

THE FANTARA CONVERGENCE

In Defense of Dreams

By Julian Salvani

In light of the events of the 10th of Harvester, I thought it would be prudent to explain the role the church of Jaad as an entity played. Given I have heard such things as "Jaad's plan failed," I want to make it clear how the series of events developed.

Jaad gave me a Dream of Wisdom showing that it would be possible to gather raw corruption from the remnants of the entity known as Strega to be used against the Night King when he was vulnerable. This was not Jaad's plan, this was a possible course of action. The discussion from the night before was about how the fey, as far as we know, have one glaring weakness - a weakness that we cannot readily exploit. We could have asked Olivia for help to turn all of her power of corruption against him. We could have not used corruption at all, and just fought the Night King, one after another, attempting to lock him in his story until he was defeated.

The plan put forth by the Church of Brashtamere and endorsed by the Church of Jaad was the latter - we fight him, one at a time. We knew this would be difficult. We expected this would cost lives. We were afraid about what channeling that kind of corruption would do to Dorn and Vita. This plan was, as far as I could tell, accepted, until the actions of the Church of Elya and the Church of Artifice convinced people to instead use corruption. It was clear what the motivations of these churches were, and they saw the price that would be paid by two people would be favorable to the cost possibly paid by many more.

In no way was the outcome predictable. Jaad gives options, not solutions. He leaves it to us to determine the best path forward when we have many roads ahead of us. We have learned a fundamental truth about the prehistory of our

world because of this action. Was the gaining of that knowledge worth what we have unleashed upon the world? I don't know yet.

But let it be said, clearly, and for all to hear - The Church of Jaad did not endorse the plan as it was carried out, nor was it ever "Jaad's plan." There was a lot of speculation, a lot of guesswork, and a lot of trepidation cast on all of our options. We chose one, for good or for ill, and now we must reap what we have sown. I do hope those that encouraged Vita and Dorn to bear this burden alone are as eager to fight the demon they helped create as they were to not fight a fey.

The approaching High Holy Day of the Wylds comes during the harvest season. In celebration of this time of bounty, The Church of the Wylds will be hosting a Community Pie Social on Saturday afternoon, around two bells, as time allows. There will be games, warm beverages, and... well... pie. Because what says "Plentiful harvest!" better than pie? Any members of the community wishing to offer support in the form of pie or other autumn treats, please contact any Wylds Initiate in Fantara.

Bountiful Season,
Shakiko

Backwoods Weird

By Paulo Giacobbe

Wailing in the woods. Rejection ringing ragged.
Terror tugged my heart as my foolish feet
followed forward. What made such miserable
moans? What powerful form gave voice to
wretched woe?

Past the whistling woodshed, past the ambling
cook fire, down the goatman's path. Deeper and
deeper on the winding way. Howling frustration
a beacon in the green distance. Foolish feet
followed forward.

And beyond the winding way I found him. Living
lightless midnight knelt there in the morning
rays. Claws crashed on walls unseen. Blows
halted by air, without contact, without sound,
without response. The uncaring forest brooked
no reply to his grief. It yielded not an inch to
command or plea.

Heavily horned, his head hung low. Majesty
made meek.

And that is where I left him, bent and broken,
sinking in the rising sun.

For Your Edification

There is a saying in my country: "It is better to
have skill than to have strength." The man that is
Fulgencio is a strong man. He has people who
follow him. He has a land with a wonderful
manor, and fields of beautiful orange trees. He
has gold in his coffers, and a pat on the back
from the Grand Duke to go forth and spread his
family's name.

He is a strong man, but he is not a skillful man.
He does not realize that those he stepped upon
to climb this high have long memories. He does
not care that the soil of his manor is tinged with
blood. He turns a blind eye upon those he
stabbed in the back so that the Grand Duke can
pat him upon his.

No longer.

He thought he could hide in Novarum. He
spends wind speaking of his grand ways, but
does not look over his shoulder.

There is another saying in my country - to the
victor goes the spoils.

I shall be victorious, and reclaim my family's
lands, and shed no tears at Fulgencio's funeral.
The lines have been drawn, my old friend.

Lord Aurelio Cámara de los Lores de Oro

