

The Crystal Palaces: Diocese of the Fractured Cardinal

Crystals of varying hues and fractal pattern, their edges and facets razor sharp and defying any attempts at counting, arise from the earth like cathedrals and minarets reaching towards the heavens. Beneath your feet are glimpses of the remnants of grass and stone, but almost all of the former natural beauty of the earth is swallowed by multi-colored cobbles of crystal. Some razor sharp and some polished and beaten flat by combat or by the torrential forces of falling through the heavens to take root here.

Whimpers and cries of pain travel far through the windy, winding streets of these crystal towers. The source is seen now and then by the remains of the crystalline forces of the Children of Mortis, kept alive by the Force and the sinister work of the cult and now merged by accident or intention with the architecture. While some will attempt to break free and attack combatants, most now are lost in either meditation on the Force or withering their own pain and madness, depending on their force of will and inclinations.

At the center of these blasted towers is a cyclopean structure of stacked, misshapen crystal and more of the imprisoned Children of Mortis. It seems to breathe in rhythm with the winds of the streets. One particularly sadistic and fanatical Dark Side user among the Children of Mortis, the Fractured Cardinal, attempted to employ this building as a forward base and command center before being reputedly slain in the fighting. The echoes of his experiments and zeal remain among the insane whispers of those imprisoned among the crystals or merged with them.

Tread carefully and do not listen too closely to their words.