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A Bloodsoaked Journal

Unknown

Most of this journal is too soaked with blood to be readable.

A Canneroc Primer

Unknown

A book detailing the travails of the Webwood, for children.

A Canneroc Primer

A is for Arsenic, foul plant of the wood,

B is for Bridges, that guard us all well,

C is for Caution, which always is good,

D is for Danger, for here spiders dwell,

E is for Everyone in our dark dell,

F is for Fangs, which bite us and burn,

G is for Gold, from fresh silk we sell,

H is for Hunt, to kill what we earn.

I is for Ingress, which spiders all learn,

J is for Jelly-legs, just after a bite,

K is for Kill, to each spider its turn,

L is for Legs, eight prowling at Night.

M is for Maw, with teeth pure glowing white,

N is for Nightfall, the spider's best friend.

O is for Openings, which lead to our plight

P is for Poison, which no one can mend.

Q is for Queasy, the poison's quick end,

R is for Running, though none can escape,

S is for Silently, to corpses they tend,

T is for Terrible, hard-biting gape.

U is for Union, of horror and shape,

V is for Vexing, impossible pace,

W is for Webs, the gossamer cape,

X is for eXpelling the beasts from this place.

Y is for You -- young reader, take note

Z for your Zeal of the lessons we wrote

A Discourse On Straton's The Opponent

Irena

by Irena, Historian

Bravery is a topic often broached by the Kollassae in both fiction and popular culture: for instance, courage is a favorite 'topic of Master Onesimos of the Lykeios, Idylla's academy of theology. Onesimos is a feared debater and often utilizes 'the topic in discussion where he explains courage as the result of power. As I see it, playwright Straton's "The 'Opponent" appears to be an examination of courage, as well, through a simple parable. According to the playwright, courage 'is not a result of power, but the means to it. He seems to question the usefulness of strength if one lacks the bravery to 'use it. The protagonist of "The Opponent" is Theron, who wages a war against a cunning antagonist called Taruk, a Niskaru 'Tyrant. As a Mairu, Theron is a savage, whose cares begin and end with battle, though he has moments of ingenuity that 'connect him to the Kollassae of today.

At the climax of "The Opponent" we see Theron's village in flames, decimated by Taruk, though not without a price: the 'Mairu appear to have beaten, their aggressor. Taruk is surrounded, and, apparently, defeated, as the village leader stands 'over the Tyrant's skull. Unfortunately Taruk has a final spell to cast, and with a click of his mandibles, his form 'dissolves as he possesses one of the villagers, the wife of the village leader. In that moment, it seems the Mairu are 'utterly defeated. No one dares attack the wife of the village leader, and the night air fills with the shrill laughter of 'the possessed woman—laughter that turns to a cry of pain and terror as Theron strikes her down with a club of his own.

Instantly The Niskaru leaps into the body of a new host, and instantly Theron strikes him down. The vicious cycle continues 'until Theron is finally possessed, when he is the last Mairu standing. "I have you now," Taruk gloats, speaking with 'Theron's voice. But in reply, Theron raises his club, and readies to smash his own face. Taruk flees from the Mairu's 'body in terro, taking

corporeal form once more, and runs for a nearby river. Theron gives chase, and drowns the demon in 'the very river he sought to escape by.

In the epilogue, we learn that the only two of the villagers are fatally wounded by Theron's hand, and the rest will 'recover. It is obvious that Theron's Mairu tendencies have saved the village. The play closes with an unspoken question: 'could a Kollassae do the same?

A History Of Yolvan

Unknown

A discussion on the history of Yolvan

Chapter I

Yolvan is a curious island of normalcy in the heart of Dalentarth. Bordered by the enigmatic Odarath, the notorious Webwood, and the enchanted Glendara, Yolvan is known primarily as the bastion of "natural" creatures in these lands. And while bears, wolves, and antelope are certainly to be found here, the area is not as devoid of more magical forms of life. In fact, it is sometimes a common occurrence to see sprites attacking packs of wolves, or bears doing battle with the odd troll that has stumbled into their den. This dichotomy is even more apparent when one considers the fact that the Warsworn keep a base in a stronghold here, within eyeshot of the mystical fae institution known as the House of Ballads. And, while interactions (if any) between the two groups are often genial enough, it is curious to note the tension between the natural and unnatural in Yolvan.

The area is actually rather small -- which some have attributed to the spread of the more magical forests, exacerbated by what many perceive to be a rise in magic -- but noticeable for the sudden drop of the tree-line. There are large expanses of ruins, similar to those found in Lorca-Rane, but whose origins remain rather mysterious. They do not resemble fae architecture, or Erathi, or those of the stronghold in the region. But they are known to house a few secrets to be uncovered by those brave enough to explore them.

Alas, what more can be said of Yolvan? This small beat in the rhythm of the forest, this footnote in the annals of Dalentarth. Too small to care deeply of, too large to ignore, too normal to pique curiosity, but too mysterious to inspire boredom. For many, it is but a means of traveling from one magical wood to the next. But for the worldlier traveler, it is a destination in and of itself.

A Letter From Archsage Caledus

Jubal Caledus

A Final Word

To my successor,

If you are reading this, then I have failed where you have succeeded. You now bear the ring of my rank and office, and you have earned it.

I knew the moment your initiation ritual was begun that Sydanus had awakened. From that moment it was only a matter of time before she rose again. I regret not being able to prepare you better for what was to be, but if my estimation regarding your potential was in any way accurate, you will have made your way on your own.

My legacy is now yours. You have inherited along with the order a world which finds itself ever on the brink of change. The time of man approaches, and with it, a great and terrible freedom. Do your best to guide the Scholia Arcana, that she may guide the world through the perils that are to come.

Lyria willing, with our aid the mortal races will not lead themselves to ruin.

Jubal Caledus, Archsage

PS Along with this letter and ring, Savant Methneen will also provide you a key. It will open my chambers, which are now yours. Use what treasures lie within with wisdom and intelligence, and the fates themselves will favor you.

Good luck.

A Record Of Petitions

Unknown

This exquisite logbook details the arbitrations of the last master of Gravehal Keep.

Petitions Heard Before Lord Gravehal

Here, by order of Ansgar Solsvard, Second Lord of Gravehal, are listed the hearing of petitions.

Starg Njolf was first before the throne, humbly asking his lordship to dispatch an annoying nest of Isle Varalins' indigenous pests. The scavs, he claims, have repeatedly overrun his crops and even carried off some of the smaller livestock. His lordship pledged, upon the throne, to "crack their shells upon mine own knee and drink whatever evil pours forth from within to rid you of their pestilence."

The hearing of petitions was interrupted by the arrival of a trio of candidates sent by Emberdeep for his lordship's approval. During the gathering of the small council one month past, Lord Gravehal ordered the gallery (illegible) with the finest (illegible) and sent orders to the Obsidian Isles to find one fit for the task.

Lady Gravehal continues to implore his lordship to put the room above the great hall to a more practical use, but he was as ever unmoved.

Last before his lordship, a self-styled "poet," recently arrived on the orders of the council in Emberdeep. He presented the council's edict that Isle Varalin be celebrated in flattering verse, designed to appeal to the lower and merchant classes to enthrall them into settling upon our new Dvergan realm. Lord Gravehal has little patience for the soft-handed messenger, but granted him hospitality for two months' time to scribble whatever gruel his Obsidian Island patrons desired. His lordship further recommended that Emberdeep consider

burning the ships of these settlers upon their arrival lest they attempt to return upon seeing the truth gilded by the poet's stories.

All further business concerned the night's wedding feast. Hence Lord Gravehal left these matters in the able hands of Lady Gravehal. As this business concerns not matters of the realm, they need not to be recorded here.

A Tattered Journal

Unknown

The binding is coming apart and the cover is stained with what looks like blood.

A Tattered Journal

Day 7

Keska betrayed me. Thought the girl wanted that foolish cult destroyed, but it turns out she was just bait. Why can't I ever resist a pretty pair of legs?

Damned fools keep chanting and smearing that foul smelling sap all over their faces. Canneroc hired me to kill this cult, but I've only become another tender morsel for its dark tree god. Some bounty hunter I've turned out to be.

They have others, people and creatures, penned like cattle in cages. Think we're food, but for what?

I need to get out of here.

Day 11

Ceremony last night. Or day? I can't tell.

Everyone chanting, holding hands. Something was killed - couldn't make out what from my cage. Scream sounded human, mostly.

There was a thunderclap, I think, then every torch in the place went dark. Lots of screams. Wet sounds, smacks and swallows. Smell of blood.

Been quiet for awhile. Not sure what's happening. They forgot about me, I bet.

Day 13

She came near. I think it was her, Keska.

Hair was white, though.

Legs... too long. Her voice, like teeth scraping on bone. Her eyes so bright.

I think she's... becoming... something else. Something different. And I think she ate the others.

Am I next?

Day 21

No sign. No food. Drinking sap that drips from the dark above.

Her voice is everywhere. She hunts in the cave, eating with thick wet gulps. Think she forgot me. And my cage.

I'm glad it's dark. Can't see. Don't want to see.

Soon I'll be thin enough to fit between the bars, and then I'll escape.

Adessa I

Galenun Hegem

An introductory chapter from Galenun Hegem's memoirs as the head mason of Adessa. There seems to be an interesting note scrawled in the margin.

Chapter I: Preliminary Plans

When I first looked upon the site, it was but a crater with a glimpse of opportunity for greatness. From the nearby quarries of Apotyre, veins of white stone - rare for Detyre - were unearthed, and from that was born my masterpiece. The city would be a shining jewel among the red rocks, a rose in the desert.

It all started here, in this simple library. Once a fortress, a place for study, it has since become so much more. All tales begin and end in these halls of knowledge. Including, reader, a tale that starts with you.

My city is my labor of love, and one that seeks to know it as I knew it will be rewarded. There is a prize, hidden in plain sight for any curious enough to find, if the searcher will but walk from the birth of this city to its end.

First I build the Livrarium. And once it was completed, I turned to the Praetorian Garrison, to protect and uphold the truths we housed in these Isles.

Adessa II

The second chapter from Galenun Hegem's memoirs on the construction of Adessa.

Chapter II: The Garrison

There are many whom in the ease of silent quorums, hold that the presence of a Praetorian Garrison is an affront to the principles Adessa was built for. To them, I say that the gates of knowledge must be fortified.

What we have in the Livrarium, what we hope to display with the prosperity of our new city requires protection. It requires support. The Garrison is not a house of war, or suppression or conflict. It is an instrument that our society can call upon to further our knowledge.

The structure is as important to the city as the Livrarium, as melancholia is the sanguine in the body. Without it, our precious balance is upset.

Once I have completed work on the Garrison, I moved on to the construction of the Adessa Laboratories.

Adessa III

Another chapter from Galenun Hegem's memoirs, the mason that oversaw the construction of Adessa.

Chapter III: The Laboratories

But though our city was born as a place to protect the knowledge that our great race had amassed in all its history, I was determined to ensure that our accumulation of knowledge would proceed, if not grow, once the city had been completed. And so I began construction of the Laboratories.

How curious it was to put up the halls and doorways, with the thought that this skeletal structure might one day house the minds that put an end to war, or make travel between great distances instantaneous, or make the moon shine as bright as the desert sun. It was humbling, yet affirmed my resolve to construct a space of timeless experimentation.

It is in this building that I have sheltered the creativity and ingenuity of our race, the qualities that set us apart from others. Only on completing it did I know we would need as grand a building to foster our diplomacy, and so I set to work on creating the Domus Politica.

Adessa IV

Another chapter from Galenun Hegem's memoirs, the mason who designed

Adessa.

Chapter IV: The Domus Politica

What bounty is there in gifts that are not shared? How are we to know we are graced if none are there to grace us?

Diplomacy has always been the way of my people, to bear treaties ad words instead of swords. As we progress in the studies of magic and philosophy, should we not endeavour to share these gifts with races less apt and forward-thinking than us?

An so I had them construct the Domus Politica -- a place centered not on focusing our ingenuitiy inwards, but out. A home of scribes and letters, where truces and compromises reign.

The city was taking shape, and our prosperity was already becoming due. And woth that, it became clear of the need of a way to manage the trade and assets we had constructed here. And so work began on the Grand Bursar's.

Adessa V

Another chapter from the memoirs of Galenun Hegem, the mason who designed Adessa.

Chapter V: The Grand Bursar's

When I was an apprentice, my master gave me a piece of advice that I never forgot. He told me that the key to fostering the best of someone was to eliminate their needs. A mind cannot be brilliant if it is concerned for survival, or burdened with worry.

And so, to get the best out of Adessa's minds, I endeavored to create the institution that would see to their needs for the entirety of their lives -- the Grand Bursar's. It was to supply and manage all of the city's finances, so that our scholars and templars might not burden their great minds with such minutia.

And like all things that my race has put its mind to, the Bursar's has performed admirably. We were quickly seen by merchants as far as Rathir as stable means of housing investments. And our bankers were quick to revolutionize the financial structures previously employed by our society.

With our needs to I could see that the Bursar's would only serve half of our needs. Which led to the construction of the Arcadium.

Adessa VI

Another chapter from the memoirs of Galenun Hegem, the mason who designed Adessa.

Chapter VI: The Arcadium

Every city must have a market, and Adessa is no different.

But rather than something tawdry, dirty, and bustling, I vowed that for the crafts we gnomes excel at - gemcraft, potionswork, book writing-- we would house them in a building that befits their grace and honor.

And so I was determined to make the Arcadium a house of trade without parallel, a home to all the grandeur you might find elsewhere in the city.

Once these buildings were underway, I felt confident to begin working on my next jewel for this crown: the Basilica Gnostra.

Adessa VII

Another chapter from the memoirs of Ganelun Hegem, the mason who designed Adessa.

Chapter VII: The Basilica Gnostra

What can be said about the Basilica Gnostra that could do it justice?

I raised the walls and created the ceiling, sure enough, but the shell pales in comparison to its contents.

This is the true culmination of efforts, where we distill experimenes and crafts and labors into theorems, laws and axioms. There is where the divine transformation from experience into knowledge truly occurs.

It is the portion of this city that I am proud of. That, and the grandness of the Forum.

Adessa VIII

The final chapter from Galenun Hegem's memoirs, the mason who designed Adessa.

Chapter VIII: The Forum

The Forum would be the last of the building I would leave to my beloved city, and woe fills me for being too infirm to see to its completion.

But here, in time, will be a center for all gnomes to have a voice, to hear the words of the just and kind Templars. Here will be the central pin that holds the city together-- its heart, its soul.

I weep to think I will no longer sketch the plans and detail the stones that will form this city. But for you, dear reader, who has been fit to follow me throughout my journey in making this city, I leave a simple gift:

There is a book hidden in the stacks of the Livrarium, dedicated to those that wish to master the art oft speech. Learn its teachings, and use the skill to spread word of my marvelous city after I have passed.

-- Galenun Hegem

Aethan Engar's Letter

Aethan Engar

To my favorite Docent

I must offer my apologies for not being present upon your return to the Rathir chapterhouse. Continued ponderings regarding the intricacies of the magics involved in the Sun Stone artifact you recovered have compelled me to attempt an experiment of sorts.

Should you receive this missive in time, please consider yourself welcome to join me. I will be found atop the spire of Creathnach Thintri -- Skycrown mountain, as it is called. It shouldn't be difficult to find, as it is the only mountain in all of Erathell.

Savant Aethan Engar

PS Consider the copper ring accompanying this letter an official symbol of your promotion to the rank of Adept. Congratulations!

Aewald's Notes

Aewald

The Withering War

In 1230 BE, King Ysa rose to power in Dalentarth. In his early years, Ysa traveled widely throughout Alfaria and Fortenmar, posing as a Hironar. Oh His return to the west, he accumulated a large following as a war leader and loremaster, and he soon embarked on a campaign to conquer and unify the widely scattered local groups of Fae. After successfully conquering Dalentarth, he reorganized these local clans into three Great Houses of the modern Seelie Court, and brought civilization and Fae culture to the western Faelands.

Aisling Twelve Fingers

Unknown

Balethorpe was a quiet, mostly Varani, town. Life there was simple and peaceful.

This quiet ended the morning the villagers awoke to discover their food stores had been broken into and all their food taken.

The village had toiled all summer to amass the food for the annual royal tribute and they were to present it the very next morning. The warden dispatched the entire town into the woods to find the villain. As night fell, no thief had been caught, so the villagers glumly returned home to rest and dread the King's wrath.

But when they arrived, they found the doors to all their homes locked. So they slept outside in the town square.

When they awoke the next morning, a small alfar girl, no taller than a gnome, greeted them brightly.

"Greetings, citizens of Balethorpe, I am Aisling Twleve-Fingers and I have stolen your royal tribute and barred you from your homes. Fine tricks both, but not my greatest. That will be the trick of turning you all into thieves."

The villagers gawped at the tiny girl, but none could muster a sound.

"You will do as I command. I will restore to you your tribute and we will go together to the castle. There you will present me as one of your own and not dare reveal to anyone that I am among you. If I am able to collect what I seek and return safely, I will restore your homes to you and never trouble you again.

The townsfolk, seeing no other choice, agreed. When they arrived at Halensborg, the guards questioned them about wanting a bandit named "Aisling," but no villager betrayed her. Once inside the bustling castle, Aisling

stole away from the group. Many of the villagers ached to betray her but feared what the king would think of Balethorpe for their part in her ruse.

When the tiny bandit returned, she was dragging behind her a large coffin. She announced: "Inside of this coffin is not just the body of King Erik, but also all his sword and jewels. I will make a fortune selling them, but not nearly so much as I will get selling his body to the jarl of Baresark."

The townsfolk were more fearful than ever, but felt sure that the king would kill them all if they spoke up now. Once beyond the sight of the castle, Aisling took the coffin and departed, but not before handing a bag of keys to the warden as promised.

Happy to be rid of Aisling, the townsfolk breathed a sigh of relief and returned to life as normal.

A few months later, a war ignited between Haslenborg and Baresark that would blaze for twenty years. The town of Balethorpe was the first village to be burnt to the ground.

Alfar Navy Recruitment Letter

Unknown

This official notice appears to have been commissioned by members of the Alfar Merchant Navy. It is a summons to Rathir.

Report to Rathir!

Take heed, intrepid travelers, seasoned adventurers, and brave men and women of Amalur! A fiend is loose in the frostbreak sea! Dead Kel has returned, and his crew of hanged men trail a bloody wake!

Will you let this stand?!

The Alfar merchant navy seeks daunteless souls in their pursuit of the pirate king! Do not delay! Draw your swords! Raise your sails! set a course for glory!

Visit Rathir today!

Aloren's Journal

Aloren

Sodding fools. Bertran thought he could just watch Cassera die and still think he was innocent. That he could go back. I tried to tell him. And he just wouldn't listen.

I couldn't have him bring others after me. I had to kill him. Now, I can just get out of this damn wood and find a place to lay low. Maybe Camneroc... .

An Investment

Templar Octienne

A well-worn letter, written in careful script and still bearing a grandiose seal.

V.

Allow me to express my deepest regret for the Forum's verdict and your imminent sentence. Believe me that I argued most stridently on your behalf - and not merely because I had invested in the work of you and your colleague, Mr Hugues. I think we both agree that in pursuit of science, we must forgive minor missteps when they are followed by great leaps. But alas, my colleagues still hold quite provincial views on the subject of necromancy, and so your fate was sealed.

But perhaps there is another way.

Tomorrow morning, your executioner will arrive to escort you from your cell. But after a small donation, I have seen to it that you shall be delivered not to your eternal rest, but to a discrete caravan outside of Adessa. From there, a moderate price has seen to it that you (and certain sets of your notes (salvaged from the evidence against you)) shall be delivered to Klurikon, where a truly monumental price has been paid to construct a new laboratory for your work in a discrete location.

I trust you appreciate the depth of my investment in your work. Just as I trust that it shall return a grand dividend to your one and only investor.

- O.

An Odd Patronage

Jubal Caledus

This strange scroll was found in the Archsage's mind.

Archsage Ephraim has taken me into his confidence once more, though I do not know why. Were I to appraise my skills honestly, I have only a tolerable competency (and interest) in gemcraft and alchemy. I've found some small enjoyment in the art of creating and dispelling wards. But there is only one application of the craft that I truly find myself attracted to and the master of: battle magic. At first, it was no small shame of mine that, unlike the scholastic brethren I trained with for the majority of my life, I did not wish to live my life always in the library. My father, from what little I recall of him, lived part of his life as a warrior, and I suppose that blood was passed down to me. But still, what use would I be as an apprentice to the Archsage of our order? Should that rank not go to a better-rounded student of magic? I know little of the Archsage's duties - indeed, I believe it was my inquiries regarding this ignorance that first brought myself to Archsage Ephraim's attention - but should they not act as custodian to the whole business of the order, and not merely one part of it? There are many better candidates amongst my peers (who, upon noticing Archsage Ephraim's increased attention to myself, have made similar claims in less-polite terms) to be fostered by one as the Archsage. I do not wish a chain of ink and parchment on myself. As long as magic changes, there will always be battles to be fought with it.

Ancient Journal I

Unknown

The Twenty-Second Day

The magic of this place is wild, ungoverned, and wary. For twenty-two days I've walked this Blackened Hall. Stones with long memory mock my plight. I fear I've lost the light of day. Why was I such a fool? Why listen to tales of treasure when I could be happy with a merchant's wages? I hope this dungeon won't be my final resting place, but the twisting walls would have me believe otherwise.

Ancient Journal II

The Twenty-Eighth Day

It has been two fortnights now. These myopic creatures do their best to waste me, while the walls guide me deeper through the pitch. I can only continue, and hope my salvation lies ahead, and not behind.

Ancient Journal III

The Thirty-Ninth Day

Thirty-nine days enshrouded in the earth. Voices eclipse my thoughts and guide me on. Songs like half-remembered music, a language long forgotten. I hear their tune and call them friend.

Ancient Journal IV

Day ?

The count is lost. The chorus now enshrouds me completely, a magic so sublime to blaspheme other thought. Beneath the hymn I hear a rumbling from the fathoms. It sings abrading notes from a cursed lyre.

Anonymous Journal

Unknown

Day 20

Finally made it to this forest, don't like it, trees everywhere to hide enemies, will have to tell Holgar. It's hard to see what's a shadow and what's a creature. Tomorrow I reach Gorhart, the last stop before the Fae lands. The trip so far has been uneventful, should be able to find work amongst these folk.

Day 25

Found work. Guarding a trader between this village and a gnome tower, his name is Wallis. Quiet town, isolated. He is afraid of the pixies hiding in the bushes. Not surprising, coming from someone who lives in the "village of cowards." Probably afraid he'll end up like Alden Gorhart's father, eaten by a barghest.

Day 27

Saw something entering an overgrown thicket on the way to Arden's, and I thought I glimpsed something shining in there, treasure perhaps? I wouldn't be so lucky, but I'll go see what I can find tomorrow.

Aodh

Valfillian Carr

Aodh: The Mythos of Mayhem By Valfillian Carr

Introduction

Fire; that essence which invigorates the imagination of the mind, yet stifles the growth of the natural. It is both a weapon and a tool, a source of fascination to all people. Who can help but be mesmerized by the intricacies within a dancing flame? From this single element sparks the spirit of life. For ages, few have understood its potential, and fewer still have mastered the art of controlling tis starved nature. Yet there is a place in the Faelands, where it is not only studied, but worshipped; for within Aodh, there exists an especial connection to this otherworldly power. Indisputably, Aodh is the prime nexus of the living flame.

In this volume, I will give a brief history of the legendary sanctum and elucidate the mystery surrounding this ruin.

Part 1 - The Mythos

The beginnings of Aodh are shrouded by the darkness of ages past. According to legend, the temple was a place of communion with Vraekor, the God of Fire. Before the coming of the Architect, the Sidhe was a panoply of disparate elemental energies. When the Architect first came upon the Sidhe, he was nearly consumed by a magical, wild inferno. He sought to quell the raging fire, and diverted the waters of the Sidhe so that they would fall upon the inferno. With the flames extinguished, he could see the inferno was actually a sanctum of fire. The tale ends with the Architect then turning to shape the rest of the Sidhe.

The earliest recorded mention of Aodh comes from the histories of the Durek-Alfar War. According to the Dokkalfar historian Ormend, during the Durek

invasion of Alfar lands, a portion of the Durek army came across a "glowing temple carved from stone at the foot of a waterfall." The Durek contingent, being a "warlike and foolhardy tribe" entered and disappeared within the depths of the temple. It is possible that the glowing temple in question was any number of ruins found throughout Dalentarth, however, earlier, when writing of the Durek army's route, Ormend describes their trespassing of a sacred Fae place: "an enormous tree, unlike any others found within the enchanted Fae forest." This would be Caer Nyr ALIM of the Ring of Keozai, found in the Sidhe, and well within half a league of Aodh.

The next possible mention of Aodh is found in Fae lore, through a verse in the Withering War:

"... and Ysa planted the Gardens after the Storm, and Nurtured the Court of Summer by the Ruins of Fire."

Here we find a reference to "the Ruins of Fire" near Ysa and the Court of Summer. When taken figuratively, it is an obvious reference to the lands destroyed during the Withering War, however, if a literal interpretation is made, then this must be a direct reference to Aodh. The only other eligible "ruins" near Ysa are either lost to us completely, or Arduath and Rundamir. Both Arduath and Rundamir are more distinctly hollows of Fae design, rather than a set of ruins. Neither have any connection with fire, nor any known history of being burned during the events of the Withering War. Therefore, this phrase must be in reference to Aodh.

Aewald, in her works on the Withering War, explains that it occurred shortly after the Order of Ash established the universal principles of magic. Already, then, is Aodh known as a ruin, rather than intact. This further supports the theory that Aodh is centuries older than most ruins found within Dalentarth proper. Given that Ormend specifically describes Aodh as a temple, rather than a ruin, we can surmise the timeline for Aodh's ruination to be sometime between the Durek-Alfar War and the formation of the Almain kingdom some 1100 years later.

Arcaneid

Unknown

Arcaneid

The ancient inscriptions in this book seem to fade and crawl before your eyes. The only portion that remains clear and legible is the following:

City, slumber, dark and still

Until awakened to my will

Silver circle emerald flame

What has slept shall rise again

A strange symbol seems to follow this words... but then, perhaps it is not a symbol at all.

Assistant Notes

Unknown

These bloodstained pages are brittle with time, but they appear to discuss work on revivification in the labs of Saltwell Caverns.

Damn it all. It's bad enough being stuck in this lab after F.H. left for Allestar. Now we're all left at the hands of V. I thought we were doing something noble, here, but instead I find the work getting grislier by the day. The bodies are lining the hallways, now, and there's more than we can clean up by ourselves. Even the incinerator's only half-working.

And in spite of all our problems, one of the other assistants still thinks they have time for morbid jokes. I found some of the blodies had moved again. I don't know where this fool, whoever he is, is finding the time to move around some rotten corpses when we're as busy as we are.

I mean, it's not like they can move themselves... .

Bertran's Journal

Bertran Nest

Cassera died. Killed by Brownies. Alorean was sad at first. Fancied her, I think. Then he said that it was her fault that we got caught, said she hadn't researched the ward enough.

Alorean and I had never seen a spell like it. And when it went off in our faces, the whole Chapter House knew what was happening.

We fled to the Sidhe. But as we left, Alorean said it was Cassera's fault that we were stuck in the wilds with nothing to our name. Then he started calling me dead weight. Said he'd fix me if I couldn't keep up.

Black Arick VII

Unknown

This book is one in a series of books featuring the People's hero Black Arick (aka "the Spritely One") and his adventures across Amalur.

Chapter VII. The Caeled Coast

The two warriors faced each other beneath the verdant boughs of the Green Coast-- two dark shades in a vast ocean of shadow-- as the tips of their war flames curled up to snap at the starts like hatchlings yearning for their mother's feed. Around and round the figures turned, blades aglow in the firelight, eyes white with mutual contempt, until the roar for the Red Beast split asunder the silence of the twilight, as the cries of a wee babe drives its mother to fear. The ground shuddered beneath the weight of Chernobog's anger as he set forth on a path to strike down Our Hero and demand his death in good order, for there was no surrender in the eye of the bolgan, and their victories are washed only in the sweet red tang of blood.

