

And so, it came to pass that the voice of the Mystics was hard to find.

The Shadowfall the proclaimed enforcers of the Mystics will gathered their Council of judges and debated what to do.

One by one they put their view until Judge Arenal spoke his peace. He called for the Cataclysm to be enacted to force the Mystics from their hiding and to the forefront of this lands power once more.

Rejected by his peers he sought other allies of great knowledge from the Court of Dreyfuss.

They counselled his actions unwise as to change the natural order was not to be done lightly.

Not deterred he pushed on with his plan and studied the ancient texts of the Keepers lore.

First one must break the fabric of this land and threaten its existence only then will it enact its own defences and trigger the chain of events that will lead to a Cataclysm.

Seeking allies on this land he came to talk to one of the three, Burblegut Fantasia first of the Mist Weavers, servants of the Mystics will.

By ancient pact Burblegut listened to Judge Arenal the decreed voice of the Mystics and aided his plans.

An ancient barrier held by three Towers, but one was weak and susceptible to the power of the Mists. So was forged a plan to erode this weakness and force a hole in the barrier exposing the

tomb of the Myst Lord an ancient creature of the Mystics creation.

Rituals cast the barrier was slowly weakened but such use of Power does not go unnoticed.

Success Judge Arenal had broken the barrier and the tomb stood before him his victory was at hand.

Then came war, enemies at hand, the people of the Valley stood against him but what chance have they against the will of Mystics, A Shadowsfall Judge and a Mistweaver surly they are fated to lose.

Battle raged for many hours till dawn came close the final blow by conflict and diplomacy the Valley triumphed slaying the Judge Arenal and convincing Burble Gut of his folly.

But what does this story teach us? That tell is to come for the Valley people soaked in the blood of their enemies parlayed with Burblegut as they had no wish nor will to fight him more, a truce carefully negotiated the Valley left leaving Burblegut to find his own path.

The Triangle and its infectious void taint, the lure of investigation, the whispers of power. Time does not erode a nagging instinct to follows ones calling for the pull of controlling such power is great in the minds of whom believe they can.

Burblegut Fantasia looked into to the void and felt its pull and excepted it whole for though ancient and wise folly can befall us all.

And so was born the Voidweaver a sad end to any tale.