

The Legend of Greenmist

Scarath ambled along the antiquated cobblestones that littered the streets of Cabilis running parallel along the canal. A bitterly cold wind blew through the holes in the ancient clay buildings making him shiver despite his heavy armor. The cloudless sky was filled with shining stars as Luclin glared down upon Norrath lighting his path through the ancient city. He had always hated this city despite it being where he was born; he had never spent much time here always feeling more comfortable among the knights of Qeynos' catacombs after earning their trust.

He came chasing rumors from an acquaintance that were passed along as he stocked up at a local bank in New Tanaan dropping off and picking up memories of adventures past. "I've heard of a powerful sword known as Greenmist located somewhere around Cabilis, perhaps you should seek the legend of it to find if it is true." After arriving in Cabilis, he had spent the better part of the day researching ancient dusty books and scrolls looking for any lore and history regarding the legendary weapon. Luck had not been with him for most of the day finding most of the references to be of the great god Cazic-Thule and his almighty power, but he had eventually found one lead by the grace of Cazic which lead him to a librarian in the crusader's tower who might be knowledgeable on the subject.

The night was very quiet the only sounds being made by his shuffling armor and the sounds of bones clacking together behind him. Not many Iksar were out moving around at this time of night, much less those that would be kind to a visiting Iksar, but the only other people that Scarath saw in fact were city guards who tensed at the sight of him. Behind him a skeletal pet trailed Scarath, his one eternal ally and friend. Scarath admitted that occasionally he hired a clockwork mercenary to assist him in the more difficult journeys, but tonight there was no need as he felt safe among the city walls confident that nothing could injure him here.

Finally, he reached his destination. A place he hadn't been for many years: The Tower of the Greenmist Crusaders and Scaled Mystics. Walking inside he was momentarily blinded by torch light, but at least the stone walls warded off the chill of the wind. Despite the lateness of the hour shamans milled around the bottom floor. Only a few paid attention to him as he walked to a wall that shifted and phased. As he stepped through he was teleported upstairs to his home guild.

Finding his way through the winding halls he finally reached his destination the room of the librarian.

"Greetings Zimor, my name is Scarath Bladesplitter I hear you might have information on the scared Khukri of Rile the Greenmist."

"Hail Citizen, I hope you are here to assist first. We are gathering Crusaders to make an assault on the libraries of Chardok. The slave creations have thrived in their sanctuary for too long. The tomes and text they have stolen to fill their library belong us. They are even rumored to have a text on the Sacred Khukri of Rile, the Greenmist. If you see such a tome, you must bring it to me immediately. May Cazic-Thule guide you!"

After receiving the news of the location of the book Scarath set off with a most abysmal speed across the continent of Kunark. With a trip that should have taken days if not weeks Scarath was able to arrive in a few hours by charting a shortcut through the Plane of Knowledge, the ever smoky Skyfire Mountains, through the Burning Woods, and finally the city of Chardok. Upon his arrival he was greeted with the sound of howls of Sanark and their dog like pets. Their appearance of brown skin and beak like mouths an ever present horror filled Scarath with a disgust as they attacked him; his appearance and blood as an Iksar reason enough for eternal hate in their minds and society. Pulling a crude map out of his backpack he charted his way down to the infamous library where the book was rumored to be hidden. After much bloodshed and battles (not to mention dead ends) he finally made his way down deep into Chardok and found himself inside of the library. Moving around under a magical cloak he was invisible to all eyes but the most careful watchers a skill he had mastered many seasons ago, but was still one of the most useful things that he ever learned. Looking around the room he spied his target the Grand Lorekeeper Kino Shai'din and wasted not a moment moving in and dispatching the Di'Zok with unholy speed and strength. With great luck the Sanark had the book on his person and Scarath acquired it from the now dead corpse.

“What a shame, perhaps I should have asked nicely first.” Scarth mentioned to no one in particular, but heard a cackle as his pet clearly enjoyed the joke. “Looks like it is about time to go Jonaner; try not to get lost this time when we walk through the portal.”

Focusing his mind a collection of blue sparks began to form around him moving in a circular pattern as if dancing before his eyes he felt the strain pulling magic from that deep inside himself, but he was able to focus enough to create a portal. It shimmered before him as if inviting him to enter and be transported to the guild lobby. This was not a skill he acquired through his study of being a shadow knight, but instead an innate ability he learned after spending enough time adventuring out in the world. As he stepped through he felt as though the world around was freezing only seconds away from ice engulfing him and then he was through in the warmth and safety of the lobby once again. He summoned his abysmal steed and double checked to make sure Jonaner did indeed make it through the portal and headed off towards the Plane of Knowledge and back towards Zimor.

