

## Epilogue

### Twilight Force

Wake up! Wake up!

Time is of the essence! I must entrust you with what little I know now before, before I must depart. There may be a time where our paths cross again, but for now, you must only listen and heed

There is... still hope. There are a few that remain. A few who can still bring order to the chaos, light to dark, turn despair into glory

The elder wizards once knew of the prophecies. They are inscribed in riddles and serpent tongue, in the ancient forgotten tomes in the deepest of the arcane libraries of Winterreach. I have seen them with my own eyes!

I tried to decipher the ancient conundrums and incantations, I tried so hard! But for every secret that was unravelled before my eyes, two more stood at my doorstep

For what seemed like aeons I worked relentlessly. I was at the brink of madness many a time, and almost succumbed to the arcane forces unleashed. One day, I finally found myself on the verge of unfolding monumental mysteries, when, when they...

And now, they have abolished me! The Arcane Tribunal deemed my studies... wretched and vile! Curse them! Let the wrath of the Netherrealm be upon their creaking bones! I have not devoted my life to mundane sorcery to please cowards and weaklings!

We must proceed with what has begun. The wheels of fate are already spinning and we cannot bide any longer. We are on our own, and splendour shall follow in our wake

So now, hearken. Ever since the order of the Seven Flames perished, and the Dragon Fathers forgathered in the Gharad Mountains; they are, albeit mighty beyond mortal comprehension, the only thing that now stands in the way of the brooding calamity in Khrond, and the only solace to the people of the Twilight Kingdoms. A bleak comfort indeed

The life force in the Glades of Lithôe are already dwindling and the octarine luster in the Forest of Destiny is waning. I have beheld it, and I have felt it. It will soon be upon us

The prophecies however, spoke of the crystal bearers. Chosen heroes of starlight born for the glory of the kingdoms. The guardians of man, elf and dwarf and the protectors of the realms

They shall rise when time are dire, and come bearing arcane lig

ht and the wrath of dragons. One hero shall arise from every kingdom, and with him, a celestial crystal echoing his name. They are the Twilight Force

They remain nameless throughout the grimoires and tomes, and none speak of their whereabouts or origin. I have searched far and wide, over mountains and seas, through the voids of Magicka and the voices of time, and finally, I now know. I have seen their visions, and I have felt their presence

One is a wood elf. A swift and cunning woodland ranger with his heart in the trees and his spirit on the seas. Another is the one rightful heir to the Emerald Throne. A gallant and mighty warrior on his path to his destiny. A boy at mind, and a true king at heart. The third is a venerable forest whisperer, a mystic herbalist with the gift of beast speech. The fourth is a half-elf of clandestine nature. With an obsidian will and a silent mind, he is the shadow death. The fifth is an enigma indeed. I had trouble discerning his life force through my visions. And I was transfixed by the power of his spirit. I felt surges of malicious contempt, as well as waves of cosmic insight and primordial wisdom. A truly intriguing being of eldritch descent

And, my friend... I, unbeknownst to me until the last full moon, is the last crystal bearer. That is why I now, in the eleventh hour, come to you. I must seek out the bearers, and the crystals must be unearthed. And you, must in return to fulfill your oaths

The Knights of Twilight's Might must gather and rise