DASHIVA

There is an instant of disorientation- you find yourself on top of a sand dune. A hot sun in a cloudless pale blue sky beats down. To the horizon in all directions are sand dunes. Winds create sporadic sandy whirlwinds. All is a vast barren desert, except you blink, and there several leagues off is a small pyramid. Somehow you know this is your destination. You set off, feet sinking into the soft sand. Time passes and you thirst. Finally, you arrive. The pyramid is featureless except for the stone door in front of you. It slides open as you touch it. You enter a cooling hallway as it slides closed behind you. Everburning torches set in sconces provide ample light. You hear the sound of gentle running water. Following the sound, you enter a large round chamber. In the center is a fountain with a statue of Horus-Re. Water flows from his hands to pool in the fountain. Sitting on its edge is a young female. Her skin is dusky brown, her eyes a deep chocolate and her hair golden. She wears a white line skirt and shirt pinned with a gold ankh. Her sandal straps encircle her legs to her knees. Three intertwined gold ring tattoos mark her forehead. But what catches your eye most are the sun gold feathered wings on her back. You realize she is a celestial aasimar cleric of Horus-Re. She holds a gold chalice in her hand. She addresses you.

“Ah, the Sun Lord’s latest Chosen. Welcome. Come, sit by me. Here, quench your thirst.” She holds out the chalice. You feel at ease, and you do as requested. The water tastes sweet, instantly refreshing you.

“There are things I must tell you. First, despite your tribulations and temptations, you have kept faith. Know that this pleases Him greatly and will not be forgotten. [You get very much improved odds should you ever call upon your deity for help in desperation times]. Now 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.”

She laughs like a quiet melody. “The misfit alliance of the deities who have sent their Chosens is reflected in you and your companions. The Sun Lord 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. That path leads to you returning home. Of course, you have free will and may refuse, but that would make matters more difficult. I now bestow The Sun Lord’s blessing upon you.” With that you sense holy energy filling you, improving your abilities. [You gain a +1sacred bonus to both your Fortitude save and to your Reflex save.] All fade and you find yourself back in the corridor. You are now 3rd level healed up at full hit points.