

ORATÓAN ANNALS

Turn 18

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536–540

THIS TURN IS DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF HARLEY THOMAS HERRIN.

I wish to have no connection with any ship that does not sail fast, for I intend to go in harm's way.

—*Adhnggar Rahnes II, Electoral Grand Duke of Atuburrk*



As we go further in time, the world continues to shrink. This Turn marks the discovery of a new continent to the east of Oratoa and Sahúl, which the locals call *Efan*. After watching how the Oratoa landgrab worked out, and the subsequently long shake-out, we're introducing Efan in a slightly different manner. While there are player positions on Efan, as of the moment, only two are *player* positions. Hopefully this will keep the continent a little more mysterious a little longer.



As most of you know, *Cruenti Dei* was nominated for an Origins Award this year for PB(e)M Game of the Year. While we didn't win, it was certainly a wonderful thing to be nominated, and I for one am extremely grateful for the honour. We're rounding up a CD posse to attend next year's Origins Convention. If you're interested, let me know.

The third annual CD confab, *Crunchy Con III*, is being held at Pistachio House in Tacoma on the 20th of August, 2011. All are invited. RSVP in the Agora.

There are a lot of great openings this turn! We're continuing the referral special. If someone you refer signs up, purchases the rules, and so forth, we'll credit the Realm of your choice an additional two turns.

CURRENT PUBLICATIONS:

The Chronicle, Volume 1—The compiled Sahúl Chronicle from Turns 0 through 10 inclusive, plus some other nifty bits. Available in both paperback (\$18.00) and hard cover (\$30.00).

Atlas of Sahúl, Second Edition—With maps updated to Turn 10 and some other supplementary material, including an index of all regions. Paperback (\$22.00).

Cruenti Dei Oratoa Campaign Guide—This campaign guide provides a look at the warm and sunny continent of Oratoa, a land steeped in mystery and deep in the embrace of an Heroic Age (\$20.00).

Cruenti Dei Rules Supplement 1: Errata and Additions—This supplement contains the corrected Movement system, plus many new options for your Realm. Free download or in paperback (\$10.00).

Cruenti Dei Rules Supplement 2: Underlands—This supplement details the Underlands, a series of vast caverns underneath eastern Sahúl. Free download or in paperback (\$10.00).

Cruenti Dei Rules Supplement 3: Age of Discovery—Expands the rules for NSR 10 and beyond. Paperback (\$12.50)

FORTHCOMING PUBLICATIONS:

The Cruenti Dei Great Books Series—A series of relatively inexpensive paperbacks, already published as free PDFs. Titles include: *The Chivalry of the Common Man*, *An Explorer's Tale*, and *The Great Charter*.

Atlas of Oratoa—Enough said!

NEXT TURN DUE: FRIDAY 02 SEPTEMBER 2011.

the utmost west

AND THE ENDING ISLES

TÁKIWAT OF WHUTOA (15 H/HM)

Takríki Haki VIII, Rangatira Nuatam, Roríki of Kuatoa and Kúre, Maſter of the Isles.

Trade: Cappargarnia, CRD, Gúako, Rangkua, Rotkarru, Woangnen

DP: None.



ar continued to be Whutoa's overriding concern. Takríki Haki VII, flush with his victories in Ancalimë, opened up a second front against the Urdans. Joining forces with the Takríki of Whéwhi (a Tongi ally) and his enormous army, Haki determined to sweep the Southlanders from the windswept island of Whangwhúatéwua, and in the process he attacked the Empire of Sahúl itself. It was a mission from which he did not return.

The proud and noble Crown Prince Haki, now Takríki Haki VIII, remained at sea with his fleet. Since he is unwed and without children, he named his younger brother Háu as heir.

In Hedgecape, meanwhile, the people ate salted haddock. Whutoa's slaves were drafted into government service – not as field labour, but rather as clerks and administrators. The people grumbled at these events, and the continuing absence of the Takríki from the realm provided the opportunity for unscrupulous lords and tax-farmers to become quite wealthy at the expense of the poor.

Various investments were made throughout the realm. Despite the manumission of Whutoa's slave labour force into government service, the bureaucracy did not appreciably improve. Cavalry quality, however, did.

KINGDOM OF GÚAKO (19 H/HM)

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

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

DP: Taranáki (F)



úako conducted their usual sacrifices to the New Gods, and the New Gods responded with a modest increase in the realm's Mana. Infantry quality improved.

War consumed the attentions of the great, and more of the King's sons became naval officers.

The hero Kiriáre the Sinister returned to Darkford at the head of a great army.

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: None.



n far-off Rustwood, Prince Ikaróto's Princess finally gave birth to two daughters, but the elusive son and heir remains... elusive. Otherwise, Rangkua continued to eke out a living in the shadow of Gúako.

TÁKIWAT OF ROTKARRU (11 H/RD)

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

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

DP: Ikua (F)



he haddock returned! The people rejoiced as the annual one-day-only spring rain of fish resumed in Jollyport. The Flopping Fish Festival was reinstated, and people came from miles around to gorge them-

selves on fish and to take home barrels of salted haddock for the rest of the year.

The aging Matú III had something of a mid-life crisis, taking a new wife and fathering three children. His older son and heir, meanwhile, took a wife on campaign and had a son of his own.

Rotkarru forces participated in the Great War, and their government expanded.

CHURCH OF THE RED DEATH (21 H/RD)

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

Trade: Atuburrk, Cappargarnia, Gúako, Rangkoa, Roátru, Rotkarru, Tongi, Whutoa, Woangnen

DP: Nóak (F)



or the success of the war, the Temple offered many rich sacrifices to the Gods, including the lives of several hundred slaves. The great Observatory was expanded with the assistance of leaders and resources from all over the Western Alliance. Several priories were built (or donated to the Church) throughout the West.

Whetíri II, meanwhile, remained in the Holy City of Ebonhill, wearing a new crown fashioned in iron. He frequently seemed distracted, and several petitioners remarked that he had a haunted look about him, probably the result of managing an ever-widening war. He did preside at the consecration of Morweh Abbey as a Cathedral. Numerous Fuzzy and Lizardmen immigrants went to work in Ebonhill on various projects.

The Temple was shocked to learn of the death of Moámwhi Maráma, Mouth of the Red Death, in Nóak in 538. He reportedly clutched at his chest and fell dead to the ground.

