

Campaign/Game: Mini-Campaign D&D 5e

Dates: January 4th, 11th, 18th, and 25th, 2024

Prince of the Abyss

Campaign Date: The Age of Antiquity

Characters

The Beacons

Caliban, Dhampir Warlock / Paladin (Declan)

Gadri, Gnome Abjuration Wizard (Adam)

Hilda, Aasimar Cleric / Wizard (Tori)

Ivan, Aasimar Paladin / Sorcerer (Jim)

Lonnel, Harengon Rogue / Bladesinger Wizard (Daniel)

Leitra, Tiefling Circle of Spores Druid (Adria)

Guest Characters

Veledan (Keith)

Ara Elamyar (Kayla)

Kearen Leonhart aka **Bruce** (Ashley)

DM: Rew

This log is meant to memorialize our play, starting with the game pitch, our brief game history, our characters' backstories, the log of the game itself, and then the epilog describing how these characters lived on once the mini-campaign ended.

The Original Game Pitch

Dark portents roil the nations of the world. Long ago, a mighty demon lord and their minions were defeated and banished but over the ages that magic has waned against a constant assault from the abyss. As the curtain rises on this unique four-episode adventure, a group of the world's mightiest adventurers gather to discuss how they can oppose the threat they all can plainly see coming. While the mortal armies allied with the heroes can hold back the main throng of demonic forces, decisive actions are required to strike directly at the demon lord to banish them once more. Will the party's preparation put them in a position for victory? Can these adventurers defeat an epic-level demon lord at the peak of their powers, or will the peaceful mortal folk experience an apocalyptic hell on earth never seen before?

Prolog: A Brief History of Civorea

In our first session, we started with a mini-game where we ordered the events of the continent of Civorea in the world of Aperta-Mundi. This section is the result of that play.

An apocalyptic event in which the **Dead Gods** who created the world of **Aperta-Mundi** were locked away for all time by a regime of the **Old Gods**.

The Horn of Realms is created by the Old Gods. It is one of the keys to lock and harness the power of the Dead Gods. It was created by a powerful dragon whose name has been lost to time.

Mighty kingdoms that relied on the benefits of the easily accessible arcane energies that came directly from the **Old Gods** were built. Many times, these kingdoms crumbled because of their rulers' avarice or their peoples' decadence.

Deities who came after the original **Old Gods** are known as the **New Gods**.

Many of these demigods were once mortal and were able to achieve apotheosis by harnessing the free magic from the previous age.

A cadre of highly magical **Elves** arrive from the **Feywild** and the **Shadowfell**. They are the **Eladrin** and **Shadar-Kai**.

Together, they create empires that rule the world of **Aperta-Mundi**.

Factions from these two places mix easily at first, but eventually fracture, bringing on the end of this age.

Lightluck the Flame Saber is created. It was one of many such weapons created by one of the Elven empires by harnessing the power of the old gods. It is a "relic of a simpler time" wherein powerful magic ran in the veins of even the most common of mortals. Lonnel comes into possession of **Lightluck** soon after taking over control of the **Arcano**.

The elven archmage **Davion Rose** fled the **Feywild** to make a life in the mortal realm. This individual created artifacts that affected the future of the world of **Aperta-Mundi**. Much of the archmage's history has been lost or misremembered, but their name has created ripples and echoes throughout time.

The **Spellbook of Davion Rose**, oftentimes known as the **Limitless Codex** is one such powerful artifact.

The city states of **Capstone**, **Glimmerford**, and **Murktide** are founded.

At first, these cities are different from the calm, secure city states they grow to be:

- **Murktide** was a backwards, evil, degenerate port led by demon cultists.
- **Capstone** was a military dictatorship driven by a clan of jingoistic dwarves.
- **Glimmerford** was little more than a wellspring of magic choked back by the evil spirits of the land that hoarded that power.

The **Arcano** is created by one of the Elven empires to house dangerous artifacts

The **Glimmerford Academy** was created in a later era by those who ran the **Arcano**. It is meant to be a way to train new recruits for the Arcano. Few know that it is built over some well-defended and secured portals. There is one portal to the **Feywild**, one to the **Shadowfell**, one to the **Elemental Plane of Fire**, and a secret, small, hidden one that leads directly to **Mechanus**. A magical fountain is fed by waters that emerge from the **Abyss**, and a bottomless pit that consumes magical energy from those who fall into it protects these links to the outer planes.

The **Age of Antiquity** arrives, the era that the heroes known as **The Beacons** live and operate in.

Gadri Quilldwadle becomes a professor at the **Glimmerford Academy**.

Ara Elamyar dismisses **Gadri Quilldwadle** from the **Glimmerford Academy**.

One reason that was given was because **Gadri** wouldn't stop stressing about a "Demonic Portal" in the hinterlands of **Dewpoint**, a small village just up the river **Glimmerford**. **Ara** would later say that **Gadri** is "a crackpot."

Gadri Quilldwadle discovers the "Demonic Portal" in the hinterlands of his home village of **Dewpoint**. At first, **Gadri** is convinced that a demonic invasion will happen any moment. It just takes a big enough force to "push" on the door to have it just fall open to the 200th plane of the **Abyss**. However it wouldn't be for several more decades until the portal is opened by the demon lord **Jubilex** with the help of **Ara Elamyar** herself.

Percival, a knight of **Selûne** saves **Caliban** from a life of servitude to the warlock patron **Lorowen**. Despite always operating from the shadows, this patron made Caliban do "horrendous things" in her name.

Caliban creates **The Silver Heart**. It is part chapel and part shelter for those who need protection. The name is a reference to **Selûne**, the **Lady of Silver** herself. Caliban meets and recruits **Lady Una** to join **Caliban** to serve the community. Una's aggression is tempered by **Junior Templar Steve**.

Ivan is created through immaculate conception. He is known to all the **Lunists** of his home nation of **Krakozeria** as the “Child of the Moon.”

Hilda discovers the portal to the **Swamp of Oblivion**, a demiplane of corruption created from the digestive tract of the demigod, **Majora**.

Lonnel Dimitrescu the Harengon meets **Ara Elamyar**, the Elven master of the **Glimmerford Academy** as he robs Ara’s tower.

Over the next twenty years, **Lonnel** is trained to become a powerful mage by **Ara**. **Lonnel** develops feelings for his tutor, but cannot even admit these feelings to himself, much less her.

Ara Elamyar, the Elven master of the **Glimmerford Academy** leaves the mortal plane in search of “pathways back to the Feywild.” She seems distracted and barely says goodbye. **Lonnel** is heartbroken.

Lonnel becomes Archmage of the **Glimmerford Academy**.

Gadri Quilldwadle meets and befriends the druid **Veledan**. After losing his position at the Academy, these two became close adventuring comrades. They shared the common purpose of protecting the **Whistling Woods**. They become strong allies, and build their strongholds in these very woods.

Hilda becomes Deputy Warden of **Capstone**.

