















### THE ENCOMPMENT

Stillness reigns as the sun sets on the horizon, and the pits fall into darkness. Above, an incessant wind tugs at tattered flags affixed to long poles, offering a final salute to a land soon to be abandoned.

New followers stand alongside the old, eyes still wide at the sight of the chosen. Their newfound devotion promises only hardship, yet their spirits are defiant. This day, they have discovered that gods walk amongst them, and that the fables of the champions are true. Onwards they match, as new disciples to worthy masters at last.

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#### EPILOGUE FORTRESS

The tyrant once dreamed he might claim the power of the gods. He raised a mighty army, and built an imposing citadel for his throne. His minions dug deep into the earth, searching for the essence of the gods. Yet, now his forces are destroyed, his kingdom lies in ruins, and the mines are spent.

Such is the fate of mortals who would defy the destiny of the champions. This conflict might not have led far along the path of ascension, but instead it has been a warning—and a powerful portent of what is yet to pass.

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#### WASTELANDS EPILOGUE

Where the godtears emerged, rejuvenating energies have transformed the surroundings, leaving a precious oasis where once only desert reigned. Doubtless this hand might have been reborn by the godtear, were it not for the presence of the champions... path of the stren call of the sacred stones and the path of the chosen cannot be ignored.

On the opposite side, your rivals nod wearily, the most noble of them even deigning to salute a conflict well fought.... For now, an uneasy truce falls between you...

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On the opposite side, your rivals nod wearily, the most noble of them even deigning to salute a conflict well fought. For now, an uneasy truce falls between you... but for how long shall it last?

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## THE ANCIENT CITY

Mortals are as unwelcome in this graveyard as they are in the inhospitable land surrounding it. The city stands as a bitter reminder of the fate of past ages, and a dire warning of a future yet to come. In the shadows, ghosts whisper dire omens, adding in despair born from their untimely deaths.

Yet, the world beyond the Broken Plains is vibrant. Life flourishes, and the bitter memory of this forsaken frontier will soon fade. There are enough places that remain pure in the world... and there you shall march next.

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