

## Final Testament of Regweld Evdarr, Prince of the Realm

This is my last writing, and my last confession. I died once, but was imprisoned here between life and death until I could write what I have within me, a gift I cannot thank whatever force that placed me here for enough. I hope beyond hope that in time this place, this abyss, will be found so that the truth will not be lost to the ages.

Who am I you ask? Ah, but it is not time for that to be known. No, if you have found this I am sure, nay, I hope, that you have found the other texts that I have written here in this place of everchanging walls and features. As such, you have the first part of my confession, the why of my deeds. Now let me speak of the how.

I was first cursed by these visions in the year my Father died. Damn forever the opponents of the Union Treaty of Velowyn! Damn them and their seed onto the seventh generation! I was in the neighboring Kingdom of Blackstone in that year, visiting with the King of those lands on a matter of diplomacy. On one night, the night I would come to know that was the night my father was slain, the visions first came to me. I wrote it off as a nightmare wrought by the tale the bard of the Blackstone Court did tell that night, of a strange red-star that does pass through the skies over the land every four-hundred passings of the seasons or so, and of the madness it brings to those who are bathed in its light. Only now I think it more a facet of a larger whole, the dream a portent, with many more to come.

Before I returned to the lands of Evendarr I received word that there were those in the Capitol who were pressuring my step-mother, Her Royal Majesty Queen Merriel Monay, to name me Heir of Evendarr. I do not know now if her decision for my half-brother, her son, Berthold II, to take the throne was right or wrong. Would I have damned the Kingdom in my madness? Would I have saved it from the horror that is, or as it was, to come? Am I even now too late? Will my words fall only on a dead plane, are my writings to rot, to be food for rats and mold, and other foul things here in this nightmare place? No! I must not think so! I must write

this, before the light leaves my eyes for the last time.

In the years that followed my Step-Mother's decision there was war and turmoil as several who would have claimed the throne for themselves and their lineages did battle across field and forest to gain a foothold. I do now state that I too was among this number, and that I did war against Evendarr, but allow me to amend this confession with the fact that everything I did I did in the belief that my actions were for the good of all. Damn me as a fool if you will, damn me as a weakling and I will in shame accept it, but dare to damn me as a traitor and I will reach from whatever abyss does hold me and rip your tongue from your mouth. I did raise arm and sword against the Kingdom my father founded, and while I do despise myself for my actions I in no way despise my resolve. I brought war to the land, and gathered to myself others who lusted for power, pawns that I did use to attempt to seize the throne. I killed knights and yeomen whose only quarrel with me was in the placing of thier allegiances. I did all of this and more, but in every action, every time my sword fell, with every life I took I sought only to preserve the Kingdom of Evendarr, and more than this to save all of creation from the horror that did haunt my dreams.

For fifteen years I did fight my war, blinded by the goal of preservation, heedless of the death and chaos I did sow across the young Evendarr. Fifteen years. Such a time, fifteen years of war, of summer campaigns and winter strategy, of midnight raids and baking within armor in the heat of the midday sun. Fifteen years, to end when the Royalist wizards summoned from the sky flaming rocks, burying under a torrent of stone the combined armies of the False Claimants as they had named me and the others who opposed Evendarr in those days. There I did die, but even death is not eternal, for here I am now.

Was I banished to this abyss for my sins? Was I sent here to labor in solitude, to craft the scrolls I have here as my only companions in the hope that one day another may read them, and in reading gain the knowledge and foresight to fight against the beast of my nightmares? I hope that this is so, but fear that it is not.

*Let it not be too late. Please by all that is good on Tyrra let it not be too late.*

*If you are reading this I can only assume, nay, can only hope, that Tyrra has not become as Ka'Rul is, the blasted and desiccated realm that haunts my visions. May Tyrra always have living forests and flowing waters. May the flame of life always burn within the spirits of the children of her. May Tyrra never become as Ka'Rul. May Tyrra never die. Carry this lesson with you, if nothing else you do take from my words. Protect Tyrra, in this and in all Time. Champion the life force of Tyrra, the cycle of life and death, of dream and reason, of light and darkness, of order and chaos, of the dance of the four prime elements. Keep the balance of All against the sundering of the Nothing, of the Void and its blasphemous child Gul.*

