

To my children,-

It saddens me that you must read this, for it means that I have left you too soon. You are my lights - Light of Courage, Light of Love, Light of Truth - and I wish I could be there to guide you as you prepare to share your light with everyone.

Your beginnings have been as humble as your father and I could make them, but now it is time for you to know that you are descended from the noblest of Ranger families. Your heritage is an honorable one, and now it is your turn to wear the mantle - and to shoulder the responsibility it brings.

Would that things were otherwise. Would that I were there, with your father, to shoulder it in your place.

During the years which followed the Fall, the Rangers stepped forward to set themselves against darkness. They were the ones who turned away the bandits and the monsters, building a culture of justice and virtue in our lands. Unfortunately, their struggle was enough to draw the attention of a terrible evil from the marshes to the north. Driven by its hatred of all life, that evil came ravening southward to destroy what the Rangers had built.

It was your great-great-great-great grandfather, one of the noblest of the Rangers, who stood against that evil from the north - stood against it and stopped it - protecting all of those who wished to live peacefully in the Wilderlands.

Unfortunately, your ancestor was only able to halt that evil - not destroy it. He gave his life to imprison it and keep the Wilderlands safe - but it continues to abide in its prison, waiting for a chance to break free and work its evil once again. In that effort, it will ever receive aid from those of like mind - those who are lost to hate, who wish to use its power for their own ends. And eventually they will help break it free.

I wish it were not so - you are too young, it is too soon. But this task must fall to you. You are the children of the Laoch - the seventh generation of his descendants. You will have the weapons he lacked, weapons forged from metal fallen from the sky. Working together, you will destroy the Champion of the Skulls.

As you forge the sky metal, you must also forge yourselves. In order to become something new, to become the champions you are destined to be, you must set aside what you have been, the Laoch that was... the iron that holds danger at bay, the resounding echo of life, and the crystal which reveals what is hidden.

You must give up these things, but do not lose them, for they must be part of what you become. Mix what you have sacrificed with metal from the fallen star to forge a new steel - one which is bright, and hard, and will not tarnish. One which will reflect your lights - of Courage, of Love, of Truth.

Forge that steel in the fires of the oak under which the star fell. Make yourselves into the champions I know you can be. And know that your father and I love you and are with you always.

Your Mother,
Harmony tay Marth ne Laoch