1 Purebloods

Clan is Clan. Realm is Realm. That is all that needs be known; it is a simple truth of nature. For too long and far too often, however, despite border guards, closed trade boundries, and even outright wars, weak-willed fools of *both* races have from time to time forgotten themselves and allowed their bloods to intermingle. The halfbreeds, or Nisaku, as they are known on the other side of the mountains, have even been allowed to pollute the Clans, and none have stepped forward to prevent it.

It is time for this perversion to come to an end. The Realm has been allowed to fester, unobserved and uncontrolled, spewing forth its filth upon your lands and the people. Something must be done to keep the Human Beings pure! And together, you and your compatriots with the vision to see things as they truly are *will* do something about it.

Thirty-five years ago, the aliens from the Realm attacked your people, unprovoked and without warning -- then retreated from the war they themselves had started, claiming the treachery of one of their own as an excuse. Trustingly, naively, the People accepted this explanation, asking only to be left alone, as they had been for centuries. Even this, though, was more than the Westerners could achieve; it has been nearly ten years since the attack on Cliff Greystone (the youngest brother of the Greystone at the time) that left him and some other People killed at the hands of Storm Bluemist -- and another corpse, of a Western alien, whose presence was both highly illegal and to this day unexplained.

Even in the two decades separating the two intrusions, you had heard reports of Clansmen abroad in the West being mistreated. And *still*, despite the evidence of their own senses, the Clasp chose to reopen the boundaries between the two nations!

It took only two years of such "peaceful relations" for the Westerners to show their true natures, desecrating the Shrine of Mishael upon the summit of Clearstone Mountain. Since then, the war has been bloody and fierce, and still the leaders of both nations act as if peaceful coexistence was possible, even desirable! You wonder, at times, if they shall be satisfied with anything less than the destruction of both races, and the ascension of the cursed halfbreeds that have even today begun to take root everywhere.

This cannot continue any longer. The invaders war over territory that belongs to the People; they demand "rights" that they do not, never have and never shall possess. The Human Beings had finally begun to toughen their stance towards the outsiders, when the peace summit on the Castle was called. You can see through the sham easily; it is merely an excuse for more base treachery on the part of the West. But whether the war continues or is brought to an end, wither way seems to ensure the eventual destruction of the Clanlands from within, as your blood is weakened by that of the West.

The Clans need to be liberated from the taint of the halfbreeds and inhumans that pollute it. Yet it is not enough simply to slaughter them, for more are being born every day, the product not of malice but of ignorance. Somehow, the Clanlands need to isolate themselves from the West, in a permanent and irreversible fashion. And the three of you -- Marshall Brightwind, Dirk Brightwind and Krys Sweetwater -- have the means to make this possible.

The nature of your plan would be, for many, beyond belief; indeed, it calls upon almost unbelievable powers, but powers you are assured exist. It is risky, and quite illegal -- in fact, if your fellow Clansmen were to discover your plans they would likely band you as traitors, for it is based on witchcraft and powerful magics which are anathema to your people. And yet, the Clasp itself has declared that the use of witchcraft, when sanctioned by the Clasp and for the purposes of supporting the Clanlands, may be entered into with legal sanction, and Marshall, the leader of your band, is a member of the Clasp, so your actions are illegal only in that they shall remain secret. Secret, however, they must remain, lest your purpose be subverted by the weaklings in the Clasp who would speak of peace to the West.

You three seek to contact the Lord Kryssonyx, and call upon his power to craft a wall -- nay, a mountain range, high and impenetrable -- between the lands of the People and the outlands. Krys Sweetwater is a warlock of Kryssonyx, and has verified that this is possible. However, the way of Kryssonyx and of Limbo is one of honor (as it must be, if you are to deal with him and not risk betrayal), and thus the nature of the Compact dictates that several requirements must be met. First, those who request this boon must have legal ownership of the territories upon which the mountain range is to form. Second, they must have available a source of power from *this* world sufficient to the task, a source to which they have a legal right by the laws of their people. Lastly, the Lord shall have the power to demand one service of those who make this -- and indeed, any -- request, upon the completion of which the spell shall be complete and the borders between the two nations closed forever. Of course, to accomplish this will require contacting the Lord in the first place, and gaining his favor.

Parts of this task will be easier than others. Clearstone Mountain is a source of great power; it was that power that the Clearstone Clan used to dominate the Clanlands centuries ago. However, you and your fellows do not have legal right to its power...nor to the Sweetwater and Goldenfield lands that your proposed mountain would be born on. Before you can contact the Lord Kryssonyx, you must find some way of claiming that ownership, or at the very least of sharing them with those who do own.

In the meantime, it would behoove your purposes to track down the halfbreeds on this Castle and their parentage...once the way is closed to their replacement, they must be kept from returning to the Clanlands by whatever means necessary.

May the blood of the People ever remain pure.

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