Upon reaching Cabilis Scarth quickly headed towards the Crusader’s Tower and teleported up to where the Librarian was impatiently waiting his return. Zimor jumped at the sight of Scarth appearing at the end of his room and hurried over and grabbed the book carefully gasping in surprise. His hands trembled as he mouthed the words scrawled across the ancient parchment pages. "The information that has been waiting in this book may have been brought to us by your hand, but your fate has obviously been chosen by our Lord. Our mystics have conveyed a new vision to us in this most recent season. Please take this note to Hierophant Oxyn, while I continue to translate this tome." Handing Scarth a quickly scrawled note he dismissed Scarth from his view focusing only on the translating and reading that was to come.

Scarth quickly headed downstairs by jumping over the side of the building and levitating down to the ground below. Turning back inside Scarth found Hierophant Oxyn pouring over shamanistic scrolls in a state of deep concentration. Poking the old Iksar on the shoulder Scarth apologized for startling him and handed him the note from Zimor.

Hierophant Oxyn took the note and began to howl into the air! "The visions are true! The new prophecy begins today, Crusader," the mystic growled with pleasure. He quickly turned and took a bottle of murky liquid from one of his potion bags and handed it to Scarth. "Take this and keep it safe. Our visions have told us of this day. We have been able to learn of the metal of prophecy. This liquid will help us to locate its’ true resting place!

Curious Scarth asked, “What is this liquid and why do I need to keep it safe?”

"The bottle contains deklum in a liquid solution. The metal of prophecy has been determined to rest in a mass of living earth. Our scholars have written of a mass of ore that fell from the heavens. This ore was used in the creation of a blade of our father, Rile. We have been filled with visions of this blade. I have seen it in the hands of our Crusaders as they march towards the new age of Greenmist! Seek out the corrupted earth that guards the interlopers. We have an alchemist near there. He will be able to use the deklum to determine which golem contains the metal. Take care to go in force. I sense that there will be a battle.”

Nodding Scarth quickly figured out his next target is near the ruined city of Overthere. Hopping quickly back on his abysmal steed he motioned for his pet to follow him and took off riding into the Field of Bone heading towards the Plane of Knowledge book as the sun began to rise in the distance. Stopping close enough to read the book Scarth couldn’t help but feel a shimmer of power that came from its pages, a mysterious anchor between Norrath and the Plane of Knowledge many called the artifact. Scarth closed his eyes and took a deep breath and placed his hand upon the book and felt the world begin to shift around him then the sounds began to change into that of a busy city and when Scarth opened his eyes once again he was standing near a stone marked Cabilis.

While in the city of New Tanaan (Scarth still hadn’t figured out what happened to old Tanaan) he picked up some supplies needed for his journey and sold some of the less useful items for a few platinum and headed to a magical stone similar to the one that he arrived near that would transport him to the Overthere. Taking a deep breath he placed a hand upon the stone and felt the world shift around him. Within a few seconds he was in a mostly barren plane filled with strange creatures and animals.

“I really hate teleporting always makes my stomach turn upside down” Scarth shuddered at the thought, “doesn’t it make yours...right you don’t have a stomach do you Jonaner?”

Scarth's only response was a cackle as he summoned his abysmal steed to mount and began to search for the location of the alchemist that was spoken of by Oxyn who could supposedly use the bottle of liquid to find something that Scarth wasn't exactly sure about yet.

It took only a few minutes to find Granika sitting outside the crumbling wall of the ancient outpost in Overthere. Dismounting Scarth walked up and greeted Granika bowing before the alchemist and handing him the bottle of deklum.

"If Heirophant Oxyn has sent this with you, I can assume that our visions were correct. The new age is calling us from the heavens. Prepare for battle. I will take this solution to the Outlander's gates and use it to reveal the location of the metal of prophecy. Should I not return, you will only need to find the creature that glows without the use of a torch. Deklum glows when it gets near the smallest trace of tynnomium. Prepare for battle, Crusader... I am off".

Scarth carefully watched as the Iksar snuck inside the city and he waited only a few minutes before the ground began to rumble.

"What in Norrath is going on?"

Scarth didn't have to wait long for his answer as a giant cliff golem who seemed to glow on his own walked through the hole in the wall near Scarth's position being flanked by a troop of skeletal marines.

"This must have been the one that Granika was talking about, he's huge! Here goes nothing I guess."