The Spritely One froze in his stance, shield raised to meet the approaching fiend. There was not time for escape, or even for the most hushed of utterance to flee his quivering lips-- for the beast was upon him. In all the minutes of his lifetime, never had Our Hero considered the prospect of defeat -- nay, such judgement was folly -- but as the mighty beast descended on as the storm clouds hang endlessly above the sodden soldier, it seemed that the end of Black Arick had finally come.

Or had it? for beyond the veil of mistake and regret, and far greater than any ..

Black Arick XI

This book is one in a series of books featuring the People's hero Black Arick (aka "the Spritely One") and his adventures across Amalur.

Black Arick and the Hanged Men - Chapter XI. Dead Kel

"Black Arick raised his bright blade and held it to the villain's throat, perspiration dampening his palms with a sickly sweat. The wound in his side bled freely now, tainting the waves with its bitter tang, and the sharks tore through each other to reach it, engulfed in the delicious gore. Yet, the Spritely One was not afraid, for in his heart he hid the lovely Mya, and no gnashing teeth or bandit's blade could ever reach her stowed away in that protected chamber, the room within his heart.

"Do you yield?" cried our hero exhorting his plea loudly as to counter the deafening tumult of the sea's mighty crash. Beneath them, the deck of the ship pitched and rolled as a barghest in deep slumber, its planks awash with a briny bubble that sent flecks of foam high in the air and choked the senses with its salty spray.

The hero, his companions, the pirate crew and even the lowly prisoners and slaves shackled fast in the black maw of the ship's great, dank hold, held their breaths as Black Arick's words rose up above them, taking flight like a sea bird borne for shore. They waited, watching the bodies of the dead wash back and forth across the decks as the mighty winds and waves of the Frostbreak spun the ship as a small boy might push a stick down a stream, tossing it with the utmost disregard and violence. So too did the lost souls of the Stormbreaker twist through the growing storm.

The villain released a vile chuckle. "I will not yield," he spoke, his words like the gray engraving on a headstone. "Dead Kel" does not yield."

Bloody Journal

Unknown

A young girl's journal.

1st Entry

Today a new boy moved to town, by the name of Fenvar. His father is the new village blacksmith.

2nd Entry

I think Fenvar noticed me today. He smiled, but I lacked he[sic] courage to smile back.

3rd Entry

I waited outside the blacksmith's shop all evening, waiting for Fenvar to emerge. When he saw me, he said hello.

4th Entry

I finally mustered the courage to introduce myself to Fenvar. He told me my hair was pretty.

5th Entry

Fenvar walked me home tonight. We held hands the whole way.

6th Entry

Fenvar took me on a picnic today. We kissed for the first time.

7th Entry

Fenvar and I have been courting for a month. I think it is time to tell Mother.

8th Entry

We did something bad today. Fenvar and I snuck off to the fields and made love. When we came home, we found the entire village slaughtered. Could this be our fault!? Punishment for our crime?

9th Entry

Fenvar comforted me, assuring me we were not to blame. He held me all night, but I fear whatever attacked the village will return.

10th Entry

I found a note today in the mayor's house. It said, "The Tyrgash are upon us." We must leave now! (The rest of the journal is saturated with dried blood)

Book Of Persuasion

Unknown

It is difficult to delve deep into rhetoric and the persuasive arts without first addressing the medium's inexorable detachment from fact -- or, put more simply -- that which is obviously true.

Many of my colleagues in the Basilica Gnostra are quick to dismiss the value of an education based in the study of rhetoric for the simple reason that rhetoric emphasizes the form an argument takes rather than the basis of the argument itself. Any argument not grounded in hard, irrefutable facts is not worth being made, fought for or upheld, according to them.

But there is a world beyond the syllogism, beyond the progressions of postulates and conclusions of discourses. And, perhaps most importantly, there exist people over whom fact holds no meaning. It is in these times that a knowledge of rhetoric -- of stance, elocution and dramatization -- can reign.

Another oft-given reason for the avoidance of studying rhetoric, made by the scribes and aides of the Domus Politica, is the insistence that knowledge of rhetoric might somehow corrupt or otherwise pollute the moral fiber of the one that employs it. Surely, such detractors suggest, that just as martial or financial power stokes the flame of ambition in those who wield it, so could the power of influence wielded by a rhetorician give way to equally rampant ambition.

Against such claims I can only stand with mouth agape.

Rhetoric is a product of our enlightened minds -- to compare it with martial authoritarianism or the practice of usury, to present it as merely another avenue for one being to express dominance over another, is wholly absurd. True, rhetoric is a means to an end. But to achieve mastery over rhetoric, one must open one's mind to a corpus of the finest works these lands have to offer-- "The Misgivings," by Ballarde Oreigh, Decanus Kerrine's "Twenty-Five-and-One Supports," -- and internalize them. To excel at rhetoric is to be worldly; one

must examine issues from all sides. (And to those that are easily persuaded by even an amateur, I might argue that they are asking to be taken advantage of!)

In light of such a testament, then -- in the understanding that rhetoric requires such a breadth of knowledge -- how can my opponents presume to know that rhetoric will yield to corruption? How can a mind that has seen so much, studied great works and diversified their perception to such ends, fall to base temptation? Is the pursuit of rhetorical ability not, in its own way, a quest for self-enlightenment? And under such a view, how could we ever assume that such a person could succumb?

Brother Padric's Travel Notes

Brother Padric

Day 8... Splitrock Depths feels like a winding maze as I travel deeper into the cave. I have been attacked a few times already, but was able to narrowly escape.

Day 16... I feel that I am closer to finding the hidden exit. I terribly miss my companions from St. Eadric's and wonder if I made the right choice doing this.

Day 81... I am cold, and beginning to run low on supplies. I will not return until I have found the treasure I seek... I will show Brother Holt he can be proud of me... that my search was not in vain. I will make all the monks so proud....

Cassera's Journal

Cassera Vonn

The plan's laid out. Alore and Bertran are on board. All we have to do is wait until nightfall, and then we'll make off with Quintis' gem.

Should be a simple matter of waiting for the gnome to go to sleep, dispelling the chest and getting the gem. Then, it's off to the west. Fence the gem, split the gold and we'll live like kings.

Chasing The Snaketail

Odwald Bynothas

A scholarly text describing the gnome construction of the city of Adessa and the role tyrenium mining played in the collapse of Apotyre.

A History of Gnome Exploitation in Apotyre

by Odwald Bynothas

Introduction

When I see about the monumental task of chronicling the tragic history of Apotyre, a windswept, burnt, and desolate land, one of broken backs and broken hearts, I knew that the tale ahead of me was not one of lords and ladies, king and queens. No. The story of Apotyre is a tale told in the trenches, excavated from the deepest mines where the shadows never sleep and the men are buried with their pickaxes beside them. It is a story as harsh as the land that spawned it.

Chapter 1: Hail, Tyrenium!

Tyrenium! Its fine violet splendor is familiar to us all, sparkling from the fine picture frames and jewelry boxes of our homes, glowing in the amulets and statuary of Adessa's great halls. What many forget is that the ore known to the men who mine it as "violet flash" is a recent discovery. Less than a century has passed since the first scholars of the ancient gnome Academy led their exploration crews to the vast wastes of Apotyre, following an unseen magical aura to an overlook of the Snaketail River. Much has been made of the importance of tyrenium in the construction of Adessa, but since its discovery, the precious purple ore has become even more synonymous with the philosophical notions - of beauty over substance, price over true worth, and most importantly, the plight of the poor against the powerful. Every piece of tyrenium carries with it a legacy of agony that began in the sands of Apotyre.

The first ever mention of tyrenium was in the published works of Scholar Joson, a quiet, headstrong gnome who would go on to sit on the founding council of Adessa's own Basilica Gnostrum, and who acted as the inaugural research fellow for Motus Mining Interests. In his description of the first wells dug in the region of Apotyre, Joson makes several passing remarks about a "pleasant reflective stone -- perhaps a metal -- that appears to glitter like the scales of a snake." He was of course referring to unrefined tyrenium, also known as trec, which in the early days of Adessa's creation was disposed of in large, poisonous drainage pits in efforts to reach deeper for the graystone that was sought for basic masonry and construction. Not even the gnomes of the Academy could have guessed that this useless byproduct would turn the world on its ear, and go on to become the most precious natural resource in known history.

The great Tyrenium boom was about to begin...

Children's Tales I

Phinneas Callidus

Children's Tales by Phinneas Callidus

Catalogues of folk-tales and stories meant for children are not novel entries into the Livrarium's stacks in Adessa. But such compendiums have always been assembled for the purposes of philological or anthropological study. I take the aversion to (or, more correctly, complete miscomprehension of) enjoying such tales as a symptom of the pact that gnomish childhood. We are given access to logical digressions and well-constructed allegories, but nothing that might be considered a "tale". So I wish to make it well understood: this collection was made for the appreciation of reading the stories contained therein.

I: The Frozen Net

(This telling was heard in a Ljosalfar tavern, on the Icebrine Coast)

The winter winds come early on the Icebrine, and they leave late. In the winters of the past they would chill the waters and the ocean to stillness. If one of the small fishing villages that dotted the coast, the fishermen shared a warning to those that made port: "When the first snow falls, you must not go near the ocean." Wir, a young Ljosalfar who was reputed for his uneven temper and precociousness, would often ask the fishermen what the danger was. They would give no answer but to shake their heads and say. "When the first snow falls, you must not go near the ocean."

Wir was never one of rules, and when the winter snows began to fall, and others dragged their boats on land, he continued fishing the sea. Every night, the older fishermen would beg him not to sail out the next morning and every morning that's just what Wir would do. The old fishermen were wrong, Wir thought, for nothing had bothered him but a bit of cold.

Eventually, a storm swept up one day that drove Wir under deck. When the winds and snow had finally died down, he emerged to find his vessel trapped in ice. For hours he sought to free his ship. But as night fell, a fog rolled in around his ship and a great voice cried, "Another too small for me to keep! In a few years, you'll make a better catch!" The winds swept up and Wir, terrified for his life ran under deck once more. Through the planks of his hull, he could hear the great ice sheets cracking, and he could feel the waves pushing his tiny ship. This carried on for hours, until he heard a tremendous crash! His ship had been pushed back by the frightful entity and its powerful storm, all the way back to his fishing village.

Ever since that day, Wir could not meet the faces of the older fishermen without acknowledging that they had been right. The spring and summer were when the Alfar fished, but when the autumn and winter was when the frozen sea would cast its net, hungry for the prey that sailed them.

Children's Tales II

Phinneas Callidus

II: The Bear's Feast - A Varani Rhyme

Shaggy pawed, the stumbling bear

Did come to town to feast,

On fish and candle-wax and hare

And supper of the priest.

What could be done,

to stop the bear?

Or fill him, at the least.

His eyes give out a famished stare

And his hunger never ceased.

A wise old man walked to the bear

And laid hand on the beast,

The animal did not seem to care

As he ate the brewer's yeast.

A few words whispered to the bear

And the brute then

wandered east

Away from town, back to his lair
Gut full, and fanged maw greased.
What did the old man tell the bear?
That allowed the town release.
He did not say, he did not dare,
And now, he is deceased.

Children's Tales III

Phinneas Callidus

III - The Lucky Daughter - An Almain Fable

An Almain miller had no sons, but three daughters, the youngest of which took the life of their mother when she was born. Though he was a good and just man, he had the heart of a mortal, which still felt pain for the loss of his love. And so she learned to be quick-witted, to know when he was angry, and when he needed to jest at her behalf, or be cruel.

He raised his daughters, young and old and in time the first came of age to wed and she did. And the second came of age, and she did as well. Left alone with the daughter whose birth loved him of his beloved wife, the miller turned to drink. Soon, the miller's youngest daughter knew she had no more life to live in that home.

She set out into the world to seek her fortune, but no sooner did she set foot on the road out of town that she found a beautifully gilded carriage pull alongside her. Inside was the son of the duke, of age similar to his own, who was touring his father's land. Seeing such a fair girl leaving town, he begged her to ride with him.

At first, she refused out of decency. A second time she was asked. She then refused out of fear that he might uncover her humble origins. A third time she was asked. She accepted.

In that one ride the son of the duke learned of the plight of the miller's daughter. She stayed at the duke's palace, and days turned to weeks, and weeks years. In time the duke's son came of age to marry, and he and the miller's daughter were wed.

(This story seems to break off at this point, but given the Almain's predilection for scripture, it is possible this is an Almain tale stressing the importance of

unconditional love and acceptance).

Coming To Helmgard

Grian Brighthelm

Castellan Shane's Missive

All Warsworn who wish to find themselves welcome in Helmgard Keep need remember just few things.

Appearance is the first weapon! Keep armor shined, weapons sharp, your person well groomed, stand up tall and proud. Every moment you are a banner for the Warsworn. We do not want banners tattered or stained.

By the same token, behavior even suggestive of dishonor or dishonesty will be met with stern discipline. Justice reigns where we go, and our reputation goes before us!

Grian Brighthelm

Compendium I

Lexius the Old

This book covers the various peoples found across Amalur, from Almain to Varani.

Compendium of the Peoples of Amalur by Lexius the Old

Chapter 1 - The Almain

Almain History

The Almain are a nation of humans whose beginnings are tied with the rise of the warlord Balforth Almere. otherwise known as Almere the Bold, or King Almere. Under his banner the humans of the Alfar lands created a civilization and rose to prominence roughly around 177 BA (Before Arcana). The nation is centered around Port Myria and the lands south and west of Dalentarth. For a complete history, read *The Rise of the Almain* by Zeria Carreten.

Almain Appearance

The Almain people vary biologically more than any other people of the Faelands, ranging from darker skinned than Dokkalfar, to as pale as Varani, and from dearly Gnome height to nearly as tall as Jottun. The majority of Almain in the Faelands emigrated from Port Myria and are typically of a bronze-colored complexion, with brown hair and eyes. As immigrants, Almain clothing is usually of a simple nature, favoring basic colors and little adornment. However, ceremonial and religious garb can be as ornate as that of the Alfar. Clothing is usually made from leather, furs, and fabrics such as cotton or wool.

Almain Society

Almain society is structured on order and a rigid work ethic. Codes and doctrines of regularized life can be found everywhere in Almain homelands, and settlers are no exception. The Almain people worship Mitharu more often

than other deities, and laws are usually based on the teachings of the Voice of Three, Saints Odwig, Eadric, and Hadwin. Almain traditionally followed a feudal system under King Almere's rule, and continue to do so with dogmatic distinction between the nobles and commoners. Although there are many Almain merchants, they are not as entrepreneurial as the Varani, and serve as local suppliers more than as a class unto themselves. The Almain are considered a humble people by the Varani, and xenophobic and small-minded by the Alfar. They regard the Fae with a great distrust and suspicion, as Fae are alien to the tenets of Mitharu.

Compendium V

Lexius the Old

This book covers the various peoples found across Amalur, from Almain to Varani.

Compendium of the Peoples of Amalur by Lexlus the Old

Chapter 5 - The Dokkalfar

Dokkalfar History

The Dokkalfar are an ancient race of people, whose vast history can be traced to the very beginnings of Amalur. Like all Alfar, their ancestral home is a frozen forest known as Glen Suthain. The Dokkalfar split from their wintry cousins, the Ljosalfar (see Chapter 8), although the reasons why are unclear. Some scholars point to the coincidence of the Durek-Alfar war as the impetus behind the separation. While many Ljosalfar remained in the cold north, the Dokkalfar settled in other parts of the lands known as Alfaria. The largest group of Dokkalfar settled in the Plains of Erathell, where they built the city of Rathir as the center of their civilization. For a more complete history of the Dokkalfar, read the Llyfarstair by Ormend of Rathir. The Founding of Rathir by Crinneus is also an excellent reference on the subject.

Dokkalfar Appearance

The Dokkalfar are in general identical to the Ljosalfar (see Chapter 8) in appearance except for a darker coloration of their skin. On average, they stand at 2 m tall, and weigh between 160 - 170 lbs. Scholars debate the origin of their naturally "athletic" biology, but most Dokkalfar conform to a slimmer body type.

Typically, temporary accents to hair, face and clothing are worn to fit the situation or guest, and much of their garments are considered "seductive" or "disarming" by Almain, Ljosalfar, or even Varani standards.

Dokkalfar Society

The Dokkalfar worship Lyria, the goddess of magic. Their society is organized around their religion, and as a race, the Dokkalfar hold many ceremonies to honor their goddess. The government of Rathir is led by the priests and priestesses of their religion, known as the Sons or Daughters of Lyria. The Dokkalfar are matriarchal, with leaders of government and commerce being largely female.

Compendium VIII

Lexius the Old

This book covers the various peoples found across Amalur, from Almain to Varani.

Chapter 8 - The Ljosalfar

Ljosalfar history

The Ljosalfar, like their Dokkalfar cousins, are descended from the same original Alfar people who came from Icenwreth, the cold and inhospitable lands north across the sea. The Alfar settled in what is called Glen Suthain, and the Ljosalfar established civilization in the heart of that country. The Dokkalfar looked beyond the cold chill of Glen Suthain and encouraged expansion into other parts of the world. The more conservative Ljosalfar instead preferred the natural beauty of the forests they found in Glen Suthain. The Alfar lived side by side for many years, and watched as the other races began to build their small civilizations. The elves, especially the Ljosalfar, came to love the frozen lands that surrounded them. They first build Fierol, and later a city named Tolyndrae to the east of Glen Suthain. The Ljosalfar only entered the Faelands with the Dokkalfar, remaining an unique relationship despite their philosophical differences.

Ljosalfar Appearance

Ljosalfar are taller than most humans with pale, silky skin and light hair. They appear lithe, but are not a frail race by any means. The Ljosalfar have very strong ties to nature, and as such they tend to embrace the colours that are dominant in their surroundings: whites, blues, pinks and yellows. Ljosalfar nobles and merchants also employ regal colors and hues in their clothing. The Ljosalfar do not wear clothing especially suited to the cold of their homeland, having become naturally acclimated to the weather and using magic to supplement their resistance to extreme temperatures.

Ljosalfar Society

The Alfar people are closely attuned to the magical forces of the world, and the Ljosalfar are no exception. Some of the most powerful mages in Amalur were Ljosalfar, and it was indeed the Ljosalfar who first taught humans to wield the arcae at the beginnings of this Age of Arcana. Similar to the Almain, the Ljosalfar value order and structure and have appropriately regimented societies. Chief among Ljosalfar values is the idea of Justice, and the worship of Ynadon, their god of justice. For example, the Ljosalfar order known as the Justicars are a group of travelling judicial monks who resolve disputes and pass judgement on legal matters. For details on the Justicars and the Ljosalfar religion, the prime work is known as the High Law. The Ljosalfar are distinct from the Dokkalfar in that while they worship and appreciate Lyria as a Goddess of Magic and Luck, they do not see either as an end unto themselves. Both are means to achieve a just and right state. The religious leader of the Ljosalfar is called the Scion, a female child of the royal line who is raised and protected by the Justicars.

Dedicated to the service of Ynadon, she is viewed as living incarnation of the blind impartiality of justice and serves as the equivalent of the high priestess of the Justicars.

Compendium XIV

Lexius the Old

This book covers the various peoples found across Amalur, from Almain to Varani.

Compendium of the Peoples of Amalur by Lexius the Old

Chapter 14 - The Varani

Varani History

These people are said to have descended in common with the Almain, and long ago migrated north and away from the fertile lands of southern Alfaria. The word Varani is derived from the Jottun word for traveler or trader, and despite many attempts by Almain, Alfar and others to bring the Varani' under their influence, they have remained independent from any government. It is said that the desire to avoid governance is what drove the Varani away from the human kingdoms of the Almain and Bassawin. As such, the 'Varani are to be found inhabiting islands off the coast as much as the coast itself.

Varani Appearance

The Varani are similar to Almain in average size, and are typically more fair-skinned and fair-haired. They often feature elaborate tattoos or jewelry to accent their otherwise practical cold-weather clothing. Their garments are made to withstand the rigors of sea travel, as well as the cold of the Icebrine Coast, from whence they originate. Jewelry is usually made from gold, and nobles often wear silks or pelts as well. The influence of other cultures can easily be seen in their manner of dress, including the rich colors of the Alfar. Varani men usually groom long beards and sometimes braid them, and the Varani women traditionally plait their hair.

Varani Society

The Varani are a mostly nomadic, seafaring people found along the Icebrine Coast and other lands along the northern coast. They have small settlements that serve as trading outposts, but are merchant sailors more than farmers or fishermen. Varani society is a non-gender-based meritocracy. All roles aboard ship are valued, and while they may not all be equal, they are not without their place and purpose. The Varani believe that anyone who is cunning, and able to hold his or her own deserves a place aboard a ship. The Varani are not as religious as the Almain, but they are considered very superstitious. They use charms and amulets to ward off evil. While there is no unifying religion, the Varani are sensitive to signs and omens, and they have a strong concept of Luck. Most of their superstitions involve the sea, which they regard with respect.

Confession Of Mayor Taklari

Wesley Taklari

Before my fate goes black, before the folds of death envelop me, I wish to confess one last act, one that puts all my others to shame. When the Gnomes at Motus Mining attempted to test the new sluice mechanism, much of the contaminants they were hoping to divert from the run-off ended up in the river.

The Snaketail River is a water source for many citizens of this burnt land, and I cannot rest knowing I am responsible for their deaths. I needed aid in covering up this tragedy, may I be damned. I found this aid from the Travelers, one in particular by the name of Lina Ardeen. With Lina's help, I was able to keep the public ignorant, although Motus did learn of these actions and plan their abrupt exit. I cannot continue with this on my conscience. I cannot. I have been a tool of the Gnomes. And I am forever marked as such. - Mayor Wesley Taklari

Courdan's Letter

Courdan Passant

..There is a better pragmatism to our policy than others need admit.

If you should find yourselves at a triumphant end of hostilities against your foes, know that we have anticipated such an opportunity. We seek an armistice, a peace to bring prosperity to us both.

Know that we are open and willing for all negotioations...

Cripplespore Caps

Nanne Hanri

This book seems to be a work in progress.

A Dialectical Survey of Cripplespore Caps by Nanne Hanri

What is the essence of Cripplespore Cap, and what is possible in harvesting one? This question will lead us through a deep and thorough examination of the species of mushroom indigenous to the many caves of Dalentarh. Many scholars have posited theories on the shortcomings of such a volatile ingredient in the use of everyday alchemy, however, a true alchemist can avoid the pitfalls of the laywoman. Should one be astute of mind and resilient in the face of adversity, one can overcome the hazards involved when achieving the potential of the Cripplespore Cap.

Let us begin by examining, what, exactly, is the Cripplespore Cap. The Cripplespore Cap is a type of fungus found at the base of large trees. It is unique in that, when left to grow undisturbed, it will reach at least eye level. It exudes a faint metallic odor and is yellowish-brown in color. The conical fruit body is narrow and darkens near the stalk. The entire body also glows with a soft luminescence.

But do the physical characteristics of the Cripplespore Cap capture the entirety of what it is? The poisonous nature of the Cripplespores have been well-documented in the Overview of Mycological Study by my sister and fellow Scholar, Aura Hanri. Besides the toxins found in the mushroom's biology, the magical essence of the Cripplespore is firmly in the Poison sphere. This makes the harmless looking Cripplespore a formidable alchemy ingredient.

How do we go about investigating this essence? The true potency and uses of this mushroom are only exposed when we probe beneath the surface. There is much more that can be observed by simple field research. One must have an inquisitive mind, and question the basic, fundamental assumptions that

predispose us to a hasty bias.

Once again, what is possible in harvesting this deceptive alchemical ingredient? Many things. The first and foremost, and the subject of my personal research is...

Crumpled Note

Unknown

The writing of this crumpled notes has bled through the page slightly.

To my son :

I have revealed in the art of battle all my life. I have given you, my son, and all mortals of Amalur, the means to continue my celebration until the winds grind this Arena to dust. If you are reading this, then I have been granted my first and only defeat in the Arena; it is my hope that it was at your hands -- that this place, and the championship, stayed in the family.

Crystal War I

Unknown

History of the Crystal War, Vol I: The Onset

Without a doubt, the war began with the Night of Fire and Blood. From cloistered eyries within Mel Senshir and Rathir, some had watched the rise of the mad king and his Tuatha Deohn, it is true. But who, at that time, would have thought they might strike so soon and with such force?

The night that Mel Senshir fell to the enemy, blood flowed in the streets. Blazes were seen from the heights of Rathir, across the waters. This was the Night of Fire and Blood, which shall not be soon forgotten by Alfar-kind. With dawn, the Tuatha swept onto the plains. And thus began nearly three years of steady defeat and setback against an enemy we were utterly unprepared against. Who we had not even thought to fear.

Crystal War II

Unknown

History of the Crystal War, Vol II: Erathell Campaign

The early war, known now as the Erathell Campaign, tore jagged scars across the fertile grasslands, costing untold lives. As the forces of Rathir scrambled to assemble an army capable of facing the invader, word had reached the far north, and Ljosalfar aid set out by sea to join their southern sistren.

At first, scholars believed the Fae Winter would end, and the Tuatha numbers would gradually diminish. For reasons still unknown, this never happened, and but the strategy of perseverance, deflecting, and falling back came to be known as the War of the Plains.

It was not till late the following year, when Generals Varlaine and Oriator arrived from Fieriol, accompanied by several thousand well-armed troops, that our fortunes changed. The Battle for Galafor Plain was the first decisive rout. Varlaine deftly led the Tuatha on into Galafor, whence Oriator's divided forces rained upon them from the surrounding hills and pushed them back in a move he called The Lance. Though many gave their lives in that momentous battle, the Tuatha were for the first time humbled and driven back. The battle ended with the day, and with the light the Tuatha fled. However, daybreak found them already regrouped, marching with fire and spiteful vengeance, in what is known as the Dawn March. And despite the swift rebound of the enemy troops, Varlaine and Oriator were prepared to meet them. The Alfar Army held its ground. The tide indeed had turned.

Crystal War III

Unknown

History of the Crystal War, Vol III: Across the Phorian

The two years that followed the Battle for Galafor Plain came to be known as the War of Parries. In a series of brief but thunderous conflicts, one army struck at the other. Our first victory was Varlaine's Gambit: while Oriator had taken two thirds of the standing army to secure Rathir and the town of Ljosavik, Varlaine led the Tuatha vanguard in circles through Kandrian and lower Tywili. At last, having thoroughly turned them around, he descended upon three of the Tuatha Witchknights, slaughtered them, and sent the enemy into brief disarray.

Unfortunately, this brilliant maneuver was quickly followed by a setback, known as the Acathan Dance, when a dense fog separated some of the army and sent the rest into the Acathan swamps.

Finally, after months of such 'parries' Oriator and Varlaine rejoined forces and fell head-on upon the Tuatha army, driving them back into Tywili in Oriator's Stand, or the Battle of Tywili Bluffs. At last, we were victorious.

Closing in on them from all sides, the Tuatha were forced to flee east, across the Phorian Strait and back into Klurikon. In Rathir, this quickly came to be called the Day of the White Swans.

Crystal War IV

Unknown

History of the Crystal War, Vol IV: Klurikon Until the Siege

What we had learned of the Tuatha after some years at war was an unmistakable lesson. If they were allowed to flee the Plains of Erathell unpursued, they would return, with renewed force -- literally reincarnate -- and attack only more savagely. Since Oriator had perished in the Battle of Tywili Bluffs, general Malwyn was tapped to replace him.

Cleverly as ever, Varlaine landed the primary force in Caeled Coast , routing the Tuatha who expected our landing in Mel Senshir . However, Varlaine took an arrow to the leg at the end of the battle, and handed his post to his second in command, our own Tilerá. This time was followed by a series of losses, or near losses to the Tuatha, who were on home territory, known as the Battle of Staggers. At last, the Alfar forces led a maneuver, known as Malwyn's Revenge, that drove the Tuatha out of the Keening, back into the reaches of Caeled. It was at this time that Tilerá's excellence and acuity as a general was first proved. The Tuatha fell ever back; nearly to Alabastra , making victory seem nearly assured.

