

ORATOAN ANNALS

Turn 17

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531-535

This is the end of the Fourth Age of Oratoa. I am the Fifth Age.

—*Khurdán, Son of Iägnar*

Contaĉt has been made! Oratoa and Sahúl are now open to each other, more or less. The big news is the return of Iägnar, long foretold and long awaited with fear or hope, depending on your particular point of view. This is a game changing Turn for both continents, so grab a cup of your favourite beverage, sit back and enjoy!

There are a lot of openings this turn, so we're running a special: refer a player! If someone you refer actually signs up, purchases the rules, etc., we'll credit the Realm of your choice an additional two turns.

NEXT TURN DUE: FRIDAY 01 APRIL 2011.

Late orders accepted at my whim. No fooling.

the utmost west

AND THE ENDING ISLES

TÁKIWAT OF WHUTOA (15 H/HM)

Takríki Haki VII, Rangatira Nuatam, Roriki of Kuatoa and Kúre, Mašter of the Isles.

Trade: CRD, Gúako, Rangkua, Rotkarru, Woangnen

DP: None.

Che proud and noble Crown Prince Haki took command of the newly enlarged Whutoan fleet at Hedgecape. Amid festive parades and celebrations, he led the bright-eyed youth of Whutoa to sea! His father the Takríki, meanwhile, loaded up an army onto another fleet and sailed grimly to war.

Princess Hahána, the only non-naval member of the royal family, fled the confinement of palace life and simply... disappeared.

Sacrifices were offered to the New Gods. Coincidentally, Hedgecape reported a rain of haddock one fine spring day, that filled the streets with flopping fish. The people ate like kings. Mindful of

similar events in Rotkarru in years past, the thrifty Whutoans salted all the remaining haddock and set them by for hard times.

Five new towns sprang up on Whutoa's main island: the ports of Fairbeach in Tuwhéi, Mallowport in Tárewha, and Redhaven in Kuatoa, as well as the inland towns of Silverdell in Tuwhe and Wildmead in Húwe.

Various investments were made throughout the realm as the enormous treasury was spent down to reasonable levels. The government expanded.

KINGDOM OF GÚAKO (19 H/HM)

His Serene Maješty, King Rúru II, the Do-Something, Rangatira Wangri, Takríki of Darkford, and Órikei of all Gúako.

Trade: CRD, Khurdán, Rangkua, Rotkarru, Tongi, Whutoa, Woangnen

DP: Failed!

King Rúru reconfigured his military forces and sent them to Ancalimë. It went relatively well. Following sacrifices to the New Gods, observers noted that Gúako's scribes have become much more efficient. Careful investment and

investigation enabled Gúako's sorcerers to make a substantial breakthrough.

The hero Kiriáre the Sinister led a small naval force to the Thornwood in an effort to claim some of the coastal lands for his King. So far, it hasn't really worked out as planned.

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 (8 H/HM)

Takríki Iháka of Rangkua.

Trade: CRD, Gúako, Rotkarru, Tongi, Whutoa, Woangnen

DP: Wuátta (T)

Rangkua continued the trend of urbanization by expanding their city of Weir. Sacrifices were offered to the New Gods, resulting in a surge of Mana through the realm's ley lines. While Rangkua's sorcerers are baffled, the unflappable clergy suggested that it was a sign of divine approval for Takríki Iháka's policies.

Takríki Iháka wisely ordered the withdrawal of Rangkuan forces from the fire-drake-infested region of Rengu with few additional casualties.

Rangkua cut trade relations with Kéatoa.

TÁKIWAT OF ROTKARRU (10 H/RD)

Takríki Matíu III, Rangatira Mektoka, Roríki of Rotkoa, Tongiki of the Island of Rotkarru.

Trade: Cappargarnia, CRD, Gúako, Rangkua, Roátru, Tongi, Whutoa, Woangnen

DP: None.

Che "Flopping Fish Festival" having faded into history, the people of Rotkarru took a disdainful attitude to the reports from Whutoa. Apparently fish falling out of the sky is passé in Jollyport.

Rotkarru answered the call of the Church and sent their armies deep into Ancalimë with decidedly mixed results.

CHURCH OF THE RED DEATH (20 H/RD)

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

Trade: Gúako, Rangkua, Roátru, Rotkarru, Tongi, Whutoa, Woangnen

DP: Hiktino region (F), Nóak (T)

Like a spider in its web, Whetíri II tugged at the long strands of culture and history to achieve the Church's obscure ends. A series of five declarations were released by the Church, both by the Atíri-Moámwhi and by the warlord Mágua. Many immediately saw the connection between the one titled "The Iron Wind" and a certain Iron Throne.

One war ended, and another much more dangerous war began. After decades of recrimination and provocation, war between those who worship the New Gods and the Urdans of Ancalimë was resumed with the sacrifice of five hundred Turéhu slaves on the temple pyres. As the acrid smoke climbed high into the skies over Rustwood, the inspired Church bureaucrats redoubled their efforts.

The Atíri-Moámwhi visited Ebonhill and pronounced it a *Holy City*, though nearby Morwewh Abbey has not yet reported an uptick in tourists. He also decreed there that all of Hiktino's lands were forfeit to the Holy Kingdom of Tongi, except for Óama, where all claims were given to Roátru, and Nóak and Hiktino itself, which were reserved to the Church.

Talik the Wanderer from *Cáppa Gar Néa* suffered the indignity of having his body shaved, head to toe. His fur was used for totems and religious tokens in the Temple, and in return he began the painful process of *tattoo*, overseen by the clergy of the Temple.

Sixty Mewhuan ships from Whutoa docked in Rustwood, and their Takríki began attending the Sorcery Academy there.

Rangkua's wizard Crown Prince Ikaróto arrived in Rustwood in 533 to study at the heavens at the great Observatory. Although considerable progress was made in his project, much work yet

remains to be done. He was soon joined by Princess Hauóra of Takwhi, consort of Takríki Amíri the Well Loved of Woangnen. She took up studies at the Academy.

The great fleet of His Serene Majesty King Rúru of Gúako arrived later that year. The King granted shore leave to some 15,000 warriors, who went on pilgrimage to the holy sites and spent most of their pay in cheap dockside bars.

THE THIRD TONGIKAN WAR (522-532)

CRD, *Tongi vs. Hiktino*

531: *The Hiktino Collapse*

Cakríki Iháka the Pudgy prepared for the defense of his capital against the Tongi attack. Interestingly, the attack never came. An uprising of the Clans in favour of Iháka's niece Airíni (the wife of King Amokapua of Tongi) forced the Takríki to flee his own capital.

Within months, both the Royal family of Holy Tongi and Atíri-Moámwhi Whetíri II arrived in Ebonhill. A great festival was held, and King Amokapua and Queen Airíni met with the various members of Hiktino's leadership, including Admiral Apéra, while the Atíri-Moámwhi summoned both clergy and the administrators of the region and city itself.

The result was the collapse of Hiktino. While the region and the city joined the Church, many of the realm's regions and senior leadership pledged fealty to Tongi in the person of her queen, who they regarded as the true heir of Hiktino's ruling house.

532: *Endgame*

Iháka the Pudgy, now bereft of most of his realm and all of his army, was ordered by the Church to join the clergy at Morwewh Abbey. Instead, he established a redoubt at Maidenford in Túakoa, where a new army had been raised.

Faced with the rapid disintegration of the realm, however, Takríki Rúru of Túakoa had other ideas. In the dead of night, the Takríki's men moved to arrest Iháka. Loyalists, however, alerted him, and

he escaped to the army's barracks. A fight broke out, which soon became a running battle between Hiktino's last national army and the forces of Rúru of Túakoa within the town of Maidenford.

The battle, if it can be dignified by that name, was a tragic end for the once-mighty Hiktino. Its last independent ruler and his army were butchered, making their romantic, if doomed, final stand in a public stables attached to the ironically named *Iháka's Crown Inn*.

When a Tongi diplomat arrived several years later, Rúru was only too happy to ally himself and his lands with the Holy Kingdom.

HOLY KINGDOM OF TONGI (10 H/RD)

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

Trade: CRD, Gúako, Khurdán, Rangkoa, Roátru, Rotkarru, Whutoa

DP: Hariwo (F), Ati (T), Mimop (F), Túakoa (A)

King Amokapua I offered sacrifices of praise and thanksgiving to the gods and ordered the construction of a priory in Yagnarist Caladawar. After designating Queen Airíni as his heir to the Holy Kingdom, the King bundled up the rest of the Royal Family and travelled to Ebonhill to cement the victory over Hiktino. The Queen took a brief side trip to Hariwo, convincing the locals to throw their support behind her.

The Takríki of Whéwhi and his enormous army paid a state visit to Kauri. The locals are nervous.

The rumours of a wild man preaching along the western coast were abruptly confirmed with the man's sudden and brutal accidental hanging in 534.

The Abbey of Moámito near Highcourt was raised to the dignity of a Cathedral, only the Church's second after the Temple of the Red Death itself.

Rangkua's Crown Prince Ikaróto arrived in Ebonhill in 532 and presented a gift to the Atíri-Moámwhi. He also acknowledged the Holy Tongi Empire on behalf of his father, Takríki Iháka of Rangkua.

The Church's influence throughout the Holy Kingdom increased in both size and scope, both because of the integration of formerly Hiktino lands and because of increasing cooperation between Church and State.

NEW FORNDONIM

Baron Retorok Sendare of Forndonim and Whangwhúatéwua, Commodore in the Naval Service of His Most Excellent Majesty the Electoral Count Palatine in Thace.

