

# Almanac



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## 1. Prologue

Everwood is a beautiful and amazing world. A world of endless evergreen forests and colossal mountains whose snow-white peaks touch the misty heights. A world of crystal-clear lakes, warm sunshine, and the purest starry sky. A world whose pristine beauty, once seen, you will love forever and never forget. It was Everwood that, by the will of the Demiurges, sheltered a great many living creatures – crawling, running, flying – who live and thrive in peace and tranquility.

If you look around, the nature here is diverse, though at first glance it might seem that the endless green of the forests differs only in coniferous and deciduous trees. This is far from the truth. Under the fragrant crowns of ancient trees grow large and small plants of unseen beauty, many of which bear juicy and nutritious fruits. Any hunter rejoices at the abundance of diverse game and wild animals living in these forests. Not to mention the lakes, as pure as mountain crystal, which are scattered like droplets by the hands of the Demiurges across Everwood's green expanses. In the few seas whose salty waters wash the continental shores, countless varieties of fish teem, and the sparse mountain ranges are so high that their peaks are eternally covered in unmelting snow.

For many centuries, the inhabitants of Everwood never ceased to admire all these gifts and beauties, developing their own cultures and founding ancient kingdoms. Their ideology was creation, as well as harmony with nature and the surrounding world. They were loyal to all races, open to various sciences, and strived for development. Over time, all these kingdoms reunited into a single Empire of Two Faces, marking this event as the era of Everwood's flourishing.

The history of the Empire of Two Faces lasted for many centuries, but the Wars of the Schism and the subsequent Unknown Calamity, which at that time defiled many lands of Everwood, destroyed it. In the maw of the apocalyptic Great Battle, the ancient civilization fell, marking the beginning of a new reckoning. At the cost of sacrifices the Unknown Calamity was halted.

Long years of recovery followed. Years gave way to centuries of creation. Centuries transformed into an era of revival. And Everwood blossomed anew! On the ruins of the ancient Empire, numerous kingdoms and city-states emerged. But not all of them were driven by the ideas of creation and harmony with nature. Kazor, one of Everwood's western kingdoms, unexpectedly began attacking its neighbors, seizing their territories and destroying peace and stability. Abandoning faith, Kazor destroyed temples, proclaiming technocracy and the Transform as both tool and goal. Ancient constructs, once defiled by the Unknown Calamity, were considered the greatest heritage of their ancestors by Kazor's society, and the renunciation of gods led to an infatuation with technomagic. The deeper Kazor's technocracy delved into its research, the crazier ideas it spawned and the more devastating wars it waged became.

But Kazor's ambitions were not destined to come to pass. The largest alliance of eastern kingdoms since the Empire of Two Faces united their forces and stopped the enemy. With great difficulty, crushing Kazor's hordes, the alliance eventually destroyed its capital. Since then, Kazor's destruction has been named the Doom of the Outcast, and the lands where it was located are still considered defiled to this day.

## 2. First episode

*735th year. Kingdom of Feliz. Western Ashmark Province. New Settlement.  
Guild Master, Marcus Wright.*

...When I mentally revisit the events that led us, the first Defenders, to the border of Gloomwood, to the area where the Kazor invasion was stopped hundreds of years ago, the realization comes that even the bleakest assumptions about its legacy turned out to be true.

It's clear that these lands were marked by the deeds of those endowed with truly great power, yet possessed a mind equally evil and alien to us. This is evident from the remains of constructs, sarcophagi, and other artifacts, which, by their very presence, poison the earth's depths, the air, and plants, posing a danger to all living things. There's only one word for this: Filth.

In attempts to resettle Kazor's once fertile lands and exploit its rich resources, the allied kingdoms sent numerous military expeditions. But good intentions gave way to greed. Again, the cursed Kazor became the cause of bloodshed and discord among former allies. The filthed lands could not be reclaimed, but riches flowed out of them like a river. Along with them, technomagic artifacts began to spread throughout Everwood.

Soon, the Filth broke beyond its borders, managing to poison the minds of many Everwood inhabitants. Only a step away from complete chaos, the situation was brought under control. Subsequently, that period was called the Great Purge. During it, a new faith in the One and Only spread, becoming the leading force in the fight against the Filth and its spawn.

