When he woke something was different, he saw the world only in shades of grey, this is not where he was mere moments before. Moments before….it dawned on him, he had died, why was he able to see? Qamar-Riah confused by this stood out of the inky black pool he had been laying in, his body oddly dry despite the liquid. He heard nothing, the quiet wherever he was had been quite loud. Looking down to his hands they seemed…. transparent. He kneeled to touch the ground; he could still feel it. It seemed his senses were all there except, that was odd, he could no longer feel his own heartbeat, in fact he noticed that his chest neither rose nor fell, he was not breathing. Who did this to him, why was he like this, where even was he, all these questions and more swam through his brain only to be pushed out by an even bigger concern, what became of his home? Glancing around he noticed something near his feet, a disc, black as midnight in the center tho he could not tell which color the outside was, it simply appeared grey to him.

After about a year of wandering in total solitude, in this darkness that never seemed to end he came upon an odd cottage wrapped in shadow. This being the first time he had come across any semblance of a life form in a full year he wasted no time in heading towards and eventually through the door. Light, something he had not seen in oh so long. The color had returned to his eyes tho his skin was a ghastly blue and ethereal. A single man lived in this, one who welcomed the traveler with open arms, his mistake. Treating the traveler as an old friend he went in for a hug which saw his entire form wither into nothingness in mere moments. Qamar-Riah was alone again, tho at least this time he had somewhere to reside if only temporarily. Reaching into his pocket he retrieved the disc he found near him when he woke, the color, a deep purple, he recognized it. This was the symbol of Shar, the dark goddess, sister and sworn enemy to his own deity Selune. In that moment, he remembered, a voice, as he lay dying, offered him a second chance at life, a chance he took to mean that he could save those whom he called family. How wrong he was.