Trade: None.

DP: None.

In 534, the Thacian Exploratory Air and Naval Fleet landed hussars and knights on the unregarded isle of Whangwhúatéwua in the far West. Although they soon engaged in combat with the locals, they did so primarily using ritual combat with chieftains and in large sporting competitions. By the end of 535, the people of the island were paying tribute to the Commodore, who named his "conquest" New Forndonim.

THE HERO WITH NO NAME

Kíáhik stood mesmerized by the Great Sacrifice. As far as he could remember, he had seen very little in life except the Training Grounds under the heavy eye of his mentor and liege, Mágua. Kíáhik was one of the honoured living after years of bloody training. So very many had died.

But today, the Fates would take the two men, master and apprentice, almost father and son, to far different places. Mágua prepared for war in Ancalimë, and Kíáhik for travel to the ancient seat of power of the Empire of Tongika; the lost son would go to Ebonhill. The Hero's quest hung heavy on his heart; not because of fear, but because Kíáhik so deeply desired to stand with his Mahíta in the bloodspray of war. Mágua had already said his good-bye, such as it was. The Mangod of War had looked Kíáhik deep into the soul of his eyes, smiled, and clasped his arm in the manner of the Black Legion. In that moment, Mágua said, simply

"Bring the Blood." Kíáhik, in almost spontaneous reaction replied, "Deny no Death." It was the way of the Legion.



His sword was honed to a keen edge, and his ebon spear was well-balanced. A pitch onyx, crafted with thirteen facets, hung from a gold chain about his neck. It was the only emblem of his position in the Black Legion that would go into the Deep with him. He had a week of rations and two weeks of water.

Kíáhik had read the accounts of Holy Tawhiri III. The Holy One wrote of the death of Tátake, one of the Partá Ngáku who was cast into the depths beneath the City. Kíáhik had touched the ancient lost blade that had been brought to the surface by the survivors of that Ceremony. The Church smiths had fashioned it into the head of the Spear of Might, though they could not touch, mar, or fashion the actual metal of it. The Great Spear was now wielded by his liege, Mágua. He thought of his liege, the only father he had ever known, on the battlefield in Ancalimë, and he prayed that the spear would bring him luck.



Kíáhik entered the Undercity at the coast side, during low tide. He carried a modest pack, a torch, his sword, and his spear. He followed a weathered path that released water from the sea cave. The path led into the Dark.

The sound of the surf passed in the distance behind him, and he felt the dank musk of the sea fade to a dark and forbidding decay. Even here, so close to the light, the presence of the magnificent ruins of the ancient Eldar could not be ignored. Tall and ornately carved columns of stone stood in the Great Chamber on either side of a passage leading into the Dark; a faint glow could be seen down the corridor.



How long he journeyed, climbing over rocks and rubble, entering and leaving small caverns and large glistening rooms – seemingly at random – he had no idea. He chose pathways and passages, carved corridors and narrow sewer chutes by sheer instinct and spirit. Kiáhik went where he was drawn, without obvious reason; he had no plan or design, only the will to keep going until the moment when he would know the point, or he would be dead.

His path became lost behind him, and the vague questions of rational thought became irrelevant. A certain sort of madness crowded his heart and his senses. He became painfully aware of his lifeblood, his innate warmth, his being “alive.” It was a defiant contradiction. His presence was a contradiction. Nothing else seemed to matter.

The growth on the walls of the deep fortresses and passageways glowed in shades of green and yellow. He saw enough to guide his way. The oil was precious and not likely to be replaced. He had expended an entire flask in escape from the spider in the red chamber. His hair was singed from the flare of the webbing. The litter of bones was enormous, but it was in the bones that he discovered a small curved dagger, the sort that serves only to kill.



The sound of drums had followed him for several meals. He had taken to counting time in terms of hunger; it seemed appropriate and he had no other tempo with which to measure the passage of moments. The blur of sleep was useless, but he knew when he was hungry and when he was not.

It was impossible to gain a sense on where the drums were, if they were moving, following him or if only he was moving and they stood still. Down he continued... always down. The cadence was unchanging and the monotony evolved into a form of torture. Kiáhik ripped off pieces of his tattered shirt and stuffed these pieces into his ears, but still the drums pounded deep in his chest, in his soul.



There was a certain dread that accompanied each newly discovered passage. Kiáhik had grown accustomed, even comfortable with dread. His past two hungers were satisfied with meat taken from a large snake that he had killed. The small curved dagger was, after all, useful. Vitally useful. The snake had coiled about his body while he slept. Had he not tied the dagger sheath to his back, as assassins do, he would not have been able to cut the deathlock. It was a strange and unnatural decision, but made all the difference in the world.

The snake meat was good, but wouldn't last long in the moist underground. He ate his fill, cooked over a low fire. He hung the long muscular body, a full three man heights, over a fallen rock cairn in the middle of the enormous cavern. He cut off the head and drank the blood.

The snake head was strange, unnatural somehow. At first the notion was simply annoying, a distraction. But the distraction slowly became a fear... and Kiáhik was not accustomed to fear. He couldn't quite put his finger on it – something was wrong with it – and the power of his ignorance gnawed at him. The blood sat heavy in his stomach, its metallic taste still on his breath.

He had set the massive skull on the rock, inside the perimeter of the fire's glow. It was nearly the size of an arm shield. He lay back looking into the black above. The ceiling of the cavern was beyond sight. The glowing fungus apparently didn't grow well in this cavern.

As he faded in and out of slumber, it occurred to him that the small fire cast a strange and forboding glow into the place. Shadows squirmed, the drums seemed to stall and stutter, and the sense of death was not nearly so strong. Kiáhik mused for a moment that his oil was scarce, and he remembered that the torch the Priest had given him had long ago been rendered useless and was discarded. What was the Priest's name? The cut on his spear arm was warm and blistering. He couldn't remember when he had gotten that either.



When he woke, Kiáhik knew that something had changed. The fire had gone out, and the sense of death was almost palpable in the strange green aura that covered the topography. The floor was paneled with elegant stonework, carved and inlaid with malachite, abalone, and black onyx. Instinctively he reached for and grasped the medallion around his neck. The onyx felt hot. He was sweating, but his arms and legs felt icy cold.

He looked up to discover that he stood in a Great Chamber. Rubble littered the perimeter and great statuary, stone buildings and structures, ramps and stairs set a stage for the Courtyard Chamber. In the midst of this cityscape, there was movement. Indeed, to his horror, Kiáhik discovered or, more to truth, *recognized* that everywhere there appeared to be movement. People – tall elaborately dressed people – were moving about. Others were standing at attention before a great set of stairs. Many were staring at him. A group of grey figures stood, lay prone, or sat on the pavement at the foot of a great stair case that led to a magnificent edifice. They were chained to each other and to a massive, hideous creature that looked more like a fish than a man. The features on the faces of the men were less weathered or lost in the green hue than those walking about free. Their clothing varied, but most of it was tattered. They bore no weapons or armour. Most appeared to be men.

A *Great Presence* stood at the top of the stairs. Massive doors behind him closed as he stood looking down on Kiáhik from the top of the stairs.

“There are two paths through the Ancient City. One leads to death by Mongrel. One leads to Death. Which do you imagine, frail being, that you have stumbled upon?”

Kiáhik was overwhelmed by the *Great Presence*; the magnificent but crudely crafted crown, the strangely fashioned medallion about Its neck, and the sword that burnt with a deep azure flame. Three creatures stood with the *Great Presence*; each of these wore a crown of pale silver and carried a sword at the ready. They laughed as It spoke. It was a cruel laugh without joy, filled with spite and hate.

Kiáhik stumbled backwards and fell over rubble on the dais. He sprawled on his back looking up at the three companions of the *Great Presence*, floating in the faint glow of the chamber. They leered down at him and, in a sudden flush, he realized that they craved his life; they hungered after the essence of his person. He tried to stand, but felt dizzy, as though something was set against his will... but still he fought against it... and he stood.

The laughter stopped. A breath was captured, and held for a moment. The leering changed to confusion and the creatures turned their attention away from the man and towards the *Great Presence*. The *Great Presence* was descending the stairs. There was a staggering silence in the chamber. It seemed that everything had come to a stop. Only the *Great Presence* and the grey people broke the stillness. The greymen were yelling, pleading, screaming even, beckoning to him, but Kiáhik could not hear their voices and they could come no closer because of the chains.

The *Great Presence* slowly, casually moved toward him, paying no attention to the shackled greymen. The *Great Presence* stopped at the edge of the dais, where the circular imprint of cut stones and runework formed a mystic pattern.

“Who are you, mortal? Speak your Name and we shall kill you softly.” The *Great Presence* insinuated into Kiáhik’s soul. It was a delicate, almost soothing, sweet temptation. Kiáhik felt no ill-intention, no malevolence. The word “kill” held no fear for him. He was washed over with a peace and a simple contentment. He wanted to tell the *Great Presence* his name. It seemed so very important, yet he had trouble focusing... he couldn’t grasp the word much less form it. He stood in the center of the chamber, wavering and shaking; stammering with the effort.

Finally, soft as a whisper, a name released from his lips, “*Kiáhik*”.

Immediately laughter, raucous and assaulting, echoed through the chamber. The grey people fell to the ground writhing under the weight of the sound. The three creatures pointed to Kiáhik with

their swords and great spears; they jeered at him repeating “*Kiáhik, Kiáhik, Kiáhik*”; always in sets of three and always spewed at him in hatred and triumph.