*I grow weak in this writing, and I know that from this coming slumber I shall not awaken in this age of Time. Please, hear this, my final confession, the confession of a dying man. I am sorry. Though my life is worthless I would give it and all of my life before for one moment to undo the suffering my actions wrought to the memory of my father. Let the name of His Royal Majesty King Berthold Endarr be cleansed of any sin associated with it in connection from my actions. Let the name of my mother, Lady Clothilda Dorsette of Greymoor likewise be wiped clean of the stain my name and deed has brought to her honor. Let Evendarr endure and thrive under the rule of my half-brother, His Royal Majesty King Berthold Endarr, second of the name.*

*Let Time and Tyrra preserve the All. May I be forgiven.*

*By my hand, at the end of my life.*

*Regweld Endarr*

*Once a Knight of Greymoor*

*Once a Knight of Evendarr*

## *The Dreams...wherein is told of the beginning of All*

*In dream, in scrying, in twice cursed visions, in these do they come to me, lies as old as time, hatreds yet to be born. Listen well, and read closely ye children of Man, for the truth now shall be cast before you.*

*I gave my eyes so that I could see, I gave my tongue so that I could speak, I gave my ears so that I could hear, I gave my love, my heart, and all I hold dear so that I could save us, so that I could save Tyrra, so that I could save the nation so many noble bloodlines created. For Evendarr. Such a battle cry may have once rung from my lips as a cry of victory, but now it rings as a hollow laugh. I am trapped here in this dungeon between the planes, cast off and forgotten. But while I am forgotten I do not forget.*

*I know the face of my foe, the face of the dead time lord who would once live again. Now, let me craft this tale here for you. I have so much to say, but precious little parchment to scribe it upon. However, it will not be known in full unless the totality of the matter is brought forth. Let us start with the simplest of ways a story may begin, but also one of the hardest to follow.*

*Once upon a time. No that is not right. Once upon a time implies that time as we know it is a true thing, and in this case it is not, for our story must begin before Time as we knew it was born. Let us start instead with this.*

*Once, before Time was reborn, there was another Time.*

*Into this age was born a being who would in time become known as the First, the mightiest of the warriors of Time. For in this when, before Tyrra, there was not but Time and Time was all. The First arose to his position of power through violence and guile, through honorable combat and through assassination. It was*

said that in this when the First embodied all that was good in existence, all that was evil in existence, and all the elements that existed between the two extremes. Tyrann mind cannot comprehend the nature of the when before this when, I cannot explain the reality or the why for the visions that do come to me, but in terms that can be understood it existed as much as the now does. There was a form of life, and there was a form of death, just as there were forms of matter and of the spiritual, but of such type that my words cannot explain them.

In this when there was a mirror of reality though, a negative and hollow place, a formless abyss that lurked far below and beyond the keening of the beings of the when. I cannot say how long the First did rule his people before the nothingness began to grow more powerful and overflow the boundaries of the real where they were at their weakest, but time is a meaningless concept for this when, for the First was lord of all Time, and temporal magic flowed through its hands like water through the hand of a mortal. The first gathered to himself eight artifacts of power, eight artifacts that it created, eight artifacts that always were. With these artifacts and all the armies of creation behind it the First lead the battle against the nothingness, but the nothingness was in this age without form, without weakness, and no force of the First or his servants and soldiers could stand against it. Three times the First did die, and three times from the timestream did the First return as all of creation was slowly overrun by the endless tide of nothingness. In final battle the First, broken, bloody, beaten to the point of death and beyond alone stood at the apex of the mountain named Darakul, alone with a sea of nothingness covering all of existence in formless water miles deep. The sky around him was as red as blood, the wind raged, but then stopped as the nothingness stole from the real the concept of wind and all that ever was of wind was pulled screaming into nothingness. The clouds were dark as murder, and no light, no sun and no moon and no stars shone in the time without night or day. The First stood against all of this, and as the tendrils and fingers of nothingness crawled from the empty all below him the First struck

back with his lance, and then his sword. The mountain below him grew less and less as its existence was ripped from the real, but the First did not falter. Then, a moment of weakness, a single hole in his defense exposed, and the nothingness stabbed the First with a blade of its empty form, and a poison more fatal than any other entered the heart blood of the First, a poison that did bring him to his knees, the poison of doubt.