In recent years, although border skirmishes between states haven't ceased, each of them has begun to build fortifications along the frontiers of the corrupted lands to thwart attempts to spread this evil. And here, on the border with Gloomwood, the King of Feliz was forced to establish another fortified New Settlement several years ago. Although the province often lost contact with small villages whose inhabitants disappeared without a trace or fled, unable to defend themselves, the New Settlement managed to withstand the onslaught of the filthed creatures of Gloomwood.

Defenders—that's what the inhabitants of Feliz called those volunteers who swore to serve peace and order, dedicating all their efforts to fighting the Filth. Arriving here, in the New Settlement, defenders seek to establish themselves, so their first destination is often the **Guild**. It unites everyone who seeks knowledge in magical arts, ritualism, healing, and self-defense. The Guild is subordinate to the crown, and its leadership is carried out by the High Council, traditionally located in the capital. Guild servants are called Masters. All Masters are stern, battle-hardened veterans who are strict in their service, highly valuing discipline and subordination.

Addressing the Masters with respect can earn their special favor and lead to important assignments.

The second place worth visiting is the **Tavern**. There you can find out the latest news, make initial acquaintances, and find groups heading into Gloomwood for reconnaissance. One should be careful in choosing assistants, as not all of them are as helpful in combat as they claim. But don't hesitate to approach the locals, chat, and ask questions. They are quite welcoming to greenhorn fighters and often approach them with small errands.

And of course, those who wander through the dangerous Gloomwood might encounter the **Forest Hermit**. According to some rumors, he's a mysterious old man, one of the First Defenders who voluntarily chose to become a hermit and swore to return to the settlement only when he learns the secret of the Filth. According to other rumors, he's an old and eccentric, but once very promising sorcerer. But I believe these are just illusions of those who have inhaled the poisonous fumes of Gloomwood, and trusting these tales is like listening to a child...

### 3. Second episode

*739th year. Kingdom of Feliz. Western Ashmark Province. New Settlement.  
Guild Master, Vidomina Spellman.*

...Much hardship has been endured by the western lands of Everwood over these centuries. Much has changed in the essence of this world and its inhabitants. Where once endless carpets of green forests stretched, now only fire-scarred white skeletons of trees remain. Hundreds of lakes, that once sparkled and played in the light of the sun and moon with myriad crystal droplets, now blacken as poisoned stains on the earth's surface. Countless forest beasts have perished in the depths of impassable, filthy territories. And those who attempted to resettle Gloomwood increasingly resembled their brethren from other races less and less. Their entire nature underwent a Transform and became subservient to the dark, destructive essence of the masters who have been rotting and decaying for centuries in ruined factory-crypts. They are driven by an insurmountable malice towards the living, flourishing, and magic-filled Everwood.

For hundreds of years, after the fall of Kazor and the Doom of the Outcast, I observed the re-spreading Filth and tried with all my might to find the thin threads that entangled Everwood with pockets of infection. I participated in the Great Purge and always held out hope that if luck didn't smile upon me, someone would surely emerge who could expose the source of evil. This hope led me here.

The New Settlement has, since its founding, contained the growing threat from the filthy lands. How many of my friends, voluntary defenders, whose faces I will remember for centuries, have died here? Countless. In the year 735, the local magical barrier, cast by my teacher Cosimo Pentacle, which prevented artifacts from leaving Gloomwood's border, fell. Cosimo died in my arms, giving his own life for that spell. The Filth began to actively penetrate the province and beyond its borders. Then, the ingenious blacksmith Clavius Smith, thanks to data on constructs gathered by the defenders, assembled a unique device that blocked their activity. Therefore, the largest expedition of defenders into the depths of Gloomwood in the history of the New

Settlement was organized, which also included missionaries from the church of the One and Only, Ashmark mercenaries, and members of the Order of the Dragon.

The expedition accomplished its mission, successfully using Clavius invention multiple times. But a series of betrayals among the defenders themselves, and then the disappearance of several heroes, including Clavius, put an end to the successes achieved in the campaign. Few returned to the New Settlement, and the blacksmith's invention was stolen by Filth accomplices.

As soon as news of the discovery spread, the Settlement began to be reinforced with new defenders. By order of the bishop of the church of the One and Only, a camp for the Order of Saint Rodion was established near the New Settlement, and the Order of the Dragon founded a Watch Outpost on the other side of Black Lake to control supply routes. But the Filth was not dormant either. Waves of abominations began to roll into Ashmark one after another, destroying defense lines and approaching the New Settlement. For now, combined efforts are managing to protect the Caravans that deliver resources and provisions to the New Settlement. Only this allows the defenders to hold their positions and accumulate new knowledge about the Filth and its weaknesses.