Kiáhik turned around and around, faster... the chamber spun with a reckless abandon. He was losing touch with the ground, and he felt as though he would again fall. Yet he fought the vertigo, and he stood his position as the image of the ground began to speak to him. The *Great Presence* stood on the edge of the mystic pattern, a series of unfamiliar runes set in the stone of the pavement, gesturing to the central dais of the pattern above which the creatures hovered, taunting him.

The *Great Presence* spoke, a single word, “*Kiáhik*,” and with confident resolve, walked unto the dais. As Its robe wafted across the edge of the pattern, the air exploded. A brilliant orange red arc stretched from the center of the dais, from the very spot where Kiáhik stood, and struck the *Great Presence*, throwing It backward, away from the pattern toward the staircase. The three creatures were caught in a spinning vortex, flailing awkwardly and in terror. Instinctively Kiáhik grappled the closest and, with renewed strength, grabbed onto its great sword, wrestling the blade from its hands. With a warrior’s balance, he swung through the creatures as they spun uncontrollably above the dais. He turned his attention to the *Great Presence*.

The *Great Presence* drew Itself to full height. No image ever filled Kiáhik with so much raw dread. From beneath a black and shadowed shroud, a green unholy glow set where Its eyes should be. The *Great Presence* extended Its sword, pointing the azure flame at Kiáhi, and demanded, “Who are you? Give me your Name creature! Do not dare to test my patience again!”

The statement confused Kiáhik. His left arm burned with an unhealthy warmth. His eyes found focus difficult. He sensed more than saw that one of the three creatures lay in shreds, shriveling into ash in the midst of the red-orange energy of the pattern. The other two creatures cowered in the shadows behind the *Great Presence*. Kiáhik looked

at the *Great Presence*, and felt Its great evil and for reasons he could not fathom, he knew, in that moment, that his name was not Kiáhik and that this very ignorance had saved him from the fate of the greymen.

Kiáhik moved across the pattern toward the *Great Presence*, and as he did he could feel the touch of a cold Death in his inner heart. It gouged his soul, a dredged his memory. He found that he was kneeling on one leg, fighting the stench in his nostrils and the weakness in his legs. When he stood he saw that the slimy fish creature that held the greymen prisoner was advancing toward him, and the *Great Presence*, Its companions, and the persons moving about in the chamber were nowhere to be seen. Only the fish creature remained. A pile of bones marked where the greymen had been calling to him, at the base of the broken stairway.

The very real sound of its webbed feet flapping on the smooth stone floor woke him from the stupor, and, with no time to think about his swing and parry, Kiáhik rounded the obese creature with the ancient sword. The slimy fish creature caught the swing with the handle of its maul, which split in two, causing the creature to lose balance and falter backward. As Kiáhik pressed the attack, the loud pounding of drums, a familiar rhythm, filled the large cavern and an odour as if the sea itself had rotted rolled out into the chamber. Kiáhik pressed the creature and, with the great sword, drove it to the ground. With nary a thought, Kiáhik swung the sword across the creature and, with a smooth and fluid stroke, cut the obscene head across the neck gills. A dark and sticky ichor pooled at the headless stump.

The chamber was filled now with the sound of the drums, the eerie screeching of the fish creatures, and the flapping of webbed feet on the stonework. He was tired could hardly hold the ancient sword to point. A green and purple glow cast twisted shadows across the cavern from the poles that the fishmen carried. Numerous passages, too many to count, were lit with the fungus glow. Soon he would die... the mongrels would take him. If only

he could leave. Hadn't he done enough? Wouldn't his liege, Mágua be pleased... ?



The ashen warrior, his arm aflame with infection, his blurred eyes unfocused and assaulted by the Sun, lay still as death in the surf. In his right hand, he grasped the hilt of the phantom's great sword, its blade strangely missing, and in his left, a jet spear with tattered feathers. A second sword was secured in a sheath at his left side on a belt that also carried, at his back, an ancient curved dirk set with amber and pommel garnet, wrapped in leathers with an eternal edge. Around his right arm, caught just above his elbow, was a dingy iron circlet that had once served as a crown. How it had gotten there, he had no idea.

Someone was dabbing fresh liquid, sweet and cool, at his lips. He wanted to say something. It was something important. A distant voice was encouraging him to stay quiet.

He hardly recognized his voice, "Who am I?"

The answer came with the measured cadence of a cleric. "You are Kiáhik, Son of Mágua, Lord of the Undercity, Reborn from the Deep. You are the Shadow Walker."

The last thing Kiáhik said, made no sense to Maráma, "... the snake has no eyes." Kiáhik passed into oblivion, but with a smile on his face. It would be some days, perhaps a week before he would tell his tale. No one was more interested in the exquisite detail than the Crimson Marque who placed the account into the Temple Library.

TÁKIWAT OF ROÁTRU (7 H/RD)

Takríki Típene II, the Valiant, Rangattra Wukrung, Tongiki of Roátru.

Trade: CRD, Khurdán, Rotkarru, Tongi

DP: Óama (A)



aving sent his sister's son and heir Prince Erutíri on an important diplomatic mission to Óama, Takríki Típene girded himself once more for war.

Scene: a Private Chamber

Takríki Típene:

Darling Vanya, I am leaving for war once again. Our most trusted advisors and Prince Erutíri will be gone as well. You are the only one here I can trust, and I have something you must do for Roátru and the Church.

Princess Vanya:

Tell me what needs must be done, and I will do it.

Típene:

Lord Kíraku has gravely erred. He thought to follow the prejudices of my brother and ordered brave Ihu Mokinui to attack any and all in Eladan, which sadly included the Gúakan forces. I have worked hard and sacrificed much to bring Roátru back from death and into life and the graces of the Church. I know now that the fool Kíraku intended this outcome, or one very similar. He must be an example for all to see. The Church, the Crimson Brotherhood, Gúako, and all of Roátru must witness the penalty for foolishness. Kíraku must pay with his life. This should satisfy both the Priests of the Red Death and the noble King of Gúako.

Vanya:

Should I send the traitor to Rustwood or settle it here?

Típene:

Hmm. I had thought to send him to Rustwood. But no, settle it here. This should satisfy his slight to you as well. Deal with him as you will, but do it quickly and publicly. I have ordered the Stonehome Defenders to arrest him and bring him to you. Do not move against him on your own.

Vanya:

With the entire Council gone except for Kíraku, who shall rule in your absence?

Típene:

It is my hope that you would.

Típene hands Vanya two sealed scrolls.

Típene: This authorizes you as a full member of the Council and appoints you my Chancellor.

Vanya: My love, this is unnecessary... you will return to me.

Típene: I will. And it is necessary.

And so it was that Lord Kíra^{ku} was brought in chains before the terrible wrath of the Elvish Princess by members of Roátru's Princely Guard. His protestations of innocence and cries for mercy failed to move Princess Vanya. Expressionless, she pronounced the sentence of death.

Takríki Típene, meanwhile, brought his armies to the very gates of the Turéhu capital.

CENTRAL ORATÓA

BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL

WAR!

Atuburrk, Khurdán, CRD, Cappargarnia, Kommolek, Roátru, Tongi, Whutoa vs. Ancalimë, Orofer, Pouákaitoa

531: *The Second Saurian*

For the second time in twice as many years, a Saurian visitor stood in the Chamber to address the Eight. He was younger than the previous visitor, barely out of boyhood it appeared. He was dressed in brilliant white robes, flowing and voluminous, and his long hood ended in a tassel the colour of night. A thousand armed retainers camped in the valley below, a motley collection of Saurian, Wenemet, Malebolge, and Turéhu. They were almost the only creatures moving in the desolate valley of the Shadow of Angildúath.

When he spoke, his voice rumbled and echoed throughout the Chamber, inside the heads of the Eight, and down into the valley below.

“Hear, O Oratoa! I am Khurdán, Son of Iägnar. I have circumvented the Exile by being born into a mortal body; I am Iägnar clothed in the flesh of earth.”

In breach of all custom, fully half of the Eight leapt to their feet. Several began to speak, but their voices could not be heard, their mouths moving in silence.

“The Hour of Deliverance is at hand. Long have I planned this moment. Civilizations have I raised, realms have I cast down, the very earth itself have I moved. Now you, who have suffered so much and for so many generations, shall have your vengeance and your reward. This is the end of the Fourth Age of Oratoa. I am the Fifth Age.”

The Saurian suddenly took the form of an Eldar. Now all of the Eight were on their feet, the ancient Aeg-Annûn last of all.

“Aeg Hirim – noble Fell – the Eight are dissolved. Their time has passed. A Ninth shall join your number, he who is the ruler of my Fell servants from over the water. He and his House shall be First Speaker of the Nine. Aeg-Annûn, my loyal servant, shall be Second Speaker forever, preserved as the Lich-Lord Marshal of my Fell Legions.”

The Eight were speechless. Tears, perhaps of gratitude, filled the eyes of the ancient and dying Aeg-Annûn. A ninth wooden chair appeared at the far end of the Chamber.

“Now.”

Dutifully, each of the Eight moved one chair down the hierarchy, and Khurdán, Son of Iägnar, strode forward and, with a self-satisfied smile, sat upon the empty Iron Throne.

Old Aeg-Annûn found his whispering voice, saying “Master, long have I awaited this moment. Long has my House kept your Name and worship alive here amidst the ruins of our Empire. What is your bidding, my Master?”

“Sit, my noble Fell. Sit, and let us plan these coming days. I come in cloud and darkness, in battle and blood. Raise your hosts, for war is already fast upon us. It shall not end, except in our victory. I, Khurdán, son of Iägnar, have spoken.”