It was then that the unexpected happened: the Tuatha devised to raise up Balor , a Greater Niskaru of monstrous proportions, and the Alfar forces were scattered. Unable to resist such a weapon, we were forced to retreat to the safe redoubt of Mel Senshir, where we remain, besieged, to this day.

Death Notice: Astley Golgoti

General Tiler

This official document is meant to inform family members that Astley Golgoti of the Alfar Army has died in the line of duty.

Death Notice: Astley Golgoti

Dear Ms. Golgoti, We regret to inform you that your son Astley Golgoti was killed in battle outside FireTrench when an enemy force ambushed his unit.
Sincerely, General Tiler, Alfar Army.

Death Notice: Camden Wulflac

General Tiler

Death Notice

Dear Ms. Wulflac,

We regret to inform you that your husband Camden Wulflac was killed in battle while serving on the walls of Mel Senshir.

Sincerely,

General Tiler, Alfar Army

Death Notice: Frea Almar

General Tiler

Death Notice: Frea Almar

Dear Mstr. Almar, We regret to inform you that your cousin Frea Almar was killed in battle outside Fire Trench when an enemy force ambushed his unit. Sincerely, General Tiler, Alfar Army.

Death Notice: Ina Sawerth

General Tiler

Death Notice: Ina Sawerth

Dear Mstr. Golgoti, We regret to inform you that your ward Ina Sawerth was killed in an attack during Varlaine's march into Klurikon. Sincerely, General Tiler, Alfar Army.

Death Notice: Tak Edstar

General Tiler

This official document is meant to inform family members that Tak Edstar of the Alfar Army has died in the line of duty.

Death Notice: Tak Edstar

Dear Ms. Edstar, We regret to inform you that your brother Tak Edstar was killed in battle during the siege of Mel Senshir when an enemy force tried to take the wall. Sincerely, General Tiler, Alfar Army

Death Threat

Unknown

This unsigned letter smells of alcohol.

To Mayor Eswin Ealfhelm

May the stink of your corpse pollute the Snaketail, you tyrant!

XX

Deed To Sandstone Villa

Unknown

This deed awards the bearer with ownership of Sandstone Villa, in Adessa.

Heretofar, whomsoever bears this deed will be considered the sole owner and occupant of the Sandstone Villa, in Adessa, until such times as said ownership is revoked for actions treasonous or malicious.

Denric's Journal I

Denric

Day XIV

...little in the way of food and water left, I'm licking rocks for what gritty moisture kisses their face and eating what lichens I can pry off the rock. Bitter at first, but after a few they begin very much so to taste like - how should I put it? - like smiles and blood and yelling and smoke and dung. I think I'll have some more. What is this cave, anyways? Braziers and column seem to be of some importance. Haven't seen their work before. I feel like a child next to them. Was this once a hall for giants, or have I grown shorter? Perhaps I should stop eating quite so much lichen.

Denric's Journal II

Denric

Day XVII

Thought of going to thank the Ettin that drove me into this cave. It's quite spacious in here, though I've been in long enough that I am unsure that I can find a way back out again. I've had a good go of chasing what lamplights I can see. They wouldn't steer me wrong, would they? Of course not. It's so dark in this place. Like night, once it's been boiled down and poured over pitch. Light is good, though. It's warm and tells me where to go.

Left leg isn't looking so good. But it drags rather well. Who in the blazes put a cliff in the middle in this place? Had no conception of the structure from the start, it seems to me. Poor savages, whoever they were. Probably had to stand on chairs to get anything done in this place.

Denric's Journal III

Denric

Day XX

Leg is pretty much useless for walking now. But what sights! Could Mitharu have left a glorious temple such as this? Ceilings so high they cannot be seen, a statue of a strange sort that I could not understand it. I even - I even cannot describe what I have seen in the views beyond this chamber.

But for a fleeting moment, I have seen true glory - a city of such shimmering beauty that I cannot find its like in anything I have seen before. Mitharu could never be contented with a city on the hill while this one gently floats upon nothing, lording over the earthly dominions below.

And what else, but its inhabitants! At first I thought the statues moved, and walked, and even perhaps spoke, but I was far and hidden and could not hear. They were giant, as tall as two men, and fierce besides. They had the strength of a Jottun, and such speed - a terrible fate awaits those that give them cause to malice!

If this was a true report or merely a vision brought to me by my god, I could not tell. But I must spread the word of this discovery the world must know of this strange south land, of giants and cities built upon stones that are not there.

Diary Of Myfa Rhonwen

Myfa Rhonwen

A diary written by Myfa Rhonwen, former ambassador and envoy.

How I managed to get stuck on this godsforsaken island I will never know. I'm miserable here, forced to do the bidding of a small-minded fool. At this rate I'm not sure if I will ever get back to the life I deserve.

Alder prattled on and on about Akara again last night. I sat there and smiled, pretending to be interested in his god. I've got news for you Alder, Akara doesn't give a damn about you. If anything, this Akara is probably laughing at seeing these little simpletons dance around trying to keep him happy.

I suppose Paddy is okay. We are quite good friends, he's just a little obsessed with that keep. To be honest, living at the keep would be something more befitting my station, I just don't know if we'll ever be able to chase off the monsters there.

Zefwyn could probably help us out, but all he cares about are his shipwrecks. I swear sometimes I think he's more comfortable around dead bodies than live ones. At least he has the right idea though, trying to make something out of this life.

Cillian on the other hand... well in another life the two of us would probably be close. It's not that we haven't spent a few nights sleeping under the same tent, it's just that we're from two different worlds. Still, he'll do for now.

I can only hope that one day I'll be able to travel the world again and be received at the finest courts in the land. Although even that may be impossible, after the debacle I made between us and the Tuatha. I severely misjudged Gadflow.

Perhaps it would be better for me to spend some time in a different part of the world. Just one that is hopefully more civilized. Until then, suffer this island I

must.

Didenhil Trade Writ

Unknown

A trade agreement by Brad and Cergren, Traders, of Tirin's Rest.

Writ of Trade

Brad and Cergren Traders

Cora Banick of Didenhil

Witness agreement of one hundred and twenty fine steel daggers, thirty varied potions all of high quality, and eighty-five children's playthings, cleverly whittled and stained. Payment shall be granted at twenty gold per dagger, one hundred gold per potion, and three gold per plaything.

Disposal Notes

Fomorous Hugues

Experiment Disposal

Secrecy is still important in our work, requiring specialized disposal of our unfortunate failures. Piling remains have become a concern in the lower caverns, so an incinerator has been added to deal with the wastes.

This should make disposal work slightly less horrible, although you should avoid drinking water from downstream of the ash dumps. Hardly a fitting rest for the poor things, but if it's any consolation, these weren't their original bodies in the first place.

-Fomorous Hugues

Dulstan's Notes

Dulstan

God Storm? The Musings of Dulstan

Thereafter, Lord Ysa ruled for many years in peace in Dalentarth until the Fae groups of eastern Klurikon organized under the Great Warlord, Ohn, raided Erathell, and then attacked Dalentarth. Lord Ohn despised the Seelie Fae, and named himself and his followers the 'Unseelie Fae'. All the magical energies of the Fae were directed to this single, desperate undertaking of total war, neglecting the Land and its bounty, and laying waste to fields and forests. For the first time, the entire Fae race faced misery and starvation, and thus this was called the Withering War. The more warlike Fae of the east defeated the weaker, peace-loving, Fae of the west in every encounter until Lord Ysa lured the Fae armies of Lord Ohn into the plains.

Eloren's Note To Guian

Eloren Criet

A note from Eloren Criet to Guian Stebic.

Guian -

I hope this finds you in good spirits. I take some risk to my person in contacting you, but I have an item of business that is pertinent to your research in the field of decorprealitative magics.

I have had an object in my possession [sic] which I have long puzzled over: it is a small box, of unknown material, and hollow. I know it's hollow because there is something rattling inside of it. However, there is no seam or hole to grant me passage to its mysterious contents. I know your arrivus engine was never built to selectively decorpreate materials, but I think it's the only way to reach my quarry.

Regards,

Eloren

Epistle I

Diodores

An epistle from Diodores, a Kollossae missionary, to the ettin.

A letter from Diodores to the Ettin

Brothers and sisters, I write to you in the name of Ethene. Blessed be her name and the names of her followers.

You know her ways, for we are both children of the Ouranos. Our wisdom comes from the skies, our strength from the earth below. Ethene's way is the way of our people. We are as the hills and mountains themselves, as wise as the oldest things of this worlds.

You would quarrel with your brethren, but you no longer wage war against the others. This is good, and Ethene's way. Does the mountain regard the pebble? No, for in its magnificence it does not need the pebble. So too do the ettin not need the empty words of the Jottun.

Ethene has shown us the glory that awaits your people. You can share in her gifts if you but follow her path. Do the ettin not know the way of Ethene? Certainly they do, for it was her divine understanding that gifted the ettin with twice the wisdom of a single giant. Indeed, twice the wisdom and twice the ability to speak her words and praise her name. Blessed be the ettin, for there are truly two of Ethene's gifts in one body.

Epistle II

Diodores

An epistle from Diodores, a Kollossae missionary, to the trolls.

A Letter from Diodores to the trolls

Brothers and sisters, I write to you in the name of Ethene. Blessed be her name and the names of her followers.

O great Trolls of the mountains, you who shake the ground beneath your feet, who fear nothing save the wrath of Naros, who crush rock and crumble stone, I offer wisdom.

What wisdom? It is the gift of Ethene, the Goddess of the morning sun, who enlightens the world from the highest of thrones. She is the wisest counsel to Naros, who heeds her call, yes, even Naros. Even the densest of rocks yields to the chisel, and so should you, too, Trolls of the mountains, yield to the mind of the great goddess.

Epistle III

Diodores

An epistle from Diodores, a Kollossae missionary, to the Jottun.

A Letter from Diodores to the Jottun

Brothers and sisters, i write to you in the name of Ethene. Blessed be her name and the names of her followers.

Brethren of the hills, may the serenity of Ethene shine down upon you. You are as beloved by her as you the Kollossae, for as you serve us, so do you serve the blessed goddess. It is the right and humble way, and how much more noble is it to possess the strength and will that you possess, and yet exercise the proper judgment in its use. This understanding comes from Her, as does all knowledge. So you see that you are blessed with might, and the knowledge of its proper employment.

Estimate Of Losses

Unknown

A trader's tally from Brad and Cergren, Traders, of Tirin's Rest.

Estimate of Losses

Brad and Cergren Traders

Losses to Freemen:

8,803 gold

500 arrows

90 bowstrings

12 fine gem shards

440 hands of sturdy hemp rope

3 fancy ladies' hats

Explorer's Journal I

Unknown

Entry I

Heurix was right to say the place was mad. How could this place have been built? I would have figured that two hundred masons might have built this place. But it was only three. Siblings, I was told, from the Rotelos clan.

I've looked at the opening chamber and I'm already dumbfounded. Three masons built this complex, beginning their carvings soon after we came to this new land. Madness ran in the Rotelos line, and to think that all of that generation would feel the call of insanity so greatly... it is upsetting.

But they have died in the completion of these halls. I aim to survey them... and, perhaps more importantly, reclaim the treasure said to be stored here.

Explorer's Journal II

Unknown

Entry II

It seems that in their labors the Rotelos were paranoid. No sooner did I descend the stasirs to try and get at the treasure they have sequestered here than I see the mighty cage come down. Seems I won't be getting the treasure of Nerotelos as easily as I had hoped.

However, it does not seem as though the treasure is locked from me forever. There looks to be three components of the lock, color-coded in a hue that matches each of the three major wings. It should be as simple as finding the necessary mechanisms to undo the constituent portions of the lock. I'll start with violet first.

Explorer's Journal III

Unknown

Entry III

I had expected some rough work, dark hallways... but what is this structure that's been built here? Laden with vicious traps and poor lightning - it seems more like a work of a Deinir than a Kollossae. I'm only happy that I've managed to get as far as I have. But these mechanisms are already far beyond the complexity I was expecting. What have the Rotelos fashioned here?

Explorer's Journal IV

Unknown

Entry IV

A riddle of many doors. Were the Rotelos masons mad to be driven to this? Or were they bored? I've been standing at these levers for what feels like hours, pulling the combinations that have sprung to my mind to find a way forward. I have slowly begun to learn that instead of wonder I should be gripped with annoyance and fear at the sight of the Rotelos' great works.

Explorer's Journal V

Unknown

Entry V

I am lucky enough to have undone the violet cage, though the process in doing so took far longer than I thought it would. What had begun as the endeavor of few hours has devolved into days of work. Already I am growing concerned that I lack the necessary supplies to make the rest of the journey, and I dare not try to rest within these halls. But the treasure calls to me still. I will not let the ghosts of madness best me. I am a mason in my own right - any great work the Rotelos clan seeks to throw at me I am capable of besting.

Explorer's Journal VI

Unknown

Entry VI

A room of stairs? I was glad I did not need to fear the traps of the violet wing, but I now fear that the Rotelos clan designed this place to share the madness which they themselves were afflicted with. Which part leads to my destination? Would that I had chalk, or wax, some means of marking these walls. But the supplies I have left to my name are needed. I have made three tries of these stairs already... I suppose I must stop writing to try once more...

Explorer's Journal VII

Unknown

Entry VIII

And now the emerald wing. I've bested the mazes and the traps and the door. There cannot be something more challenging than the summation of all that I have faced already.

With my conviction steeled, I must take a moment to compliment the Rotelos clan on its fine work. Though lesser beasts have taken up occupancy in these halls, they have not suffered much in the form of decay and destruction as other catacombs have. Would that the Rotelos had the sense to apply themselves to the good of the city and the Kollossae people- we might have more wonders to show to this world, instead of a puzzling crypt with a vindictive purpose.

Explorer's Journal VIII

Unknown

Entry VIII

I take back all I have just written. The Rotelos were mad, and deserve the burning embrace of Telogrus.

Explorer's Journal IX

Unknown

Entry IX

It seems that I've made it as far as I can. Can't seem to stop the blood. Curse these madmen. Curse this monument to their insanity.

Fae Age And Lifespan

Odwald Bynothas

The Immortal Fae by Odwald Bynothas

III.

Fae do age, but only subtly, representing what would be the passage from youth to late-middle-age in a Young Race like humans. In exceptional cases, Fae may have life spans long enough to achieve an appearance of old age similar to human old age. The only obvious physical signs of this aging are in graying and silvering of the hair and tightening of the skin around the eyes, nose, and mouth.

Fae may suffer death from natural causes like aging or disease, or may suffer violent deaths. The Fae refer to their particular form of death as "passing," because though the Fae loses his body after his demise, his individual magical essence persists, moving on into the powerful flow of magic known as the Great Cycle. After passing into the Great Cycle, the physical body of the Fae returns to nature, just as with bodies of the Young Races.

Life spans for Fae are not determined so much by the passage of years, as for Young Races like humans, but the Fate of each individual Fae. Fae do not understand the notion of 'free will'. They imagine that the regeneration and subsequent passing of any individual Fae, and the sequence of hours, days and events in between, are pre-ordained and magically inscribed in the ongoing twists of their collective Telling.

Fae Death

Odwald Bynothas

The Immortal Fae by Odwald Bynothas

VI.

Fae are not generally very thoughtful or reflective. They act confidently on their instincts, and centuries of experience and custom have conditioned fae to think very little of the prospect of what the Young Races call "death".

The current age has brought with it increasing irregularities in regeneration, likely with the growth in mortal magic. In the past, fae were not much bothered about their own personal demise or the passing into the Great Cycle, which they often view as a form of growth, a magical ascension. The actual act of dying, however, was viewed as something akin to slumber, an interruption... and the fae viewed it as a child might, with a combination of resentment and impatience. The more an individual showed an interest in present events, the more inconvenient it would be to for him to pass on.

The fae are also abstractly aware of the difference conditions of death for the Young Races, and only now beginning to appreciate the universal fear of mortality that eludes them. (Unfortunately, empathy is not one of the race's many strengths.) However, with rebirth becoming more and more unreliable, the fae have acquired an almost human apprehension toward danger, sensing what has been known to mortals for many centuries - that life is precious, and that extinction is a threat faced by every creature of nature.

Fae History, Nature

Nemius Perigums

On the History and Nature of the Fae by Nemius Perigums

Introduction

When I was initially approached by the Scholars of the Basilica to conduct a study of the creature commonly referred to in these lands as "Fae," I was apprehensive. By what logic was I, an alchemical botanist, be charged with compiling a written record of the indigenous peoples of this land? Surely the Basilica's needs could better have been served by a cultural historian, an anatomist, or even a taxonomist. Little did I know what the insistence of the Basilica stemmed from the fact that, indeed, a representative from each of these disciplines had been previously assigned the task of assembling the tome you now hold in your hands. And, through no fault of their own, each of them failed in their own way.

What is a Fae? If we cannot satisfy even this most base of questions, then the following pages can contribute nothing to the corpus of gnomish knowledge. We know that Fae are a sentient race that dwells in the forests Dalentarth, and those of Klurikon. We also know that they seem to be divided into two "tribes," for lack of a better term, that are somehow aligned or otherwise attuned to the seasons of summer and winter. Though Fae appear in distinct genders, these are apparently superficial (perhaps, even elective) differences, and have no impact on their reproduction or social responsibility. We also know that the Fae are not mortal - they are subject to some form of reincarnation, returning to life at some point after they die. In addition, Fae are intensely magical beings more so than any other race encounter thus far by the gnomes.

But there is more. We also know that there are creatures referred to as "wild Fae" - boggarts, sprites and others - which are somehow also related to the Summer and Winter Fae. There are rumors that, at the time I am writing this introduction, that a new "tribe" of Fae has appeared in Alabastra, and are far

more militant than either the Summer or Winter Fae have ever demonstrated themselves to be.

If anything, these additional facts can answer our initial questions, at least in part. A Fae is a magical being, whose essence is as mutable as the whole of nature. Just as both the red rocks of Detyre and the steppes of the Plains of Erathell are both part of one land, so too are many different creatures part of the one collective that we refer to as "Fae."

Physiologically, not much is known about the Fae, even after years of study. I do know that Fae anatomy though it bears some semblance to our own, is perhaps more similar to that of a plant (which, I presume, is why the Basilica eventually concluded a botanist would be more useful to conduct such a study). How and why such anatomical features were combined remains a mystery (indeed, almost everything about the Fae remains a mystery), but I can only imagine that magic plays a strong role in their bodily functions.

Socially, the Fae are bedviling. They are as capable of living alone in the wild, no better than a common beast, as they are of complex social interaction. Rumors persist that the Fae have a city, or something like it, hidden in the primordial forests of Dalentarth, though few have ever seen it. From what reports I can verify, it seems that the Summer Fae have some authoritative body which goes by the name of the Court of Summer. This is apparently ruled over by a High King. But they pay no taxes or tithes, swear no fealties nor fight in wars. For what purpose, then, does this centralization of power exist?

Like so many things, a Fae will only tell you that it exists because it does, and that it always has. Could such an institution really be so eternal? Could such titles and rituals really have meaning without substance? It seems more likely that the Fae are playing at having a society than actually having one.

We can say with some certainty that the Fae are an old race, older than many others by far. In rare cases where we can find datable Erathi and Fae ruins, we can successfully establish that both originated around the same time. This can be difficult to prove, since Fae tend to construct with plant matter - which has a habit of decaying - but though the evidence is circumstantial, it is enough to

conclude that the Fae are perhaps the oldest living things in Amalur. But seeking to learn about the course of that history is about as satisfying as interviewing a tree on the accomplishments of its life - for though a Fae might live a hundred years, it does so frozen in place. When asked, a Fae might answer with some uncertainty about the events that transpired. In truth those hundred years are to a Fae a series of repetitions, of cycles that have repeated since time began and will repeat until time ends.

As this book will show, a Fae will tell you that everything repeats. And though empirical evidence proves otherwise, they are partly right - for a Fae, nothing ever changes.

Famed Mages

Unknown

A book that explores some of the famous members of the Scholia Arcana, a collective of mages.

Famed Mages of the Scholia Arcana

Part 1: The Early Years

Though the philosophy of the Scholia Arcana demands its adherents to sacrifice any form of personal gain for the sake of advancing the study of magic, there are not a few moments in history where extremely talented (or notorious) mages of the order have secured a position in the collective memory of Amalur. It goes without saying that the founding members, Elodan Bloodgood, Marus Torix, and Eleanor Brea are among this number, but there are yet others who, in their own way, have heralded themselves into the annals of legend.

Where better to start than with Evren the Burnheart? During the early years of the order, our ranks were dominated by the Alfar, whose affinities for magic seemed limitless. Very rarely did we have humans -- save, of course, the founding members -- who had the magical capacity to withstand the rigors of initiation. When Evren -- a small, almost sickly Almain appeared in Rathir, it seemed the only way he would have gained admission into Scholia was by pity of his examiners.

Not so, it was found, for within minutes of his arrival, he demonstrated for us an application of fire magic that had never been witnessed before. It was almost as if he pulled a star from the sky, and slammed it into the earth with meteoric force. The plants and soil that had once been there had been turned to glass and cinders under such heat. In time we learned that, though powerful, his skills were nearly uncontrollable, for they were innate. Eventually, we learned from his powers a new, more potent form of fire magic than was previously

thought possible, and taught Evren the serenity needed to quell the raging fires within him.

Then there was the Siren. A Traveler with no name and no stories of her past save for a knowing smile. That the order discovered her existence is a miracle in and of itself -- allegedly, she was utilizing her comeliness in a less-than savory manner in a small village in the Icebrine. By chance, she met an initiate of our order who (in what must have been a sudden burst of uncharacteristic indiscretion) accepted her proposal. A small song from her lips, and he realized she was using some form of magic to charm him into thinking she had earned her coin. It took some convincing, but she agreed to some sessions of tutelage with the Scholia. But to this day, we still cannot truly fathom the sing-song spells she wove with her voice....

But the Scholia is remembered for its... more peculiar members as well. Frunbert the Miasmic was touted as a powerful mage long before he came to our order, though, none could say why. He submitted himself to the Trial of Initiation, and though he passed with some success, there was much confusion as to whether his reputation was deserved. When asked, he affirmed that it was, and offered to prove it - by engaging at flatulence so powerful as to propel him from Pryderi all the way to the Scholia Arcana Courtyard! Surely, not the magic we had anticipated, but from Evren to Frunbert, these great heroes have demonstrated magic's mutability and variety of forms.

Farewell Note

Alyn Shir

Farewell

From the beginning, we were wrong. And only now, well into the second decade of the conflict, have we begun to understand the mistakes we have made.

We lived in harmony among the Fae, in a world awakened to new magic. Perhaps we should have foreseen what might be born on this rising tide. What force might awaken. A force powerful enough to twist even the eternal and immutable Fae folk.

But Gadflow, the new king of the Winter Court, surprised us all. Singular among his people, he was all other Fae were not: aggressive, ambitious, visionary. He had powers like none we had ever seen- terrible and deadly.

Gadflow and his followers, the Tuatha Deohn, believed that a new god was born in the East, beneath Galdflow's crystalline fortress of Amethyn. In the name of that god, they marched to war against the young races of Amalur. Against a mortal army, no matter the power of their god, we might have been victorious. But the Fae are creatures of magic, not bound by the laws of life and death. Each Tuatha fallen on the battlefield would soon rise again, for the Fae do not know death as we do. How could we stand against such a force? For ten years, the war raged. For ten years, the armies of men and Alfar fought and died. But as our numbers dwindled, we new that it was only a matter of time. Our fate had been written. At least, that is what we believed.

Until you died...

How could we have known that this would be the beginning? I wonder now if we should have foreseen this outcome. But who knew what Fate would bring? I would have liked to have delivered this message in person, to see you one

final time. That, however, would have been.. complicated. The order to which I belong had other plans, were you ever to leave the crystalline fortress. When it comes to you, though, it seems no fate is written in stone. It was only through my assurances that your silence could be counted upon, that either of us still draws breath. I trust you will not make of me a liar.

Were stories of what we have seen begin to surface in the inns and taverns of Amalur, I would be asked to seek you out. And, as we both know, the next time you die, there will be no return. But let us not speak of this. Your life is your own. Go now, and see what Fate may bring you.. or what Fate you may bring. Perhaps, one day, in happier times, you and I will meet again. Until that day, I remain,

Yours, Alyn Shir

Finding The Aster Inheritance

Unknown

"This birthright of Aster must be shared, my sons. Only by using your amulets together to bring back the togetherness of our family will you be able to form the key to claim what is now yours."

This statement finally makes sense to me.

Both of the Aster Twins' amulets must be brought together by the graveside of their father, Enton Aster. I have had many troubles searching for these amulets, but it is clear to me now that they were buried with the Aster Twins long ago.

The only way for me to obtain the inheritance is to find the graves of Bodan and Heric Aster to retrieve each brother's amulet.

Foundation Report

Unknown

Foundation Report

Sector 1 - Sound Foundations.

Sector 2 - Minor leakage, otherwise sound.

Sector 3 - Rats nesting, otherwise sound.

Sector 4 - Sound Foundations.

Sector 5 - Area mostly detached and floated away. Structural integrity not compromised.

Sector 6 - Minor leakage, otherwise sound.

Sector 7 - Sound Foundations.

Sector 8 - Massive water buildup. Emergency rerouting of cistern flow required.

Sector 9 - Wall has fallen away. Evidence of sprites, but none immediately present. Masons should be dispatched, but structural integrity not compromised. Nice view.

Fynwick's Journal

Fynwick Iver

I have finally taken control of Ayten. Don't know why it took so long - after all, I am the only one in town capable of protecting us from the Freeman. The damn bandits are being spotted more frequently now, picking off the border farms and outlying caravans. They get closer and closer to town every day. It's only a matter of time before they move in to town; killing who they wish and taking what they like. And we don't have enough young, strong fighters to hold them off.

Seems like the only kind of folk left in Ayten are those waiting for their time to come. All the young fighters followed Ratofer to war, and then he returned on his own. All of Ayten's youth, gone. And it's only in the coming times will we learn the cost of such a loss.

Gambling Ledger

Unknown

These papers make up a gambling ledger for the House of Valor's Gambling Den.

The Crows vs. The Varani Marauders

Jokull Fangard : 5,000 - The Crows

Tyr Magnus : 30,000 - The Marauders

Torvald Grimshaw : 10,000 - The Marauders

Sigurd Palina : 10,000 - The Marauders

Petra Ragnulf : 10,000 - The Marauders

The Crows vs. The Mad Men

Jokull Fangard : 30,000 - The Crows

Arnora Runhildur : 1,000 - The Mad Men

Tyr Magnus : 100,000 - The Mad Men

Torvald Grimshaw : 100,000 - The Mad Men

Sigurd Palina : 100,000 - The Mad Men

Petra Ragnulf : 100,000 - The Mad Men

The Vipers vs. The Ravens

Franz Englehart : 20,000 - The Vipers

Alard Aedic : 1,000 - The Ravens

Adrian Agni : 10,000 - The Vipers

The Wolf Pack vs. The Varani Pikemen

Tyr Magnus : 30,000 - The Wolf Pack

Rugni Sigmund : 1,000 - The Varani Pikemen

Toma Rogn : 3,000 - The Wolf Pack

Adrian Agni : 10,000 - The Wolf Pack

The Crows vs. Trolls (Exhibition)

Tyr Magnus : 500,000 - Trolls

Jokull Fangard : 500,000 - The Crows

Gardens Of Ysa

Odwald Bynothas

This book describing the creation of the Gardens of Ysa looks largely unread; its binding still creaks when the book is opened.

The Gardens of Ysa by Odwald Bynothas

Chapter 3 - A Garden from the Ashes

The Great Cycle of fae magic had guided Seelie and Unseelie for centuries, since the very beginning of time, and despite occasional flashes of spontaneous conflict, the rise and fall of the great Courts was a peaceful, reliable pattern, as predictable as the natural cycles on which it is based. However, even as Mitharu's natural order sometimes suffers from aberration, so too did the way of the fae once fall into disorder and chaos. This was the Withering War.

