

# ORATOAN ANNALS

Turn 16

ଓରୋଟାନ ଅନ୍ନଲ୍ସ

526–530

*King? Aihetoa has no king.*

—Princess Réka just before the Battle of the Kings (528)

**O**ratoa's tale is beginning to unfold in ways that surprise and delight me, and that's thanks to a great community of players. As part of this unfolding, you will note that Kommolek is now an Oratoan realm: they have settled colonists and put down their roots here. Whether those roots take or not is up to you, the players. Both Kommolek and New Ingazi (since they are trading) now have complete access to the Oratoan Annals, maps, Campaign Guide and public boards. None of these things are available to the rest of Sahûl... yet. It will only take one more southern realm trading with the north for full disclosure to occur in both directions.

The first few turns of any campaign have some shake-out, and as you can see from the ISI list at the end of these Annals, that has certainly happened here as well. Hopefully the position-jumping has mostly come to an end.

NEXT TURN DUE: FRIDAY 01 OCTOBER 2010.

## THE UTMOST WEST AND THE ENDING ISLES

### TÁKIWAT OF WHUTOA (10 H/HM)

*Takriki Haki VII, Rangatira Nuatam, Roriki of Kuatoa and Kûre, Master of the Isles.*

**Trade:** Ancalimë, CRD, Gúako, Hiktino, Kéatoa, Rangkua, Rotkarru, Woangnen

**DP:** None.

**C**he popular Prince Haki convinced his diffident father to fund a naval academy, and he himself was a member of the first class. Various investments were made throughout the realm, though nothing substantially improved. The treasury remains as fat as ever.

### KINGDOM OF GÚAKO (19 H/HM)

*His Serene Majesty, King Rúru II, the Do-Something, Rangatira Wangri, Takriki of Darkford, and Órikei of all Gúako.*

**Trade:** Ancalimë, CRD, Kéatoa, Kommolek, Orofer, Rangkua, Rotkarru, Tongi, Whutoa, Woangnen

**DP:** None.

**R**ing Rúru reconfigured his military forces and sent them to the aid of the Tongi Federation in their war against Hiktino.

Five hundred of Rúru's best-trained men were sent into the forboding ruins of Kasvihaä, deep in the jungles of Tewhóka. Their mission was to find and recover the remains of Prince Rawíri, that he might be laid to rest. If they incidentally recovered the lost *Sword of Gúako*, so much the better. A little over a year later, the single survivor walked out, bearing the partially mummified corpse of the Prince across his shoulders, the fabled *Sword of Gúako* in his left hand.

He entered the ruins as but one warrior among hundreds, but he left them as the hero, Kiriáre the Sinister<sup>1</sup>. Already the kaitawa sing of his strange deeds, deeds which he is happy to recount for anyone willing to buy him a drink or three at the local public house.

The military academy in Tengi expanded its offerings and took on some foreign students.

<sup>1</sup> So named both because he is left-handed, and because his face has a peculiar skin tone, as if a shadow were falling across it. His sister Ari has said that it certainly didn't look that way when he left home.

Large piles of cash in small, easy to carry bags continued to be shipped to the Atíri-Moámwhi of the Church of the Red Death.

### TÁKIWAT OF RANGKUA (7 H/HM)

*Takriki Iháka of Rangkua.*

**Trade:** CRD, Gúako, Hiktino, Kéatoa, Rotkarru, Tongi, Whutoa, Woangnen

**DP:** Kuákwhi (F), Iwíwe (F)

 angkua raised the double port town of Red Rock at the mouth of the Ashgrey River in Ningra. Rangkuan diplomats continued their quiet work of expanding the Tákiwat, and more scribes were hired to keep communications open between the mainland and the islands.

The head of the Rengu scouting expedition got it into his head to try to steal an egg from the firedrake nests in the deep woods. Not only did he fail to return, but a cadre of firedrakes attacked the Rangkuan scouts in the region, killing thousands of them before they could drive the attacking beasts away.

Prince Ikaróto, already a magical prodigy, attended the sorcerer's academy in Weir and came out an even more prodigious prestidigitator.

Following the Takríki's sacrifices to the Gods, a series of monstrous births were recorded throughout the country, including most famously a woman in Oakwood who gave birth to a stillborn bat. Despite these somewhat unsettling signs, tithing to the Church of the Red Death continued.

### TÁKIWAT OF ROTKARRU (10 H/RD)

*Takriki Matíu III, Rangatira Moktoka, Roríki of Rotkua, Tongiki of the Island of Rotkarru.*

**Trade:** Ancalimë, CRD, Gúako, Hiktino, Rangkua, Roátru, Tongi, Whutoa, Woangnen

**DP:** Whengo (A)

 he annual one day only spring rain of chaddock in Jollyport failed in 526 and has not returned. The "Flopping Fish Festival" was cancelled, and folks went back to being fishermen.

Rotkarru envoys plied the Takríki of Whengo with piles of cash and other trade goods. They even built him a lovely little port town called Squiddon, which finally prompted him to ally himself with the Tákiwat.

Prince Matíu came of age in 527. People are already saying he's twice the man his father is. He's certainly more popular.

Ngaíre Whani and Rotkarru's mighty navy continued their patrols as far as Rustwood.

Rotkarru's government expanded some more.

### CHURCH OF THE RED DEATH (14 H/RD)

*Whetíri II, Atíri-Moámwhi of the Church of the Red Death, Speaker to the Gods.*

**Trade:** Gúako, Hiktino, Rangkua, Rotkarru, Tongi, Whutoa, Woangnen

**DP:** None.

 hetíri II raised his head to the crowd, the brilliant headdress plumage of the Atíri-Moámwhi glistened red, green, blue, and yellow in the Sun. A roar of excitement lifted from the outdoor congregation, and Whetíri II raised his arms to the sky.

"My Children, hear my word! You are most blessed among all peoples of Oratoa. You are the chosen of the Hidden Masters, and your destiny has already been fulfilled in places that are eternal!"

The roar that followed was deafening. The people were anxious to hear the fate of Roátru and the resolution of the Blood War that continued to rage between Hiktino and the Tongi Federation. The air was alive with anxious whispering.

At that moment, the Holy Marque ushered Prince Típene of Roátru to the platform. As Típene approached, the High Priest leaned forward and gave the Prince words that were lost to all but the two of them. The Atíri-Moámwhi turned back to the crowd. At the sound of his voice, the mob hushed.

"Yesterday the Fate of Roátru hung in the void. The words of the lost hung in the air and the Children of the Church of the Red Death wandered confused and without Hope. Today – hear my word – Roátru Lives!"

Roátru lives because of the steel of this warrior. I give to you a legend, Típene of Stonehome... the living salvation of Roátru. This day shall be recorded in Oratoan histories, for on this day a Prince dies and is resurrected as the ordained Takríki of Roátru.

"Today the bloodline of Roátru's failed past is terminated forever. There are none that may lay claim to his once and past nobility. His very soul is caught transfixed within the midst of the Void as undying testament to the penalty of heresy. The future of Roátru was bought at a great price, paid in full by the man Típene. No one else might have sacrificed what he has sacrificed. No one else was able to pay what he has paid. No one else was able to save Roátru."

The Atíri-Moámwhi held out his hand to the mob. Even at the great distance, the people knew what was to come, and an awkward silence settled across the grounds. With his left hand, he drew a long, curved blade from a sheath at his belt and drew it across his palm, being careful to exactly trace the mark of a previous cut, set alongside four other cuts that creased his palm. Bright blood flowed, the stream running freely down his arm. The High Priest turned to Típene and, beckoning him forward, he passed him the blade. Típene captured the Priest's eye, and, as their eyes remained fixed on each other, swiftly drew the blade across his battle-calloused hand.

The two men clasped hands, mixing blood in a ritual that has stood forever in the Annals of the Temple. The Holy Brazier of Three Fires flared to life behind the pair, and a black smoke signaled to all within sight that the seal was complete, the bond was rejoined, and Roátru was saved.



Afterwards, letters and proclamations flew from Rustwood nearly as fast as the Church's scribes could pen them.

The illustrious Háki Ngenwu and a Gúakan fleet arrived from Gúako to spend some time seeing the sights in Rustwood. Many warriors were do-

nated to the Church's cause. The fiercest and most fearsome of these were put under the command of Moámwhi Mágua.

