

## Prologue

### Threads Unwinding

If the investigators reached **Resolution 1** or **Resolution 5** in Enter the Dragon, go to **A Friendly Calling**. If the investigators reached **Resolution 2** in Enter the Dragon, go to **Late Night Visitor**. If the investigators reached **Resolution 3** or **Resolution 4** in Enter the Dragon, go to **Last Will and Testament**. If the investigators reached **Resolution 5** in Enter the Dragon, go to **The Sage of History**.

**A Friendly Calling:** You make your way back to the office the following night, glad to at least be done with whatever this nonsense was, one way or another. As you round the hallway corner, you see your old friend Feng Shao, purveyor of all things mysterious and mystical, waiting patiently outside the door. As he clearly wants to talk, you let him in the office and gesture towards the couch.

Without any other pleasantries, he sits down and begins speaking in his typical placid tone.

Proceed to **Stories Past**.

**Late Night Visitor:** Back at your office, your friend Feng Shao waits patiently for you, Lu's sense of urgency not matched by his master's ever-passive nature. Exhausted from the evening's events, you slump yourself down in your desk chair, . Before you can look up, Feng begins his story.

Proceed to **Stories Past**.

**Last Will and Testament:** You unfold the parchment handed to you and begin to read, the voice of your Eastern friend resounding in your mind as you make your way through it.

Proceed to **Stories Past**.

**The Sage of History:** Feng recovers from his uncharacteristic state of shock and continues.

Proceed to **Stories Past**.

**Stories Past:** "In my younger years, my travels often brought me to the coast of India: my homeland echoes with the voices of our ancestors, but our song exists in harmony with our southern neighbors. On one of these journeys, in my hunt for a sacred dagger stolen from my patron's manor, I was told an interesting story about a voyage off the coast of Cambay. An Englishman, divining a new truth from an ancient text, took a vessel into the bay a crew of local knaves. What he intended to find out there, I know not, but the heavens rained down upon his curiosity, and the only fruit of his sowing was a dashing on the rocks. A foolish foreigner was no rarity, but, you see, the stars can play tricks on us. Weeks later, a raving, shriveled old man in the Englishman's clothes appeared at the market, carrying with him a handful of figurines. The local authorities detained the man, but in his frenzied struggle against them, the vipers of the market snatched his carven eggs away.

