

Prologue

It has been a thousand years since the Binding, when The Creator took pity on the people of Edrath and stayed the ruin of the Shattering. God took the darkness woven by the Fallen and their mortal servants and bound it to the Tapestry—the magic that binds and sustains all things. Thus creating new patterns of darkness and light, a balance of good and evil that calmed the storms of unraveling and destruction. This saved the Tapestry and so too was the Seen realm. His work was not without consequence, for it left the Tapestry brittle, ever in need of care and mending.

The Creator appointed this task to The Maiden, the greatest among the Children of the Tapestry. Together with her brethren, she labors still tending the Tapestry without rest. These beings, once heavenly guardians who walked beside us, are now bound eternally to the unseen realm, aiding the Maiden in her endless work. Some say they whisper through dreams, or appear as fleeting figures in the corner of one's sight, but none may call upon them as in ages past.

Few still live who remember the Shattering — save for some of the Anárë — elves who witnessed the Age of First Light. The beginning of all things. What we know comes from tales passed down, stories of wanton death and ruin so complete that even the earth itself seemed to hunger for suffering. The scars remain here on Edrath. Shatter Rifts mar the land, Fell Beasts and Unwoven thrive in the dark places of the world. These wounds are reminders that the Tapestry is never fully whole—that the Shattering lingers still. These stories are not fairy tales or myth, but a reality we must face every day.

Thus, we dwell in the Age of Mending. Life is hard, the world perilous. Men, elves, and dwarves strive to rebuild. Sometimes in fellowship, sometimes in strife. Not since the First Light — when the world was called Núncalanórë — has there been such hope for harmony. Yet always the shadow of the Shattered lingers, and always the strong prey upon the weak.

But the Maiden has not left us unguarded. In her wisdom, she appoints protectors: The Chosen. Warriors sworn to defend the Tapestry from those who would corrupt it—mages and witches lusting for dominion, the Unwoven thirsting for blood, and the Fallen reeking chaos. They are rare, set apart from ordinary folk, burdened with gifts both wondrous and terrible. Reclusive and isolated, their lives are not their own but pledged to all of Edrath and the Tapestry beyond.

This is the tale of one such protector. This is the tale of Béreth Caerdūn — The Magebane.