Scarth charged into battle drawing his fabled two handed sword and dodging the first few blows easily and motioning for his pet to attack the golem. He rolled to the left as a massive fist crushed the ground where he had been standing a moment before and struck upward with his enchanted sword. The giant wasn't able to parry the blow and instead tried to stamp out Scarth like a fly with his massive foot. The battle raged for a few minutes before Scarth a little worse for the wear emerged victorious. Cutting a hole in the fallen golem he reached deep inside and pulled a chunk of tynnomium from the body of the golem and stuck it into one of his packs. Deciding that delivering this would be the last thing before some sleep Scarth headed back towards Cabilis enjoying the ride that his horse provided him and watching as the land began to wake up around him and before long he was back again in front of Oxyn.

He wasted no time again in showing the ore to Oxyn the shaman quickly grabbed it from Scarth's hand and excitedly began to chant. As he raised the orb above his head his and eyes went white from the focus it took. After a few minutes he lowered his arms he shook his head and his eyes returned to normal focused on Scarth.

"Seek out the creator of Rile's blade. He is still on this plane. I have felt his torment. Take this back note to Librarian Zimor. He learned a great deal from the tome and can instruct you further."

Scarth sighed and headed back upstairs to Zimor's room. Greeting the Iksar once again Scarth handed the note over and waited impatiently just wanting to get what information he could and then find an inn around here to get some sleep in.

"I am very glad you have returned. Your discovery of the tynnomium is extraordinary! This Sarnak tome has been an incredible source of information. It appears that they have been studying the Greenmist for some time. I'm sure they sought it as nothing more than a trinket to be collected. Their shortsightedness will be their eventual undoing. I have compiled a book of notes that will aid you in your quest for the Greenmist. Please take care to keep this information of the grasp of our enemies."

The sun was high in the afternoon sky as Scarth found an inn and paid for a room. Inside he carefully placed his armor to the side and his weapon close within reach. Home may be home, but danger was everywhere even more so on this unforgiving continent. Scarth laid down trying to get comfortable thinking about all that had happened so far and what was still to come. He knew his journey for this weapon had just begun, but the rest would have to wait until tomorrow.

A Nightmare Long Forgotten a Dream to Live Again

That night Scarth's mind refused to rest and while the sun streamed across the sky outside his room, in his own mind he travelled back to a time when life was much more difficult for the young Iksar, where every step was potentially his last and the idea of friends was lost without recognition. He had travelled away from Cabilis at a young season unhappy with what the city had to offer him wandering lost through the unfriendly land known as the Field of Bones. Exploring he pushed farther and farther away from the city walls until he found a small patch of green and trees and suddenly he felt rather tired from all of his explorations; finding a nook he settled down enjoying the shade that was provided by the tall trees. When he awoke he was startled to find a large group of people gathering together on a nearby hill talking in rather loud voices. Scarth had never seen any of the other races before in person, having been only told that they were unfriendly to his kind and that he should avoid them at all costs. Being unsure of them he hid, waited, and watched their behavior. They seemed to appear out of thin air surrounding a strange book sitting on a pedestal the likes of which Scarth had never seen before. It hummed with a power that called for Scarth to touch it, but he was unsure of what would happen if he did. After a few hours the adventurers set off towards the Emerald Jungle and Scarth moved in to investigate the book. As he moved closer the power tickled his skin and moved through his body making him feel electrified and excited. The book was written in the language of the Iksar and read as follows, "Our eternal gift, our eternal hope, peace and prosperity, given for all. To find what one seeks, to find where one goes, search out the place, where one feels whole. For this book will take you, not to that place, but one where your beginning, might be remade. Lay your hands down, upon these pages old, to move to places other, for New Tanaan is home." Although fearful of what might happen Scarth took a deep breath and laid his hands upon the book.

The world swirled around him causing a sickening feeling deep within his stomach and he fell to his knees as the book's energy buzzed through him. The world shifted around him and then he was in a bright city standing next to a stone labeled Cabilis in common tongue. Around him adventurers of all races hurried around him, paying no attention to the young Iksar. Scarth stumbled around New Tanaan in a daze unsure of what exactly was going on; he had never seen such a place before filled with so many different races all getting along together. Everyone he passed was kind to him, merchants called out to him asking him to come look at their wares, and the defenders watched with a carefree ease sure that there would be no trouble. Scarth wandered into the neutral stone section of the city and was looking over the many names of cities located all across the continents that made up Norrath. He decided that he would explore the one named Qeynos first, hoping that the people there would be accepting of an Iksar. With a bit of hope in his heart he walked up to the stone which was clearly enchanted similarly to the book, but there was no description carved onto the stone. Laying his hands on the stone he felt the power buzz through him once again and as the world shifted he found himself surrounded on three sides by cold grey city walls. A warm breeze blew across his scales as he surveyed the world around him. The sun shone high in the sky illuminating green grass as far as the eye could see and trees, magnificent trees towering everywhere along the ground. In the distance he could make out what looked like giant hills which must top over a man twice over. Filled with awe Scarth took his first few steps into the yard that would forever change his life. Reaching for the nearest tree he laid his hands upon the bark, he had seen trees before outside of Cabilis, even in New Tanaan, but they weren't vibrant like these wonderful green trees.

