ASH

There is an instant of disorientation- you find yourself walking by a stream in a dense forest; a forest dense with trees in autumn colors, all shades of reds and yellows. The sky is blue with small white clouds, the air warm. The only sounds are various birds in the trees and the running water of the stream. You walk for a time, taking in the beauty and peace of the setting when the smell of frying fish enters your nose. Your mouth waters. You follow the scent. Shortly you come upon a small campsite by the shore. A canoe carrying fishing gear bobbles in the water as it is tethered to a tree. A composite longbow and a quiver of arrows hang from a tree branch. An oldish male human, hair grey and skin sun darkened in well-worn leathers is cooking several fish in a large pan over a hot campfire. Somehow you know he is a ranger-scout. He looks up as you approach:

“Ah, the Keen Eye’s latest Chosen. Welcome to a small part of Arvandor, the Eternal Autumn. Come, sit, eat. There are things I must tell you.” You feel at ease, and you do as requested. Passing you a plate of fish, he says, “So you decided to accept the mantle of His priesthood. Well, in the right hands, knowledge can be a powerful weapon.” You eat while he talks. The fish is delicious. There is something about his eyes. Then you remember. The woman who gave you the book had the same eyes. You listen more intently.

“As the new Chosen, my granddaughter passed along the book to you. The knowledge therein will help you. But there are more important matters. There are complications fermenting in Kern; most vital ones. Matters that caused even the usually aloof Unholy Trinity to take interest. Matters that if unchecked will cause planar havoc; even threaten the existence of the Upper Planes and the Lower Planes as we know them. Thus, many parties are involved, each with their own agenda; some desire the conflagration for various reasons, and some that would oppose it for various reasons.”

He chuckles. “The misfit alliance of the deities who have sent their Chosens is reflected in you and your companions.

“The Great Archer is satisfied with your role, but the removal of any influence of the Unholy Trinity is only the first step. Finish that. I am to tell you this-- should Princess Lucy ever offer you employment, take it. Of course, you have free will and may refuse, but that would make matters more difficult. I now bestow The Great Archer’s blessing upon you.”[ You gain a ‘freebie’ favourite enemy of a humanoid subclass, pick one, which does not add to the total number of ranger favourite enemies ]

With that you sense holy energy filling you, improving your abilities. All fade and you find yourself back in the corridor. You are now 3rd level healed up at full hit points.