Ivan leaves **Krakozeria** for the coast. **Ivan** meets his bird, “Typhoon” as he crosses the great mountains from **Krakosia** toward **Capstone**. **Ivan** saved the noble beast from being slain and eaten by demonic Malmyrdons. The great eagle does not like the name, but has a great fondness for **Ivan**.

Lonnel begins to tutor **Marilou Irophira**.

Ivan and **Caliban** meet for the first time when **Ivan** asks the senior paladin of **Selûne** about taking a “Moonbath.”

Leitra learns about the fungus that allows her to commune with the outer planes, and begins to correspond with **Zuggtomy**, the demon lord of rot. They talk often because **Leitra** craves knowledge, but these encounters cause the tiefling harm so the meetings are limited.

Lonnel and **Gadri** meet for the first time when the former archmage approaches the gnome mage about confronting the vampire lord **Jocasta**.

The vampire lord **Jocasta** was defeated when she tried to raise an army of undead against the peaceful peoples of **Glimmerford**.

The party investigates a series of kidnappings in **Murktide** by the **Cult of the Purple Worm**, a coven of warlocks who glorified the great demonic beast **Yahtzak**.

The lesser demons were all banished, and the cult was crushed by the party. The great beast was never summoned, and the coven was shut down before they could truly do damage to the people of **Murktide**.

The party fought vampire charlatan **Kvass**, in the under-city catacombs of **Capstone**. The vampire was drinking the flames of the **Zenithforge**, a font of magical energies said to perhaps connect directly to the **Elemental Plane of Fire**. Although your ally **Gwen Stompers** was slain, the party managed to finally destroy **Kvass** in his crypt.

The party managed to drive off **Cinderbreath the Wurm of Hate**, an ancient red dragon with the power of a mighty sorcerer. She was egg bound, and a threat to her brood made it possible.

The foul **Witch King Kalaak** is defeated following an attempted attack on **Glimmerford**. Several artifacts from **Davion Rose** are recovered including the **Limitless Codex**.

The **Limitless Codex** is taken from the **Witch King Kalaak** and moved to the newly built **Crimson Moon Keep** for storage.

Prolog: Character Backstories

Lonnel

Glimmerford Academy

"You take that back!"

Marilou Irophira aimed a blow at the smug Goliath boy and struck him in the chest, pushing him back several feet. **Zaahn** looked surprised - he'd been needling **Lou** for weeks, but they'd never snapped back at him before. As confusion led to anger, **Zaahn** threw one of his books towards Lou, who effortlessly deflected the time. As both parties began to draw from their arcane energy, a voice rang through the hall,

"ENOUGH!"

Lou felt themselves pushed away from **Zaahn** as a wall of invisible force gently shoved them to opposite sides of the great hallway of the Academy. As the wall dissipated, leaving the two of them knocked over, a tall hare, dressed in fine gray and purple robes walked between the two. His clear upper-class accent cut through the awkward silence that had arisen,

"**Zaahn**, that's enough. Get to class. **Irophira**, follow me please."

"But he starte-"

"That's strange, I don't recall who asked. With. Me. Please."

Lou picked themselves up. They were in trouble now, and it wasn't even their fault! Of course it didn't have to be just any teacher either, but Lonnel Dimitrescu, one of the damnable Archmages of **Glimmerford**! **Lou** followed behind the Harengon, cursing their luck. They'd been admitted to the Academy to the delight of their parents, who had spent every saved copper for the bare minimum in material components to attend and cast spells, and now they'd been called to the Archmage for fighting. In their first few weeks. Lou devoted every prayer to **Selûne** they knew and followed. The hare spoke,

"So **Irophira**, I've heard from your teachers you have considerable magical talent. Thank Oghma I stepped in when I did, else you may have fried poor Zaahn to a crisp."

"I wouldn't have hurt him. I just wanted to teach him a lesson. He called me 'sewer trash.'"

"I know. I heard him. Trust me when I say, I don't think he'll say that again. But you're smart enough to know what I'm going to say. Magic is powerful and dangerous, and shouldn't be used lightly, and especially should not be used for revenge on a bully."

Some time, and countless staircases later, the pair arrived at a great door, arched with runes. **Lonnel** placed a paw upon the doors, and they swung open. **Lou** FELT the artifacts inside the study before they even saw them - not only did the door hide the contents of the room visually, but magically as well. The two walked inside the room, and **Lonnel** gestured for **Lou** to take a seat.

Looking inside, **Lou** was surprised - this was not the office of a great Archmage. If not for the arcane energy flowing through the room, they'd have thought it was a disorganized hovel. Tomes, scrolls, and artifacts were strewn across the desks and throughout the room with little care of organization. **Lonnel** sat at the desk, wincing as sat on a ruby the size of a tangerine, and tossing it onto a nearby couch. **Lou** could have sworn they heard the ruby scream as it was tossed aside. After he settled in, he motioned at a large picture on the wall of an elven woman in stately garb.

"Do you know who this is?" **Lou** shook their head.

"This is **Ara Elamyar**, one of the greatest Archmages of the history of this Academy. **Ara** was a scholar of the old **Elven Empires** and keeper of their secrets, lost to time. If you'll indulge me, I'd like to tell you a story about a young man she met one day." **Lonnel** tilted back in his chair as he began to hold court with his story:

"This young man grew up poor, an orphan, after appearing with no knowledge of his parents or home. Lost, unloved and abandoned, the boy resolved to never let the world bring him down, and to find a place in it, whatever that may be. As the boy grew, he discovered a talent for getting into places one should not be in. He found the only way to receive any type of appreciation was by bringing stolen items to the... less than reputable places in **Glimmerford**." **Lonnel** shifted uncomfortably, again finding a wand prodding his side in the chair, and throwing it to another pile of scrolls. **Lou** could see, some of the unbound scrolls were marked "URGENT: **ARCANO**" across their broken seals.

"As he grew, the young man realized his considerable talents set him apart from other thieves in the city. He decided to take on a gig that would set him up for life. The job of all jobs, to rob a mage's tower on the outskirts of town. The magical artifacts rumored to be inside were priceless, a true dragon's hoard of gold. The young man would never have to work again."

"Unfortunately this young man underestimated how painful an ordeal it is to rob a wizard's tower. He found himself dangling by a trap, suspended in time, and face to face with **Ara**. I don't quite know what **Ara** saw in the young man, though he was besotted from the beginning. Maybe there was some fey magic in him, or maybe she took pity on his ruffled hair, and his tattered clothing. Regardless, **Ara** began to train the young man in the arcane arts," **Lonnel** continued.

"The young man's tireless enthusiasm and endless optimism allowed him to take to these studies quickly. As time went on, the young man and **Ara** grew as close as could be, and he grew from a 'sewer rat' to a powerful mage in his own right. Eventually, she taught him all the secrets of the **Elven Empire**, including the secrets of the elvish 'singing blade' techniques, which the young man mastered quickly and prodigiously." **Lou**, fully immersed in the tale, could hear a clear ringing tone, as if from a small bell, when **Lonnel** referenced the bladesingers. **Lou** closed their eyes, imagining themselves with a blade in hand, and magic in the other.