Luckily enough, sorcerous learning and airship technology advanced, and the Rustwood Academy was expanded.

HOLY KINGDOM OF TONGI (10 H/RD)

His Majesty King Amokapua I, Rangatíra Rawhóri, Takriki and Tongiki of Tongi & Ebonhill, Órikei.

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

DP: Kotua (F), Kametua (T), Ati (F), Pehi (A), Túakoa (F), Waróhe (F), Kauri (T)



ing Amokapua I returned to Highcourt, where he offered sacrifices to the gods. In early 540 he was at last reunited with his wife, and nine months later Queen Airíni gave birth to the couple's fourth child, a boy they named after his granduncle Hakumanu.

Holy Tongi built three priories in the Iägnarist south. Missionaries flooded Núrel, which did not convert, and Talathnas, which did. In fact, the Turéhu leader of Talathnas was so impressed with Tongi's fervour that he allied himself with the Holy Kingdom.

A flood of twins came of age, greatly increasing the Kingdom's available workforce.

NEW FORNDONIM

Baron Retorok Sendare of Forndonim and Whangwhúatéwua.



he Thacians decommissioned their airships, using the timbers from the hulls to construct beach huts. Baron Retorok Sendare resigned his commission from the Naval service in 536, handing command of the Thacian Exploratory Naval Fleet to Captain Collangio. The old baron changed out his uniform and into a muumuu and some sandals and went fishing.

Collangio set sail later that year for home, leaving the Baron with several thousand hussars to hold the island barony.

Then, in 539, a Whutoan fleet arrived, and Electoral Thace became a combatant in the Great War.

TÁKIWAT OF ROÁTRU (9 H/RD)

Takríki Típenē II, the Valiant, Rangatira Wukrung, Tongiki of Roátru.

Trade: Atuburrk, Cappargarnia, CRD, Khurdán, Rotkarru, Tongi

DP: Werri (A)

reat sacrifices were offered to the Masters of Fate, and Roátru's siege techniques experienced some unexpected breakthroughs. Would it be enough against the impregnable walls of Arthdhurin?

Having sent his sister's son and heir Prince Erutíri on an important diplomatic mission, Takríki Típenē girded himself once more for war. It went relatively well, though the sheer amount of slaughter in Ancalimē would be enough to give the most hardened warrior pause.

CENTRAL ORATÓA

BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL

THE GREAT WAR (531 – 540)

*Atuburrk, Khurdán (Kommolek),
The Western Alliance (CRD, Gúako, Roátru,
Rotkarru, Holy Tongi, Whutoa)*

vs.

Ancalimē, Orofer, Pouákaitoa, Electoral Thace

(Underlined Realms have declared Holy War against one or more of their enemies.)

536: The Year of Sieges

The Siege of Arthdhurin

akríki Típenē II of Roátru submitted to the operational command of the Tongikan hero (and all-around bastard) Ietóro the Bald. Together, they led a great Western Host to put Ancalimē's capital of Arthdhurin to siege, while a Gúakoan fleet blockaded its port. The Western Alliance mustered some 25,000 infantry and an incredible 15,000 Roátruan siege engineers against the fabled walls of the Elven city.

The defense was led by King Gilnaur himself, resplendent in his dragon armour, and wielding the fabled Sword of Valas. While he only mustered about 3,500 engineers, he also had 10,000 pike and 24,000 Turéhu archers at his command, not to mention a small grove of rather animated trees and the largest fortifications on Oratoa.

As the small Gúakoan force of twenty vessels moved into position, they were surprised by a mighty fire bolt. The magical bolt, which appeared to come from the river, tore through the small flotilla, engulfing the ships in flame. By the time the smoke cleared, not a single Gúakoan vessel remained afloat. The handful of survivors in the floating wreckage swam for the safety of the Gúakoan positions in Telemnar.

With the port open, the Western Alliance siege was going nowhere. Nevertheless, Takríki Típenē, with the sunlight flashing off the magical shield across his back, let loose a mighty arrow from the *Lightning Bow*... which was harmlessly repelled by the walls. Things were not looking all that good for the Western forces, but Roátru's siege engineers proved capable and disciplined. Their catapult and ballistæ fire caused many casualties within the city, particularly to the archers, over half of whom were killed. The Western Alliance suffered 8,000 casualties among the infantry, and some 1,500 to their engineers.

The mighty walls of Arthdhurin were hardly scratched, and the stalemate continued.

The Siege of Ringær

In Telemnar south of the River, Gúakoan forces drew siege lines around the Elven city of Ringær. The walls of this city were much less impressive than those of Arthdhurin, and its defense was a bit of a shambles, frankly. That said, the entire Gúako force numbered less than 20,000, and many of these seemed less than engaged in the endeavour.

The Gúakoans clearly expected a long siege, sure to be longer since the loss of their warships across the River. Their commander was the middle-aged Takríki Ongi of Tuámmo, a veteran of the Third

Tongikan War, and he had nothing but patience. It was quite a shock, then, when the Gúakoans very nearly succeeded in taking the city on their first attempt. A huge section of the city's wall simply crumbled away. The Turéhu were saved only by the sudden appearance of Prince Calmalas, who rallied the defenders and put the attackers to flight.



In the south, the magnificent sight of the flying fortress known as *the Cleansing Storm* hove into view in Iägnarist Merilthú.

In the Ancalimë region of Whóatar, the local garrison was nearly destroyed when a mysterious lightning bolt came out of the forests and into their barracks. A subsequent investigation found no foreign armies or agents.

A pirate fleet was reported along the Jannes Coast, prowling for prey. The Kommolek fleet, though ostensibly patrolling the sea, fled from the sight of the skull and crossbones banner.

537: *The Year of Confusion*



he siege of Arthdhurin ground on, with each side taking thousands of casualties. Still, the mighty walls of Arthdhurin were hardly scratched, and the stalemate continued.

At the siege of Ringær, things went rather better for the Western Alliance. Reinforcements arrived in the person of Sir Ata¹, who took command of the malingerers and whipped them into shape. With the additional manpower and leadership outside, there was little enough the Elves could do. To say that the Gúakoans were surprised at their turn of luck was an understatement; they had planned to assault the city in a few years and now found they didn't need to.

