

Loreweave Archive

A collection of stories & adventures as told in Pax Dei

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Omen of Oblivion: A World's End

A collection of stories about the end of the world as we know it.

Omen of Oblivion: A World's End

Seven Stone Feathers of the Apocalypse

Around a campfire one evening

Olvrida speaks of a coming Omen...we have not confirmed as of yet...but something stirs in the shadows...

The divine seek to burry the world once more from what we can understand thus far

During the last sundering & flood. We saw it necessary to enter the veil. We passed through the darkness under the watchful eye of Veilskevard.

The air stirs as we grow closer, the date is yet obscured (6/11/25 'the Eleventh of Dawnfire') but we draw closer every day.

There is a legend that has only been spoken in far off lands in the shadows of the world.

When mortals close their eyes to sleep, she opens hers wide, gazing across the threads of fate spun long before time was ever named.

In the stillness of the Twilight Observatory, beneath a sky unclouded by mercy, Olvrida's seers cast their runes beneath the crescent moon.

Her wings trembled. The stars refused to answer. The constellations had shifted - not by natural order but by the trembling hand of the Divine.

And then, the Seer spoke.

“The roots of the world rot beneath us, The Old Blood burns. The pantheon recoils in silence. The Veil will tremble - and the sky shall be rewritten in ash.”

She saw a second flood, not of water but of unknowing.

A dark forgetfulness rising from beneath the soil, swallowing the names of gods, kingdoms, and kin. Mountains crumbling back into mist.

Flame devouring what even time had spared.

The world, she whispered, will be buried again.

And when it is, only the signs will remain...

First, Runes that no longer respond.

Second, Animals walking east before dusk.

Third, the moon, turning her face to hide.

Only those who read the stars by instinct, who listen for echoes instead of words, will know where to stand - or where not to.

Olvrída has left her vision carved into seven stone feathers scattered across the sacred places of the world.

Each feather speaks a part of the truth - but never the whole.

The rest must be divined...before it is too late.

Since the night of the vision, Olvrída has not spoken.

The winds that once carried her whispers now fall still around the Moonpines.

Her runes have dulled, the silver fading as if the threads of fate themselves refuse to be read.

Her followers, light incense beneath constellations that no longer answer.

The moonlight grows colder.

It is said Olvrida no longer sees the future - because the future is being erased...
Lost to time.

In her last act before retreating into her realm between the veil and the stars, she entrusted the Seven Feathers of Recall to mortal hands.

Each feather bears a fragment of her vision, but none knows which is first or last.

Feather of Fracture - Found at the roots of a dead tree that bleeds light.

Feather of Unspoken Names - Buried beneath a forgotten grave in no man's land.

Feather of Hollow Stars - Seen falling into a crater during a blood moon.

Feather of Eastwind Silence - Hung on the tallest peak, where even echoes die.

Feather of the Veiled Eye - Locked in a monastery that no longer remembers prayer.

Feather of the Seventh Sorrow - Carried by a child born under eclipse.

The final feather...

Feather of the Returning Dark - Said to appear only when it begins - the Day of Unwriting

The Divine and the Old Gods themselves have grown distant.

Some say they mourn what must come. Others believe they prepare to unmake what they once forged.

The world, it seems, has reached its weight in stories..and soon the Divine will press their hands upon the earth and bury it once more.

But Olvrida believed in choice. That is why she left behind the feathers. To warn. To prepare.

“The stars dim, not to die...but to allow mortals a moment to shine.” - Last words etched in the Sanctuary of Sight.

For the dimming did not cease it deepened.

What was once seen as mercy, a divine pause to let mortals write their own fate, is now understood as a harbinger.

The Sanctuary of Sight stands empty, its silver mirrors cracked, its owl-statues hollowed by time and silence.

No more do the constellations speak. No more does the sky answer prayer.

Only the wind moves there now, and it sings in tongues no mortal wrote.

Across the world, the gifted have begun to lose their Sight. Not suddenly, but slowly, as if some unseen hand peels back their visions one star at a time.

Prophets awake weeping. Astrologers burn their charts. The Rune of Revelation no longer fall, they scatter, wild and unreadable, refusing to be cast.

Something is coming. But worse... Something is withdrawing.

On the third night of the Long Eclipse, the moon bled.

A silver mist curled from its surface, descending upon the highest peaks and oldest ruins.

VoidLock steps forward, taking some ash from the pit

From it rose the Mourning Moonlight, cold, lucid, and hungry for memory.

Where it passed, lovers forgot each other's names.

Soldiers stood lost on their own battlements.

An entire kingdom awoke one morning and could not recall who their king had ever been.

And the mist whispered, "You were meant to last. You chose to linger."

Olvrida, Celestial Seer, once guided the tides of fate with quiet wisdom.

But even she cannot fight a tide the gods themselves have loosed.

The gods are not punishing the world. They are undoing it. Not with fire, nor flood. But with neglect.

This is not the cleansing of a world gone wrong, this is the quiet burial of one deemed irrelevant.

For what is more terrifying than wrath from heaven? Indifference...

It is said that bound in her silver oubliette among the constellations, Olvrída remains chained.

Her wings are frayed. Her eyes are crusted with starlight. But still, she watches. Still, she mourns. Still, she hopes.

And in that hope, she offers one final fragment of prophecy, not to the strong, or the devout, but to the forgotten, the misfit, the cast aside.

“If the Divine forsake the world, then let mortals forge one without them.”

“Do not worship the stars.”

“Become them.”

And so the final vision was etched in frost upon a stone no hand had carved, a crescent moon above a single, silver feather drifting down.

No voice spoke it. No light accompanied it.

But all who beheld the sign felt it in the marrow of their being.

To find the Feathers is to find the last thread of fate...Of this world.

VoidLock looks at the crowd surrounding the campfire and proclaims

“We will hold a festival at the end of the world, we have lived through one ending of the world. This will not bring the end for us, only the end of this world.

We shall search for these feathers as far as the wind takes us, we must figure out what the future holds for this world so we may go on.

With the last flood, we enter the Veil... I wish not to return, only if we must... There must be another way, if we find the feathers, we might find a way to go on.

Leading up to the festival, we shall hold hunts to locate these feathers.

We will need to hunt them down, find them, understand them...”