

*Erysail, Twenty Forse Novtumber, Year 145*

*'I cower in the darkest corners of my own home, alone, with just the flicker of a lonely candle light keeping me sane. I can hear the sound of thunder shaking the very foundations of the castle, the constant barrage of relentless rain pounds against my frail glass windows. The water is seeping in now, even the cracks of my stone walls weep this night. What have we done to anger the gods? Only the warm kiss of the sun's gentle radiance will harbour the end of this terrible nightmare for me. I fear what may yet come... I fear most for whom this heinous wrath is being exhibited for.*

*I saw a flash of unnatural purple and the sound of the damned yearning for release from their pain. Is anyone else watching? Can anyone else hear? I can barely see through this fountain of rain that falls down my thin shield of glass. The heavens are descending, the clouds twist and coil around one another. Entwining. Mating. Another flash, a cold icy blue, the clouds are charged and emanate with electricity. I can hear the sounds of swords clashing, the crunching of broken shields and the choir of a thousand tormented souls. It sounds like some delight and indulge in a forbidden pleasure whilst others writhe in an eternal agony. The clouds have parted; a dark swirling funnel has begun to snake away from the clouds, led by a black gaping orifice. It is as though it stretches and twists from bounds of its cloudy body, trying to escape, an abyss of untold hunger reaching out from the womb of skies. Outstretching veins of blood red lightning have begun to coil around the black clouds, tightly gripping them in place; they throb with light pumped from the heart of the inferno. I swear the fractures of the storm are now bleeding fire and the sky above me burns with a fiery, orange glow. The orifice has opened wider! It began to spit droplets of flame and exhale a cloud of red venom before regurgitating a fiery object. Steam is rising from the pools of water on the floor as the rain gradually extinguishes the light from the tainted, falling star. I cannot see the object hurtling towards our land anymore, but I can feel it is drawing closer.*

*The tempest has begun to subside, the skies have blackened and the lightning still licks the top of our roofs, but I could still hear and feel the impact of the exiled beast crashing down outside the walls of the city.*

*I swear for a moment, as I gazed into the deepest bowels of the chaos, that I could see through into a different plane of existence. One riddled with death, where a landscape of skulls, steel and brass is soaked in the blood of an undying war that scorches the skies and boils the seas. What has come from a place like this? I pray that no one else witnessed the blasphemy that unravelled before me. I intend to claim whatever fell for my own.'*