

"You have been called here on a matter of **grave importance**. We, **the Enclave**, have voted to share with you some **highly sensitive information**, we do not take this decision lightly.

**Kel Patra** is dying. The magical currents that hold our fair city amongst the clouds is faltering. Our mages have been **unable** to ascertain the cause and for all their efforts they can but tell us that we have at most **one week** before this city will plummet to the earth.

Be it **natural, magical** or **the plot of evil men** you must stop this.

We don't have to explain to you the fate of **every person** in this city were the worst to happen but sadly the prognosis is even more dire. Our scholars tell us that should the city fall, the resulting shockwave **will devastate** much of the continent, **killing many thousands**.

**No living soul** beyond these walls must be told of these facts, a panic would no doubt ensue causing yet **more suffering**.

All our hope goes with you and you shall be given all assistance within our power to grant. **Please save us all.**"

*---- Excerpt from the minutes of a closed session of **The Enclave**, meeting with an unknown band of adventurers.*