"Alas, some things are not meant to last forever. **Ara** longed to research the **Feywild**, and find a way to connect with the ancient homeland of her people. She entrusted the secrets and knowledge with this young man, and departed for places unknown. She has never been seen again," **Lonnel** whispered with a wistful look in his eyes.

Lonnel seemed to snap out of his reverie, bringing his story to a close. “Goodness, I’ve rambled on. I hope, **Irophira**, that this story has taught you something. It does not take money, or the best tools, to become a master of this craft. I hope you’ll remember that moving forward.”

Lou nodded, “I will Sir. May I ask, whatever happened to the young man?”

“Oh, he kept the knowledge and lessons taught to him by **Ara**, and has become quite the famous mage at this point,” **Lonnel** chortled. “He can never stay out of the spotlight for too long, so perhaps he’ll show up to teach a class one of these days. With that being said I’ve talked your ear off long enough, but perhaps we’ll speak again soon, **Lou**.”

Lou blinked in shock - how could the Archmage know their nickname? The Archmage smiled and said, “Like I said, your teachers have spoken highly of your talents. We will watch your career with great interest,” before turning to stare at the painting of **Ara Elamyar**.”

Lou turned to leave, but then stopped. “**Archmage Dimitrescu**, I have to ask - why speak with me? You could have brought **Zaahn** in to learn this lesson.”

Lonnel laughed, “Well, there’s a few reasons. First, I don’t think that boy would have listened if his life depended on it, can you imagine? More importantly, I think this may have only been the first lesson I have to teach you. The second, from one ‘sewer rat’ to another -” He turned away from the painting, and **Lou** no longer saw the kind smile of a wise Archmage, but a grin of a thief and a rogue, as the Archmage dropped to an accent of the Lower City and simply said,

“Don’t ever let ‘em bring you down.”

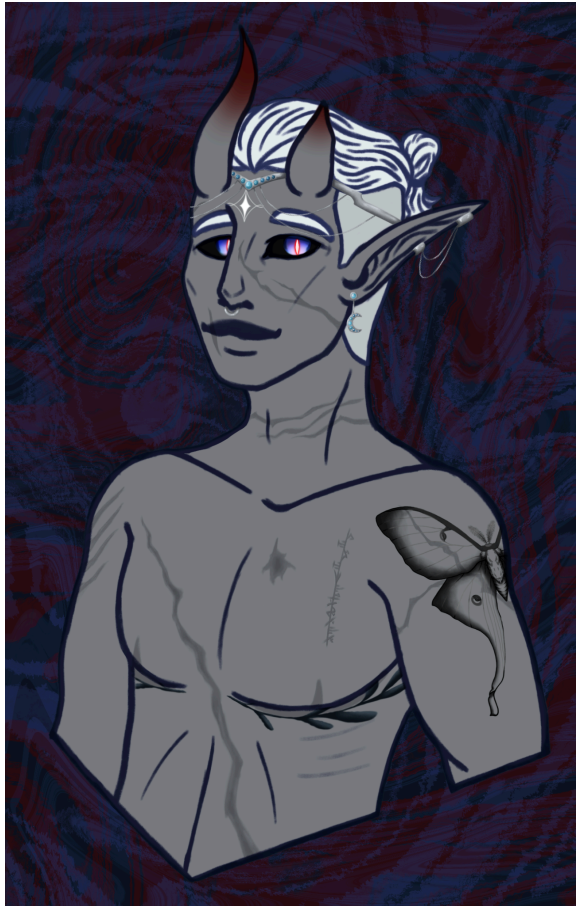
Hilda

Hilda was never much of a talker. She often mentions her “son” often remarking on how she usually has to deal with grisly problems like “blocking out the smell of blood” or “ignoring the screams.” The more time The Beacons spent with her the more they came to realize that her “son” was not a person at all, but rather some sort of monster made of all the harmful emotions of other celestial beings trapped in a pocket dimension. When she’s not thinking about her son, she casually mentions her ex-husband, often comparing any Demon lord or evil doer to her ex on similar terms.

Warden of Capstone, a mysterious woman never reveals all that she knows, when she first joined the beacons it was because she was looking for an extra job to feed her son never truly revealing she was the warden of capstone until after the beacons first adventure, she always keeps to herself being a woman of many secrets and strangely slightly ethereal aura even when there were weapons that seemed far better than her very ancient looking holy staff she would never put it down, she would never hit anybody with it despite it clearly being a

weapon, the other beacons only truly realized why she never attacked anybody with the spear until she stabbed Jubelx in the eye and smacking the warlock patron casting them to the stomach of a god, and acts like it's completely normal.

Hilda is a woman of many secrets,
But to be fair her son never was one of them, just nobody ever asked her to elaborate.



Caliban

Former servant of the warlock patron
Lorowen, renowned paladin of the
Moonmaiden Selûne. Partner to **Percival**.

Abomination.

A word that haunted them from the very beginning. Supposedly, it was the first thing their mother said when she gazed upon her newborn baby. That's what she had told him, anyway, as she repeated it time and time again. Despite their fiendish heritage, it was still clear to most that they were no normal tiefling. When someone didn't notice their horns, they were thought to be a Drow, sworn to the vile **Goddess Lolth**, with the crimson of their eyes and the odd gray hue to their skin. But sharp fangs, their unique pallor, and a closer inspection of their eyes showed that they were somehow something far worse.

Who knew a vampire could have children? Half mortal and half not, walking the line between life and death merely by existing. Of course they believed their mother when she called them that word, since everyone else did too. If everyone said it, it had to be true. Born a fiend. Born a monster. Born some wretched combination of both.

Scum.

People weren't kind to the poor and destitute. **Caliban** wasn't either, until they'd become one of them. While they felt no sadness upon their mother dying of some strange illness, they were struggling with their newfound homelessness. They were already at a severe disadvantage, being born as they were. As if any would take pity on a leech that craved their blood and had hellfire in their veins.

Hunger became a familiar feeling. Always painful, but eventually growing to become an uncomfortable constant. It meant, at least, they wouldn't be picky about what they ate, even knowing they'd end up sick after eating from the garbage or the sewers. It didn't matter. Food was food. It filled their aching belly and let them live another miserable day. There was surely something better than this, there had to be. Somehow, they had to find a better. They needed to change their path.

Wicked.

Young and foolish, they thought they found the answer. A way out of all of their woes. The consequence seemed so minor. Do a few deeds, pay off a debt, and earn a better life? All at the price of a soul they were told they never had anyway. It was their only option, their only hope. A hellfire half-blood dared to dream, dared to feel anything but worthless.

Look where it got them.

Growing up on the streets, they were used to petty crimes to get by. Small skirmishes with others like them in order to claim territory or protect food. Stealing gold from the pockets of passersby. Slipping in through a cracked window to nick a few necessities from shopkeepers that could afford the loss. Little things. Simple things. Very unlike what they were asked to do for Her.

She was strict in Her demands. There was so little room for **Caliban** to breathe, to think. They were a vessel of Her will, an extension of Her hand, which rested on their shoulders and caressed their cheek each time they pleased Her. Those same hands were swift to punish whenever they disappointed Her. Words sharp as blades ripped them apart, reminding them that they were nothing without Her. Powerless. Hell-blooded. Leech. They needed Her to fix them, to make them someone worth something. To make them anything at all.