The training was brutal, with over a thousand of them dying in the first year alone. At the end of the three years of training, only 2,500 remained. The survivors received the tattoo of a new heritage. Their faces were crafted into visages of Death in shades of black and red. The elaborate details of each face wrapped around the neck and continued down the sword arm. Each was equipped with a black shroud made from the feathers of the rare Midnight Kura. Each carried an ebon spear with a pair of Sunset Kura feathers as Token. Each spear was matched with a balanced cleaving sword. A black leather masque covered each face, hiding all features except a grimaced smile from their adversaries.

The *Black Legion of Death* stood before their Master, and he was satisfied.



In 530, panic gripped the people of Rustwood as ten elegant ships with black sails *flew through the sky* over the city. About half of them bore the design of the Church of the Red Death on their mainsails: a blood red brazier of three candles. The sky ships docked directly at the Temple.

Blood sacrifices to the Gods continued unabated. The Church's government expanded.

#### THE THIRD TONGIKAN WAR (522-530)

*Gúako, Tongi Federation vs. Hiktino;  
Gúako vs. Roátru*

#### 526: Favour Withdrawn

Takríki Maráma IV of Hiktino stared unbelieving at the document he had been handed. He had achieved victory! He had Taken the Tongi capital and killed their decadent little Takríki! And yet, here were the Atíri-Moámwhi's own words – his own words! – saying that Hiktino had failed the test of leadership and that the young Amokapua of Tongi would be offered the crown of a king!

Maráma, anger flashing in his grey eyes, ordered his personal ship to set sail for Highcourt, that he might have the chance of meeting this Amokapua of Tongi in battle. He vowed to bring him to Eb-onhill in chains.

So it was that Ietóro the Bald and his 21,000 Hiktino infantry did not advance into Tongi, but rather waited for the arrival of their Takríki.

#### 527: The Gathering Storm

In the autumn, Takríki Maráma IV of Hiktino arrived in Highcourt with a large fleet, his court, and additional infantry to supplement Ietóro's forces. He ordered the army to advance into the Tongi countryside to conquer "this clap-trap federation of half-men".

The Hiktino force advanced in two columns. The first, 21,000 strong, was led by the uncouth and rough Ietóro the Bald. Behind them were an additional 5,000 men led by Maráma IV. The Takríki was mounted on a magnificent kura, and he was in personal command of several thousand kura scouts.

The Hiktino army overwintered less than twenty miles from the Tongi army's camp, and both sides carefully prepared for what each felt was their final battle.

#### 528: The Storm Breaks

About a hundred Gúakan ships landed in Tongi. They put ashore more than 22,000 infantry, all pledged to fight on behalf of young Takríki of Tongi. Adding to their number, the Takríki of Huánne brought 7,000 archers. All of the forces gathered behind the young, charismatic Amokapua III of Tongi and marched north to meet the Hiktino army.

On the eve of battle, the two armies made camp atop ridges on either side of wide valley. The men of each army could see the enemy's cooking fires on the opposite ridge, and each man knew that the two

forces could not be more evenly matched. Whoever won in the morning, it would be a bloodbath.

Strange mutterings filled the Hiktino camp, and the warriors serving under Ietóro the Bald remained separate from those led by the Takríki.

#### The Battle of the Four Armies (528)

The dawn was cold, and a thin mist clung to the floor of the valley, though on the ridges, both armies could see each other clearly.

On the Hiktino side, Takríki Maráma IV, only 25 years old, was resplendent in his crimson lamellar armour, and in his hand he held the *Greatspear of Emperor Ihu*. Beside him, the grubby Ietóro the Bald rode with the mace called Bonebreaker held high. Slowly, they led their combined forces down-hill into the mist.

On the opposite ridge, the 26 year old Amokapua III of Tongi was flanked by Sir Ata of Gúako and the Takríkis of Huánne and Tuámmo. After a moment, they too led their men into the valley.

The sun had burned away the mist by the time the two forces reached the little stream flowing through the valley. In the quiet of the morning, Takríki Maráma IV of Hiktino solemnly raised the *Greatspear of Emperor Ihu* to call the charge.

The call died on his lips. Without a word, Ietóro the Bald suddenly swung his mighty mace into the face of Maráma IV. A sound like thunder shook the valley, and the Takríki's head exploded into a fine mist of blood and bone.

A wolfish grin appeared over Ietóro's matted beard, and he shouted, "charge!"

At his word, his forces wheeled about and fell upon the Hiktino royal army. Across the stream, Amokapua III of Tongi also called the charge, and his men crossed the stream and joined Ietóro's men in slaughtering the 5,000 warriors still loyal to Hiktino.

Though they fought bravely, the Hiktino loyalist forces were outnumbered four to one. Thanks to the betrayal of Ietóro the Bald, the victory of Tongi

was assured, and not one of the invaders were left alive on the field.

The Hiktino baggage train was captured entire and complete. It included numerous scribes and household servants of the Clan Tuángeng. Among the booty seized were the *Orb of the Emperors* and Maráma's sister and heir, the beautiful but deadly Princess Airíni. Indeed, she had killed three men sent to secure her, and wounded perhaps a dozen others before she was captured.

Weeks later, Amokapua III and his allies returned in triumph to his capital of Highcourt. The Hiktino fleet had fled to sea and was nowhere to be found.

*Scene: the Takríki's Great Hall in Highcourt<sup>2</sup>*

*Amokapua:*

Fair Airíni, and most fair,  
will you teach a warrior terms,  
such as will enter at a lady's ear,  
and plead his love-suit to her gentle heart

*Airíni:* Your majesty shall mock at me,  
hands binded to dis chair—

I cannot speak well your Tongi.

*Amok.:* O fair Airíni, if you will love me soundly  
with your Hiktino heart,  
I will be glad to hear you confess  
it brokenly with your Tongi Tongue.  
Do you like me, Airíni?

*Airíni:* Pardon my, I cannot tell wat is "like me"

*Amok.:* A Goddess is like you Airíni, and you are  
like a Goddess.

*Airíni:* The tongues of men are full of deceits.

*Amok.:* Faith Airíni, my wooing is fit for thy  
understanding,  
I am glad thou canst speak no better Tongi,  
for if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me  
such a plain Takríki,  
that thou wouldst think I had sold my  
farm to buy my Crown.  
You have slipped free your bonds, and

<sup>2</sup> With profound apologies to the original author. And who knew that the Tongikan dialects were diverging so much?

I know no way to mince it in love, but  
directly to say, I love you;

Then if you urge me farther, then to say,  
Do you in faith? I wear out my suit:  
Give me your answer, and so clap hands,  
and a bargain: how say you, Lady?

*Airíni:* My sacred honor, me understand you well.  
but where is dat my sword is got?

*Amok.:* If you would put me to verses, or to dance  
for your sake, Airíni, why you undid me.  
If I could win a Lady by vaulting into my  
Saddle, with my armour on my back,  
I should quickly leap into a wife, but  
before the Gods Airíni,  
I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my  
eloquence.

I speak to thee plain warrior: If thou  
canst love me for this, take me. If not?  
To say to thee that I shall die, is true;  
but for thy love, by Strength, no:  
yet I do love thee.

If thou would have such a one, take me,  
and take me; take a warrior:  
take a warrior; take a Takríki.  
And what sayst thou then to my love?  
Speak my fair, and fairly, I pray thee, put  
down your blade.

*(Obligatory sword fight to no certain conclusion)*

*Airíni:* Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of  
Hiktino?

*Amok.:* No, it is not possible you should love the  
enemy of Hiktino, Airíni;  
but in loving me, you should love the  
friend of Hiktino: for I love Hiktino so well,  
that I will not part with a village of it;  
I will have it all mine:  
and Airíni, when Hiktino is mine,  
and I am yours; then yours is Hiktino,  
and you are mine.

Lay down your sword, shieldmaiden,  
affirm the thoughts of your heart with the  
looks of an Empress,

take me by the hand, and say,  
“Amokapua of Tongi, I am thine”.  
Therefore Queen of all, Airíni,  
break thy mind to me in broken Tongi;  
wilt thou have me?

*Airíni:* Dat is as it shall please Atíri-Moámwhi  
our vater?

*Amok.:* It will please him well, Airíni.

*Airíni:* Den it sall also content me.

*Amok.:* Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you  
my Queen.

