

Inspection text

Leaders drive our triumphs and failures, leaders bind us together in times of discord.
It is they whose power only lasts as long as they deserve to wield it, the ones who truly lead.

Base quest #1

Welcome, [NAME].

I know that you grieve your late friend, but in Truth lies solace. Do you seek answers to your long and strenuous quest, do you seek to see the pieces fall in place?

I am certain that you do. I have the answers you deserve, answers you have earned. And answers I promise to give you - but first, my acquaintances and I must ask for your service once again.

You may know that Seeker Crowe, Saul Petrus, and Jessica Sumerisle uncovered a book, many years ago. The book was destroyed, as many will say. But some pages miraculously survived; pages still containing the seeds of knowledge, prophecies holy and dark among them.

One such prophecy foretold of a great Elder, one who would be born of bloodshed. One who would cannibalize on Dark Wills, Dukes, and other Elders, to ascend and claim the Well itself as its own.

It is this Elder who brought us together in a single purpose; to kill it before it begins its conquest. Before it consumes Sydonai, the terror whose shadow is now cast upon us.

For fate is to be forged, [NAME]. We could not step out of the shadows, so we needed a survivor to walk us to the light... you.

The many need not know of us, but they may know of you. The demons you have slain so far have earned you a reputation, one that obscures our humble hand in your quest.

This is the first answer you deserve. The demons we had you hunt were not wanderers or nameless foes; they were obstacles, guardians of the Elder's cradle. Gatekeepers. In sending you after them we forged you, no less than we forged the path forward.

But we still needed time, for the Elder had not yet been born. Thus, we let the Templar feud continue, until Lord Maxim's premature assault on the Hellgate yielded the final ingredient; the endless bloodshed, the blood of good men and women that soiled London... It bore fruit. It bore the Elder that was foreseen.

The Vicar knew, yes. He knew his dear friend would charge to his death and lead many Templar to theirs. Good men and women, sacrificed.

But I ask you, [NAME]. Would you spare a few, if it meant the End of all?
Would you weigh their lives the same, as cruel as such scales may be?

This is the End. The Elder awaits our punishment for what it will become.
Strike it down with the gifts your journey yielded. Wield Man's will to live, not divine choice or duty, and plunge it into its unholy heart.

Complete

And so it is done, [NAME]. Thank you for your service. We... nay, humanity itself will be eternally in your debt.

This item may change your fate, as you changed ours.

Incomplete

Go, [NAME]. Face the End.

Base quest #2

Now, I promised you answers, and I am not one to break a promise. But time is of the essence.

Find me in St. Paul's Station.

I will divulge what I can there.

Complete

The stage is set. Here, as you make your final stand, you may know what you must.

Incomplete

Meet me in St. Paul's Station. Make haste, [NAME]; He comes.

Base quest #3

You helped the Many, with no apparent sense of One. Did you not wonder who your taskmasters were, I wonder?

This is the second answer you have earned.

We are the Clockmakers, a guild of outcasts and criminals, heroes and leaders.

We come from all walks of life and all factions, and all we seek is to preserve humanity. When many still play their petty games of politics, lashing at each other's throats or spreading whispers as the world still burns around them, we only seek to avert the End.

Throughout your pilgrimage you have encountered some of our best and worst; survivors, such as yourself, under a common banner.

You may wonder what binds us still. Certainly, the naive, Hunter-minded Baker is more of a liability than my faithful Envoy. The Broker is... unique, in his own regards, as well - far from my dear Auctioneer, whose companionship carries a simple price.

But we must forge unorthodox allegiances, [NAME], for we live in unprecedented times. Duty, blood, plain necessity toward survival. These are our bonds.

I now consider you an ally as well, whether you serve the Many by duty or necessity. Thus, allow me to ask a final favor that will benefit us both.

Explore [LEVEL]. A demon of great interest will emerge there shortly, one I know you will wish to kill. Map the area, then, as I prepare your gift.

Complete

Thank you. Now you may know your friends' enemies.

Incomplete

Go, [NAME]. This task you wish to see through.

Base quest #4

Do you still grieve, [NAME]? I hope not, for the future seldom waits for the past.

But I know you may still wonder - if we knew, why did we not spare your heart this grief? This is the final answer you have earned.

Your late friend, Murmur, knew many things as well. He knew of this prophecy, and he set his own plans in motion. Plans for a world of change. Good plans, perhaps, but bloodless they were not.

He would present himself as one in need, the lost Samaritan in Russell Square, to secure some bonds of friendship with those he found among the ruins.

When such perils were not present, he would stage them; his frenzied search for survivors to tutor cost the Templar many good men and women.

When his recruits would perish, he would find new ones... until he found you.

And as soon as he had found you, so had we.

The Seer knew of Murmur's nature, and he too could have been stopped. All the bloodshed in his wake, averted.

But not all fates may be forged anew, [NAME]. Murmur's path could only be muddled, for a heartbeat, but never changed. Not by mortal hands.

Now, however... Now, we may intervene. More grief may dull your blade, a most unpleasant outcome.

Your friend, Brandon Lann, still grieves his fellow Templar. He will find himself in [LEVEL], faced with an enemy of old once more - and perish under her wings, his blade dull and his spirit weak.

This is our parting gift to you, with our Cabalists' blessings. Find [MONSTER] in [LEVEL] and slay her, before she slays your friend.

Complete

Your friend thanks you, [NAME], and so do we.

Now, duty calls. Until we meet again, I wish you pleasant journeys.

Incomplete

Stay vigilant, [NAME]. Ara is a worthy foe.