

Lo unto the past do we look and into the future we gaze; the circle continues and what once was shall be again.

There was a time, not long after the first ones of the Great Halls arrived during a dark storm, that a being most foul was beheld. The dews of morning still lay upon this new mysterious land and its Caretakers did still tend their garden. However, not all the Caretakers tended their crop, some did judge them and weed out the unworthy. Of those of Judgement was one whose dark breath did cause the unworthy to shrivel where they stood and His dark gaze made all tremble with fear, His fury destroyed all in its wrath. Serpents played at His feet, guided by the Serpent Bearer, and where He walked His Judgement was felt.

Yet despite this the first ones were awed by His Dark Majesty, one greater than their own royal lineage, and they sought out His dark aura again and again, drawn like a Virgin unto the end of her innocence or a moth to the Flame. Nothing like this had been encountered before and His dark malevolence did entice them to seek His favour, forgetting all previous allegiances to form another. After a time the first ones learned how to treat with Him, offering due homage and standing tall among the grass, like Kings among their people and in sight of the Spheres. Through time they did learn to resist his cruel attention, finally becoming His children and reaping the benefits of His stewardship and so it was that the Halls did split and settle in the North and South.

Many years of fascination and devotion passed and the perseverance of the Halls turned this devotion to worship, sprung from a small seed to blossom and embrace His darkness. His dark majesty swelled and became more than He once was and so it was that the great Set became manifest and was at one with the Evil Sphere. During this time the Caretakers roamed their garden less and less and His dark majesty became but a memory, yet His children did revere him still. However, the years of devotion did bear fruit and the days of homage allowed what was Set to spread his wings like the great Eagle and fly from this land to pastures new to spread His word. Far and wide did His word spread, reaching beyond the land, laying low those that opposed Him.

And so it was for an age and the first ones did prosper. Yet as time progressed and the first ones diminished, the remaining children did yearn for their wayward parent to return. As the ages turned, their desperation for the return of their sire increased and their devotion did waiver, as did their prosperity. They did send out emissaries seeking signs of His Dark Majesty in order to regain their strength and renew their devotion. Many lands they did travel, seeking signs to no avail, yet they did come across other children of Set. However, to their horror these other children were the same, yet they were different, much stronger and more like the first ones – the difference was like the land serpent to the Sea Serpent. They had forsaken the land of their birth.

And so it was that with their connection to Set weakened the children of the Halls did gather. North and South came together as one once more, Twins in deed and thought, yet different from the first ones. They did despair at their fall from grace and lament at their lack of devotion, the first ones seemed like giants compared to the children that now roamed the Halls. A mighty task they did set themselves, to once more restore their strength and become devoted as before, like the first ones. To stand against their enemies and remain firm.

The children set about for the return of His Dark Majesty, that they may restore themselves and

swim the waters of the land like a Swan compared to the duckling. So it came to pass at a great upheaval for the land. Once more the Caretakers roamed their garden, stirred from their slumber to pass their Judgment and tend their crop. The Halls did meet and those of the South did approach His Dark Majesty. As they beheld each other nothing was familiar and the children did despair, The Black Pharaoh was evident, but Set had gone. With nothing to bind them together, the voices of the Children were like a babbling brook and His dark gaze did fall upon them with disapproving eyes.

Yet the children of the South did persevere and beseech their wayward parent but were Judged and found to be wanting. His dark fury was manifest and the wail of His dark voice did tear down walls and lay the Halls of the South to rest. During His rage He failed to see the real threat to His Dark Majesty and in their folly did His children betray Him. For hidden in the Shadows were a host ready to strike and lay Him low. An ancient force of Law and their allies, who opposed His dark fury on the battlefield, had been guided by His nemesis and set upon His Dark Majesty. A mighty battle did rage and He was laid low, not slain as His Majesty is too vast, but put to slumber, to stir no more upon this land. His shackles were set and He was bound, split into eight and cast about where He fell. In homage to this great struggle a Beacon was placed to honour the Knights that fell and hide the sleeping place of His Dark Majesty.

What remained of the children did retreat into their northern Halls, to take stock and seek guidance upon their failures. Aghast that the power of Set was no more and that this Black Pharaoh was anathema to them, their words falling upon deaf ears. In defeat did they seek new purpose, to once again learn the ways of His Dark Majesty, to speak with Him once more and be heard. Only then could they reunite their Master with what was now the Black Pharaoh and restore the power of Set. So plan they did. To set the future the past must be observed, a new template created. In their planning a sign was shown and once more did they set upon their path of renewal. For the children to be reborn and the family reunited a new child must be made, one made anew from the past, not the present, rising from the ashes and so marked. This child would be akin to the first ones, so that his parent will recognise and accept him, yet this child should be full with the power of Set. Only when the two are reunited in one vessel can the children be reborn and claim the power and glory of the first ones.

And so the children did search among themselves for the child, but the ages did pass and none was Chosen. The children had wandered too far from their path and he who must be Chosen would not come from among them, so their gaze did wander. They searched far and wide for evidence of the Chosen, searching the ancient scriptures to see who was worthy, for details of the Chosen would be hidden in the past and in these words. As it was, so shall it be.

The Chosen will be inextricably linked to both Set and the Black Pharaoh, chained by bonds that must be broken and able to withstand the clutches of Death and Shadow, standing firm against both and returning to the fight with fury and vigour. He shall be a Lord to dread and bind his followers with chains of the Elements and Spheres. Only a master of the game standing firm as a bastion against the throw of chaos can withstand what must be endured. For this is the Chosen, who shall bind the Black Voice into the Darkness so they may be reunited once more.

And so it was written and the Keepers set their task.