

Heavenborn

The Tale of Aesandre Solaire

Origins

The late sun burned its way across the clouds beneath the High Temple. Though the sun never truly set in this plane, this was as close as it would come to night. Archpriest Yrel Loc, aptly titled 'The Sun', watched the slowly dwindling star begin its final descent. Within the hour it would reach its lowest point, before rising once again into the sky. Pausing for just one more moment to breathe in the infinite silence of the celestial plane, soaking in the golden light falling onto his skin, the Archpriest turned and left the balcony.

Returning to the marble altar, his fingers brushed the tired parchment one more time. Across the far end of the High Temple, the great doors opened and closed. Rushed footsteps gently echoed through the white chamber, rapidly approaching. Slowly, the Archpriest rolled the parchment up, placing it back into a similarly weathered scroll case. The footfalls fell into a silent kneeling, as the cleric kneeled before the Archpriest.

"Zuo lelcy bun sel?" the cleric spoke clearly, head still bowed, reverent in the presence of the Archpriest. Stepping around the marble altar, the Archpriest kindly regarded the cleric, his eyes and skin alight with the warmth of a spring morning.

"Nilel, sz bnielct. Sz suly ynolyelt ub tilviqhell." Spoke the Archpriest, gesturing for the cleric to rise from the floor. The cold sound of steel twinkled through the chamber as he rose, his maille settling back into form. The cleric studied the eyes of the Archpriest thoroughly. Despite their usual sunny appearance, he could see the truth lingering behind the light. Dark days were ahead.

"Yrel Qnuqrelvz il yu pel bohbihhelt, yrelc? Yrel Tanx Hunt'l vunnoqyuc il lqnelaticw al bunelyuht?" the cleric asked, his voice steady despite the cold chill he now felt rising throughout his body. The Archpriest's gaze dropped, abashed that the news was so easy to read from his face. Scroll case in hand, he held it out for the cleric to take. The cleric frowned, taking the scroll in hand. A raised hand stopped his question.

"Yaxel yril lvnuhh yu yrel hact ub sunyahl. Yaxel Aesandre ub yrel Solaire basihz, act elclonel yrelz puyr bict yrelin faz icyu woantiacriq." The Archpriest ordered, firmly suppressing any argument or question to his edict. "Yrel tanx yisel il arelat. Zely fel lyihh rajel yisel." With that he turned,

and slowly walked back out toward the balcony. Feeling the rough leather in his hand, the cleric turned and swiftly left, his movements with intent and purpose.

Watching him leave, the Archpriest turned back to the setting sun once again.

As ordered, the scroll and the orphan were taken to the moral plane and split. The scroll was taken and gifted to a cleric of great repute, the orphan in the care of priests at a temple of Sarenrae. But a babe, the orphan knew nothing of the journey. But a scroll, the parchment mentioned nothing, save for the prophecy. Until the time came, neither would find the other.

Encounter at the Temple

She could understand the look of fear in their eyes. They had broken in here, expecting to find golden trinkets among a nest of cowering priests. Entering the chapel blindly, not caring how loud they were as the tall wooden doors slammed back against the walls, laughing gleefully about the profit they were about to spin. As they neared the altar, the last thing they had expected to see was the cowed figure, kneeling in prayer, rise and turn to face them.

Her golden skin and eyes gently glowed in the gloom, beauty by human standards – an angel. The group hesitated. The leader, sensing his gang's sudden doubt, brashfully pushed forward, blade drawn, mouth spewing lude, vulgar threats at the woman and her deity.

Calmly, she watched as the man strode forward, disrespecting and desecrating as he went. His gang rallied behind his bold action, their doubt replaced with a similar brashness. Noting her stillness and silence, the gang leader stopped a few paces short of her and the altar, his smile as wicked as his knife.

"You have entered a house of Sarenrae. This is a place of warmth, healing, and peace. Leave now, or bear her wrath." She said, voice steady and authoritative. Still smiling widely, the leader turned back toward his gang, arms wide as if asking what he should do.

"You hear that, boys? We should leave, lest we feel the wrath of a **woman!**" he exclaimed to a chorus of laughter and goading. Turning back, he brandished his blade at the woman. "How about this. Me and my boys here clear out all the precious, glittering pretties, and then once we've done that we see just how *pure* you lady priests

are?". That line earned a particularly strong wave of support from his gang.

He stepped forward, blade pointing dangerously toward her face, his taunting smile leering at the robed woman before him. Sickeningly, he fell to the ground in a heap. The dull thud of splintering bone and sinew filled the chapel and then faded. His blade clattered noisily across the floor and at last everything was at rest.

She could understand the look of fear in their eyes. With a soft schlurp sound, she pried her warhammer from his skull on the floor, and pointed it straight at the gang. They hesitated, re-judging the woman before them. Her robe had fallen clear, and she stood revealed before them; one hundred pounds of steel and divine fire, fully armoured and dangerous. They fled.

She let a moment pass before she relaxed, kneeling down to examine that gang leader. She had hit him far harder than intended, the blow was quite fatal. "Bovx" she cursed under her breath.

She could not stay there any longer. She had killed a man in a house of Sarenrae, and now she had to move on.

"Where will you head, Cleric Aesandre?" she asked herself. Gazing at the sky and the sun, she made a decision. "West. I shall go and see old Niska."

Every time Aesandre thought of Niska, she always got a deep sense of... foreboding. Growing up in the care of the priests, Aesandre had spent years with the Mvashti family, but Niska always looked at her with a certain knowing stare, like she had seen, or knew, something beyond her time.

Maybe one day I'll ask her about that...