

# 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 Hallowmere.

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.

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## 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.”*

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## A World Forgotten

Olvrída, 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.**

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