

Hveslav Setrakian - Lunar Oracle

Campaign Trait - Foe of the Strange

Red text is considered suppressed trauma. Most of it, anyway.

A few weeks ago, had you asked anyone that knows Hveslav, they would describe a man in his prime. An eternal traveler, living on the road under the open sky. Not the quiet type by any means, but merely trying his best to be as close to the night sky as possible. They would tell tales of a man that often traveled with whoever was moving in the same general direction, a wanderer that entertained caravans by the campfire, subtly preaching the lessons Desna had to offer, and often contemplating on the majestic beauty of the night sky.

Today, however, Hveslav is a completely different person. His eyes will never again gaze at the stars - there are no pupils in them, only grey mass. His once shiny, dark hair is now grey at best. And his face seems like he has aged fifteen years in the last four months.

No. This quiet shell of a man cowering in the corner, swinging at things that are not there... Surely this can't be Hveslav Setrakian, the man who travelled countless miles of the Ustlavian roads on his own. You must simply be confusing him with someone else, although there -is- a resemblance. Or is there?

Hveslav did, as mentioned above, spend a long time traveling the roads and forests of Ustlav and the neighbouring nations. Every night, he would sit down and pray to Desna. He would pray to a different star every midnight for several years, and had many, many more to go. Despite the amount, Hveslav knew most constellations, and even individual stars, by name. But a few months ago, Hveslav noticed a star he had never seen before. Shimmering with an odd colour of indescribable hue, he sat down, uttered his usual prayer, and observed the newly discovered speck of light, thinking it a symbol of The Great Dreamer's favour. As a matter of fact, Hveslav was extatic when the star seemed to have been growing in size, and he watched it intensely for several hours. Laying on his back in the grass and moss, Hveslav called for the new star to come closer to him, so that he could touch it, name it, feel it in his very being. He would savour the moment for the rest of his life. Little did he know at the time, that would indeed be the case.

His excitement shifted into curiosity when the star grew to be almost as large as the moon in the sky, and he thought the spectacle was a miracle in the making. Hveslav's star did not stop at that, however, and concern joined his curiosity, as the star suddenly stopped, and blinked. Hveslav suddenly realised that he was being observed by a singular eye of astronomical proportions. And just like that there were dozens more - all of them staring at him. Hveslav averted his gaze, praying to Desna for mercy. He did not mean to insult the goddess by plucking her art from the sky. He merely wanted to witness its creation.

A guttural roar of dozens of voices bellowed from above him as he was praying, louder and louder, and he could barely hear his own thoughts. His heart was racing in fear, as if attempting

to punch a hole in his chest, and the green grass under his knees suddenly changed colour, illuminated by whatever was hovering above his head. The roaring stopped, but the light remained. He could feel its warmth on his scalp. Hveslav gathered courage, and turned to the sky again...

The last image he ever really saw with his eyes, forever etched into memory, was that of what he thought was a new star in the sky. But this was no star. Whenever Hveslav tried to describe what he saw, he remembered a new detail, but was not able to put it into words. The only thing he was sure about, was this - this was no star.

If all stars in the sky are anything like the thing he witnessed on that dreaded night, then Golarion is, surely, doomed.