(A history of the past few years to bring game to date)

**January 20, 620**

Verix glanced about the small group assembled around him. He – and they – could feel the encroachment of the Void even from the outpost of Clampsborough. The Avandrian Mages and Wolven Blood Sorcerors had too much hubris and craving for power when they started to “experiment” with the portals. Those who sided against the Dame – now Queen - du Mast of Avandria usually found them in the Oubliette, enslaved, or simply disposed of in Lake Geoffrey.

“The plan is set and as sound as can be”, Verix solemnly uttered. He knew it would take great personal sacrifice, and he had spent the last few months preparing for this moment.

Sir Captain and Dame Captain both nodded in agreement. Their knowledge of the interior of the castle would prove invaluable, and their dedication to the restoration of the rightful King of Avandria was eclipsed only by their bravery. Their companions – The Sea Lions Noble Guild – were behind them in complete solidarity.

Sir Devin Evilbane, flanked by his Paladins of the Silver Thistle and the ever impressive form of recently knighted Sir Abeeb, gathered his young charges about him. “Soon we recapture the throne!” he bellowed. Under their collective breath, the Lawful Seaman of the White Stag muttered “Soon we raid the treasury…”

“The plan is sound – desperate, but sound.” stated the Archmage Kale. It would be the fragment of Time that he fostered that would be used to seal the Void Portal – assuming that they could get close enough to the abomination to enact the sequence needed to destroy the entryway. “The plan hinges on whether the Barbarians can draw out the forces of the Wolven and Avandrian Mages to the battlements. Barbarians are not known for their discretion.”

The plan was itself simple. A small band infiltrates the Inner Sanctum of Magick at the Tour d'Ivoire, whilst an aggressive horde drives toward Avandria’s heart.

Within a few weeks’ time the free peoples of Clampsborough, the Barbarians of Riocht Mac Tire, and the Dévouée of Avandria would know if their machinations would yield the results desired.

**January 22, 620**

Inside the Banquet Hall of Clampsboro, the small intricacies of the plan were coming together. Captain Tallwater and Sir Captain proved to be a formidable force with strategy when putting their minds together. Lord General Haehoth, High Sirriam of The Black Wolves, added his insight to the battle plan, playing careful attention to the assault and feint which would cost so many lives. “A more noble, honorable, and ferocious death could not be asked for!” he stated with dignity of a Barbarian commander. Lugg and Meep had asked to be part of the Barbarian forces in the outer attack stating uniformly that “we don’t do quiet very well”.

Raven Catcher and Autumn Hunter pulled forth hundreds of filled alchemical vials and presented them to Haehoth. “Been saving these for a rainy day, an’ I don’t think it’s gonna get any wetter.” Before Autumn could protest, Raven whispered to her “Don’t worry - still got plenty in reserve.”

Clanking through the door, a heavily armoured Dwarf appeared. “ALE!” he – Thoric Ironbrow- bellowed. “Lord Barbarian Hero General Knight Commander Haehoth – or whatever your title is – I can say for certain that most of Ironholme is gonnae be sittin’ this one out. Too many Greenies be amassin’ near The Rock an’ mah kinsmen will be defendin’ there.” “That means that there will be fewer mercenaries outside of the Capitol” uttered Sir Captain. “A fair trade.” said Quinten. “But I would have rather had hundreds of Dwarves on our side in the upcoming fight.” said Rosamonde, seemingly finishing her partner’s sentence while she absently scratched a large – but content – Dire Cougar between its ears.

As the conversations continued and the drinks flowed – courtesy of Raven, Autumn, and The Grind Guildhouse, Kale and Verix sat silently in the corner. They knew that one of them would have to make the supreme sacrifice to close this portal. This was Archmage Kale’s moment – as a Representative of Time he knew what devastation would come if the portal was left to grow and be fed. Verix, on the other hand, was looking for purpose and redemption…

**February 15, 620**

Barbarian Scouts skirmished with Wolven Interlopers as they proceeded to the Capitol. Those behind the walls were certain of the coming altercations by now. Haehoth was pleased – it almost seemed unfair how easily his forced moved through the countryside. “Give me a battle!” he growled through his clenched teeth. “I’m sure that I can drum up something for you, but you may not like the outcome” said the Chaos-Tainted Sarr Othello. “Great – we’re back to this again” grumbled Calimon.

Sir Captain had directed Marcus and his company to gather those loyal to Avandria on the roads south of the Capitol. Marcus had sent missives to his Gladiators, and they were busy rallying the local populace and instructing them in weapons training. The training of the commonfolk would be rudimentary, but they felt pride in learning skills at the hands of the performing swordsmen. Marcus was a good choice for this assignment as his cover allowed him to travel freely upon the roads.

Vax had been very busy over the last few months as well. Feeding misinformation and gathering intelligence was the job he was born to do. Others did these things out of patriotism, loyalty, or simple boredom. Vax did it because he was the best at it and he wanted everyone to NOT know that. He had begun to hear whispers about things happening in the Inner Sanctum of Magick at the Tour d'Ivoire, but he needed verification. Everyone KNEW what was happening - or did they?

**February 21, 620**

Most people only paid attention to the large Rabbit Scavenger whenever excessive resurrections, healing, or detailed conversations regarding zucchini were needed. Meep's furrowed brow and sullen pelt were evidence that something else was worrying the Arch Healer.