Meanwhile, in Ebonhill the only other surviving member of the House of Tuángeng reluctantly took the throne of Hiktino. This was the priest Iháka, uncle to the late Maráma IV. The proud warrior people of Hiktino, already distressed at the death of two Takríkis in five years and the sudden and horrible reverses of the Tongi war, were dismayed at the thought of being ruled by a soft, pudgy middle-aged priest and scribe.

Dissension filled the land, and numerous petty rebellions had to be quashed by what remained of Hiktino's army. Óama actually left the realm entirely, with the Takíwat of Weatherrill saying he'd sooner swear fealty to a tui-bird than a priest.

#### 529: A Most Holy Kingdom

Takríki Amokapua III of the Tongi Federation announced the union of Hiktino into his personal lands by right of marriage and conquest. While some felt that this was perhaps a bit premature, but he nevertheless sent word to Ebonhill that he expected the city would welcome him presently, and all spell crystals and artifacts would be turned over to him immediately. Given that Hiktino was busy falling apart, there was no immediate reply to his demands.

At the summer revels, Takríki Amokapua III, with his very pregnant bride at his side and with the assent of several of the more important Tongi Takríkis, proclaimed the Federation dissolved into “a new, most holy kingdom”. Taking the *Orb of the*

Emperors in one hand and Airíni of Hiktino in the other, he proclaimed himself King Amokapua I of the *Holy Kingdom of Tongi*.

Later that year, the new royal couple announced the birth of their first child, a boy named Oángo.

#### 530: The War Spreads

Prince Tamahára of Tongi led his forces into the deep forests of Galadawar. A single lightning bolt was enough to convince the locals to pay tribute.

Elsewhere in the Thornwood, the great hero Ihu Mokinui atop his noble firedrake Whuánuan led 7,000 Roátru warriors into Eladan to exact tribute from the Turéhu. The locals quickly fell in line, but to Ihu's great surprise, a Gúakan slave-army was also in the region.

Brandishing his Lightning Bow, Ihu laughed. “Pass no man, not prince nor servant! In pain shall perish the pride of Rúru!” So battle was joined. The servile Gúakans never understood the might of their opposition, and they were overflowed by the firedrake, overrun by kura, and overwhelmed by infantry and archers.

#### TÁKIWAT OF HIKTINO (5 H/RD)

*Takríki Iháka the Pudgy, Rangatíra Tuángeng, Tongíki of Ebonhill.*

**Trade:** CRD, Rangkua, Roátru, Rotkarru, Whutoa, Woangnen

**DP:** None.

ith the death of the unwed Maráma IV and the marriage of his sister Airíni to Amokapua of Tongi, their uncle the priest Iháka reluctantly ascended the throne. So far, this has not gone particularly well.

#### HOLY KINGDOM OF TONGI (8 H/RD)

*His Majesty King Amokapua I, Rangatíra Rawhóri, Takríki and Tongíki of Tongi & Ebonhill, Órikei.*

**Trade:** CRD, Gúako, Kommolek, Rangkua, Rotkarru, Whutoa

**DP:** Panru (F)

**C**he triumphant Takríki Amokapua III became King Amokapua I thanks in part to the Church of the Red Death and in part to the betrayal of Ietóro the Bald. The king offered sacrifices of thanksgiving to the Gods. Some weeks later, a magnificent pair of eagles nested in the tallest tower of his hall in Highcourt. What this may portend, none can say.

The new king ordered the construction of the port town of Áio in Ranga on the Dalig Ulv Stranden, named after the great Queen Regent of the Tongikan Empire.

Rumours have reached the court of some sort of wild man preaching along the western coast.

### TÁKIWAT OF ROÁTRU (5 H/RD)

*Takríki Típene II, Rangatíra Wukrung, Tongíki of Roátru.*

**Trade:** Ancalimë, Hiktino, Kommolek

**DP:** None.

**P**rince Típene returned home in 526 as Takríki of Roátru, and he immediately married his beloved Vanya. After several years of failing to conceive a child, Típene appointed his sister's son Erutíri as his heir. The strapping young warrior made Típene a granduncle in 529.

In the south, the war against the evil Turéhu went slightly awry, but Ihu Mokinui smashed 6,000 Gúakan special forces in Eladan.

The port town of Treeline rose in Othendar.

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## CENTRAL ORATOA BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL

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### NEW CAPPARGARNIA (0)

*Lord Abramin Talik, Interim Prefect of Denbigh.*

**Trade:** None.

**DP:** None.

**L**n 526, Southlander warships put 7,000 Lizard and Furry infantry ashore in Malendar, which they insisted on calling "Denbigh" or possibly "Denbig". These Southlanders are apparently of a different tribe from the previous invad-

ers, as they are neither Yagnarist nor Urdan. They forced tribute from the Malendar Turéhu, losing several thousand men in the process.

In the hills of Thórodgelu (or "Amlych" as they named it), much the same procedure was followed in 530, as a fleet hove into view and then disgorged 10,000 infantry to force tribute from the natives.

### NEW ATUBURRK (0 WE/YG)

*Lord Kourbiedes, Governor of New Atuburk.*

*Mæthorchir the Scythe, Master of the Kura Riders of Nenalph, Lord of Usk.*

**Trade:** None.

**DP:** Nelthent (F), Cúil (A)

**C**ne hundred twenty five Atuburki sky ships sailed into Nelthent, but these were just the heralds of the great flying fortress following them. The display of air prowess gave great weight to the words Lady Richildis spoke to the Turéhu chieftains there.

### BARONY OF FELL KOMMOLEK (4 WSE/YG)

*Baron Goesek Annavaas III, the Grim, of Kommolek, Lord Treskaw.*

**Trade:** Gúako, Roátru, Tongi

**DP:** None.

**A** crimson fog descended suddenly one summer day in Wrexym, at the mouth of the Nemæn River, just south of the Eldar ruins of Télirya. The local Turéhu reported a terrible smell, as if the corpses of a thousand kura had been marinating in an open sewer. The odour lingered for several weeks, and then the situation took a turn for the strange.

As a patrol of Turéhu investigated the site, a lone Wenemet, bedraggled and emaciated, suddenly appeared about five feet off the ground. He fell to the damp earth with a wet thud. He lay unmoving where he fell and appeared injured. The Turéhu dispatched their healer to him, but the startled Wenemet suddenly sat up and waved him off. As the healer got nearer, the stranger began screaming in a language the healer did not know and gesticulating wildly for him to get away.

Taking this as some sort of madness, the healer approached and began ministering to the starving creature. The Wenemet began to plead with the healer, who tried to hush him and calm his hysteria.

The true meaning of the warning soon became evident, as another Wenemet appeared and fell to the earth a dozen or so yards away. And then a Saurian. Then another Wenemet. Soon dozens, then hundreds of bedraggled and foul-smelling refugees began to appear. They all remained very still, as if afraid to move. Hundreds more appeared, and the healer suddenly began to panic himself.

From a nearby hill, other Turéhu watched gape-mouthed as *thousands* of Saurians and Wenemet, young and old, male and female just *appeared* some five feet from the ground. Some appeared with baggage, some without. They fell in groups, each grouping about the size and shape of a goodly ship.

The Turéhu healer was crushed by a falling crate.

Within hours, 120,000 Kommolek refugees were huddled in the region. About half were ultimately settled in Wrexym (5532)<sup>w</sup> or the new double port city of Lagat<sup>3</sup>, built at the spot where the refugees first landed.

The others were attached to Subjugator-General Vulpine's army of 14,000 infantry, 5,000 insectoid centaurs, and a demon. They marched east to Merilthú where the Turéhu defenders were scattered by a firebolt and chased down for sport by the demon. With the region conquered, Saurian refugees settled the land (4521)<sup>s</sup> and built a magnificent port city that they named Ueramos.

The Kommolek continued to subsist largely on fish and their own dwindling supplies, supplemented by the local plants deemed safe through experimentation or based on the knowledge of the local Turéhu. Many thousands starved. In the spring, they planted crops and orchards from seed corn and fruit brought by the refugees, and as those crops matured, something like subsistence-level farming developed.

#### A CHAMBER WITH NINE CHAIRS

eg-Annûn of the Eight sat in a plain wooden chair just to the right of the empty Iron Throne. This gave him the right to speak first, a right which he frequently waved. It also gave him the right to speak last and finally, and this right he guarded with all the zeal of a firedrake guarding her nest. Aeg-Annûn was old, even for an Elf, but he came from a line legendary for their longevity. It was said that his grandfather Aeg-Anor was born before Humans had landed in the East, though whether that was true not even Aeg-Annûn knew for certain.