The Withering War (God-Storm) was a fierce battle, one fought primarily between two men, two very extraordinary heroes: Ysa, of the Court of Summer, and Ohn, his rival, of the easterly Court of Winter. Enemies for ages, Ysa and Ohn has let their bitterness get the best of them, a very mortal perception that was no doubt a result of recent incursions into the faelands by alfar, Varani, and Almain. Many scholars contend that the rise of the young races in the west corresponds directly to a rise in fae violence, madness, and decay, but such theories cannot be proven due to the elusiveness of the subject.

Whatever their reasons, Ysa and Ohn were committed to their folly, and breaking from the Great Cycle they waged war on each other. This conflict left many fae warriors dead and many others questioning their role in the world, for the concept of the fae Telling purports that all fates are determined and all fae roles - or archetypes - are dictated by the natural order. The Withering War went against every expectation, and the fae are not known for their ability to adapt to change.

Following the battle, the victorious Ysa severed all ties with the Court of Winter, declaring a new kingdom in western Alfaria, a "civilized" empire to be known as the Great Kingdom of Summer. As his first act, the newly crowned High King established the great Houses of Ballads, Seasons, and Valor, institutions meant to create a fae identity that was unique to the Court of Summer and its subjects. Not longer would the Telling be shared between the forces of spring and autumn. The balance had shifted.

Filled with pride, Ysa set about creating a city that his counterparts in the Court of Winter would forever envy. For the site of his grand city he chose his own hollow, which sat atop a potent wellspring of fae energy known as the Font, believed by many scholars to be the source of the Court of Summer's magic. Gifted shapers from across the western faelands arrived to aid their new ruler in his quest. Together they fashioned a city inspired by the grasping towers and vaulted halls of mortal fortresses, and borne from the gardens where Ysa first discovered his role in the Telling.

When Ysa died and his energy entered the Great Cycle, the sitting High Court named the city after him as a testament to his revolutionary lifetime. From that day forward it was the Gardens of Ysa.

Gnome Nursery Rhyme

Phinneas Callidus

This is the rhyme for which the Sons of Laz are named. Unfortunately, the colorful illustration mentioned in the description is not provided in-game.

A colorful illustration accompanies the rhyme.

Laz and Raz, the brothers Grumble, as transcribed by Phinneas Callidus

Laz and Raz, the brothers Grumble,

Parents each, and neither humble.

They had no mind, the Sons of Laz,

No body to find, the Maids of Raz.

What each one wants, the other has.

"We work together" they often mumble,

"But hate each other!" the brothers grumble.

Both lines born with such a plight,

Combined to wield lordly might,

But battled at the merest slight.

Their conflicts caused them both to tumble,

Heed this from The Brothers' Grumble.

Gnomish History

Crinneus

Gnomish History

by Crinneus

Part I - Introduction

The history of the gnomes is a long and prodigious one. Ours is the record of knowledge and might itself. Through our three pillars of Scholars, Praetorians and Templars, we have built an impressive and far-reaching society of success and accomplishment. Our enduring dedication to the progress and the improvement of all civilization is a boon to all the other citizens of Amalur, and our generous contributions to the amicable relations between other kingdoms and governments has cemented the gnomish people as a valuable ally in any situation. Indeed, were it not for our achievements in the study of magic and alchemy, many advances would not have been made in the pursuit of a greater understanding and learning of Amalur itself.

Graveside Letter

Brother Mason

A letter written by Brother Mason to the deceased Avery Egest, who was the husband of Rikka Egest.

Letter to Avery Egest, 1

Avery,

I came to Gorhart to look after your kin. Rikka is as wonderful as you described. Yet she is a shadow.

She misses you, my friend. As do we all. I will watch over her since you cannot. And I will visit you often. This war be damned.

Who would have guessed I would come to a mission, and trade a prison for a cloister? If only we had both escaped. Alas, the bars were too strong, the Tuatha too cruel.

Your brother in arms,

Mason

Graveside Letter II

Brother Mason

A letter written to the deceased Avery Egest who was the husband of Rikka Egest.

Letter to Avery Egest, 2

Avery,

I worry about Rikka. We of the Order should not visit the village often. Father says it is a distraction, a "swamp of murky morality." But I can't stay away. I care too much.

Your widow's sorrow deepens. She has come to close her shop at odd hours, to retreat to the darkness of her upstairs bedroom. I see the glimmer you loved so, but it fades.

She is lonely, without you or her children. She is so delicate, so beautiful of heart. I try to console her, but it leaves me shaken. I will continue to watch over her in your absence, dear friend. You have my word.

Your brother in arms,

Mason

Graveside Letter III

Brother Mason

A letter written to the deceased Avery Egest who was the husband of Rikka Egest.

Letter to Avery, Egest

Avery,

Mitharu has made it known to me. I must leave St. Odwig's mission, and Odarath. You see, I am in love, and that love is forbidden. Not only does my Order frown upon such earthly concerns, but such an act would dishonor you, as well. "Why?" you may ask. I cannot love this woman because it is Rikka. It is your wife.

So I am taking leave of the mission, abandoning my post as Alms Master. Perhaps one day I will return, but not in disgrace. I cannot do that to you, or to Rikka, or to my master, Mitharu.

Farewell, my friend and brother. Rest in good peace. Soft peace. Peace without further pain.

Your brother in arms forever,

Mason

Gwalchmai's Goods

Galen Gwalchmai

A dusty merchant's record.

Record of stores and trades, Year 245

Major trades:

2,445 barrels pickled, brined, and jellied fish sold a profits of 7 gold per. 905 yards of fine hempen rope bought at 2 gold per yard below market. 55 casks Fieriol wines, pale and mulberry traded for 118 crates of smoked aurochs meat.

Major Losses

766 Barrels of Boot blacking to the Alfar Army at 4 gold less than paid. 3 bottles Maybrin wine to visiting dignitary. Twelve fine lacquered cabinets that were damaged traveling through Kandrian. 50 bear pelts, which turned out to be of inferior quality.

Hystis' Journal

Hystis

An old journal full of research by Hystis.

Research

I have come to the conclusion that life is what we make it. There is a collective consciousness that pervades us all. This determines us. This makes the moments of life interminable. There are few things that tap into this. This pen is so like many things, and yet it seems sharper, distinct. My script is angular, and it is the proper utensil to use for this task. Is it so, or do I make it so?

There is no answer to this. I know that there is only the complication of the question; this question, and others that have come to me while living here in Idylla, among the Kollossae. Everything is fabricated, from the pillars to the clothing. There are impediments to impediments, and every night among the heavens only follows a day amidst clouds.

I tire of this place and these people, this life and these ways. Were it only the troubles of a complicated life, I could perhaps bear it. But it is more than that. It is the uncertainty of this existence, the tenuous grasp of the real. There is nothing tangible, only imagined tangible, and there is no way to separate my thoughts and feelings from what they inhere.

And the Kollossae never question this. They instead heap praise upon the uncertain, foppish rulers and the imaginary figures of their religion. We have lost the stone that is our nature, and have become deliberate and foolish creatures. Our nature is hidden behind a veil of philosophy and fashion, politics and law. It does not need to be this way.

Take, for example, the Jottun. Their way is direct. Their existence is simple. Theirs is the truth if ever there be any. Rather than live with my hands in the

sky, I will join them with my feet on the earth.

Idylla Rising

Unknown

An Account of Idylla Rising

From the Journal of Kleitos, historian.

I am writing from Idylla's heart. The "Concourse," the masons call it. The wind blows bizarrely today, hammering downward on us, snuffing out nearly all of the braziers sitting in the open air, and I must press my parchment against a tablet to write comfortably. Moods are high, and all I meet today greet me with great zeal, for they know that this gale is not a natural occurrence. Arkes, our revered Primos, and his protégé, Anokatos, have cast the spell that propels our grand city ever higher into the heavens. I am among the few citizens who chose to stay in our homes to experience the rising as it occurs. After many years of braving the dangers of the Teeth of Naros beneath us, our mission is nearing its end.'

We continue to ascend, and as the Teeth below grow ever more diminutive, I see the sparks of a new spell that the Primos is casting, which light the maw of the caldera in brilliant gleams. As grand as Idylla has become, the Hyperian shall be tremendous in comparison. And it rises next.

Jenniker's Journal

Jenniker

Confound it! This research seems doomed from the beginning. The Cranalt Artifact is most assuredly of Niskaric origin, but it seems the local wildlife has gotten to it before I could. To make things worse, it seems the artifact has begun leaking a combination of various magics into the river and afflicting the nearby farm. From what I understand, the device requires a Gem Lattice, a Belt of Fluidity and a Mana Pendulum before I might be able to alter what configuration of magics it pours into the river -- and hopefully, simply deactivate the artifact entirely. The necessary parts are likely still in Cranalt, since these beast rarely venture out of doors. It is only a matter of tracking them down... Of course, once it is repaired, I must find the right magic configuration to use: Sanguine for optimism, Phlegmatic for reservedness and Melancholic for pessimism... a bias in any these three would have interesting results, assuredly... but potentially disastrous ones as well.

Journal Of Master Builder Heittson I

Master Builder Heittson

Written in formal, courtly hand, this worn journal seems to be one in a series.

The Rise of Gravehal

First Entry: Lord Slosvard has given me liberty to build a keep of Emberdeep and to make this new settlement the envy of the Dvergan people. I do not intent to disappoint him. As is our tradition, the foundation of this keep shall be build from the very ships that brought us hence. Their masts will support the ceiling of the Great Hall, the sails shall be the canopies of our courtyard.

Second Entry: The forest itself seems to oppose us. We cannot build fast enough to to[sic] keep apace with its growth. Every morning, it has reclaimed nearly all that was done they day prior. I need more men.

Third Entry: I believe I, at last, have enough strong backs to make some headway against this island wilderness. I've never seen such trees as these. They seem to visibly grow in a moment, leaning not towards the sun, but solely towards our keep, so bent do they seem on its destruction.

Fourth Entry: This island has never seen the likes of a Dvergan builder and what he can do with an army of strong Dvergan men and slaves from distant lands. Our work might have failed without these first batches of slaves brought here by Lord Gravehal for the slave colony he builds in the harbor on the western coast. Once I am done with whatever is left of this batch, Lord Gravehal believes he can make this place center of the Frostbreak Sea slave trade.

Fifth Entry: The island trembles under the points of our shovels and the speed of our axes, though it seems to fight back with all its might. It unnerves me to imagine what force opposes me, but I am no less determined to conquer it. Even Lord Gravehal himself, at his advanced age, lends his strong back to the

effort. Every day he doffs his finery and toils for hours, shirtless in the frigid air.

Sixth Entry: Lord Gravehal has died. With hammer raised high above his head, he thundered down upon the high wall of the tower, driving in one final nail for the day. The scaffold, it was slippery this day, and his lordship lost his footing and fell to the frozen ground. Lady Gravehal has ordered what she calls "our folly" abandoned, and we immediately set sail for Emberdeep.

Seventh Entry: Lord Gravenhal's only son, Ansgar Solsvard, heir to Gravenhal has sworn that we shall never abandon his father's keep and it be completed in his memory. Lady Gravehal has no choice but to comply. Work resumes.

Eighth Entry: It is done. The throne room is a sight to behold, outshining any in Emberdeep. The master of the keep's throne looks down upon the long table, beside staircases winding awesomely and mysteriously to the gallery above. The wood within has been polished to an ethereal shine and the rugs upon the floor are of the softest wool imaginable, shorn from this island's many creatures. Outside, the courtyard bustles in the shadow of the wall and its massive carvings. Stalls line the yard selling all manner of wares from across the sea, before the backdrop of the keep, in the center, and the library and the household of his lordship's bride-to-be, Lady on either side. Her chambers would be considered a palace in any other place. Crawling as it will be with filthy animals, is a jewel of its kind, functional and perfectly suited to its purpose, if I may say.

My finest work is at last complete an arrangements can now be made for the wedding and the opening of the mighty keep of Gravehal. Never was there a finer wedding gift bestowed, nor testament to the glory and stubbornness of the Dvergan people.

Journal of Master Builder Heittson II

Master Builder Heittson

Flight

They're coming. The unholy apparitions have appeared as if by dark magic, behind our defenses. Despite our well manned perimeter, we have been undone. With nary of drop of blood shed, nor a man lost, they are at our gates.

Lord Gravehal has commanded a full withdrawal and flight upon our ships, and not a man among us disagreed.

His lordship has ordered the keep burned to the ground and the task has fallen to me, but I cannot bring myself to set it alight.

This morning, I sought out the gnome mage, a visitor from the Scolia Arcana, to ward my beautiful place against all intruders, by any means within his power. I do not know what the unseemly sorcerer has in mind, but he assures me that neither these apparitions nor anyone else will ever claim the keep.

I've devised to seal her entrances as best we can and steal away by the beach tunnel. His lordship has this morning departed, setting sail in an unassuming trading ship. I shall be the last out, entrusted with the destruction of my life's work. Though it pains me near as much as committing her to the fire, I've not choice but to seal the tunnel with explosives. I pray that this and the devisings of the mage will be sufficient to preserve the keep intact when ere we return to reclaim the island as our own.

Journal of Master Builder Heittson III

Master Builder Heittson

The Last Moments

This is surely my final entry

When we emerged from the tunnel, we believed the worst behind us. The coast was clear and no masts marked the horizon. The instant we left the cove, we were set upon from all sides. How in the Gods' did they beat us here from the gates?

Their grapples rake the wall behind me and I hear the first boots crash upon the deck above. The boatswain's screams are too horrible to endure. They are coming for me next. They are at the door. I am trapped. Gods forgive me, these unholy apparitions shall not count my life among their plunder. That prize shall be mine own.

Journal Of Rikka Egest

Rikka Egest

A simple, leatherbound journal found in the dresser of Rikka Egest's bedroom.

The Fifteenth Day of Spring

Brother Mason has urged me to keep a journal, so that I may exorcise the ghosts that haunt me. He says that in writing down your thoughts, you thereby rid yourself of them and may find peace. I do not think that this will help at all, if "help" is what I need, but I will try my best, if for nothing else but to appease him.

It is hard to lose someone and have them in your memories, in the back of your mind. They linger there, and you feel their presence, even though they're gone. It's sad, obviously Rikka! but it's a sadness that encompasses everything. I was watching Gizela today, the way she stands there, waiting for Camden to return, when we all know he won't. I know her thoughts. It's different when you are simply separated from your love. You can go about your day in a normal fashion, and sometimes you are overwhelmed by their absence. Sometimes you just want to feel them, something tangible, and you do what you can to teach patience to yourself. Brother Mason often says that Mitharu grants the greatest rewards to those who are patient, however, it is hard, and may Mitharu guide her when she finally knows the truth. Then, she will know a sadness that does not pay visits as a stranger, but as an unwelcome bedfellow, another shadow, a mold on your will, and a pall on your life.

The Twenty Third Day of Spring

Today I thought I heard children's voices near the outskirts of town. I know it now for what it was, although I did not recognize it then, nor knew it for aught but children playing. No, it was nothing but the ghosts of my children calling to their mother. There are, of course, no other children in this forgotten place. Gorhart feels as barren as an empty room. It is lifeless here, for all the magic

and wonder of the Fae, even the people. They trudge towards their doom with a resigned melancholy. They are all hiding, or running from something or someone. They are tired, and waiting for Mitharu to end their petty pacing. It is a strange feeling to know grief as intimately as I do, and to see it in the eyes of so many. Even Brother Mason, the most vibrant shadow of our lonely town, hides a pain. Despite his best attempts to keep it hidden, I have often seen it. He is just like all of us, a toy of Fate's cruel play. He will not speak to me about it. I fear it will consume him, and he will no longer be able to bring the joy and happiness to the people here that so desperately need it. He will be just another restless soul.

The Twenty Fifth Day of Spring

Ost Ordura is here again, and again I am reminded of war. Has it not taken enough from me already? Does it need to steal what little solace I can find here in this lost village? I have half a mind to run him out of town. I may do so today if he tests my patience. I would be doing Gizela a favor, no less. How he dares come here, after all the trouble this war has cost, I cannot understand. I imagine someday the war itself will arrive at my door. Maybe this time it will claim my life instead of the ones I love. Brother Mason would not like to hear it, but sometimes I wish for that, and who doesn't? To see Avery or Gref again? To hold my sons in my arms again? Better to be the one mourned than the one mourning.

Journey To Shardfall

Anker Edmure

Notes of Anker Edmure

... It seems, yet again, that my latest report of findings has been ignored by the Scholia. Whoever they task with managing their correspondence must be preventing my letters from reaching Savant Engar. It's the only explanation. But once I draft a new report of my latest excursion to Shardfall, they will have to begin taking my claims seriously.

My apprentice had taken ill with a minor fever, so I elected to make the journey to Shardfall this month in order to obtain more shards for my work.

It is difficult to say with any certainty how the ruin of Shardfall came to be. Did the Erathi find this aggregation of ice magic, and chose to build there? Did the Erathi build the structure as a means of generating that level of cold? Or did the magic somehow begin building up after the Erathi abandoned it?

In any event, there is no fine place to harvest gems shards in the area. Somehow, the cold and stillness of the place encourages fine edges, and makes them clear as glass. If only the place didn't have such dammed draft, I could be harvesting my weight in gems and shards daily.

One of these days, I mean to make a earnest study of the glyphs and inscriptions on the stones in the area. Perhaps they might yield some clue as to Shardfall's origins...

Kallas' Notes

Kallas

On the History and Nature of the Fae

In the famous God Storm, or Withering War, Lord Ysa took up the ancient, cursed Talisman of Fate, a powerful but treacherous magical artifact of the Heroic Age Seelie clan champions, and came upon Lord Ohn and his warband in the fogs and quicksands of the shadowy plains. Lord Ysa, Lord Ohn, and their warbands fought for hours in confusion until most of their supporters were dead and both Ysa and Ohn were terribly wounded. At Last, Ysa took a mortal wound, and Ohn, thinking himself the victor, left Ysa alone to die. But the gravely wounded Ysa gave his page the Talisman of Fate, and sent him after Ohn.

Kandrian Trade Writ

Unknown

A trade agreemet by Brad and Cergen, Traders, of Tirin's Rest.

Writ of Trade

Brad and Cergen Traders

Lord Kandrian of Kandrian Keep

Witness agreement of four hunder and forty-three guardsmans' pikes to Lord Kandrian of the Erathell Plains in exchange for fifty rounds of Kandri cheese, twelve casks of wine, and such gold as accounts the difference in trade.

Kellis' Journal

Kellis Cen

This town is full of nothing but gray hair and bad memories. I came to Ayten to be in a small, quiet town. I am now realizing why it is so quiet. They don't seem to get many passersby. As long as I do't cause any trouble, they're happy enough with me stopping by for a few nights at the inn.

At least the elder folk in this town can appreciate a good roll of the dice. That's really the only way for me to find some entertainment without any more guests at the inn. This town would be more alive if there was any youth here, but they were all taken away from here some time ago, as I understand it. Ayten may soon find a different kind of excitement, though, if those Freemen keep moving closer to town.

Kollossae History, I

Unknown

The first part of a history of the Kollossae people.

The Mairu

The road walked by my people has been long and fraught with peril, but if we had forgotten where we came from, what sense of accomplishment would we feel when we reached our final, glorious destination?

What is the point of progress without the context of its origin? It falls to me to paint the portrait of my race as we were, as we have become, and as we will continue. May the gods guide my stylus.

Laz Remains

Ventrinio

Cramped handwriting fills this page of notes.

Laz Remains

The Well does a passable job of recreating a subject's flesh and sinew, but i'm having a monstrous time properly catching the departed's essence! Early successes back in Saltwell are proving difficult to reproduce, although I can't be sure if it's a result of more powerful magical sources or any of t he dozens of other problems that came with the shoddy construction of this damned tower!

Our best results come out as littel more than Sons of Laz (yes, like in the old rhyme). These ex-soldiers shamble and moan much like other unfortunates who have born that crude epithet, but rather than a result of inebriation or insanity, these half-dead beasts simply don't have a functional mind in their skull. Or perhaps they're missing a soul in their hearts. Or spleens, or wherever the damned things are supposed to be. Further testing is required.

At least they keep the locals away, and they feed themselves -- often on each other.

Lerkara's Journal

Lerkara Fel

This small book contains neatly ordered script, pressed firmly into thick vellum pages.

The Journal of Lerkara Fel

This cursed village is so caught up in the Tuatha at their door, they have become blind to the monster within their midst! An entire family has been slaughtered, several more individuals gone missing, and untold travelers pulled from the roads... and they do nothing..

Attempted to gain an audience with Lord Kandrian today, again. Was refused at the gate, again. Idiots.

This case continues to surprise. No clue is consistent -- some of the wounds appear to be from tooth, or claw, but blood spray on the walls of the victims' home could have been made from a large blade, such as a greatsword. Numerous individuals have gone missing, but only two corpses have ever been found. Where are the others?

Patrick Morkan knows more than he is telling. If I can just get into his basement, perhaps I can uncover something more. At least the innkeeper, Master Dace, has been helpful in providing me with supplies and directions regarding the local area.

A place he mentioned to me over dinner toight -- the cave of Tulan -- I think I will search there tomorrow. It might be connected to an old network of passageways that lead underneath the town. Perhaps I will find evidence of whatever is taking these villagers there.

Letter From Feride Ouet

Feride Ouet

A neatly-written note

You have come to Adessam and for that I am gladdened.

I am Feride Ouet, head scholar of Adessa's Laboratories. I am on the brink of a significant accomplishment in my research. However, it would take one in your position to complete it.

I am not without means of compensating you. I can also help provide you access to parts of the city.

I await you in the Laboratories. Please visit me when you are able.

Regards,

Feride

Letter From Lerkara

Lerkara Fel

Savant Engar,

Preliminary reports concerning villagers disappearing under strange circumstances were not exaggerated. Several victims have been taken from their homes; signs of violence point to a predator of enormous strength. Little effort has been made to conceal signs of struggle, but there is virtually no trail leading back to a den.

Of particular interest to me is a gentleman by the name of Patrick Morkan. I have interviewed everyone in town, and he is the only one who exhibits no concern over the disappearances. It is a tenuous lead, but it is all I currently have. I'll write you again when I know more.

Adept Lerkara Fel

Letter From Lord Erran Gastyr

Lord Erran Gastyr

This letter is addressed to a woman named Wilda and appears to be stamped with the royal seal of the House Gastyr, a great Alfar noble family.

My Dearest Wilda,

Please forgive me for what I have done. Of only you knew how much this revelation haunts me, how my evenings are lit by the somber light of my shame. You deserve better. But I am a man of office, and I cannot recognize your little Brun as one of my kin. It is not to be, as we are not to be. But you do forever occupy a place in my heart, and to show you affection, please accept the gift of land, gold, and the title. They are little comfort in this lonely time, but they are all a coward can provide. Forever your lord,

Erran

Letter To Archsage Of The Scholia Arcana

Unknown

This dusty letter is sealed with wax and stamped with a mysterious sigil.

Your Grace

I had been told that the Dverga were a coarse and artless people, incapable of imagining -let alone creating- true beauty. One need but look upon the miraculous thing they have erected at the center of this inhospitable island wilderness to call into question all assumptions and prejudice. The keep they have carved out of the woods is an awesome sight. Both improbably and impractically tall, it is visible from the sea when approaching on a sufficiently clear day. Towering above the tree line, it creates the convincing illusion that it is an outgrowth of the forest that surrounds it. It is as if the island itself had constructed it.

Maybe the sublimity of the Dvergan style has eluded me until now, or maybe their distinctive favor of dark woods and maritime motifs has never before had such a proper backdrop. Regardless, I hope my words properly conjure for you the sight I have beheld.

Most impressive of all and -his lordship tells me- his reason for inviting me here is the keep's library. Eagerly did he show me the cavernous room's high airy ceilings and cleverly louvered windows that flood the reading room with light while never subjecting any scholar within to the direct glare of the sun. But it was the collection he had begun to amass that fascinated me most. Already, I attest he has assembled the most complete collection of ancient Erathi texts and epic poems. Moreover, the island's curious propensity for attracting shipwrecks has delivered unto it most diverse examples of writings from around the kingdoms. I cannot claim to have ever encountered a single familiar volume.

His lordship does, true to his claim, seem dedicated to the preservation and

restoration of these books and making them available to any who care to visit his newly tamed realm. I urge the Archsage hence, to visit at the first opportunity.

Letter To Bridgette

Pima

A private letter to Bridgette Malloi, written by the acting Scion.

Bridgette

I know what you must be feeling, because I felt it, too. Becoming the Scion is greater than any responsibility on this earth. You must be prepared to face your own weaknesses, and to overcome them. Akara's vessel cannot be a broken one.

But take heart, Bridgette. You and I have known each other for many years, and I can think of no one more deserving of such an honor. Akara will take the strength that you already possess and multiply it a hundred fold. He is waiting for you, as he waited for me so many years ago.

It is right to be afraid, for you are facing the might of a god. But be glad, too. The Scion does great things.

Whatever happens, do not change. It is vital to the Scion's duties that you retain your sense of wonder, your willingness to feel, and your love of the common man and woman. You will lead them now, as I make my exit. I know that I leave them in capable hands.

Yours,

Pima

Letter To Celfred

Tine Delfric

To Castellan Oda Celfred,

Oda, you must accept my profound apologies, and allow me to explain. I am well aware that you have written two seasons running, asking for an additional Pledgeshield, and I am remiss for failing to provide. But understand that the Pledgeshields we promote these days are not of the same training, or, I am afraid to confess, quality, as those you are used to. They are truly soldiers, prepared for the war on the front and not the duties - harsher duties - that they would face in Detyre. In the first season, I held out hope for a truly remarkable Pledgeshield, but none appeared. In the second season, there were two worthy candidates; alas, one dishonored himself and the other, I am afraid to say, fell in a surprise ambush of Freemen in eastern Kandrian.

Sworn to War,

Tine Delfric

Letter To Delf

Red Idward

This threatening letter was delivered to Brother Delf, a former member of the Red Legion. To spare his own life, he must kill two other members who fled with him.

To Delf

I want to thank you, not for leaving, of course, but for making it so easy for me to find you. It was also thoughtful to keep Ugnar so close by. I owe you a debt of gratitude. I must repay you--in fact I insist upon it! Come and find me, or I will come to you.

-Red

Letter To Delfric

Oda Celfred

To Ancient of War, Tine Delfric,

Tine, I am well aware that many Warsworn are called for in Klurikon, where the war still rages. I am sure you are called to send more Pledgeshields than you can provide, and that the honor (and profit) to be gained there is great. However, it has been two seasons that I have written you begging for ONE seasoned Pledgeshield. Of all the number sent east each day, you do not have two worthy fighters for Ironfast?

With all respect and Sworn to War,

Castellan Oda Celfred

Letter To Delfric 2

Oda Celfred

To Ancient of War, Tine Delfric,

Ancient Delfric, I have received your letter. I will wait. Send a Pledgeshield when you are able. But do not forget the threats that slumber in Detyre. Warsworn honor must be upheld here, as well.

With all respect and Sworn to War,

Castellan Oda Celfred

Letter To Galataea

Pacator

A letter addressed to a Kollossae woman named Galataea.

First letter:

To my Galataea

It has finally happened! Idylla has been raised high into the clouds above. This is truly a sign from the Gods- that they are pleased with our work, my work, building this perfect city. Yet I did this not for the Gods alone, but for you, my one true love. How you would so love this city in the sky. Do not think that the city being raised will end my visits. I will come see you again as soon as things settle up here.

Second letter:

To my love, Galataea

The city is coming along nicely. It is finally beginning to look like the place the Gods intended for our people to be. With every strike of my hammer and chisel to this stone, I imagine the place we once dreamed of living. I only wish you were here to see all of its beauty. It is everything you had hoped it would be and more. The Gods will be proud of this city once it is completed. Sadness fills me to know that we will not be together in this perfect city, but if all goes well then perhaps I can find a way to bring you to the city.

