

The Coming Omen

One evening, gathered around the campfire, VoidLock GraveHeart spoke of an omen revealed through the visions of **Olvrída, 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 Olvrída'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.

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