

A Brief History of Runelore

By the Shaman Deeppond

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.