In his many decades as First Speaker of the Eight, he had heard many incredible things and witnessed all manner of strange and wondrous sights. This visitor, however, was unique in his experience, and he listened carefully to what he said.

The visitor was a Saurian, standing about six feet tall. He was dressed in white, travel-stained robes, flowing and voluminous, and his long hood ended in a tassel the colour of fresh blood. A poisonous snake curled about his neck, occasionally hissing at a passing insect.

The story the Saurian wove for them was fantastic in the extreme, but he spoke in all earnestness and without a trace of guile. Could it be true? Could the hour of their deliverance be at hand? When the visitor had finished his discourse, all eyes turned to the First Speaker. As was his custom, Aeg-Annûn gestured to the Second Speaker, Aeg-Balor, who sat in the chair opposite his. Soon, each of the others in turn questioned the visitor and addressed the Speakers in the other chairs. Finally, Aeg-Annûn stood and addressed the room.

"Aeg Hîrim, we have heard the words of this visitor, the words his Master wishes to convey to us, but words without proofs mean nothing. Words without action are the sound of the howling wind. Let us see his gold. Let us see the might of his allies. Let us see our Exiled King" – at this, all the Speakers bowed briefly – "before we do so much as

<sup>3</sup> Reportedly, this means "eye" in the tongue of Kommolek.

stir from our seats. I, Aeg-Annûn, have spoken: the matter is finished."

#### ANCALIMË (20 E/UR)

*King Gilnaur of the Venerable House of Malvalas.*

**Trade:** Gúako, Orofer, Pouákaitoa, Roátru, Rotkarru, Tongi, Whutoa

**DP:** None.

 ncalimë built up their defenses and maintained their position, expressed the their treaty with Orofer and Pouákaitoa, that any Oratoan who treated or traded with the Southlanders was a traitor to their own continent and culture. Despite many sufficient investments, the Kingdom recorded no improvements.

#### *An Owl in Elorchâl:*

Hîr Lasgellen<sup>4</sup> wondered for the hundredth time if there was not some more important task that King Dínenél might have set him upon. Anything would have sufficed. As a youth, he had spent several years cleaning out the royal stables. Even that was looking pretty good compared to tramping through the forests trying to track down an elusive Elf-maiden. Oh, not just any maiden, no. This one supposedly healed the sick and brought abundance to hunters.

As he journeyed throughout Elorchâl, Lasgellen came upon village after village that claimed a visitation of the mysterious maiden, but it was always last season or last year. No one knew where she had gone, and he could discern no pattern to the travels. At the end of two years, he was no closer to finding her than when he'd begun.

One morning in 527, Lasgallen awoke to discover an enormous horned owl staring at him from a nearby tree. As Lasgallen uneasily broke his fast, the owl continued to stare at him. As he walked towards the nearby village of Dinulë, the owl took to the air and followed him.

Lasgallen's inquiries in Dinulë filled him with hope that his quest was nearly at an end, for the

<sup>4</sup> *Hir* is an Elven noble honourific, roughly equivalent to "lord". The female form is *Hiril*.

villagers claimed that the mysterious maiden had visited them only the day before. There were but three paths from Dinulë, and he himself had walked into the village on one of them; that left two choices. The east path led into the mountains, while the northwest path led into the forest toward the Springs of the River and a group of villages collectively called *The Deepings*.

Indecision gripped him, but when he heard the gentle *hoot* of his owl down the Deeping path, Lasgellen set off to follow it.

The path wound down, down towards a fenish tributary of the River that locals called the Mennedor. He came at last to the village of Deeping Gate, where he found the villagers entranced by an Elf-maid singing a song so beautiful that it made Lasgellen's heart ache. She held court – there could be no other word for it – in the village green, surrounded by a circle of rapt children. The elders sat behind their children, but they were no less enraptured at the Maiden's song.

Her voice was clear and sweet, and Lasgellen sat and listened to what remained of her song.

When she had finished, she turned to Lasgellen and said, "Hîr Lasgellen, Elf of Ancalimë, two storms are converging on your people. Soon your great King will be with Urda. Even now, the Shadow of the Thornwood grows and draws darkness into darkness. Fly, young Lasgellen, fly! Fly back to your city and warn your people. You may save the son, but the father cannot now be redeemed. Fly!"

And then the beautiful Elf-maiden was nowhere to be seen, and the only sound was the mournful cry of a circling owl.

#### *A Ghostly Assassin in Arthdhurin:*

In the sylvan city of Arthdhurin, vast new defensive works were constructed, the most formidable perhaps since the time of the Eldar. The city itself expanded as Elves from the countryside sought to live and work near the King's splendid court.

Late one night in the autumn of 528, shouts from King Dínenél's chambers brought his guards of the

Royal Archers running. They found their wounded King, Sword of Valas in hand, desperately fighting an invisible would-be assassin. The Royal Archers swarmed into the chamber and joined the fight. Several guards were killed in the frantic mêlée, some undoubtably by their own comrades who could not see their enemy. Eventually, however, a young lieutenant of the Archers, Hîr Orgilion, caught the intruder upon the tip of his shortsword and shouldered him into the far wall, impaling him. Once dead, the ghostly intruder slowly began to become visible, and the exhilaration and aggression of the attack turned to something like revulsion. One stout sergeant actually fell to his knees retching at the sight.

For the assassin was not Elven nor Human, nor even a Fuzzy or a Lizard. No, this failed assassin was an *insect* the colour of dried blood, the height and proportions of an Elf. A noxious black ichor oozed from its many wounds, and a pale yellow pus-like slaver dribbled from its mandibles. It had four arms ending in claw-like hands, and its clothes and armour were well-made and covered in intricate geometric and floral designs.

A quick search uncovered two long, thin swords and several spell crystals, but no clue as to the intruder's identity or origin.

Fortunately, the King's own magic had turned aside the assassin's blade, leaving a deep but not fatal wound. The troubled look never left the King's eyes after that, and ever afterwards, he was known as King Dínenél the Haunted.

#### *The Passing of Hedhu:*

In Hedhu, the Urdan colonists had settled in among the Yagnarist natives and prospered. A new port town was being raised, and overnight the mighty fortress of Harnost had simply grown from the very earth.

And yet... and yet a feeling of doom pervaded the place. No one could quite explain the dread the colonists felt, particularly during the dark nights. Stories began to circulate of an unearthly Elf maid-

en who wandered the beaches by the light of the full moon, playing a low, melancholy song upon a violin that echoed off the crashing waves. It was said that those who heard her felt a yearning stir within them, a call to come to the sea, the deep everlasting sea, the source of all loss and sadness and the memory of forgotten ages.

Those who followed the Sorrowful Maiden into the night were never heard from again.

Then, in 529, the Yagnarist Elves rose in revolt against the Ancalimë colonists. With little in the way of a defensive garrison, the Urdans were at the mercy of the Yagnarist rebels, who showed them none. A few fled to the fortress of Harnost to await deliverance by the royal army, but most simply surrendered to their doom.

The rebels rejoiced when a few months later a great armada of sky ships – perhaps 250 or more – hove into view over the sea. Below them, a fleet of 200 Southlander ships, including caravels, sailed towards Hedhu. All bore on their sails the sigil of the Eye. When they arrived, the sky and water ships unloaded something like 50,000 infantry and occupied the region in the name of Baron Annava of Kommolek.

#### *The Yagnarist Revolt (530):*

Following the successful uprising in Hedhu, some of the Yagnarists in the colonized territories tried to imitate them and also rose up against Ancalimë. They were most successful in Umllor and Zirbeth, where the Urdan colonists either converted to Yagnarism or simply fled. The rebellion in Zirbeth was ultimately crushed by the Ancalimë army, though the region is now pacified and Yagnarist once again. Umllor is independent.

In Olanya, large numbers of Urdans converted to Yagnarism and attempted to start a rebellion of their own. They didn't really get much of anywhere. Though almost half the population is now Yagnarist, the region remains friendly.

Meanwhile, Ancalimë warriors and colonists pushed into Branluin, where the army took minimal casualties.

### *The Fire in the Great Hall:*

One evening, a muffled roar was heard in the storerooms attached to the King's Great Hall in Arthdhurin. A sudden blaze quickly engulfed the area, spreading far faster than might be expected. Many died in the initial explosion, including those who perpetrated this act of arson. Many more died in the uncontrollable fire that followed, including King Dínenél himself and several members of the royal family<sup>5</sup>. Fortunately, the King's son Prince Gilnaur survived, saved by his Dragon Armour. As he is unmarried (at only 60 years old), he appointed his cousin Calmalas<sup>6</sup>, only four years younger than he, as his heir.