Suddenly Scarth felt a sharp point of a dagger in the back of his neck and flinched. As he turned around he was greeted with the vision of a lovely Half-Elf who was cautiously pointing a dagger at him.

"What's going on?" Scarth managed to choke out in common

"You're being robbed that's what is going on; now give me all your money or I'll take it by force." The Half-Elf smiled seeming almost coy and fragile for a moment before gaining a look of irritation. "Now you scaly freak! I don't have all day to wait for you."

Scarth started to say something, but thought the better of it slowly taking out his coin purse and handing it to the girl.

"And that nice leather tunic that you have on, whatever it is made of." She winked at Scarth making his heart skip a beat.

Scarth obeyed stripping off his rhino hide jerkin and laying it before her. Then he heard a voice from behind him.

“Ready?” it asked

The girl nodded and Scarth felt a club hit him on the head and then he was unconscious landing on the ground in a most unceremonious manner.

When Scarth awoke he was laying on a bed in what looked like a cell. The sun, grass, and magnificent trees were all absent, his head pounded as if echoing the blow, and oh the smell it reeked like Scarth was soaked in it what *it* was. Beyond the door he could see torchlight as it lit a dusty corridor leading somewhere Scarth couldn't see. Sitting up Scarth noticed all of his equipment sitting in a corner of the room, save those pieces he handed off to the Half-Elf thief. He grabbed his feeble equipment and his treasured sword and tried to open the door. To his surprise it was unlocked and swung right open upon his touch. Not wanting to have a repeat of earlier he moved as silently as he could down the corridor blade in hand ready to defend himself if needed. As he rounded a corner he emerged in a large rounded room filled with torches and humans. The room's stone walls reflected the torch light as it bounced off the dull surfaces making the room twice as bright as it should have been. He saw humans with two handed weapons walking around with skeletons faithfully following them. He saw humans dressed in heavy robes carrying spell books with skeletons following them too. He even saw humans dressed in plate and chain carrying maces and spell books walking around talking with one another. As he emerged one of the human knights excused himself from a conversation and moved over to greet Scarth.

“That won't be needed brother, put it away.”

Scarth was unsure still, but having a feeling of familiarity with the man slung his sword into his sheathe hanging from his belt.

“Welcome to the temple of the Bloodsabers, we serve Lord Bertoxxulous the Plaguebringer and you are safe here. We weren't sure if you were going to wake up at first, but the clerics assured me that you would be as good as new before long. My name is Sragg Bloodheart leader of the Shadow Knights here.”

“I...I'm called Scarth a Shadow Knight in service to Cazic-Thule the Faceless.” Scarth stammered out quietly

“Of course you are! Well welcome to the temple Scarth, you might we wondering how you got here, but we have been wondering how you found your way to us. One of my knights by the name of Wellis Pestule happened to find you lying on the ground near the aqueduct unconscious and recognizing the dark spirit within you dru...err carried you back here for help.”

“I was robbed by a girl...and someone else; they took my money and my tunic and then knocked me unconscious.”

“Well then praise Bertoxxulous that you arrived here safely. He must have guided you with his hand to bring you to this hidden temple. It's strange we don't see many Iksar around Qeynos, may I ask what brought you to this part of Norrath?”

“I was just exploring...trying to find a place that felt like home...like the book described.”

“Ah let me guess the one that takes you to New Tanaan?” Not waiting for an answer Sragg continued, “I tell you those pesky books just appeared throughout Norrath bringing all sorts of people to cities where they aren't welcome. Well not to say you aren't welcome brother, but enough about me, enough about you let me introduce you to the person who's now responsible for you if you would like to stay here.”

Scarth followed Sragg through the halls of the guild until they reached a corner where an older man stood in heavy plate armor.

“Wellis you already know this Iksar, his name is Scarth, Scarth this is the person you owe your thanks to. Wellis I want you to help him out if he has any questions if he decides to stay with us.” With that Sragg walked away a clearly busy man with important tasks to perform leaving Scarth alone with Wellis.

“Hello...and thanks for helping me out.” Scarth managed in common.

“Greetings and nice to see you awake finally, I see a lot of great potential in you, don’t ever hesitate to ask me something if you need a question answered. I’ll be here to help you out as much as I can, it should be quite the experience seeing an Iksar shadow knight around here all the time.” Wellis chuckled a warming laugh, “I do hope you’ll stick around we could use some excitement around here the catacombs may be far from dry, but the fun often is.”