Despite the desperately heroic defense of Prince Calmalas and his men, the Prince was forced to

¹ Sir Ata had served side by side with Takríki Ongi during the Battle of the Four Armies in 528, and they were fast friends. He had most recently been in command of the Gúakoan fleet. Apparently naval life didn't suit him.

surrender the city after the last tower fell. As the victorious Gúakoans entered the city, the Prince and his surviving handful of archers fled into the forests.



Rumours began filtering out of the hinterlands of Ruángma that the dead were rising from their graves. This did not sit well with the Ancalimë Commander of the Northern Armies, Hír Laernír. He led his army north to deal with the problem.

In Hedhu, Kommolek's Subjugator-General Vulpine suddenly appeared to loudly and publicly challenge Whéru Rawringe to a duel. When it became obvious that he was no longer in the region, Vulpine vanished just as suddenly as she had appeared.

Branluin rebelled from Ancalimë as its down-trodden Iägnarist minority overthrew the Urdan majority. The region appears to have descended into complete chaos as the various religious factions pursued war against each other.

Orofer's somewhat militant efforts to convert the Vólóme Turéhu finally concluded in success.

538: *The Year of Battles*



ong in motion, the great field armies prowling through the Thornwood sought each other out for battle.

The Second Ruángma Campaign (538)

Hír Laernír arrived in Ruángma to find the place positively overrun with zombies. Just as Hír Laernír's 18,500 Elf Army of the North was arriving, a substantial Rotkarru army led by the vicious Ngáire Whani and Takríki Hanuman of Whengo invaded the region, eager for a rematch against their Elven foe.

Hír Laernír, armed with the *Bow of Gileas*, led Ancalimë's Army of the North, plus some local engineers, to defend the castles of Ruángma against 17,000 Rotkarru infantry and 14,000 of Lord Kourbiedes' hyper-efficient zombies. Once again,

it was a battle of superior leadership versus better-trained troops. Rotkarru had added some serious battlemagic to their side, which helped enormously, and the zombies. Oh, the zombies! The eerily disciplined undead outperformed the Rotkarru infantry in every way as they marched to their deaths on the front lines, even matching the prowess of the Turéhu themselves.

In the first battle of the campaign, the Turéhu army was broken and routed. Their casualties exceeded 12,000 as they fled the field in confusion. After only a few days' rest, the Rotkarru and Atuburrk armies advanced once more upon the Elves. Given the choice between continuing to defend the region's castles and retreating behind the walls of Iëwar, Hír Laernír made the fatal mistake of standing his ground.

In the second engagement, the Turéhu were obliterated, with Hír Laernír himself among the slain. Lord Kourbiedes found himself in possession of the *Bow of Gileas*, and Ngaíre Whani found herself in possession of Ruángma.

The Battle of Táldhurin (538)

Just as the Gúakoans were getting comfortable in their luxurious quarters in Ringær, they received reports that an enormous Turéhu army had entered the region from the east.

Takríki Ongi of Tuámno gathered the Gúakoan forces – some 17,000 infantry all together – and marched out to meet the Turéhu. Ancalimë's army was led by Whéru Rawringe atop his fire-drake Uánne, accompanied by Prince Calmalas and the wizard Grímas. Their "Army of the South" numbered 30,000 grim, well-disciplined soldiers, mostly Elven archers.

Battle was joined near the village of Táldhurin, as a Turéhu fire-bolt tore through the Human defensive formation. Guáko's copious battle magics were not nearly enough to overcome overwhelming Ancalimë numbers and training. It was not so much a battle as a slaughter. While the Turéhu lost about 2,000, the Humans were utterly destroyed, with not one man surviving.

Sir Ata and Takríki Ongi, great friends in life, became eternal companions in death.

Prince Calmalas led the victorious Army of the South in reclaiming the undefended city of Ringær to the thunderous approval of his subjects. The Gúakoan transport fleet – some 75 ships all told – were captured at their docks and their crews seized.

The Storming of Arthdhurin (538)

The siege of Arthdhurin, which had now ground on for nearly four terrible years, suddenly heated up. The Turéhu were surprised one morning to find the Black Legion of Death attacking *inside* the city's walls. Led by the mighty Mágua, Mangod of War, 1,500 of the terrifying warriors in their shrouds of Midnight Kura feathers and their grotesque masques ran through the garrison's barracks, screaming and slaying. Mágua masterfully wielded the *Spear of Might*, and the fiery creature known only as *Ahi Túpua* tore through the city, leaving destruction and death in its wake. As they reaved through the city, word spread that a shrunken Wenemet head hung from Mágua's belt, further striking fear into the defenders.

Simultaneously, the besieging army began their assault of the city. Ietóro the Bald himself rushed the impregnable walls of Arthdhurin, followed by several thousand heavy footmen and 12,000 sappers and engineers. Heedless of the danger, Ietóro ferociously swung his mace *Bonebreaker* against the wall as siege ladders went up all around him. The sound of the magical mace striking the base of the wall resounded like a thunderclap throughout the city, and a long, thin crack snaked up the wall.

After an initial wave of confusion, the surviving Turéhu infantry and engineers rallied behind their King and his grove of walking trees. The tall ladders were thrown down, and the legendary Black Legionnaires were hunted to death in the streets of the city. All was not lost for the Western Alliance, however, for Mágua and his fire demon remained loose in the city, and Ietóro the Bald rallied the remaining Roátruán engineers for a second go at the marred walls.



This time, things did not go well for the Turéhu. While the assaulting forces lost but a handful of men, the defending army was nearly destroyed. Huge gaping holes in the once-dominating walls were choked with rubble and defended only by the remaining walking trees. As the sun set, parts of the city burned with a fierce glow into the night, and Ietóro pushed his exhausted men into making one final assault.

In the dark of night, lit only by the eerie glow of burning buildings and the feared *Ahi Túpua*, the final battle for Arthdhurin was joined. Roátruán sappers poured through the walls, weakened by years of siege and now crumbling beneath the beatings of *Bonebreaker*.

The dawn came, and with it a mournful wailing from the surviving inhabitants of Arthdhurin. For the first time in its long history, the oldest surviving Turéhu city was now in Human hands. A new head hung from Mágua's belt, that of an Elven King.

Meanwhile in the nearby forest, Roátru Sir Puríki led a small detachment of cavalry to plunder the age-old Nelphilin Abbey. The place was torn apart, with no stone remaining upon another.