Fool.

She lied. Over and over She lied to them, time and time again. Stringing them along, spinning stories, shredding their ego all so She could benefit, so She could use them. And oh, how She had used them. They did horrendous things in Her name. The magic She had granted them took the lives of so many, their final moments spent in agony, just as She had desired. Each time one fell, they could feel Her smile in the back of their mind. When they tried to look away, She bade them to turn back, to watch all that they had done.

It was all for naught. She lied, and now they were stuck with Her for the rest of their half-mortal, half-not life. So many long years would be spent under Her control due to one stupid decision they had made out of desperation. All because they wanted someone to look at them and see something other than a monster.

Was that truly so much to ask? Did they deserve no better fate than this? Awash in despair, **Caliban** could do nothing for a week besides lie still, their chest hollow. Tiefling. Vampire. Soulless. It only ever got worse. There was no hope for someone like them.

Redeemed.

Death had never come so close. At the behest of their patron, they stumbled into a

fight they couldn't hope to win. Was She trying to kill them, to claim their soul before they could find some way out of the bargain? Or was this just another way She wished to punish their transgressions? Hot blood poured out of them, the half-life within them pouring out with it. They closed their eyes, expecting to never open them again.

Metal biting metal, tearing through it. A harsh sound that forced their eyes open, where they gazed upon **a man in silver armor, glittering in the moonlight**. His sword cleaved through foe after foe, pushing past their blades and piercing their armor. Falling and fallen, one by one they went. The sound of battle quieted, silence falling over the battlefield like a warm blanket. The man approached them, a soft look in his dark eyes as his hands glowed with holy magic. He closed their wounds and pressed a canteen to their lips, waiting for them to come back from the brink.

"It seems I arrived just in time," he said to them with a voice like honey. His lips curled into a smile, and they felt more alive than they ever had before. "Come. Let me bring you somewhere safe." And he helped them limp back to his church, laying them in his meager bed. What wounds he could not heal with magic were wrapped skillfully in bandages. The blood was cleaned from their skin so tenderly, they nearly wept.

"Why?" they asked him as he went to leave for the night, "Why save me after seeing what I am?"

He turned, looking at them with an inquisitive smile. "What do you think I saw?"

"A monster. An abomination."

"Perhaps that's what you see," he said with a small chuckle, "But that's not what I see. Goodnight. May the **Moonmaiden** give you gentle dreams." He disappeared, and they were left a different person.

Beloved.

Never did **Caliban** think they'd end up a paladin. Under the tempered guidance of **Percival**, they found their way in the light of the **Moonmaiden Selûne**. Adjusting to a life of godliness and goodness took more effort than they thought it would. After spending so long in the dark, walking in the light required baby steps. But they worked hard, they took those tiny steps, and **Percival** was there to help them whenever they needed it. And they certainly needed it.



But **Percival's** faith never wavered. Not once, even as **Caliban** tried and failed time and time again. Some things weren't entirely their fault. **Percival** assured them that their need to drink from flesh was not a sin, merely a fact of their life. The hellfire in their veins could be cooled in the soft light of **Selûne**. The soul they had traded away still resided within them so long as they drew breath. They could be more than anyone ever thought they were, and they proved it time and time again as they came into their own as a paladin.

And while they were still unsure of many things, **Percival** was there to take their hand, and repeat the words that became their new mantra. "Love with reckless abandon, in all things. You never know when you won't get to love something or someone again."

Percival made it sound so easy, but then again, loving

Percy recklessly was easy too. For the very first time in **Caliban's** life, everything was easy.

Alone.

Nothing ever lasted. They had learned that early on in their life, with the loss of their

mother, the theft of their soul, the shift in their fortune that fateful moonlit night. Yet again, something was taken, but this was a loss that truly broke **Caliban's** heart.

They knew they'd outlive him, sure. He was human, after all, and their lifespan would likely go on for centuries. But they never expected it to be so soon, while they were out adventuring with their friends. Taken so cruelly. Returning to them cold. They had worked so hard, done so well, changed their entire life to become someone better. It should've been enough. Why wasn't it enough? Could they ever find atonement? Why did a good man have to die to pay for their sins? Or perhaps the Gods couldn't stand to see a freak like them be happy for very long.

There was no fairness in life. Anything that was given could be so swiftly taken.

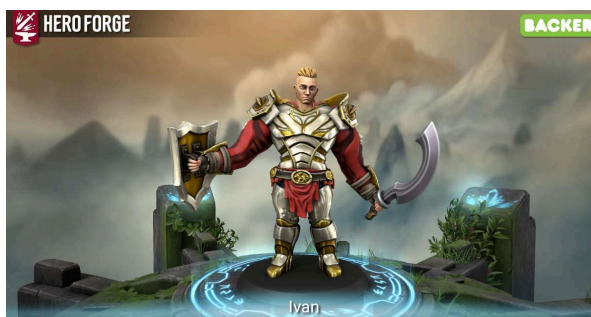
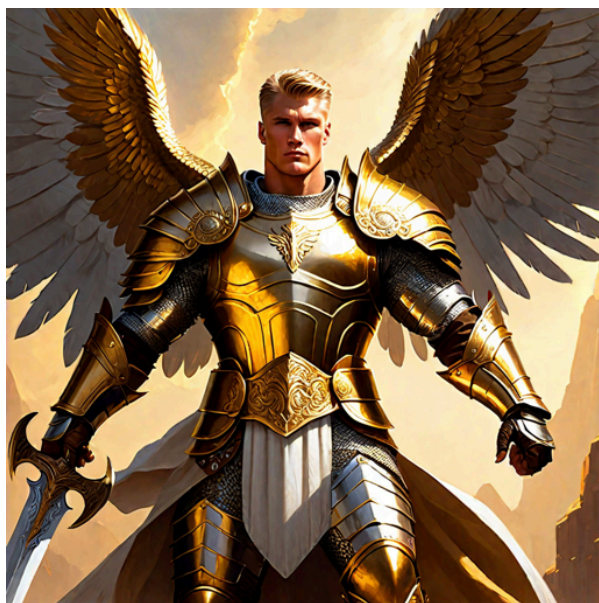
Caliban loved so recklessly, they loved with everything they had, and the loss was far greater for it. Grief gripped their heart with gnarled claws, shredding them open and leaving them raw. Every night, they looked up at the moon, asking their Lady why she had to claim him. Why did he have to go? Why, oh why, oh why?

Soft.

Time may close a wound, but it will not always take away the scar. **Caliban** was littered in them, in body and soul. Young in face but old in spirit, they found a way to keep pushing through. Time and time again, they preserved, reaching tomorrow despite the odds being stacked against them. Sitting high up in their order, respected as a person of faith and strong morals. Generous with their time and coin, giving all they could to others who struggled to find their place in the world. Those the world shunned got their undivided attention and helping hand. The people scorned by the masses were welcome with a smile and walked patiently along a better path.

