

Seven Stone Feathers of the Apocalypse

“The roots of the world rot beneath us. The Old Blood burns. The Old Gods recoil in silence. The Veil will tremble, and the sky shall be rewritten in ash.”

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The Coming Omen

One evening, gathered around the campfire, VoidLock GraveHeart spoke of an omen revealed through the visions of **Olvrida, the Celestial Seer**.

Its meaning had not yet been confirmed, but something was stirring beneath the shadows of Hallowmere. The Old Gods had grown distant, the stars had begun to shift, and the Veil trembled along places where it had once remained still.

During the last Sundering and the flood that followed, survival required passage through the Veil. Those who endured crossed beneath the watchful gaze of **Veilskarvard, the Veilwarden**, carrying their Heartlight through a darkness that sought to strip memory from identity.

Now the air stirs once more.

The exact hour remains obscured, though Olvrida's seers named the **Eleventh of Dawnfire** within their final calculations. Whether this marked the beginning, the ending, or merely the final warning was never made clear.

The Vision of Olvrida

“When mortals close their eyes to sleep, the Celestial Seer opens hers.”

There is a legend spoken only in distant places, passed quietly through the forgotten corners of Hallowmere.

When mortals close their eyes to sleep, Olvrida opens hers and gazes across the threads of fate woven long before time was ever named.

In the stillness of the **Twilight Observatory**, beneath a sky unclouded by mercy, her seers gathered beneath the crescent moon and cast their runes upon the silver floor.

Olvrida’s wings trembled.

The stars refused to answer.

The constellations had shifted—not by the slow passage of the heavens, but as though some unseen hand had reached into the night and dragged them from their proper places.

Then the Celestial Seer spoke:

“The roots of the world rot beneath us. The Old Blood burns. The Old Gods recoil in silence. The Veil will tremble, and the sky shall be rewritten in ash.”

She witnessed another flood, though not one of water.

It was a flood of unknowing—a dark forgetfulness rising from beneath the soil, swallowing the names of gods, kingdoms, families, and kin. Mountains crumbled back into mist. Flames consumed what even time had spared. Roads vanished from memory while cities remained standing, abandoned by those who could no longer remember why they had been built.

The world, she whispered, would be buried again.

The First Signs

“Only those who read the stars by instinct and listen for echoes instead of words will know where to stand—or where not to.”

Olvrída warned that the coming end would first reveal itself through signs easily dismissed by those unwilling to see them:

1. **Runes that no longer respond.**
2. **Animals walking east before dusk.**
3. **The moon turning her face away.**

Only those who read the stars by instinct and listened for echoes rather than words would understand where to stand—or where not to.

Warning: The prophecy does not describe the destruction of Hallowmere alone. It speaks of its Unwriting: a loss so complete that even the memory of what was destroyed may cease to exist.

The Seven Stone Feathers

“Seven fragments. Seven sorrows. One truth the world was never meant to remember.”

Olvrída carved her vision into seven feathers of pale stone and scattered them across sacred and forgotten places throughout Hallowmere.

Each feather holds only a fragment of the prophecy. None reveals the complete truth, and no single inscription can be understood without the others.

The Feather of Fracture

Said to rest among the roots of a dead tree whose wounded bark bleeds pale light into the soil.

The Feather of Unspoken Names

Buried beneath a forgotten grave in a land claimed by no kingdom and remembered by no map.

The Feather of Hollow Stars

Seen falling from the heavens into a blackened crater during the rising of a blood moon.

The Feather of Eastwind Silence

Suspended upon the tallest peak in Hallowmere, where even the wind loses its voice and echoes refuse to return.

The Feather of the Veiled Eye

Sealed within a monastery whose surviving inhabitants no longer remember the prayers their halls were built to preserve.

The Feather of the Seventh Sorrow

Said to be carried unknowingly by a child born beneath an eclipse, bearing a grief that has not yet occurred.