The news of Iägnar's return spread like wildfire. In Káwwhi, the capital of Iluvarian Pouákaitoa, King Róngo, Son of Ihúhah Son of Etéra assembled his Wírehúa. He announced the grave news of Iägnar's return to his assembled Rangatíra, Takríki, and Roríki. The Great Hall exploded into noise, as the assembled men shouted in equal measure with horror, rage, and resolve. The great King raised his hand for silence, and slowly order was restored. At that moment, he looked old but resolute, and his people loved him. The King chose his next words carefully.

"Men of Pouákaitoa! Iägnar plays his old game, dividing the people of Oratoa against themselves. Know that there can be no peace while the Shadow gathers in the Thornwood, subverting and corrupting the princes of this world.

"To arms, men of Pouákaitoa! To arms! We must stand against the Shadow. We must stand against his creatures. We must stand against his allies. If history is any guide, the way will be dark and troubled, but the time of darkness will end in a new sunrise.

"We shall never surrender, though the Shadow fall over our precious lands and Death claim our bodies. Our cause is holy, our cause is just, and we will never rest. For Iluvar and Oratoa, to arms!"

As one, the men of the Wírehúa raised their swords to their King, echoing the shout "for Iluvar and Oratoa, to arms!" Within days, holy warriors began gathering throughout the Kingdom.



Reports filtered in to Orofer's leadership that hundreds of airships had been sighted in their western forests, though when Hiril Lothveren and her substantial army arrived in Galbreth, they could not confirm the sightings. Credible reports from the Dolbain garrison in Dagnîr, however, indicated that some 500 unidentified airships had passed through the region and into Ancalimëan Nelvîr.

The Kommolek forces loaded their airships and withdrew from Hedhu after warning the population there of an impending earthquake. While the earthquake never came, the Ancalimë levies in the fortress of Harnost quickly garrisoned the region. Baroness Drogdyr led her 260 airships westward across the Jannes Coast.

532: *The Gathering Storm*

Che Kommolek airfleet along the Jannes Coast, high-tailing it back to Merilthú, noted that they were being followed by a surface fleet, some 550 vessels all told, flying the flag of Pouákaitoa.

Hîr Koblakai of Orofer and his 8,000 warriors finished converting the Yagnarists of Vólóme using the traditional method of fire and sword.

A great horde of restless undead was reported by reliable sources to be infesting the ruins of Télirya, now under Kommolek's control.

Meanwhile, in Pouákaitoa, warriors and would-be warriors gathered by the thousands to heed the King's call to holy war. Throughout the noble houses, second sons kissed their fair sweethearts farewell, took leave of their fathers, and with their father's second-best sword, rode the family's second-best kura to war. Greybeards knocked the rust from their weapons and helms and saddled for one last glorious campaign. The King's captains crisscrossed the Kingdom, gathering the holy warriors together.

533: *The Hammer Falls*

A Gúakoan fleet appeared in the Eastern Mahóuro and landed troops in the primeval Turéhu forests of Telemnar. The 22,000 infantry ran square into a large number of Ancalimë fortifications and, in a series of running grueling assaults and sieges, took about 1,500 casualties before pacifying the region. Curudad Priory was sacked, though the walls of Ringær look pretty intimidating.

In the south, meanwhile, a Whutoan fleet took up station in the Dalig Ulv Stranden.

Prince Tamahára of Tongi continued his conquests in the southern Thornwood. The Turéhu of Brégil paid tribute after a well-placed lightning bolt cleared the field for his 7,500 infantry.

On Ancalimë's northern frontier, three armies attacked simultaneously. Two Rotkarran forces invaded Ruángma and Kawhi, while another force teleported into Awhi. After a quick threat assessment, Hír Laernír in Anuwar marched his forces north to Ruángma. The speed of the Elvish armies in the forest was breathtaking, and before the invaders had even properly dealt with the local castles, the Elvish relief force was upon them.

The Ruángma Campaign (533)

The Rotkarran forces, under the joint command of Takríki Hanuman of Whengo and Lord Rópata, numbered 33,000 infantry. On the Ancalimë side, Hír Laernír, wielding the fantastic *Bow of Gileas*, commanded 35,000 Turéhu, mostly archers. While the Rotkarru leadership was top-notch, the training and professionalism of the Turéhu made the Human invaders look like amateurs. In the initial battle before the gates of Iëwar, Rotkarru's forces were mowed down, taking almost 20,000 casualties, while Ancalimë only lost about 11,000 soldiers. Rotkarru's leadership did manage a single Lightning Bolt in the battle, though it was wasted against the stout walls of the town.

The Rotkarrans withdrew in good order, but the Turéhu gave chase, catching them several weeks later in a narrow defile deep in the ancient forest. This battle saw another 12,000 Humans killed, while the Turéhu lost less than half that many. Lord Rópata was among the Human casualties, an arrow launched from the *Bow of Gileas* in his throat, and it appeared that the Ancalimë forces would quickly butcher the fleeing survivors.

Then, unexpected reinforcements arrived! The fierce Shieldmaiden Ngaíre Whani rallied the fleeing Rotkarru forces and added her 9,000 infantry

and engineers into the mix. The Humans, now numbering almost 30,000, counter-attacked Hír Laernír's remaining 21,000 Turéhu in a hard-fought and desperate battle. The Shieldmaiden laughed as she led her forces in attack after attack. The Turéhu were completely unnerved by her, but their training kept them from breaking.

Once again, the superior leadership of Rotkarru's forces was overmatched by the professionalism of the Ancalimë army. The Rotkarrans were slaughtered, with only a handful of bowmen surviving. The Ancalimë took perhaps 4,000 casualties and did not pursue the routed Rotkarru.



Meanwhile, in Kawhi a small Rotkarran force of about 5,000 mostly infantry occupied the Elven forests with little resistance other than some scattered castles.

In Awhi, Mágua the Mangod of War, together with the fearsome Black Legion of Death, teleported in and quickly conquered the region. They seemed quite disappointed that there was no defense in Awhi – not even fortifications.

Further south, in the Thornwood, 6,000 Cap-pargarnian pike and infantry forced tribute from Yagnarist Belroth.

A great Pouákaitoan armada dropped anchor off the coast of Yagnarist Dínerol. Prince Kamwhai of Pouákaitoa led 47,500 warriors ashore and annexed the region for his father.

534: Mágua Draws His Sword

água the Mangod of War was intensely frustrated that the Turéhu in Awhi had proven themselves such a soft target. He didn't fume for very long, however. In the spring of 534, 10,000 Turéhu archers arrived led by Prince Calmalas of Ancalimë.

The Battle of the Fires of Awhi (534)

The Black Legion of Death was terrifying in their shrouds of Midnight Kura feathers and their

grotesque masques. That they were outnumbered four to one did not seem to worry them. The Elven archers took up their positions, and Prince Calmalas hurled a mighty fire bolt at the enemy. Though some of the nearby forest was set alight, the bolt was strangely ineffective against the Black Legion. Perhaps five hundred of the shrouded figures fell silently to the earth, but Mágua himself, though surrounded by flame, merely snorted with impatience. Next to him stood the strangely noble figure of a Wenemet in black plate mail with a belt of onyx, gold, and ruby: the now-familiar figure of Lord Kourbiedes, Governor of New Atuburrk.

“Is that the best the Turéhu can do?” Mágua shouted as he drew his black steel blade from its sheath. “Feel now the might of true war!”

A fiery figure formed behind and above Mágua and Kourbiedes, a mighty creature of flame and smoke. Around them, the Black Legion began to chant: “Ahi Túpua! Ahi Túpua! Ahi Túpua!”¹

The Turéhu fell back in confusion as the figure launched a fire bolt of its own against them, consigning almost half the Ancalimë army to a blazing demise. And then the Black Legion attacked.

With the forest burning for acres around them, the two armies fought without quarter and without mercy. Although the Black Legion took about five hundred casualties, the Ancalimë army was obliterated. A handful of Turéhu fled the carnage, chief among them Prince Calmalas.

Before the ashes had even cooled, the locals began to notice the burnt and mangled bodies of the dead rising from their slaughter-field. Within months, these undead Turéhu² had garrisoned the region for Atuburrk. They sacked the Urdan priory of Dolphalan.



Subjugator-General Vulpine led 14,000 Kommolek infantry and 5,000 horse northwards into the forests of Tagaladh. One firebolt was enough

¹ Literally translated, the phrase means “fire demon”.

² At least 500 of these zombies are actually the resurrected (Human) dead of the Black Legion. These are reportedly Governor Kourbiedes’ personal honour guard.

to convince the local Turéhu chieftains to pay tribute.

While Gúakoan diplomats failed to convince the Orodrin Turéhu to join their realm, the Southlander Cappargarnians sent an Imperial fleet there, which unloaded 6,000 heavy infantry and archers. The Southlanders quickly forced tribute from the Turéhu, who were awed by their arms and armour.

Meanwhile, a *second* great flying fortress arrived from the south. Much faster than Atuburrk’s, this Kommoleki monstrosity zoomed over the Jannes Coast towards Ewlöe, while below the great Pouákaitoan armada was attacked by a Cappargarnian fleet fresh from the south.

The Battle of Cape Renda (534)

The Pouákaitoan Armada, led by Commodore Ihu, numbered 550 vessels, about half of which were actual warships³, while Magnus the Pious commanded Cappargarnia’s fleet: 100 galleons, 100 warships, 35 transports, and a handful of caravels. While the Pouákaitoan fleet attempted to stand off around the nearby Cape Renda, the Cappargarnians closed the distance and attacked.