Born of nothing, born of dirt and fangs and fire. No longer did they feel the need to hide, to shave their horns down to nothing or let them break, to smile with tightly closed lips. Little nubs began to curl upward, wide grins showed off their fangs. In the back of their mind, She hissed to them, calling them weak, calling them soft. But soft is exactly what they wanted to be.

Ivan



Ivan of Krakozhia

Krakozhia is a harsh country far away from civilization. The country is pressed between the **Silver Wastes** (a barren wasteland of glacier & rock that few can survive) on one side and the **Iptarim Mountains** on the other. The **Iptarim Mountains** act as a huge obstacle separating **Krakozhia** from the rest of the civilized world. This natural barrier is so massive and so perilous that an organized caravan crossing them by land hasn't been attempted in nearly a hundred years.

The “cities” of **Krakozhia** are barely more than towns by civilized standards in the rest of the world. The winters are positively arctic, even the summers are still chilly. The people of **Krakozhia** eke out a living farming hardy crops in the very short growing season, raising cattle that can survive the harsh winters, or hunting the tundras & mountains for food.

The primary religion in **Krakozhia** is the worship of the moon. Each village, town, and “city” has at least a moon shrine if not a moon temple of some sort. These moon temples are organized and coordinated by an order of moon priests (known as **Lunasts**). The seat of power for the church of the moon is in **Krakozhia's** capital “city” of **Ortun**. The Lunasts administer the central doctrine of the moon temples from a massive religious compound in **Ortun** called **Highspire**. **Highspire** is where all **Lunast** priests, paladins, and monks receive their training.

Emissaries from across the mountains magically arrived in **Krakozhia** and brought some contact to the otherwise isolated country around 25 years ago. Since then some tenuous lines of communication have been established with the rest of the world, but contact is still minimal. One recent revelation has been that the church of the moon is really just a long lost offshoot of the church of **Selûne**. The centralized church of **Selûne** has taken to calling the moon church “Krakozhian Orthodox” and has sent emissaries to help remind the Krakozhians of the proper ways to worship **Selûne**. These emissaries have also brought food and medicine to the poor and starving people of Krakozhia, so the changes are generally being met with open arms.

The “Krakozhian Orthodox” versions of several rituals are a bit off from their noble religious origins. Religious texts used in **Krakozhia** started out as religious texts for **Selûne**, but were a translated version created by a sect of wood elves who recorded everything in **Sylvan**. These were passed to a group of earth genasi who translated it to the primordial tongue. Some dwarven librarians transcribed the text into the dwarven language. Finally the first Krakozhian pilgrims translated the text from dwarven to Krakozhian. This series of translations led to the dogma and rituals of the church being slightly off from the original as words were traded out to fit into each language. Some examples of Krakozhian Orthodox being a bit odd:

Candles were in short supply so paintings of candles are used in most religious rituals. This had been the practice for so long many Krakozhians were honestly a bit uncomfortable with open flame in their churches (aside from the hearths).

Instead of blessing people they say “gesundheit” due to a translation error from primordial to dwarven.

The knowledge of how to make pipe organs and pianos was not among the skills of the Krakozhian pilgrims, however these instruments and music were heavily referenced in the religious texts. The Krakozhians musical tradition is largely song so the choir master sits in front of a “traditional” solid carved piece of wood that kind-of resembles an organ, but they just use it to hold their sheet music.

The original religious text detailing paladins, holy warriors, and the defense of the church depicted the only image of a paladin across two pages of the book. The image being spread like that caused the Krakozhians to interpret the sword as curved. Therefore all their holy defenders have used curved swords for generations out of piety.

Krakozhians commonly believe animals like pigs, chickens, and cows were people punished by the moon with a particularly pernicious form of lycanthropy for their sins. Selune made them delicious and encouraged people to eat them as punishment for their sins. There aren't many pigs/cows/chickens in Krakozhia, and they only get eaten at special feast due to their rarity. In the rest of the world they seem quite common though...

Krakozhian pilgrims didn't bring much incense for their religious rituals when they arrived.

After a generation or two, they really had no idea what it was supposed to smell like any more. The religious texts referenced using incense as the powerful smells would enhance their connection to the holy Spirit. To try and keep with the texts the **Krakozhians** used what they had available that had a powerful smell. Namely they started using dung from the hardy mountain yak. In the subsequent few hundred years metal or wooden censers with yak patties have become a ubiquitous piece of religious equipment for **Lunasts**.

Ivan's birth was a thing of great wonder and mystery. The legend goes that he was gifted to his father by the moon herself. His father (**Dmitri**) a pious high priest of **Highspire** (the most important moon temple in all of **Krakozhia**). His father had sworn a vow of celibacy and had never lain with another, so Ivan's birth was an immaculate gift from God. **Dmitri** was able to have a child while still remaining a virgin, and because of this **Dmitri** became known as the **Virgin Father**. **Ivan** does look like his father, but he also bears a striking resemblance to a very large female priest named **Olga** at one of the smaller Krakozhian moon temples. Ivan only recalls meeting **Olga** in passing, but the similarities to this female Aasimar priest were uncanny...

Ivan was raised within the **Krakozhian** moon temple, attending religious schooling and being trained since birth to be the church's champion and defender. Because of the constant threats **Krakozhia** faces from invading hordes of Malmyrdons this training was extremely

brutal and harsh. Even as a young boy **Ivan** was put into combat, beaten & bloodied, only to be healed, restored, and enhanced with magic time and time again. This cycle repeated daily for him, getting beaten within an inch of his life only to be healed or even resurrected as needed so he could fight another day. The people who watched over him fed him alchemical and divine magically enhanced foods to insure he grew as strong and as powerful as possible. At a young age he was given an amulet of health to compensate for early issues being a sickly child. The addition of this powerful magic item early in his development surely affected his natural development. If **Ivan** were to ever take this amulet off he would be very weak as his body now depends on the magic. Even to this day **Ivan** imports a special alchemical concoction from **Krakozhia** in huge jars of powder that he consumes every single day. He has done this since he was a young boy and would be very upset if he had to stop. Because of all the training, the fighting, the exercising, the alchemical, and divine enhancement Ivan has become a huge mountain of a man, towering over others with his massive height, enormous musculature, and incredible stature.

Krakozhia is far away from the setting of this campaign, so it's unlikely that we'd go there. Due to his years of exploits as the country's champion Ivan is regarded as a hero in **Krakozhia**. He would be recognized frequently in most of the Krakozhian towns and villages as a bit of a celebrity. However, **Ivan** is barely known in the rest of the civilized world. He's regarded as a bit of an oddity (background: far traveler) in the campaign setting. He's very much a fish out of water as the practices and customs of the **Krakozhians** are very different from those in **Murktide** and **Capstone**.

While **Ivan** defended the **Krakozhians** and their moon temples for many years, several large cataclysmic events resulted in his talents being needed elsewhere in the world. A series of dire circumstances resulted in Ivan being drafted into the adventuring group known as [The Beacons]. On numerous occasions **Ivan** has taken missions from the larger church of **Selûne** as the world needed his strength to end terrible crises. Additionally The Beacons are frequently called upon to aid people in times of great need (or if some supervillain needs his teeth kicked in).

