

September 3rd, 486

*Am I crazy?*

*It is an odd thing for someone to ask themselves. How would someone even begin to know if they were? I have seen madness. I come from a line of it.*

*One thing I do know is that madness was born here in Blood City. You either learn to embrace it or die trying to fight it. I have done both.*

*Recently, I have found out that I am not the only person to have seemingly risen from beyond the grave. After mysteriously surviving his execution, the King Emeritus of Khemia, Alistair the Deranged, has set forth to take back what he believes is rightfully his; all of Terrea.*

*Now, I fear as though I will be thrust into the escalating conflict between neighboring nations and the political landscape that appears to be hanging on the edge of a blade. An impending war that may be bloodier than The Archer Divide and that could claim more lives than The Great War itself. And, now it seems as though the ancient magic of our land is awakening.*

*The magic I am familiar with is nothing like the fairytale magic in the bedtime stories once read to me by my late father. It is a flame that burns anything in its path until it consumes its vessel, slowly setting them ablaze from the inside out. It feeds off emotions while convincing the individual that without it, they are nothing.*

*Just as the phoenix burns, so do the rest. The never-ending wheel of transformation spares nothing, but might just leave the opportunity to rebuild, hopefully for the better.*

*The only question is, who or what will rise from the ashes this time?*

*The Phoenix*

