

LORE CARD 040: CASKET MONK DISCOVERY



A lot can change in two thousand years. If the Salt Mystic wanted to speak directly to you and me, she knew she'd need to hide her words. Her engineered fables could possess a man's soul or give him soaring influence over thousands of wide-eyed followers, surely over time they would sour and wither. Thrilling apocalypses and marching legions would seize the souls of humanity as history unfolded and make of her a gray, mottled memory.

Yes, those stories are among us, passing in our marketplaces and among our children at play, but they are also buried in secret casks out there in the wilds waiting to be rediscovered. Many are protected by their own wily stonewisp AI demons, able to talk even the wise among us into hopeless loss of faith or even to jump into the misty void - awaiting the right time and the right discoverer. It's why you can recognize a Casket Monk by their robotic sight augmentation to locate the casks, and commonly bearing their own stonewisp statuettes to combat the malicious guardians while they dig.

If you ever do see a Casket Monk with their hood pulled down low, crouched and bowed in contemplation, know that the Salt Mystic's fables are powerful and unpredictable in their effects...

...and the Casket Monk reads them first.

Maybe instead, you'll come across one of these ponderous casks nestled in its ancient burying place. If you're lucky, its guardian stonewisp will yield and allow opening its dusty seal. Maybe wonders await you in those inked and mighty words inside.