From the start, the Pouákaitoans were in trouble, for the Cappargarnians had the advantage of the wind, and they tried to drive the leeward Human fleet into the deadly rocks of Cape Renda. Ihu evened the odds by launching three lightning bolts into the enemy fleet. The move caught the Southlanders completely by surprise, and no less than eighty Cappargarnian ships burned to the waterline while the remainder returned fire with cannon and ballista. Several eyewitnesses reported a vast quantity of gold and steel pouring out of the sinking and burning Cappargarnian vessels.

Although the Cappargarnian vessels far outperformed the Pouákaitoan outriggers, the sheer quantity of Oratoan ships, aided by various battle magics, proved telling. The Cappargarnian fleet was reduced to 70 galleons and 25 warships, while the

³ Although the outrigger design of Pouákaitoan’s ships is similar to that of other Oratoan realms, their warships feature two decks of rowers. The bewildered Cappargarnian reports refer to them as “outrigger biremes”.

Pouákaitoans only lost about 65 transports. Magnus the Pious was incredulous at his fleet's losses and mindful of the treasure still aboard. Accordingly, he signalled his remaining ships to withdraw, lest his mission prove a complete failure.

The Pouákaitoans, perhaps mindful of the lessons of the galleons of Rangi, let them go.

While the naval battle unfolded below, the Kommolek flying fortress and airfleet above enjoyed the show. During the battle, however, a commotion was heard from the Baron's chambers. Guards burst in to find the 48-year old Baron Annavas III locked in mortal combat with a Human female. She was the Shieldmaiden Hinwáhi Ngu. Wearing armour fashioned from dragon-hide, the Shieldmaiden had apparently allowed the Baron to arm and armour before joining combat against him. The guards rushed in to aid their master, but they were too late.

Some say the distraction of the guards slamming open the chamber door distracted the Baron at a crucial moment, while others deny that Annavas could have lost his concentration in a duel. Whatever the case, the guards were just in time to see the Shieldmaiden's killing blow strike the side of the Baron's head. Hinwáhi's heavy sword cleaved the Baron's helmet and buried itself deep in the Wenemet's skull, killing him instantly.

The guards overpowered the Shieldmaiden, losing only a dozen in the attempt, and took her to the dungeons for "interrogation".

With Baron Annavas III dead, his middle-aged nephew Derryk became Baron. Unfortunately, Derryk was in Sahúl commanding Kommolek's rear-guard, and he was unavailable to assume effective command in Oratoa.



A reconnaissance in force rose from the sea and into the port of Lagat in Kommoleki Wrexym. Some 10,000 Pouákaitoan cavalry walked up onto the shore from under the sea, much to the surprise of the local garrison. Seeing the presence of 28,000 garrisoned troops, the scouts tossed a lightning bolt at the defenders to cover their escape back under

the water. Unfortunately for the Iluvarians, the Yagnarists lobbed a fire bolt back at them, and their leader quite suddenly collapsed into a small pile of ashes. There were no survivors of the little foray, and the Yagnarists only lost a handful of troops.

535: *Dark Tidings*

ews arrived from the Southlands in the summer of 535 that the Emperor had elevated Baron Derryk of Kommolek to the title of *Count Palatine of Kommolek*. This good news was tempered by further reports that Count Palatine Derryk had himself been assassinated, leaving the throne to his new, infant son.

The Kommolek court was in disarray. Several members of the leadership aspired to the Regency, but none could persuade the others to support their bid. It looked as though the fragile County Palatine, with its leaders and armies spread across two continents, might shatter into discord and strife.

Into this looming disaster strode Khurdán. He teleported into the headquarters of Baroness Drogdyr in Ueramos, Merilthú. The two Saurians spoke for some hours, Avatar to lich, and when they emerged from their meeting, Drogdyr announced that she had thrown her support behind a new candidate for the Regency: Khurdán himself.

Subjugator-General Vulpine, still with her army in Tagaladh, withdrew her bid to the Regency, citing both her age and her "mission to conquer".

Khurdán, meanwhile, had teleported to the flying fortress known as the *Cleansing Storm*, drifting aimlessly over the Jannes Coast since the death of Baron Annavas. He quickly established his authority over the fortress, army, and airfleet there. The rest of Kommolek's leadership fell into line with little fuss.



Crown Prince Matú of Rotkarru led some 12,500 kura scouts into the hilly wasteland of Ugrudá and occupied it in the name of his father.

In the Thornwood, Prince Tamahára of Tongi advanced his army into the forests of Lúthar. They were ambushed by a local Turéhu chieftain, who managed to put together some 5,000 spear and bow against the invaders. The battle was short and sharp, and in the end the numerical superiority of the Tongi overcame the intrepid natives. They did manage to inflict about 3,000 casualties, however, and Prince Tamahára is anxious for reinforcements.

Kommolek installed the last of their refugees in Tagaladh (3232)s. The native Turéhu accepted the newcomers, if not exactly with open arms, at least not with arms drawn.

The Shieldmaiden Hinwáhi Ngu vanished from her Kommolek prison cell. Her jailor was executed for stupidity. His family was executed just in case it was hereditary.

A Whutoan fleet was spotted in the Eastern Mahóuro, which has by now become something of a naval highway. Everyone was prepared for rough seas, but it was all smooth sailing.

The Ancalimë Campaign (535)

The forests around the ancient Ancalimë capital of Arthdhurin were alive with Turéhu archers and scouts, anticipating invasion. Invasion came from several directions at once, all meticulously timed to arrive simultaneously in the region.

From the north came the armies of Roátru, led by Takríki Típené the Valiant himself, accompanied by Lord Wirri and the hero Ihu Mokinui astride the fearsome fire-drake Whuánuan. They led some 23,000 Roátruan infantry, with a thousand or so kura outriders.

The Whutoan fleet in the Eastern Mahóuro landed a combined Whutoan/Tongi army, virtually without opposition. The Whutoans were led by their Takríki, Haki VII, while the forces of Holy Tongi were led by the ruthless Ietóro the Bald. Together, their forces numbered over 20,000 infantry and 5,000 kura scouts.

The invading armies joined forces near a low hill in the north of the region of Ancalimë, and their

forces numbered almost 50,000 men all told. Once they began marching towards the Turéhu capital, they ran into fierce resistance. In addition to the eight castles in the region, King Gilnaur assembled 5,000 engineers, 10,000 pike, an additional 20,000 infantry, and even some scattered kura scouts. Although the forces were relatively matched in numbers, the invaders counted superior leadership (not to mention a pair of heroes), while the defenders put their trust in the overall quality of their army and their arcane skill.

No sooner was battle joined than King Gilnaur launched a pair of fire bolts at the Human invaders, resulting in about 6,000 casualties. Then the very forest itself set upon the invaders, as fifty hitherto unnoticed walking trees strode into battle against them. Through it all, the Western Armies held their ground under their gallant Takríki, heroes, and captains. With the terrifying screams of the fire-drake Whuánuan above spurring them on, the Western allies rallied and attacked the Turéhu lines. The blaze of enchanted weapons illuminated the field, as Ietóro the Bald wielded the great mace *Bonebreaker*, Takríki Haki of Whutoa fought with the storied *Sword of Haki the First King*, and Ihu Mokinui fired arrow after arrow from his *Lightning Bow*. Against these, King Gilnaur, resplendent in his dragon-scale armour, fought with the crimson *Sword of Valas*, a blade said to as old as Oratoa itself.

When the day was done, the dead on the field outnumbered the living, and King Gilnaur led an orderly retreat back to Arthdhurin with its mighty walls. The Western invaders counted 25,000 Human against 12,000 Turéhu dead on the field. Takríki Típené the Valiant was grievously wounded, but he is expected to survive.

Among the dead was the great hero Ihu Mokinui, who was found still tied to his fire-drake saddle with as many as two dozen arrows pierced through his armour. After the hero's body was untied from its saddle, the fire-drake Whuánuan took off into the air and circled the battle site, letting out a mournful howl heard for miles. Whuánuan was last seen flying eastward. Ihu Mokinui was buried at the battle

site with the rest of the honoured dead, both Human and Turéhu.

The Western allies reduced the region's castles for rest of season, while carefully avoiding the stout walls of Arthdhurin. Roátru took possession of the region, though not as yet Nelphilin Abbey, which remains in Urdan hands. Just before the onset of winter, a massive Roátruan siege train of 18,000 men arrived in the region.

In the west, Ancalimëan Amdír was beset by rebellion. A local prince managed to unite the majority Urdan colonials with the minority Yagnarist natives under his independent banner.

The Jannes Naval Campaign (535)

The Cappargarnian fleet, having unloaded what was left of its cargo at Lagat in Wrexym, headed back out to sea. Near the mouth of the Nemæn River, they again met with the Pouákaitoan fleet of Commodore Ihu. The Cappargarnians attacked the Pouákaitoan fleet at anchor, as they were taking on supplies of fresh river water. The short, sharp engagement sent the remaining Cappargarnian warships to the bottom, and some galleons as well, at the cost of 75 Pouákaitoan transports.

Again, Magnus the Pious ordered his ships to withdraw. He seemed quite perplexed at the loss of five of Cappargarnia's invincible galleons to "canoes paddled by naked barbarians". This time, however, the emboldened Pouákaitoans gave chase.

Several days later, the Pouákaitoan fleet intercepted the Cappargarnian galleons just off the coast of Cúil. This time, the Iluvarians had the advantage of the wind, and they pressed the attack with every ounce of their skill and magic.

