

Visiting the Church of Pharama (23-24)

Kallin's side trek from [As Ravens Fly \(23\)](#)

[Map of Magnimar](#)

[Map of Magnimar Environs](#)

[Map of Varisia](#)

Oathday, 20th of Lamashan.

Kallin has heard about a temple in Magnimar to his goddess. He has never been to a “formal” temple and is intrigued. He starts to inform someone of his intentions but notices that everyone is either pre-occupied or too tired to notice. So he just slips out of the house to visit the house of Pharama. As he leaves the house, he asks the first passerby the directions to the temple of Pharama. A startled mother and her son look at him with fear and disgust on their faces and turn and walk passed him. Unabated, Kallin proceeds down the *darkened* street taking the sights and sounds of the major metropolis *at night*. He asks several more people and the all respond with fear, loathing, disgust or just plain apathy but none give him an answer. After about an hour of wandering, he notice that most of the people are now giving him a slight distance and it is getting harder for him to find someone to approach. He keeps wandering for he is finding the



intensity of the activity of the city fascinating. Just as he is getting ready to return to his place of residence, he realizes he is lost. In despair, he looks around and *sees a familiar park and fountain. It was the same fountain they had passed by earlier that day where he conversed with the water spirit. Remembering that she had mentioned something about the temple being nearby, he resumes his search, and soon enough, spies a graveyard next to what appears to be a large black temple, but it is like no temple he has ever seen, with its ominous spikes protruding from the rooftop.* Weary, he heads for the graveyard to rest and

to find some solace. He finds a large oak next to some graves and sits down next to it and eventually falls asleep.

A bright light fills Kallin's closed eyes and it awakens him. He opens his eyes, thinking it is morning, but it is just the bright moon shining down through the branches of the nearby oak. Kallin smiles as he sees the face of his lady gazing down upon him from upon the mighty spire that is the Boneyard. He smiles and begins to close his eyes again, lowering his head back to the leaf covered ground. He sees Pharama smile at him and reach her two hands down toward him. “Who are you?” she asks. The voice startles Kallin, it is not his Lady's voice, always inside his head, far away, but a nearby voice. A

living voice. He feels a hand gently touch his shoulder and the voice again queries, “Who are you?”

Kallin shakes awake and sits up in a rush, nearly slamming into the young woman kneeling next to him. She jumps back with a start, a silver dagger appearing in hand, held forth in a defensive grip, its sharp blade parallel to the ground, tense, ready to fly out at any moment. The girl, a young Varisian woman, takes a deep breath and again asks, “Who are you? What are you doing in the graveyard in the middle of the night?”

Kallin, head still groggy from the sleep, looks at the young woman. Not sure if it is a dream, he answers her, “I had a need to visit my friends...and possibly make some new ones.” He continues, “Did the Lady send you?” He looks around and notices quite a few spirits milling about. Some watching curiously as this scene unfolds.



She looks at him curiously, “I serve the Lady of Graves, this is one of her many houses,” she motions back over her shoulder to the dark church beside the graveyard. “What friends were you to visit here? Love ones passed on?”

Kallin replies, “No, I have no one I know from this present life that passed to the next. I met some spirits here in Magnimar that I wanted to talk to. I thought they might return here. Plus I loved the cemetery in Sandpoint. I met good spirits there and I hoped to meet some here.” Then Kallin looks at his feet and quietly says, “And this is where the Lady speaks to me most.” Kallin gazes at the temple. He realizes he has never actually seen a true temple of Pharasma. He is enthralled and intimidated at the same time.

The young woman relaxes a bit, looking Kallin up and down. You have the look of one of Pharasma, but you bear no symbol or markings. You say you can see spirits? You are a Ghost-talker? I have heard of your kind. Pharasma will grant the ability to her followers through magic, but only some can do it at will. If what you say is true, you truly are touched by the Lady. Welcome, I am Sabil Yarcoug, acolyte of the temple.” She steps back and bows low, sheathing her dagger at her hip. As she raises her head to look back at Kallin, Peck flutters down and lands on the top of Kallin’s head, scratching in his tangled hair. Sabil sees the bird and smiles, “You truly are blessed by Pharasma, I see.” Tarnvasi swoops down and circles several times around Sabil before landing on a nearby branch. It caws out its ghostly call that only Kallin and Peck can hear.

