

Arixon's Letter to Dustchaser

Friend Dustchaser,

It has been nearly six months since I first discovered our brother, Stratesus, dead here in the Temple of the Boot. I believe he was tending to the plants in the courtyard when the Great Mother called out to him. I sought his soul in the beyond, but he had found solace in the Agrarian Fields.

Shouzas is despondent with grief and tends to wander away from the temple more often. I sense the beast will lose much of its intelligence as the years pass. I would put the awakened scorpion out of his misery if not for the fact that Stratesus loved him so much. It is a shame that the beast is now immortal and can only die by violence.

I have sealed our brother, your brother, away in this room to protect his body and his legacy (and our own). The Grave Shores are as dangerous as when we first ventured into them all those years ago. No matter how many times Stratesus and I cleanse the Wicked Hill and its shrine, evil continues to be drawn to it. It is so unnatural. Yet, the risks of razing the shrine are still the same. It may do more harm than good.

I constructed the iron doors and have enchanted them with enough power to seal the Chamber of the Boot. I've poured all of my High Magic into it. The Great Seal should last centuries and protect it and the rest of the older sections of Bogphin's temple. It seems, it was never meant to be to rebuild the temple to honour the Great Mother. I know that was Stratesus and yours' plan. The doors will open for you, or for your bloodline, but, regardless, the doors will be very hard to open without knowing your true name or the legacy of the Boots.

Hopefully, you are still alive and will return to these lands and unseal the doors yourself. If you are reading this letter, then it was probably easy enough for you. My plan is to return after the fighting ends in the western lands and either bury your brother with the others or find someplace even more isolated. While the ogres are retreating in the much of the east, especially in the Shorelands to the north, their dark and twisted scions continue to be a sinister threat in the west. Nothon and Kleopatra have asked me to help try to save the city-state of Onanetta.

I don't know if we will survive.

The ogre scion named Xaezar Marshscreamer has been relentless, and I fear that all of the lands north of the Cadra Forest will fall to his hordes. If you are reading this letter and have not become numb to war, then seek me out in either Prachtenstad or Sumdall before the end of the year. If you have not arrived by then, I have gone north to Onanetta. Normally, I would travel using High Magic, but it takes a toil, and I must save myself for the fight against The Marshscreamer.

I hope to see you again my friend.

Arixon
The 14th of Nesus, 493 N.C.

Afterthought... perhaps you can help Shouzas find solace. I was also unable to do so for Mohau after Avital died almost two decades ago. Her loss was such a tragedy for the Minstrel Maiden... and for myself, as well.

I don't know if you ever knew how much I cared for Avital. I never told her. Stratesus knew, so maybe he told you. It is becoming harder to return here year after year. I will try, one last time. Or maybe I will join her in the beyond in the battles to come.