#### **4. Third episode**

*779th year. Kingdom of Feliz. Western Ashmark Province. Fort Adrian.  
Guild Master, Vidomina Spellman.*

...Sometimes, in my dreams, the past returns. Sometimes it's events that happened hundreds of years ago. And sometimes it's recent, just a few decades past. And yesterday, I was there again...

I walk through the ruined barricade at the gates. I see the walls of burning buildings. I see my beloved Tavern, "The Dirty Beauty," as it was called then. I see the Guild's roof, collapsed from a shell. Screams echo from within... But I move on, towards Mulandir's Bank. Around the corner, in the square, I see myself and about a dozen other defenders who haven't laid down their weapons, continuing the fight against the approaching cadavers. I see several filthy ones. It seems they are technomages... Among them, a laughing Valentine...

I turn sharply. Where the barricade once stood, a group of riders in gleaming armor is already bursting in. Their horses wear black and white checkered harness. The Feliz crest unfurls on blood-stained cloaks. Can it be? Has the prince brought reinforcements?! Ah, no... He died the day before... I hear Valentine's sharp, menacing cry and...

And once again, the ceiling of my department building. My eyes stare straight into the crack between poorly fitted boards. My hand grips the dagger under my pillow till it aches... I must have woken up. I always wake up at that moment... Perhaps it's for the best. Time to get ready for duty.



Forty years have passed since that day. Is that a long time for a dark elf living into her third century? I think so, yes. And too painful. Forty years since the New Settlement ceased to exist. Forty years since Fort Adrian was erected on its ashes. And forty years in a kingdom where the royal dynasty has fallen.

Since that day, Feliz has endured a series of usurpers and coups. Currently, King Flavian II the Grey officially rules the state, and his throne knows no stability. Enemies try to overthrow him from within, and neighbors from without. For the second year, the mountain kingdom of Kruph has been trying to tear Ashmark away from Feliz, flooding it with spies and smugglers under the pretext of aid and better control over Gloomwood. Meanwhile, the former capital has long belonged to Karmora, who so opportunely lent support to Feliz, while also seizing a dozen neighboring fortresses. Such examples are contagious. The only stroke of luck is that Fort Adrian was assigned a strong garrison with a prefect who skillfully maintains Feliz's authority and repels neighbors desires to obtain such an important trophy.

The fort is an important part of the defensive line around the perimeter of Gloomwood. The Kingdom of Feliz controls two other similar forts, while the rest are managed by Kruph, Karmora, and Casa Del Solteira. Not far from Fort Adrian, there is also a military training camp where I teach in the Department of Magic and Healing. A Department of Martial Arts, temporarily relocated from the capital, is also open here. We train militia to fight the Filth, but it's clear this knowledge is no longer sufficient. Increasingly, we have to contend with saboteurs, spies, and cultists.

Oh yes... They recently opened an Taven at the fort. I haven't been there yet, but I hope to go soon. I've long wanted to soothe my soul with some ale, so tormented by memories... And to hear news from the outside world, of course, how can I live without it? Maybe with the music of the minstrels, I'll find peace again...

## **6. Descriptions**

### **The Adventurers' Guild.**

Fort Adrian is by no means a quiet haven. It's a border of constant hostilities, a frontline. But precisely because of this, life here is always bustling, and activity never ceases. The Fort became especially crowded once the military training camp was established nearby. Refugees and peasants from nearby villages began arriving more frequently, seeking shelter. For merchants, this place became a hub for trade in consumables and even illegal goods from Gloomwood. Travelers from distant lands seek adventure here. Mercenaries and adventurers look for work. Sometimes deserters, veterans, and active Feliz army soldiers wander in. Many stay and rejoin service — there are never enough fighters.

All this diverse and heterogeneous mass often makes noise in The Chubby Boar, the local tavern. They passionately discuss recent events, telling each other stories of adventures in Gloomywood. Some linger near the Adventurers' Guild, awaiting new assignments. Others visit

the Town Hall and speak with the Prefect, hoping to enlist or simply to send letters to relatives. The most restless among them participate in arena tournaments, rumored to be utterly without rules, between expeditions into Gloomwood.