### **MARK OF OROFER (8 EH/IL)**

*Corualadh Half-Elven, Takriki of Orofer and Warden of the Mark.*

**Trade:** Ancalimë, Gúako, Pouákaitoa, Pakoa, Rotkarru

**DP:** Haki Hinga (*see below*)

 Princess Orodriel and her 30,000 warriors converted the Yagnarists of Lærarod using a method they well understood: fire and sword. The port town of Siluth was also constructed there, providing a little carrot to Orodriel's stick.

The hero Tengmango and Lord Koblakai continued their march, this time into Vólóme. There they ran into something they hadn't before: credible resistance. The local Turéhu Lord gathered some 8,000 infantry and made good use of the hilly terrain. Though he inflicted several thousand casualties, it was clear that the Orofer would win the day. The remaining defenders retreated to their fortress of Nellepë, resolved to defend it to the last.

The hero Haki One-Eye met the shieldmaiden Aáta Mingwoa in 529 in the wilds of Werrin. The charming Aáta convinced the bold monster slayer to

<sup>5</sup> These included Prince Galathand, the King's brother, Princess Mallaeriel, the King's daughter, and Princess Celebriel, the King's young niece.

<sup>6</sup> Calmalas is the oldest son of King Dínenél's older sister, the Princess Mórarniel. Calmalas' young sister Celebriel died in the palace fire.

return with her to serve the Prince of Orofer. There, they would together help carve a country from the wilderness. Aáta was soon the apple of Haki's one good eye, and he professed to her his undying devotion and love. For her part, Aáta was suitably impressed with the heft of the hero's, er, magic spear, and the two were soon after betrothed.

### **KINGDOM OF POUÁKAITOA (19 H/IL)**

*His Majesty King Róngo Fleetfoot, Son of Ihúhah Son of Etéra of the House of Ekara, Rangatíra Kawhe of the Éiwi of the Eagle, Órikei, Beloved of Iluvar.*

**Trade:** Ancalimë, Orofer, Pakoa, Rotkarru, Tongi  
**DP:** None.

 King Róngo expanded his magnificent capital of Káwwhi, as well as the towns of Hermitage and Brighthill. Otherwise, life in Pouákaitoa was bucolic. The King's son, Prince Kamwhai, finally found himself a wife in 528 at the age of 29. The princely couple announced the birth of a baby girl in 530.

The King's only daughter Princess Hura set off on a quest to slay some dragons. No word yet on how it's going.

## **Lands of the Éiwi**

### **EASTERN ORATOA FACING THE DAWN**

#### **TÁKIWAT OF WOANGNEN (10 H/ST)**

*Takriki Amíri the Well-Loved of Woangnen.*

**Trade:** Gúako, Kéatoa, Kuroa, Rangkua, Rotkarru, Whutoa

**DP:** Táhoáwh (F), Hingwúa (F), Whingno (F), Kowhéne (F)

 Despite the apparent prosperity of his realm, Takríki Hukarére was troubled. His life's work was the unification of Woangnen, but it was yet a fragile coalition of warlords and proudly independent Takríkis. Hukarére grew ill, and at one point rumours circulated that he had slipped into a coma. He gave lie to the rumour a few days later when he set out from his capital of Flatmarsh for Ónimi to speak with the ancient Sage

Hemóanune. What they spoke of, no man knows, but the Takríki returned to his capital a changed man. When he died in 528, he died a content and happy man, surrounded by his grandchildren.

For the first time in living memory, Woangnen did not fly apart upon a Takríki's death. Indeed, the accession of Takríki Amíri was heralded with joy throughout the realm. Several of the allied warlords pledged their realms to him. The people of the jungle isle of Whingno went so far as to spontaneously convert.

Meanwhile, Ihaía of Takwhi, the new Takríki's brother-in-law, stood guard along the Kéatoan border with 20,000 men, just in case those Urdans got any funny ideas.

Flatmarsh expanded, and the new port town of Ikaika was built in Táraroan to help handle the pilgrims to Ónimi. Numerous public works went in, and the small government expanded.

#### KINGDOM OF KÉATOA (19 H/UR)

*His Majesty King Haráre IV, Son of Harápo Son of Kíre of the House of Kekáta, Rangatíra Tirwhekwu of the Éiwi of the Parrot, Órikei.*

*Holy Mother Panía I, Atíri-Moámwhi of Pukei, Matriarch of Urdan Oratúa.*

**Trade:** Gúako, Kuroa, Pakoa, Rangkua,  
Rotkarru, Whutoa, Woangnen

**DP:** Tatmekoa (F)

Ing Harápo withdrew Kéatoa from both their treaty with Woangnen and from the Treaty of Pukei. This new neutrality was perhaps in preparation for the extraordinary events of 528. At the great Banyan tree that was the Cathedral of Pukei, those who were called had gathered. The Cathedral stood as it had for centuries, covering over six acres upon the coast. It was a marvel of nature and of Urda. Within it were hundreds of rooms, and at its very heart stood the sepulchre of Torouka. Those who were Moámwhi and those who had been touched gathered at the request of their King to begin a new era of Urda's faith upon Oratúa. For the King of Kéatoa, now forever known as King Harápo the Pious, had granted Charter to

the Moámwhi of Pukei and created an Urdan Primacy in Oratúa.

King Harápo the Pious died the next year at the venerable age of 70 after an incredible reign of 45 years. His middle-aged son became King Haráre IV.

The new King is not exactly the picture of health, and efforts have been made to educate his son and heir Prince Harápo in the matters of state. The Prince proved an incompetent strategist but a spectacular sorcerer, so he was sent to the Sorcery Academy at Kiruak. He is betrothed to a younger daughter of the Takríki of Whemi. They are to be married in 531.

The new King's daughter Princess Hahána was married to the eldest son of the Takíwat of Whéki in 530. The happy couple has already announced the birth of a son, named Haréne after his father.

The Takíwat of Táwe died, leaving his throne to the King's cousin Ámapo the Feeble.

The middle-aged Kuroan Princess Hauóra enrolled in the Sorcery Academy.

The Kéatoan navy nearly doubled in size. This was not a particularly difficult accomplishment. The capital of Kiruak expanded.

#### THE TALE OF ARÁRI THE BLIND (PART 2)

 Arári and his companions had traveled most of the day by foot, and only as the evening grew close did they sight the kingly barrows. As the shadows of the night began to fill the land, they watched as the mysterious braziers lit one by one, burning an eerie blue.

Arári knew in his heart that the dead did not walk these lands, but it took every ounce of courage to step through the gates. These grounds were indeed the final resting place of past Kings of Kuroa, but the Kings shared the grounds with other great families. Arári and his men walked down the narrow path to the entrance to the oldest, long forgotten catacombs.

Kyuni was the muscle, but even he struggled to open the great stone door to the tombs below. With one final push the door was open and the group

was engulfed by the tomb's rancid dank air. As they entered, braziers dormant for centuries burst into the same eerie blue as they had seen outside, lighting a path through the arched tunnel.

Matríu scouted ahead: he was a quick, small man, able to stay hidden in the merest of shadows. He called out from the dark, "Arári, the path is clear. Make haste, for you must see what I have found!"

The group was heading in the direction of Matríu's voice, when they heard him yell for them again, but this time the voice came from behind them and echoed peculiarly in the oppressive air of the tombs. Arári motioned for two of his men to investigate the other voice while he and Kyuni stayed on course to the first voice<sup>7</sup>.

As they rounded a corner, they could see Matríu in the distance, bent to one knee staring intensely at something on the ground. As Arári and Kyuni approached Matríu, they saw a pool of blue liquid that reflected the light as would a finely polished blade. They had found the *Pool of Dragons*, said to hold the very tears of the dragonkin to which the royal family was so closely united.

Arári and his companions, overcome by the sheer beauty of the pool, stared into it, fascinated. Suddenly, the men began to feel light-headed and dizzy. Matríu and Kyuni fell to the floor, and Arári called for Urda to protect them on their journey to the afterlife. With his last breath he offered thanks to the men that accompanied him, and he fell into the same state as the other two men... drifting... sleeping... but still alive.

