

*My friend, these stories are the lifeblood of my trade, but one who spends enough time trading jade becomes guarded, and I had pressing business, so if this storyteller had not had those sketches, I would have been on my way. You see, as soon as these idols were stolen away, the traders devoured them, and they found buyers faster than homes: many had seen them, but none still saw. As desire increased, paintings, etchings, drawings, and every other manner of depiction arose, one of which lay in front of me then. And I had seen it before, in a tome that, to this day, I regret opening.*

*The tapestry of man is woven with the tales of our past, but some patches are worse than the holes that they fill, and the Westerner had found something that threatened to fill this gap. Since that day, I've scoured the world for these, plying my trade as a means to this end. The only solace I've found is that no one seemed to have them. After all these years, I had begun to think perhaps it was just a poor trader's tale, that is, until a buyer came into my shop last week in search for it. My friend, forces are already in motion to restore this history that was mercifully excised from the minds of humanity. They are but carvings, but if the set is reunited in the hands of those with ill-intent, we shall wish for something as merciful as an ending! The last I had heard of one was in the land of the Franks, around the time of your Great War. You must make haste to there and find these idols before whatever dark forces abound can. I have secured passage for you already. You must go and succeed where I have failed!"*

Proceed with "Scenario 3, Bon Voyage."