Scarth awoke back in Cabilis the sun had long faded from the sky and Luclin had begun shining her light down upon Norrath a stream of light penetrated the room through a crack in the ceiling illuminating the corner of the room. The light illuminated Jonaner who sat as pile of bones quietly waiting for his master to wake up. Scarth remembered that day he met the man that would both become his idol and friend. It had been many years since then and Scarth had changed much over the years, but he was only as powerful as he was today thanks to the encouragement of Wellis. Taking a moment to silently thank his old friend Scarth realized how long it had been since he had been back to the catacombs, back to where he felt most at home. He made a mental note that after he found Greenmist to make a trip back there and show his old friend the legendary weapon.

Scarth pulled on his armor and grabbed his weapon from the corner and strung it on to his back. Making a motion for Jonaner to follow him he headed out of the room and down the stairs. The innkeeper wasn’t at the front, but probably back in his room asleep already. Stepping outside Scarth was welcomed by the light of the moon illuminating the nearby canal and reflecting off the calm water’s surface. Scarth was in no hurry as he walked through the peaceful city admiring the cracked and faded buildings as he walked towards the Lake of Ill Omen off of the western part of Cabilis. As he stepped outside the main gates he nodded to the nearby guards who tried to ignore his presence and summoned his abysmal steed. Mounting the flaming horse he set off for his target the Sanark outpost located on the other side of the massive lake. With his steed running at an impressive speed and using his talent for levitation Scarth was able to cross the lake by simply flying over the waters avoiding the longer trip around the shoreline as he moved closer to the outpost Scarth cloaked himself and rode in right under the noses of the unwary Sanarks.

After he was inside Scarth began his trip through the long and winding stone hallways filled with patrols of Sanarks despite it being late. Unsure of where he was headed he dismounted from his steed and explored on foot taking care not to alert any Sanarks to his presence. After exploring most of the outpost Scarth was able to find the room he was looking for and within it a Sanark smith sat carefully examining his tools. Scarth snuck into the room and saw the item he was looking for hanging on the wall. The hammer of 1406 needed for the forging of the Greenmist.

Scarth dropped the cloak and tapped the Sanark on the shoulder who jumped with surprise and snarled at Scarth before grabbing a hammer and swinging. Scarth unsheathed his blade in time to parry the blow easily avoiding any attempt the smith tried to injure him. Scarth began to concentrate, pulling from his talents as a Reaver and watched as the Sanark’s blood began to turn acidic and burned inside of him causing great internal damage. The Sanark howled as the pain flooded his system and left an opening for Scarth to slash him right across the chest ending the pain and his miserable life. Scarth quickly grabbed the sacred hammer that hung on the wall and re-cloaked himself again sure that there would be guards there before long to check on the howling. Making his way outside Scarth met with no resistance the Sanarks unaware of his passing at least until one found their weapon smith dead in his quarters.

Once safely outside Scarth summoned up his steed and headed back towards Chardok, he had found out through talking with the Librarian and Shaman that one of the pieces was a greenish metal shard and that it was often carried by the alchemistic acolytes there.

The trip took a few hours to arrive and after making his way down to where the acolytes supposedly traveled Scarth took up a position and waited and waited and waited.

“Maybe I should have come during the day” Scarth laughed, “Might have been more of them around and not asleep!”

Scarth dozed off while hiding from the Sanarks and waiting for an acolyte to pass by his position. As it became more dangerous Jonaner woke his master and alerted him to the presence of what appeared to be an acolyte. Confirming his pet's suspicions Scarth waited until the acolyte was alone and then quickly dispatched him not giving the Sanark the chance to even make a sound.

"Blessed Cazic, this one has a shard Jonaner! It looks like my luck is improving, such a shame it took so long to find one." Scarth's pet cackled happily and shuffled behind his master. Scarth eyed him oddly, wondering when the pet had picked up two spears, but not wanting to ask the question or really know the answer. Scarth motioned for the pet to follow him as he cloaked himself and headed up through the tunnels. As he emerged outside he saw that the sun was high in the midmorning sky already. The next destination that he had heard of was far off across the continent in the castle built by the former leader of the Iksar Rile Sathir, Karanor's Castle.