A running battle soon developed, as the Cappargarnians tried desperately to get away from Ihu's armada. Again and again, the Pouákaitoans caught them, sinking ten or 15 galleons at a go, or forcing them to strike their colours, while losing themselves perhaps three times as many transports. Finally, with Magnus down to 35 galleons, Ihu ordered his ships to run through the middle of the Cappargar-

nian formation, with the idea of capturing as many of the remaining galleons as possible.

Within just a few hours, the rest of the Cappargarnian fleet was on the bottom of the sea or in Pouákaitoan hands. Aboard his wrecked flagship, Magnus the Pious offered his sword to Ihu, who accepted the Wenemet's surrender and took him prisoner.



Pouákaitoa's holy army was on the march! They arrived in Wihúma in the autumn, numbering some 67,000 kura riders and 50,000 peasants, armed largely with farming implements. They were flanked by a more "professional" fighting force of 30,000.

NEW CAPPARGARNIA (72 WSE/TA)

Lord Abramín Talik, Prefect of Talikhiem.

Trade: Rotkarru

DP: None!

Che Cappargarnians moved swiftly to open trade lanes between their colonial dominions in Oratoa and their homeland in Sahúl. They were successful thanks in large part to their formidable navy. The double port town of Talikhiem was built in Amlych to serve as a focus of the trade, as well as to provide an administrative center for the Cappargarnian colonies.

Cappargarnia priests determined that the "New Gods" of Oratoa are none other than the Lords of the Tarot in another guise, so Cappargarnia threw their support behind the military efforts of the Oratoan Western Alliance. Cappargarnian troops cut a swath through the western Thornwood.

NEW ATUBURRK (30 WE/YG)

Lord Kourbiedes, Governor of New Atuburrk.

Methorchir the Scythe, Master of the Kura Riders of Nenalph, Lord of Usk.

Trade: None.

DP: Perhaps.

Lord Kourbiedes threw his support behind Kommolek and his new allies of Western Oratoa. To facilitate trade, New Atuburk built the riverport town of Wanthaji in Nelthent. The population included both Furry folk and Turéhu. Trade was certainly facilitated, though news from home cast a shadow over the fledgling colony.

DOMINION OF KHURDÁN (4 WSE/YG)

Khurdán, Son of lägnar, Regent of Fell Kommolek, Master of the Iron Throne of Angildúath, Suzerain of the Thornwood Turéhu, Dark Lord of Oratoa.

His Fell Excellency, Goesek Derryk II, Count Palatine of Kommolek, Firšt Speaker of the Nine.

Aeg-Annún, Lich-Lord of Tasal, Steward of Angildúath, Second Speaker of the Nine, Marshal of the Fell Legions.

Trade: Gúako, Roátru, Rotkarru, Tongi

DP: Drôgdor (F), Thenimór (A)

lägnar rules his dominion with an iron hand, maintaining the polite fiction in Kommolek of serving as Imperial Regent for the young Count Palatine. The Turéhu armies gathered in Lothal under the command of Aeg-Annún.

ANCALIMĚ (20 E/UR)

King Gilnaur of the Venerable House of Malvalas.

Trade: Orofer, Pouákaitoa

DP: None.

War and rebellion came to Ancalimě, leaving little time for the leisurely pursuit of owls. King Gilnaur held back the Western deluge, though barely. He earnestly hopes his allies in Orofer and Pouákaitoa will throw themselves into the fight.

MARK OF OROFER (8 EH/IL)

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

Trade: Ancalimě, Pouákaitoa, Pakoa

DP: None.

Orofer was involved, if only tangentially, in the war against the Western alliance. New troops were raised, and the armies

of the Mark were watchful. Agitation for joining Pouákaitoa's crusade are mounting among the people, particularly those on the coast.

The elderly Corualadh Half-Elven remained hale, though his closest advisors have noted a certain careworn expression becoming the norm, deepening the lines in his face.

The enormous Pouákaitoan crusader army arrived in Wihúma in the fall of 535.

KINGDOM OF POUÁKAITOA (19 H/IL)

His Maješty King Róngo Fleetfoot, Son of Ihúhah Son of Etéra of the House of Ekara, Rangatira Kawhe of the Éiwi of the Eagle, Órieki, Beloved of Iluvar.

Trade: Ancalimě, Orofer, Pakoa

DP: None.

King Róngo grimly set his nation on a course to war. In addition to the stirring address to his nobles declaring the crusade, the King published a more sober declaration of war against those attacking his ally of Ancalimě.

A great road was built from the capital to the kingdom's major port at Marshton. Despite massive investments, nothing much improved.

No word was heard from the King's only daughter, Princess Hura, and she is presumed dead.

LANDS OF THE ÉIWI

EASTERN ORATO A FACING THE DAWN

TO FIND STRENGTH UNKNOWN

Hauóra of Takwhi sat on the steps of the Takríki's Hall, watching her children play in the courtyard. They were running around and having fun with a fledgling Kura. It was barely old enough to walk around on its own and just as clumsy as young Rére. They chased the little kura from one end of the courtyard to another, and their mother smiled as she watched. What began as an arranged marriage flourished into something that Hauóra would long cherish, a

loving husband – a Takríki! – and four beautiful children.

As she sat there, the old Sage made his way over to her and sat down beside her. She smiled at him and was joyous for his company. He was equally joyous of her company, but not for the same reasons. Hauóra, in her mind, knew that the Sage had lived a long life, longer than most, and his time was coming to an end. To her, he was here to enjoy his final days amongst the family of Hukarére and lend what support he could to Amíri.

For the Sage Hemóanune, the reason for being here was far different. Yes, his time was due, but with what time left he had been gifted by the Lord of Strength, he would use it to bring to pass one final great thing to Woangnen. He glanced at the consort. She glowed differently to him; only a few others had the same glow. He opened his mouth to speak, but a scream came from the children.

He snapped his head around to see what had happened. With awe, he stared at what he saw. Little Rére had chased the fledgling kura near a stack of large barrels. Somehow one had managed to come loose and had fallen from it was down toward little Rére. Yet, it stayed suspended in mid-air over the little girl. Hemóanune looked back at Hauóra. Her gaze was fixed, hands extended. Quickly Prince Ihaía grabbed his sister and the barrel fell free.

Hauóra stared at her hands and looked stunned beyond all reason. She knew of the magic in the world and had been taught a little by her mother, but this was beyond her understanding. She looked at the Sage, silently pleading for some sense and sanity to what just happened.



The ancient Sage Hemóanune stepped into the Great Hall, where Hauóra was staring into the fireplace. She was staring a thousand kura steps into the distance, deep in thought. The flames flickered in her glazed eyes as the great Sage walked up to her. The light danced across her pale skin. He could still notice the glow about her, and it was stronger than it was before.

It was many minutes before Hauóra noticed the Sage standing in front of her, staring at her. She looked up slowly at him, and as if he already knew the question to be asked, he looked at her, but she asked anyway.

“Great sage Hemóanune, you are gifted in the ways of the magics of this world. And you are also gifted with much wisdom from the Lord of Strength. The event of earlier today troubles me. I know not what happened, nor how I did what I did. The lands around us more and more have an odd glow about them, as if something has come alive within the land. Tell me Sage, what does this mean?”

Hemóanune studied her for a moment, peering deep into her, searching. He found innocence mixed with enormous fortitude.

“Hauóra, you have a gift. A gift that not many have seen in these lands of Woangnen for many years. The Lord of Strength has not only seen the devotion of Hukarére, but of all his family to his cause. He sees your temperance in power and your calculating minds. You are not rash.

“He has gifted you in the ways of the magic. The Lord of Strength has given you great power in preparation for something Woangnen must achieve. Your father-in-law received a vision not too long ago regarding the path which Woangnen must take. I believe it is time for you to know what he saw.”

The flames continued to burn through the night and well into the morning as the Sage revealed the Hukarére’s vision to Hauóra.

TÁKIWAT OF WOANGNEN (11 H/ST)

Takríki Amíri the Well Loved of Woangnen.

Trade: Gúako, Kéatoa, Kuroa, Rangkoa, Rotkarru, Whutoa

DP: None.

he well-loved Takríki Amíri continued to spend much of his time and effort preparing the defense of the realm against any Kéatoan attacks, which continued to not occur.

In Hingwúa, the 41-year old Rokíri Ihúhu was told that his services would no longer be required. He was ordered to give up command of his troops and go home. Angered at this abrupt dismissal (without even a bribe, er, *pension*), Ihúhu instead gathered the forces of the region and made a bid to become Takríki himself.

Ihúhu's 13,000 kura riders rode to the coast, intent on reaching the capital at Wóang while the Takríki was known to be away. He called on Woangnen's other leadership to rally to his cause. It was not to be. Ihúhu's cause was limited to himself and his warriors alone. Ihúhu's warriors rode through Téngitóa without resistance.

In Téngitóa in 533, Ihúhu found to his surprise that an army blocked his progress. It seems that Takríki Amíri himself rode out to meet the rebel with 5,000 kura and 13,000 infantry while his other leaders scrambled to move into position.

Battle of Ónimi (533)

In the shadow of the great cathedral of Ónimi, the armies of Takríki Amíri met those of the rebel Ihúhu to decide once and for all whether Woangnen would be a nation of laws or a collection of ever squabbling warlords. As the nation collectively held its breath, Ihúhu's cavalry charged.

In terms of numbers, Amíri's nationalists had the advantage, but Ihúhu was a wily field commander with an all-cavalry force that ran circles around the nationalist infantry. Takríki Amíri calmly fired off a lightning bolt into the rebel charge, instantly killing 4,000 on the charging flank, and drew from its scabbard the mystical *Sword of Wóang*, striking fear into the heart of his enemies. The rebel charge smashed against the nationalist lines like a wave against the cliffs of Haúngi. It helped the loyalist cause that Woangnen's infantry is slightly better than their cavalry.

