*You open your eyes and take a deep breath, the smoke and death and hopelessness filling your lungs. You look down over the plaza cast over in the blue light of the elves’ last hope. The streets are quiet and black, cobbled with the corpses of those who once had names. Those cursed to un-death march in the columns of the damned headed by grotesqueries unknown to the sun. The waters squirm with the ancient beings forgotten to the deep-caves, and the abandoned hallways slither with beings not seen by men or elves. They all march to silence the last power of the elves in the East. The end is coming neigh for them, but your time is just beginning. You smile. It’s so close at hand—the key to the valley, the town, the tablet, the glade, the eye. You look up at the night sky. “So, Isabella. We’re here at last. You’ve come so far, my sweet rose—to the city where you found love and where love was taken from you. These are the people dearest to you, if such words could be said. Come to me, and try to save them, or leave. The choice is yours. Save them, and sacrifice yourself, or leave the world to burn and save yourself. Come to me, and look in the mirror.” You look down at the shard of glass in your hand. The glass is black, as black as the sword and as black as the rose and as black as the blood of the damned.*

*The vision changes. A ratty tavern with no one sitting at the tables. Dust settles from the sand of the valley, each grain a memory. People stagger by the door, barely able to stay on their feet. A single blot of color sits on the bar. A rose as blue as sapphire and the sea and the sky. Long, dark, disgusting fingers stroke the rose petals gently, as if they were to turn to dust at any moment.*

*The fragile king of paradoxes stood on the barricade as the rain came down. He wore on his head a crown set with white candles, each aglow with a strange flame. He carried cupped in his hand another candle, the white wax not dripping, not melting. Along with it he held a rose as white as the clouds of Heaven. He stood robed in the purest white, his long hair the purest gold, his eyes the purest blue. He looked out upon the field, the torches, the spears, the blood, the hatred, and he let the slightest smile touch his face. He extended the white rose over the wall of the barricade and let it fall slowly to the ground. The soft touch of grass on its petals brought silence. The hatred was gone. The spears and torches lay still in the field. The king turned around and stopped when he saw you. “You are dying. I can save you,” you whisper, looking at the reflection of your white hair in his blue, blue eyes.*

Nimbus

The Nimbus of Radiant Truth exists only when good has need of a great champion. Such a champion can attain it only though a perilous quest that tests mettle and righteousness. Rather than being a physical object, the Nimbus of Radiant Truth manifests as a glowing halo of light around the wearer's head. It's ordinarily as bright as continual flame, but in battle it brightens to the dazzling brilliance of daylight. Its radiance is treated as resulting from a 9th-level spell for purposes of interaction with other sources of light and darkness. The radiance of the nimbus can be suppressed or resumed as a standard action. The Nimbus of Radiant Truth grants a +6 enhancement bonus to Wisdom and Charisma. Treat this as a temporary ability bonus for the first 24 hours the nimbus is worn. Its wearer can't deliberately utter a lie, though the nimbus doesn't prevent other forms of deception, evasiveness, and giving incomplete answers within the boundaries of the truth. All of the wearer's natural weapons and any weapons she wields overcome damage reduction as though they were good-aligned. In addition, the Nimbus of Radiant Truth has the following powers. The wearer can bring forth a zone of truth (DC 20) with a 40foot radius at will. By expending one use of mythic power, the DC increases to 30. As an immediate action, the wearer can expend one use of mythic power to gain the benefits of freedom's call (as the Liberation domain power) or nimbus of light (as the Sun domain power) for 2 minutes. For purposes of this power, the wearer has a cleric level equal to her character level. Either power can be dismissed as a free action, but any unused duration is lost. Seven times per day, the wearer can cure moderate wounds as a cleric with a caster level equal to her character level. The wearer adds her mythic tier to the hit points healed. Three times per day, the wearer can unleash a holy aura (DC 25) or an empowered holy smite (DC 22). Once per day, the wearer can unleash a blast of righteous power. Treat this as sunburst (DC 27) centered on the wearer, except that it has no effect on good-aligned creatures and inflicts double damage to evil-aligned creatures. After this power is used, the nimbus fades to a barely visible glow for 1 hour, and the wearer loses access to all of its powers save its enhancement bonuses. She remains unable to lie. Once per week, the wearer can expend one use of mythic power to perform a resurrection. The wearer of the Nimbus of Radiant Truth can remove it as though it were a physical item, and place it either on the head of another creature or on an inanimate object. When placed on an inanimate object, the Nimbus of Radiant Truth can be picked up. When placed on a living creature, it can't be removed except by the wearer's conscious choice.

When donned by a creature of evil alignment, the nimbus blasts the creature for 20d6 points of damage, then teleports 1d10x10 miles away in a random direction. However, if the wearer becomes evil some time after donning it, the nimbus retains its powers and doesn't damage the wearer. The nimbus cannot be deceived by any mortal means of masking alignment (including mythic abilities)

Phoenix Cloak

If the wearer takes damage that would reduce her below 0 [hit points](http://www.d20pfsrd.com/gamemastering/combat#TOC-Hit-Points), she can expend one use of mythic power to transform into a [phoenix](http://www.d20pfsrd.com/bestiary/monster-listings/magical-beasts/phoenix)-like being. This doesn't require an action. When this happens, she is immediately affected as though targeted with a [*breath of life*](http://www.d20pfsrd.com/magic/all-spells/b/breath-of-life) spell (CL 9th) and polymorphs into a birdlike creature made of flames (as [*elemental body II*](http://www.d20pfsrd.com/magic/all-spells/e/elemental-body),; **CL** 9; [fire elemental](http://www.d20pfsrd.com/bestiary/monster-listings/outsiders/elemental/elemental-fire) only). While in this form, the wearer also gains a fly speed of 50 feet with good maneuverability, as well as a +4 bonus on [Fly](http://www.d20pfsrd.com/skills/fly) skill checks due to this maneuverability.