Scarth charted a route that would take him through Overthere, Frontier Mountains, the infamous Dreadlands, and finally to the castle. Although the trip itself was uneventful most of the monsters of Kunark choosing to stay far away from the Knight, Scarth was able to admire the scenery as he passed through the diverse lands that made up Kunark. The trip took him almost half a day, but he finally arrived at the once awe inspiring castle he cloaked and snuck inside the massive entrance avoiding the dog faced Drolvag servants of the Iksar vampire Ventril Sathir. Scarth had heard that hidden amongst supplies that had long been forgotten was the shattered blade of Rile. Since Rile had been the first to forge the Greenmist, this blade would prove invaluable in recreating the legendary weapon. Moving through the castle Scarth had to avoid patrols of undead and avoid being seen by any of the Drolvag which would not hesitate to attack this intruder. After a few mishaps and a few more dead bodies Scarth reached where the blade was rumored to be kept. Moving through the prison area he inched past the dusty forgotten prison cells and reached a dusty storeroom and began his search. The blade turned out to be relatively easy to find among the dust and dirt of ages past. The once honed blade had lost its' edge falling into disrepair, it was no wonder that it hadn't even been found before or considered as an artifact of great power. Scarth himself doubted that it was the once legendary blade, but he carefully wrapped it in a cloth and placed it reverently into one of his bags. Finding the blade had been the most difficult part of this journey to Karanors, his exit went unnoticed by the guards as Scarth's thoughts swam as the weight of what he was doing suddenly crashed down. His heart fluttered as he began to question whether he had the right to the heirloom of Rile, the heirloom that all Crusaders of Greenmist deserved, he questioned if he was truly an outsider and if since he had abandoned his birthplace long ago and if it was his right to carry it. As Scarth rode towards his next destination his thoughts were lost in contemplation the land came and went without recognition and then a voice came to him, haunted and disfigured it came from a lesson learned long in the past.

Scarth and Wellis sat on a small piece of land not far from the docks of South Qeynos leaning against the grey wall that surrounded Qeynos looking out over the deep blue ocean and watching as the breeze blew clouds far above in the sky and ships into the harbor to unload their passengers and supplies. They were both relaxed enjoying the company of each other as they had grown closer in the former months since their meeting. Already Scarth had begun to grow in power and couldn't help, but feel connected to this man his idol and this city that grew to know him more and more.

Wellis had broke the silence that they sat in that day offering advice to a young adventurer in Norrath by saying, "As a knight our brothers the Paladins will always say that their honor is the most important trait they can ever hope to develop, Rogues will argue that everything that is not theirs should belong to them and will wish for fortune, Bards can only hope to lay claim to fame across the land, clerics one day hope to be recognized for their devotion by their gods and rewarded as such, warriors one day to be the best their arenas have to offer, but we though want none of that. Our goals lay more in what we deserve, the power we gain is a powerful tool, but it is often misunderstood that it is our only goal. The power is but a way to earn the rights we deserve as part of this world and while that often results in others being cautious and fearful of us don't ever forget that it is your right as a Shadow Knight to live, to walk the path that you choose, and finally it is your right to use the tools that you have earned to shape the world in the image that you wish to leave it with."

Curious Scarth opened his eyes looking at his mentor with a look of awe. "One day..."

"One day you will see, but if you can use your power to earn whatever it is, then it is your right to keep it. Don't ever forget that as it is the most important tenant of being a knight."

From Lore to Legend: To Seek a Specter from the Past

Jonaner startled Scarth out of a daze as he rode towards a hole that was becoming increasingly larger. Without even consciously realizing it he had ridden all the way from Karnor's Castle to the lands of Overthere and was heading straight for the pit where the entrance to Charasis was rumored to sit. His levitation might have protected him from the fall, but the running into a rock wall might have been a painful way to come out of his thoughts. Charasis was said to be the birthplace of Venril Sathir and where the once mighty emperor and father to Rile Sathir started his campaign against the other Iksar tribes, a war which eventually led to the creation of the Sebilisian Empire. After the fall of the empire it was said that Charasis was entombed and became infested with undead creatures that Sathir had created and magical golems. It has also been said that Drusella the one time companion of Venril still remains haunting the halls deep within Charasis. It was Scarth's mission to seek out Drusella or what was left of her and find a mirror of self loathing that she is rumored to keep.

As he headed into the valley the wind blew around him becoming increasingly stronger the closer he moved to Charasis. The desert sand had the marking of many tracks which had been trampled over by the scorpikis race a strange combination between man and scorpion that stood guard over the entrance to Charasis. As he moved down into a ruined temple the pathways led deeper under the earth. He passed many of the strange scorpikis milling about unaware of his presence, waiting for an opportunity to test their deadly poison. Reaching the final room Scarth found himself in a circular stone room with a strange glowing black and red bubble encased in an hourglass figure without the glass. Dismounting from his horse and Scarth placed his hand on the bubble expecting his hand to slide right though instead he felt resistance. A bolt of energy shot through his body and then the strange rumbling occurred, the very ground began to shake around him and the scorpikis that had been in the room hurried out and up the ramp to the outside. Scarth tried to lift his hand, but it was as if it was bound to the bubble, he felt himself being pulled inside dematerializing as he hit the side of the bubble, the next thing that Scarth was aware of was standing in the middle of a platform suspended far above the ground with four stair cases leading in each of the cardinal directions. Scarth checked to see if Jonaner was still with him and the pet was faithfully right behind him awaiting his orders. Out of the three stair cases the only one that was damaged beyond repair was the eastern staircase, it had crumbled away from a long time ago. Determined to move in that direction Scarth moved up the northern staircase and used his talent in levitation to bridge the gap until he reached the east side door.

