

The Known History of Runelore

Below, you will find several sections on the history of Runelore, each told by a different person from their point of view. This will cause some seeming inconstancies, but the truth lies somewhere in the middle.

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A Brief History of Runelore

By the Shaman Deeppond of the Navarro

Once, all was as it should be in Runelore. The twelve tribes lived in harmony with the land, if not always with each other. Each tribe had its own lands but once a year met in the north in the lands of the Navarro. It was a time of celebration, a time of marriages, games, old feuds ended and new ones began. Then in the summer of the year of the Wastrel a new prophecy was made and fulfilled. A young Navarro prophet by the name of Truelies predicted that this would be the last time the tribes would gather in peace and that they would only come together twice more, once in anger and once in desperation. This prophecy deeply disturbed the tribes, but not as deeply as what was to happen that evening.

The tribes gathered at moonhigh to join in song and dance to honor Ursala, the man bear, half Navarro, half bear; He who protects all of nature and the Navarro. As the celebration began the fires flared higher than ever and suddenly all of the shamans screamed and fell; all except Truelies who turned with a look of horror to the south. Before he could utter the vision that possessed him the very air shattered as whole tribes were teleported to the dance. Many shamans gave their lives that night to save their tribes. They will be remembered.

The survivors spoke of terrible beings and even more terrible deeds. Even though the stories were from all across the south, they were all the same. They said that suddenly fiery gates of black fire had appeared and out of these gates had poured hordes of nightmarish creatures. These creatures slew all that stood in front of them and those slain did not stay dead! They rose and joined the legions of dead. The south was lost.

While most stood around wailing the princess Brightmoon and the prophet Truelies took charge. The wounded were removed and cared for, the leaders of the twelve tribes took council and the shamans went to consult the ancestor spirits. All the weapons that the traders had brought were purchased and the traders were sent for more. The warriors gathered.

The next few years are hard for me to tell. The warriors fought bravely but our simple earth magic was no match for their necromancy. Even our sacred burial grounds were not longer safe as the evil ones raised our honored dead. So the tribes did come together in anger, but it was not enough. One by one the twelve tribes fell, the fiery Anas, the swift Cron...all but the Navarro. As the tribes fell the Navarro took in the survivors. Their ranks swelled even as their land dwindled.

Then the last of the Truelies prophecies was fulfilled. As the undead pushed up from the south towards the lands of the traders, princess Brightmoon went questing. During her quest her vision showed her an ancient dance, one lost to the memory of the tribes. As if gripped by Ursala himself the princess danced back into the lands but not seeing. All of the people that saw her joined into the dance as if they had always known it.

The power built. More people joined the dance. They danced for 3 days, never stopping, never eating, sustained by the spirit. Finally as the sun broke free of the night on its third day the power answered. From over the hills we heard the sound of our

ancestor's horses as they pounded the ground and the calls of the warriors as they sang in joy over going to battle again. We all turned to the north as a ghostly wave broke over the horizon and all the Navarro saw a spirit for them. To each of us an ancestor came and joined with us. That is why when a Navarro falls in combat they rise again, protected by the spirit possessing them. Our ancestors control our unconscious or dead bodies to save them from the evil ones. Thanks to the spirits we are holding our own.

New Life Orientation

By Ocultus, Lord of Vampires and Leader of the Five

Welcome my brethren! Welcome to a new day of your renewed life, a second chance to live, as you want to live! You have all gathered here because as all newcomers must know, our history must be taught to all so that our lore, our very being, will never be forgotten.

We came here to escape the torment of having our freedom stripped away from us, never being able to make our own decisions or decide our own destiny. Imagine your very consciousness pushed to a small corner of your mind, and then a false being is placed in its stead. You can do *nothing*, not even control your very movements. Then you are forced to watch and remember what your own body is doing against your will.

Balen, the Necromancer cared not for who we are, but instead used us for cannon fodder, soldiers in his private army while he proclaimed himself to be the supreme ruler! But, there were those of us still free, some who managed to escape. We opened the gates to this world, hoping to seek solace, a haven, and a place to call our home.

Do you know what we were greeted with?
Arrows. Axes. Foreign magic.

These humans, the natives, the so-called "Brightlanders", they did not ask who we are, or what we wanted, nor did they even let us speak of why we had arrived, but instead they opened fired upon us at first sight! Attacked us without provocation! We did not come to start a war – they were the *first* to spill blood. No longer did we face the loss of our freedom, but now our very existence was threatened! What else was there to do? They would not listen to or speak of reason, so we defended ourselves!

