing that a shield existed for one purpose:

to stand between danger and those who could not fight it.

He watched soldiers retreat.
He watched families run.
He watched the darkness enter the city.

Then he planted his shield into the ground.
Behind him stood dozens of frightened villagers.

The enemy approached.
His sword was already broken.
His armor was cracked.
He could barely stand.
But he did not move.

Someone shouted:
"Run!"

The Warden tightened his grip.

"No."

And for the first time that night—
the darkness stopped.

The Ember

Far from the city, fire consumed a ruined village.

A young woman stood among the ashes.

The people there had been trying to escape.

They never made it.

She looked at the burning houses.
Then she looked at her hands.
Fire moved between her fingers.

She had always feared it.
Feared what she could do.
Feared what would happen if she stopped holding it back.

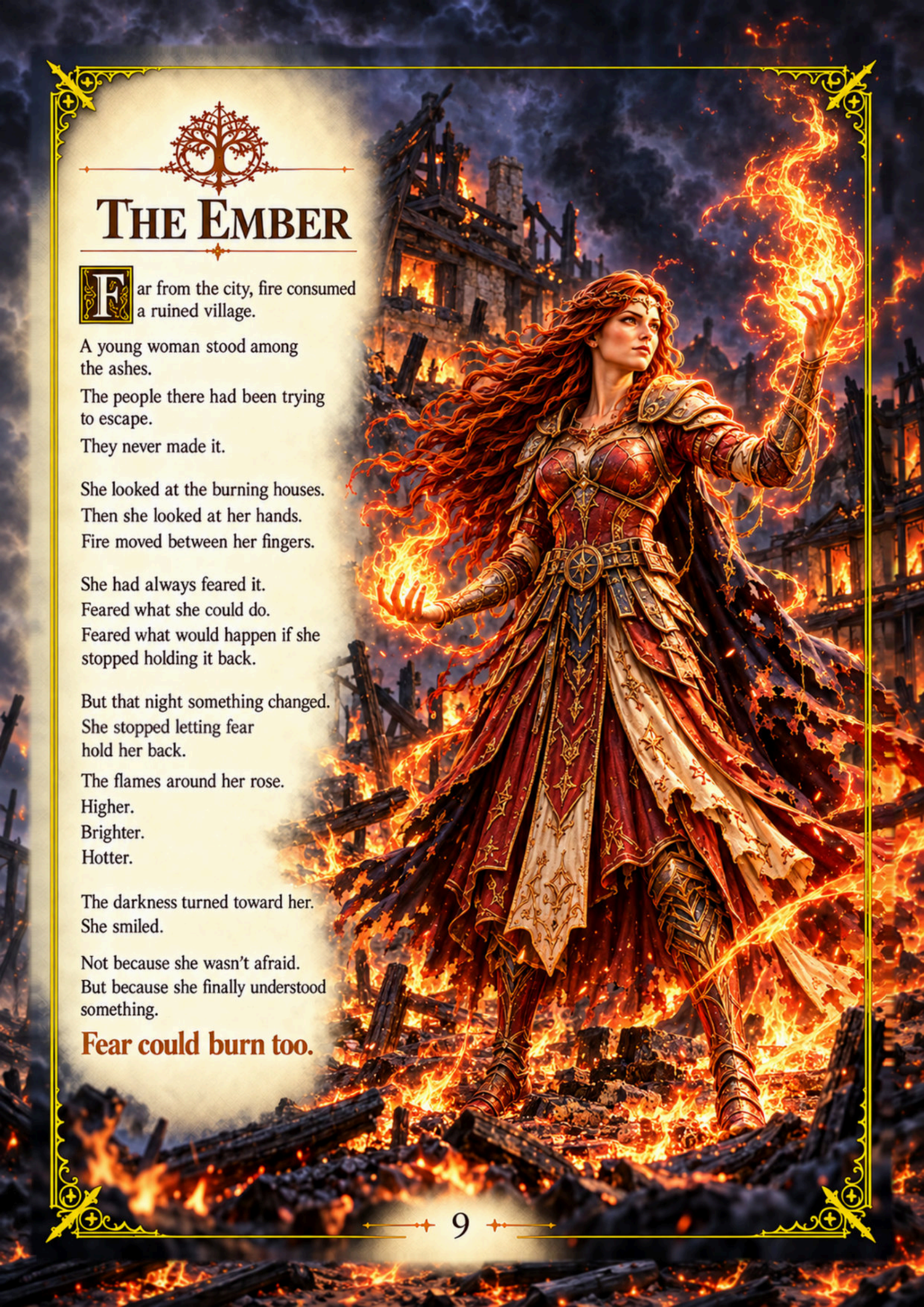
But that night something changed.
She stopped letting fear hold her back.

The flames around her rose.
Higher.
Brighter.
Hotter.

The darkness turned toward her.
She smiled.

Not because she wasn't afraid.
But because she finally understood something.

Fear could burn too.





The Veilwalker

The Veilwalker had uncovered a fragment of the truth.

While armies fought above ground, they had entered the forgotten tunnels beneath Jasaulia.

There they found ancient markings carved into stone.

A warning.
A name.
And a door.