The Pouákaitoan fleet, now reinforced by refitted Cappargarnian galleons, was reported near the Jannes Coast. As they had years before when the pirates were about, the Kommolek fleet, fled from the sight of the approaching Iluvarians. The Pouákaitoans, however, did not attack, but instead they simply maintained control of the sea.

Two Rotkarran armies converged in hilly Dâira, annexing the region with little trouble from the Turéhu locals. The lightning bolt may have helped.

539: *The Year of Living Dangerously*



Word filtered out of the forests of Thenimór that a great army had decamped there. The Lich-Lord Aeg-Annún made no secret of his willingness to defend Iágnar's lands against the Iluvarians. The

crusader army, meanwhile was far to the north, travelling along the eastern and southern banks of the River.



In the shallow seas off the Jannes Coast, Commodore Ihu paced the tall deck of the new Pouákaitoan flagship, the galleon *HMS Etéra*. The constant tap and run tactics of the Kommolek fleet reminded him of the kura raiders he had fought in the forests of his youth. Without preface, he walked up to the watch officer, who was scanning the horizon with a Cappargarnian spyglass, old and dented but blazingly polished.

"They still out there?"

"Right at the horizons, sir. About three points off the starboard beam, there."

"Hand me the glass, otáru."

The Commodore put the glass to his eye, thinking that with his failing eyesight he'd be lucky to see them at all. "The Kommolek commander must know we can catch him, and yet he keeps trying to shell us at long range."

The watch officer shrugged. "They wants us to follow them, sure."

"An obvious trap." The Commodore handed the precious spyglass back to the young officer. "Too obvious. That's what you get when you put cavalry officers in charge of a fleet."

"Aye, sir. Might explain the smell whenever they get the wind of us." The officer grinned, his facial tattoos stretching into a frightening visage.

Suddenly, the cry came from the top of the mainmast: "ship ahoy! Ship ahoy! Atuburrk ships off the port bow!"

The Commodore shouted back, "how many to you make?"

"Hundreds!"

Commodore Ihu turned to the young officer next to him and said, "beat to quarters, otáru Kamki. Helm, maintain course. Let's see where they're going."

As it turned out, the Atuburrk fleet consisted of some 300 ships all together, including some very fat

merchantmen riding low in the water. They did not attack the Pouákaitoans, and to the amazement of his officers, Ihu let them pass.



The Whangwhúatéwua Incident (539)

One fine day in the late summer of 539, a Whutoan fleet arrived at the Thacian protectorate of New Forndonim on the island of Whangwhúatéwua. The Thacians were somewhat surprised at the arrival of 425 outriggers, the vast majority of which were warships. They were even more surprised when the fleet began landing thousands of Whutoan and Tongikan infantry and kura riders.

It was a sneak attack, and while the local militia and the Thacian hussars scrambled to defend the island against the invaders, they were vastly outnumbered. Two Tarotist lightning bolts destroyed the defenses, and 35,000 Tarotist troops quickly occupied the little island.

But it was not enough.

Takríki Haki VII of Whutoa himself called out Baron Retorok Sendare by name, challenging him to a duel of honour. The Baron, now 66 years of age and retired, nevertheless responded to the Takríki's summons.

The bent old Baron arrived before the Takríki dressed only in a colorful floral muumuu and some old sandals, with a tackle box slung across one shoulder. His only weapon was a fishing rod. In contrast, the great Takríki was garbed in his finest polished armour, festooned with long red kura feathers. He wore at his side the *Sword of Haki the First King*, with a yew bow and jeweled quiver across his back.

At first, Takríki Haki was furious at what he perceived as the Wenemet's deliberate attempt to mock him. Then he noticed the grizzled grey around Sendare's muzzle and his watery, bloodshot eyes. Haki snorted with contempt.

"This fuzzy is only an weak old man! Where are the great southern warriors? Where are the horses and riders? This is no battle. There is no honour in fighting this greybeard. Send him back to his woman, if he has one."

At this, Sendare drew himself up to his full height and pulled a small paring knife from the tackle box strapped over his shoulder. "Afraid of an old man, are you? I accept your offer, provided your friends here leave the island after I've killed you."

Slowly, a wide grin spread across Haki's face.

Sendare continued, "because right now I've got to assume you people don't know what you've just done. You've attacked the territory of a Sovereign Elector of the Empire of Sahúl. I can't imagine that's going to be popular back in the Empire. Now if you folks go back home, apologize, maybe pay some reparations, we might be able to work something out. You can do that now, or your friends can do it after I kill you. Your choice."

Haki bared his teeth and drew his sword, which cast a pale yellow light on the combatants.

Sendare, paring knife in hand, said, "hardly seems fair, you with your big magic sword, me with my little knife. Are you sure you don't want to get some more armour on?"

"Fuzzy fisherman, I will fight you naked and bare-handed, if you would but take off your claws. But perhaps it would be easier if we found you some proper weapons and armour? Your countrymen seem to have left quite a lot of theirs laying around. Careless of them, but perhaps you can profit from their lack of foresight."

With both combatants armed, battle was joined with a thunderous clash of arms. If the Oratoans thought that the old Wenemet would be a push-over, they were very much mistaken. The combatants fought furiously, and they were fairly evenly matched. Sendare perhaps had better skills, but it was clear that there was more to the *Sword of Haki the First King* than just being pretty. The sword always seemed to find an opening, with wild blows striking Sendare's armour despite elegant parries. Twice Sendare landed what should have been a killing blow on Haki, but each time the Human only suffered the merest scratch.

Finally, however, the third killing blow proved decisive, as the Wenemet's blade found an opening above the Human's heart. With a savage twist,

Sendare snapped his blade on Haki's breastplate, leaving a long shard deep in his chest.

As Takríki Haki VII of Whutoa fell dying to his knees, Baron Retorok Sendare removed his helmet in tribute.

Suddenly, four arrows flew from the crowd and embedded themselves in the Baron's head. A roar of indignation erupted from the crowd. Healers rushed to the Baron's side, but he was already dead.

The cowardly perpetrators were rounded up, and Whutoan Admiral Toángen ordered them hanged. He made no move, however, to end the invasion or occupation.

