

"The Flame burns brightly, but only because we tend it."

High Keeper Vardon leans heavily on his staff, his ancient eyes glinting with memory as he begins his tale.

"Many do not know the story of how this temple came to stand here, in the heart of a land ruled by storms. It was long before my time, but the lesson remains as sharp as the sea winds that carve the cliffs.

Centuries ago, the people of this island discovered a shard of Khyber buried deep beneath the earth. It whispered to them, as such things do—promising power, wealth, and dominion over the storms that ravaged their lives. And as is too often the case, those who found it believed they could master its promises without succumbing to its poison.

For a time, they prospered. The storms grew tame, their harvests bountiful. But soon, darkness crept into their hearts. They grew suspicious of their neighbors, envious of one another, and cruel to the weak. What began as whispers from the shard became screams within their own souls.

When the corruption reached its peak, the land itself rebelled. Lightning raged, the seas rose to claim the shore, and the sky grew black with fury. In desperation, a few among them turned to the Silver Flame, praying for guidance.

The Flame answered—not with power, but with truth. It revealed the source of their suffering: not the shard, but the pride and greed within themselves. They had failed to guard their hearts and thus opened the door to evil.

A single cleric of the Flame—a woman whose name we have lost to time—gathered those who still had the strength to resist. Together, they descended into the depths, encased the shard in sacred wards, and sealed it within a stone vault. Over this vault, they built the first foundations of this temple, dedicating it as both a place of worship and a reminder: vigilance must never falter.

Even now, the shard lies beneath us, silent but not gone. The wards weaken if neglected, as does the discipline of our hearts. Every day, we must make the choice to resist corruption, for it never sleeps, never ceases its whispers. It waits for cracks in our resolve, small moments of carelessness, and feeds on them until they grow."

He pauses, his gaze sweeping across those gathered before him.

"Remember this: Evil is not an enemy defeated once and forgotten. It is a shadow that clings to us all, and only the light of conscious effort can hold it at bay. The Flame teaches us to be ever watchful—not just of the world, but of ourselves. If we fail to tend the fire within, we risk letting the darkness slip through."

With a soft sigh, he concludes.

"This temple stands as proof that even the greatest evils can be bound. But without vigilance, even the strongest stone crumbles. Let us keep the Flame, and the Flame shall keep us."