They did not stand a chance against our magic, but we did not pursue those that fled. We didn't want a war, and we wanted to show this. So we did what is right; we raised those we had to slay from the dead, giving them a second chance to live. Did they thank us? NO! Did they welcome home those lost? NO! They slew their own kind as fast as they slew us, all because they were no longer on their first life. They are *barbarians*!

So involved we were with the Brightlanders war, we neglected the gateway we opened to this land. The Necromancer found it before we could close it, and he followed us here. Under his tyranny and once again dominated by him, we were forced to conquer tribe after tribe. The Anas fell to us, the Cron, the Wardoves, and even the fabled Mantisaw. Remember the names. Prove to the humans we are not the "evil abominations" they label us, the way they twist the truth to their own needs.

Once again I broke free of his control. I felt the wrestling in my head, an awakening; I felt my consciousness slowly return to me. I was aware and with that knowledge my anger rose once again. I would *not* let this continue. My people will not be ruled by a tyrant! I shattered my bonds and freed many others, but we were on our own. We would not receive aid from the humans, despite our pleas, despite the opportunity to bring peace and understanding.

I fooled Balen into believing I was still under his control; I knew what was

happening on his side, and I could get close. The moment of the final revolution was at hand.

So our small army hid among the Necromancer's army, and I got close to him, as I was always close to him on the eve of battle. Up close, though, he saw through my trickery, and the battle of magic began. Our army distracted his, while he and I fought our own battle. Before the end of that night, there wasn't a stronghold left, but instead, rubble, debris, the land scarred from the destruction waylaid by this Civil War. Despite the cost, our revolution had succeeded. Our people were free.

We separated the power of ruling among five leaders, myself and my Lady among them, each one a representative. No more dictatorship, no more tyranny. Should one become power-hungry, there are other leaders to oppose him or her.

Now, though, we have a new opposition, but at least we are not at war. This is an uneasy truce because of the misunderstanding.

Watch what the humans do to their dead. They burn them! They burn the bodies, leaving the ashes to spread out onto the fields, decaying... *forgotten* by time. We are not so cruel. We give the dead a second chance to live, to return to their loved ones, to chase their worthy dreams! They call us abominations, but they are the ones who continue their zealotry, who defile their dead, and let not one word be spoken from our side. Evil has many guises, and the greatest guises of all are those who claim they are the righteous.

Shadowlanders' Hope

By Hollow the Wild Were

Everything changed when the war started.

We are the nomads, gypsies —travelers, traders and merchants. A people made up of humans, elves, dwarves, that choose not to live in the mountains and caves of the Darklands and others that share a common bond, we are born Lycans — shape shifters. When a child is born among any of the peoples of Runelore and it becomes apparent at a young age that they are Lycan they are brought to us to be raised as one of our family. We are many, the avians, the sea dwellers, the mammals, the reptilians, as many as the mind can imagine. We have no quarrel with anyone because we come from all over and are made up of all the peoples of Runlore.

Our way of life meant being ever on the move and we loved it that way. Once we roamed the whole of Runelore — from the cooler Mountains of the South to the sunny warm forest of the north; from the Mistalean Ocean to the West to the Tasian Ocean to the East. The beauty of the continent in all its forms from dessert to ocean was ours to enjoy when the urge to travel took us.

But the war took that from us.

We do not know who started the war as no Shadowlanders were there and both the Brightlanders and the Darklanders have their own view of what happened. We do know that as the war raged we tried to remain neutral. Our trading depended on it. We made bargains with both sides and were always forthcoming with the fact that we traded with not only both sides of the war but with all other peoples of the lands, the orcs, trolls, dragons, anyone and everyone. This was accepted by both sides since all their attention was focused on each other and each needed what we supplied.

Despite all our efforts many of us died from simply being caught in the crossfire and trading became more and more difficult as one by one the tribes fell to the undead under the control of Balen the Necromancer. The Anas fell, the Cron fell, the Wardoves fell and with each one we were pushed out of the south and out of the north. We congregated around the area of Shykia in the center of Runelore where the clans gathered once a year to visit and celebrate. Trying to avoid the war many of the other peoples of Runlore were pushed to the middle of the land also.

