

Talis was pouring over his spell book in his laboratory as always, ever since he'd inherited the book and the Spirit Stone from Lord Benjamin Atlee, his former mentor, he'd been constantly studying and learning new forms of applying his Alchemechanical skills. The current spell he was working on was one to amplify his seeing abilities that they might tell him what is behind his recent nightmares. He knew the other mages of London were having similar dreams, all were differing degrees of chaos and violence but there were two themes common to all of them. Some sort of weapon being taken and a man with an eye patch standing between darkness and light. Talis recognized this man as Thoren Grymm, Leader of the Band of the Twisted Claw and a powerful Alchemechanical and Nocturmancer in his own right as well as a fair warrior. Talis readied the last of the ingredients for the spell and drank the foul smelling concoction. It tasted worse than it had smelled. Talis suddenly felt light headed, dizzily he got up from his desk and tried to walk over to the cot he'd made himself in his basement lab and fell into it. This was normal, the spell had said that the vision would take one out of one's body to the heart of the matter. Suddenly Talis found himself in a very familiar place, The Camp of the Twisted Sisters, in front of the Vardo of the Band of the Twisted Claw. Though something was different, he felt fuzzy. Looking down at his hand he saw it was translucent in the full moon's light.

"I'm incorporeal then, I must be on the Ethereal Plane meaning the problem is not in London.", Talis spoke.

This was disconcerting, if a problem was waking up all of London's mages from London it wouldn't be a problem, maybe a spell had gone wrong somewhere and Talis could remedy this situation. But if the problem was large enough to disturb the mages of London from Bristol...he shuddered at the thought. Suddenly Talis felt a pull from the Ethereal from of his spirit stone and found himself in front of a beautiful woman surrounded by crystals, incense, candles, and a skull of a cat.

"Talis Riverwind, you're not the spirit I expected to summon, especially because you should be living.", the woman said with an amused smile. Talis knew this woman.

"I'm not dead yet Gaia Vadea, though God knows how I've managed to go this long without being killed. I cast a spell that brought my spirit here to figure out what is disturbing the slumber of the mages of London."

"Not just London my friend," She interrupted making a concerned face "the mages and I here haven't had a decent night's sleep in weeks! Aggie's been blowing up experiments more than normal lately and my vision is getting hazier by the day. Something moves my friend, something big."

"How can I help?" Talis asked with deepest sincerity

"Come my friend, to Bristol's shores, the Call of Heroes has already been issued. The first wave of the force should be here in four days."

"Four Days! I can't make it there in that time!" Talis shouted but upon noting Gaia's face he knew that there was a strict deadline on the big force they spoke of, "I shall be there in five Gaia Vadea. Anon my friend."

And with that Talis found himself back in his basement Laboratory.

"Looks like I'm going to be needing some friends." Talis said, "and quickly."