Baron Retorok Sendare was buried with the honours due a Takríki and a warrior, and a great barrow was raised over his tomb.



While Atuburrk's undead continued feasting on the fermenting brains of the fallen Turéhu in Ruánga, Ngaíre Whani led the Rotkarran assault on the town of Iéwar. Although there were a few inconsequential casualties, the town was in Rotkarru's hands within days.

In the west, Holy Tongi exacted tribute from the Turéhu of Aurlith by means of a coordinated invasion of land forces from Lúthar and an amphibious landing. Even the proud locals thought it was a bit of overkill.

Atuburrk's treasure fleet called at Kommolek's capital of Lagat in Wrexym.

A half-hearted Iágnarist uprising in Arluin was crushed by the region's Ancaliméan garrison.

540: *The Year of Conquests*



Off the Jannes coast, the Kommolek fleet continued trying to bait Ihu's Pouákaitoan armada, but the Iluvarians refused to pursue them. Then, in the summer of 540, a second Atuburrk fleet arrived from the south with the clear intention of engaging the Pouákaitoans.

Battle of the Jannes Deep (540)

As a measure of the gravity of the Atuburrk naval mission, the flagship sported the Electoral Banner; for the fleet was commanded by none other than his Gracious Majesty, Adhanggar Rahnes II, Electoral Grand Duke of Atuburrk.

He was a graduate of the prestigious Atuburrk Naval Academy at Engadh, and he had spent his early years in the Navy. He commanded 300 caravels, 300 warships, and 125 support vessels. Against this, Ihu had 30 galleons, 260 warships, and 180 auxiliaries. The long running battle was joined far to sea, as a looming summer storm approached.

As the Atuburrk fleet closed in, Ihu did the math. He was outnumbered by the Iágnarists, and even if he somehow gained the advantage of the wind, only the great favour of Iluvar could save them from a certain defeat. Accordingly, the Commodore attempted both. He had his men pray, and then he ordered the fleet to tack to starboard to try to gain the wind. The signal flags went up, and together as one, the ships of the Pouákaitoan armada turned *towards* the Atuburrk fleet.

The move was not unexpected by those aboard the Atuburrk flagship *HMS Count of Erran*, and neither was the subsequent barrage of lightning. In fact, the bolts reflected harmlessly off the hulls of the Atuburrk ships and back into the Pouákaitoan armada. Confusion reigned on the Pouákaitoan line as some forty ships burned, and then the Iágnarist fleet crashed through the Iluvarian line, raking the van.

The battle quickly degenerated into a mass of confusion and smoke, as the Iágnarists employed battle magic and fire against the Iluvarians. The Atuburrk fleet had better leadership, more disciplined crews, better ships, and more of them. The Pouákaitoans had a fanatical need to kill Iágnarists. It was not pretty, and in some places, kura knights rode across grappled decks, slaying sailors with grim determination.

And then the storm was upon them. Many of the grappled ships, unable to cope with the rising seas,

were swamped and sank. Both fleets scattered, trying to stay before the wind.

When the fleets regrouped several weeks later, it was obvious that both sides had taken considerable – and comparable – losses. This was rather better news for the Iägnarists than it was for the Iluvarians, for even though the Iluvarians had caused more casualties than expected, there was simply no way for them to sustain more losses of that magnitude.

Commodore Ihu made the decision to withdraw to the nearest port, but Grand Duke Rahnes had tasted blood and was determined to hunt down the Pouákaitoan fleet and destroy it. The Iägnarist fleet caught the Iluvarians off the coast of Drôgdor later that autumn.

The Battle of the Cærwys Coast (540)

Grand Duke Rahnes commanded a fleet of 310 caravels and 215 warships against Commodore Ihu's 30 Cappargarnian galleons and 245 outrigger warships. Once again, the Iägnarists had superior leadership, superior ships, and superior numbers. The Iluvarians, not being fools, attempted to get away, but again the Iägnarists had the advantage of the wind, and they chased them down in a long running battle off the section of coast the Atuburrk maps called Cærwys.

It was an epic battle, and all along the coast, people came out to watch, climbing the low hills or tall trees for a better view. When it became obvious that he could not escape, Ihu turned his fleet to directly engage Rahnes' fleet. If they were going to die, they were going to take as many Iägnarists with them as they could.

The fighting was hard, and it continued all that day and into the night. The Grand Duke himself was seriously wounded, a splinter tearing through his left arm but miraculously avoiding his torso. As the surgeons belowdecks amputated, Rahnes' second-in-command, Lord Skordo, took command of the fleet. This was a good bit of news for the desperate Iluvarians, but it proved too little too late.

When dawn came, the Iluvarian fleet was broken, its remaining ships burning in the water or

run ashore. Commodore Ihu was among the vast number of Pouákaitoan dead. The Iägnarists had lost another fifty ships, and the Grand Duke's left arm was buried at sea with the rest of the dead.



Takríki Típene the Valiant of Roátru led a cavalry detachment, about 7,000 kura riders all told, to conquer Dolost. The town of Dúresgal still resists the invaders.

To the north, Ihípa of Óama similarly claimed Calælen for Roátru. His 13,000 men took about 1,000 casualties reducing the region's Elf-castles.

A 16,000 man Gúakoan army arrived in the forests of Ruángma and found them firmly under Rotkarran control.

Pouákaitoa annexed Iägnarist Dæman when the Iluvarian hero Maáka invaded with more than 30,000 kura riders (and some assorted infantry rabble). The defenders were squashed so flat so fast that there were no Iluvarian casualties worth noticing.

NEW CAPPARGARNIA (81 WSE/TA)

Lord Abramín Talík, Prefečt of Talíkhiem.

Trade: CRD, Gúako, Kommolek, Orofer, Roátru, Rotkarru, Tongi, Whutoa, Woangnen

DP: None.



Cappargarnia withdrew from the Great War. No Cappargarnian troops or ships were to be found in any of the battlefields (though they did send a small force to compel tribute from the natives of Cúnin). Instead, the Cappargarnians concentrated on development; they built two port towns: Abrahíem in Orodrin and Galek in Denbigh, and enormously expanded the public works of all their colonial regions.

The somewhat soggy Commodore Magnus the Pious arrived in Talíkhiem, having escaped from his Pouákaitoan captors with his dignity more or less intact. He still had his personal banner with him, but not his sword; that remained with the Iluvarian Commodore Ihu as a trophy of war.

