

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.

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