

# VESTIGES OF DIVERGENCE

## ARMOR OF THE VALIANT SOUL

You are cast into an era where the battle between celestial light and infernal darkness rages across Exandria. You witness a figure of vigilance and truth, Bariel, a Deva of Erathis, clad in the Armor of the Valiant Soul. Her wings, uninhibited due to the flexible construction of the armor, cut through the air; a streak of divine light against the shadow. Through the armor she commands powers to heal with a cleansing light and to unveil truth hidden by deceit.

Suddenly, the sky darkens, and from that void emerges a dragon of such immense power that its very presence weaves shadows into the sky. The air trembles with the clash of holy light against the darkened silver scales as Bariel confronts this harbinger of doom. Emboldened by the armor's aura, allies rally by her side, their courage resolute.

In a final act, Bariel charges the dragon, only to be enveloped by its darkness. As the vision dims, we see her stand come to an end, and with it, the Armor of the Valiant Soul is claimed by the dragon and sequestered away in its hoard.

The scene shifts, bringing you to the land of Strathfell, once a vibrant forest, now a petrified echo of its former self located on the shores of the Miscath Strand. Verdant life has succumbed to blight of the dragon Karketh, The Sable Despoiler, transforming it into a realm of grayscale shadows and twisted, petrified trees. Amongst this desolation, shadowy creatures roam, and the last of the natural inhabitants mount a fading resistance to the encroaching darkness of the Shadowfell.

Deeper still, you are drawn to a lair where light fears to tread, a corrupted tower turned into a spire of despair by Karketh's will. Within its heart, amidst a trove of treasures dimmed by the dragon's shadow, the Armor of the Valiant Soul lies in wait. Its divine essence, muted but undiminished, a silent call to those who would dare to reclaim its power and restore the balance of light.

## GRIMOIRE INFINITUS

You are transported to an era when the arcane pursuits of mortals rivaled the power of the gods. You see a city, Avalir, the City of Crowns, a floating metropolis atop a mountain, a sight of unparalleled beauty and a testament to the zenith of ancient achievements.

You witness an elven woman crafting a tome, imbuing it over her lifetime with all she has learned and the entirety of the age's knowledge. In her hands, the tome provides access to an increased number and array of spells, which she can modify in both subtle and powerful ways. This mastery over magic grants her an unparalleled ability to resist and counter any who dare wield the arcane arts against her.

Yet, the hubris of this age brings about its own downfall. An ancient tree, its branches adorned with glowing runes, splits open to reveal a form of impossible beauty and terror: horns red as blood, the betrayer god enters Exandria. His emergence signals the onset of chaos and the beginning of the Calamity. Fire rains from the sky as Avalir, the once-floating paradise, descends into catastrophe. With a cataclysmic roar, it crashes onto the continent of Domunus, splintering the land into myriad isolated islands.

In the eye of this storm, amidst the ruin, the elven woman desperately enacts a spell of preservation. A field of protective energy envelops the book, her life's work, keeping it suspended in time and shielded from the devastation.

The vision shifts, and you find yourself amidst the aftermath. The shattered remnants of Avalir transform the landscape — islands of jagged earth orbit a maelstrom, while chunks of land float, defying gravity, surrounded by elemental fury. The city, in ruins, echoes with ancient magic, guarded by automatons with glowing blue eyes and runic claws, ready to defend against intruders.

At the heart of this chaos waits the Grimoire Infinitus, its pages filled with a countless number of spells and incantations. A mage could spend endless lifetimes studying its pages. To wield this tome is to touch the essence of magic itself, offering a promise of knowledge and power that spans the ages.

## HONOR'S LAST STAND

You are swept into the heart of an ancient battlefield, the air thick with roiling breath of dragons, both metallic and chromatic. A dragonborn figure emerges, a shining champion of Bahamut, their name lost to time. They stand alone, the embodiment of valor, wielding Honor's Last Stand, a massive tower shield aglow with celestial fire, during the fateful Battle of Ghor Dranas.