When the fabled Mantisaw fell we know we had to do something or there would be no one left to trade with and we ourselves would be no more. We sent messengers to the two sides and arranged a meeting. By that time the Darklanders had broken from the Necromancer and were hungry for the freedom and home they had fought so hard for and the Brightlanders were desperate to stop the slaughter of their people.

Representing Princess Brightmoon and the Navarro was StillWind, Brightmoon's protector, totally devoted to her and the second greatest warrior ever known among the Navarro. Only Ursala himself was greater. StillWind would seem to appear from nowhere and he fires a bow with the speed of light in a never ending hail of arrows.

Accompanying him was the great Namari wolf SilentThunder. Believed to be an ancestral spirit wolf, he is as silent and as deadly as Stillwind.

The Darklanders sent Octultus of the Vampires, one of the Five Rulers of the Darklands as their representative. He was the only undead to break the domination of the Necromancer twice and led the undead rebellion against his evil. He alone fought the Necromancer while his newly freed army fought the Necromancer's army until all that remained was, rubble, debris and destruction and the victorious undead. He was accompanied by his wife the beautiful Kervein, a powerful and dangerous mage in her own right.

Accompanied by the powerful Leasha, a priestess and mage of Shaelaryn the goddess of the Lycans I, Hollow the wild were, mediated the meeting. By spells cast by Leasha, everyone told the truth and each side felt despair that all the destruction and loss of life was caused by misunderstanding. At the same time some hurts would not die and both sides still looked at each other with some amount of distrust. But an accord was reached. The Darklanders had the south and the Brightlanders had the North. We Shadowlanders held the center and we allowed passage of both sides through the Shadowlands for trade and commerce. In return we were given free access to both the Brightlands and Darklands and given armed escorts so that we may ply our trade to both sides.

It is an uneasy truce, but at least there is no war. We have hope here in the Shadowlands. We believe that one day we will roam the whole of Runelore, unimpeded, again.

Ancient Lore: Fritz and Max

In the ancient lore of the People, there were two moons: the Horned Moon and the Hunter Moon. The Horned Moon was said to be a great white buffalo, eternally pursued across the night sky by the Hunter, the chief god of the tribes. In a time when game was scarce, and the tribes began fighting among themselves over hunting rights, the Hunter at last lost patience and cast his spear at the White Buffalo, slaying it, and it fell from the sky. When it struck the land, the wrathful spirit of the Buffalo sent forth a storm of fire and earth like a vast stampede, blackening the sky. All but two of the tribes were wiped out, and the hunting grounds were destroyed. The surviving tribes were forced to flee to the south to survive. They found that their hunting luck was all but gone in the south, or their traditional hunting methods worked poorly with the game there, but they learned agriculture and began to prosper as they settled down from their nomadic ways. Still, many said that the Hunter was angry with them, and spoke with longing of their old homeland.

Hoping to settle such talk, two mighty warriors, sons of the chiefs of the two tribes and great friends, set out on a journey to the north. After an arduous journey through ravaged lands only just beginning to recover, they came to the shore of the bay, and gazed in stunned silence at the expanse of sea where the homeland of their people had once been. When at last they were able to speak, they soon began to argue.

"There is nothing here for our people. We should return, and tell them what we have seen."

"No! The telling would break the spirits of many, and wound all. We cannot go home until we find some way to bring them hope."

In time, they decided that since the Hunter had not come down to claim his kill, the body of the White Buffalo must still rest where it fell, somewhere under the waves. They would search for it until the Hunter returned to his lodge to rest, and if they had not found it, they would return. They fashioned a raft and took stones to help them search in deep water, and set out into the bay. Days passed as they searched, and each night, the Hunter grew more stooped and weary. At last, Max realized that the bay was perfectly round, and suggested that they search the very center of it. Fritz made the final trip into the depths; he had been below so long that Max feared him dead when he burst from the waves, gasping that he had found something. He had tied his rope about it, and the two slowly drew the relic up to their raft.

For a time, they sat and wondered at what they had found. Where the muck was brushed away, it was pure and shining white, and it was harder than stone. It was curved, like a shield, and ragged at the edges, like torn leather. Eventually, they decided that it must be a piece of the White Buffalo's marvelous hide. Agreeing that such a wonder would surely inspire their people, the two began their journey home. As they traveled, however, they were set upon time and again by trolls and other beast-men that had found their trail and

laid ambushes. The Hide saved them both more than once, turning aside deadly blows.