### **The Keepers.**

Under the guise of the Guild, there exists a small society known to a select few as "The Keepers." This is not a brotherhood of warriors nor a cult in the traditional sense, but rather a dispersed network of independent adventurers and researchers, united by a common philosophy: knowledge is the ultimate power, and truth is the sharpest steel. The Keepers have no single leader and use their affiliation with the Guild as a cover. Their core conviction is that no authority should spread lies or act based on falsehoods. Therefore, their goal is to seek truth and combat all disinformation.

The Keepers emerged in the first decades after the Doom of the Forsaken, when the world was steeped in chaos and misinformation. Many of their first members were surviving archivists from libraries, scholars, alchemists, and chroniclers who, seeing how lies and ignorance exacerbated the spread of Filth and ignited conflicts, decided to act. They sent letters to every corner of Everwood, spoke eloquently in city squares about past events, and strove with all their might to convey the true state of affairs to the populations of the kingdoms.

Their paths crossed particularly closely with the Kingdom of Felis during the Great Purge. The Keepers secretly supplied the Crown and missionaries of the Church of the One and Only with valuable, though sometimes inconvenient, information about corruption among the defenders and betrayals that, in particular, led to the fall of the magical barrier in Ashmark. It was they who, perhaps through anonymous reports, hinted at the true reasons for the disappearance of Clavius Smith, the genius smith of the New Settlement, and the theft of his invention.

Currently, the Keepers' task is to find the Secret Archive of the New Settlement's defenders, which was lost in Ashmark many decades ago. Rumor has it that this Archive contains a vast amount of official documents compiled by the defenders about members of the Order of St. Radion, the Immortalist Prophet, Dragon Knights, as well as crucial events that led to the destruction of the New Settlement.

### **The Feliz Army.**

The Fort Adrian garrison, consisting mainly of local soldiers from the Ashmark province, is quite combat-ready and cohesive. The Fort has long become a second home for them, and they intend to defend it to the end. However, in conditions of constant shortages of personnel, equipment, consumables, and delayed pay, their morale has become quite stern.

Every soldier's morning begins with formation near the Town Hall, where senior officers, under the Prefect's supervision, assign posts, designate patrols, and set combat objectives. Sometimes the Fort Prefect personally informs the personnel about important incidents or events.

In the evening, there is also an evening formation, after which the "lights out" command is given and the night watch is assigned. The main tasks of the garrison are the defense of the Fort, control of movement within the Fort, and the dispatch of expeditions into Gloomwood. Soldiers also patrol the border of Gloomwood up to the training camp.

Patrols have often caught smugglers attempting to carry forbidden artifacts out of the tainted lands. But more often, it's tainted creatures, attempting to break through the barrier, attacking patrols. The Felis Army does not negotiate with them.

In an effort to strengthen its ranks, the Fort Prefect periodically appeals to the Church of the One and Only for assistance in developing new types of weapons. The Prefect is interested in both magical and technological samples created based on academic research. However, he shows little interest in religion. Soldiers, for the most part, are quite tolerant of all faiths. Perhaps it's because they themselves have lost any faith and view all believers with a condescending smile.

### **Verum Verba.**

In the tumultuous years when the Felis dynasty was threatened, loyalty became not just a concept, but a sacred oath for the few aristocrats devoted to the Crown. It was during this time, in the shadow of discord and external threats, that Felis's secret military intelligence – Verum Verba (True Word) – was born. It was formed exclusively from aristocrats whose family roots ran deep into the kingdom's history, and whose devotion to the Feliz Crown was absolute and unquestionable.

Their activities were noted in Ashmark, as the province held not only strategic importance for the Crown as a buffer zone near Gloomwood, but also a vital political trump card. From the north, the Kingdom of Kruph increasingly pressured the province, seeking to annex these lands under the pretext of "aid and better control," while from the east flowed a restless stream of missionaries, cultists, and various rabble.

King Flavian II the Grey, whose power remains fragile, desperately needs eyes and daggers capable of operating outside official structures, without arousing suspicion and seamlessly integrating into various factions. Loyalists, possessing connections, resources, and unquestioning allegiance, are the ideal choice. They operate in the shadows; their true mission is known only to the Crown's most trusted confidants.