Scarcely one of the rebels was left alive. Takríki Amíri returned in triumph to Flatmarsh, the undisputed master of Woangnen. To his horror, he came home to the funeral of the Strength Sage

Hemóanune. He apparently died at the venerable age of 97 at the very moment of Amíri's victory at Ónimi. The Takríki himself, still covered in the dust of the march, gave the funeral oration.

The garrison was withdrawn from Herútu. Retiring warriors founded the charming port town of Hale in Taranga.

KINGDOM OF KÉATOÁ (21 H/UR)

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

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

Trade: Kuroa, New Ingazi, Pakoa, Rotkarru, Woangnen

DP: Whemi (F), Angoa (F), Táwe (F)

King Haráre ordered Kéatoá's merchants to cease trade with all realms trading with the Church of the Red Death. To compensate (and how!) Kéatoá opened trade relations with New Ingazi. The King initiated a concerted programme of convincing the Takríkis of the allied states to swear fealty to the crown.

The Kéatoan royal engineers built a road from Kiruak to Fowlesea, including a great wood and stone bridge over the River Hu. The town of Winehazy expanded into a city, centered on the growing wine and brandy trade.

Crown Prince Harápo married a younger daughter of the Takríki of Whemi in 531, bringing that region firmly into the royal orbit. The royal couple announced the birth of their first child, a boy, the next year.

Kéatoan troops occupied the eerie forests of Kena and began their explorations of the Eldar ruins at Ydin.

Kéatoá raised the port town of Aldercove in Huángtotua and expanded their Sorcery Academy. Naval quality continued to improve.

CULNÁRLITH

Che way was rocky, and made perilous by the great chasms, winds, and falling stones. It grew cold as Hura, sister of His Majesty King Haráre of Kéatoa made her way up the strange, black steps into the mountains.

The air grew thin, and the sky changed color, and Hura found it hard to breathe; but still she labored up and up, in awe of the great peaks and the plains below. For five days she climbed higher and higher toward the roof of the world.

On the fourth day she felt a presence.

She was climbing, her body protesting each step, when she stopped dead in her tracks. It was as though a great being, intangible, had stuck out its hand and stopped her.

She pushed through it and continued to climb. The presence was getting stronger. It was ancient, powerful, cunning.

Suddenly, the voice, felt not heard, shook the very mountain with its silent echoes.

“It has been an age, many of your lifetimes, since any have dared disturb me. Do you come to bind me? Nevermore shall a mortal bind Culnárliith.”

Hura kept her balance and continued up the steps. “I do not come to bind you,” she yelled to the peaks. “I come for an answer.”

There was a moment of silence and then the deafening response.

“What is your question? Perhaps I will answer, perhaps not. Perhaps I will swallow you for a snack.”

After one final turn in the stairs, Hura very suddenly Hura found herself at the top. The cloudless night sky opened up all around her, revealing a bulging cliff and a great plateau upon the peak, enveloped in high mists and framed by even higher cliffs. The moon cast a shadow upon a great creature, as large as a citadel, her breath glowing a gentle amber, her wings tucked in.

A dragon. Culnárliith. Hura felt no fear. She was of middle age, and she had endured many trials to get to this point. She had long since found an inner

peace that prepared her to face whatever happened, be it death, victory, enlightenment, or rejection.

The great creature, the Chosen of Urda, turned its massive head and looked at her with deep, red eyes like cut jewels.

Hura knelt down, bowing to the dragon as she placed in front of her the box the Grandmother had given her. She opened it and turned it toward Culnárliith.

The dragon rumbled, *“your question, mortal?”*

Hura nodded and pointed at the dull sword and said, “do I test my mettle and face you in battle or...” She pointed toward the flawed pearl, “do I seek your wisdom and pursue the Ultimate Mystery of All Being, my dispensations only to press my mind and body into service to Urda, or...” She again pointed, this time toward the dried, yellow flower, “do I continue to follow the flow of time, questions unanswered, and follow the path of rebirth to settle this at another time, reborn, Blessed by Urda’s gift?”

The dragon moved ever so slightly and the earth rumbled. Hura waited for the response. And waited. Hours the dragon stared at her. Hura’s legs began to ache as she struggled to remain still, staring into the dragon’s jewel eyes.

Finally, Culnárliith responded. *“Sword, pearl, or blossom? This is your question? Struggle, wisdom, or time? You amuse me, mortal, for all of your choices contain all three and all of them end in your death. Very well. Let your education commence. The answer to your question is... the box itself. I will teach you silence.”*

And Hura sat.

KINGDOM OF KUROA (18 H/UR)

His Majesty King Kiriáre III, the Eloquent, Son of Kaituéra Son of Atáiri of the House of Ngeru, Rangatira Kúanowhe of the Éiwi of the Kura, Órieki, Son of the Dragon.

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

DP: Tettoa (A)

King Kiriáre ordered the construction of no less than six Urdan priories throughout his Kingdom. The royal command went forth that Kuroa's subjects were to tithe to the Oratóan Urdan Primacy.

In 531, an Ingazi flotilla of ten galleons called at Renwhet. The delegation was led by the Viceroy's eldest son, Sir Besar Trandes, who spent much of the day meeting with the King and various Kuroan officials and much of the night feasting in their halls. King Kiriáre accorded much respect to Sir Trandes, who was about the same age as his son. He earned the respect of the younger warriors, however, by matching them drink for drink at the revels.

The *Timpalak* games of 532 were attended by warriors and athletes from Kuroa, Kéatoa, Pakoa, and New Ingazi. Although they were unfamiliar with many of the Oratoan games and methods of combat, the Ingazi Wenemet⁴ acquitted themselves honourably, though their champions inevitably came in last in every event⁵.

The final event was a different story, however. The games concluded with the by-now traditional grand *mélée*. Coin tosses determined the sides: Kuroans and Kéatoans against Pakoans and Ingazi. The Kuroan / Kéatoan team fought hard, though they had trouble coordinating their actions. The Pakoan / Ingazi team was led by Sir Besar Trandes himself. His commanding presence, together with the military precision of his men and the easy, good-natured rivalry between the Ingazi and Pakoans, decisively won them the day. Afterwards, everyone repaired to the local taverns, where the winners bought wine and ale for the losers. Much

⁴ While the vast majority of Ingazi's men were Wenemet, there was also a substantial number of Saurians and Humans.

⁵ Technically, an Ingazi archer named Yandranth Pandulan won his event, splitting his final opponent's arrow at the maximum range, but the judges disqualified his recurved compound bow after the shot. He was allowed another shot with a proper *Oratoan* bow. Old Pandulan became the toast of the town, and much honoured and respected by the Oratoan archers, when he used a borrowed bow to completely miss the target and shoot the hat off the lead judge.

merriment ensued. The next *Timpalak* games are scheduled for 537.

A new Royal Sorcery Academy was dedicated in Renwet.

Arári the Blind visited Taitaä, though what he saw there no man can say.

KINGDOM OF PAKOA (19 H/UR)

His Majesty King Hataréi, Son of Hiríni Son of Hóni of the House of Máki, Rangatira Tuangua of the Éiwi of the Orca, Órieki.

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

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

DP: Petóamua (F), Atíni (F), Meka (T)

King Hataréi and Queen Réka of Pakoa kept their court at Rangi and flooded the outlands of Aíhetoa with diplomats.

Despite massive investments everywhere, only the government improved.

VICEROYALTY OF NEW INGAZI (37 WH/UR)

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

Trade: Kéatoa, Kuroa, New Araxes, Pakoa

DP: None.

Ingazi's Armada landed forces at Motu Hungi, which they quickly conquered and immediately inundated with missionaries.

They also built the double-port town of Urdana in New Walu.

NEW ARAXES (1 WH/UR)

Her Excellency Captain-General Thiuli Ranierre, Countess of Kayew, Administrator of New Araxes.

Trade: New Ingazi

DP: None.

Araxes finally organized their little conquest by constructing the port town of New Kayew. The first administrator is an elderly Wenemet of the Araxes Ducal House.

CHARTERS AND PROCLAMATIONS

The Five Declarations

The Fourth Age, year 531 of the Oratoan Reckoning.

I. Clarity

“... I must remind all my brothers of Orotoa, a treaty of great nations has been signed, and in this treaty we declared enemy any who parlay with the southerners. Any deals that are struck, any exchange of tangibles or intangibles between North and South, is an act of war on the nations of Ancalimë, Orofer and Pouákaitoa.” (*The King of Ancalimë*)

Let it be known to All who have ears to hear. The Church of the Red Death did knowingly and purposefully, with full intent of establishing a Blood Oath, parlay with the Children of Iägnar, the Lords of Fell Kommolek and Atuburrk. The Blood Realms of the Church, in full measure, anticipate a great Future of Prosperity in trade, commerce, and exchange of tangibles as well as intangibles.

Lest the blind be led astray by the less then clever words of the failed King of Ancalimë, let it be known that the urdan Eiwi of the East have, likewise, with small exception, embraced the “tangible and intangible” from the cursed and polluted urdan mother of Sá hul and her feral carrion, the In Gá Zee.

For the weak-minded or the confused, please allow the Church to expound. The Alliance of Valas is set, at the pain of War, against all manner of discussion, all parlay, and all commerce between Worlds. Trade, religious engagements, discussions and parlay are forbidden under the terms of this parchment. Therefore, We defy this Alliance and announce with no timidity that the Church of the Red Death and all of Its Ward are fully engaged with the Children of Iägnar and offer no apology, nor shall We suffer any restriction on the extent of Our exchange.

