

Your party embarked on a quest months ago in the hopes of solving the mystery of the missing villagers. Wives, children, elderly, farmers or warriors – it mattered not who or where; they all disappeared without leaving a trace. There is but one thing in common: a few days prior to their vanishing, before taking a literal turn, it was as if they weren't truly present.

Morning dew covers the forest floor near the villages. Tired from the unrewarding trip, your party stumbles upon a church in the middle of nowhere, packed to the brim with people. "The huge showing must perhaps be to pray for their missing loved ones," the thought crosses your mind.

You've never been heavily devoted, but these trying times convince you otherwise. You find a seat and bow your head in prayer. It is as if your exhaustion slowly trickles out of your body and is erased from the mind. Past worries no longer seem important. You look around, take a deep

breath of fresh air, and feel... "wait, what was my purpose?" It is right there, at that moment, that you remember it so clearly! The recent case of a wife's sorry tale and her husband, a missing farmer. That exact farmer, before your eyes. His red beard and the wart on his chin, unmistakable from the picture.

Grid Size: 24x14

Formats: VTT, PDF (7200x4200 pixels, 300DPI) **Variations:** Original, Midnight, Shadowfell, Royal Sun, Heavenly Bloom, Paradox,

Abandoned, Eldritch Fire



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