### **The Order of the Dragon.**

The history of the Order of the Dragon in the world of Everwood is shrouded in mystery and rumors, as befits an organization whose roots delve deep into the past and whose activities span from valiant battles to dubious dealings. The exact founding location of the Order remains unknown, but the most persistent rumors point to the mountainous Paladine—a land where, perhaps, the power underlying their teachings was first invoked.



At the very heart of the Order's ideology lies a profound reverence for the blood and power of the Great Dragon. This philosophy is not merely a metaphor; for members of the Order, it is the source of their unwavering devotion. They believe that through rituals, meditations, and perhaps through direct or indirect inheritance of ancient dragon blood, they can tap into incredible power, allowing them to stand out among ordinary warriors and mages.

Initially, the Order likely formed as a brotherhood of warriors dedicated to certain ideals. However, over time, especially during Everwood's tumultuous eras, they adapted to changing realities. Their mastery in combat made them highly sought after. Today, the Order of the Dragon is widely known as a major mercenary organization. Their services are expensive but consistently effective. They accept contracts from kings, aristocrats, or merchants, undertaking tasks from protecting caravans to participating in military campaigns.

However, not everything in the Order's reputation is impeccable. Rumor has it that members of the Order have been suspected of smuggling artifacts, especially technomantic relics connected to Kazor's legacy. While there is no direct proof of this, it adds an aura of danger and unpredictability to them. For some, they are reliable allies; for others, dangerous adventurers willing to cross lines for profit.

The Order's structure is a decentralized yet rigidly hierarchical network. Members of the Order report to Lord-Captains, each of whom likely controls specific territories or zones of influence. These Captains, possessing significant power and authority, are responsible for recruiting new members, assigning tasks, and maintaining discipline. The High Council or a single leader of the Order remains unknown to the general public, only strengthening the aura of mystery surrounding this influential organization.

In Ashmark, members of the Order began operating quite some time ago, though no cells near Gloomywood have been reported since the destruction of the New Settlement to this day.

### **The Immortalists.**

The origin of the Immortalist Cult is largely unknown. It is believed to have been brought by nomads from the far eastern Everwood, thus reaching the lands of Felis and neighboring kingdoms.

For quite a long time, the cult was small and unheard of, until its followers began to be noticed more frequently in areas bordering Gloomwood. The cult first organized one hospital, then a second, then a third... Soon, there was no major city or fortress without an Immortalist hospital. They helped defenders throughout Everwood and beyond, earning themselves a good reputation.

Over the past forty years, the cult has grown significantly and strengthened its ranks with a large number of fighters from the east, where the cult, according to rumors, has spread no less than the Church of the One and Only in the western lands. Local residents began joining the cult,

attracted by the Immortalists' religious ideas and their fanatical desire for the salvation of body and soul.

Until recently, the cult had not been involved in any conflicts, although it was often accused of illegally possessing Gloomywood artifacts. But as the saying goes—if not caught, not a thief. However, this year, the Church of the One and Only issued an edict, declaring the Immortalist Cult undesirable, as it promotes dubious ideas of immortality and is suspected of propagating heretical teachings.

### **Augmentars.**

In the depths of the Immortalist Cult, beyond the understanding of many brethren, a new religious current known as Augmentars emerged. This current represents the most radical members of the Cult, whose pursuit of immortality by any available means surpassed even the general dogmas of the Immortalists, uniquely interpreting the Scripture—the Cult's sacred book, written by the Prophet. For them, eternal life is not merely the prolongation of existence in the flesh, but a swift liberation from its shackles by transferring consciousness and soul into an eternal mechanical vessel, driven by pure magic.

The first Augmentars were among those who knew Morpheus Sand even before his Resurrection and becoming the Prophet; therefore, they despised his later followers who, embracing the Prophet's ideas, called themselves Immortalists and misinterpreted the Scripture. Although Augmentars also consider themselves Immortalists, they see the body merely as a prison, believing that true immortality lies in the obligatory transfer of consciousness into an inorganic shell.

To achieve this transcendent goal, Augmentars undertook unthinkable experiments. They secretly used forbidden Kazor artifacts, implanting them into their own bodies and gradually replacing organs with mechanical analogs, powered by alchemical preparations, magic, and even Filth. These changes begin small—limb enhancement, replacement of damaged organs—but over time become increasingly radical, transforming Augmentar adepts into living hybrids of flesh and metal. Each such step is a painful and risky experiment, a fine line between success and utter madness. Moreover, Augmentars believed the Prophet indicated this path for them—the chosen among the Immortalists.

