

GHOSTS OF THE FALLEN

KOL PACK REWARD

One evening, the spirits appear - all of them, at once, scattered around the territory. Still deaf, still blind, but this time they begin to glow. Softly at first, until it grows brighter and brighter, burning a furious white light that becomes too much to stand. All at once they howl, and every wolf of Kol falls to the earth.

They sleep. They dream.

There were five, and they walked together.

Their journey had been silent, but their excitement palpable. It flickered in the air around them, an electricity unlike any other. The ground underfoot was rough, their mountainous path rarely travelled.

They reached a plateau, the ground levelling out somewhat. Surrounded on all sides by the steep crags of the mountain, the hidden fortress was remarkable.

"Is this the place?" Murmured one.

"It is," Replied another.

"No wonder the Tyluma hid up here for so long," Remarked a third with an approving smirk.

"Myth and nonsense," Scoffed the fourth.

The last was silent, moving forward to the rising walls that surrounded the mesa, keen eyes scouring until at last they paused, noting where claws had scratched a simple inscription in the stone. A remnant of ages lost long before their time.

"It's here," The fifth said, nodding toward one of the companions, who dutifully stepped forward upon command. The others stepped backward, as the wolf lifted a paw, and dragged it across the stone until a sharp edge punctured skin and teased blood from the pad. As the wolf pressed the bloodied paw upon the inscription, they spoke.

"Aperio."

The gate opened.