Letter To Gwalchmai

Osun Ifwin

A letter penned in rough, Varani hand.

Gwalchmai,

you louse-ridden, sheep-stabbing, good for nothing, two-faced, cadaverous, mongrel, toothless, god-cursed, pus-bloated, wretched excuse for a penny-maundersing sneak of a brigand's bastard snot-nosed whelp -- you have yourself a deal.

Signed,

Osun Ifwin

Letter To Lord Cras Arne

Han and Orcha Tetran

Private Letter

To Mr. Britt Hagni, Your cottage is finished and ready for habitation. We have also reviewed your request for storage space to accommodate the unmarked crates you had transported from Rathir, and we shall be in touch regarding their destination. It should not be more than a few weeks. Thank you again for choosing Emaire. We look forward to seeing you around town and welcoming you into our community. Han and Orcha Tetran, Owners, Blue Bear Tavern.

Letter To Mayor Eswin

Heste Grastar

To Mayor Eswin Ealfhelm

I hope you are faring well after your arrival in Whitestone. Don't be fooled by the dust and the heat. Apotyre can be quite beautiful, especially in the evenings when the stars show their faces, peeking from behind the smoke of Adessa's fires. You won't find a better view of the heavens anywhere.

My sister Cenda suggested that I write to you on behalf of your family, the Grastars. We are a clan of proud, simple people, miners by trade, originating from the western land of Myria where our family supported Almere in his unification of the Almain tribes. It has always been our way to fight for what we believe, and to labor hard for the roof above our head, the clothes that keep us warm, and the meals that fill our bellies. It is not our way to take our blessings for granted. But I can stay silent no longer.

My daughter Tine is dying. Mother says it's the water in the Snaketail, but the gnomes assured us that it was clean. Their scholars tested it time and again. Still my little girl coughs blood. It is terrible to hear, Mr. Ealfhelmn, a wet cough that shades the sun and turns the blood to ice. I can barely bear to hear it. Sometimes, when the night falls and the fits take my Tine, I slip outside to marvel at the stars, and to wish myself far away from this desert death. All of my life I've embraced the rolling dunes in Apotyre. Now I see only graves waiting to be dug.

You are the mayor of Whitestoin, the leader of our people here in Apotyre. Can you not demand that the gnomes take responsibility for the pain they've wrought upon us, their willing servants? They will not listen to us. They have ignored our pleas for aid. My father has even travelled to Adessa and confronted the Templars at the Basilica Gnostra, to no avail. They turned him away, claiming that the secrets of their people could not be shared. Of course the same secrets may be killing us.

Please, Mayor Eswin, if you have any compassion you will seek me out. Or better yet you go straight to the source of our agony, and get the truth from the scholars of Motus Mining Interests, those responsible for the disaster that has befallen us all. As the old Apotyre saying goes: "Our bones are stone, our hearts the sun; we may be born of the dark halls, but we rise into light."

Thank you for reading this and Mitharu bless you.

Your friend, Heste Grastar

Letter To Mayor Eswin (2)

Grund Darkvari

Dear Mayor

If you know what's good for you, you'll release the boy Steg from that pen in the center of Whitestone. You don't want any trouble from the Darkvari family. From what I understand, you've got enough snakes to wrangle. Take my advice and let the boy go. It'd be a pity to get that fine white throat cut.

Grund Darkvari

Letter To Nette

Ares

This hastily written letter is almost indecipherable.

In my final moments I think of nothing else. We are together.

I had such plans for us. I have the key, you see, the key to Gravehal Keep, most prized of domiciles, the jewel in the Dvergan crown. I came upon it in my explorations, deep in the standing waters of Undersea Fasting.

It is such an unassuming thing. We could have returned to Gallows End and lived like Templars, our every whim within reach. Alas, it is not to be, and the key will do me no good when I am dead. I left it with the architect[sic], the one in the village. He is one of us, and I truly believe that he will do great things.

It could have been ours, but so many things were taken from us. What is one more?

Live on dear Nette,

-Ares

Letter To Orwin

Unknown

This letter is missing any signature or mark of authorship.

Orwin

I know how you can get back at the scum that betrayed you to the City Watch. There are still riches to be had if you clear your name. Return to Rathir and I'll show you. When you get here, stay in the Quays, and I'll come to you.

Letter To Ugnar

Red Idward

This letter from Red Idward was delivered to Ugnar Odgray to threaten him back into the Red Legion

To Ugnar

You filthy coward. I knew you were a traitor the moment I saw you. The only reason I let you join is to have that much more fun killing you when you ran like the scum that you are. Kill the others, or you're going to make me very happy.

Red

Letter To Urlik

Clena

This letter is written in grand, flowering hand, the seal marked with lip prints.

Dear Prickly Bear

You've been away too long, my love. The cold sheets betray you.

You are a scamp, are you not, slipping from my chambers before the cock crowed and denying my desire its due? I should have known better than to give you the key to my cottage. We can agree that it opened far more than my front door, and that the squeak of the lock won't be fleeing these ears any time soon. My bedposts left quite a scar on the plaster, to be sure. I view them as trophies, I do.

And here you are far from me, so far in fact that I can't feel the scraggly daggers of your beard against my neck, or hear the purr of your breath as it escapes your perfect lips. Yes, I could find one to fill your many spaces, but alas, none can. Your name is the only scream I wish to utter in these vast, dark Rathir nights.

Does your fluffed and rigid master know of your sweetness, of the nights spent serenading me from my window on Wending, or the poems composed beneath the bough of Star Thistle deep in Twilight Garden? My guess is that he does not! You are but a hired blade to him. It is a pity, my love, for you are not a weapon but the very salve that cradles the wound of my loneliness. Every time I ache, I cry your name.

Hurry home, Prickly bear. My sheets grow cold, and my bedposts miss their clatter.

Clena

Letter To Varik

A.S.

Dear Varik

Don't worry about me. I am in good hands. The Ynrics are a riotous lot, but no more than any of the rest of us. They still have some honor, despite their recent villainy. It's a shame they've had to fall so far simply to stay alive. Isn't that the way of Apotyre?

I will be in touch, my friend. If anyone asks about me, send them away from the Quarry, even our allies. I can't risk having that snake Eswin discover my location. Unchecked, he will stop at nothing to crush all of Whitestone under his well manicured thumb. City-dwellers.. What was that old joke? "How can you tell if a man's a noble? Check his

Be well, Varik. You will be hearing from me soon.

Your friend,

A.S

Life Of Tine Delfric

Unknown

The Life of Tine Delfric

How many accolades and honors have been piled upon the life of the Warsworn Order's presiding ancient, Tine Delfric?

In his youth he was famed not only for his fearlessness and daring exploits, but for his measured hand. Garreth Rill, the mad Fae Forsythe, and Sisterhood of Smoke are but three of the enemies of order and law that he vanquished.

But Ancient Delfric truly proved himself many years after any of these victories, when Ancient of War Auldstone died, and two figures rose to fight for leadership of the order. In the end neither Kreka Wavecrest nor Trilling Frost would become the next Ancient of War. Because Tine Delfric stood and spoke when none others dared, the cowardly corruption of Frost was shone to all, and the other Castellans were forced to swallow their pride and accept the Varani Kreka as Helmgard's Castellan. The twenty years following was known as the time of the triumvirate, when the three Castellans ruled in accord.

At the end of the twenty years, strife again threatened the Warsworn: now Tine himself contended against Kreka for Ancient of War. But, as Lupoku intervened, the menace of Lackor The Bull arose in Dalentarth. It took the entire order to bring him and his enchanted army to justice; when the day was done, impulsive Kreka had taken a mortal wound, while Tine's careful tactics had run Lackor into a tight place from which there was no escape. On her deathbed, Kreka blessed Tine's promotion, and he has guided us through readiness and war since that day.

Linguistics

Scholar Nerenne

These assorted writings have been compiled into a rough notebook.

Pamphlet on Linguistics

A preliminary analysis of the results from my Babelous potion experiments has provided me with a fascinating basis from which to draw new hypotheses on the nature of linguistics and the mind's ability to comprehend various tongues. And, perhaps most importantly, my analysis has demonstrated the need for additional data, which would require further funding and support from my kind benefactors in the Basilica Gnostra.

For those Scholars who are not aware of the nature of my research, I offer a modest summary: my Babelous Potion is intended to grant its users both complete comprehension and generation of foreign languages by means of balancing the mind's humours. My test subjects are inoculated with a version of the potion, and are subject to a brief examination: they are surveyed in a number of tongues and then required to answer in the language of the questions.

Oddly enough, while my current formula for the Babelous Potion has successfully granted my patient's linguistic comprehension, it has yielded mixed results in terms of language generation. These results are usually triggered in a three-stage process.

In the beginning of the process, most subjects described their ability to speak almost being inverted- though they sought to generate one sound, their mouth made the opposite. Clearly the humoral mix was somehow substituting the opposite of every letter the patient tried to say.

In the middle stage of the process, where the potion was strongest, subjects reported success in generating the sound they were thinking, but in a different order than how they thought them. Their mouths jumbled up the answers they

meant to give.

And, in the final stage, when the potion was beginning to wear off, my subjects reported that the previous two phenomena - the substitution of every sound's opposite and the jumbling of sounds - were somehow presenting themselves simultaneously.

If only I could find a mind that could untangle these processes while under the effects of the potion, I could get somewhere....

Liturgy Of The Word

Unknown

This scroll describes one of the Kollossae rituals performed in worship of Ethene.

Primos: Glory to Ethene, the mother and protector of Idylla, who watches over us and guides us with her wisdom. It is by your power Ethene, that we live above the savagery of the highest mountains, and the drudgeries of the darkest valleys. We cherish your gift and make all of our city your monument.

Congregation: Guide us and protect us, Ethene.

Primos: Glory to Ethene, the source of all inspiration, for in her we find everlasting beauty. Her love shines upon us and fills us with her majesty. Our expressions reflect your greatness, Ethene, and our works are tribute to your endless magnificence. Only through her do we create.

Primos: We bring these before you, o Ethene, and herald your wisdom to all, so that your beauty shines in the heavens, and your words ring throughout the land.

Llyfarstair I

Ormend of Rathir

Parting & Pilgrimage

When it came to pass that our people must be parted, Beyala Tirin summoned all who bore her love. And she spoke to them, saying. 'Now we must go, go from here. Where I do not know, but Lyria will surely guide us true'.

And so she led them and so they followed, down from Fieriol into the sun-warmed lands. And their hearts were sore, for they left sisters and brother behind them. They left home and hearth behind them. Though they were victors, the Durek axe had split their hearts in two, and so they mourned.

And so she led them farther and farther south. When the sun grew hot, they hid by day and traveled only in the night. Then they sang Lunala's praises, confidante of Lyria, whose bright shape guided them safely through the dark. Dawn would greet them, and Priestess Tirin would pray to Lyria. And then she would say. 'No, not here. This is no the place.

And so at the end of many miles, three springs foretold the place our roots would spread. At the first, we looked backward. At the second, inward. At the third, we spied our Fate.

Llyfarstair II

Ormend of Rathir

The Days of Gleir Rathwen

On the steep Tywili Cliffs, Bayala Tirin saw her city built. A glory it was, open to the four winds, the stars of all the heavens, and the heaving breast of the sea. And so it was called Gleir Rathwen, starlight over-sea. There artisans wrought marvelous crafts, farmers tilled the plains, hunters hunted, and fishermen went down in coracles and skiffs to ply the strait.

But the fissure of the Durek axe ran ever deep, and one day Anathon, Gleir Rathwen's greatest mage, grew weary of the bustle and noise. His eyes stayed, as Tirin's had done, to the Spirerock, and he resolved that there he should make his home. Disciples who wished to learn from him soon followed, and word spread wide of the marvelous city - and the hermit mages who dwelled nearby but apart.

Had he and his pupil stayed: had they not been proud: had they cared for our people, perhaps they would have seen Gleir Rathwen's Fate and warned us, Anathon's hauteur and folly cost us dearly, for our first city was appointed its hour and day to end, no matter that our Goddess loved it, still. Anathon turned his gaze, and none knew the terrible storm that came from the south. None knew until the day a hunter staggered through the open gates, wounded mortally, and told of the rolling Horde. An army of Jottun-kind, thundering through the land, moving northward, crushing all in their path. Closing in on beloved Gleir Rathwen.

The wearing was too late, and our kindred were ill-prepared. Before they could fully arm themselves the Jottun horde had come. Many bravely fought, and many bravely died on the Night of the Falling Stars. At last, our will was broken and those who remained fled to the Spirerock, seeking refuge and protection from might of Anathon and his pupils who tossed the seas into a foamy rage the Jottun could not cross. Barred from finishing their work, they

set about destroying Gleir Rathwen. When dawn had come, Bayala Tirin's first city lay in smoldering ruins.

Out of shame and tears, Anathon made a home to all who lived upon his rock. Stone was carved and tunnels dug. A place of worship dedicated upon the spire-top itself to Lyria, who gives all their fate, and takes all away. This was the day Gleir Rathwen fell, and Rathir was born.

Llyfarstair III

Ormend of Rathir

The Bastion of Rock

While once our people believed they were entirely guarded by Lyria's love, now it was said no thing escapes the cutting of the strands of Fate. And they saw the might of Anathon's magic, which is a gift of the Goddess, and it was said we must use the gifts She has given us and look after ourselves. So our people begged Anathon to lead, but he did not like the bustle and noise of the people. Let the poet Caethra lead you, he said, for she has a fine tongue, and you will listen to her. But our people demanded Anathon, and so he said, let Caethra come up to me, and I will speak to her, and she will go down and speak to you. Anathon then formed a circle of his mages, and this was the Orbocant. And Caethra went to them, and listened and spoke to the people, and so she was the Elund.

To this day, Orbocant rules and Elund speaks.

In the hundred years that followed, the city of Rathir rose upon around the Spirerock, like flowering vine upon an ancient oak. The Lower City was laid upon the spire's base, and made secure with walls and battlements. The Spire's face was carved and honed until little of the rock itself remained, so fine was the artistry of our kind.

At the end of this time, when Anathon was very old and nearly blind, he demanded he be led out to the edge of the Spiretop, where he could look out on all that we had done. 'We are Lyria's children. 'he said aloud. 'yet we have not loved her as we should.' And so he decreed that a temple be built to Lyria where he stood, and before it a garden to Lunala, Goddess of the moon, who guided Tirin's children to this very place. A year and a day he watched its building, saying nothing, moving little. A year and a day it took to build, and the day that it was done, Anathon laid himself down and died.

Many tales are told of these times and those that followed close thereafter.
Greatest among these is the Fall of Dwynian.

Llyfarstair IV

Ormend of Rathir

Plaguetimes, Burning, and a New Day

After many years of peace there arose in Rathir the tyrant queen Ciara Sydanus. Little may be said of this Ljosalfar magistrix, except that her reign of terror was called by some the Plaguetimes, for many among the city fell ill during the magical struggle against her. This sickness spread and spread, until it was feared more than the Sydanus herself, and it ended only when the fires came, which ruined much of the city and caused many deaths. Miraculously, The Burning, as it is known, relieved the ailment. No more fell sick and the sick grew better. At last the tyrant queen Sydanus was defeated, and the Scholia Arcana established thereafter.

The abuses of the old system that had allowed Sydanus to seize rule of Rathir and exert her will without reason or restraint was much discussed during this time. And though since the time of Anathon, one mage had always ruled the Orbocant, whose name was known to all, it was agreed there should be a change. So that no one would ever seek a seat for vainglorious ambition, the council was made secret to all but themselves and the Elund, who speaks for them. And so that none hold more sway than another, each member of the Orbocant was deemed an equal, and none superior.

Six hundred years have passed since the Plaguetimes and the Burning, and Rathir has proved the wisdom of these acts. Spiretop and spirebase live in peaceful harmony under the harmony of Lyria's wisdom.

Llyferion I

Unknown

Words of the Prophetess Beyala Tirin

Lyria's grace is like until the valley spring. To all it flows and wanders where it will.

We are each of us threads of Fate, stretched upon Lyria's loom. We are cut or sustained according some pattern far beyond imagining.

Magic is one gift of the Goddess. Perhaps it is the greatest.

Our cousins paint Lyria in dress of stately white. But I say no robe is worthy of our Goddess. No, nothing clothes her form but whirling mist to shield us from her mystery.

Those who listen softly shall hear the gentle wings of Fate.

Do not wrestle with the way the world is. What should and should not be are nothing but figments of the mind.

Imagine before you the footprints of all the places you will walk in time to come. Strive to see them. Strive to accept them. They are as if already taken.

Lyria whispers her deepest secrets in Lunala's ears. This is when the moon thins and goes dark, for Lunala leans close to my Goddess hear.

If a man does wrong to you, ask yourself if this was Lyria's will. Then look again, and ask if your revenge is also part of her will.

Order? Chaos? They are like directions, North and South. Lyria's grace is where you stand, right now.

Lyria's song rustles the trees and roars in the crash of waves. It transfixes the

stars and holds them spellbound, appointed to each season.

Is the sword on display more deadly than the hidden knife? Is the knowledge more powerful when it is known or when it is hidden? Like the cycles of the moon all things have their time.

I have sojourned; I have served: I have given of myself. I shine with the light of Lyria.

The day is warm and I have torn my robes to make bandages for your wounds. Let none of us cover ourselves overmuch, out of false modesty.

Llyferion II

Unknown

Stations of the Day

BREAK OF DAY: Rise and make ablutions. Face spireward, for the spire is our great gift from Lyria.

Reflect on the image of Beyala Tirin, standing by the bluff and beholding the spire for the first time by the first light of day. Look into yourself and ask what pilgrimage you are now upon, and ask yourself, with this new day, if you have reached your destination.

MID-MORNING: This station is requisite only to Brothers and Sisters of Lyria actively in the temple. Gather yourself and repeat the thirteen revelations of the creed. Find a quiet place and take three calm and focusing breaths.

SUN-AT-APEX: Find an image of Our Most Beloved Goddess Lyria and say heartfelt prayer to her. Use any hymn or one of the thirteen creeds. At this time turn to any of your sister and brother mortals and greet them kindly.

Reflect on the image of Beyala Tirin, standing among our people on the Plains. Look into yourself and ask what service you have done for your neighbor today, and what you might do with the remaining day.

MID-DAY: Touch no gold or items of value. Take food or sustenance and water for drink.

SETTING SUN: Make the sign of the Two Paths and fix your eyes between them. Speak no words as you do not but listen instead. Anything you hear at this time may be an omen or sign of things to come.

EVENSONG: Prepare for end of day. Turn your back to the spire, for we must rely on our own powers and not take Lyria's gifts for granted.

Reflect on the image of Beyala Tirin tearing her robes to make bandages and tend her wounded kindred. Look into yourself and ask what you have given freely and wholly. Consider that you hold that you might free into the world.

DARK OF NIGHT: Unless duty prohibits, bathe and lay yourself to bed. Sleep is also a gift of Lyria's grace.

Llyferion III

Unknown

Hymnal

Lyria and Lunala

Lyria and Lunala did bathe in star-filled night

Lyria in all her glory, seen in Lunala's light

The waters of the cosmos shine upon the goddess' shapes

And nebulae about their ankles lie in fallen drapes

he lesser goddess, pale and bright smiles on her friend

Whose beauty all revealed to see is grace that knows no end

Such eternal beauty, not meant for mortal sight

Lyria in all her glory, seen in Lunala's light

The Durek Axe

The Durek Axe that fell upon

The Alfar people's heart

Though Durek arm hat died anon

Still severed us apart

The Durek Axe divides us from

Our Goddess' sublime grace

And knowledge of our destiny

And knowledge of our place

The Durek Axe drove Dokkalfar

And Ljosalfar to Part

Made two of one and sent them far

Though still they share one heart

[refrain]

Made two of them and sent them far

Though still they share one (broken) heart

Hymn to dawn

Oh when the night did end

And Tirin rose

And Tirin rose

And Tirin rose

To Greet the dawn

She stood upon Tywili pool and saw that we were home

To arms she raised, her voice it rose

And this she sang to us

Night has lifted, dawn has come, and

This place shall be home

Shall be home

Shall be our home.

Magnus's Memoirs, Part I

Tyr Magnus

The Memoirs of Tyr Magnus: Hroth Magnus Part I

To know Tyr Magnus, we must begin with the progenitor: Hroth Magnus. Amalur does not know Hroth Magnus, the mercenary, nor Hroth Magnus, the father. But he was both, before he defeated Fae Engard to become the first mortal Champion.

When I was a child, he and I traveled across Amalur, in pursuit of battle. He sought opponents who could show him fighting techniques he had never seen so that he could devise ways to defeat them. He was fascinated with the motions and methods of combat.

Together we would visit a number of locales, mostly taverns, where guards and other militia spent their off-duty hours. My father would enrage the patrons with glib words such that they would attack him, and he would attack them in turn; always, he defeated them with ease. On the rare instance that his opponents managed to actually strike him, he would not to me as he grappled with his aggressor, intoning, "Now we are learning, Tyr!" And it was true. None could ever strike him in the same fashion again. After a time, it appeared no guard or militia man could defeat my father, and he took on mercenary work, seeking further competition...

Magnus's Memoirs, Part II

Tyr Magnus

The Memoirs of Tyr Magnus: Hroth Magnus Part II

Unlike other Varani of his ilk, my father was not fond of the mercenary life. At least, not of the parts that did not involve fighting his bounties. When he caught them, against the wishes of his contractors, he offered them their freedom if they could best him in a duel. None ever could. Word spread, and his infamy attracted the attention of weaponmasters and storied warriors. In this way, he learned the weaponed and unweaponed combat of many peoples, including both varieties of Alfar and Almain. Years passed, and though his technique improved, he gained no reputation as a mercenary. Father would sooner allow a captive to roam free if there was anything to be learned from sparring him. And as such, we languished, financially, in the years before he was Champion.

Magnus's Memoirs, Part III

Tyr Magnus

The Memoirs of Tyr Magnus: Hroth Magnus Part III

And so we come to the House of Valor. My father's obsession brought him to Detyre, to see out the Fae of Valor, who battle for battle's sake. Convincing them to allow a mortal to join their tournament was not difficult. Hroth Magnus was the first mortal to ask if he could do so. And the hundreds of years of experience the Fae held over my father were meaningless before his sheer force of will. Their Champion, Engard, fell and father reigned for many decades. The House of Valor now belonged to the mortals. Soon, it would belong to me.

Manifest Of The Shacklefish

Captain Sconn

The cargo manifest for the prison ship Shacklefish.

Day 78: Arrived Rathir, from Adessa

Calm today. Seas clear, sky bright. Supplies available, but prices high. Damn Alfar.

Boatswain requests that we postpone departure. Visited a soothsayer in the Pryderi. Superstitious fool.

We prepare to sail, unhindered. Delivered cargo to the prison: 2 killers; 1 swindler. Picked up several new faces for our voyage to the Obsidian Isle.

Manifest is as follows:

Enclosure 1: Eirlod Ingvild; V; M

Enclosure 2: Allwrir Aker; V; M

Enclosure 3: Ceod Gurthfurth; A; M

Enclosure 4: Mydre Bethach; D; F

Enclosure 5: Urthan Cotty; L; M

Enclosure 6: Wine Cynric; A; M

Enclosure 7: Mack Pemson; G; M

Enclosure 8: Olaf Asvaldsson; V; M

Enclosure 9: Beg Mys; D; M

Enclosure 10: Abwyr Gorwed; D; M

Looking to the heavens for peaceful sailing, open ocean.

Captain Sconn

Shacklefish

Maun's Note

Maun Cointaker

A note left by Maun to whoever found his hoard.

To Whomever Found This Note

If you are reading this, then I'm getting sent to the gallows, and you've come for my riches.

I had no friends in life, no family, no loved ones. Which means you're either a leech looking to strike it rich off of my efforts, or you're just some person that likes running around caves and reading things.

Either way, I am excited to inform you of this: there is no hoard. There is no gold or gems, only brass and cheap beads. You've gotten this far, and it was all for nothing.

I wish I could see the look on your face. It will give me something to smile about when I'm wearing a noose.

- Maun

Memoirs Prologue

Tyr Magnus

The Memoirs of Tyr Magnus: Prologue

I have been Champion for years, now. There are none in this land with the skill or cunning to unseat me, and despite the war raging in these lands, mine is a history that holds great portent. I have taken the rubble of a ruined Fae House, sculpted it into a mortal-made wonder of Detyre. And with that I've climbed out of the hole of poverty that my father so gleefully dug for me.

Memorandum

Unknown

A masonry crew work order.

To the Office of the Primos

The masonry company hereby requests an escort of city guard to accompany us on a routine maintenance of the sewer systems.

"The Stowaway", as the masons have taken to calling it, has reappeared in the upper levels. As much as we would relish retribution against it for assaults against various mason crews, we have our matters of engineering to attend to. A single guard unit should suffice to drive it off. Perhaps, one day, the Primos would see it worthy to bestow us with the aid we require to remove the Stowaway permanently. It would appear that none are willing to accept the task at the city board for the Stowaway's defeat.

Memorandum II

Unknown

A masonry crew work order

To the Office of the Primos

It appears certain areas of the sewers have grown thick with wildlife, in some cases severely hindering the progression of routine maintenance. I realize that tasks for the Primos have engrossed the guard crews, but the efficiency of the masonry division would be greatly increased if we had the ability to work unhindered by sprites and the Pteryx menaces. What's worse is the sprites are very obviously hoarding valuables from aboveground, and we can only stop so many of them. We humbly request a more formidable guard presence in the sewers.

Message In A Bottle I

Avery

This single sheet of parchment was kept dry in a sealed wine bottle. It bears a personal message.

To whoever finds this letter...

I hope fortune has landed you a better fate in this life. Had I not been the irrational youth that I was, perhaps I would never have found myself trapped on this cursed island. Aspirations of wealth and glory do not compare to the comforts of home. That is the truth. May you heed my lessons of hindsight.

-Avery

Message In A Bottle II

Briar

This single sheet of parchment was kept dry in a sealed wine bottle. It bears a personal message.

To Avery:

Should this bottle somehow find you again, I ask you, had you remained confined to the comforts of your former life, would you be just as unhappy? By leaving home, have you not discovered that your home is precious?

Take this opportunity to explore the island, discover its secrets and cherish what it can teach you! Or, perhaps, you're simply doomed to be the unhappy sort, regardless of the possibilities life reveals to you. Which life would you prefer?

-Briar

Message In A Bottle III

Avery

This single sheet of parchment was kept dry in a sealed wine bottle. It bears a personal message.

Briar:

How you returned this bottle to me I cannot fathom. This island will not even let my thoughts escape!

Yet for all my frustrations, your words give me pause. Maybe being shipwrecked on this island has more meaning than I initially saw. While I was contemplating your message I wandered from my camp and found what looks to be an old harbor, possibly of Dvergan make. You may be right, and that there is something for me to learn here after all.

-Avery

Message In A Bottle IV

Briar

This single sheet of parchment was kept dry in a sealed wine bottle. It bears a personal message.

Avery,

It makes me glad to know that your aversion toward the island is fading and that my words have been of some comfort to you. Sometimes it is the difficult road we must take to find the answers we did not even know to ask.

I find that sunsets above the sky always bring me the most comfort when I am lost.

-Briar

Message In A Bottle V

Avery

This single sheet of parchment was kept dry in a sealed wine bottle. It bears a personal message.

Dear Briar,

I understand now. You are stuck here, too, aren't you? It makes sense, why these bottles find their way back to me time and again.

I did not fully understand the mystery of your words, not until I wandered up to the mountain peak. I did not dare to make the descent as the day grew late, and dangerous creatures lurk in every shadow. You were right, the sunset is most beautiful from atop these ruins. Tell me, where can I find you?

-Yours, Avery

Message In A Bottle VI

Briar

This single sheet of parchment was kept dry in a sealed wine bottle. It bears a personal message.

Sweet Avery,

You are wise to be cautious of these creatures, and just as clever to decipher the truth behind my words. It seems my loneliness was too plain. I suppose you have taught me something about myself as well.