The First fell, and around him the nothingness arose and descended like a great maw seeking to engulf the last defiance of the blasphemy of existence it perceived in the all. Yet the First looked upon this, upon the wall of nothingness that sought to engulf him forever, arising around him a hundred feet on each side, and within him something moved. The First struggled to one knee, and as the nothingness descended with the fury of a thousand storms, defiance burnt through his blood! Reality would not surrender to nothingness! The faceless, nameless beast that would destroy all to have a now devoid of everything may take his life, but he would damn it to have to accept a reality that had one thing in it. The poison of doubt was burnt from his blood now, and with a whispered breath the First gave the nothingness a name.

“The Void, vortex of corruption”

At this assault the nothingness recoiled! Never had it in all of time been wounded thusly, never before had it fought a foe who could so mortally wound it. The Void, now named and so named for all of Time, fell back towards the edges of creation, but with its hate and malice, two emotions common to all but new to it, seconds new as the emotions and feelings grew into it with the force and speed of a wildfire with the naming, with these it cast up a final assault of a thousand thousand blades of itself from all sides, piercing through the flesh of the First and pulling him into itself. The First cast aside his artifacts of Time, casting them onto the timestream so that in the past he would find them as he arose to power and into the time of the now, and he fell into Void.

Then in the blood red sky and the naked rock there was nothing. No light, no darkness, no Time, no all. In this one moment of ever Time stopped. Then a single light of flame, The Candle of Ages, one of the First's eight artifacts, and the most powerful of these blessed eight, there the Candle of Ages rested on the barren rock. It burned in silence for a time, though as there was no time in this when between whens if it was for a minute or an age one can say, and then began to sing.

Oh happy song! The song was all in the Real, and it named the Real. Time was reborn, and more. A thousand thousand planes of existence were born in the verses of the song, and in the chorus their roles were assigned. Time stood outside of All though, no longer the center of it. Time was now guardian and protector, standing sentinel against the horror of the Void, now bound forever outside of the apex of the real.

Now the tale has come full circle, and now one final lesson must be learnt. The place where the First did fall, where the mountain Darakul stood, the plane of All upon which the Void was named, the land of blood red skies where the Candle of Ages sung all into existence, the skeleton of the time before time, of the now before the now, this place still exists. The mountain is long gone, eroded to dust. All is dust on the dead plane, but so great was it in its prime the world of the First, the entire existence of all within it, that it could not be severed from reality, even after death. This plan now hangs in abeyance between Tyrria and Gul, this plane will one day either die a final death or be reborn into glory or into undeath, this world has a name, and it shall be a name that one day will be sung in the tales of heroes or in the dirges at their funerals.

And its name is Ka-Rul.

## *Of the Childer of Gul and of the ultimate battle....*

*The Childer of Gul are three in number and count, but this too is a lie wrought by the un-living one, a lie that is second to the lie of the dark one's past.*

*Ka-Rul once lived too, but it is now a dead plane, a waypoint between other realities inhabited only by the spirits of the dust and the dead in their rags and tatters. Ka-Rul was where Gul was born, where Gul was made when the First, the First Time Lord of the age before this one died in battle, sealing with his last breath the Nameless forever away from Tyrra. For the First knew the power of the Nameless was its unbound might, and with his final whisper named it forever "The Void, vortex of corruption", and with his last strength cast away the eight artifacts of Time-Immortal, the scroll, the armor, the shield, the candle, the sword, the lance, the necklace, and the crown, cast them away forever into the timestreams of are and were, or what is and what could be and what could have been and what will be and what may be, cast them away to protect them until another Time Lord would come and gather them, and take them up to again defend all from nothing.*

*The First, the Time Lord, was undone though, for even though he won and Void, now named, was sealed from creation beyond the end of Time his body fell, teetering between all and nothing, and in his teetering Void ensnared him. Was he pulled in, fighting with every measure of strength left? Was he offered life within the Void, and fell to a moment of weakness? Was his falling into Void a final assault, to stab at Void as it was expunged from All? I would like to think the last, or even the first, but I know not what is truth at this juncture, just this one true thing. The First, the Time-Lord, fell into Void, and in his death throes Gul was born from the negative space of his perfect form.*

*The First of the three Childer of Gul is the Endless, born of Gul from the twisted memory of the Time-Lord's unending life. A hunter of man and beast, the*

Endless haunts the pathways of Time and Tyrra until the day of Gul's birth, when the sky will crack and the ground weep blood. You will know the Endless by the face, for it appears as a panther devoid of flesh, a spectral terror that haunts dead places awaiting the encroachment of the living, and by the sign of its nature, to die at each daybreak but to be reborn with nightfall.

