

Prologue

During the Age of Myths, the Mad King Pelerion ruled the great continent of Egypt. The sun rose and set according to his will. The Blacksmith Teresias served under King Pelerion's rule. Teresias came from the Damascus Province, already known for its skill in metalwork and jewel craft. There was no finer place in the world for armor, or swords, or finery to be worn. Teresias surpassed of all his peers in skill. The fire of creation burned within him so, that great Lords traveled the world to marvel at his craft.

Teresias was a man of cold demeanor and never found pleasure in his weapons of war. There was neither jewel nor adornment that could make Teresias delight in his skill or that of others. He toiled day after day, astounding audiences and creating works of surpassing beauty and might. Still, inside he felt empty as the fire burned from within.

On night he awoke with from a dream he could not remember. He walked outside and gazed up to the night sky. Two stars shot across the darkness, racing towards the horizon. Then it looked as though the stars collided. One star continued into the night and the other fell deep into Ulrich's Desolation, a treacherous landscape of sand and rock. Teresias saddled a steed and ventured into the darkness to find the fallen star. He traveled so long that he thought his journey might be fruitless.

Exhaustion and hunger took hold as Teresias' steed gave out. He was left in Ulrich's Desolation with no hope. Before he gave over to the sweet embrace of the afterlife, Teresias saw

an oasis. Fearing that the desert heat caused a mirage, Teresias dared not hope as he approached. But along the far bank of the oasis, what looked to be a giant stone sat in a smoking crater.

Teresias generously served himself from the oasis and struggled not to choke on the life-giving water. He never took his eyes off the stone as he replenished his strength. He approached the stone slowly and placed his hand upon it. It was still warm, warmer than the climate. It was also not stone; it was an ore of surpassing quality and power. It still glowed like it had as it streaked across the sky nights before. Teresias wasted no time lashing the ore with ropes for the long journey home. After many days, Teresias returned to the Damascus Province and his father met him at the gate.

“Where have you been you vagabond? The Lords return to see your work, but you have none to give,” Teresias’ father said.

“Trouble me not father. For when I am done, the Lords will have their fill,” Teresias answered.

As Teresias made his way home, the other smiths from the Damascus Province began to follow him until there was a great parade at his back. When they reached his forge, the other smiths asked Teresias how they could serve him. Teresias bid them make the Damascus Province into a stronghold, so that the great Lords might come watch but they could never touch.

Time moved slowly and the Damascus Province did indeed become a stronghold and haven for smiths. Lords still came to marvel at Teresias, but now they bore gifts. Great jewels and treasures were placed at Teresias’ feet, to be included in the forging of his sword. Teresias had begun to view his sword as a power unto itself and would let no one near it. After an entire year of crafting day and night, Teresias finished his blade of Fel power. For the first time he

smiled, as the fire had gone out of him and into the fashioning of his greatest work. Just then, his father burst into the forge.

“Long have been your labors, but fruitless has been your work. The Mad King approaches and you have nothing to give him, save the emptiness of your pockets,” Teresias’ father said as he grabbed his son by the shoulders.

Teresias pushed his father away and his blade’s light awoke in might. Teresias’ father stood in fear of his son. Teresias’ eyes grew cold again as he held his sword before his father. Teresias plunged the length of his sword into his father’s chest. Teresias’ father cried a single tear and it died in a wisp of steam as it hit the blade.

Teresias’ father fell at the approaching King Pelerion's feet. Teresias turned to the face the Mad King with his father’s heart, balanced gingerly on the tip of his sword. The jewel encrusted blade glistened by the fires of the forge. King Pelerion waited and asked Teresias to present himself.

“I am Teresias, Lord of the Damascus Province and wielder of Haefengail, the Blade of Fallen Sky,” he replied as a storm raged above them.

Teresias’ skill earned him a place as one of King Pelerion’s elite generals, his Praetorian. When in later years, the Praetorian set sail across the Great Sea with Prince Pelias, Teresias was among them. Together with the other members of the Praetorian, Teresias brought the peace of Egypt to the wild lands of the West.

There came a time when Teresias found reason to quarrel with Pelias and seized lands to the south. He proclaimed himself King Teresias and named Haefengail his claim to rule. During the Battle of the Blood Ring, mountains shook and the oceans rebelled. Tears enough to replenish the seas were shed. Teresias held Haefengail aloft and challenged Pelias with the

Blade of Fallen Sky, also known as the Sword of Storms. When the smoke cleared, Pelias the Just laid mortally wounded and Teresias swam in a pool of his own blood. Haefengail lay diminished at Teresias' feet and the Warrior of Light stood above him in victory.

Haefengail was returned to Teresias' kingdom as an heirloom of his rule. Legend held that Teresias would one day return and the heart of fire would challenge Haefengail.

This is the story of Teresias and his rise to that of a King. This is the story of the weapon that nearly destroyed the world. This is the story of King Teresias and the Blade of Fallen Sky. But this story is just the beginning. I know this is true, for I am Boeraeus the Master of Tales and I have long chronicled the changing of this world.