Augmentars operate in strict secrecy, even within the cult, as many of their "brethren" consider such methods too radical and dangerous, bordering on the defilement of life itself, which Immortalists so value. However, for Augmentars, this is the only path to true, timeless immortality, and thus victory over the Faceless Reaper.

### **Holy Church of the One and Only.**

The western city-state of Casa Del Solteira is renowned for its warm climate, even by Everwood's standards, as well as its abundance of skilled artisans. Merchants bring their caravans

here from all corners of the world, delivering valuable goods, while masters and scholars study sciences and crafts within the walls of church schools and universities. The soaring spires of the central city cathedral reach towards the sun, praising devoted architects and blessing residents for a righteous life.

Casa Del Solteira is a theocratic state, founded on faith in the One and Only. The Church firmly maintains power over people's minds and does not welcome competition within the city. Pagans and adherents of other faiths are not expelled from the city—otherwise, much of the trade would be paralyzed. However, visiting merchants who convert to the Faith are offered more favorable trade conditions, and for immigrants, embracing the Faith is the first and mandatory step for at least considering permanent residency.

The state was among the allies who defeated Kazor's technocracy, and subsequently played a key role in organizing the Great Purge throughout Everwood, earning the reputation of Filth's most irreconcilable enemy. The subsequent discord among the allies over the division of Kazor's territories and wealth least affected Casa Del Solteira, as the ecclesiastical enclave publicly declared its sole interest in researching and eradicating Kazor's legacy, asserting its disinterest in wealth and gain.

In 734, the enclave declared a universal Holy Crusade into Kazor's tainted lands. Missionaries who had previously preached in neighboring states began to call upon their flocks to go forth and fulfill their sacred duty. Thus, by 735, the Order of St. Radion of the Church of the One and Only appeared in the lands of Ashmark, where it actively operated until 739. The Order engaged in artifact research, documenting Gloomwood creatures, the tainted, and archiving records of their investigations. The Order also actively participated in attempts to neutralize Gloomwood territories. It was futile. By 739, the mission of the Order of St. Radion was terminated, as all brothers and sisters fell in battle, according to records transferred from the New Settlement to Fort Adrian.

But not everything is so straightforward. This year, the enclave of the Church of the One and Only issued an edict, stating that the Church's most crucial mission is to combat cults and false beliefs that spread heretical ideas to the masses and practice forbidden sciences. Those who denied this edict were subjected to anathema.

The enclave's edict was met negatively in neighboring kingdoms, including Felis, where freedom of religion has always remained an important political component. Authorities ceased cooperating with missionaries. This prompted Casa Del Solteira to dispatch military-monastic expeditions to reinforce missions along the entire perimeter of Gloomwood.

### **The Order of St. Radion under the Holy Church of the One and Only.**

During the Great Purge, when the threat of spreading tainted Kazor artifacts loomed unprecedentedly over Everwood, the Church of the One and Only founded the Order of St.

Radion. Its main goal was to find and seize Kazor's artifacts, especially those that could be used for military purposes, to understand their properties and find ways to counteract them.

One of the Order's missionary groups, led by high-ranking Church inquisitors—Sister Lavellan and Brother Bator—arrived from Casa Del Solteira in Felis, specifically in the province of Ashmark. They set up camp near the New Settlement, diligently carrying out their task.

But the Order's mission was not destined to be completed. It definitively ceased with the destruction of the New Settlement. It is believed that all brothers of the Order perished over several years of fighting Gloomwood creatures, and the last surviving member of this group, Brother Samson, went missing. However, one mysterious fact remains. In some fragmented records that survived the New Settlement disaster, it is mentioned that in the first year after the Order's camp was established, its members discovered a relic of great power, encrypting its name as the "Key of St. Vespasian." With its help, it was claimed, a lake near the New Settlement was cleansed, and information about its miraculous properties was transmitted to the Church. But in the turmoil of subsequent battles and the fall of the New Settlement, these archives, and then all other information, were lost. The fate of the "Key" and its abilities remain a mystery to this day, though there are certain hopes that the Church has not forgotten these investigations and will undoubtedly wish to reclaim the lost relic.

**THE END**

