

Chapter 1 : the archmage | Download eBook pdf, epub, tuebl, mobi

*The Journal of the Archmage Zahirus: Alphaean Chronicles [David Guinn] on blog.quintoapp.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. The new nation of Lethallea is beset by enemies at her gates.*

Slowly the long line of robed figures made their way toward the end of the huge antechamber that featured the ornately patterned high arching doorway carefully positioned at the rear of the cobblestoned pathway, offering only one way to approach its uniquely stylized threshold. Each figure stood silently awaiting their turn. Each harboring their own thoughts of grandeur. Yes, for each had spent centuries in constant study. Blood, sweat, and tears expended often, and freely, in their ever-pressing efforts to learn what it meant to be counted amongst the chosen. Years spent learning through trial and error the arts that would ultimately prove them worthy of the trust that came along with such daunting responsibility. The prestige allotted to those who sought to become a member of The Order of Truth. Priscilla Whitestone stood ready to embrace the challenge. Ready, for she knew that she was destined for greatness. She and Benjamin Arcanus Trueth were the best of their class. They had also been lovers once. Lovers whose mutual arrogance would not allow such an emotion as benign as love to take root in their callous hearts. No, for their one true love was power. Power that could only be had as a result of their mastering the sacred arts detailed within the Tome of Shades. Then and only then could what they both desired most be fully realized. They both would have the chance to show their mastery today. Today, all would be revealed for everyone to see. Yes, for today, all the robed figures assembled here would take part in the Ritual of Binding. That most sacred of rituals that would forever bind them to the land of Samarq. Today they would either become one of its guardians, or they would perish. Measures had been set in place to see to that. To each side of the robed acolytes was another group present. Those whose job it would be to ensure that none of the assembled peoples turned back. Not all those present were human. Still, the law was the same for everyone. Yes, for the point of no return had been reached. None of them could turn away from this. To do so now meant certain death one way or another, or worse: Even if one were to survive in that debilitated state, such one could not be allowed to live. That was the law. The throng of hard-eyed observers was here to enforce it. They would not allow any of them who had not completed their trial to live. Unless they were to exit through the door to the left. The door with the drawing of the all-seeing eye encased within the swirling crystal ball upon it. It was well known amongst them all that once one had learned the lore necessary to become an Acolyte of Truth, that one was forever marked. Marked for either greatness or marked for death. There could not be any in-betweens. She knew this for a certainty, for two of their number had fallen already.

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As I have said before, I am becoming increasingly disturbed by the dangerously vast potential of certain schools of magic, and the contrasting amount of laws and boundaries that should be set to limit them. Furthermore, comprehensive research on these volatile schools shows a trend of decreasing academic prerequisites yielding increasingly powerful outcomes. A student of mine asked me today, "Why are there so many limitations on traditional portals, when Fel portals can be made twice as large and last ten times as long? What future is there for the established practices of magic when so many wild variations threaten to overshadow them? I do all I can to stifle studies of Fel magics and necromancy here, yet I find myself both disturbed and enthralled by their potential. I refuse to believe that that their efficiency so soundly trumps the common criticisms of being unstable or "evil" that these schools hold the monopoly of avenues for magical progress. My primary focus has shifted to research of the plague that ravages the north. Immediately I was both impressed and suspicious with how innocuous the whole package presented itself. There was no discoloration, no discernable odor, and no variation at all from any other sheaf of grain. At that moment it was no longer a mystery how this plague spread so quickly. Further study of the plague has yielded disturbing conclusions, and even more disturbing implications. Initial testing showed the plague had only minor effects on non-human creatures. Symptoms ranged from fatigue, nausea, fever, to minor hallucinations, but rarely resulted in death. On human tissue, however, the plague acts uniformly and unprecedented expediency towards necrosis. It would be foolish to think that such an efficient human killer only being found in human rations is a coincidence. More research must be done here at Dalaran, however, I will decide who to investigate in my stead at a later date, after some heavy deliberation. That its development was for the singular purpose of ending human life, and its inception was at the hands of an intelligent being. Long term affliction of the plague causes a certain reanimation of activity in the dead. This activity is very small at first, and I disregarded it as a minor side-effect. However, this energy remained persistent and unwavering. A thought struck me, one which was both surprising and strong: The corpse was waiting for something. At that moment I did not have any evidence to prove it, but I nonetheless spent time pursuing it. I used my limited knowledge of necromancy and casted simple curses on the corpse. At the time I had no motivation to raise the dead, only to change or distinguish the radiating energy off the corpse. Imagine my surprise when it sprung to life and attacked me. I did not hesitate to incinerate it to dust, and I now regret doing so. But I was able to prove my unprovoked theory, that the corpse and by extension the plague that saturates it was indeed waiting for further commands. In short, it is indisputable that the plague is magical in nature. I have decided to send my most trusted disciple, Jaina Proudmoore, to investigate the source of the plague. Based on my research, I believe only my skillful disciple will be able to handle the unknown challenges that await such an endeavor. She will take with her a copy of this journal and my other research documents regarding the plague. Indeed I will make it public, for all people need to become aware of this imminent threat. I only wish I could investigate it myself, but Terenas has proved to be predictably stubborn to my requests. It is paramount that I convince him to quarantine the north. Little else matters at this point in time. If she or I cannot put an end to this infestation, I doubt anyone can.

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