I would come to you, but I have found myself preoccupied with helping the newest victims of that damned pirate. They labor just south of the old keep. Find me there.

-Briar

Message In A Bottle VII

Avery

This single sheet of parchment was kept dry in a sealed wine bottle. It bears a personal message.

Dearest Briar,

Your words have given me great peace and understanding over the last few months, and my thoughts of you have kept me from madness. Yet now I have to wonder. Is it too late? Has this island already driven me to delirium?

Please tell me where I can find you. I will remain here with the others and do what I can to help. Please, do not delay. I will wait.

-Yours, Avery

Message In A Bottle VIII

Avery

This single sheet of parchment was kept dry in a sealed wine bottle. It bears a personal message.

Briar,

I have waited for you here since the day you sent me to find you. While I cannot fathom if you were ever real, a figment of my desperate mind or some godly force, I thank you for showing me my path, difficult as it has been.

The years have grown upon me, but I am content, and I have found peace here on this island I once thought my prison. Soon I shall make my final ascent to the mountain peak and watch the sunset one last time.

Would that I find you there, I would find true solace.

-Avery

Metallurgy

Unknown

Metallurgy and Method

Tyrenium, the marvelous ore held within the rocks of Detyre, has astounded and confused our most prominent craftsmen and masons. Its popularity is evidenced by a simply view of Adessa's skyline. The ornate domes and inlays of our buildings were made possible only by tyrenium ore.

The ore comes out of the grounds in a variety of shades, but upon smelting it transforms into a ravelous shade of amethyst. In a processed form, it is lighter than steel and it can be weathered for years without forming a calx. As a building material, it is ideal - smelts at low temperatures, sturdy once processed, and stands strong for years.

In addition to architectural uses, the armor has a variety of uses in scientific equipment. When alloyed with brass, it creates a sterile surface that can contain liquids of starling acidity. It can be used to conduct lightning and storm magic, if pure, or electrically inert when bonded with silver. There are even claims that it can aid the health of those that wear it. Tyrenium mall is popular amongst certain gnomish officials.

The original tyrenium mines in Apotyre were abandoned after years of production, and now new claims are being staked throughout the deserts of Detyre. The only question that remains is how many tyrenium veins go unclaimed beneath the desert sands - have we only begun enjoying this metal, or have we mined it to depletion?

Might Proves Virtue

Onesimos

An essay by Onesimos, master of the Lykeios.

Might Proves Virtue: A Scholarly Thesis

These are uncertain times, Kollossae magic has proven ineffective in the raising of the Hyperian. Citizens of Idylla have left the city to re-enter the wild, like the Mairu, disenchanted as they are with life here. The political and social enemies of the Lykeios are emerging once again, claiming to be "casual observers" who ask why it is necessary to maintain an academy such as ours in Idylla. There are many among the nobles and the guards who relish the idea of turning our humble school into another shimmering tower or a barracks for the military. They think only of elevating the city, always conceiving taller buildings, instead of elevating their cultivation and their way of thinking. Every day, I strive to convince them of the error of their ways, and my arguments fall to ears deafened by foolishness. If I cannot convince them, I must convince you, dear reader, that institutions such as the Lykeios are necessary for the continued evolution of our people, especially in the light of our failing at the Hyperian. We cannot lift the Hyperian if we are not enlightened, and we require the Lykeios, along with the study of theology through debate, to attain enlightenment.

But how, you ask? With a single rule: Every debate that takes place in the Lykeios is unified by the agreement that might proves virtue, and, as all know, the virtuous are correct. The purpose of the debates then, is to present social arguments and let the virtuous resolve them. The two debaters articulate their points, they discuss the opposing views in light of each other, along with tangential proofs, and then, the exclamation point, the great finish, wherein they determine the victor, is decided as a Kollossae decides all things: with power. Every debate thus exists as a microcosm of a Kollossae life, discovering the dangers of the world, ruminating on how to overcome, and then battling them until one either falls or triumphs. The Lykeios debate is an elegant convention,

and I implore you to experience it before it is too late. In our waning influence, the Lykeios may soon be reduced to a government building or a misshapen hut to house soldiers.

Morning debates are about to begin, and so I must conclude by imploring you, dear reader: when next you hear some poor fool disparaging the Lykeios, think of what it is that makes you who you are, that allows you to be counted among the lineage of the great Hero himself. It is not your might, as the Mairu had might to spare, but it is your cultivation, your virtue, that makes you so. By disparaging the Lykeios, they decry what it means to truly be Kollossae.

Missives Of Sable

Unknown

(when wrapped) The Missives of Sable, wrapped within the Shroud of Omission.

Being arrived most recently, it was discovered by my master already a most peculiar trophy within one of the fallen fortresses of these godless demons. It is a tome, bound in a leather or shide that even our learned men do not recognize. It will not open, despite our strongest efforts. What secrets do the heathens seal within such a text?

(The rest of the book details the journeys of Templar Sable, during some martial campaign in a strange desert kingdom)

Mitharu I

St. Odwig

This tome describes the beginning of the world according to the Order of Mitharu.

The Word of Mitharu according to St. Odwig

In the beginning, the world was shrouded in darkness. Out of this nothingness, arose Mitharu, who brought forth the firmament and the celestial heavens, and drew the Arcane Veil from the world. Mitharu was Order, and gave unto the world a great and wondrous design. Ages of this perfection passed, but there was still darkness, and out of the random places of darkness left in the world, Chaos arose. Mitharu called this Telogrus, a foul and ruined thing. The children of Telogrus destroyed the firmament and seared the earth. Again everything was plunged into darkness, but Mitharu hid us from the devastation. Deep within the bosom of the earth, we were nurtured by Mitharu's divine guidance. Even in the darkest corners of the world, we were illuminated by the surety of order. When the proper time came, Mitharu's children themselves led us from this darkness and into the glory of Mitharu's world anew, reborn, and made to grow into perfection.

Mitharu II

St. Hadwyn

The Word of Mitharu according to St. Hadwyn

And thus, the world was perfectly in Mitharu's image. There are the seasons, which Mitharu causes so that all things are balanced. There is the earth and sky, which are separated in the same balance by the day and the night. The sea and the land are again the same difference in the balance of the world with the ebb and flow of the tide. There are the beasts of Mitharu's making, the plants which feed the beasts of the world, and which feed upon the world itself. And finally, there are the remnants of Mitharu's hands, the shards of our world. Here, the work of Mitharu is visible to those who would welcome the Great Order of the World into his or her life. It is like a miniscule version of the world itself. There is nothing as ordered as the line of lights of a flawless gem, it is the divine shape of Mitharu.

Mitharu III

St. Eadric

This well-worn religious text bears the holy symbol of the order of Mitharu

The Word of Mitharu according to St. Eadric

And thusly ordered, Mitharu said unto the people, "Behold the way of the world. There are cycles within the Great Cycle, and as I give order and structure to this world, so too, do you; for I have gifted unto you the knowledge of the great pattern of Fate. You shall know of your mortality, and understand what makes the seasons to pass and the fire to burn. I give unto you the ability to create, as I have created, and to understand the mechanisms of your world, as I understand all things. You shall all be as creators of your own world, and therefore, my children, you are all as I am. Remember then, these words as I speak to them through the voice of the three. You are all ordered as such. Embrace and follow the plan."

Motus Memorandum

Motus Mining Employees

Interactions with Civilians

This is a reminder for all employees of Motus Mining Interests that any and all dealing with non-personnel are to be avoided at all costs. Due to the high incidence of solicitation and erroneous damages claims made by such people, all interactions between Motus Mining personnel and non-personnel will be intermediated by Branch Heads.

Motus Mining (Days 1-24)

Motus Mining Officials

Accident Report

It happened last night, before the evening meal and before the briefing by the Scholars Jolienne and Imas. The experimental refinement unit in Snaketail Grotto has suffered a stress fracture in its base. The foundation split, causing a large amount of waste to spill into the underground lake beneath. This lake feeds right into the Snaketail River. I don't believe there is any cause for concern, but I shall keep informed of any developments.

Motus Mining (Days 25-44)

Motus Mining Officials

Administrative Memorandum

It's too late. Nothing can be done. Even now, as laborers work to control the seepage, the damage is far beyond what we can contain. The refinement unit is spilling raw, unrefined tyranium into the water supply of Apotyre, and even the village of Whitestone. Twenty deaths have been reported so far, mostly Almain and Varani workers. I fear we may need to abandon the experiment... and possibly the whole operation.

Motus Mining (Days 45-50)

Motus Mining Officials

Administrative Memorandum

The Snaketail is death, A single day of drinking water from the river will result in boils. That is how it begins: large reddish boils that explode on contact. Then the goiters begin to grow, and the lesions that seep endlessly. By the third day, when the subject develops a wet cough and his eyes bleed, it is far to late. We have buried more than one hundred miners, along with their families. Men, women and children. I wish no ill will toward the people of Apotyre, but this incident must be contained. It may injure the larger reputation of Motus Mining Interests and all of its operations across Amalur.

Motus Mining (Day 51)

Motus Mining Officials

Exit Report

It is done. Snaketail Grotto has been closed. The bodies have been buried. All obvious traces of the refinement unit disaster have been covered and sealed. If the goods are good, no one will ever question our intentions here. Motus Mining built Whitestone, and Apotyre. We will forever be servants of the people. But the time has come to move on. All operations are henceforth being moved to new sites in Hollowlands.

Motus Mining Survey

Motus Mining Employees

Menetyre

Three possible veins in the area. Difficult to assess the ease of ore excavation, due to the overwhelming presence of Jottun in the area. Warsworn Keep might pacify hostiles, but would require additional funding from Motus - possibly keeping them on retainer. Not cost effective.

Motus Mining Wants You!

Unknown

This letter was written on fine parchment.

Motus Mining Interests is now hiring all able-bodied and experienced hewers, groovers, pit men, pit brow lasses, and bankmen for continuing operations in Detyre. If you are in receipt of this letter, then it means you have been selected as a potential employee, and are considered eligible to work for Motus Mining Interests under a provisional contract immediately. Please bring this letter with you to the nearest representative, who will direct you accordingly.

Motus Mining Interests

Motus Reports IV

Motus Mining Employees

Examined the output of the dig over the last month measuring the bulk of ore that was successfully mined compared to the rock that needed to be removed to obtain it.

In general, yields were one part ore for every ten of refuse.

The ratio speaks for itself- the minerals are nearly jumping out of the rock!

Motus Reports V

Motus Mining Employees

Quality (Mediocre)

Examined the output of the dig over the last month, measuring the bulk of ore that was successfully mined compared to the rock needed to be removed to obtain it.

In general, yields were one part ore for every thirty parts refuse. Less than ideal, but we can maintain profits if we have the miners working double-shifts to make up for the losses.

Motus Reports VI

Motus Mining Employees

Quality (Poor)

Examined the output of the dig over the last month, measuring the bulk of ore that was successfully mined compared to the rock needed to be removed to obtain it.

Compared to the previous two "Motus Reports", it seems this one ends prematurely, most likely a bug.

Mysterious Isle: The Allure Of Gallows End I

Unknown

This leather-bound volume has faded from exposure to the sun, and its pages are water-damaged and warped.

IX. The Naming

The island of Gallows End received its commonplace name from its most famous inhabitant: the seafaring marauder and pirate king Dead Kel, who claimed that he would only end his murderous spree when the Alfar Navy discovered the location of his secret lair and hanged him upon its towering cliffs, a testament to their strength. "I will never stop, not in life or death, and this world will burn far beyond my gallows end."

In a symbolic gesture, Dead Kel even proceeded to erect his own gallows on a northern cape overlooking the sea. For several decades, the hangman's noose sat in wait, proof of the pirate's audacity, and his twisted humor. Dead Kel was eventually captured by his pursuers, and his great sloop Stormbringer brought low. Man and ship sunk to the bottom of the Forstbreak, trailed by the blackened corpses of his loyal Hanged Men.

None of the bodies were ever recovered or returned to Rathir for identification. The reward for his capture or execution was never claimed.

Mysterious Note

Eolfred

To Anyone,

My Ewa is gone. Gone. Like a wave that breaks against the sea stones. There one instant and gone the next. She was a soldier, a brave soul. Now her bones rest where she fell in battle. But her spirit rests with me. I go now to join her, our souls ascending into the blue. Farewell. May the waves take me with them.
- Eolfred

Naros Chronicle: A Difficult Start

Helyc Crosse

A Difficult Start

The Southern Passage was treacherous. Each fled after we found was a large stone statue covered in blood (now, I know this was not statue, but a corpse of one of the Kollossae). Sveri was killed by a trap, and I was wounded in a battle with monsters I can finally put a name to, the pteryx. Our expedition was a disaster, and only the stranger remained.

We parted ways in the dark of the Southern Passage. In her/his generosity, s/he left me a healing potion (which, I am convinced to this very day, saved my life). As s/he searched for an exit, a sudden cave-in separated us, and I would not see her/him again for what seemed like a lifetime. I spent my time trying to survive in the Southern Passage while our fourth companion became Beckoned of Ethene.

Naros Chronicle: A Strange Meeting

Helyc Crosse

A Strange Meeting

Venturing through the Southern Passage, s/he came across an ancient sanctum. An ensorcelled statue of a face being held aloft by two men watched over a glowing artifact set atop a pedestal. My one-time companion examined this artifact, and suddenly a voice spoke to her/him. It was a woman's voice from the stone face, echoing with the tinges of magic.

"And so, after centuries, it has come to pass. The Cipher has reached thy hands. Beckoned. At last, my work can be completed."

Apparently my one-time companion was interested, for s/he asked how s/he could help. The rest of the conversation was cryptic, and s/he was left with a message to "seek the Primos". The mysterious voice then fell silent, and opened the way into the Teeth of Naros. The Beckoned took the Cipher and entered the strange new land.

Naros Chronicle: First Impressions

Helyc Crosse

First Impressions

Almost immediately upon setting foot into the wilds of the Teeth, the Beckoned was confronted by a giant woman seemingly made from stone. You may have been told stories of these men and women that live in the mountains and thought them children's tales, but I assure you, a race of people as tall as Jottun yet as keen as the Alfar exist. They were neither Jottun nor ettin. They were the first living Kollossae any of the Faelands had ever known, and despite the wonders of Dalentarh, there is nothing like the sight of Idylla: the city made from gold and jewels floating among the clouds.

Her name was Secandra and she was captain of the Idylla guard. She was first wary of our hero/ine, but a Jottun ambush forced the two of them into an alliance. Neither of them knew this alliance would change the fate of the Kollossae, yet the potential was clear from the very beginning. Secandra's strength of will and our hero/ine's power over fate would one day complete the vision of Ethene.

Naros Chronicle: Introduction

Unknown

Introduction

We were explorers from the Faelands, only three in number, but great in our potential... or so I thought. Cach Cranwyn, of the Cranwyn nobility, was our force of magic; Sveri Brond our eyes and ears, and I would protect us from whatever fearsome beasts we encountered. We needed only one more to help with the journey and we could finally be on our way to the fortune that awaited us in the Teeth of Naros.

You may ask "what are the Teeth of Naros?" and to which the only answer can be in this book. In these pages you will find the wonders of that mountain range; an amazing story of giants, gods, and monsters, and a savior who defied Fate. As I write these words I realize they may be mistaken for a work of fancy, however I assure you I relay the tale of these deeds as described to me by the savior her/himself.

We met by the shores of Ettinmere. Sveri and Cach mentioned a stranger might be joining us. I can still remember seeing her/him for the first time. No one would have guessed s/he could change Fate, much less that s/he would soon become a messenger of the gods. S/He entered our camp with little fanfare, and I could tell s/he was formidable, but the quiet sort; [a warrior born and bred. I recognized the reflection of countless battles in her/his stare.]/[a stealthy one. I could see why Sveri wanted her/him to come along.]/[not to be trifled with. Thankfully, s/he was not as prone to boasting of her/his magical prowess as Cach.]

After a few remaining preparations, we entered the Southern Passage.

Naros Chronicle: Nyxaros

Helyc Crosse

Nyxaros

In secret, Anokatos had killed many of his rivals in his misguided quest to force the grace of Ethene upon his people. Anokatos learned the means to raise the Hyperian from the former Primos, Arkes, and enslaved Jottun to realize his will. Forced to choose between saving the slaves before they were executed, or finding "the Counsel" before he died, the Beckoned chose to find the Counsel.

They found Arkes weak and in chains. He spoke to the Beckoned of how Anokatos would bring ruin to the Kollossae if the Beckoned didn't stop him. The Hyperian was the key to the salvation of the Kollossae, and only the Beckoned, free from the bonds of Fate, could help shape his people's destiny.

The knowledge of how to enact this was known to Secandra if she could remember the last day that they spent together.

Nyxaros

Once in Nyxaros the voice of Ethene guided the Beckoned to the Silent Choir, the crazed disciples of Anokatos. Secandra and the Beckoned learned of the slavery, and of one called "the Counsel", and in a hurried deliberation decided to free the slaves from their torment. The captives were Jottun, and freed from bondage, they gladly helped their saviors fight the Silent Choir while Secandra and the Beckoned sought "the Counsel".

They discovered the Counsel was none other than Arkes, the former Primos, and just before he died, he told them the secret to stopping Anokatos. Arkes' final words were for Secandra to remember his last day with her.

Naros Chronicle: The Hyperian Rises

Helyc Crosse

The Hyperian Rises

With Secandra's aid, our hero/ine was able to harness the Air and Earth Shrines and manifest the magic of the Cipher once more. Thus enchanted, the Beckoned and Secandra entered the Hyperian, where Anokatos waited for them.

He knew they would come, for his death was preordained, as it were. In order to raise the Hyperian, the changing of the Kollossae's fate was necessary, and only our hero/ine could perform this action. As s/he killed Anokatos and shifted his fate, so too, did the fate of all his brethren change. The Kollossae were free from their barbaric past, and as a sign of this, the Hyperian ascended to Idylla.

The Beckoned and Secandra survived to lead the Kollossae and the city of Idylla to their promised glory.

So ends the tale of the Beckoned and the Hyperian.

Naros Chronicle: The Jottun

Helyc Crosse

If the Beckoned ordered Secandra to spare the Jottun, the book reads as follows:

The Jottun

Our hero/ine soon learned of the Kollossae plight. In order to meet the Primos, s/he would have to repel the Jottun horde that endangered the people of Idylla. Much to the surprise of Secandra, our hero/ine was able to kill the Jottun Warlord, effectively ending the Jottun threat. In yet another act of generosity, s/he convinced Secandra to let the remaining Jottun live, which unbeknownst to her/him then, would one day prove a boon.

Why did s/he want to spare the Jottun? It may have been mercy, or pity. I will not pretend to know the motivations of my one-time companion. From the moment I met her/him I knew there was something different about her/his character, but don't trust me to name it. I am a man of action, not of words, and describing the thoughts of the Beckoned is beyond my ability.

Regardless of why, the Jottun knew they were spared, and recognized the Beckoned as their savior. Without the ruthless Kahrunk leading them, they began a new way of life, less intent on destroying the Kollossae, albeit still savage.

If the Beckoned ordered Secandra to exterminate the Jottun, the book reads as follows:

The Jottun

Our hero soon learned of the Kollossae plight. In order to meet the Primos, s/he would have to repel the Jottun horde that endangered the people of Idylla. Much to the surprise of Secandra, our hero/ine was able to kill the Jottun Warlord, which left the Jottun horde disorganized and vulnerable. Secandra's

forces finished the conflict by killing most of the remaining Jottun. The ogres stood little chance against the organized might of the Kollossae. Although our hero/ine did not witness the destruction of the Jottun people, it was so thorough that there were very few left in the Teeth outside their crude tower.

I was told that our hero/ine encouraged this slaughter. Why? Your guess is as good as mine. True, s/he was my companion, if at least for a short while, however I make no pretenses of knowing her/his thoughts. Perhaps it was to gain the trust of her/his new allies. It may just be her/his way to leave a legacy of bloodshed in her/his wake.

For whatever reason, the Beckoned promoted the massacre, and the Jottun were effectively gone from the Teeth of Naros.

Naros Chronicle: The Wreath Of Absolution

Helyc Crosse

The Wreath of Absolution

So our hero/ine ascended to Idylla, the magnificent city floating above the mountaintops. S/He was taken to the Primos, where, for the first time in many years, the leader of the Kollossae people spoke. His name was Anokatos, and he immediately recognized our hero/ine as Beckoned. He took this as a sign that his penance was over, and the first course of action was to create the Wreath of Absolution.

The wreath required the Beckoned to retrieve the circlet of Arkes, the former Primos, from a crypt below the city. Fetching a circlet from under-sewers does not sound like the work of a hero/ine, and indeed it wasn't meant to be. The circlet was needed immediately, and, as I understand it, the menial nature of the task was part of the point. Humility was needed for the Kollossae to atone for their sins.

After the circlet, the Beckoned travelled with the Primos to the wilds of the Teeth of Naros to hunt the Alpha pteryx. With the circlet and the vanes of the Alpha pteryx the Wreath of Absolution was complete, and Anokatos and the Beckoned would use the Cipher to open the door to the Hyperian, and then cause it to rise and join Idylla in the sky, thus completing the works of Ethene and bringing about the promised glory of the Kollossae.

The Beckoned accompanied Anokatos to the Hyperian complex. Secandra was summoned there as well, and once the ceremony to open the way to the Hyperian was complete, both of them were betrayed by Anokatos. They were able to escape, but only to find the city in peril and the promise of disaster rumbling throughout the land. Desperate, Secandra suggested they search Nyxaros, the private retreat of Anokatos amidst the Teeth of Naros. It was there that they uncovered the truth.

Nell's Journal

Unknown

(This page is creased and weathered, possibly several years old)

He left today. Shining like the morning star in immaculate silver plate, as dashing and elegant as he would be in his father's ceremonial robes. Just seeing him made my heart race like I was a girl of ten-and-four. As he rallied in the town. I fell in love with him again.

All the party was gathered - the sons and daughters and husbands and wives of Ayten who would answer the call for country, for their people in the town center, and listened to his words. They carried themes of hope and promises of valor, of taking common-folk and turning them to legend. None could ignore him, and within a few scant minutes, every ear was turned to him, and every heart swelled with courage.

And when they turned and went, I kissed him on the cheek like the other women of our village did. But I slipped the ring into his rucksack. I gave him the answer he had been seeking for nearly a month, and though I played coy the answer was always yes.

By the gods, let him be done with this business and speed him back to me. Watch over Ratofer, for he is now my betrothed.

Note From Courdan Passant

Courdan Passant

Resident, Sandstone Villa

I hope this letter finds you well.

My name is Courdan Passant, Head Scrivener, Domus Politica. I have matters I wish to discuss with you, and I believe I may be of use to you.

Please find me in the Domus Politica at your earliest convenience.

Sincerely,

Courdan

Note From Reddle Mane

Reddle Mane

To the New Arrival

My office, Hospitalis Quarters. You want to find out who's watching you? Be there.

-- Reddle Mane

Note: Sparrow Murders

Unknown

Dunn and his men were sighted in the Quays, as expected. Don't send anyone or spread word until I command. If there are any meddlers, then send them on down.

Note

Unknown

This crumpled note seems to have been written shortly after you acquired it.

We will be having a guest staying at the Sandstone Villa . Should they make any purchase from your stocks, please send detailed lists of the transactions to the Domus Politica for proper tracking.

Domus Politica

Did a bit of poking around. Seems like the halfpints are clamoring about someone special coming to the city. But hear this -- they're airing out the tapestries for an outsider. One of ours will be housed in the Sandstone Villa. Treated like royalty, too. Could be of use, eh?

-Esklad

Greetings. It has been brought to our attention that a new guest will be staying in Sandstone Villa. Please offer him the services reserved for regular citizens (barring any work for the Villa), and keep a record of his transactions (as discreetly as possible).

Domus Politica

We have received word that a "special guest" will be staying the [sic] Sandstone Villa for the foreseeable future. Rather than the usual diplomat, however, this guest is a longlegs. They'll be given free reign of the city during their stay, so keep your patrols vigilant. But remember -- they are to be treated with respect.

Captain Tennes

The Templar has made it very clear that no explicit actions be made against the guest that will be housed in Sandstone Villa. The matter of the guest's stay will

be handled by the offices of the Templar and no one else.

You have our thanks.

Notes Of Octienne's Crimes

Templar Octienne

A meticulously organized folder of notes, payments, and the occasional letter related to Octienne's assorted shady dealings.

V-

Bad news: for your crimes of necromancy and murder, the Forum has decreed that your punishment must be death. I, however am certain that your brain may be put to better use for society than as fertilizer. After all, what weight does a charge of murder carry when you may simply return that which was stolen.

I have prepared a new laboratory for you, where you will continue your work on the Well of Souls in parallel to your former colleague. The secrecy of its location is of utmost importance: in Mel Senshir, you will receive another missive via C S - do not explain anything further to her, but feel free to examine her own research. You should find the passages on pain-thresholds most applicable to your own work.

I will provide materials and assistants as needed, and in return I expect regular progress reports and utmost discretion. F. H. will still continue his own work unawares - as a backup. Should he provide results before you do, I shall be quite cross, but my associates will recover his work for your more thorough application.

-O

Notice Of Duty

Unknown

This writ hereby summons the recipient to fulfill their duty among the proud ranks of the Alfar League. Present yourself upon the Burn within four days time for training and disbursement.

Notice Of Forfeiture

Unnamed Rathir Customs House Scribe

To Britt Hagni

It has come to our attention that a number of funds have been appropriated in your name from various trade houses in the city of Rathir from the accounts of a merchant named Azo Raemund. Raemund has not been seen in Rathir for some time, and his payments for his properties and stock have not been submitted over the last few weeks. As his last known contact, we humbly request that, should you have contact with Raemund, you notify him of his outstanding debts to us. He must rectify them immediately or forfeit both his Rathir properties and stock.

We thank you for your compliance in this matter.

Rathir Customs House

Notice Of Seizure

Unknown

This is to notify the offender, Elore Crist, of the seizure one (1) box, containing one unknown object, which was to be sent Guian Stebic, and one (1) note, addressed to Guian Stebic -- who has been publicly denounced.

These items will be held in the Adessa Armory until fines have been processed.

Official Missive Of Dissatisfaction

Pepin Jamane

An official document addressed to the Domus Politica, a gnomish institution in the city of Adessa.

To Templar Vinthur:

Uncle Vinthur, your techniques to cope with the strain of my predicament have not eased my troubles. Not the lung mechanics, nor the cranial venting, proved successful. My stress is such as to induce insomnia, irrational fears, and a tendency to weep at the slightest provocation.

No longer will I hold my tongue! The systematic persecution of Pepin Jamane continues unabated!

Below, listed in chronological order, are the crimes that have been permitted against me by the likes of my colleagues: Scholars Manoise, and her eminence Templar Tancese. They must not be excused because of their station, or because the Basilica Gnostra has deemed me unfit to testify. Please, dear uncle, hear me as I air my grievances:

-Scholar Carloman Manoise used the latest revision of my Tract on Murghan to stifle his wet cough.

-Templar Tancese claimed that my work "had a bolgan's stink about it."

-Scholar Louis Manoise smacked me upside the skull when I asked him for a hand disembarking from the dinghy.

-I overheard the scholars Manoise discussing my sleep habits, and how they believe I've fathered several illegitimate boggart children.

-Templar Tancese sent me to recover the Tome of Contrition because, as she puts it, "You are the definition of expendable."

What next, you may ask? We shall see....

Omnibus Arcana

Unknown

Introduction

Welcome to the Scholia Arcana. You, like so many others before you, have assumed the monumental task of exploring the many facets of magic. This examination is normally given to initiates upon the first year of their studies. It is intended to serve as an introduction to our practices and methods concerning magic. The information contained within the Omnibus Arcana is sealed against unofficial usage, so rest assured that reading this will not result in your unofficial demise.

In the pages of this tome, you will embark upon an adventure of knowledge. Your quest is perhaps the greatest of all callings, the study of magic itself. The mages of our order have always been those ready to endure the rigors of research. This test will introduce the foundation of magical inquiry, a process which you will find integral to your studies during your time in the Scholia Arcana.

