

THE HORDE BANISHED



While master and former student fought, Clifford escaped the front line with the weakened Rival Headmaster.



They opened the stolen chronicle as the academy collapsed around them.



Its oldest pages contained a spell capable of returning the Dragonborn Horde to another dimension.



The enemy did not need to be defeated one warrior at a time if the forgotten words could still be spoken.



The ancient language demanded power and knowledge beyond the academy's exhausted defenders.



Angora knew one spellcaster who had survived more magical mistakes than anyone else.



She sent one of the academy's fastest students toward the village.



The frightened courier ran while fire and machines shook the road behind them.



The young warrior reached the village trembling and breathless.



The Swamp Witch listened as the student explained that the Horde had reached the academy.



There was barely time to describe the stolen book or the ancient spell.



The witch understood before the explanation was finished.





The Swamp Witch returned like mist moving across the land.



The chronicle was placed into her weathered hands while robots, Dragonborn, and defenders fought around her.



She opened the book and began speaking words so old that ordinary memory had lost their meaning.

The spell did not strike
the Dragonborn with violence.



A strange calm spread through
the army and extinguished its rage.



Wings slowed, weapons lowered,
and fire disappeared from
open mouths.



One after another, the Horde
descended and entered an
impossibly deep sleep.



The ancient words carried the sleeping Dragonborn beyond the world they had invaded.



Warriors vanished until only grass remained beneath the quiet sky.

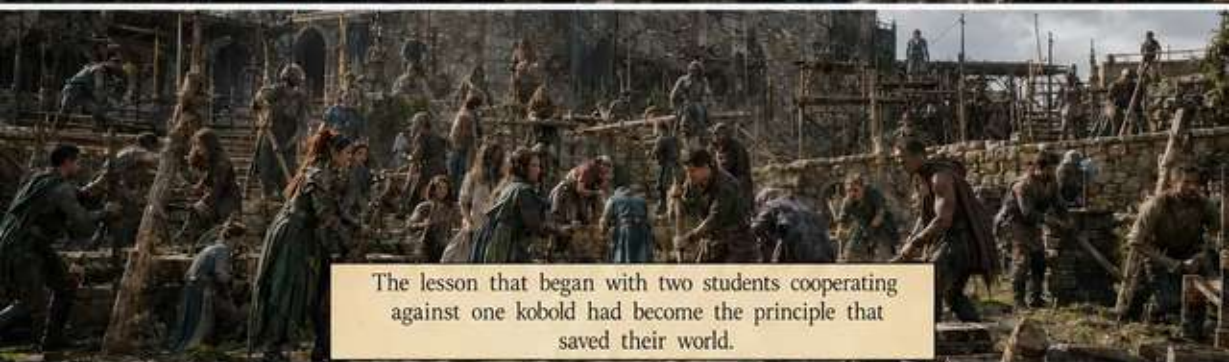


Flowers moved gently where an army had existed moments before.





The academy survived because students, teachers, former rivals, machines, a rogue, a shapeshifter, scholars, and a witch each supplied something no champion possessed alone.



The lesson that began with two students cooperating against one kobold had become the principle that saved their world.



No one person was enough. Together, they were.



The Swamp Witch warned that banishment was not destruction - and somewhere between worlds, the door could still be opened.