Nor did they find peace when they returned to their people. In their absence, the tribes had encountered a strange, fey people from the deep south, who began to make war upon them. The return of Max and Fritz was hailed as a sign of hope, despite their grim news, but there was much disagreement over the meaning of the Sign they bore. Many, Fritz among them, held that the hide should be offered up to the Hunter; yielding to Him what was His would surely bring His favor back to the people. Max and his people, however, argued that the Hide was a gift, meant to be used in battle against these new foes; a mighty warrior with such a shield would be all but invincible. Why else would it come into their hands in a time of war?

One night, when the Hunter was out in his full regalia, Fritz and a band of shamans took the Hide and set out for the Mountain of Fire, planning to sacrifice it. Max discovered his plan and, enraged by such a betrayal, intercepted his friend with a force of his own warriors. The two battled fiercely, both sure they were fighting for the good of their people, but even as they fought, a band of the fey folk came upon them and rained arrows upon them all. Only Max and Fritz survived the first volley, and wounded as they were, they wrought terrible slaughter among the fey. Yet they were still outnumbered; Fritz fell first, and a dying Max was left to finish their attackers before collapsing by his side, torn between mourning and rage. With his dying breath, he cursed the relic that had divided them, swearing that it would lie hidden from the people until it could undo the harm it had caused.

With the deaths of Max and Fritz, the tribes were sundered beyond hope of mending. Max's people were driven into a reckless rage, even using the dangerous battleweed to empower their warriors as they flung themselves at the fey. Fritz's people turned to their remaining shamans, and with deadly rites, sealed the woodlands against the fey. Even with the fey driven from the land, however, the two tribes were sundered beyond hope of mending. Where once there had been the Navar, now there were the warlike Qer'shatta, and the aloof, mystical Dainga.

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The Sundering of the Navarro

By Moeris of the Open Claw, historian

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The People Of Runelore

Brightland/Brightlanders

The Northern part of Runelore is the Brightlands. It is controlled by the Navarro. In the far north and a little to the west of the Brightlands is the Circle of the Great Ones/Ancestors. This is really the only gathering place of the tribes in mass and the closest thing to a real city for them.

Navarro

The people who live in the Brightlands who are currently under the rule of Princess BrightMoon on Still Waters at High Noon. (More details of the Navarro can be found in “A Brief History of Runelore” by the Shaman Deeppond.)

Ursala

The man bear, half Navarro, half bear. The Navarro god who protects all of nature and the Navarro.

BrightMoon

BrightMoon on Still Waters at High Noon. Child princess of the Navarro. Usually accompanied by the prophet TrueLies. BrightMoon is all that remains of the ruling family after the war. She does not personally hate the Darklanders, but realizes most of her people do. The one exception to this is the Darklanders known as ghouls who are believed to have eaten her parents. Due to her penchant for getting away from TrueLies, the Navarro ranger, StillWind has been charged to guard her without her knowledge.

StillWind

Greatest of the Navarro rangers. He is always accompanied by SilentThunder, a great namari wolf. StillWind is charged with guarding BrightMoon without her knowledge.

TrueLies

A Navarro shaman and great prophet.

DeepPond

A Navarro shaman/scribe who wrote “A Brief History of Runelore”.

DryWater

Navarro druid of great renown.

Shadowlands/Shadowlanders

The Shadowland is in the center part of Runelore. It is a wide area of land that varies in width. It is controlled by the Weres. They have 1 major city on the coast facing the main continent that is the port of entry for all goods into Runelore. Shadowlanders are nomads, gypsies—travelers, traders and merchants. A people made up of humans, elves, dwarves

and others that share a common bond—they are born Lycans, shape shifters. When a child is born among any of the peoples of Runelore and it becomes apparent at a young age that they are Lycan they are brought to the Shadowlands to be raised as one of their family. They are many, the avians, the sea dwellers, the mammals, the reptilians, as many as the mind can imagine. They have no quarrel with anyone because they come from all over and are made up of all the peoples of Runelore. All of their villages are built around a specific type of Were but you can always find other types of Were there. There is some good natured rivalry between the Were but it very rarely ever escalates into real violence. The local Weres handle their own justice much in the ways that the Gypsies of our world do. They do have a Were Queen, Hollow, the wild Were. She very rarely needs to use her authority but all Were recognize her authority as hereditary and are happy with her rule. It is only that solidarity that has enabled them to act as a buffer between the Navarro and the Undead.