Now, to begin this examination, you must go to the Rathir Chapterhouse courtyard. There, you will find a statue of a woman. Go and observe the statue.

Lesson I

Eleanor Brea was one of the founders of our order. Sorceress Brea was born some 800 years ago into a life of bondage. She was blind, and Ljosalfar far from Glen Suthain. She suffered under rule of the dictator Ciara Sydanus, yet she, like you, possessed a natural talent for magic. Eleanor Brea harnessed this gift to not only escape slavery, but to ultimately free Erathell of Sydanus' rule. She did this through discipline, through a determined commitment to learning the ways of the arcane. Eleanor Brea represents hope to our students.

The first lesson to learn from Eleanor is one for all of our order. Eleanor Brea

was but one of the founders. Because she was the only one gifted with the use of magic, some consider her the true progenitor of the Scholia Arcana, but were it not for her allies, she would never have succeeded. The other statues in the courtyard represent the other two founders of the Scholia Arcana. Remember them well, for if it is your quest to become as great as Sorceress Brea herself, you will undoubtedly need the help of others.

The second lesson to learn from Eleanor Brea is at the heart of magical study. Eleanor Brea was among the first sorceress' to standardize the use of elements in her spell-casting. Before her, magic was a mysterious and imperfect practice. Even the ancient Order of Ash, one of the oldest societies of magic users in all of Amalur, were as wild and ungoverned then as we are orderly and precise today.

The third and final lesson to learn here is that of discipline. Eleanor Brea was not born a usurper. She did not become one of the most powerful mages in all of the Faelands in the course of a day. It did not happen accidentally, but through years and years of intense practice. If it is your wish to become similarly proficient, you must devote yourself to learning as she did. This will require hours of reading each day. It will involve dangerous and sometimes terrifying experiences. It will test your will and patience as no other obstacle can. And should you be able to continue this regimen, you will undoubtedly become as great as Eleanor Brea herself.

Indeed, most applicants of the Scholia Arcana cannot face their potential; those that can rarely achieve it. Until now, none have been able to surpass their potential, but this may change with you.

For the next part of this lesson, you must go to the Rathir Bridge. Stand there and contemplate the bridge.

Lesson II

In the courtyard you learned the first three principles of method: unity, harmony, and discipline. These three tenants are at the foundation of every student's education as much as the bridge is at the foundation of Rathir. The bridge is a legacy of permanence and dedication. Originally, the Alfar who

settled the Tywili Coast would take a skiff or rowboat to reach the spire rock. This was a treacherous voyage that ended with as many boats smashed upon the rocks as there were safely harbored. This bridge was built very early on in Rathir's construction through the combined effort of Dokkalfar settlers.

There are two lessons to be learned at the Rathir bridge. The first is an extenuation of the principle of unity, for here you can bear witness to what is possible when you work with others. The Rathir bridge is a symbol for the Dokkalfar people; one of perseverance and loyalty. The grandeur of Rathir is visible from afar, but once on the bridge you can truly see its magnificence. The construction of Rathir took many people working together in difficult conditions, and they were able to build one of the most elegant and elaborate cities known to Alfar. This is why the lesson of the Rathir bridge embodies the principle of proof. In all knowledge there is always proof of that knowledge. Look at the Rathir bridge and witness proof of Eleanor Brea's Unity.

The second lesson is the principle of duality. This bridge is an exit and an entrance, both to Rathir and to the Tywili Coast. You decide which, and in your decision, you illuminate the other aspect of this lesson, choice. Your studies at the Scholia Arcana will be exacting. Your teachers will be austere in their technique. At times you will feel as if you have no autonomy to pursue your own interests, but this bridge represents that dichotomy. In one direction lies a historic city of knowledge, beauty and the arts. In the other direction lies the Tywili Coast, a blood-soaked, war-torn battlefield that was once a stretch of idyllic farms and fishing villages. Both paths lead to exploring the greater world beyond the Rathir gates. You are singular amongst our order, in that you have the ability to determine your own Fate. Take full advantage of your unique freedom by recognizing duality in all things.

When you are done meditating upon these lessons, proceed to the village of Mel Aglir, in Kandrian.

Lesson III

Mel Aglir sits at the heart of Kandrian, the land named after the family who has ruled for generations. The village is well defended from Tuatha raiders,

bandits, and the wild Fae that roam the Plains of Erathell. There are many threats to Kandrian, and the kings and lords who rule here must always be ready for conflict.

The lesson to be learned in Mel Aglir is the principle of preparation. For centuries, Kandrian Keep has been a bastion of strength for the Alfar people Jocuri. The early Kings of Kandrian protected all of Erathell from the threats of Durek or Jottun invasion. Kandrian Keep was the only fortress to withstand Ciara Sydanus' might. In times of crisis, the Kings of Kandrian would house the villagers within the walls of the keep. A Kandrian guard as well as a militia kept the peace throughout the villages and countryside. The people of Kandrian were always prepared, and thus able to survive.

The survival of Mel Aglir is a testament to the importance of preparation. Whereas the previous lessons facilitate success in the Scholia Arcana, this lesson will help you survive. Students of the Scholia Arcana are frequently and woefully unprepared to deal with magic. It is a volatile and hazardous force, and there is no room for imprudent experimentation in our order. Those who do not heed this lesson are liable to suffer, and unwittingly cause others to harm. Mel Aglir stands as a warning to any who would delve into the secrets of magic. Prepare appropriately, or suffer the consequences.

When you are ready, proceed to the Kandrian countryside.

Final Lesson

You have arrived at the final lesson forming the foundation of magical inquiry. Of everything that you will learn at Scholia Arcana, the most valuable lesson will be the principle of observation. The mastery of the elements, or the ability to invoke powerful sorcery is useless without an understanding of one's surroundings. An environment is a complex system of interrelated attributes, and in order to function within one, you must be aware of the boundaries and rules of the system. Many of our order become myopic, closeted academicians, too concerned with their own learning to apply it to the world. Others haphazardly conduct their research in the hostile and unpredictable world. Both of these avenues end in a failure to face your potential, or to successfully

achieve it.

All of the previous principles are useless without observation. Learn to regard your surrounding in many ways as possible. Explore, and consider the people around you. Mel Aglir is an example of preparation, but it also a lesson in observation. The village has dwindled since the beginning of the war. The young were enlisted, and many others moved to safer locales. The once serene farmland of Kandrian is now rife with bandits and monsters because Lord Kandrian hides in his keep like so many of our reclusive sages.

Similarly, the principle of duality inheres in observation. You have the freedom to control your Fate and your every decision is informed by your surroundings. Lord Kandrian refuses to fight the Tuatha, and he cannot make a wise judgement from behind stone walls. The battle you just faced is a direct result of Lord Kandrian's poor understanding of the principle of duality, because of ignorance of the existing conditions.

Observation is the main tool with which we discover proof. It requires discipline in order to be effective. You may not be the most dutiful student of the principle of observation, but if you hadn't been prepared for that battle, you would have perished. In order to be prepared, you must first have immersed yourself into your surroundings, and become aware of the dangers posed in this land.

To conclude this examination, return to Savant Idris Theonen. Your future may lay outside of the purview of the Scholia Arcana, however you will benefit from adhering to the methods of our order when you are tested.

On Alchemy

Oleander Sinclair

Commentaries on the Practice of Alchemy

Foreword:

There exists no greater pleasure in this world than taking the components nature so generously provides and, with perspicacity and precision, mashing them together to form something greater in its wholeness than its component parts apart. After having spent over two decades of my life dedicated to the study and practice of Alchemy, I consider myself an expert. As such, I have endeavored within these pages to catalogue all that I have learned through years of study, hard work, and rigorous experimentation. Use its contents wisely.

Signed:

Oleander Sinclair

Savant of the Scholia Arcana

The book then goes on to list various alchemical recipes in meticulous detail.

On Alchemy (2)

Red Thombrum

These papers have been neatly compiled.

Foreword

It is with a certain solemnity and starkness of spirit in which I undertake the endeavor; that is, the extrapolation of the fundamentals of alchemy. Never before has the thought of such an exhaustive and complete compendium on the subject been broached. It is a monumental task that some would argue borders on the appalling. To simply summarize the project laid out before us is an effort in and of itself, much less catalogue the entirety of Alchemy.

It is my sincere hope that with a rigorous and careful method I may avoid the treacherous pitfalls of so many other scholars attempting to adequately canvass the subject. I hope to represent, with a certainty and clarity heretofore unseen, the fundamental aspects of the field, but without sacrificing the elaborate discourse that is essential to so complex a subject. This guide will serve as not only an introduction to alchemical research, but as source of reference for all major procedures. The first four chapters will cover the necessities of an Alchemy lab, while the next five detail the elementary work of properly harvesting and storing reagents. Discussions on the philosophical underpinnings of our craft can be found throughout the text, so that theory is not lost amongst method.

In the final five chapters, I put forth a bold new technique for all processes involved in Alchemy. It is derived by myself through several trial and error experiments over the course of five years, and promises to yield a whole host of discoveries through its exploration. I highly recommend reading the final section as you progress throughout the first two sections of the book. As always, I am deeply indebted to the Scholia Arcana and its members, especially my mentor and the font of all wisdom, Professor and Savant Tschuck. Without them, none of this research would be possible. The libraries in Adessa also

proved to be an invaluable source of information.

Finally, I would like to thank my patient and loving partner for being the
athanor to my centrifuge.

On Chickens

Unknown

Part the First

The chicken is the silent titan upon whose back Amalur sleeps. Universally adapted as a staple in any kitchen of means, the chicken has proven its ability to thrive anywhere with minimal tending. Why, then have so few of us learned folk devoted a tome, or even at least a passage or mention, to the noble animal?

I aim to correct that now. I will conduct an unflinching and holistic analysis of the jungle fowl commonly referred to as "chicken." And, like any sane practitioner of science, I will begin my study with an anatomy of the graceful creature and its behavior.

The most prominent feature of the chicken is, of course, its comb. Colloquially known as a scab-ridge or mitharu's mistake, this floppy mantle of flesh is actually referred to in learned circles as the grossia major (in roosters) and grossia minor (in hens). Many have puzzled over the purpose of these growths, with many attributing them to some tool for communication. But that makes little sense - do not chicks need to communicate? Why don't they have little grossia majors and minors as well? No, the chicken's comb is far more likely a vestigial rest used to be used in fending off predators and navigating their original habitats - oceans. Notice how the folds and contours of these growths resemble the fins of aquatic fauna? It is no coincidence.

There are not only physical characteristics that chickens are reputed for. The chickens - specifically, roosters - are reputed for the diligence they employ when signalling the start of the day. While the degree to which they participate in this behavior is somewhat exaggerated, these reports are based in truth. Roosters are eager to announce the start of every new day, but this behavior goes unexplained. Perhaps they are relishing the opportunity to mate for another day? Perhaps they have an affinity for Helios, god of the sun? In the

end, it is unknown.

And the most valuable commodity of the chicken is, ofcourse, its eggs. They are a lifeblood for the peasants and nobleman of Amalur alike, for it is their nourishment that gets us through the days and evenings. But why do chicken lay eggs in such quantities? Is it to ensure that at least some offsprings survive? Instead, I believe that chickens have behaviorally altered their egg laying physiology, colloquially known as an ovipositor matricula, to produce a surplus of offspring as a means of raising their race's global population. No doubt the beasts flourish in captivity, but they desire the freedom of their wild ancestors. It must be their hope, then, that drives them to flood the world with their kind, to the point where ownership becomes meaningless and they are set free.

On Drink

Unknown

This religious text advises against the evils of drinking to excess and its repercussions.

On Drink and Excessive Carousing

PART VI

The righteous St. Hadwyn spoke of wine as his "little friend in the faith," for it can serve to muster the courage and settle the stomach. It balances the humors in the same fashion as Mitharu's order equilibrates the disarray of this mortal life, strengthening the sick of body, and calming the wounded spirit.

Yet many tragedies await the miserable wretches who expel temperance from conviviality, think excess in drinking to be the happiest life; for their life is nothing but disorientation, debauchery, nakedness, spewing, idleness, Hexes, and more drink. You may see such sluggards, half-naked, staggering, wearing horse bridles about their necks like the fineries of kings, vomiting on one another in the name of fellowship; and others, flush with the rose of their drunkenness, filthy, faces like the pale, bulbous countenance of fish, livid, and still seeking another flagon of ale to last them till the sunrise. It is well, dear brothers, to make our acquaintance with this portrait of man at his most disabled, as to place ourselves at the greatest possible distance from it, and to frame ourselves as the beacon toward which these louts must stagger.

Mitharu has blessed us with one word to counter all such disability: Water

Water, it is the natural necessary beverage, and the gift of the Authority; therefore, water is the proper drink of society and of sobriety. As with all blessings in keeping with the Authority's order, drink should be partaken of with the utmost temperance and moderation, to maintain one's health, one's good standing, and most importantly, one's faith. I therefore advise those who

have undertaken an ascetic life, and who are fond of water, the sweet juice of temperance, to turn their backs on consumption for the sake of intoxication, shunning the allure of the bottle, and instead quenching their thirst with the divine drink of wisdom.

It is proper, therefore, that young men avoid the flickering tongue of the chaos drink. For it is not right to pour into the flaming cauldron of humanity the fieriest of all liquids - wine -- adding, as it were, fire to fire. The crackling blaze will ignite the youthful impulses of man's worst desires. Beware the lusts of the flesh and the hot touch of fornication. Beware lusts for vicious violence and animalistic predation. Beware the roll of the dice and the forked tongue of the Hexes dealer. For it is from the goblet that fiery habits are kindled; and young men inflamed from within become prone to the indulgence of vicious propensities.

On Embereyes

Alanter Renalus

On the Medicinal Properties of Embereyes by Alanter Renalus.

1. Abstract

The essence of Eludus Senelos, known as Embereyes, is clearly of the Earth sphere. The plant is most commonly found among the ferns and tall grasses of Allestar Glade, although it can grow in caves or at the base of trees. A typical specimen will be of waist height and is brighter in color than the closely related Sweetrose. Of Embereyes, it can be surveyed that many do not react to the mixture of Frost elements that can often reduce herbs of this nature to a more potable constitution. In order to extract the essence of Embereyes, the plant must first be mashed into a thick pulp. Extracting the nature of said herb is a matter of combination with other similarly potent varieties of flora. These methods are carefully detailed in the works of Oleander Sinclair, Alchemist, as well as Scholars Nanne Hanri and Aura Hanri.

What, however, is the remedial property with which this herb can affect such a beneficial change to its imbibers? As I have previously suggested, the elemental nature of the family of plants found natively in the region of Allestar Glade and Odarath does not predict the quality of confluence with other bodies of the same elemental sphere. Similarly, method does not control the consistency of the essence. This is both useful and dangerous, as new formulae for its employment must carefully consider the outcome of negatively corresponding components. In such cases, it may just as likely produce a debilitating poison as a helpful tonic.

What derivatives of this herb, then, can be attributed to the elemental nature? Earth, being the most constant and dependable of elemental spheres cannot be the primary cause of this instability. In the following paper, I will argue that there is something more fundamental to the nature of Embereyes that determines its alchemical potential. Ultimately, I will propose a new theory for

the medicinal properties of Embereyes, namely, that another agent is determining the volatility of resultant mixtures.

On Fae Vitality

Nemius Perigums

On Fae Vitality by Nemius Perigums

In my travels, I discovered a most unusual case. As I have clearly outlined previoudly, the density of Fae vital forces waxes and wanes from place to place within the Faelands. But in the planes and pools of Galafor, I found such free-floating abundance of these vital energies as I could hardly believe possible.

To rest the potential of the place, and to prove certain theories that had haunted my idle thoughts, I devised three urns and four specially prepared stones around the pillars of broad pool in Galafor. By placing one stone in each urn, certain symmetries were caused to act upon the forces of the place, and I summoned a boggart from thin air! Moreover, because of my devising, the little fellow was not hostile to me, and in fact quite loyal. I would like to have experimented some more, but the second combination I tried left me sick for some days, and I was forced to abandon my project for the healing springs of Ysa. This was quite sad, because I believe I had some inkling of a combination, using the fourth stone, which would grant the some potent beneficence gained from the wondrous Shrines found around the region. (These Shrines are another fascinating topic. Perhaps I shall assay a study of them at some point. But that is a matter for another day.)

On Gemstones

Brother Gamian

By Brother Gamian of St. Hadwyn's Undying Mission

I ask you to consider what a gem is truly is. Order and clarity, exemplified. A conduit of might and light. What then is a shard? It can become a gem, but as yet, it is neither ordered, nor clear, nor powerful.

Think now how much mortal-kind are like unto gems and shards! Though we enter this world rough-hewn and of little worth, we may work hard, we may refine ourselves until we become shining conduits of Mitharu's Light.

A lazy man or a woman of wayward habits is a thing of little force in the world. At best, they accomplish nothing; at worst, they do great harm. Surely Mitharu loves them not. But those who are diligent, industrious, and clear of focus. It is they who achieve great things, bring honor and purity to the world. They are truly champions of the god of order.

Consider this, as well: how few of us are perfect gems -- by which I mean, saints -- and yet, imperfect as we are, by way of the sage's craft, we make perfect gems from shards. Truly this is Mitharu's gift to we frail shards. And truly the practice of sagecraft is an excellent meditation on all these lessons.

On Knowing Order

Unknown

"Order," said he, the Authority, will bring you strength, for if you keep the teachings of Mitharu, you will be just in every action, and every one of your actions will be undisputable. This For fearing the Authority, you will be saved. But fear not the wickedness of the outside world; for by fearing Mitharu, you will have command over the forces that seize your strength and dim your daylight.

It is they who possess no true power who seek to be feared: the unnatural fae and the wild beasts of the wood, the godless alfar of the shadow cities; these are the dark souls that wish to conquer you. But they no power and thus should not be feared; but He in whom there is glorious power is truly to be feared, or every one that has power ought to be feared and he who has no power should be looked upon with disgust.

Fear, therefore, the deeds of the unclean, the strange and disorderly, the children of the chaos, for they are the wicked. For, fearing the Authority, you will not bask in these fires, but find relief from their terrible heat. Fear, then, Mitharu, and you will live to Him. All creation fears the Authority, but all creation does not keep His teachings, and thus only the righteous will know the comfort of a courageous soul.

On Life And Death

Patrick Morkan

The cover of this heavily worn book bears the initials "PM".

The Memoirs of Patrick Morkan

One month has passed since my beloved Jane passed from this world. One month, and yet an eternity. I have changed so much.

It began as a night like any other. We had spent the evening reading by the fire, I a treatise on Alfar ward magic, she one of those romantic fictions I found so irritating and for which I often mercilessly teased her. It was a simple night, a night of which we had enjoyed a hundreds of times before. A night the likes of which we thought we would enjoy hundreds of times yet.

And yet ... it was not meant to be. Sometime in the night, peacefully, her heart gave out. She died in quiet, and I awoke alone.

What a moment that was for me. It was a moment of great pain, and grief, and then finally, of transformation. In that moment I was forced to confront the thirty-two yearts we had spent together. Thirty-two years of laughter and love, of humility and quiet and companionship.

I loved her so much.. I can see her face the day we met. I had been in Rathir, a young man still, studying for my entrance exams to the Scholia Arcana. My instructors called me gifted with regard to trasnformation and constructive magics - I thought I had a promising career ahead in the contemplative world of the arcane. I hoped to one day build great wonders.

That day I was running late to my initiation trial, so I cut across a lawn and through an alley I had never braved before. And standing there upon the street corner as I emerged was the loveliest of angels, selling flowers from a basket at her hip. She was from Emaire, I would later find out- she had made the trek with armful of irises in the hopes that she might see the big city and have a

taste of some adventure.

I watched her momentarily, my initiation trial forgotten. Then with an uncharacteristic courage, I strode forward and solicited her attention for a moment. She undoubtedly found me gangly and unimpressive in my robes, but when I drew a violet flower from her bundle and asked her name, she grew quiet. "Jane," she hesitantly whispered. I can still see her half smile, uncertain in the bright Rathir sunshine.

And with a flourish, I drew my ink-stained fingers up and down the flower stem, consuming the thing in a flash of fire. My hands flew apart as flames gently wafted upward, spelling out her name. Her eyes grew bright at the silly display for which my teachers would undoubtedly scold me, and as she began to ask how the trick was done, I pulled another iris from my sleeve, this one the color of a sunset, red and gold and blue, the color of flame itself.

"Then please accept this, dear Jane." I paused, my breath shallow. "Its beauty, like yours, will never fade." In retrospect, I was a horribly romantic youth.

And I never made it to my initiation trial.

Do I regret the thirty-two years I spent with Jane? I dare not. But at the same time, I realize now that she only held me back from my full potential. For certain I continued to pursue my arcane crafts. But alone, a tinkerer and an enthusiast and a seller of trinkets, I could never reach my full potential. In that moment when she was gone, it was as if a part of me died with her. A part, I think, that had kept me in check. A part called restraint.

And what wonders I can work, now! At first my grief and my pain found outlet in the craft room, and I began to build bigger and more ambitious constructs- my spells more dangerous and more ambitious. But after only seven days did I begin to conceive the theretofore inconceivable- that I might use the growing magic within my person to reconstruct and reanimate my fallen wife.

Necromancy, my teachers would call it, among other less savory terms. It is a magic taboo, a forbidden art.. an art for which I found myself aptly suited. It was, of course, the gravest of mistakes. Jane's soul is gone- her body, imbued

with a force born from my very misery and solitude, may walk and talk, may breathe and blink and eat, but it is not alive.

Perhaps that is as well. The magic grows within me, and reason wanes. I can feel myself slipping further each day, lost perhaps to my art, perhaps simply to melancholia. Boundaries are gone; sense has fled.

But at least my promise to Jane will remain- now, like the iris I gifted her that day so long ago, her beauty will never fade.

On Magic And Its Bestial Practitioners

Unknown

Introduction

Perhaps one of the strangest mysteries of magic is how it has proliferated not only amongst sentient races, but amongst the creatures and beasts of Amalur. Indeed, it is the presence of these creatures that makes the shifting climate of magic most noticeable. Listed below are some of the beasts that utilize magic (Note: this catalog regards monsters that appear to actively use magic. While it is generally assumed that creatures such as boggarts rely on magic to exist, they are not commented on in this discussion).

Barghests

The bipedal predator that stalks the plains and caverns of this world, the barghest seems capable of providing for itself on the merit of its claws and fangs alone. However, any that have left the barghest's bite and lived will tell you of the cold, numbing magic that almost festers in the wound. Much like a serpent brings to bear poison in its fangs, so too do barghests strike with frost magic in their maws. It is a beneficial magic, to be sure - doubtless meant to slow their prey down - but one would never know it by looking at the fur of the beast. There are even rumors of a rarer, but more powerful variant known as an arcane barghest. What abilities these beast might have I do not know.

Ettin

The ettin, while generally regarded as the more savage of the giant races in Amalur, seem to have developed an affinity of storm magic. Their shamans and war-priests use it quite effectively in combat, and they have even mastered the art of channeling the magic through a totemic staff (usually a hammer or axe). This gives them stronger and more focused magical burst than uncontrolled magic, as with the barghest.

Sprites

While most creatures of Amalur have chosen to master only one form of magic, sprites elected to master three. These "champions," as they are known, are capable of striking with flame, frost, or stone magic. But what is perhaps more interesting is that regular sprites are able to suddenly draw upon the elements when in the presence of sprite champion. This manner of sudden acuity make me wonder if, perhaps, all sprites are capable of such magics but require a focus - similar to the Ettins - in order to properly access it.

There are, of course, other creatures, such as Niskaru and Jottun, who are rumored to have very powerful magics indeed. But such is their capacity to administer harm that it has been difficult to obtain information regarding them. I am leading an endeavor, however, to study their behavior. I only hope I survive long enough to chronicle it.

Owner's Journal

Unknown

Another day has gone past and the spiders have almost crossed the south bridge. Is this some kind of punishment for trying to profit off the Webwood? If so, it's working. Half the town is rotting in the webs, and the other half is growing mad with fear. Well, I've had enough of it. These fools can think it's safer to hide behind their bridges and their barricades. I know that there's only going to be one way off this island, soon enough -- and that's to be dragged by spiders.

But I'm not going to let that happen to me. At first light tomorrow, I'm striking north. With any luck, I'll be in eyeshot of the Warsworn keep before the spiders even know I'm loose.

Peers Of Eagonn II

Unknown

Chapter 2:

Being the History of Teodar and His Defeat of the Cultist of Khamazandu

There are evils in this world of such power, of whom even the bravest of Warsworn hold in fear. They are the Niskaru Lords, and have laid waste to entire civilizations; brought darkness upon the land as if wielding the very chaos of Telogrus themselves. Their touch means endless torment; their mere presence, death and corruption. It is not for mortals to contest the wills of Niskaru Lords. Even Eamonn and Caerwyn, of our order the greatest, never matched themselves against such a one. They are as gods, and only an immortal dare to face them in combat.

It is for this reason that in the days of the Firstsworn, one man chose to oppose the craven followers of the Niskaru Lords; Teodar, the First Champion of the Warsworn. He hunted the slaves of demon lords. Human, Alfar, Gnome; dedicated in body and mind to the spread of Telogrus' influence. These disciples of Chaos invoke the demon names; they practice the vilest of magics, and the greatest of them all was the mad sorcerer known as Fahrlang, the Atassein.

The legends say Fahrlang came from the east, from the sundered steppes of Sindrildr. He bore a mighty chain around his neck, and walked with an oaken staff. He professed himself as a holy man in this guise, and came to the people in a gentle mien. He told them of a great power, capable of freeing them from their earthly constraints. He promised eternal life, and the power to transcend the mundane reality thrust upon them by the Great Cycle. Some believed him, and soon Fahrlang had gathered a host of devoted servants, the Fahrlangi. Elsewhere in the Faelands, Eagonn and the Firstsworn battled demons, unaware of the threat of Fahrlang and his followers. Their exploits are well known to all: how Edorias slew Torek'zor; how Lyana survived the demon

walk; and how Argul repelled the host of Zandrokar. Fahrlang saw this chance to strike, and with his fanatical devotees, he began the spell that would summon the most terrible of demon lords, Khamazandu.

Teodar of the mountains, who often climbed their heights, came across the mage's summoning. He spied the forces gathering, and knew that doom would soon be at hand. With a calm and steady mind, and a bravery of composure, descended the mountainside and went to Andurin, the great blacksmith of Detyre.

"O mighty Andurin, whose hammer never falters, whose anvil withstands the strongest of blows, I implore you now, for the sake of Amalur, throw down your earthly works and craft a hammer worthy of the dauntless Eagonn"

"If it is a hammer capable of defeating Fahrlang that you require, bring me the plans from Eamonn himself, for only his knowledge can defeat the power of the Niskaru."

So Teodar retrieved the Sage's knowledge, and thus did Anduri begin to craft the Mystic Hammer. While Andurin worked the anvil, and Vlaskar kept the forge, Teodar went to Eagonn, who battled demons on the battlefields of Erathell. Teodar knew no sleep nor pause until he was by Eagonn's side. He told Eagonn of the threat, but Eagonn would not retreat from the battle.

"If I abandon the field we will lose this war, and the demon will destroy us all," he said.

"I will lead the battle while you conquer this evil," cried Teodar above the din of swords and demon howls.

This was Teodar's last act as Firstsworn. He fell defending the Plains of Erathell, holding the Niskaru at bay so Eagonn could vanquish Fahrlang and his followers. Upon his grave, he was honored with the title of Leoden: the leader of the Firstsworn, a shining example of sacrifice for all those who are sworn to war.

Peers Of Eagonn III

Unknown

Chapter 3: Being a Tale of Edorias the Steadfast and his Acts of Bravery

Of all of Eagonn's companions, the man known as Edorias was the most loyal. He served as Amaldor to Eagonn for many years, and was a dependable and constant guardian of the High Commander. He was forever at Eagonn's side, ready to render his aid in every manner. His mind was keen, and his intellect unmatched. He was a skilled man-at-arms; as proficient with the instruments of war as any of the Firstsworn. He was a kind and gentle husband and father, and a generous Lord of the Almain Court. His patience was renowned throughout the kingdom, and his feats of strength famous to all. Despite this, Edorias was a good and humble knight. He dutifully followed Mitharu's path, and broke his fast with prayer each morn.