*Was this the eternal slumber?* Arári was tortured in nightmarish visions of attacking demons. Lost among the taunting haka.

*Why am I still able to dream?*

*Why have I not passed onto the eternal lands of his fathers to join them in The Great Feast?*

*Why? Have I been left to die a slow, agonizing death in the halls of Kuroa's Dragon Kings?*

So many unanswered questions swirled in the mind of Arári, a scourge to his soul. Now, from

among the taunting demons, he saw his companions, ever by his side, even now; they joined him to face what awaited. *What was coming in this dream world?*



Arári and his two men battled the demons of the Dreamworld, not knowing what manner of darkness they would face next, or if the demons would prevail. The battle seemed never ending: enemies of Urda in constant assault upon them.

Then, just as suddenly as the attack began, the demon hordes were dispersed as rain disperses the mist. At the mere thought of the word, the place where the three had fought was now filled with mist. Fog. Darkness. In the distance a ghostly figure appeared.

The figure became more defined as it grew closer. The men stood ready to fight. They heard a voice. It came softly at first, barely audible, but grew in intensity as the figure grew in form.

"What manner of demon have you sent this time?" demanded Arári.

The ghostly figure was right in front of them now. In one hand, it held a lantern, in the other a scroll. It was swathed in a brown cloak. Thick black nails, almost claws, protruded from its furry fingers. And the figure had no head.

"Arári, do you know who I am?" The voice was feminine, but not Human. "I am the Wandering and I am the Found. I am sent from the Beloved's bosom unto you. You desire to complete your quest. My mission was not completed, so now I must aid you in yours."

Where her head should have been was a spherical shadow of light and dark in perfect balance. When Arári looked up into it, his mind registered an overwhelming beauty so intense he forgot to breathe. It hurt to look directly at it.

"Listen, child. This is your moment. Take your place on the great mandala as it moves through your brief, brief moment of time. It is your choice, but if you fail the land you came upon this quest to save will be lost. Choose wisely."

<sup>7</sup> Thus breaking the First Rule of Underground Exploration: Never split the party.

The landscape shifted in dizzying perspective and Arári found himself suddenly standing above the forests, looking down upon the lands from nauseating heights. The scroll in the figure's clawed hand lifted and pointed to the South. Then, she pointed to the East. Again, her scroll was lifted as she pointed to the West and finally, the scroll rested upon them. Arári heard her voice in his head.

"When the lands were nothing, in the Great Before, there was nothing but fire. The fires died and the lands were smoke. The smoke died and the oceans divided the lands and washed the smoke and embers away. Urda made this. Once it was all one land. Once we were all one brotherhood."

As she spoke the land reflected her words. They grew closer to a place Arári had never seen before. The land jutted out to the east in a thin peninsula. They seemed to fly down towards the land, falling at a dangerous speed. Then suddenly, they were motionless. Arári and his companions were standing on a grassy scrub looking up at an ancient, crumbling tower of whitest stone.

"They call this *The Tower of the Ending of Days*. Urda built it, and it was ancient before my people ever saw it. When your fathers fled the Dawn Lands, they saw it on the horizon before the winds and current carried them to Oratóa. Urda has been leading us to meet for a long, long time. In the Time Before, we were all of us Urdan until the lesser gods came. They fought Urda then; they fight Urda still. But as She did in Oratóa when She threw the Devils out, Urda will do again. Urda is Three and yet One; She is Three and also Three; She is all and everywhere. The Dawn Lands, Oratóa, and Sahûl are three as Sky and Earth and Sea are three. From Her all things come into balance. What does Kindred matter, for are we not, all of us, of Urda?

"We have little time, Son of the Tiger. Listen. Before you leave this place, you must drink from the Pool of Tears. It will burn you as if in a forge. You will be made blind to this world, but fear not! For you will be guided by the voice of Urda. I am only a shadow, sent to you so that you may see and believe that the Church of the South is not just for

the South but for the glory of Urda. Soon there will come a time when North and South must aid one another in a great struggle. You may lead the way. Your decision is now. Die or become soulless. Die or become a Hero."



Two years after King Kaituéra's burial in the royal barrows, the royal family came to Woangoa to conduct the rites which would officially end the period of mourning. They were greeted by the King's sister Princess Hauóra, who had prepared a great feast. As the night wore on, King Kiriáre noticed that his sister was ever mindful of the fires in the distance of the royal barrows. He asked if anyone had heard from Arári.

"No, half his men came back a day after they set out with a tale of adventure and loss. And so it was, the fires raged on every night with the same eerie blue glow... until a week ago."

Kiriáre looked into the distance and noticed that the fires were burning the colour of normal fire. "Odd," the king replied as he scratched his rough beard.

The next morning the group proceeded to the royal barrows and entered the catacombs to perform the final rites. When they were complete, King Kiriáre escorted his three children around the ornate sarcophagi, telling tales of the past Kings.

As they walked through the tomb, Kiriáre came to a room completely void of light. He did not remember this room from when his father had taken him on the same tour when he was a child. He squinted into the dark to make some sense of the room. His youngest tugged at his hand, breaking the silence that had enveloped them all. The King knelt and told his children to go back to their aunt near the entrance.

King Kiriáre stepped into the room, allowing the darkness to envelop him. As his eyes adjusted to the darkness, he saw the faint sparkles of a nearly empty pool. He stepped forward, and with a deafening roar, all the braziers were instantaneously lit with the eerie blue fire. Kiriáre, shaken from the

event, nevertheless had the presence of mind to yell to his sister to let her know he was uninjured. The fires grew hotter and larger, and the pool itself seemed to be on fire. There were three men laying near the pool. Kiriáre rushed to their aid. It was Arári and his companions. They were alive.

Arári awoke and weakly leaned to his king and whispered, "I am blind, my lord, but I see. You must seek the furry ones in the south, for we must gather all of Urda's warriors for the coming fight."

### KINGDOM OF KUROA (18 H/UR)

*His Majesty King Kiriáre III, the Eloquent, Son of Kaituéra Son of Atátri of the House of Ngeru, Rangatíra Kúanowhe of the Éiwi of the Kura, Órikei, Son of the Dragon.*

**Trade:** Kéatoa, Gúako, New Ingazi, Pakoa,  
Woangnen

**DP:** Failed.

ing Kiriáre resolved to lift his realm from the despondency that had settled over it like a shroud. Vast sums were spent on public works throughout Kuroa, the river port town of Great Forks was built at the mighty fork of the Great Tuan River, and the city of Sandlock grew. The King's private researches did not go as well as he had hoped.

The *Timpalak* games of 527 were attended by warriors and athletes from Kuroa, Kéatoa, and Pakoa. The games concluded with a rousing grand mêlée, Kuroans against Pakoans and Kéatoans. After the Kuroans lost the battle, both sides repaired to the local taverns, where the winners bought wine and ale for the losers. Much merriment ensued. The next *Timpalak* games are scheduled for 532.

Trade began with the Southlanders.

### WAR OF THE AÍHETOAN SUCCESSION (516-528)

*Aihetoa vs. Pakoa &c.*

he Aíhetoan War entered a new phase, as plans long laid came at last to fruition: for King Hiríni of Pakoa was now determined to press his own grandson's claim to the Aíhetoan

throne. The attack was led by Crown Prince Hataréi and his wife the Shieldmaiden Réka Pápahu<sup>8</sup>. Their fleet of 180 ships sailed unopposed into Rangi in 528 and disgorged 20,000 men and kura into the Aíhetoan capital. The Aíhetoan Regent Roríki Henáre showed his true colours by fleeing the city, reportedly disguised as a washerwoman.

### *The Battle of Rangi (528)*

The young Aíhetoan King Kiatári III, barely 17 years old, attempted to rally his people for some sort of credible defense, but there was almost nothing left. Years of mismanaged war had exhausted Aíhetoan resources and manpower, and only a handful of men could be found able to bear arms. Still, the young King did not shrink from battle, and he managed to pull together about 6,000 infantry to challenge the invaders.

Battle was joined on a warm autumn morning with the thunderous detonation of a Pakoan firebolt among the Aíhetoan lines. Instantly, Kiatári's 6,000 became just over a thousand. And then Prince Hataréi sounded his horn, and the full weight of 20,000 Pakoan chariots and cavalry charged.