Lycans

Natural born shape shifters that live in the Shadowland of Runelore. They are free to move throughout Runelore unimpeded and act as mediators between Brightlanders and Darklanders. (More details of the Lycans can be found in “Shadowlanders’ Hope” by Hollow the Wild Were.)

Shaelaryn

Chaotic-neutral goddess of the lycans. Her symbol is the full moon, but she encourages her clerics to use a symbol of their alternate shape. Often her moods are as caprices as her nature dictating which form she will appear in.

Hollow

The wild were. The only known wereperson who may change into any shape she chooses. She is the leader of the Gypsy clan Moon Raiser of the Shadowlands. She is the chief mediator between the Brightlanders and the Darklanders and spokesperson of the Shadowlanders.

Moeris

Moeris is some kind of Lycan. No one knows for sure what type he is but the best guess is his other shape is some kind of spirit. He uses this shape to chronicle what is happening in Runelore and is known to be neutral, at least until this time.

Fritz the Dove

Cleric of Shaelaryn. A pacifist at heart and a peacemaker, known for his interesting sermons.

DesertRain

Young Navarro druid in love with Noctis Amore, a Darklander. Has run away from home to be with him.

Darkland/Darklanders

Darklands are in the South of Runelore. It is controlled by the Undead. They have 5 major cities that form a 5 pointed star and only the rulers are allowed to travel to the center; no one else knows what is there.

Undead

The Undead (vampires, ghost etc) live in the Darklands of Runelore. They came to the south of Runelore through a gateway to escape Balen, the Necromancer who had enslaved them and used them for soldiers in his private army. Some managed to escape and opened the gateway to Runelore, hoping to seek solace, a haven, and a place to call their home. (More details of the Undead can be found in "New Life Orientation" by Ocutus.)

Ocutus

Vampire. He and his wife Kervein are the overlords of the haunted woods known as Collin. They rule from an impregnable fortress, Castle Timeless. Reported to be one of the key people that freed the undead from the Necromancer's rule. H and his wife, Kervein, are known to be one fifth of the Five Rulers of the Darklands.

Kervein

Vampiress. She and her husband Ocutus are the overlords of the haunted woods known as Collin. They rule from an impregnable fortress, Castle Timeless. Reported to be one of the key people that freed the undead from the Necromancer's rule. Also known to throw very 'interesting' parties. She and her husband, Ocutus, are known to be one fifth of the Five Rulers of the Darklands.

Balen the Lich

A lich of great power, he ruled a large kingdom of undead. It is not known how he came to power or his lichdom. It is known that, on the day he appeared, he was able to slay any that professed good or virtue in their heart by just glancing at them. Those who died rose as undead to do his bidding and he conquered a large kingdom in short order. He ruled this kingdom for close to thousand years before he was overcome from within by those neither good nor evil.

Noctis Amore

A Darklander vampire, a thief in love with the Navarro druid, DesertRain. He traveled to the Brightlands to steal her away.

Ongoing Notes from Runelore Games

Genesis

The adventurers arrived in the village of Vasaria in the region know as Shykia in the Shadowlands. They were welcomed by Hollow, the wild were, the leader of the Gypsy clan, Moon Raiser, of the Shadowlands. Hollow told the adventurers one of her clan mates, a courier, had been captured by Orcs and she wanted the team to rescue him. Many courageous adventurers answered the call braving a trap-filled corridor, a shaky ledge and a trapped cell to break Hollow's courier out of his prison. They were to find out he was a petrified were-rat. Carrying the stoned body out, the adventurers were ambushed and attacked by a small group of Orcs but managed to fight their way clear and return the poor rat.

Once the adventurers returned they found Hollow had been joined by a young lady named TwilightNight and her guardian, TrueLies, Navarro of the Brightlands. Additionally there was a vampire lord and lady present, named Octultis and Lady Kervein of the Darklands. Apparently these two groups, Brightlanders and Darklanders had just emerged from a war. They both claimed to be the injured party in the war and were looking to sway people to their side. For some reason, even though the insults flew fast and furious, they never came to blows in the land run by the gypsies.

Late in the day a messenger arrived looking for Princess BrightMoon. It turned out TwilightNight was actually a princess in disguise. This messenger claimed his family had been slaughtered by a vampire. His sister, DesertRain was missing. The Darklanders protested their innocence and hired adventurers to prove it. Princess BrightMoon hired her own adventurers to find out what had happened and to rescue the girl. While this was happening the young messenger ran off to find his sister on his own. Many of the adventurers hired by the Darklanders gave chase while one quick-thinking mage working for the Brightlanders placed a magical tracer on him.