The inscription read:

WHAT WAS BURIED MUST NEVER BE REMEMBERED.

The Veilwalker touched the door.

Something whispered from the other side.

Not words.
A memory.

They saw Jasaulia before the kingdom had a king.

Before the palace.
Before the walls.

And beneath the Tree stood four people.

The same four figures.

The Veilwalker stepped backward.

"This has happened before."

Behind the door—
something laughed.

The Binder

The Binder spent the night moving between the wounded.

There were too many.

Too few hands.
Too little medicine.

Everywhere they looked, someone was asking for help.

A soldier begged them to save his brother.
A mother begged them to save her child.
An old man simply held out his hand.

The Binder knelt.

They could not save everyone.
They knew that.

But they also knew something else.

An oath was more than the will to try.

It meant choosing a promise—and accepting what keeping it might cost.

So the Binder chose their words carefully.

"I will stay with you."

And they stayed beside the wounded.

Then the Tree spoke.
Not aloud.
Inside their mind.

Four must remember.

The Binder looked toward the burning city.

"Four what?"

The Tree answered:

"Four who have not yet met."





The City of Ash

By morning, Jasaulia was gone.

The palace had fallen.

The markets were silent.

The great bridges had collapsed.

Smoke covered the sky.

The Tree still stood.

But its leaves had turned black.

The survivors scattered into the wilderness.

The kingdom that had once seemed eternal became a memory.

And somewhere beneath the ruins, something began searching through the memories of the dead.

Looking for an oath.

Looking for a name.

Looking for four people.

Four Paths

The Warden walked south.

The Ember walked north.

The Veilwalker disappeared into the ruins.

The Binder followed the refugees.

Four different roads.
Four different reasons.
Four different wounds.

But every road slowly began leading toward the same place.

Blackwood.

The forest where the first wells had turned bitter.

The forest where the oldest ruins of Jasaulia lay buried.

The forest where the first signs of darkness had appeared.

None of them knew why they were going there.

But each had begun having the same dream.

A dead tree.

Four empty spaces beneath it.

And a voice saying:

“You were not chosen.”

A pause.

“You were remembered.”





The Meeting

They met beneath the ruins of an ancient watchtower.

The Warden raised his sword.

The Ember raised her hand.

The Veilwalker disappeared into the shadows.

The Binder stepped between them.

For several seconds, nobody spoke.

Then the Warden asked:

“Who are you?”

The Veilwalker answered:

“I was about to ask you the same question.”

The Ember looked at the others.

“I don’t know why I’m here.”

The Binder looked toward the forest.

“I do.”

The others turned.

The Binder pointed toward the darkness.

“We are not here to find Jasaulia.”

The ground trembled.

“We are here because something beneath it has found us.”

The Thing Beneath

The earth split.
Roots burst from the ground.
The ruins shook.
And from beneath the broken tower
came a voice older than the kingdom.

"At last."

The four heroes stood together.
For the first time.
The darkness rose around them.

The Warden lifted his shield.
The Ember's hands caught fire.
The Veilwalker drew both blades.
The Binder raised their staff.

Then the voice spoke again.

"You have forgotten."

An ancient tree among the ruins began to glow.
Images appeared in the air.

A battlefield.
A kingdom.
Four warriors.
An oath.
A betrayal.
And then—
nothing.

The vision disappeared.
The four heroes looked at one another.
The Warden whispered:

"Who were they?"

The Binder stared at the tree.

"I don't know."

The Veilwalker answered:

"I think we were."





The First Oath

The darkness came closer.
The four stood together.

They had no army.
No kingdom.
No King.
No certainty that they could win.

But they had one thing left.
A choice.

The Warden stepped forward.
"I will stand."

The Ember raised her burning hand.
"I will fight."

The Veilwalker lowered their blades.
"I will uncover the truth."

The Binder closed their eyes.
"And I will remember."

The tree began to glow.
A single golden leaf fell from its highest branch.
It landed between them.

On the leaf was a symbol.
Four circles.
One oath.

And beneath it, words appeared:

THE GAME REMEMBERS.

But Jasaulia Wasn't Saved

The four heroes believed they had finally found their purpose.

They were wrong.

Because beneath the ruins,
something else had awakened.

Something that knew their names.
Something that knew why the Tree remembered them.
Something that remembered an oath—
broken long before they were born.

The golden leaf turned black.
The forest went silent.
Then the voice returned.

But this time it did not speak to the four heroes.
It spoke to **you.**

"You think you are here to save Jasaulia."

A long silence.

"But what will you sacrifice to remember it?"

The darkness disappeared.
The four heroes stood alone.

And somewhere in the ruins—
a fifth set of footsteps began to approach.




YOUR STORY
HAS NOT BEGUN YET.
Jasaulia has fallen.
Its people are scattered.
Its kingdom is broken.
And four unlikely heroes now stand at the edge
of something they do not understand.
They have made their first oath.
But an oath is only the beginning.
Because every choice has a consequence.
Every consequence becomes a memory.
And some memories...
should never have been remembered.
JASAULIA
THE GAME REMEMBERS.
Their story has begun.
Now it's your turn.