That halfbreed bitch Inari cast her vile majick. Byfar struck at her,
and her head flew, but the spell was cast. The wave of majick
spread with awful force, and the purebred and many of the kin were
banished, dissolving from this world in great agony. Still, with
great wile, Ashnag did make the time slow, and the force of the
whore's spell was slowed. And with a great majick, Ashnag did
conjure a resistance even as his atoms ripped from this world.
Ashnag did realize that nothing is ever destroyed, that all is
merely transformed. And so all the purebred and kin erased in that
vile purging were gone from this world, but were recorded in
even the very wave of death that swept across them, focused by the
mountains and land to a spot far distant. They are banished in that
wave of destruction, embedded in the buried chaos. Still, Inari
failed. They are not destroyed, merely encoded in energy. I know
not how to bring them back. Not yet. But I will.

For that not dead which eternal lie, for in stranger aeons even death may die.