As the two groups followed the trail they came across a camp of Orcs. There was a great battle and the Orcs were slain and much treasure was gathered. The trail continued on until the adventurers came across an even larger group of Orcs, lead by a male and female shaman who had captured the girl DesertRain. There was a fierce battle including many great magics wrought that day, but finally the adventurers triumphed.

While the adventurers were looting the bodies they noticed another vampire showed up. He grabbed the missing girl; they embraced passionately

and then ran off together. Neither the Brightlanders nor the Darklanders would comment on this act.

Story to be continued....

As told by *Moeris of the order of the Open Claw*.

Rise of the Necromancer

Once again the adventurers traveled to Runelore, this time braving the Darklands themselves. I traveled with them in spirit to observe. I was greatly tempted to intervene this time, but my charge will not let me. I can only watch, cheer and sometimes cry.

The Baron Deathknell, a powerful knight of the Darklanders staged a tournament to determine the best of the best. Staged was too true of a word; it was all a sham to lure the powerful to his lands so he could slay them in a ritual designed to bring back the Balen, the Necromancer himself. The Baron believed he was slighted when he was not chosen to be one of the five rulers of the Darklands. I believe he thought he could cut a deal with the Necromancer to be his chief lieutenant, but it all turned out terribly wrong.

The adventurers arrived after hearing many rumors on their travels. They found the guards to be surly, rude and very unfair in the judging. The Baron himself appeared to be friendly but it was quickly noted his personality was much darker.

In addition to the Baron and his guards there was a young lady that commanded a great deal of respect from the Baron's guards, Sevin was her name. Sevin ran a magic shop and sold items to the adventurers. Most of the items were cursed, but once again I could not tell this to the adventurers --- only watch. The curious part about this was Sevin commanded an Earth Elemental that stood guard. Knights should not be able to do that, but she radiates more power than a knight should.

After a few rounds of the tournament I saw Sevin giving commands to the elemental. The elemental then went out into the area with the adventurers and proceeded to attack them! None of the adventurers noticed Sevin's actions, or that the guards did not fight, only stood around the Baron. Eventually the elemental was slain and the Baron apologized, but he did not seem sincere. The Baron promised not to summon another guard for the shop. I wonder if he really believed he did the summoning or if it was Sevin all along.

Once the tournament was concluded the Baron gathered all of the combatants together. I noticed all of the guards formed a ring around everyone

there and loosened their weapons, but no one else did. When the Baron opened the chest the guards moved to complete the ritual and slay the adventurers, but they were stopped.

Out of the chest flowed a smoky creature that formed into a man-like shape. This wraith called itself Dewlinis and froze everyone in their spots, even me! Dewlinis went on to explain the Baron's plot and claim he alone had stopped the Necromancer. Dewlinis claimed he was blocking his return, for the moment. I did not miss that threat! Dewlinis turned to the Baron and claimed he had a use for him and teleported the Baron and himself away. Once the spell was broken the adventurers turned on the guards and slew them for their perfidy.

After all of the guards had been slain the master of ceremonies, a cleric by the name of Nicolin Black, made sure the treasure the Baron promised was handed out fairly and the winners were paid.

This ends the my tale for the moment,
As told by *Moeris of the order of the Open Claw*.

We've Only Just Begun

How could a day of such promise end so badly?

It was to be a day of joy and happiness, when the Darklanders and the Brightlanders could finally set aside their differences. A lady of the Brightlands, DesertRain by name, was going to marry a Darklander--- Noctis Amore. Hollow had granted them sanctuary in her lands and was going to throw a wedding where all were invited and none would take action against their enemies. I saw Hollow's heart and intentions were pure and I prayed the day would bear fruit for all, but alas, Balen the Necromancer reared his head once again, only this time through his daughter, as I shall explain.

The day started innocently enough with Hollow greeting everyone. The guests proved themselves with some great and some not so great bardic skills in praising the young couple and all got along well. Princess Brightmoon of the Brightlands showed up with Lady Kervein of the Darklands and together they presented a wonderful cake to the new couple so everything looked to be in fine shape. Fritz the Dove, a cleric of Shaelaryn and one of Hollow's shifters, came to officiate the ceremony and to marry the young couple.

