

# The Journey of Darren Thrice Blessed

## **Date of First Recording**

03/07/842 - 03/02/843

## **Date of Setting**

841 - 842

"Darren's pilgrimage leads to his death protecting a group of adventurers at Mosshall."

The First Mural depicts Darren standing with his shield holding back an army of undead; his allies fighting from behind him. There are a number of colored gems placed within the mural, and a stone bowl carved into the wall next to it. The bowl has a blackened rope leading up from it, splitting into two and travelling around the mural, one above and one below.

Before beginning the scene, Murrion sets his torch into the bowl, and the rope ignites, slowly burning and light travelling it's length as it does so, illuminating the mural from different angles as it does so.

"Darren had been chosen and blessed by the Champion, who asked him to leave his family and seek out his destiny. Having only his conscience to guide him, he travelled anywhere he heard the innocent needed help, or injustice went unpunished. When he arrived at Mosshall with a like-minded band of heroes, they found terrible necromancy at work."

The light from the rope casts shadows off the carved undead, causing the scene to come alive. The shadows grow in size and slowly begin to envelope Darren. Finally the light hits an opal, creating a shadowy blade, held by one of the monsters and piercing Darren's body.

"Darren perished protecting his allies, ensuring a decisive blow could be struck, returning the dead to their rest."

The light hits a ruby, and a wave of fire erupts from the carved tieflings hands, washing over the monsters and eliminating their shadows.

"The Champion still had need of Darren, however, and so Darren was blessed a second time and returned to his body."

Finally the light passes over two white gemstones, the first shows a light leave Darren's body, soaring towards the heavens. The second shows it return a moment later, the light cast making Darren seem taller.

"Hunting the undead uncovers a lair of cultists and a terrible dracolich."

The scene depicts a massive skeletal dragon, facing off against the party. Cloaked figures brandishing daggers surround the party. More colored gems decorate the wall. Again, Murrion

places his torch on a small bowl next to the mural, lighting the rope extending from it. As the light travels its length, the cultists begin to fade into and out of sight as shadows conceal and reveal them, and they seem to be creeping towards the party.

"The heroes bravely delved into an enemy strong hold, outnumbered several times over, but would not be deterred."

Sage's sword bursts into flames as light cast by several rubies give the illusion of the sword flailing back and forth, fending off the tempests and banishing their shadows.

"The unliving dragon, thought to bring low his foes with lightning tainted with his own foul corruption, but was no match for the power of the Champion's own, blessed and pure."

The dozens of blue gems begin creating streaks of lightning, travelling back and forth between the dragon and Darren, slowly beginning to favor Darren until the dragon is cast in shadow.

"Having destroyed the den of evil, the Champion again called to Darren. His quest would only become more dangerous, as a terrible plot to resurrect the betrayer himself was in motion, driven by a mad and powerful vampire lord."

Again, white light leaves Darren heading towards the heavens, this time the light does not return and Darren fades to darkness.

"Fearing the adventurers, the enemy strikes at them while they sleep."

Murron lights the rope. The mural depicts the adventurers among a ruined camp site, with tents and travelling gear destroyed and scattered around the site. Darren is absent, while ferine vampires and vampire spawn charge the group from all sides.

"The vampire, fearing the heroes, sent his agents to kill them while he believed them vulnerable. Darren was with the champion, and the party was resting after a daring raid. Monstrous creatures and their handlers charged in from all sides, desperate to kill for their master."

The light casts the shadows of the ferine, causing them to leap across the mural, so many it seems as though they are numberless. Finally, one large one flies towards Kedwyn, whose shadow appears to reach out and catch the beast by its throat, holding it in the air. Light cast from more gems creates a blade in his hand, as it plunges repeatedly into the beast's exposed abdomen.

"The Champion chooses well, and the party prevails. Their bravery, bolstered by the chosen, could not be bested. Darren, empowered and endowed with the power needed to destroy the threat to our realm, is returned for the final assault. Never before in living memory has the Champion blessed a chosen thrice; such is the importance of our quest."

"Gathering their strength, the heroes charge to deliver the Champion's justice."

This mural depicts a massive tree twisted with corruption. Massive tumorous growths sprout from the tree, the largest of which is ruptured, with a hideous monster emerging from it. The monster is

missing the upper portion of its head, but the massive fangs and size clearly identify it as the vampire Lord Daemon. At the base of the mural, the party stands stoically, charging towards the great evil before them. This mural is also covered in gemstones, but it also has numerous openings in the wall, nearly invisible when viewed from directly in front of the mural. Murrone places his torch in the last bowl. This rope only travels upwards a few inches before disappearing into the wall.

"Please, direct your attention to the ceiling."

Swirling colours of light cascade across the ceiling, spiralling out to create a brilliant border of lights. The centre is illuminated white, as the silhouettes of the party charge forward. Flying ferine vampires harass them from above, while Daemon repeatedly crashes through them.

"The enemy was bolstered by darkness. Empowered by The Betrayer's sick lust for destruction. All was nearly lost."

As Murrone describes the scene, the number of ferine shadows grow until they are a swarm of indistinguishable darkness, filling the skies about the party. Daemon stands towering over the heroes as they rally together. Swiping a massive claw, Daemon plucks Cyrus from their feet, bringing them close enough to devour them whole.

"But Daemon once again underestimated the divine will of the champion, and the unending spirit of our heroes"

Cyrus wiggles a hand free, blasting Daemon with sand. The brief moment of distraction giving them a moment to summon an ally, striking Daemon from behind with an arrow, the tip dripping with green light. As the arrow pierces Daemon, green tendrils of light flow through his body, as a poison overwhelms him and leaves him weakened.

"With a brief opening, the party strikes as one, their combined might destroying Daemon and his armies forever."

The silhouettes all take turns striking daemon, tearing him asunder as the ferine fall from the sky, until finally they all strike as one, causing Daemon's image to shatter and disperse into nothing. As the beast is felled, a white light creates a sunrise, the image of the sun rising into the sky and dispersing all shadow. A number of torch sconces also ignite around the room, making it seem as if the sun rising is actually illuminating the space. At its peak a faint image of the Champion appears, watching all from above. He stoically nods towards the party before fading back into the firmament.

## In Art

The story is carved into several murals within the halls of Kharnedur.

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