**Secrets Revealed**

Hundreds of season turns ago, the spirits called upon an ancestor rid the world of a malicious warlord, Kazavon. Mandravius, a man from across the Orc Lands, gathered a force to destroy the evil Kazavon, Dragon ruler of Scarwall; my ancestor took up his holy mantle and joined the fight. After a season he returned to his clan a changed man; he shook as if ancient, haunted by the spirits of what he had seen and done. He spoke little, but claimed that Kazavon was defeated and Mandravius controlled Scarwall.

He shared the story only with the Shamans of the time, who have passed the story down to now. Kazavon and his horde were defeated, but his soul was not content with death and sought return. Kazavon’s remains were magically destroyed, yet Mandravius’ power was not enough to completely destroy the evil soul of Kazavon and pieces remained. Mandravius commanded seven of his most loyal followers to take these relics far from Scarwall. None were to speak of their destination and were to ensure their pieces remained hidden and safe for all time to prevent Kazavon’s return.

My ancestor revealed, to his fellow Shaman, that his relics were the Fangs of Kazavon, what you know as the Crown of Fangs. The People began calling this relic the Midnight’s Fangs, and hid them deep in the pyramid on the shores of Conquerer’s Bay. For generations the People protected this pyramid, until the day that Cheliax invaded and drove the People in to the Land of Cinders. This information has been passed on for 60 score season turns from one Sun Shaman to the next.

The People learned before being driven away that the fangs harbor a fragment of Kazavon’s soul. These fragments are like seeds from which Kazavon could return to the world. The Sun Shaman were more than able to resist the power presented, but the young queen was apparently not up to the task and has succumbed to the whisperings or power. Through the queen, the soul of Kazavon has grown and now shares her body, giving her great power over her mortality.

I would have you join in the Blessing of the Ancestors, a ritual communion with the spirits of the dead to give guidance in this time of great evil. This will take place tomorrow morning two hours before sunrise.

**Blessing of the Ancestors**

The ritual begins as you it cross-legged, around the central fire and the sun shaman, with knees touching. The Sun Shaman begins by reciting the history of the Clan in a sing-song and then slowly fades into a rhythmic chant, which continues for two hours. As the sun crests the horizon the Shaman slumps, the fire dies and from the rising smoke a spirit begins to form before your eyes.