

Kalanos Army Orders

This document was discovered in ancient ruins by one of the party members (as part of his background before the campaign started). It guided him to Hoffi Island to seek the Spire Temple, beginning his journey to discover more of an ancient empire that history seems to have forgotten.

To Priest Commander Xandu,

Contained herein are star guidances pointing toward the location of the fifth Wilderkin heretical grounds. It is called by the heathens “The Spire Temple.” From the top of the island mountain erupts a great white Shard that powers the sacrilege within the temple. This is the newest of the Wilderkin constructions, so we believe it will be the least defended. We know not the current practices within, though we have reason to assume they have again torn the Boundary to the Interstices.

Once the heathen bodies are brought to Justified Ends, report back on the condition of the temple. The Emperor has not yet decreed whether it be destroyed or merely held until he can evaluate its military value. At all costs avoid activating any heretical magics, tearing the Boundary, or manipulating the massive Shard in any way.

Barring further orders, hold the temple from Wilderkin or other interlopers at all costs. Allow nothing to leave the temple alive. These are your directives. May Grace Hold.

Koth Chrestibur
Commander of the Fourth Wing

Baeoful's Journal

The players found this journal in The Spire Temple, a hidden ruin below Hoffi Mountain. The island mountain is topped with a strange but innocuous crystalline column that juts into the clouds, which the locals call Evard's Spire. In the process of exploring the recently-uncovered ruins, the players discover historical knowledge that has been entirely lost to the ages, referencing events that occurred millennia ago.

(Written on the inside cover is a message signed by the journal's owner.)

As our edicts commanded, we have kept no journals, left no record of our sacred duty on this most unholy of grounds. What I commit to velum now, each letter from this pen, is the highest sacrilege against Holding Grace and the Gods of Order that we serve. However, this is the only way in which I may maintain my mind in these lonely chambers. My allies are all Lost to our duties—their minds gone, or their wills, and their bodies bled dry for Merciful Ends.

I commit myself to a new edict—each week (as I can count it below the earth), I will destroy the pages of this journal, keeping no permanent record. It is some small penance against my Disgrace. This I swear, as a servant of Grace, Baeoful Rutgard.

(There are dozens of pages torn from the journal, then two pages written above a handful of empty ones.)

Something new has happened. In my lightless days and nights, so little new happens, but recently the temple around me shook, animated from some force I have yet to comprehend.

The seals around the central chamber held, yet I could feel a force beyond reckoning bleed into the very air around me. I can only guess it came from that wretched Spire above the temple. Perhaps Elsewhere, the power of the Impure Geometry was tapped, sending an echo of that fetid magic here. There is more dire news, however...

Whatever the nature of this disturbance, the Seals of the Anti-Remembrance have weakened. With all my brethren gone Onwards, I fear for my ability to rectify this damage. I can already feel my sense of self slipping in waves at times, and moments later my whole history comes flooding back to me...and I find myself yearning for my home on the cliffsides, for the fresh air of the sea, for my family in Kalanos.

But no...I have my duties.

This cannot be left alone. I refuse to have a Merciful End, I cannot leave this temple to be found by Foes. Gods of Order: give me your Strength. I will try to restore the Seals with what power I have left to me. May Grace Hold.

Note to Wilderkin Bannerlord

The players found this note within a secret chest in the same Spire Temple as above. It offers a secondary perspective on the war that Baeoful's journal alludes to. Coupled with the letter were the items it refers to: a potion of Alter Self and an animated metal raven figurine.

As you will discover from the gifts contained herein, the Spire Temple has proved as useful as I promised. Relations with The Seelie Court have gone well, and they have offered crucial knowledge to harnessing this Crossing.

We have captured the very Essence of Change in a bottle—an art that would require years of arcane study can now be manufactured through the powers that this temple taps. The Inquisitors of Kalanos may have set us back on the Arcane Trail, but soon we will have the means by which to seize the Lines of Power they fear from below them.

One step at a time, though, Lord. I do not mean to get ahead of myself.

You will also find proof within that life may be imbued upon the lifeless. As you know, the Bronzians of Oen'Derelai give life to stone and create mindless war machines—this is the conclusion we may yet find in further research. Perhaps they have also made deals with Those Behind the Curtain, or perhaps the trick of Godliness is well within mortal grasp.

These are but trinkets, Lord, and I hope they are evidence nonetheless that our work here in the Spire Temple is useful to the Wilderkin Cause.

May your Path tread ever Onward. May our Freedom again be Seized.

Honor to Bannerlord Tolsh!

Your Servant Delarin Harfi