

<Post Confalon CutScene>

*Southern Continent, Saga*

An old woman eyes suddenly snap open in the dark of night. She sits up and wraps her arms around herself. She clasps an elaborately woven dream catcher hanging around her neck and begins a chant in a language understood by far too few today. She continues this non-stop until the sun is well above the horizon and her grandson approaches the hut.

“John?” the old woman calls out.

“Yes grandmother. What is wrong?” a lanky, dark skinned man replies as he hurriedly enters the hut.

“I must speak with the Oathmaker,” she says.

“He is on the northern continent. He will not come simply because I ask him to,” he replies.

The old woman grabs the young man, holding him tightly, “Tell him I sense that the ones of old are active and that his time to prepare has come to an end,” she says, almost gasping, “He will heed your words and come. Tell no one else.”

A concerned look crosses the younger man’s face, “Yes grandmother, I’ll leave at once,” he replies.

The old woman simply nods and begins rocking back and forth, chanting much like she was before.