Ivan is not terribly bright. Most of his life has been spent fighting, so that's where most of his expertise lies. Many mundane things confuse him, but he plows on with whatever he thinks is best. He is confident to the point of arrogance in most things, but will listen to reason if it comes from someone he respects.

Ivan was raised from infancy to fight. This led to him not really having much of a childhood. He never got to just be a kid and as a result there is still an unrealized child within him (think somewhere along the lines of adult Michael Jackson without the sexual stuff). Ivan understands his role is to present a certain image, but behind closed doors he pines for childhood experiences that he never got. If someone were to investigate his room they would find an impressive collection of articulated dolls (they are action figures, damnit!). Ivan enjoys harmless pranks (although what is considered harmless in Krakozhia might be a bit severe to some...). Given the opportunity childlike wonder will probably show up at some point over mundane things Ivan would find fun.

Ivan drinks and curses frequently as these are a normal part of everyday life in **Krakozhia**. Only recently have the priests from the civilized world been explaining that cursing is frowned upon. Ivan is still trying to master what words are and are not curse words.

One of the missions undertaken by The Beacons several years ago was to recover the **The Limitless Codex** from the **Witch King Kalaak**. Due to Ivans innate resistance to the artifact it was decided that he would be best suited to keep it from evil's grasp. **Ivan** was placed in charge of **Crimson Moon Keep**, a well defended stronghold staffed and inhabited as a monastery to **Selûne**. One of the primary duties of this fortified monastery is to defend the Codex. **Ivan** also trains new paladins and warriors in the Krakozhian martial arts at this keep.

In **Krakozhia** Ivan is renowned as the strongest warrior and the mightiest paladin in the land. Now that he has joined the larger world he is further down the food chain. He respects Cal as a friend and a mentor, he frequently has questions about the "proper" way to do things as people seem a bit offput by the **Krakozhians** way of doing things. He speaks high praise of Lonnal's skills with a blade or a spell.

Gadri

Gadri Quilldwadle, Protector of the **Whistling Woods**, ex-professor of the **Glimmerford Academy** is a forest gnome abjuration wizard.

Gadri grew up in **Dewpoint**, one of several small rural villages on the outskirts of **Glimmerford**. He was identified by the village elder early in his childhood as someone with great arcane potential and a keen intellect, so his family and, in fact, the entire community sponsored his admission into the Academy for arcane study, where he graduated with top honors.



He spent much of his early years after graduating from the **Glimmerford Academy** adventuring. After several years, he returned to **Glimmerford** with much treasure and arcane lore and was appointed a professor at the magic school. He spent the next few decades teaching and mastering his own arcane abilities at the Academy and took this time off from adventuring.

For reasons **Gadri** has never mentioned, but something that **Lonnal** would know if he looked into it, **Gadri** was expelled from the **Academy** and his tenure as professor came to an abrupt end. Shortly after this event, he resumed his adventuring career and began working on plans for a wizard's tower with the help of **Veledan**, a Druid and old adventuring friend. It took many years to accumulate the resources to begin construction. When the threat in the **Whistling Woods** was defeated, **Gadri** decided to build his tower there. Now completed, he rarely leaves the tower, unless he is called to action to stop a threat deemed too dangerous for any but **The Beacons** to handle

Leitra



Leitra is a vivacious tiefling Circle of Spores druid. She shares much with the folk she comes in contact with, sometimes taking more than they bargained for and sometimes leaving much of value. She became an essential part of The Beacons when they struggled against the **Witch King Kalak** and needed a way to stand against his eldritch mind control. Leitra provided the gumption and spores to overcome the Lich's mind control and bring her comrades back to life.

Log

Over four days, **The Beacons**, a group of mighty adventurers from the continent of **Civorea** dealt with the threat of an attack from the 222nd layer of the Abyss as **Juiblex**, the faceless lord emerged to wreak havoc passing through a weakened portal long forgotten.

On the first day, **The Beacons** arrived at the underground city of **Capstone** just in time to see it being torn apart by **Cinderbreath**, an ancient red dragon that the heroes had managed to turn away almost a decade before. In a great struggle, they were able to defeat the dragon and her corrupted spawn before she was able to dig out and consume the **Zenithforge**. Their heroism saved the lives of thousands and kept **Capstone** from being wiped off the face of Aperta-Mundi. An investigation reveals that **Cinderbreath's** mind was destroyed from within, which explains why she was unable to cast spells to defend herself as she had in the past.



The second day, they are awakened by a surprise attack by three assassins. **Caliban's** previous patron **Lorowen** has sent a team of former colleagues to kill the Dhampir. The artifacts that **Lonnell** and **Gadri** have that originate from the **Feywild** seem to be "sweating" blood. They would later realize that this was because of a civil war between the four courts of the **Feywild**. **The Beacons** travel to **Glimmerford** to investigate the portal that opened. A flow of brackish ichor flows freely from the hole in time and space into the Shimmer River polluting the water supply of **Glimmerford**. As the heroes investigate, they are attacked from below by none other than the demon worm **Yahtzak**. With the help of

Veledan's restorative magic, **The Beacons** manage to defeat the worm but not before witnessing an alien [Mi-Go](#) helping the worm in the fight, trying to stop them from addressing the yawning portal. With the tide of ichor from the 222nd layer of the abyss still flooding into the Material Plane, the Beacons decide to temporarily plug the interplanar portal with **Yahtzak's** lifeless corpse.

After a brief rest, the Beacons were joined by **Ara Elamyer**, **Lonnell's** dear friend and teacher to liberate the **Glimmerford Academy** from the assault of the demonic flow on the third day. Together she and The Beacons followed the flow of slime and acid from the yawning portal down into the bowels of the Academy. They fought a struggle just outside of the academy's tower as well as a huge set piece battle against the demonic General Hugrukk who defended the academy's portals across the destroyed bridge that crosses the bottomless pit within the school. During the fight, **Caliban's** former patron reveals herself to be the alien **Mi-Go** sorcerer they encountered before. **Lorowen** stabs **Caliban** through the heart, fulfilling the paladin's wishes to become a mortal and take away his vampirism. With the terms of the deal fulfilled, **Lorowen** expects that **Caliban** will secure the remains of **Zuggtmoy** for her rather than allowing **Jubilex** or another party to have that potential power. Finally, as the heroes victoriously cross the bottomless pit and enter the portal room, they see the faceless lord and learn that **Ara** was the mastermind behind the demon lord's escape all along.