The Feather of the Returning Dark

The final feather has never been found. It is believed that it will appear only when the prophecy begins to fulfill itself, upon the first hour of the **Day of Unwriting**.

“Seven fragments. Seven sorrows. One truth the world was never meant to remember.”

Olvrida's Warning

“*The stars dim, not to die, but to allow mortals a moment to shine.*”

Olvrida believed in choice.

That is why she left behind the Seven Stone Feathers: to warn those who would listen, to prepare those willing to act, and to preserve the possibility that Hallowmere's fate had not yet been decided.

Her final words were said to have been etched into the walls of the **Sanctuary of Sight**:

“*The stars dim, not to die, but to allow mortals a moment to shine.*”

But the dimming did not cease.

It deepened.

What had once been understood as mercy—a pause in which mortals might write their own fate—came to be recognized as a harbinger.

The Sanctuary of Sight

The Sanctuary of Sight now stands empty. Its silver mirrors are cracked, and its owl-shaped statues have been hollowed by time and silence.

No longer do the constellations speak. No longer does the sky answer those who seek guidance from it.

Only the wind moves through its abandoned halls, singing in tongues no mortal hand has ever written.

The Fading of Sight

Across Hallowmere, those gifted with Sight have begun to lose it—not suddenly, but slowly, as though an unseen hand were extinguishing their visions one star at a time.

Prophets awaken weeping from dreams they can no longer remember. Astrologers burn their charts after finding unfamiliar constellations drawn in their own hand.

Runes once used to reveal hidden truths no longer fall as intended. They scatter wildly, landing broken and unreadable, refusing every attempt at interpretation.

Each failed vision leaves behind the same terrible question:

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“Something is coming. But worse—something is withdrawing.”

Mourning Moonlight

On the third night of the **Long Eclipse**, the moon appeared to bleed.

A pale silver mist descended from its surface, curling around the highest peaks, oldest ruins, and forgotten roads of Hollowmere.

As the vision unfolded, VoidLock stepped toward the campfire and gathered a handful of ash from the pit.

From the silver mist came the **Mourning Moonlight**—cold, lucid, and hungry for memory.

Where the Moonlight Passed

The Mourning Moonlight did not burn the land or drown it beneath rising waters. It moved quietly, stripping away the memories by which people understood themselves and the world around them.

Where it passed, lovers forgot one another's names. Soldiers became lost upon battlements they had guarded for years. Families awoke unable to recognize the faces gathered around their own hearths.

Entire settlements forgot who had founded them, which banners they followed, or why their walls had ever been raised.

Roads remained beneath their feet, but travelers could no longer remember where they led.

Monuments still stood, though none could recall whom they honored.

Within the mist, a voice was heard:

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“You were meant to last. You chose to linger.”

A World Forgotten

Olvrida, the Celestial Seer, had once guided the tides of fate with quiet wisdom. Yet even she could not halt a tide rising from beneath the foundations of the world itself.

The Mourning Moonlight was not merely destroying Hallowmere. It was removing the memories that proved Hallowmere had ever existed.

Without memory, kingdoms became nameless ruins. Oaths became words without meaning. Bloodlines vanished while their descendants still lived.

Those touched by the mist did not always realize what had been taken. They felt only the hollow absence left behind—a grief without a name and a longing for something they could no longer remember.

Warning: The Mourning Moonlight does not simply cause forgetfulness. It severs people, places, and events from the memories that give them meaning. What is lost beneath it may leave no trace by which it can be restored.

The Quiet Burial

Hallowmere was not being cleansed through flame or flood.

It was being undone through neglect.

No wrath descended from the heavens. No final judgment was proclaimed. The world was simply being abandoned to silence, as though it had outlived whatever purpose it had once been meant to serve.

This was not the cleansing of a world gone wrong.

It was the quiet burial of one deemed finished.

For what is more terrifying than the wrath of the heavens?

Indifference.