"Something is not right, no no... Dreams are invading my mind - dreams of Dread and Decay and Disease...No no...Life itself is under attack. It is not the Void. Kale taught Meep how to separate those feelings and visions. This is bad...so bad..."

**February 28, 620**

The battle between the Avandrian and Wolven Forces and the Horde of Riocht Mac Tire and the Sans Entraves (Avandrian Free Forces) had been pitched, but one sided. With large numbers of defections from the Avandrian ranks, the forces of Sans Entraves continue to swell. This may have been the plan of the Wolven Commanders, as the Barbarian aggressors have been slowed by the influx of refugees and defections. The Infernal Orcs of Ghazbag United also bolstered the ranks of the Barbarians.

The battle had brought forth a new Avandrian Champion. Known simply as the Chavalier Noir, this brutal warrior did not command troops – he simply waded into the worst part of the fights, wreaking destruction as he battled with his mighty blade. Whenever the Chevalier Noir was spotted, Lord General Haehoth and Lugg sprang forward to meet the foe. The Chevalier seems to always be a great match for the two. The stench of VOID oozed forth and was apparent from the Chevalier.

**March 11, 620**

The battle continued to wage, coming with the inevitable ebb and flow of combat. Just as the forces of Riocht Mac Tire and the Sans Entraves seemed to gain the upper hand, additional forces arrived to bolster the Avandrian ranks. At first it was the hapless conscripts, followed by the Red Leg Irregulars. Both of these groups of levied troops were easily dispatched, with the Sans Entraves taking extra delight and glee in routing the Red Legs. The Avandrian Army, assisted by Wolven Blood Mages, put up a much stronger defense. The real danger, however, came from the summoned creatures from The Void by the Avandrian Mages. The Druids and Shamen of Riocht Mac Tire quickly conjured Elementals to combat these abominations, but many fell beneath the black claws of the Voidlings.

Just as the Barbarian forces were being forced to withdraw from the field, the sound of ghostly trumpets erupted from south of Avandria City. What was long anticipated had finally occurred.

The servants of Ars had entered the battle.

**March 12, 620**

"We anticipated the Transformations of the Barbarians and their allies. We expected that the Druids of Achar Fochlama would send forth Elementals in their futile attempt to dethrone our monarchs...

...We were not expecting large constructs and golems made from baking goods..."

-General Jean Jacques de Pons

Commander of the First Honorable Cavalry Escort of the Grand Plume

**March 12, 620**

"I am sent by the Undying Lord of Sanguine Keep to keep the pledge forged by Lord Silaris Compre. We are here and we are not easily counted or countered.

What are your commands, Barbarian Lordling?"

Huntsman of Ars - speaking to Lord General Haehoth

**March 14, 620**

Even from miles away, the battle could be heard from within the walls of Avandria City.

Against the advice of the Wolf Scavenger Sado (“Never split the pack!”), the assault party split into two groups. The first group, consisting of Sado, Flynn Stone, Thoric, Sir Captain, Dame Captain, Rosamonde, Quinten, Peepers, Mirshanna, Bastien, Doc, and the Lawful Seamen of the White Stag were tasked with assaulting the main palatial citadel. The knowledge of the interior layout of the palace possessed by Sir Captain would prove valuable to them as they avoided the main guard patrols. Their main goal was to divert attention from the true objective – the disruption of the portal enclosed within the Inner Sanctum of Magick at the Tour d'Ivoire. A secondary objective was to feel the blood of “Queen” Jacqueline du Mast on their blades and also dispatch any traitors that stood with the usurper…

Kale, Verix, Sir Evilbane, Berengar, Athilda, Caleli, and Gleb cautiously crept through the darkened corridors of the Mages Tower, using the map provided to them by Sir Captain. Gleb subverted the basic traps and paired with Kale to take out the magickal ones that attempted to bar their way. The Members of the Silver Thistle kept a watchful gaze for any of the defenders of the Tour d’Ivoire. Kale could sense the growing power of Void as they ventured forth, while Verix remained oddly silent and exceptionally alert. Kale could sense that the upcoming conflict would require great sacrifice, and he – as the Representative of Time – would stem the growth of that vile intrusion into this plane. He drew the Time Seed close to his chest, imbuing it with his essence and silently willing it to a greater strength.

Would it be enough?

**March 14, 620**

"Lord General Haehoth, as Sapphira, Door, and I have been preparing the bodies of the Avandrian dead there are two things that are unique. First, everyone we have searched - er, um - prepared funerary rites for has had no coin or treasure or items of note upon them - not even the nobles. Even their rings and badges of office seem to have disappeared before we arrived to tend to them. Very odd. Second, some of them- the important ones who by no means had any coinage upon them - have had this little vibrating tatoo-ey thing on them. Door said it was magickal, and Sapphira said it was not of Chaos or Earth..."

-Astrid, purveyor and seeker of lost items

**March 14, 620**

The Rabbit scavenger, flanked by Klee Yng and Othello, shoved past the guards outside the tent of Lord General Haehoth. "Plague! It is a Plague that has been tainted by the proximity of Void to the Dead of Lake Geoffrey - the Drowned! I just received confirmation of this from Master Flower by Whispering Wind. The bodies are smitten before they are launched against us!" cried the Master Healer and Representative of Life.

"I did not expect this level of depravity from my foe." snarled the Barbarian General.

"Do you think that any items that they carried, which they weren't, may be infected as well?" whispered Astrid.