While the prizes for the day's bardic events were being given out, Fritz took the young couple aside to advise them on what marriage and living in the clan of shifters would entail. *That was when disaster struck*. While the

adventurers were gathered together Sevin crept up the Cleric and slew him. The vampire tried his best to protect his young bride but she would not allow him to enter danger alone and alas they too were slain. DesertRain uttered such a cry of despair when her love was cut down it drew the adventurers outside. They were just in time to see Sevin raise the wedding party as undead.

Then a most curious thing happened. Instead of just attacking, Sevin threatened the adventurers. She claimed they had helped in the slaying of her father and she promised they would all die, starting with the clerics of the land first.

Could Sevin be a long lost child of the Necromancer Balen? Could the reason she attended the Baron's tournament be to raise her father? That could possibly explain her abilities and why she was not only capable of raising the dead, but able to summon a water elemental to attack the adventurers at the wedding. It would also explain the earth elemental at the tournament, but how could a lich father a child? It is not possible, but I digress. My charge is to report, not interfere or surmise.

After Sevin made her speech, the undead wedding party attacked the adventurers, seeking out clerics first. A water elemental rose and sought out any magic using types. Eventually the wedding guests prevailed and the wedding party was restored to life. The wedding was hastily concluded and I would like to say everyone lived happily ever after, but Sevin escaped again and I fear for this land. If she is truly somehow a child of Balen it bodes ill for all.---- *As told by Moeris of the order of the Open Claw.*

Shadow of the Witch

Is it good or bad that Sevin has fled our lands? Only time will tell, but I must tell how it happened.

Hollow called for a group of adventurers to aid her. The clerics and fortune tellers were missing or dying and the Lycans needed help. Many adventurers gathered to hear Hollow tell them about the plight and she also told them a prophecy issued by the two sisters of the Lycans. After hearing the prophecy the adventurers left to find the two sisters only to find out Sevin had arrived before them. The guard dog slain, a house in ruins, a final message left upon a table and a set of fleeing prints were all they found. The message showed a woman of great power bringing about great change, obviously a reference to Sevin. Moving quickly the group followed the tracks to a deep gorge with no way across.

Quickly stringing ropes the group attempted to cross the ravine only to be interrupted by Sevin who was also in pursuit of the fleeing women. Sevin accosted the group only to leave hurriedly to try and catch the fortune tellers. As she was leaving, the adventurers noticed a necklace that fell from her. Picking up the necklace the group found two names on it, 'Kaelin' and 'Balén'. When the adventurers tried to decipher the magic on it they felt a presence, female and somewhat divine, touch them and it left a scroll behind. Reading the scroll the adventures found this prophecy:

The Prophecy of Kailein Child of Light, Child of Darkness

A child from the womb of a paladin good
whose home was the warm plane of fire.
An evil-bent man who a lich would become
bound a girl and become the child's sire.

In stasis she stayed for nine months and one day
never to see her daughter's young form.
And wasted away to die on that day
as the child breathed it's first breath and was born.

Kailein the mother's name sake, a paladin's path she was to take.
Born seventh of the seventh, twisted was her fate.
An innocent soul caught in his web, Balén sang with glee
evil songs to bind his intellect and from death he would be free.

An evil lich grinned 'I've a plan! Let it begin!"
and hid a part of his soul in the child.
In total immortality he took one last step to a perverse immortality.
Dark rituals stole her innocence, chained her will for evil was to be.

Blinded by a dark taint the world she would feint
and become one with her father's dark wiles.
A knight's soul lost in shadows in the form of an evil dark witch
The world will know only as Sevin that which hides Balén the lich.

But as innocence goes there's a soul of fresh snow
trapped by a an evil shadow as dark as black night.
Free the soul, free the lie, lift the shadow, touch the sky.
A father's curse keeps the truth from her sight.

The mother's soul the child received, but the lich's plan deceived.
Now the world does not know of the soul made of gold
that is trapped just beneath the foe's stranglehold.
Expose the lie, the shadow must die!

As the evil recedes, her soul shall be freed.

Where darkness controlled, now light will lead
and the paladin lost whose soul weathered the cost
will be found in a girl-child redeemed.

This prophecy seems to indicate Sevin may be more and less than she seems. The adventurers followed Sevin only to come across an angry Wyvern. The wyvern demanded the return of its book that was stolen by Sevin. This book is a magical tome on how to create portals. The wyvern makes more and more demands the group could not in good conscience meet and because of the beast's actions they were finally forced to kill it.