The Final Fragment

Bound within a silver oubliette among the constellations, Olvrida remained chained to the vision she had been made to witness.

Her wings were frayed. Her eyes were crusted with starlight. The heavens around her dimmed one by one, leaving only cold and distant sparks where brilliant constellations had once burned.

Yet still she watched.

Still she mourned.

Still she hoped.

A Prophecy for the Forgotten

Olvrida's final words were not offered to kings, conquerors, or those who believed themselves chosen by fate.

They were given to the forgotten, the misfit, the unwanted, and the cast aside—to those who had survived without ever being promised that the world would remember them.

If Hallowmere was to endure, its salvation would not come from distant powers or silent heavens. It would come from mortals who refused to allow their world to vanish without resistance.

“If the Old Gods forsake the world, then let mortals forge one without them.”

“Do not worship the stars.”

“Become them.”

The Last Sign

As the final words faded, the vision turned toward a silent and empty sky.

A crescent moon appeared within the darkness, pale and distant. Beneath it, a single silver feather drifted slowly toward Hallowmere.

No wind carried it.

No hand released it.

It descended alone, turning soundlessly through the dark as though searching for those still willing to look upward.

Some believed it represented the final Stone Feather. Others claimed it was Olvrida's last message—a promise that even as the heavens withdrew, one small fragment of hope would remain behind.

The Choice That Remained

Olvrida could not promise that Hallowmere would survive the coming Unwriting. She could not reveal whether the Seven Stone Feathers held salvation, escape, or only a clearer understanding of the end.

Her final fragment offered no certainty.

It offered only a choice.

Mortals could wait for the stars to answer, or they could become the light by which the path forward would be found.

“When the heavens fall silent, the forgotten must learn to answer for themselves.”

Call to Action

“We have survived the ending of one world. We will not allow this one to be the end of us.”

As the final fragment of Olvrida’s prophecy faded, silence settled over those gathered around the campfire.

VoidLock GraveHeart stepped forward and reached into the dying fire, gathering a handful of ash from the pit. He looked upon the faces surrounding him before raising his voice.

“We will hold a festival at the end of the world.”

“We have lived through one ending already. Whatever comes will not bring the end of us—only the end of this world as we have known it.”

The Search for the Feathers

VoidLock proclaimed that the Seven Stone Feathers would be sought across the farthest reaches of Hallowmere.

Every recovered feather could reveal another fragment of Olvrida’s warning. Together, they might expose the true nature of the coming Unwriting and show whether another path remained.

“We shall search for these feathers as far as the wind carries us.”

“We must find them, understand them, and discover what future still remains for Hallowmere.”

In the days leading to the festival, hunts would be organized throughout the lands. The BloodBrothers and those willing to stand beside them would follow forgotten legends, investigate the first signs, and search the sacred places named within the prophecy.

Another Path

During the last Sundering and the flood that followed, survival had required passage through the Veil.

VoidLock remembered the darkness of that crossing and the cost borne by those who emerged from it. He had no desire to lead his people through such a passage again unless every other path had been lost.

“During the last flood, we entered the Veil. I wish not to return unless we must.”

“There must be another way. If we find the feathers, perhaps they will show us how to go on.”

The Seven Stone Feathers offered no promise of salvation. They might reveal a means of escape, a way to resist the coming end, or merely the truth of what awaited them.

Yet even uncertain hope was enough to begin the search.

The Festival at World's End

The coming festival would not be held in surrender or mourning alone.

It would be a declaration that Hallowmere's people still lived, still gathered, and still possessed the courage to meet the end with firelight, fellowship, and defiance.

While the heavens withdrew and the world began to forget itself, they would remember one another.

While silence spread across the stars, they would fill BloodHaven with voices.

And while the final omen drew closer, the search for the feathers would continue.

"We will hunt them down. We will find them. We will understand them."

"And when the end arrives, it will find us standing together."

The hunt for the Seven Stone Feathers had begun.