The Church of the Red Death built priories in Amlych and Orodrin, which they also flooded with

missionaries. The elves of Amlych happily converted, though those of Orodryn remain stubbornly devoted to the Living Iägnar.

NEW ATUBURRK (37 WE/YG)

Lord Kourbiedes, Governor of New Atuburrk. Mathorchir the Scythe, Master of the Kura Riders of Nenalph, Lord of Usk.

Trade: CRD, Gúako, Kommolek, Roátru, Rotkarru, Tongi

DP: Perhaps.



tuburrk prosecuted the war in Oratoa with alacrity. And zombies. Lots of zombies. Mighty, mighty zombies.

DOMINION OF KHURDÁN (4 WSE/YG)

Khurdán, Son of Iägnar, 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 Tasel, Steward of Angildúath, Second Speaker of the Nine, Marshal of the Fell Legions.

Trade: Atuburrk, Gúako, Roátru, Rotkarru, Tongi

DP: Lasslain (A), Coruvith (T), Tasilif (F), Halchúr (A)



ägnar rules his dominion with an iron hand, maintaining the polite fiction of serving as the Imperial Regent for the young Count Palatine of Kommolek. More of the Turéhu flocked to his banner, including the powerful chieftain of Halchúr.

The bonfires of Kommolek's massive sacrifices lit up the nights in their rapidly expanding territories.

The majority of Kommolek's vast Elven slave labour pool were employed in constructing a road from Ueramos in Merilthú into the wilds of Thenimór. The remainder died a ghoulish death aboard the Cleansing Storm, building what appeared for all the world to be an officer's swimming pool.

Kommolek built new priory in Wrexym called Khurdánirrin, which was given over to the administration of the Hidden Masters of Yarni-Za.

Turéhu missionaries succeeded in reconverting the majority of Amdír to Iägnarism.

ANCALIMĚ (14 E/UR)

King Calmalas of the Venerable House of Malvalas.

Trade: Orofer, Pouákaitoa

DP: None.



ing Gilnaur marshalled his forces in the defense of his ancient realm. With Gilnaur's death in the fall of Arthdhurin, his cousin Calmalas took the throne in Ringær, while Calmalas' younger brother Dínenél became his heir. Many new troops were raised, and the Kingdom's infantry quality improved.

MARK OF OROFER (8 EH/IL)

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

Trade: Ancalimě, Pouákaitoa, Pakoa

DP: None.



orualadh Half-Elven succumbed to the inevitable and declared that his tiny realm would join with Pouákaitoa in their holy crusade against the Iägnarists. The reaction was swift, as the nation rose in arms and righteous fury against Iägnar and all his fell brood. The charming Aáta Mingwoa gathered up the thousands of volunteers while the rest of the Orofer leadership corps moved their troops into position.

Despite Orofer's considerable investments, nothing improved.

The Pouákaitoan crusaders marched down the coast as far as Marruar before striking inland. The cavalry van passed through several months before the lagging mob of ragtag peasant.

KINGDOM OF POUÁKAITOA (19 H/IL)

His Maješty King Róngo Fleetfoot, Son of Ihúbah Son of Etera of the House of Ekara, Rangatira Kawhe of the Eíwi of the Eagle, Órikei, Beloved of Iluvar.

Trade: Ancalimě, Orofer, Pakoa

DP: None.



ing Róngo launched his fleets and armies into the Great War. The great crusading armies, under the command of Captains Ropáta and Ioráma, made their way into Ancalimě's shadowy

Thornwood, itching for the chance to fight the Fell and their Western allies.

The captured Cappargarnian galleons were crewed by experienced Pouákaitoan sailors and put under the command of Commodore Ihu.

Pouákaitoa continued to pour vast amounts of gold into the development of their military forces, and both infantry and naval quality improved.

The intended trade with the eastern Urdans was disrupted by the horrible storms that wracked the Moána a Waénga year after year.

LANDS OF THE ÉIWI

EASTERN ORATOA FACING THE DAWN

TÁKIWAT OF WOANGNEN (12 H/ST)

Takríki Amíri the Well Loved of Woangnen.

Trade: Cappargarnia, CRD, Gúako, Rangkua, Rotkarru, Whutoa

DP: Ónguk (A)



he well-loved Takríki Amíri stopped preparing for Kéatoan attacks, which continued to not occur, and decided to take another tack entirely.

Storms lashed through the Equatorial Ocean, forcing merchant ships to use the southern routes.

In Hingwúa, Takríki Amíri himself welcomed an envoy from the Church of the Red Death, one Wheta, Master of Secrets. The welcoming ceremonies were unbelievably lavish, with feasting and drinking for the better part of a week. Afterwards, the two attended the ceremonial offering of Kuan-niwhe Priory to the Church. In contrast to the raucous welcome, the rite was conducted with a great deal of ceremony and grandeur. Afterwards, Wheta spoke to the crowd and received the Priory on behalf of the Church.

Several spies were reportedly captured within the Tákiwat, but no other information was forthcoming.

Woangnen built four new priories and port town of Mango Cove in Táhoáwh, and them made some moderate investments.

Oh, and they invaded Kéatoan Tawé.

THE TAWÉ CAMPAIGN (536)

Woangnen vs. Kéatoa

n the sultry summer of 536, Woangnen General Ikaika and Takríki Ihaía of Takwhi led 19,000 kura riders and 20,000 infantry in a surprise attack against Kéatoa's northernmost region of Tawé. General Ikaika was resplendent in dragonscale armour, and he wielded the storied *Sword of Wóang*. The campaign began rousingly with the pinpoint destruction of the region's defensive castles by means of lightning bolt.

As they were approaching the city of Whit, however, a Kéatoan army rode out to meet them. Commanded by Lord Makúru and the Wizard Rúru, the army consisted of 20,000 kura cavalry, 2,500 heavy foot, 33,000 medium foot, and 6,000 archers.

Heavily outnumbered, General Ikaika nevertheless executed a carefully planned cavalry attack against the advancing army's left flank. Unfortunately, Lord Makúru was every bit his tactical equal, and the Kéatoan infantry performed marginally better than their enemies. As mutual wards dampened all other attempts at offensive magic, the battle really came down to sheer numbers.