Once more following the tracks the adventurers come upon a dying cleric of the lycans. This cleric tried to stop Sevin but was hurt badly. The adventurers rescued the cleric and traveled on, following Sevin. In front of them they saw an old temple Sevin was heading for but before they could reach it several undead rose from the ground and attack the brave adventurers. After slaying these foul creatures the group managed to open the locked and trapped door to the temple.

Inside the temple the adventurers managed to defeat several traps and more undead. They also crossed a corridor of mud that was inhabited by a mud elemental. As they traversed this corridor the adventurers heard chanting ahead as Sevin attempted to open a portal and then they heard a scream as the two fortune tellers perished by Sevin's hand.

Rushing into the final room the adventurers confronted Sevin who stood before an open portal. Saying a few parting words Sevin summoned an elemental of Ice and one of Fire to delay the brave adventures as she stepped through the portal. Once the adventures defeated these creatures they followed Sevin into the portal.

I have lost sight of these brave adventures now; they have passed beyond my sight. But if they are beyond my sight mayhap I will be beyond those who watch even me if I follow.

Maybe it's time I broke the rules and took an active hand in events! I leave for the portal

As told by Moeris of the order of the Open Claw.

In the Shadow of Death

Rejoice, Balen the Lich is dead!! But I get ahead of myself; let me tell you how this wondrous deed was accomplished.

Following Sevin, the courageous adventurers braved the land of the dead. There they fought long and hard, losing connection with all that they had known. But they persevered. During the adventure they uncovered that Sevin might be saved. Gathering together mystical rods guarded by fearsome foes, the heroes forced Sevin into a final battle. Three strode forth that day to do battle with Sevin, while their friends died protecting the magic circle from the elements of death, so she could not flee. Zanith the undead, Aidra the fierce and Curt Von Tempest defeated Sevin in the circle of death.

But it was the wrong thing to do. With the defeat of Sevin, Balen the Necromancer emerged from his hiding place—Sevin's soul. Summoning all of the undead at his disposal, Balen made war. Wielding a staff made of nightmares, he came close to winning, but Sevin's true mother made an appearance. Raising her daughter, not as Sevin but as Kailein, her true form, the living defeated the dead. Neither Kailein, nor the warriors could have won alone, only through their combined efforts was the necromancer defeated.

As told by Moeris of the order of the Open Claw.

Reunion

The descendents of Fritz and Max have rejoined us. Why did they choose those names, I still remember them as LeapingStone and FlightlessArrow. Brightmoon called to their spirits and they answered, but not in the way she intended. They came in fury and vengeance and possessed everyone around her. They girded themselves for a final battle and in the end the tribe descended from Fritz, known as the Qershatta won the day. Extending a hand of friendship, the two lost brothers embraced as one. The hatred was over, the Dainga and the Qershatta were once more welcomed into the mother tribe of the Navarro. Most of the tribes formed the Navarro nation. Some traveled back to Runelore while others travelled from Runelore to the new continent.

It was such a victory for Brightmoon and the Navarro, how can I tell her that some have clung to the old ways and even now try to conjure the dark gods back? Maybe they will not succeed, maybe they will, only time can tell.

As told by Moeris of the order of the Open Claw.

Banquet

I saw it coming, but it is not my place to warn, only observe. Have I made a mistake?

Princess Brightmoon travelled to meet with the leader of Fiorgynsheim, Lionel. She went to make peace, but we all know how the treaties in the past went. But I have to give her coup, she tried and took few guards with her.

As it turned out, Lionel was not the problem. He was arrogant, pompous, a fool and full of himself. But it was his mage, Justin who was the real problem. Lionel treated Brightmoon as nothing more than a broodmare but she stood her ground. When Lionel turned on his own people, she stepped away.

How can a ruler treat those he serves so badly, as Lionel did?

Justin was revealed to be a lich, I believe he is a pawn of the dark gods and has been laying his plans for years. He decided that this was the time to make a play for the throne. But the people did as they should; they stood up to the evil tyrant and defeated him. It cost the lives of Lionel, many guards and something called 'Drow' that aided him.

In the end, Justin fled with the crown and the rulership of the lands fell to three worthies, Earl Conrad, Earl Tainly and Aidra. I believe they will rule well if this Justin and his dark gods give them time.

As told by Moeris of the order of the Open Claw.

Unnatural Acts

TBD.....