

Entry 01: The Written Story

Vaelor was not born extraordinary.

He was born in a farming village in a valley that no longer exists, to parents whose names history never recorded, in a year so distant that the calendar system used to mark it has since collapsed and been replaced twice over. He was the third of four children. He was unremarkable at everything except kindness.

He found Pelor the way most people do — through loss. A plague took his youngest sister when she was six, and he was nine. He sat in the temple for three days afterwards, not praying, just sitting, trying to understand how a god of light allowed darkness like that to exist. A priest found him on the third day and instead of explaining gave him a candle and said: *"This is what we do — we hold the light and we keep holding it."*



He was ordained at nineteen. He was exceptional at twenty-five. By

thirty he was leading pilgrimages into territory most clerics refused to enter. By forty he had collapsed his first vampire nest — a minor lord with three spawn and a wine cellar full of victims. The archbishop wrote a commendation. Vaelor filed it and went back to work.



The next two centuries passed in a blur of purpose. He developed a reputation not for heroics but for *reliability*. He was the cleric you called when the situation was genuinely hopeless. When the lich's phylactery network had survived six previous attempts, the church was running out of ideas. When the demon lord was harvesting souls mid-passage, nobody knew how to intercept a soul in transit. Vaelor showed up, assessed the situation without panic, and found the available solution rather than the comfortable one.

He earned Celestia one act at a time over three lifetimes.

When he finally died — old, peaceful, in a temple, surrounded by former patients and students — the gates opened before he reached them. He had not needed to knock.