With his forces outnumbered twenty to one inside his own capital, King Kiatári of Aíhetoa stood his ground and prayed for a miracle, but no miracle came. No Aíhetoan warrior survived the Pakoan charge. The young King's mangled body was found on the field and accorded the full funerary rites due an Éiwi King.



After the funeral, several tui-birds arrived in Rangi bearing messages for Prince Hataréi and Princess Réka. The first bore the sad news of the death of the Prince's father the previous year<sup>9</sup>. The second bore more joyful news: Takríki Tautóru of Tóan had recognized the Pakoan claim to Aíhetoa

<sup>8</sup> Princess Réka is the only child of Aíhetoan King Kámíter the Usurper (reigned 485 - 499). See the genealogy on page 49.

<sup>9</sup> Which of course means that each side of the Battle of Rangi was led by an Éiwi King, even if nobody knew it at the time. Some are now calling it "the Battle of the Kings".

and had pledged his alliance to his distant cousin Princess Réka.

At the news, all remaining Aíhetoan resistance collapsed. The army was destroyed, the capital was in Pakoan hands, and now the only royal heirs were either Pakoan or supporting the Pakoan claim.

The hanging bodies were removed from the walls and accorded proper burials. The headless body of Reverend Mother Dora was entombed in the nearby priory of Tuánngi.

Meanwhile, Pakoan diplomats attempted to secure as much Aíhetoan territory as fast as they could. By and large, they were not too successful, but in Mekwha the local Takríki signed right up. "Just a different name at the top of the tax form," he was heard to mutter. Noana, site of the Aíhetoan royal barrows, also joined.

At the midwinter feast, a double-coronation was held in Rangi, with Prince Hataréi taking the crown of the King of Pakoa, while his wife Princess Réka became reigning Queen of Aíhetoa. They indicated that their son Prince Kámiter would inherit both Kingdoms.

#### KINGDOM OF AÍHETOA

 Aíhetoa is now ruled by Queen Réka in conjunction with her husband, King Hataréi of Pakoa.

#### TÁKIWAT OF TÓAN

 Takríki Tautóru entertained several foreign diplomats, but in the end the Pakoan delegation proved the most... persuasive.

#### KINGDOM OF PAKOA (18 H/UR)

*His Majesty King Hataréi, Son of Hiríni Son of Hóni of the House of Máki, Rangatíra Tuangua of the Éiwi of the Orca, Órikei.*

*Her Majesty Queen Réka, Daughter of Kámiter Son of Kiatári of the House of Pápahu, Rangatíri Whári of the Éiwi of the Dolphin, Óriki.*

**Trade:** Kéatoa, Kuroa, New Ingazi, Orofer, Pouákaitoa, Woangnen

**DP:** Múnat (A), Tóan (A), Whinoa (T), Nuángma (F), Mekwha (*see war, above*), Noana (*see war, above*)

 Pakoan sent a well-coordinated military and diplomatic assault against the faltering Aíhetoa. They never knew what hit them. Sadly, King Hiríni did not live to see the triumph. He died in 527, leaving his crown to his victorious son, Hataréi.

A Pakoan army led by the Takríki of Ruáwe forced tribute from Mangki.

Pakoa's southern port of Heartsbay saw a different sort of event in 527, when a fleet of Ingazi galleons came to call. The sailors were granted shore leave, and they were all very well-behaved. When the fleet left, five galleons remained in the port and were soon flying Pakoan colours.

Trade began with the Southlanders.

#### VICEROYALTY OF NEW INGAZI (35 WH/UR)

*Baron Besar Gorres of Saint Ilana, Lord Trouserdale, Admiral of the Ocean Sea, Viceroy of New Ingazi.*

**Trade:** Kuroa, Pakoa

**DP:** None.

 Ingazi opened trade! Éiwi merchants from Kuroa and Pakoa called at Saint Ilana to trade their goods with those from the south. To further this fragile beginning, the Southlanders built a new trade town in New Dara, which they named Jagofess. Jagofess is port in both the Móana a Ningrúa and the Móana a Haikóna. Saint Ilana expanded as well, into a great city complete with a Viceregal palace.

The Furry expansion into the islands continued unabated. The Ingazi Armada landed forces at Motu Ruat and Itrúmu, conquering both of those Dolphinista islands. Their army in New Walu, meanwhile, left that land to a garrison and invaded Nangti, which they insisted on calling "Thurrik". The region was easily conquered and immediately inundated with missionaries.

In 527 a small fleet sailed south.

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## CHARTERS AND PROCLAMATIONS

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A Proclamation of the Priest Maráma in the Circle of Red Death near the ancient City of Ebonhill

*The Fourth Age, year 526 of the Oratoan Reckoning.*

The Church of the Red Death declares Its Deep Respect for the People of Hiktino. The Grit of Hiktino is reflected in the eternal walls of Ebonhill behind Me.

The Atíri-Moámwhi was gifted with a Vision. In His Vision the Church of the Red Death sets on a precarious cliff edge. It is the advent of a Great Mystery, the doorstep into a new Era. The Voice of the Skye has spoken Great and Terrible Words about the Power of the Hidden Lords. The Night Star has forecasted a Fate both Dire and filled with Glory. It is Ours. It is Ours if We dare... and let there be no mistake, The Church of the Red Death dares.

People of Hiktino, hear the Heart of the Church of the Red Death! Hear the Voice of the High Priest, the Voice of the Gods from beyond the Void. They Hidden Lords speak to Us and They speak to you. Long has it been since a Strong Rulership has satisfied the cravings of the People of Hiktino. Long has it been since the Wisdom of Temperance and Strength been married with the Muse of the Warrior. Ebonhill was in a Time past, the very Seat of the Tongikan Empire. This very Place where We stand Today, was the Seed of Power from which the Strength of an Empire spread Its Wings and made the Pain of Its Talons known. It is in this Place that the Eldar, both Light and Dark, ruled. It is Here that the Bale Wraiths of Iägnar's Eye held the World in Terror.

Hear Me O Nation of Proud Warrior Kings, this Place is the Place where once again an Empire shall Root, and the boughs of Its Tree shall grow heavy with Fruit. And the World shall be Our Mistress. This is your Destiny. This is Our Destiny.

The Great and Mighty Empire of the West is at the doorstep of Hiktino. The Church of the Red Death showers Its Respect and Its Blessings on the People of Hiktino. It is Time that the Abbey of Morwewh is permitted to break free from Its Chrysalis, so that It might erupt onto the Face of Oratoa, the Great Temple of the Hunter Moon, the *Ahp í Morwewh u!*

The Church sees a Mysterious Pathway in the dim Light of the waxing Moon. There are choices to be made and decisions to seal, some of these, perhaps, in Blood. Today, however, is a Day of revelry and rejoicing. The Church desires to welcome the Peoples of the Hiktino into the Embrace of the Temple, for the Region of Hiktino is Blessed first among many to enjoin with the Church and offer from its Community people needful to build the Great Temple of the Empire.

With the citizens of Hiktino, the Cathedral shall be established in this Place in another five turns of the Cycle.

What is your Answer, O Great and Mighty People? What shall I tell the Atíri-Moámwhi of Your Heart and Your Willingness?

*Moámwhi Maráma*  
Priest of the Red Death.

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Today is a Day of Humility

*The Fourth Age, year 526 of the Oratoan Reckoning.*

Today is a Day of Humility. The Hierophant rises in the Skye above Us, and He heralds the advent of the Wanderer. This is a Time of Honour for the Matriarch, as She leaves the Night Skye and an Opportunity to hear the Hierophant's Voice.

He reminds Us of Places that We have been. He shows Us the Moment of Our Being. He whispers Visions of Places where We might go.

It is with some Sorrow that We recognize that the Rulership of Maráma III comes to an End. More so, perhaps, that His Son, Maráma IV, might not see the Flow of the River and make poor choices, with dire consequences.

Although the Rulership of Hiktino has failed to prove leadership of their people by Test of the Church, it is not Our Will that they be put to the Sword. Rather We call for Temperance, and Wisdom.