The Second of the three Childer of Gul is the Slaver, born of Gul from the twisted memory of the Time-Lord's devotion. This blasphemy walks paths beyond sight of man, a golden clad being in perfect armor. Only one who holds a portion of the armor may hope to be its equal, only one who sees through its eyes may see it, only one who feels through its hands may fight it. You will know the Slaver by the signs of death around you as bodies fall from unseen blade and by the sign of its nature, to capture the living, to grant life's gift to the dead and to bind the spirits of those it fells into shells of liquid silver, golems marked with foul runes who pay heed to the Slaver's every command.

The Third of the Three Childer of Gul is the Last, born of Gul from the twisted memory of the Time-Lord's death. The Last does sit at the gateway between All and Not, bound in chain for all time. Yet when strange stars do dance in the sky, and when the pull of life, death, void, and unlife is strong so shall it awaken as the dreams of Gul do drive it on. A creature of dreams and visions the Last moves among men and apart from them, stalking all Time seeking what it can in the few moments that it may. The Last may be banished, but never slain, and never shall the same banishment twice hold power against it. A whispered voice, a single blade as cold as ice wreathed in magical flame, so shall the Last be known. A flowing robe with high cloak and a mask of silver, emotionless and haunting, these are the trappings the Last does appear in while under the gaze of Tyrran eye. From below the mask eyes of darkness look outward, and in their vision Tyrra herself recoils.

*These are the three damned children of Gul, the Time-Lord's prodigy, the doom that the Void of Corruption would have embrace Tyrra and rip it asunder. They dwell at the edges of reality, where the fabric of all is at its weakest, and they do pull at the threads that bind it. Let now the vision come to an apex, let now the truth come into focus.*

*I have seen a doorway, vast and terrible, a hole in the fabric of Creation's tapestry. The doorway draws in all around it, pulling in magic and unmaking it, stealing name and face, spitting forth the Void itself. Around it the faceless minions of the Void dance and rage, pulling strands apart, making the hole large enough for Gul to be born.*

*I have seen the three Childer of Gul walking the field of battle. All masks are cast away, all deception is placed aside. They lead their armies, lesser versions of themselves made in the channeling of Gul's desire for life. They bring forth blade and spell, claw and fang. They stand forth, silhouetted against the nothingness beyond the door and with foul voice sing the song to summon their Father home.*

*I have seen the stars fall, and the flames rise up from below Tyrra. I have seen these being gathered by the minions of the foul and offered to the doorway to make the opening larger from the stolen magic in these, the spirit of magic itself.*

*I have seen the brave few stand against this horror, I have seen armies under the flag of Evendarr standing upon this field. All nations gather, all cultures and creeds set aside difference to fight for Time, to fight for Tyrra, to fight against the birth of Gul.*

*I have seen war. I have seen death. I have seen suffering and horrors beyond my understanding. Life will be lost on this field of battle, for hours and hours blades will rise and fall and voices will rise in spell and song and grow hoarse from effort,*

yet continue on still, fighting for All.

I have not seen the end.

Whatever be the final outcome of the battle, it is beyond me. Perhaps it is the nature of the beast Gul that does blind me to it, or perhaps it is not yet written. It may be that Time herself requires the final answer to be kept a mystery, for hope or despair are always present in a balance within mortal blood, and should even a fraction of the truth be known it may well throw the balance off and render the unbound nature of the mortal form useless. Or, it may be that the matter rests in the hands and hearts of those proud few who will fight in those last days, and their actions will decide a matter as yet unwritten in the book of Fate. I cannot be there with them, those warriors and mages, those of noble and common blood, those of all races that I have seen within my visions, I cannot be there but I feel as close to them as a brother. I salute you, the proud few who will give so much for Tyrra.

For Time.

For Creation.

For King and Country.

By my hand,

Regweld Endarr,

Firstborn Son of His Royal Majesty Berthold Endarr