

LORE CARD 005 “FROSTLIGHT”



Frostlight was a contradiction of a city, at once nestled in frozen mountains and a mighty icy lake in the north, but also pulsing and alive amid its steam-fed arcades and high towers. What began as waves of rebels and free-thinkers fleeing their home nations arose as a wealthy juggernaut fueled by the seductive lure of privacy and freedom. The failure of existing nations to preserve their own liberties was the only reason Frostlight was possible.

After all, the Merchant Wars didn't happen overnight.

That's a common saying among the people. Its implication is that a shadow government willing to unleash propaganda and manufactured genocide on a global scale could have at one time in history been squashed by anyone willing to stop their endless speaking and just listen. Had they found compromise, had they tended to suffering with methods best suited for doing so, had they only kept in mind what connected them, then such terrors hadn't needed to be born at all. When the people are ruptured from one another, nightmares fill the spaces.

The towering bronze statue that greets visitors to Frostlight is striking, blue-green in its ambergris though still shining in the sun. It's said to portray an old philosopher bearing the Salt Mystic's wheels-within-wheels glyph, a runaway priest-Recorder unwilling to spend the rest of his life tending to the Augur deep in its eerie temple. A popular tradition of sea vessels entering the arcade gateway is to place the ship directly in the statue's line of sight and to gaze upwards at the old man's penetrating stare. From all other angles, his expression is kind and welcoming, yet from that one position, shadows narrow the eyes and crease the brow...what seemed like parted, greeting lips seem to tighten... and the stare is chilling. Whether this is a purposeful trick of a gifted artist or a chance collision of positioning, lighting, and legend is hard to say.

"Whatever brought you here is behind you", they'll say in unison on those ships passing beneath the old man's gaze. "Leave it there."