The Word of the Atíri-Moámwhi

Pronounced by the Holy Marque,
Church of the Red Death.

II. Condolences

The Church of the Red Death is saddened to learn that the ancient King Dínenèl, and members of his royal family, including Prince Galathand, Princess Mallaeriel, and Princess Celebrel have met their Fate.

It is said, “Brightly extinguished is the life Soul of the elves.”

Though We might do all in Our Power to discover the authors of this Great Sorrow... the Fates cannot be denied their Debt. Nevertheless, this Debt does not hinder the deep soul wounds brought by the Raven.

We wish hope for the young king Galathand, and safety for newly anointed Prince Calmalas. We are told that the Eye seeks after the Brilliance of their Souls.

The Atíri-Moámwhi

High Priest of the Red Death.

III. An Invitation

I, Mágua, have read your empty words.

If ever you wish to see the Elves of Urda practice their art of death firsthand you must simply ask, we will gladly bring an example to your very door. (The King of Ancalimë)

Indeed, I do not merely ask, I implore you and all other elves who, like blinded banquet kura, serve the failed legacy of your dead king. Bring Us your art of death and We shall teach you the very Nature of Death. I will personally attend to your instruction.

Know this beyond Doubt or Confusion. The Heart of the Low Elves of Urda shall be put under My Knife and sacrificed, and the Death Blood of your warriors shall be spread over the fallow forests of your once and lost, condemned kingdom.

This is My Word, it is declared, beyond the Void, in the Halls of the Hidden Lord; I have shed Blood so that It's Truth might be known; It is spoken with Clarity so that there shall be no misunderstanding.

The noble houses of Ancalimë shall fall by Blood Sacrifice and the peoples of Ancalimë shall serve the Church or die.

The Word of Mágua

Moámwhi of the Furies, Mangod of War.

IV. The Iron Wind

In the Presence of the Mysterious Hidden Lords of the Dark Skye, We openly declare that Our Power from beyond the Void is brought wholly against the children of the Eldar.

Hear now the Heart of the Atíri-Moámwhi.

Let Our Words be known by all who have ears to hear. Let the Heart of Our Actions be understood and remembered today and for all time. We hold close the Sanctity of Our Lands and consider Our Sovereignty to be a Sacred Trust. We view with all seriousness any word or action set against Our Heart, and are enraged against those fools whose words drip with the venom of threats of War. We shall never be held hostage by any, least of all an urdan. We shall exact a fearsome toll for every word spoken against Our Sovereignty, without respect for Our Sanctity, and with no regard for Our Word.

Ancalimë has knowingly and purposefully declared War against the Church of the Red Death and all of His People. They have judged Our actions and Our intents by a standard that they have set, by statutes that they, themselves, have decided. Thus, Ancalimë, by the very definitions pronounced in Keatoa's Treatise, has broken trust with its neighbors. This Great Sin cannot be reconciled short of complete extermination. We are beyond accepting flaccid apologies, and We no longer hold in trust the words of urdans.

The Iron Wind shall answer to the Sin and shall bring Death and Disaster to the foolishness of a dead king's words. Let there be no trivial treatment of the aggressions spoken against the West or the Church of the Red Death. The Iron Wind shall sweep across the lands of Ancalimë, and these shall be forfeit so that all of Oratóa should know Respect for the Sanctity of Our Sovereignty. Our decisions and Our choices shall ever be Our own.

Let it also be known that, though We are not a patient People, We are, nonetheless, not without Mercy. The lands of Ancalimë are welcome to renounce their allegiance to the failed rulership of their dead king and pay proper Tribute to the Red Death. In this way only, shall they be spared the Blood purging.

Finally, the Church invokes a Woe upon any human, elf, furrbeast, or lizardskin who would attempt to thwart the Iron Wind from the West. Any who are set against the Holy fervor of the Wind shall surely know

the dire and complete penalty for their interference and their transgression.

Behold... the Seven Nation Army!

Scripted by:

The Atíri-Moámwhi

High Priest of the Red Death.

Communicated to the Lands by:

Maráma

Mouth of the Temple of the Red Death,
Moámwhi of the Hierophant.

V. A Message from Mágua

Hail War Lords, Kings, and Sons of the Hidden Lords!

Soon Our warriors shall step onto the lands of the urdan elves. Our sons shall taste the glory of the Chaos that is War. They shall bring Honour to the Steppes that lead to the Great Temple of the Red Death. The Moon's dark light shall glisten from the sweat on Our backs, and will be lost in the black of the Blood of Our foes in the dirt.

Much sits ready for Us to grasp and take. But the celebration and the reward is not for the foolish, the dullard, the weak, or the timid. The slow shall be dead. The unprepared shall be caught unawares and confused.

The fool shall not sit in the Halls of Council, nor would they listen to the Voice of Rage, or hasten to bind themselves with the leathers of War. Their swords and spears are left dull and without edge, and their feet are shod in last year's boots. The plates of their armor are askew and the ties are unraveling as they swing the shirt of protection over their shoulders, covering their chest. Their effort is wasted; the metal plates fail, and the leather splits.

The Men I know are not fools. The Sons of the Hidden Lords that I have fought with and shed Blood against are not weak or timid. The Kings I have spoken with, their Sons and the Sons of these men all are worthy of the Call of the Church.

Today We shall answer that Call... together.

Our Victory is vulnerable only if We lack of Courage, which We do not; if We strike blindly into the Forest, which will shall not; and We do not plan well, which We can not. I, personally, have pronounced My Blessing on each War Lord who I, Mágua, have approved for War. Mágua has made sure that each knows

the Path of His armies, His vessels, His Command, and His Destiny.

I am Mágua. I am called Rage, the Mangod of War. The Chaos of the Furies sits deep in my Heart. I wear the heads of defeated war lords, vanquished elven warriors, and the failed priestess of the Southland urdans. I am Mágua and My Word is Truth. My Blood shall be spent as will your Blood. Together, We shall make the Worlds know that the true Lords of Oratóa live in the West; they paint their Faces with Powerful runes, their hair is braided and long for the victories they have won, their eyes are black and piercing, their arms and back are strong and unyielding, and their weapons are sharp and deadly.

We are the Sons of the Hidden Lords. We shall bring the Chaos to Oratóa. Our Life Blood for each other, and the Death Blood of urdan elves for the Church!

I am Mágua! ... and I will see you on the Battlefield!

The Word of Mágua

Moámwhi of the Furies, Mangod of War.

The Urdan Canon: the Triplicity of Pukei

All things in the world are three. In our minds we are three, gentle, fierce, indifferent. With our eyes we see two things, things that are fair and things that are ugly.... We have the right hand that strikes and we have the left hand full of kindness, near the heart. One foot may lead us to one way, the other foot may lead us to another, or we may be unmoved. So are all things three, all three.

Fallibility

Any declaration by an Urdan Primacy in Oratóa, of infallibility in its relationship with Urda, will be recognized as 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 Oratóan Urdan Primacy's duty to advocate and support the Urdan Nations of Oratóa.

Rule

I. The Oratóan Urdan Primacy is the authoritative institution in regards to doctrine unique to Urdan Oratóa beliefs and culture within the context of the recognition of the intimacy of our relationship with Urda.

II. Any denial of the Urdan people of their heritage, culture, and relationship with Urda will be considered heresy.

III. The Oratóan Urdan Primacy will consider any attempt to usurp or deny the political structure of any Urdan Oratóan Realm by Urdan sect as untenable.

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

Conduct

The Oratóan Urdan Primacy will coexist with all Urdan Sects who respect the Fallibility, Function and Rule of the Oratóan Urdan Primacy as laid out in this document.

So Declared.

Holy Mother Panía of Pukei

Matriarch of Urdan Oratóa.



imperial strength index

#	Realm	Player	Forum Name	E-mail	ISI
<i>The Great Powers</i>					
1	IĀGNAR	Cortlandt Winters	Cortrah	cwinters@notebookmargins.com	762.8
2	Pouákaitoa	<i>This realm is open for a player</i>			705.6
3	Pakoa	Robert Ware	BaronBludmon		475.5
<i>Major Powers</i>					
4	Kéatoa	Jacob Solomon	Zath Amon	keatoa@gmail.com	466.9
5	Gúako	Harley Herrin	TechnoShaman	oratoa.guako@gmail.com	382.3
6	Ancalimë	<i>This realm is open for a player</i>			378.5
7	Kuroa	Matt Sievers	Malleas	fantsigns@gmail.com	323.5
8	Tongi	Dominick Morales	Waiari Amokapua III	morales_dominick@yahoo.com	265.7
9	Whutoa	Mark Truman	Hailen	mark.truman@gmail.com	252.3
10	Orofer	Dawnwalker	Dawnwalker		251.0
<i>Minor Powers</i>					
11	Woangnen	James Kahelewai V	ExLibrisMortis	sciop@cox.net	244.6
12	Rotkarru	Ed Allen	Touca Tuki	tgroove@att.net	242.0
13	CRD	Steve Speyer	Crimson Marque	crimsonmarque@gmail.com	235.7
14	Roátru	Sam Jacobs	Mad_Prophet	madprophecies@gmail.com	190.5
15	Rangkua	Ian Dimitri	IanDimitri	iandimitrio04@gmail.com	174.6
16	New Ingazi (V)	Harry Jago	jago	jagoh@yahoo.com	166.2

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