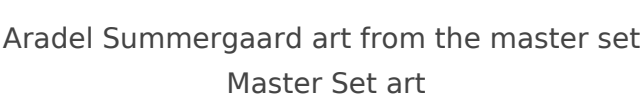
Aradel Summergaard



Aradel Summergaard art from the master set
Master Set art

The Phoenixborn who lives in solitude in Evermist Valley, Aradel first appeared in the Master Set's The Mist Guardian and later in The Frostwild Scourge. She is also known as the Lady of the Mists, and is in her 50s or 60s.

History

Born in the Evermist Valley to Aaron Summergaard and his wife, Aradel lost her mother shortly after birth due to her mother's health issues and a complicated birth. This led her father to be a big influence in her life, and she loved and respected him; his influence can be seen on her conjurations.

During her teenage years, while she was still getting used to and learning her powers, the Great Cleansing began. During the Great Cleansing, Evermist Valley came under attack, and other Phoenixborn were being taken. Her father saved her life by intercepting a poison needle meant for her.

After the Great Cleansing, she desired silence and tranquility, and began a hermit-type lifestyle away from others. She believed the time for war and destruction was done. Her lack of presence around others caused her legendary status go grow, as some people had never seen her, even thinking she didn't exist.

She is conflicted about the current state of her world. She doesn't want to fight the other Phoenixborn; it's not who she is. She didn't want to leave, but when her home was threatened, she felt it was best to go to prevent other people from dying.

Conjurations

Aradel's three conjurations, Blue Jaguar, Butterfly Monk, and Mist Spirit are all based on the stories and legends her father told her when she was young. These creatures guard the denizens of the mists from the outside world, and heed her call en masse, knowing that when she calls, their safety is at risk.

Card appearances

- Shifting Mists
- Mist Typhoon
- Steady Gaze

- Rejuvenate
- Glaciate
- Bonechill Wind (Frostwild Scourge Storm aspect)
- Frost Bulwark (Frostwild Scourge Storm aspect)

Quotes

- "Quiet your mind. Listen to my words."
- "Be gone, interloper! This is where your trespass ends."
- "The valley itself shall rise against the foe!" + "They can smell the water within your flesh!"
- "The enemy has come. To me, my little friends!" + "Small? Yes. But as infinite as the mists themselves."
- "Heed our ancient pact and aid me now!"
- "I shall cleanse this valley of your filth."
- "Within the mists, even Truth can be reborn."
- "Can you imagine seeing one of these little Mist Spirits? Surely no one would think them dangerous. Heck, I might even try to pet it should I come across one. Then another appears, and another. Soon you're surrounded by little blue Mist Spirits. And then you notice the antlers! And what's that bit of blue above their heads? Is that blue flame? They have cut off all escape, and suddenly you hear the cry of a jaguar coming from out of the mists. You feel the vibrations and hear the low rumble of something immense coming towards you, but you can't get away!"
- “Let rock erode before water!”

Short story

They have come for you.

Aradel ignored the voice and kept walking. Her mist-kissed skin shimmered in the sunlight, and all around flitted strangely beautiful insects and the occasional fay.

Even now they hunt you. You have laid a doom upon this land.

When she arrived at her father's grave, she shook her head. She should have known this was her destination all along. And she saw him there by the gravestone, his deep blue eyes pleading with her.

I died for this land. For its people. Would you strip all meaning from my sacrifice?

“I will fight for them!” she said too loudly, her voice breaking the serenity. “Like I always have. Like you taught me.”

If you stay here, the people of the Evermist will die. Each honest man who labors for his family. Every good woman who toils with her hands. All the sweet babes whose dreams have yet to take shape.

"But I cannot leave," she pleaded. "My heart is here. Would you have me tear it from my breast? Let the others come to me. I shall fight them, and I shall win."

Fight them? Yes. Win? Perhaps. But you will lose trees to flame, and the mists will be trapped by dust and ash. The digging of graves is the only prize you can hope to win by staying in this place.

The mists glowed blue, and from out of them emerged a spirit. It rolled lazily through the air, cooing in the strange tongue of its kind. Aradel smiled as it floated by her, and she held out a finger for it to touch. The mist spirit turned and looked at her, its eyes sad and knowing.

"If I leave this place," she whispered to it, "how long will it be before I can return?" And when Aradel heard the spirit coo the answer, she wept.

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