Leadership and Rulership are not measured in bravado or raw brutality on the Battlefield. The Man who would be King understands what it means to Fight with Courage, and Honour, and willingly gives His Strength

to His people. Maráma was, indeed, courageous. He fought with Honour, and His Strength was without question. And He was a failed Ruler. The Line of Maráma cannot claim the Kingdom of Tongikan, there is no King's Crown for Arana. Today, it is needful to declare that Amokapua III, Ruler of the Tongi and His Seed shall inherit the Glories of the King's Seat. It is the will of the Church that a woman of Stature and Wisdom, selected from the Noble House of Maráma, be offered the privilege of marriage to the Rangatíra Rawhóri. As the Matriarch passes before the Hierophant, this esteemed Woman, even now feels the call on Her Heart and may present Herself to the War Lord for His blessing. Let there be no mistake, the Church desires the blessing of Maráma's Seed. To be clear, the Church of the Red Death would look with Favour on a Marriage of Nobles uniting the Takíwats of Hiktino with the Federation in the Assembly of a Holy Kingdom.

On this Day, The Tongi are Blessed by the Church. On this Day, The Kingdom of Gúako as an expression of the Church's Blessing on Tongi, has set Itself as the arbiter in the Restoration of Highcourt. Even now the sails of ships sent out from the Kingdom of Gúako blister the Horizon and, a full Score of seasoned Warriors make ready to stand on this very Field against any host with designs against the Church, Its Clergy, and your Homes.

Thus the Oracle of the Furies is fulfilled. The Orphan Who was lost, now is found. The diseased shall be healed, the blind shall see, and the deaf shall hear the Word. On that Day the Empire shall be reclaimed, the Wanderer shall be found, and the Father shall announce a new Sibling, a Child adopted from beyond the Veil, amidst the Fog. This is the Beginning of that Day. An Empire shall be set onto the Shoulders of Kings, a Family shall grow into Its Significance, and The Empire of the West shall be founded for all Eternity.

#### *The Atíri-Moámwhi*

Speaker to the Gods, Voice from Beyond the Veil,  
High Shaman of the Temple of the Red Death.

The Intimate Nature of our Relationship with Urda

*A Foundation of the Oratóan Urdan Primacy*

*The Fourth Age, year 528 of the Oratoan Reckoning.*

#### *Preface*

The Kingdom of Ancalimë and the Kingdom of Kéatoa, with the support of Urdan Kingdoms of Oratóa, declares the establishment of the *Oratóan Urdan Primacy*.

Five hundred years ago the Éwi came to Oratoa from the Dawn Lands and with them came their Urdan traditions and culture. Before the coming of the Éwi, Urda walked these lands. The Eldar and the Elves each worshiped Urda in their own ways. Her presence quelled differences between the cultures that could have created fanaticism and fundamentalism. In place of these destructive reactions, there was created a respect for the individual's relationship with Urda. Her constant presence continues to subdue radicalism.

As Oratóan Urdans we must now take responsibility for protecting and maintaining our own traditions and culture. This task cannot be passed on to others. Nor can Oratóan Urdans continue to postpone taking on the mantle of responsibility. This is a new day forward, and one that will go down in history.

The Oratóan Urdan Primacy shall be guided to the following principles.

#### *Fallibility*

Any declaration by an Urdan Primacy in Oratóa, of infallibility in its relationship with Urda, is heresy.

#### *Function*

- I. The Oratóan Urdan Primacy is charged with the protection of Oratóan Urdanism and Oratóan Urdans, including but not limited to heritage, culture, and the intimate nature of Oratóan Urdans relationship with Urda.
- II. It is the duty of the Oratóan Urdan Primacy to advocate and support the Urdan Nations of Oratóa.

#### *Rule*

- I. The Oratóan Urdan Primacy is a fledgling institution, and for it to conduct the Function laid out in this initial foundation it must be open to evolution.
- II. The Oratóan Urdan Primacy, based in Pukei, will be given its independence from the

- Kingdom of Kéatoa when the majority of the Urdan Kingdoms who have donated religious sites within their Kingdoms to the Oratóan Urdan Primacy feel that autonomy from the sponsoring Kingdom of Kéatoa is warranted.
- III. At the time of independence, the Oratóan Urdan Primacy will be guaranteed complete religious autonomy and self-government in all Church affairs.

*Conduct*

- I. The Oratóan Urdan Primacy must strive for coexistence with all Urdan Sects who respect the Fallibility, Function and Rule of the Oratóan Urdan Primacy as laid out in this document.
- II. The Oratóan Urdan Primacy will consider any attempt to usurp or deny the political structure

of any Urdan Oratóan Realm by Urdan Sects as untenable.

- III. The Oratóan Urdan Primacy will honor the Sanctity of Tarotist and Iluvarian lands under the condition of reciprocity.

*So Declared—*

*Holy Mother Panía of Pukei*  
Matriarch of Urdan Oratóa.

*Moámwhi Dagoth*

High Shaman of Pukei.

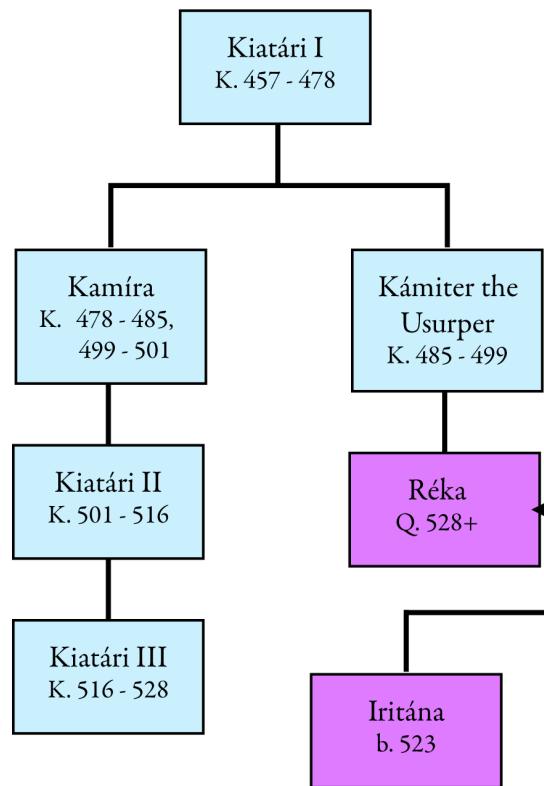
*King Dínenél*

King of Ancalimë of the House of Malvalas.

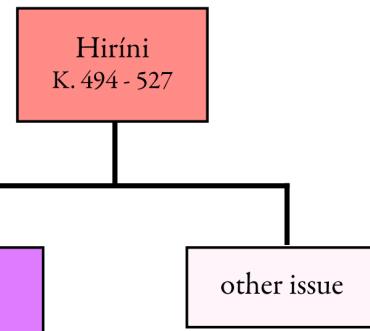
*King Harápo II*

Son of Kíre Son of Harápo of the House of Kekáta, Rangatíra Tirwhekwu of the Éwi of the Parrot, Órikei.

## KINGS OF AÍHEAOA



## KINGS OF PAKOA



# IMPERIAL STRENGTH INDEX

#	Realm	Player	Forum Name	E-mail	ISI
<i>The Great Powers</i>					
1	Pouákaitoa.....	Jimmy Macias.....	Gregole .....	Jimmymac562@aol.com .....	597.0
2	Kéatoa.....	Jacob Solomon.....	Zath Amon .....	keatoa@gmail.com .....	433.2
3	Pakoa.....	Robert Ware .....	BaronBludmon .....		421.6
<i>Major Powers</i>					
4	Ancalimë .....	Brock Berge .....	Lorgar .....	brockberge@yahoo.com .....	415.5
5	Kommolek.....	Cortlandt Winters .....	Cortrah.....	cwinters@notebookmargins.com .....	409.1
6	Gúako.....	Harley Herrin.....	TechnoShaman.....		382.1
7	Rotkarru.....	Ed Allen .....	Touca Tuki .....	tgroove@att.net .....	302.3
8	Kuroa.....	Matt Sievers.....	Malleas .....	fantsigns@gmail.com .....	297.7
9	Whutoa.....	Mark Truman.....	Hailen.....	mark.truman@gmail.com .....	285.4
10	Orofer.....	Dawnwalker .....	Dawnwalker .....		236.8
<i>Minor Powers</i>					
11	Woangnen .....	James Kahelewai V .....	ExLibrisMortis .....		226.2
12	Tongi .....	Dominick Morales .....	Waiari Amokapua III .....		218.5
13	CRD.....	Steve Speyer.....	Crimson Marque .....	crimsonmarque@gmail.com .....	177.5
14	Roátru .....	<i>open for a player</i> .....			165.0
15	Rangkua .....	Ian Dimitri.....	IanDimitri .....		162.3
16	Hiktino.....	<i>open for a player</i> .....			138.4 2

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