The attacking Woangnen were slaughtered, with only some scattered cavalry surviving the epic battle. The defenders fared somewhat better, losing but 14,000 men. The Wizard Rúru was among the casualties. General Ikaika rallied his 7,500 surviving horsemen and beat a hasty retreat to Taranga.

The Kéatoans were unsure whether this was a sporting raid or a full-bore war.

KINGDOM OF KÉATOAN (21 H/UR)

His Majesty King Haráre IV, Son of Harápo Son of Kíre of the House of Kekáta, Rangatira Tirwhekwu of the Éiwi of the Parrot, Órieki.

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

Trade: Kuroa, New Araxes, New Ingazi, Pakoa

DP: None.

ing Haráre's well-deserved rest was interrupted when his military advisors advised him that Woangnen had invaded Tawé. Since the King's cousin by marriage, Ámapo the Feeble, was Takríki of Tawé, the affront meant war! ...at least until Woangnen provides an apology and reparations.

Kéatoa built a Military Academy in their capital. Despite enormous sums spent on their improvement, Kéatoa's military did not change, except for that whole "invasion" thing.

Storms were reported in the Equatorial Ocean to the north.

THE ENDING OF ARARI THE BLIND

n Taitaä, the dreams of Arari the Blind grew troubled. Night after night, two great serpents writhed through the heavens, each trying to devour the other, each sweeping stars from the night sky with the merest flick of their tail.

Occasionally, he could see other figures in the stars: figures of life and death, of strength and weakness, a dead man hanging by his feet. Each morning, Arari would wake up terrified of the great war in the heavens, of which the wars on earth were merest shadows.

Although he was blind, he could still see in his dreams. Although he walked in the world, he also sometimes walked in the deep past, where he could converse with a people long dead and long forgotten by the lands of Oratoa. When he walked in the past, Arari could even see at times; he could see the great Eldar city that he knew was ruins around him.

The once-rare gift of walking the past had become more and more frequent over the years, until now he spent as much time there as in the present. His companions, he knew, were troubled at his conversations with this ghostly world, unable to tell whether it was spirits or people with whom he spoke. Still, they wrote down every word he told them.

The anniversary approached; it had been nearly fifteen years since Arari had lost his vision, though but ten since he'd been denounced by the Kéatoan Church. The Great Dragon had bestowed a gift upon him, and yet he was marked as a heretic by those who claimed to Urdan. Arari felt a growing dread as the anniversary approached.

The week before, he asked his companions to bring him the manuscripts of the words he had dictated to them over the years. They were a considerable stack of papyrus. Arari said to them, "these are nothing but straw, fit only for burning. Over the next week I will dictate a new book, and you must take down every word I say. These, however, will provide the start to seven nights of bonfires."

And so it was that Arari dictated a small book to his companions by day, and they burned the older manuscripts by night, until by the end of the week only the new book remained. At Arari's direction, it lacked both a first page and a last. The tale it told was of war and myth, of the Great World Dragon who had blessed the people of Kuroa with her own blood, of a war of brother against brother, though what it meant none of his companions could tell. Was it history or prophecy? They did not know, and if Arari knew he did not tell them.

On the anniversary eve, Arari joined his loyal companions out near a lone tree for the evening. It was a calm night, and the wind was still and the air was fresh from a storm that had passed the day before. Arari lay on his back and looked to the sky. Fifteen years had passed since he was able to gaze upon the starlit night, but this night was different. As with all images he was able to see, most would come without expectation. Small fires began to burn within the dark of Arari's eyes, small at first but growing with intensity as time passed.

Quite suddenly, Arari stood, saying to his companions, "bring papyrus, quill, and ink – but no lanterns. We will go tonight into the Old City, and I will tell you how the book is to begin and how it is to end." The five walked into the ruins, into the confines of a once great Eldar city.

As they walked, the waning crescent moon rose over the low hills to the east, casting her thin, ghostly light on the pale stones of Taitaä.



Arari led them to the very center of the Old City, to an enormous empty space that could have been a temple or a stadium. Only a handful of walls remained here, set with high arched windows that gaped like missing teeth. In the thin moonlight, the stones were the colour of bleached bones.

His companions watched as Arari held conversations with people they could not see. He spoke, he listened, once he even laughed. His companions had never seen Arari laugh. He ignored his companions as if they were not there. Hours passed, but still Arari spoke to shadows, and the companions were unsure if they should be writing any of it.

A cloud obscured the moon, and darkness fell. Suddenly in the real world, Arari gasped. In a landscape lit only by the stars, his companions hastened to his side.

And Arari said, “take up your quill, for here is how it begins.”



ne Serpent encircles the world. Her image is writ in the heavens, and She is rightly called the Mother of Wyrms. She is the fire in the heart of every man and the Sun, the fire which burns but does not consume. Her blood is the effusion of the earth, but it runs true in the veins of the Sacred Wyrms, the mighty Dragons, the Fire-Drakes, and the Kingly Houses of Katán and Kuroa.

She has died and been reborn in every Age of the World. She manifested Urda to the Eldar, and She was the black dragon slain by Urda to fertilize Sahúl. The Tent of the Heavens was made from her hide, and Her whiskers bind the very Chasm of Harakh.

She is our only hope against the other Serpent, the One who sweeps the stars from the sky. Many

times have they battled, and a new battle is fast upon us. The earth will burn.



Then the cloud passed from the face of the pale, thin moon, and the Old City seemed ablaze in ghostly moonlight. Arari’s companions stood amazed as their friend and teacher faded in the light, until he was a pale as the bleached stones of Taitaä.

Arari spoke to them in a reedy, distant voice that echoed as if he were at the bottom of a deep well. “Here, my friends, is the end.”

And then he faded into the mist and was gone. The pale gray flagstone on which he had been standing was discoloured with a rapidly drying puddle of liquid the color of fresh blood. Within the stain was the mark of a dragon.

And then the companions heard a voice, deep as the sea but faint as the unearthly mist that now enveloped them, “seek the Dragon. Proteçt Ahu.”

KINGDOM OF KUROA (19 H/UR)

His Majesty King Kiriäre III, the Eloquent, Son of Kaituéra Son of Atairi of the House of Ngeru, Rangatira Kúanowhe of the Éiwi of the Kura, Órikei, Son of the Dragon.