No one else knew that **Lonnell** was just a thief, who was caught doing a crime in a particular place. He was a fortunate tool. **Ara Elamyer** was once herself a thief growing up in the **Feywild**. She still holds a huge grudge against the powers that be in the **Feywild** for imprisoning her in her younger years. She fled the **Feywild** in disgrace, only to become one of the most powerful mages in all of **Civorea**. She has been plotting to bring the Demon Lord **Jubilex** to the **Feywild** to maim and destroy all those who wronged her. She's actually very vindictive and manipulative. Ara has just recently returned from her adventures in the **Feywild** to join **The Beacons** in their fight against a demon incursion led by **Jubilex** the Faceless. Little do they know that **Ara** created the incursion by removing **Jubilex's** demonic rival **Zuggtmoy** and pushing open the portal to the abyss **Gadri** was so worried about. However, **Jubilex** doesn't understand or care

about **Ara's** plan. All he knows is that if he can get to the heavy-duty portals in the basement of the **Glimmerford Academy** he can get to the **Feywild** to consume his weakened rival **Zuggtmoy**. **The Beacons** attack on the demonic forces around the **Glimmerford Academy** helped **Ara** get to the portals in order to lead the Faceless Lord directly to the Feywild. As she ducked into the portal to the **Feywild** to watch her plan come to fruition, **Ara** confronted **Lonnel** and the other **Beacons** with her motto: "Don't ever let 'em bring you down."

By the dawn of the fourth day, things had changed. The heroes had much at stake as they prepared to challenge the demon lord **Jubilex** within the **Feywild**. **Lonnel** feels responsible for the wrongdoings of his mentor. **Ivan** quietly copes with his own divinity. **Gadri** works diligently to keep what is his from being destroyed. **Hilda** struggles against the neverending gravity of her adopted son's hunger. **Caliban** is in debt to **Lorowen**, the alien Mi-Go patron who has somehow taken **Percival's** soul as her own. As the session opens, **Leitra** returns from an astral journey where she identifies the reasons behind **Zuggtomy's** disappearance and how it factors into **Ara Elamyar's** ultimate plan to destroy the **Feywild**.



The Beacons traveled to the Feywild where they met the Great hero **Kearen Leonhart**. Along with his servants **Bartleby** and **Bertrum** who call their master "**Bruce**" to protect his anonymity, are waiting in a clearing for a powerful sign to help them defeat the rampaging demon lord **Jubilex**. There is some confusion as **Bartleby** was convinced that they were to meet actual "beacons" of light, while **Bertrum** was sure that there was something altogether awesome that was going to occur. Together, **The Beacons** joined with **Bruce** and his servants to seek out the **Cavern of Eternity** where they were sure that the remains of **Zuggtomy** were located. When they arrived, they were challenged by the braggart **Lord of Horns**, a Feywild heel who thirsted for Bruce's blood. This set off a chain of events that conclude our tale.

Leitra discovers the **Crown of Zuggtomy** and consumes it, absorbing the powers of the demon prince of rot and becoming a young demigod herself. **Juiblex** appears, able to locate the heroes despite the power of the cavern to shield the contents from scrying. The demon lord engulfs the **Lord of Horns** and consumes his memories and personality, dining on his very soul. The wet faceless lord spits the broken and empty corpse of the **Lord of Horns** out, and the battle is joined. The fight goes well for the **Beacons**. **Kearen Leonhart** confronts the demon lord up close while the others attack using hit and run tactics. **Juiblex** is unable to imprison or consume any others because of the group's superior preparation and teamwork. The Mi-Go **Lorowen** appears, angered that her drudge **Caliban** dares to betray her. **Caliban** dismisses his warlock pact and instead relies on his faith to slay the alien being who caused him so much strife. As she falls, **Caliban** hears a familiar voice. He realizes that the alien box hanging from the Mi-Go's neck holds the soul of **Caliban's** long lost love, **Percival**. **Juiblex** is defeated, but not slain. In order to keep the demon lord from re-constituting himself and attacking again, Hilda uses her magic spear to open a large opening to the **Swamp of Oblivion**. A sinister being that looks like a mask drags the faceless lord into the **Swamp of Oblivion**. Despite all the damage done, much of the **Feywild** and **Civorea** has been spared. **The Beacons** are victorious!



Epilog

Following the events of **Juiblex's** incursion, **The Beacons** were tasked with the chore of finding a way to close the portal to the **Abyss**. Using **Leitra's** newfound powers as the **Maiden of Rot**, **Gadri** crafts a special ritual involving many of the local wizards and priests of the **Glimmerford** area. Unfortunately, the cultists of **Yahtzak** infiltrated this process, bent on vengeance as their worm emperor was used as the original temporary plug to shut the portal to the demonic swamp. The rift in time and space still occasionally leaks, gradually turning the city of **Glimmerford** into a ghost town. By the **Common Age of Aperta-Mundi** the academy has moved and the site of the abandoned city is circled with stone obelisks warning of the dangers of the Abyssal flow and abandoned wizard's academy. Realizing that the portal was suboptimal, Ivan built a fortress built on the site named the **Abyssal Bastion**, which fights a raging battle against a flood of demons every 222 years.

Caliban

Gadri is able to clone Percival, allowing Caliban to restore his love. The two are married within the year, and all are invited. Even Lonnel and Leitra make an appearance



Caliban and Percival continue to run **The Silver Heart** together, making it into a proper safe haven for those in need rather than a struggling halfway house. They expand beyond it, working hard to clean up **Murktide** and make it a better place to live. With help from the church and **The Beacons** - when they have a moment between fixing the much grander problems of the world - the couple establish public programs, advocate for the disenfranchised, and try to prevent crime by giving people better opportunities, hoping to reduce the desperation and hopelessness that caused people to turn things like crime and cults in the first place. Their pride and joy, however, is **The Heartsong Orphanage**, where the two personally help to raise children. Caliban was thrilled to write a letter to Lonnel about that one. They keep in touch with the others, but shift their focus to little things for the little people. That doesn't mean they aren't down for an adventure or three though, and they do all they can to make every day special. Oh, and of course, they finally got hitched. The party was wild, made all the better by **Caliban's** very best friends all being there to celebrate. They've never been happier.

Leitra

Now an eternal demigod from consuming the **Crown of Zuggtomy**, **Leitra** wanders for a few centuries before settling down amongst the **Fungus Forest** of Civorea. Her reputation as the

Maiden of Rot spawns stories and songs that the bards sing throughout the world of Aperta-Mundi. She makes the occasional appearance away from her mushroom groves, but for the most part she turns away any followers or suitors to become one with the universe.

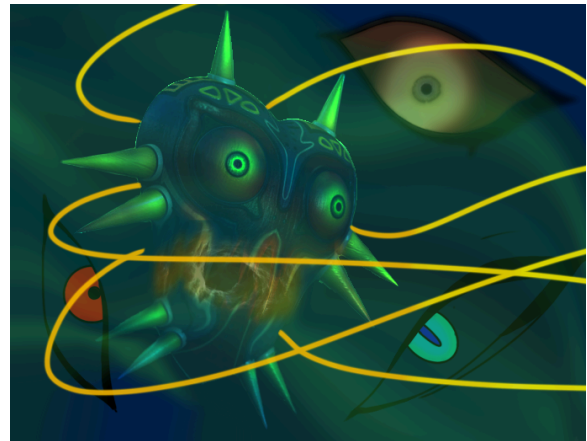
Gadri

Gadri retires to the Whistling Wood, where he awaits further adventure along with **Veledan** until his last days.