As the door pulled up Scarth was met with the unmistakable smell of decay and death the corridor seemed to emit it from every crack and crevice. On the stone tiled floor sat regal rugs covering ancient tiles, the walls were covered with banners and torches still burning with a most unholy of fires and even the walls themselves had designs and markings. This city had once been the pride of the Kunzar tribe after the eviction of the Shissar from Kunark and it showed their hard work and craftsmanship. Taking a step Scarth steeled himself for the many battles that were to come. As he moved through the winding halls he couldn't help but engage in battles with monsters such as animated golems, strange devourers with an insatiable hunger, skeletons often challenged his right to pass, finally he reached the room where Drusella rested an undead dervish of bones and wind magically animated to be held together. Once a vision of loveliness the years had taken a great toll on her eventually leading to her death and burial by Venril who casted out all but his royal guards from the once cliff city of Charasis. Later he used it as experiments in necromancy which is the assumed reason his Drusella is raised from her supposedly eternal resting place in the crypt of Charasis. Scarth knew that she would be a powerful foe and worked carefully getting rid of guardians until there were only a few left and Drusella. He carefully summoned his innate defensive abilities gaining a shield that would torment anyone who attacked him and giving him the innate ability to drain life from his enemy.

Drawing his sword and motioning to his pet he walked into the room and was instantly attacked by two guardian golems and Drusella. His blade swung here and there as he dodged and blocked the many blows that flew in his direction. With help of Jonaner he was able to defeat the two golems and focus his attention on Drusella who was a tornado of bones attacking Scarth looking for any weakness in his armor. The battle continued and eventually the tornado rested the bones clattering to the ground in front of Scarth also appearing on the ground as if by magic the mirror of self loathing appeared looking like any normal mirror. Careful not to look into it Scarth covered the glass with a cloth and packed it into one of his packs. Turning to leave Scarth stopped and turned back around taking a moment to collect the fallen bones of the once powerful beloved of Venril he laid them down into an open crypt and said a prayer to Cazic-Thule to grant her rest before moving continuing deeper into Charasis. After a few more corridors and rooms he found himself faced with a glowing blue platform that sparkled with magical essence.

Stepping onto it Scarth felt himself being transported back up to the surface far above and within a second found himself standing outside of the temple that led to the entrance of Charasis.

The sun sat low in the sky casting a radiant glow across the land of Norrath a quieter wind blew now not seeming angry anymore that Scarth had trespassed upon the once sacred grounds. Now that he had all of the pieces needed to create the blade there was one last stop that Scarth needed to make before beginning the process of forging the blade. He needed to travel to the Crypt of Dalnir and meet with the specter of Haggie Baron Dalnir to find out the plans to creating the legendary Greenmist. That was the hope, but first Scarth had to travel through from Overthere, to Warsliks Wood, and finally to the Crypt of Dalnir a short trip compared to some of them he had been making so far. However feeling the strain of the day Scarth decided to take a rest for the night. He rode to the Plane of Knowledge artifact, then moving through the city of New Tanaan he found an inn and paid for a room for the night. After removing his armor he fell asleep almost instantly tired from the draining dungeon crawling and traveling that he had done that day.

The sun shone in Qeynos Hills as a warm breeze blew through the trees making the grass dance beneath Scarth's tail. In the sky clouds lazily flew through the blue sky wispy and free. A year had passed since that day with Wellis near the docks and Scarth had quickly become well known around the Temple of Bertoxulous and with the corrupt guards of Qeynos. Today was a test of his ability and skill and he trudged through the hills being careful to avoid the infamous Holly Windstalker or any of the patrolling guards. Cresting a hill he saw the place where he was to be tested, Blackburrow. Blackburrow was a simple place milling with Gnolls of all shapes and sizes in the lower levels they guarded the powerful of their leaders the commanders who led the Groll armies in raids of the cities. Scarth had been tasked with the quest to bring back a Blackburrow Groll Skin a skin that could only be found on the most elite of Gnolls.

