

A dream...nothing wants to focus...

Then the mists clear, and ten dragons appear: white, black, brass, green, blue, copper, bronze, red, silver and gold. These stand in a circle. Inside this circle is a ring of creatures—almost human, but not quite. The Gha'lyzal.

The name is whispered—the Goddess. The Lady. She is watching...

There are 100 of them—mage priests of the darkest sort. They are wearing white robes, but stained with blood. A river of blood runs in channels on the floor.

Another ring of priests—ten. Their robes are red—or is that more blood? The dream moves too quickly.

A lone priest in the center has a unicorn on a blackened altar. The beast is alive, but barely. Its horn is in the priest's hand—broken, not cut. His name was Bhai'Shazur—it was his plan to contact Him—my brother. A feeling of disgust accompanies the voice—she hates Him.

The priest raises his arm—the one holding the broken horn, and all the others raise theirs, and they begin chanting:

Come to us O great One—

Smite our enemies and serve us—

Save us from the oppressors—

Unleash your fury upon them all.

The language is strange—it is neither celestial nor infernal, but something akin to both.

A nimbus of red, evil light encircles each priest, and they all draw daggers with their free hand. The lights join, and a web is formed with the lone priest at its center. They summoned him with blood and hate—and he responded in kind. He is nothing, if not thorough.

All the priests draw daggers across their arms, and their blood runs freely to the floor, where it mingles with the other. They sacrificed millions of the Bhalan's children to obtain such blood—they who were descendants of my beloved people. Since then none have loved me the same. They come to me only in pain and sorrow for mercy, but never in love.

The lone priest plunges the dagger into the unicorn's heart, and the beast screams in pain. The dark energy pours into its body, and a portal springs forth from its quickly consumed remains: a portal dark and terrible energy. They had no idea what they were really doing.

A man steps through the portal—he is surrounded by an even more sinister energy. His aura is dark—evil. He looks at you—you feel his gaze and he smiles. Then he speaks.

::Go on, serve my pathetic sister—she will do nothing for you. Your soul belongs to me. She cannot save you. You too will be crushed by my power::

Such was his power and arrogance—such was mine. My innocence was an arrogance of a type. I believed that he was good. Even now I believe he can be redeemed. Am I wrong?

The man—he is beautiful and terrible at once—he looks at the priests, then he laughs, and it is terrible. They cower before him. He steps to the lone priest and plunges his hand into the poor creature's heart. The energy that had focused on the priest leaps to this man, and the priests are suddenly so much dust and dander. He laughs and flexes his might—the world shakes, and ten dragons flee.

Outside, two armies stop and watch as the Dome of Light collapses, and a terrible figure strides forth. Darkness takes you from the dream...

He ravaged the Bhalan as much as the Gha'lyzal—both were devastated. If I had not been so disconsolate, I may have sooner seen their need. But I was still offended by the loss of my Beloved Ones. He took them from me! I would not be appeased...

Enough! Leave me know—awaken to your mortal world. I wish to be alone!