Magic. For many, it’s a fantasy, believed only by small children and used to describe anything that cannot be otherwise explained by science. For some it’s a way of life, used every day and for any small thing. For yet others it’s a mysterious force that isn’t completely understood, but expected from time to time.

For the residents of True Earth, magic is something that only a small portion of humans are able to use. At one time, it was known to everyone and throughout the world; but as time went on, those without magic feared it, and drove those that had magic to hide away. Many of these magical communities hide in plain sight and continue to interact with their non-magical counterparts; there are those, however, that have separated themselves out completely. From one such community, a magical creature of extraordinary power peers out of the realm she made her home as a massive conflict plagues a subsection of those magicals hiding on True Earth.

A civil war has been taking place for several years by the magical population of the United Kingdom, lead by a man calling himself The Dark Lord Voldemort. The magical government was on its last legs and could have fallen any day when suddenly the war was over; The Dark Lord Voldemort disappeared and according to popular story, was dead at the hands of a one-year-old child.

While the country was celebrating, the magical being was observing, as she had been doing for some time. She witnessed the act that sealed the destruction of Voldemort’s body, and the events that took place after that. The boy’s parents were dead and his godfather seemed to have better things to do than take care of his godson. She witnessed the half giant take the child away to the castle in the north, and then bring him back south to a small town called Little Whinging, where he was delivered to the leader of the opposing side and left on the doorstep of his maternal aunt.

The being frowned at this; it was the start of November, and already very cold, and she could detect no warming magic around the child. Further, having looked into the household he was left at, she determined that these were not people should have custody of any child. She took a closer look at him and found something that disturbed her even more; a malevolent presence contained within the scar on his forehead. Now she knew she couldn’t leave him there; reaching through the aperture, she lifted the entire bundle and closed the gap behind her.

This woman was Yakumo Yukari; she was a Youkai and resident of the hidden realm of Gensokyo, formerly located within the Japanese Empire before 1884, when the area around the village and mountain was separated by a massive barrier known as the Hakurei Border.