



As a member of the honour guard for the attendees, selected seemingly at random, you were glad to have been plucked from your duties and gathered up with the rest of your comrades. The march was long under the summer sun and the blue horizons and verdant greenery was a welcome change from the fears and terrors that war promised. Eventually you came to the estate that was to house the ceremony and assisted your comrades building the tents that were to house the fifty troops from each side who would remain here for the duration of the conference.

Hope was ride among the people and perhaps even in your own heart: Soldiers from both sides were talking and laughing, displaying what it was to be fundamentally Basanic at heart. Together you built tents and discussed plans for the future in days where you hadn't killed each other. This lasted for some hours until Gench and Edmund decreed that it was time to begin the meeting and you and many others retreated back to where Mallory, the one time Prime Minister of the six Duchies waited for you in the main body of the estate.

There you settled, still laughing and joking with old soldiers and remembering better days. The shouts of alarum followed shortly after and on investigation you could see a strange mist had enveloped the gardens that the remaining guards and the leaders had remained in for the meeting. Blades were out all at once but Mallory called for peace and investigation and his will prevailed for a time before the hostilities came to a head again. How long you stood there for was hard to say, less than hour and perhaps then by some distance.

You and others discovered much: Whatever the mist or magic was doing it was at first described as Weave and then as glamour but most definitely as a barrier. Efforts were made to break down the barrier at first through magic and then through sheer force of arms but to no avail. Some claimed to have seen a powerful woman, a warrior, a hunter, a Queen passing through mist like some apparition but there was no sign of her after and you certainly saw nothing.

With the anger rising and accusations flying it looked the civil war would start right there and then but the barrier faded as quickly as it had come and as if by some great command all gathered turned and began to pour into the breach as though ordered to. Standing in the midst of the tents were the Golden Temple guildsfolk, Stormwolf and Kincaid both looking as though they would break the world with their rage and the rest rallied behind them. The body or at least unconscious form of Edmund Lionsgold was with them.

The Lionsgold guards were all recumbent but brief checks on their personage indicated that they were merely sleeping and difficult to rouse. Those of the Line of Gold scooped up the collapsed lordling bearing him almost immediately away. Shortly after you saw the body of Gench Jonas taken past, his head was off and somehow withered which said to you that he might be dead. The Guildsfolk that were present were almost immediately arrested, obviously as some form of kneejerk reaction but Mallory ordered them released at once and they were taken inside the estate. Beyond that you know little of what occurred.