The acolyte continues, “I have some hot water inside, do you care for some tea?” she

motions back toward the church.

Kallin smiles and says, "I am Kallin Hawkril. I am a simple shaman, like my mother, who taught me the ways of Pharasma. He laughs as he says, "my friend on my head is Peck and his partner, Tarnvasi, is on that branch over there. I would love to have some "tea". One of my friends, Calina, talks of its restorative powers. I have yet to sample it." He motions for Tarnvasi to join Peck and himself. Tarnvasi reluctantly lands on Kallin's shoulder as if to keep an eye on Kallin and Peck. As Sabil turns toward the temple, Kallin follows her eagerly awaiting his chance to visit his friend, the Lady, inside her home.

Kallin feels an overwhelming sense of peace and calm as he enters the large, dark church. Everything within is decorated very somberly in blacks and purples. Only a few candles burn, but his Orcish heritage has blessed him with eyes that do not need much light to see by. The temple is austere but beautiful at the same time. She leads him through the main chapel to a small sitting room near the rear of the church. There is an older Human man there, sitting on a low bench, meditating, or possibly sleeping. Sabil takes a seat near him and reaches for a simple tea kettle nearby, pouring herself and Kallin a cup.

After a few moments, the older man opens his eyes and jumps with a bit of a start at seeing the Half Orc seated next to him. Sabil introduces them, stating that the other man is Father Dornall, the head priest of the temple. Father Dornall smiles and greets Kallin and seems much calmer now that he has had a moment to wake up.

The three sit and talk of Pharasma, the Lady of Graves, for some time. Both are interested in learning of Kallin's teachings and dealings with the Mother of Souls and are especially interested in hearing of all his dealings with the undead, namely the Ghouls and the Skinsaw Man of Foxglove Manor. They share their hatred of the undying abominations that haunt the world in defiance of Pharasma's will.

"You truly are a knight of our Lady, my friend Kallin. I can see that you strive to keep balance in all things. The world is a better place for having you in it. Please come back and visit us anytime," Father Dornall finally says, bidding Kallin farewell. "If you would ever wish to officially enter the Church of Pharasma and join us, I would be happy to sponsor you." He smiles gently and traces the spiral of Pharasma on Kallin's chest, bowing his head in the process.

Kallin is shown to a plain dorm room off the main temple chamber and given some blankets. He graciously accepts these and in the morning he wakes to the smell of cooking breakfast and fresh coffee. His new friends from the church invite him to a quiet and peaceful breakfast. Again he accepts. After eating, he bids them farewell and heads back toward the Kaijitsu Manor to find his companions.

found some good Pharasma sayings for Kallin to learn:

Given its abundance of rituals, ritual objects, and ritual clothing, it is not surprising that the church has developed many habitual phrases. In most cases, a member of the faith makes the sign of the Lady over the heart (tracing 1 finger in a spiral on the chest) when speaking one of these locutions. The three most common are as follows.

- *Not this year, not yet:* This is a brief prayer, spoken in response to hearing a tragedy or bad rumor, asking that Pharasma delay when believers are sent to her realm, for they have much to do before that time. The devout speak it at each morning's prayers and when they pray before bed.
- *All who live must face her judgment:* This is a promise that another person—typically an enemy, but often just a flippant or disrespectful person – will suffer whatever fate is in store for them, even if it takes longer than the speaker would like.
- *The Lady shall keep it:* This is an oath to bear a secret to the grave, telling no one, swearing that only Pharasma shall hear it in person (and only once the oath-maker has died), or that she will claim the oath-maker early should he break his promise of secrecy.