

Myranda knelt awkwardly, her wounds still healing after banishing the demon lord.

She had her back to the fire so that its light reflected off Grenth's icon on her buckler as she propped it up to help her focus on her prayers.

"Grenth, lord of balance, holder of the living and judgement of the dead, I pledge myself to you" She intoned; the opening verse of prayers across the realms occurred to her to be almost 'to whom it may concern' instead of giving praise to deities for even acknowledging their servants

As she cleared her mind and let Grenth's breath flow through her her brow furrowed as sights flashed across her sight – it was rare for her to receive visions so she obediently closed her eyes and breathed out slowly.

It came in flashes – from a close-up of crumbling walls to an expansive view of a derelict temple suddenly lit up by wycfire as the vision frantically hurtled forward through woods toward a lonesome hill it cut to an obscured figure in amongst the ruins – either stooped or hunched, the shadows making it hard to identify.

As she mentally peered, trying to will the vision to move to a better angle a screaming skull filled her sight, it took all her willpower to not scream and instead her eyes snapped open with a hurried gasp

"The Temple of Mourning" she sighed – ruins known from when the Children of Grenth were more numerous...