

Kolrik the storyteller speaks of Fenris Island:

(Kolrik is a character described in the Brukon region, a mix of storyteller, historian, explorer and some madness).

"Listen well, children of the North and wanderers.

What I am about to tell you is not in the books of monks, nor in the runes that kings had carved.

It is in the dust of words whispered among the winds and that almost no one dared to say out loud.

Before our era, before even the gods walked among us, there was a people – the Voerdrin.

They lived without walls, without fixed fire, and ate what their dreams allowed.

They did not make maps. They followed the signs that fell from the sky like rain and snow. They were the first to hear the Call.

They say that on that night, when the sky split, it was not a celestial body that fell, but a burden.

Something that the heavens wanted to expel.

And when it reached the sea, the sea rejected it. Petrifying and freezing everything around it.

And in the place of impact, an island appeared – made of matter that does not belong to this world.

Stone that breathes in the dark.

Ice that burns to the touch.

There, the sound was heard.

A sound that does not pass through the air, but through thought.

A roar without origin, a whisper that tears itself apart – like a scream being spoken by two lips at war with each other.

Fehn-Rys, the Voerdrin called it.

"The Voice That Splits in Two."

The shamans said: it is neither a beast nor a god.

It is a will. A presence divided between the worlds.

A thought that fell without form, and now tries to remember itself.

Or worse...to remind us of it.

In the heart of this island there is a spiral that leads to the depths.

Not built, but sculpted.

It turns downward. And the further it descends, the more the world falls apart.

There is no ceiling, no floor, only layers of reality increasingly tenuous.

Down there, where no being has descended and returned, is this presence trying to get out.

This place—The Broken Spiral—is not just a ruin.

It is a wound.

A portal that bleeds ideas.

Those who enter report feeling their thoughts echoed by unfamiliar voices.

Some see their own reflections walking down different corridors.

Others... hear whispers that promise power, knowledge, or revenge against time.

Now listen carefully, for here is what few dare repeat:

The name Fehn-Rys does not appear only on this island.

Similar carvings are found deep in ancient tombs in southern Dunor.

Identical fragments appear in legends of those who live in the Mordac region.

A forgotten cult I met on Skorra called this force "The Thought that Seeks the Mouth."

Was it the same?

Or were they echoes of something much greater, scattered like shards across our continent, originating from the first consciousness?

Centuries passed. The Voerdrin disappeared without a trace, perhaps swallowed up by the voice.

But the rumors never cease.

Trading sailors steer clear of their shores.

Fishermen report seeing lights dancing beneath the island.

Expeditions set out... and never returned.

Or worse—they returned without remembering they had set out.

And now...

Comes the time of dim stars.

Of long winters and tides that rise even without a moon.

The Call is louder.

Dreams are colder.

And listen well, for Kolrik speaks not out of pleasure, but out of duty:

Fenris—that cursed name—is not just an island.

It is a seed.

And something within it is awakening.

So I ask you...

Who among you has the courage to follow the roar?

To descend the spiral?

To give a name to that which the gods wished to forget?

Fenris waits.

Not impatiently.

But hungry."