As Scarth headed inside he was able to move unnoticed with help of a magical item that rendered him invisible for short amounts of time. Moving silently he moved through the rock passageways crudely carved out of the side of the wall and found himself deeper inside the lair. He followed a small lake back to a waterfall and climbed a nearby ladder. Following a winding trail he found himself standing outside of the crude rooms the Groll commanders and their guests. Pulling out his sword from the scabbard and taking a shield from his back Scarth motioned for his pet to follow him into the room. The battle was short, but fierce and in the end Scarth emerged in a lot of pain, but he had proven himself this day by collecting the Groll's skin. As he met with his friend and mentor Wellis congratulated Scarth on a job well done and reminded him that this was the final task they he could give to him. From now on his journey must be his own and he must seek ways to develop his talents to become stronger and more powerful.

It was that day, that momentous exciting day that Scarth had finally felt like he was leaving home. Prepared for the world outside of Qeynos, prepared for the adventure that was yet to come, and prepared to earn his rights as a Shadow Knight.

When Scarth awoke he knew his quest was near an end he could feel it as he took the steps to reequip his armor and blade. As he walked calmly through the city of New Tanaan he steeled himself for the final part of his mission. This day he must travel to the Crypt of Dalnir to find a specter of a man whose skill is legendary. Using the information about the design of the blade he would have to use the long lost forge hidden in the crypt to forge a new Greenmist. It was not an easy task by any means the journey into the crypt would be difficult with Sanarks who infested the crypt would block his every step challenging his right to enter and become legend.

The journey was one of the easiest so far, but that in itself proved to be a challenge as Scarth's thoughts flowed considering the might that lay before him and the challenges that stepping inside the crypt would bring. Upon his arrival he surveyed the area, the crypt had been carved completely from stone and rock, the outer passageways were of a crude design with rock jutting out at all corners making it near impossible to walk in a straight line, as he moved closer to his destination his armor became soaked with the blood of the Sanarks from what seemed like an endless tide their bloodlust unquenched charging in Scarth's direction. As he reached the inner sanctum the rock walls turned to smooth stone as if carved carefully by a dwarf's hand. Here the Sanark flood diminished as more elite Sanark guarded the passageways. Scarth's bloodlust sated for the day he stumbled into a room that once was a royal red the stones carefully placed and a bed in the corner which had seen much better days. Here a tormented tradesman sat guarded carefully by two Sanarks. Here is where Scarth had spent all this time preparing for and after

dispatching the Sanarks he carefully approached the skeletal being and handed him the mirror that he gained from Drusella.

The undead entity looked in the mirror and appeared to be stunned by the memory of his former self. He dropped the mirror, which caused it to crack slightly and as it looked at Scarth and began to transform. Ethereal strands of muscle, blood, and flesh came together and the Haggie Baron Dalnir appeared.

“I have little time to speak. I can feel this facade weakening already. A Scaled Mystic came to me during my time of torment. He spoke to me. He said that a new time was hiding behind the darkness of the horizon. You seek Master Rile's Khukri. I can diagram it for you... Arrrgh! I feel the pull of torment upon me! Return to me with a piece of parchment, a quill, and Rile's Shattered Blade. Use your mirror again to bring me back and I will try to remember the design. Please be quick.”

Scarth prepared for this pulled out and handed to the man the requested items.

Haggie Baron Dalnir stared at the broken blade for some time. After a few moments of studying, the apparition began to draw and scribble on the parchment. He worked with amazing speed as the memories from his past flood from his quill. The diagrams and runes that etched the surface of the parchment began to glow. The legendary Haggie Baron rolled the parchment and handed it to Scarth. Smiling, he bowed deeply and quickly faded away.

Scarth now equipped with all that he needed headed to a forge that sat quietly in the corner of the room. Its fire burned deeply despite a lack of use for many years. Combining the materials he had acquired thus far he worked for many hours forging the blade and as the last moment passed and he pulled the blade from the fire he felt a power flow through his body as if an approval from a higher entity was passed along to him.

Holding the legendary blade in his hand he stood in awe of its raw power enchanted with the power of Cazic Thule it seemed to hum for battle silently calling for Scarth to find a target to destroy, wanting to be baptized in blood of his enemies. It seemed as though the blade retained a memory of its' past life and owner quietly lending its power to Scarth as if to remind him of all the history of the Sebilisan empire that came long before his time. Reminding him of his lineage and proud history as an Iksar as they rose from slavery with the blessing of their god to become as powerful as they are today. As Scarth made his way out of the crypt he felt more powerful than he had ever been before and all the questions that had been in his heart faded away. He had earned his right to carry this blade and unlike its' previous carrier Rile, Scarth would use it to strike fear into the hearts of many and it would be his respect to his lineage as an Iksar.

Despite his injuries Scarth set off away from the afternoon sun headed back towards a way to travel to Qeynos to see his old friend and may Cazic save any fools who dare cross his path.

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