

Godric had been walking through bleak terrain for days. As the vibrant rainfall started he stopped and detached his crow mask. He smiled as Morcant, his crow guide, took flight. The Rain God was always punctual with this twice-daily heavenly shower, ever vigilant with its duty of pushing back the uncanny confusing olive fog. Mercifully the slightly raised ancient road kept most of the fog at bay, no one knew why.

The rain was refreshing and curiously warm, plus he loved the accompanying pleasant pitter-patter as the divine droplets landed on his grey robes. Whilst the herbs in his mask's beak helped, this ritual was the only thing keeping him truly lucid on this cursed quest. He once again pondered why the Palliative Priesthood had insisted on sending him, a lone Remembrancer, to visit the Lords Temporal; they'd not even given him a message to deliver.

Godric's reflecting was interrupted as Morcant started cawing in alarm. He nervously looked around, but struggled to sense anything beyond the downpour; the irony that the Rains of Clarity were obscuring the danger was not lost upon him.

He recalled reading that a whole castle had been lost in this area, another victim of The Forgetting. That usually meant ghosts, but those were routinely dismissed by the Rain God, which implied something far worse. Morcant suddenly raced ahead, Godric's instincts insisted that he run, he didn't argue.

Running on the ancient road was fortunately easy, due to its firm paved surface and straight design. Unfortunately his heavy backpack and wet robes hampered his movement. Godric stared ahead, through the now thinning rain he could make out sparse roadside vegetation, thankfully no threats. He glanced behind but he couldn't make out anything, then suddenly a tree disappeared, quickly followed by a bush. He didn't need to see more, he'd read about this, an Absence was after him.