A great red wyrm blasts this champion, who stands undaunted, their shield absorbing the dragons' elemental wrath and casting it back in a radiant counterstrike. But wave after wave of foe finally felled the hero. In the aftermath of the battle only jagged spires of rock remain as silent sentinels over a unmarked grave.

Centuries pass, and the shield's journey through the hands of time is fraught with greed and betrayal, passing from looter to merchant, stolen and sold, until it finds its rest in the hands of the Barbed Ruin.

Your vision shifts, transporting you to the City of Brass, a marvel of the Plane of Fire. Its streets of flowing fire, towering edifices, and sweeping minarets, all crafted from gleaming heated brass. Here, among the grandeur of the efreets, a crossroad of the planes, lies the mansion/summer home of the Barbed Ruin, a stronghold of luxury and power, its halls patrolled by devils and other thralls.

Within this mansion, in an office that drips with wealth and authority, this shield—Honor's Last Stand—hangs upon the wall, amidst other trophies of conquest, its surface still echoing with the courage and sacrifice of its fallen wielder.

Standing before it, in military regalia adorned with the medals of countless victories, is the Barbed Ruin himself. With purple skin and bat-like wings, he wields a rapier infused with infernal runes.

## WRAPS OF DYAMAK

Looming thousands of feet tall, the primordial empress of earth, Ka'Mort, faced off against the prime deities themselves. Amidst this elemental chaos, a figure stands resolute: Dyamak, a warrior monk whose mastery over the elements was unparalleled. With movements as fluid as the rivers and strikes as forceful as the earth itself, Dyamak faced this incursion alongside the gods, his hands wrapped in bands of power, the very essence of the elements woven into their fabric.

As the turmoil of the Calamity subsided, Dyamak retreated into meditation, his spirit eventually merging with the elements he had so fiercely protected. The wraps, imbued with his essence and strength, were thought lost to time, until unearthed in the underdark by a colony of mindflayers. Seeking to appease a magnificent dragon made of purple-amethyst gems, the mind flayers offered the wraps as a token of peace.

The Wraps of Dyamak, possess abilities that echo the legend of their original master. The wearer's fists can swell into massive boulders, delivering blows with the weight of mountains. Water heeds their call, extending outward to grapple and ensnare. Flames dance from their palms, immolating foes at a distance. In moments of serenity, the wielder can ascend on gusts of wind.

Your vision then takes you to the present, to the Stonecage cliffs, where Zunda'i-Miir, the dragon whose scales sparkle like amethyst, resides. Her lair, a cathedral of geodes hidden within a complex tunnel system near the surface, cradles her hoard. For centuries, Zunda'i-Miir has known peace, her presence a harmonious part of the cliffs' ecosystem. Yet, a restless agitation now stirs her, her actions becoming unpredictable and fierce, a stark departure from the harmony she once embodied.

## WREATH OF THE PRISM

You vision is pulled back to see a pale, slender, sulken Archfey, Daemoth The Mad, weave his essence into a

loop of golden thorns – The Wreath of the Prism. With this circlet, he bends the will of those around him to his chaotic desires, manipulating both the whimsical and cruel denizens of the Feywild.

Daemoth's ambitions swelled, compelling him to pour more of his essence into the wreath, aiming to beguile and ensnare even his peers within the fey court. His hubris, however, was his undoing as he was exiled, banished from the realm. The Wreath of the Prism, is now bestowed upon Zathuda, Sorrow Lord and Grove Captain of the Unseelie Court, who wields the sword of the Lightless Flame.

The Wreath of the Prism holds the power to dominate the minds of beasts, dragons, and monstrosities, bending these formidable beings to the wearer's will, a testament to its creator's unchecked ambition and the dangers of power unmoored from wisdom.

Your vision shifts, transporting you to a land ensnared in eternal winter's grasp. Here lies Shiver Keep, a fortress of ice and sadness, its towers and spires standing as silent sentinels in the still air. Guarded by elven warriors clad in jagged armor and patrolled by beasts with faces as vacant as the void, it is a realm of frozen beauty and lurking danger.

Mounted on the fey drake he dominates, Zathuda surveys his domain with eyes like frozen lakes. He patrols the skies for the joy of the hunt, a predator in a land of frost.