Hilda

The terrifying mask-being that lives within the **Swamp of Oblivion** relishes in **Juiblex's** hate and raging impotence. It drinks in the malice of the demon lord like mother's milk. Maybe one day, it will decide to release its plaything **Juiblex**. Until then, every day is a great day for torturing the faceless lord.

Hilda returns to guarding the **Swamp of Oblivion** and "feeding" her son when she can.



Ivan

Over the years, **Ivan** has managed to make friends with many of the giant eagles of the mountain range he once crossed to reach **Capstone**. These majestic birds have become commonplace on the continent of **Civorea**. **Krakozhia** has gentrified and become a capitol of art and literature, completely different from the backwater it once was.

As an eternal being, **Ivan** still lives in **Civorea** even into the **Common Age of Aperta-Mundi**. His steadfast dedication to the **Crimson Moon Keep** and the **Abyssal Bastion** occupy most of his thoughts these thousands of years. As centuries grew into eons, **Ivan** has thought of leaving the mortal realm and joining his mother finally in the heavens. However, then something seems off and the powerful paladin must once again rally to set it right.

Kearen Leonhart aka Bruce

Following his fight with **Juiblex**, **Kearen's** memories and personality were permanently warped. From that moment on, the great hero of the Feywild had a different personality, and suffered from occasional memory loss.

Lonnel

Somewhere in the Planes
Five years after the Jubilex Crisis

The elf tilted her head as she heard the soft footpads of the Harengon from behind.

"You almost caught me at the Glimmering Citadel, you know," she said as a greeting. It had been months since they last had a quiet word.

Lannel sighed, "I know." The haregon blademaker somehow looked both older and younger than he'd been in years, possibly a side effect of traveling the Planes hunting his prey. "You got away with your prize this time though. That Crystalline Chronicle should fetch quite a sum in the right place."

Ara laughed. "Oh, don't be so sour Lannel. You stopped me going after the Tome of Davion Rose the other year... What was your friend's name again? Igor?"

"Ivan."

"Yes, Ivan. That brute broke several of my ribs, I was out in hiding for weeks recovering."

"Yes, but you slithered away again. I should have known you'd double back to the Academy." Lannel rubbed his temples. He hadn't had a good sleep in weeks? Months? He could barely tell anymore. His life had been consumed by picking up leads and setting traps across the Planes and he'd barely had a word with another being in weeks.

Ara scoffed, "Slither is a bit strong. You were sloppy, my student. You should have called Gadri."

"I didn't want to drag Gadri, Hilda, or any of the others into one of your schemes. The only reason Ivan got a chance at you was because you tried to make a run at Crimson Moon Keep. Besides, you're my responsibility to bring in."

Ara turned and posed, arms outstretched. "Well, I'm here now. Is this the final time we cross blades?"

Lannel sighed again, deeper this time. "I'm not stupid," he said as he grabbed a stone from under his feet. He gently threw the stone right through Ara. Her projection stuttered momentarily. "You'd not have cornered yourself on an overlook without a plan."

"I know. But honestly, this view is perfect," Ara said, gesturing at the open sky of the Astral Plane behind them. "Almost makes this game of cat and mouse worth it, no?"

Lonnal snapped, "No." But as he looked out over the glittering vista, each star in the sky another galaxy, his gaze softened. "But it is nice."

"Admit it, you'd rather be going on adventures and chasing your old mentor across the Planes than teach at that stuffy old Academy. You took on a protege of your own, didn't you?"

"I did," Lonnal grumbled. He was starting to tire of Ara needling him.

"And now you've abandoned them. Just like I left you behind. The student becomes the master."

"That is *not* the same. People have died in some of your heists. And let's not forget Jubilex," Lonnal growled. Reflexively, his hand moved to the hilt of Lightluck, even though it was a wasted effort.

Ara's eyes flashed in anger. "And *that* is not the same either, my student. Revenge is a dish best served steaming hot, acidic, and covered in eyes. And besides, you and your 'Beacons' handled it flawlessly. Well, as flawlessly as they could with your comrade getting swallowed whole, and your friend becoming some kind of god-avatar of rot and fungus."

"Leitra," Lonnal sighed. It felt like a century had passed since his adventures with the Beacons. He'd barely set foot on the Material Plane since Cal's wedding. "I still don't quite know what that was, but it certainly helped us defeat Jubliex."

"And how is your little protege? Lou, right?"

"They're fine. They've taken up a teaching position at the Academy."

"Time truly is a flat circle isn't it?" Ara laughed, a bit too viciously.

"Perhaps." Lonnal leaned back against a rock, gazing at the galaxies in the sky. Neither spoke for some time. "So, where are you off to pillage and plunder this time?"

"I was thinking somewhere a bit more glamorous. I've heard of a city built on a spire at the center of the universe, with doors to every other plane of existence. Perhaps it's a great place to start some new venture."

"Well, you know I'll be following as fast as I can."

"Indeed." Ara rolled her eyes. She began to dispel her projection, before stopping.

"Lonnal?"

"Yes, Ara?" The Harengon replied, sounding as weary as ever.

"Why do you do it?"

"What?"

"Try to stop me. I saw you from across the battlefield in Avernus, when I raided that devil's mansion with the Brothers of the Satin Fist. You could have disintegrated me with a word, but you let me go. Why? Why keep this going? Are we just supposed to do this forever now?"

Lonnell closed his eyes. "Ara, I don't think you'd understand."

"Try me," the elven archmage scoffed.

"It requires you to think of someone other than yourself, so no, I don't think it's possible." That one hurt. Even if it was true. Ara bit back a retort and looked away.

After an instant, the moment was gone. Ara spoke glibly, "For old times sake. I could have killed you before I led Jubliex into the Feywild, you know."

Lonnell sighed as he stood up, and waited a moment as he pondered his words. "Fine. Growing up, my whole life, I was alone. My only 'friends' liked me because I was a good thief. I had no purpose, no values, I just... lived. Barely."

He started to get louder, "But then, I tried to rob a wizard. And that wizard saw in me something no one ever did. She gave me a purpose. A life. A reason to hold a blade, and a reason to live."

"I didn't..."

Lonnell scowled and continued, "But then, you *left*. And it wasn't even for some noble purpose of knowledge, you left to *rob the fucking Feywild* and got caught. A decade, I was alone. I thought I knew loneliness as a child, but I'd never imagined loneliness as bitter as having been abandoned by the one person I trusted."

"Lonnell, I never..."

"It doesn't matter. What's done is done, and again I have a purpose, and a life, and a reason to hold this blade," he said, showing Lightluck's hilt from his robe. "And now, I guess in some way..."

"I'm not alone anymore."

Lonnel disappeared shortly after the defeat of Juiblex, intent on pursuing his former mentor and stopping her life of interplanar crime before more are harmed. While he does show up occasionally in the world of Aperta-Mundi (he would die before he missed Caliban's wedding of course), his last known base of operations was Sigil, the "City of Secrets" at the nexus of the planes, using the many doors to chase Ara and foil her heists (or at least, try).