

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.

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