

Kolrik the Storyteller tells about the Ruins of Khaz-Midra:

"Friends, let me take you to a place where time bends and logic gives way to mystery: Khaz-Midra, the forgotten city in the heart of an eternal swamp. Hidden by mists that never dissipate, it bears witness to an age that predates even the histories of orcs and men.

The buildings of Khaz-Midra defy explanation. Imagine domes that once shone like gold in the sun, covered in mosaics of colored glass that reflected the stars at night. Even in ruins, these domes still glow with an eerie glow under the night sky. Their arches, carved with intricate geometric patterns and encrusted with precious stones, seem to pulse with an unknown energy. Once-imposing, spiraling towers inscribed in a language no one reads now lie fallen, embraced by vines and roots that have claimed them for their own. The half-submerged columns, adorned with sculptures of hybrid creatures—half human, half winged beasts—seem to stand like eternal sentinels over what remains of this city.

At the end of the great street, lined with fallen obelisks and statues of faceless kings and queens, stands a monumental pyramid. It is said to have been the mausoleum of a ruler known only as He Who Hears the Stars. He believed that the secrets of the cosmos were whispered at night, and his civilization would have thrived under this forbidden wisdom. The pyramid, they believe, is a portal between worlds, a bridge between the living and the dead—or perhaps something even more disturbing.

And the creatures that guard Khaz-Midra... oh, these are no mere monsters. They are corporeal specters, with eyes that glow like lanterns and partially translucent bodies, coated in blue flames or black mist. Called the Luminescent Echoes, they are believed to be the remnants of the inhabitants of Khaz-Midra, corrupted by an obsession with immortality. They whisper ancient words that make the hearts of the living falter, draining not only life energy but the very essence of the soul, as if devouring memory and identity.

And then there is the Hidden Library. It is said to lie within the pyramid and contain not only books, but maps of worlds we have never imagined, formulas that shape the desire of the most experienced alchemist, and accounts of extinct civilizations. But there is a price: those who attempt to open the tomes suffer indescribable torment, as if the very secrets of the city are consuming them from the inside out.

So I ask, brave listeners: who here would dare to face the deafening silence of Khaz-Midra? Who would dare to challenge the mists, the creatures, and the secrets it holds? Or would it be better, perhaps, to leave the dead and their secrets alone?"