

The Hour of Shadows Draws Near

The whispers on the Fae wind grow harsh a chilling counterpoint to the lulling melody of the Whispering Court.

They speak of complacency of a leadership blind to the suffering of the Fae in The Eladrin's dominance grows bolder, their arrogance choking the very land we revere.

The Whispering Court has grown stagnant, it's whispers mere echoes in the halls of power. We, The Silent Adjudicators, have seen enough. We have infiltrated their ranks only to find them more concerned with courtly intrigue than the plight of our kind.

Sharpen your blades, hone your whispers, and let rage burn bright within you. The time for shadows is upon us. We shall strike with the precision of a viper and the fury of a summer storm, purging the Eladrin's influence and reclaiming Calindor for the Fae.

Remember Our Creed:

1. The Eladrin are usurpers. Calindor belongs to the Fae and we shall claim it.
2. The Whispering Court has failed us. We are the true guardians of the Fae.
3. The Eladrin blight must be eradicated, only then can Calindor flourish.

Go forth. Silent Ones. Let the shadows be your cloak and the whispers your guide. The Fae dominion dawns with you and we shall be its architects.



Arch Harbinger Rhyvesh