Trade: Kéatoa, New Araxes, New Ingazi, Pakoa

DP: None.

King Kiriäre the eloquent and pious spent his time in study and reflection. The Kingdom attempted to invent something they called “deficit spending”, but it didn’t go so well. Nevertheless, public works were constructed and the new riverport town of Oakeave rose in Tikung on the Great Tuan.

Cavalry quality improved, and the kingdom’s sorcerers made an amazing breakthrough.

When he was offered a cushy retirement, Takríki Róngo of Rengoa agreed to abdicate in favour of his vigorous son, Róngo the Young.

The *Timpalak* games of 537 were poorly attended as the Éiwi Kingdoms lost interest in them. There weren’t even enough athletes to hold tradi-

tional grand *mélée*. The next *Timpalak* games are scheduled for 542, though there is some concern as to whether they will even be held.

The beautiful and brilliant young Princess Ahu went walkabout.

The Homecoming of Atáiri, Kiriáre's Son

In 540, Prince Atáiri returned home to Renwet. Feasting and drinking to celebrate his homecoming continued for a fortnight.

Now 35 years old, the handsome and charismatic Prince spent his early years in Sahûl being educated by the Church in Urdráhahn. He is well-read and reportedly speaks seven languages. He brought with him many of the traditions of the Sahûlian Church, including the daily prayer book, which he himself translated into Tánagat.

Being the most eligible bachelor in the East, numerous Clan chiefs have volunteered their daughters to be his wife.

KINGDOM OF PAKOA (22 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, Óriki.

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 Araxes, New Ingazi.

DP: Ringinge (F), Kahwe (F), Mottut (T), Moánah (A), Torwéku (F), Ráruwhuáng (F)

 King Hataréi and Queen Réka of Pakoa kept their court at Rangi and continued to flood the outlands of Aíhetoa with diplomats. New towns were raised in the effort: the riverport of Rippleton in Kawhe and the inland towns of Appleby in Ráruwhuáng and Vinegarden in Moánah.

Thanks to massive investments, Pakoa's sorcerers experienced a breakthrough. Sadly, nobody else did. New public works were built throughout the Kingdoms of Pakoa and Aíhetoa.

Pearl diving has become a popular pastime in the Bay of Rangi. Terrible storms in the Moána a Waénga cut trade with the west.

VICEROYALTY OF NEW INGAZI (37 WH/UR)

Baron Besar Trandes of Saint Ilana, Lord Trouserdale, Viceroy of New Ingazi.

Trade: Kéatoa, Kuroa, New Araxes, Pakoa

DP: None.

 ngazi sent cash north while the Colonies sent raw materials south. Lord Trandes returned to Saint Ilana, arriving just after the death of his father at age 68 in 538. Trandes became the second Viceroy after receiving letters patent from the crown the following year. Trandes' own son is attending school in the south.

New Ingazi spent on infrastructure and otherwise tried to mind their own business.

NEW ARAXES (1 WH/UR)

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

Trade: Kéatoa, Kuroa, New Ingazi, Pakoa

DP: None.

 ew Araxes collapsed back into their normal industrious inactivity. The did open up trade with the Urdan East, however.

PROCLAMATIONS

Response to a Fallen King and a Hidden Coward

The Fourth Age, year 539 of the Oratoan Reckoning.

Let it be heard this day:

The Elves of Ancalime have sealed their fate. They followed a king who openly declared war on The Church of Red Death and its followers under false pretense. While their king paid the price for his foolishness, his debt has yet to be paid in full. It is by the retribution of The Void, we, The Holy Kingdom of Tongi, will continue to support by any means, physical and financial, the war

imperial strength index

#	Realm	Player	Forum Name	E-mail	ISI
<i>The Great Powers</i>					
1	IÄGNAR	Cortlandt Winters	Cortrah	cwinters@notebookmargins.com	895.6
2	Pouákaitoa	Dawnwalker	Dawnwalker		766.3
3	Pakoa	Michael Blythe	mikeb21	mblythe21@gmail.com	499.4
<i>Major Powers</i>					
4	Kéatoa	Walter van Vliet	King Hararé IV		479.5
5	Gúako	Tyler Baumgartner	rawhidekid	tylerbaumgartner@gmail.com	383.8
6	Kuroa	Matt Sievers	Malleas	fantsigns@gmail.com	335.6
7	Holy Tongi	Dominick Morales	Waiari Amokapua III	morales_dominick@yahoo.com	304.3
8	Woangnen	James Kahelewai V	ExLibrisMortis	sciop@cox.net	303.8
9	Ancalimë	<i>This realm is open for a player</i>			295.1
10	Orofer	<i>This realm is open for a player</i>			294.0
<i>Minor Powers</i>					
11	Rotkarru	Ed Allen	Touca Tuki	tgroove@att.net	285.1
12	CRD	Steve Speyer	Crimson Marque	crimsonmarque@gmail.com	261.1
13	Whutoa	Mark Truman	Hailen	mark.truman@gmail.com	259.8
14	Roátru	Sam Jacobs	Mad_Prophet	madprophecies@gmail.com	226.1
15	Rangkua	<i>This realm is open for a player</i>			186.4
16	New Ingazi (V)	Henry Jago	jago	jagoh@yahoo.com	159.2

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in Ancalime, until the Urdan Elves are either eradicated or converted to the True Faith. This is the fruit the seed of Valas has sowed. And we have come to Harvest!

There is a coward amongst Oratoa. It wears a Mask of Peace. It has come to me with these false intentions, in hopes I may be swayed from its tainted gold. It wishes to rape the lands of my brothers for all our treasures. They see us a barbaric people, who can easily be controlled. They extend their olive branch, while calling us puppets. We gave them silence as an answer. And today we tell all of Oratoa our answer now.

The Holy Kingdom of Tongi is a nation forged in the blood of its brother, tempered with the blessings of its Father, and tested in the blood of Elves.

The only treasure greater than the thrill of combat to my people is the thrill of eternal combat in the afterlife.

If it comes to my attention, that the coward has entered Tarotist Lands or attempts to sway my brothers, the only peace I will give this coward, is at tip of spear, as I give him a moment to say goodbye to this life, so he may enter the next.

His Maješty King Amokapua I
Rangatira Rawhori,
Takriki and Tongiki of Tongi & Ebonhill,
Orekei.