Edorias was the son of Graphelm of Ederton and Slyvia Arcolm. He was much like his father in countenance, and bore the dignity of his mother in his noble composure. At an early age he was named squire to the Lord Eocas, and was rewarded with Knighthood after but twenty winters. This most valiant warrior was not content with title, nor fame and glory. He wished to combat the evils that plague our land, and so set forth to the Faelands, to fight the Niskaru by the side of Eagonn.

It is said that Edorias was not content in defeating weak Niskaru, that he yearned for more. He studied the ways of the more powerful demons; those known by name, Torek'zor, Sadokar, Balor. Under the tutelage of Eamonn, he learned the weaknesses and vulnerabilities of these lieutenants of chaos, and trained his martial skill to combat them directly. He grappled the giants of the Volund Tundra and the terrible beasts of Klurikon; he broke the Teeth of Naros, toppled the Mountains of Sotiris, and bathed in the fires of Aodh.

It was in Eagonn's defense that Edorias proved his might. The foul and wretched demon known as Torek'Zor, surrounded by his minions, attacked the

High Commander on the battlefield. Loyal Edorias, knowing full well the peril at hand, dove between his Lord and the Greater Niskaru. With tremendous swings of his blade, he slew the great beast. All that remained of Torek'Zor was ash, as its foul soul retreated into the ether of the Arcane Veil.

For his gallantry, Edorias was named Amaldor, the steward and second Champion of the Warsworn, and slayer of the Greater Niskaru.

Plant Report

Absolon Cornielle

I cannot believe my fortune. Word of a plant came to me today, a magnificent plant that resides in a little-traveled canyon of the Hollowlands. Reginald, who works out of the Dunehead mine, passes near it occasionally on his walks, and has mentioned that it grows as fast as the crow flies, that it bleeds an aura that he can only describe as magical. I believe I've read of its kind in the Spagyric Museum, and would like immensely to take a sample. Though I know not if I should venture the risk. There have been reports of Dunehead miners disappearing, several of them from Reginald's own group!

Prayer Book

Unknown

St. Eadric's Prayer

Mitharu, your grace has made me your vessel

I was wrathful, but now I know forgiveness.

I was weak, but now I know strength.

I was afraid, but now I know courage.

I was sorrowful, but now I know joy.

I was lonely, but now I know comfort.

I was lost in chaos, now I know order.

O great Authority, Empower me to sow your peace through patience;

to be shown mercy, and to show mercy;

to be loved, and to give love; to be healed and to heal.

For it is the only in your understanding that we shall find purpose,

and in surrendering that we shall find the Final Victory, Amen

Private Letter

Han and Orcha Tetran

Letter to Lord Cras Arne

To Mr. Britt Hagni, Your cottage is furnished and ready for habitation. We have also reviewed your request for storage space to accommodate the unmarked crates you had transported from Rathir, and we shall be in touch regarding their destination. It should not be more than a few weeks. Thank you again for choosing Emaire. We look forward to seeing you around town and welcoming you into our community.

Han and Orcha Tetran, Owners, Blue Bear Tavern

Psalm To Fyragnos

Unknown

A psalm carried by a member of Belen's Testament in the Red Marches. It seems to refer to an ancient slumbering Niskaru, Fyragnos.

Psalm to Fyragnos

Fyragnos, Fyragnos,

Bringer of flame, dealer of woes,

Servant of Belen, bring death to his foes,

Fyragnos, Fyragnos.

Fyragnos, Fyragnos,

Hero of the ancient prose,

Foretold is the day when yu arose,

Fyragnos, Fyragnos.

Fyragnos, Fyragnos,

Such death and chaos you'll compose,

and plunge all into death's great throes,

Fyragnos, Fyragnos.

Fyragnos, Fyragnos,

the dark apostle Belen chose,

Your slumbering draws to a close,

Fyragnos, Fyragnos.

Psalms I

Unknown

These scrolls contain the songs of Kollossae religious ceremonies.

Hymn of Penitence

2:3

O Ethene on high

We praise your name and sing your glory

O Ethene on high

Beloved goddess of wisdom

You are the heavenly goddess of our people

Ethene, the ancient and most wise of heavens above,

Ethene, the font of our greatness,

You are the might of the Kollossae

You are the holy thought

O Ethene on high

We bring you gifts of thanks

O Ethene on high

Our guide from ignorance

O Ethene on high

We praise your name and sing your glory

Psalms II

Unknown

These scrolls contain the songs of Kollossae religious ceremonies.

Hymn of Remembrance

2:4

The blessing of the goddess is wisdom sanctified.

We offer praise and thanks, Ethene,

To your hallowed name.

She came as flawless, majestic;

The priests were awestruck before her,

the serene, of alabaster skin,

Her utterance destroyed the crude altar.

She raised the pieces of stone into the air,

And all knew our destiny.

Her image guided us from Jentilak, the

giant lands,

From every direction the earth let loose a

trembling roar,

The Titans sung, and the goddess

beckoned,

And that is how we rid ourselves of

ignorance.

Psalms III

Unknown

These scrolls contain the songs of Kollossae religious ceremonies.

Hymn of Praise

Ethene, wise mother of titans

Instructor of Hyperia and bringer of

wisdom,

Driver of the Apotharni, and carver of

Teeth,

Who lives above all, glory to you!

Dwelling of resplendent stone,

Among the haughty hills and shaded

mountainside,

Only your word gives meaning to harmony.

You bring folly to evil, and sense to the

good.

Spare us your condemnation, and smite

us not

As our brutish cousins, the poor of

inspiration.

Our might is yours to command in every

cycle,

In light or shade, awake or in dreams,

Our eternal prayers are yours,

O goddess!

Ratofer's Journal

Ratofer

The time has come for me to leave Ayten.

Too long have I been left to suffer the glares and silent hatred of this place. A stronger one might have borne this suffering to a natural end. I cannot. And so I'll purchase a weapon and make my way to the warfront, where this great shame of mine was forged.

It is not with the intent of making reparations that I go; there are no such opportunities for the likes of me. Instead, I go to join those who left me to sleep on the field of battle. I go for the death fate may not have intended for me, but the one I deserved. A decade later and those days are as real in my mind as though they were a fortnight old.

But even now, I cannot die on my own terms, for there is no coin to do so. I will have to find someone to buy my worldly possessions so I can use the profits to buy a passage to Mel Senshir. The last time I made this journey, it was in the company of the young and hopeful, the excited and the anxious.

Now, Ayten's final soldier heads for the battlements, grim and earnest. How I was suffered to survive this long is the great riddle of my life. But I grow weary of waiting for the answer.

Reminder For Initiates

Unknown

This note bears an unrecognizable, official mark.

Reminder for Initiates

The following is a reminder for all clerical scholars and library guards seeking access to the Special Collection, they will need to light all the torches to unlock the chest. To do so, bear in mind the following passage, and all shall be made clear:

"I began to think, upon the completion of the vivisections for that day, that there was some other movement in the venial and arterial blood that had eluded the scrutinizing eye of my predecessors. I lacked the fine eye needed to prove my assumption; nevertheless, I felt overwhelmed by the fact that clearly the blood moved through the body, in a circle. Like fire, the warm life contained in our blood sweeps through our bodies in an endless loop; it is in this ring of life that our form show their true sacredness."

The path to truth in all things is a ring, and from where you start, you must return to that point to proceed.

Rikka's Journal

Rikka Egest

The Journal of Rikka Egest

The Fifteenth Day of Spring

Brother Mason has urged me to keep a journal, so that I may exorcise the ghosts that haunt me. He says that in writing down your thoughts, you thereby rid yourself of them and may find peace. I do not think that this will help at all, if "help" is what I need, but I will try my best, if for nothing else but to appease him.

It is hard to lose someone and have them in your memories, in the back of your mind. They linger there, and you feel their presence, even though they're gone. It's sad, obviously Rikka! but it's a sadness that encompasses everything. I was watching Gizela today, the way she stands there, waiting for Camden to return, when we all know he won't. I know her thoughts. It's different when you are simply separated from your love. You can go about your day in a normal fashion, and sometimes you are overwhelmed by their absence. Sometimes you just want to feel them, something tangible, and you do what you can to teach patience to yourself. Brother Mason often says that Mitharu grants the greatest rewards to those who are patient, however, it is hard, and may Mitharu guide her when she finally knows the truth. Then, she will know a sadness that does not pay visits as a stranger, but as an unwelcome bedfellow, another shadow, a mold on your will, and a pall on your life.

The Twenty Third Day of Spring

Today I thought I heard children's voices near the outskirts of town. I know it now for what it was, although I did not recognize it then, nor knew it for aught but children playing. No, it was nothing but the ghosts of my children calling to their mother. There are, of course, no other children in this forgotten place. Gorhart feels as barren as an empty room. It is lifeless here, for all of the

magic and wonder of the Fae, even the people. They trudge towards their doom with a resigned melancholy. They are all hiding, or running from something or someone. They are tired, and waiting for Mitharu to end their petty pacing. It is a strange feeling to know grief as intimately as I do, and to see it in the eyes of so many. Even Brother Mason, the most vibrant shadow of our lonely town, hides a pain. Despite his best attempts to keep it hidden, I have often seen it. He is just like all of us, a toy of Fate's cruel play. He will not speak to me about it. I fear it will consume him, and he will no longer be able to bring the joy and happiness to the people here that so desperately need it. He will be just another restless soul.

The Twenty Fifth Day of Spring

Ost Ordura is here again, and again I am reminded of war. Has it not taken enough from me already? Does it need to steal what little solace I can find here in this lost village? I have half a mind to run him out of town. I may do so today if he tests my patience. I would be doing Gizela a favor, no less. How he dares come here, after all of the trouble this war has cost, I cannot understand. I imagine someday the war itself will arrive at my door. Maybe this time it will claim my life instead of the ones I love. Brother Mason would not like to hear it, but sometimes I wish for that, and who doesn't? To see Avery or Gref again? To hold my sons in my arms again? Better to be the one mourned than the one mourning.

Sacred Tract

Unknown

This religious text, taken from a Kobold, seems somewhat the worse for wear.

Vekreth and Arylia

And so Vekreth, god of scorn, stole into the glade. From behind a tree, he beheld Arylia, goddess of love and beauty, in all her splendor. From that day he took ill, pining for her. "This foolish phase will fade away," Belen said, "all things do."

"You must conquer this weakness," said Thyrdon, "all is struggle and victory." But Arylia had seen Vekreth in the glade, though he had not known it. Long had his disdainful distance filled her heart with painful longing. Now she had cracked his shell. So she spoke to Lupoku, and Lupoku whispered in Mitharu's ear, telling him the seven singing bells had fallen out of harmony. Mitharu, ever thick-witted, set out on the four-day journey to visit every bell. Unwatched, Arylia crept off to Vekreth, and there they unveiled to each other their holy, numinous ineffabilities, and so they were wed.

Love and hate are married to this day, and the fools who cling to Mitharu's name rage at the holy union to this day, for truly, they're sealed shut and their hearts are cold as stones.

Saint Hadwyn

Unknown

This book describes the teachings of St. Hadwyn for the Order of Mitharu.

The Teachings of St. Hadwyn

Live simple and without ambition, for in this there is order and clarity.

Make practice of that which orders the mind. Sweep if sweeping brings you peace. Perform alchemy if in it you find Mitharu.

Keep ever your toenails trim and your beard of a moderate length.

I pray on my beads every day, counting out the orders and the symmetries of Mitharu.

When I die, inter my remains within the earth, but do not bury my beads. All my prayer has gone into them. They are heavy with it. I wish them given to another. And when he dies, let him pass them on, as well.

Saltwell Lab Notes, Day 21

Unknown

Saltwell Site Lab Notes Day 21

Laboratory facilities are in place, and the arid environment proves to be an excellent preserving agent for our specimens. This promises to be an excellent site to test my theories. I only wish Fomorous shared my enthusiasm.

Saltwell Lab Notes, Day 142

Unknown

Saltwell Site Lab Notes Day 142

The lenses are quick to attune to the subjects, and the reanimation was surprisingly simple, but none of my subjects seem to retain any semblance of their mental state - or even any consciousness at all. Suspect the problem lies in the arcane current; I'm simply not using enough power to transfer the mind along with the body!

Fomorous has voiced too many concerns with the project to be of use. I've already informed the Templar. With any luck, Fomorous will be shipped off somewhere and I can delve further into my work -- unimpeded.

Saltwell Lab Notes, Day 233

Unknown

Saltwell Lab Notes Day 233

My backers have finally agreed to my requests and have provided a piece of cystene prismere. I can't imagine what they paid for this - or to whom! - but the results will surely be worth the bargain. With this, I should have more than enough power for a complete transfer.

If anything, there may be too much power. Must remember to stay shielded on the observation deck.

Sanctuary Document

Unknown

List of Givers

This season:

Meyra Maun . . . 50 gold

Graem Haille . . . 112 gold

T. Tarion . . . 7 gold

Gwastl Brad . . . 200 gold

Atheof Cergren . . . 200 gold

Ereen Meniadh . . . 11 gold

Saturday

Father Etair

Journal of Father Etair

Saturday

A strange maiden arrived today from beyond the Sidhe. She had come about the crystal. I knew at once who she was, despite who she claimed to be. Hallam has filled my head with enough fae tales for me to recognize the Maid of Windemere.

If only I could have frozen the faces of my young charges as they watched this enchanted creature walk among them. Poor fools, they did not comprehend the danger they may face. The Maid is no mere woman, but a powerful magician who could kill any of us with the flick of her smallest finger.

I lied to her about the crystal. I had no choice. She must believe that I'm either too smart to surrender the crystal, or too stupid to have discovered it in the first place. But make no mistake. She will return, and when she does there must be no trace of what has transpired here.

I must dispose of the cursed thing as soon as possible. But where shall I do it? I beg you Mitharu, please gift me with the guidance to protect my sons, and to do the right thing.

Scaith Family Curse

Unknown

Scaith Family Curse

(The majority of this book is so waterlogged and weathered that it is illegible. Only the last page can be deciphered).

I have researched what I can of this curse in the family's tomes, but my answers are maddeningly inconclusive. Were we cursed, or was the progenitor of the line rightfully punished for his greed?

If only there was some escape! But even that is a bitter reward, for I were to escape the curse, they would only hunt more viciously the ones who bear the family's blood.

Shardfall

Hadrus Llewellyn

Sedeas, the Crystal Wier

by Hadrus Llewellyn

During my pilgrimage to seek out the source of the burgeoning magical unrest in Amalur I have come upon what can only be described as the antithesis of the once-burning power of Aodh. Sedeas, the Crystal Weir: it has been given many names, but all three belie the bleak nature of the cavern.

Immediately it was impressed upon me how absolutely frigid its depths are. Scant few steps into the chasm and I felt as though I might freeze in place, forever lost to the wintry beast's maw. Lit only by ghostly blue flame, I could not so much see as feel the wretchedness within, an inescapable sense of impiety about the place. Beleaguered by demons that possess a terrible power and surrounded by flowing waters that never freeze despite the cold I was left with the suspicion that it is under some kind of curse. The only draw I could find that might spur one to brave such disconsolate conditions is the abundance of shards and gems. One could wrest much power from a weapon when combining it with these through the use of sagecraft. A properly socketed gem in one's blade could give a warrior incredible potency in battle against his enemies. However, such a thing could also give a terrible strength to those enemies in turn. During my observations I've sensed that the elemental powers within have been growing in both strength and volatility to create a magical whirlwind unlike anything seen since the time of Eleanor Brea. My own attempts to tap into the mighty power inside have seemed to provoke a sort of disconnect in my mind; there resides something elusive inside me now, something that counters my ability to reason in a sane and righteous manner.

It is my hope that a member of the Order of the Ash be sent to Sedeas to investigate the mystic surge. I feel it only prudent to further examine the instability that is growing here before it is beyond the influence of those who

remain virtuous and sound of mind.

Sigbert's Journal

Sigbert Sawerth

This journal is penned by Sigbert Sawerth. It describes his search for the five keys of Amman.

Journal of Sigbert Sawerth

Summer, Day 6, Daybreak

Nothing today. My journey is young and the forest remains fairly hospitable to outsiders. Ignoring the warnings was a wise decision. There are no rivals. The search for Amman's keys belongs to me, and me alone. It is only a matter of time. The statues of Amman litter the forest, taunting me. If I can just secure the keys, I will be able to open them and partake of their treasure. Soon.

Summer, Day 13, Dusk

Odarath is as beautiful as I have always heard, especially the perilous lands north of St. Odwig's Perpetual Mission. I was almost struck down by a sprite! That is until a brave villager from Gorhart arrived on the scene to act as my savior. He introduced himself as Ugnar Odgray. Such an odd name, it could only belong to a Varani.

Summer, Day 67, Daybreak

I visited the House of Ballads grounds today! All of my adult life has been spent learning about these legendary figures, so even a slight glimpse was worth the trip. I am beginning to believe that one of Amman's keys lies behind its high walls. If my scholarly work has been done correctly, the location of the keys will soon be known to me.

Summer, day 83, Dusk

I have done it! At long last, after years of searching in the annals of Adessa and

scouring the fae lands, I have secured one of the five fabled keys of Amman!

Now only if I could find the other four..!

Silkfarmer Journal

Unknown

There are three pieces of this journal.

Garaner has us silkfarmers doing reports, now. Thinks that if we start collecting data about the silk harvests, we'll be able to better predict the harvests in later seasons. What, does he think we're gnomes or something? Sounds like one of them mining companies from out east. Well, I put my time in there, and I knew I'd rather spend my days avoiding becoming spider food than go back into those cramped tunnels.

Another thing I thought that was funny -- "later seasons?" There are no seasons in this wood. We just harvest every damn day, until the silk runs out or people stop buying it. Summer and winter, rain or shine -- as long as there's silk in the trees, it's harvest time.

I guess he can't complain, since his coffers always end up full. And, just so Garaner knows, harvesting's the same as it's always been. Nothing ever changes in the Webwood, even if you stop to write it all down.

Got to wonder if Garaner has been praying a lot lately, because it seems the gods have been giving him everything he's wanted.

I don't know what happened, but it's like the trees are just dropping the silk into our baskets. One day, everything was normal - the webs were plentiful, but not any different from a usual day - and then the next day the trees were so covered in web you could barely see the bark. I asked Clarent and Vess - and none of us have ever seen the Webwood just like this.

There's more spiders, too. Must be where all the webs are coming from. At night, you can hear the spiders in the webs. There's more of them, lately, and they're chittering louder than usual. Must be where the silk's coming from, I guess. It's a bit eerie, but the spider's haven't given me too much trouble in the

past, so I'm probably just upset over nothing.

Lost another silkfamer to the Webwood today, and I almost didn't go out this morning. Never knew the spiders to be so jumpy. Maybe we just got too complacent in the woods? I don't know. I've also never seen them come so close to the village. But with so many of us sick with poison, there's no one to harvest the silk, and so the price of it is going up. Garaner's paying triple for anyone who's willing to brave the forest of the silk. I can't say no to that kind of money. I just need to be quick, and I'll get out of it alive.

That's the secret.

Sister Ceanna's Note

Sister Ceanna

A note found on the body of Sister Ceanna, one of Lyria's many followers.

Final Words

I woke up on this island, vaguely remembering the ship I was on being ripped in two. It doesn't appear that anyone else made it, but with Lyria's blessing I hope that Priestess Jacinda found her way to safety as well.

I recognize this island as Gallows End, reportedly the hideout of Dead Kel. Hopefully I can find some safety before he and his hanged men find me.

-Sister Ceanna

Skill Book (Alchemy)

Unknown

Spagyric Musaeum

In my many years of study I have found that the natural ingredients used in the practice of Alchemy, can as easily be categorized by their method of combinations as their essences. However, the task is not to be taken lightly. One wayward pinch of Cripplespore is enough to leave even the heartiest Jottun weak for days. For this reason, I am writing this book; so that future alchemists, apothecaries, healers and herbalists succeed in practicing this dangerous and mysterious art.

Whereas a complete and exhaustive list of recipes and reagents may be of interest to the novice, I instead will provide a more valuable knowledge: the manner in which the potions, elixirs, tonics, restoratives, physics and all other alchemical products are constructed. At first, this may seem elementary; the information can be divined by even the most inexperienced alchemist. However, there is a great lack of understanding by most practitioners of Alchemy at what exactly occurs during the process of creating a vial of magical liquid. Here, in abbreviated form, is that process.

First, the alchemist needs the proper tools, and the most vital of these can be found in the alchemy workbench. This space, and the accompanying equipment, is necessary for even the most minor of alchemical procedures. Fortunately, workbenches can be found throughout Amalur in almost every town and village.

Secondly, and just as crucial, the alchemist needs the reagents themselves. Reagent gathering is a skill and craft unto itself, and many a brave soul has focused on nothing but the harvesting of alchemical reagents from the plants of the Faelands. The variety of these plants can be found in the Cradle of Summer in the Plains of Erathell, however, the diverse flora of Dalentarth often yields a bountiful variety, and the deserts of Detyre can hide a cornucopia of minerals

and flowers.

There are a great number of reagents, indeed, too many to list here. However, one commonly accepted principle is that every reagent worth harvesting carries within itself a prime essence. Take, for example, the Sativa Stalk. This tough, ubiquitous weed can be found throughout the Faelands, in the most extreme climates and conditions. It is required in many potions that involve affecting the corporeal aspects of the imbiber, and clearly is imbued with an essence of a physical nature. It is easily surmised that the harvested fibers of this weed possess an essence relating to the physical world.

Finally, the alchemist must possess the unique recipe, and appropriate experience required to handle the delicate and intricate nature of combining reagents. There are countless methods for mixing potions: boiling, mashing, calcination, sublimation, smoking, distillation, dilution, absorption, adsorption, ceration, chromatography, congelation and so forth. The brave may even experiment without a recipe, however it is a dangerous risk and is strongly discouraged except in cases of emergency.

While this is by no means, the entire body of knowledge of alchemical method, it is a solid foundation. Armed with this knowledge, you are now able to perform rudimentary alchemy. Only through your own dedication will you progress in this field. Good Luck, and may your potions always taste delicious.

Skill Book (Blacksmithing)

Unknown

The Forging of the Mystic Hammer

When faithful Teodar appealed to the sagacious Eamonn for his great knowledge, these were the words uttered unto him: "The things that can injure the agents of Chaos are the finest of Mitharu's gifts. It begins in the fire. Go forth and seek the hottest of fuels. The most tremendous of coals will not suffice; no, you must build the forge around the fire itself. There is such a place deep within the plateaus of Menetyre. It is the fire of Helios and Vraekor, thrown from the heavens. A piece of this fire lies deep underground, and there it burns eternally. Vlaskar, the bloomer and reckoner of the sands, will build a forge so that you may bring order to the terrible flames.

Next, you must seek the metal to form the head. Of ores, you must have the purest, and for this you need the stone of Erathi. There is an ancient place, in Menetyre, where it is said the Erathi once walked. Far below the ruins of this hall you will find a sacred stone. It will gleam a silvery-blue and shine in the dimmest light. It will be lightweight, but of tremendous hardness. This is the metal of the gods themselves.

You will require the light of Mitharu. There is only one who knows the intricacies of the Great Order of the World. The disciple of Mitharu's Word, St. Hadwyn himself. A humbler, holier man you will never find, yet he holds the secrets of Mitharu's plan within his work. Beseech his aid; that his sagecrafting may produce the purest of gems, such that the perfect order and unity of being is given form. This gem shall be placed into the center of the hammer's head. Finally, the haft must be created by Avin Andurin. It must be flawless, and worthy of a mystic hammer. It must be perfect, and he cannot stray from this design by even a hair's breadth. It will require patience and fortitude, a steady but firm hand, and a measured and even judgment. It will be the greatest weapon ever crafted by human hands, and only the mastery which Andurin possesses can achieve this."

Skill Book (Detect Hidden)

Unknown

The Way of the Hawk

It is said that the hawk rules Detyre, for where Helios illuminates all by day, and Lunala graces the night with her shining countenance, the winged dwellers of the sky see all. It is said the great bird Saina knew of every ravine, could see every shadow, and that nothing hid from her gaze. It is so with King Wencen, the Falcon of Detyre, under whose eternal vigilance nothing escapes notice. It is so with Lyana, the fabled Warsworn Cempestre, who struck as the lightning when her watch required. The Desert Runner survived by the depths of her awareness. So too, in Erathell did Lyria's flock, the Alfar, find Rathir amidst the sheer bluffs of the Tywili coast.

If it is your wish to find the hidden treasures of this world, you must soar as the hawk, delve as the bat, swim as the mallard, and watch as owl.

Skill Book (Dispelling)

Unknown

Dispelling

The threads of Fate bring with the power of Lyria herself, and one such magic, that of warding, is closely attuned to our goddess. To ward an object is to grace the thing with a beauty and magnificence. Here glyphs are the seals of power: the soft curve of a line, the magnificent artistry of form visible in the vortexes of the spell. It moves with the grace and ease of water, the swiftness of the wind, and in the pattern of the Great Cycle itself.

If warding is a gift of beauty unto a thing, then Dispelling is the collection of this beauty unto oneself. To tap the glyphs of Fate is to subsume that magic in a display of arcane command. The simplest of wards carry direct, and steady, if mundane glyphs. Their connection to the Arcane Veil is severed easily; they are but single strands of decorative fabric in the weave of Fate. The greater wards, however, include the more exceptional glyphs, that are interwoven with each-other in an exquisite array. These delicate strands of Fate cannot be separated from the weave for long, and so the harnessing of these glyphs must be exercised as smoothly and swiftly as the wards themselves.

As the elegance of our goddess is captured in the ethereal glyphs, so too is the indelicate nature of our mortality captured in the dark sigils of our wards. No human or Alfar, gnome or giant, may leave wield the power of magic without the tarnish of their mundanity. The markings left behind are often dark sigils, and serve as a reminder to all who would covet Lyria's majesty.

Skill Book (Lockpicking)

Tefroy Tarion

Tefroy Tarion's Handbook

The shear line isn't the culprit. It's necessary evil for the pin-tumbler lock, despite what they say in Adessa. Neither is master keying any more to blame than a blacksmith is for sword breaking when used as a hammer. The true problems, as Crinneus points out, are the bittings.

Without a finer method of shaping keys, we're stuck with crude assortments of pins, unable to employ the complexity and intricacy needed to foil would-be thieves. A practiced, steady hand will defeat even the most sophisticated lock.

Of course, working with such imprecise tools is a handicap for any craftsman, but such is our plight. While we labor like brutes, the underhanded also struggle with their lockpicks. Most lockpicks will break under the slightest of duress. Some are reinforced to allow leeway, and I've even heard mention of a lockpick shaped from "prismere." I know little of the material, but it is rumored to be able to force even the strongest pin configuration.

If this is the case then it may be time to rethink the lock completely. Any fool with this sort of lockpick could open a masterfully crafted lock, perhaps even a magically reinforced one.

Skill Book (Mercantile)

Unknown

Trader's Manifesto

The game of trading is as wild as the seas and as different each day as the dice each roll.

The first rule when dealing with these southerners is never let them have the final word. Bargain, barter, deliberate and argue all you want, but at the end of the day, you have to add your terms, and agree to them.

The second rule is hospitality. At the bargaining table, a flagon of mead is worth more than all of the water in the ocean. If they think you are their friend, you will always benefit. If you think they are your friends, you will always suffer.

The third rule is knowledge. These southerners pride themselves on their libraries and magic, yet they lose their fortunes and spurn their wealth. If you know what they know, you are an even match. If you know what they don't, you are their superior.

This is the way of the Varani, and you will always find the proper deal if you follow this advice.

Skill Book (Persuasion)

Unknown

The ordinary cover of this book belies a wealth of knowledge contained within.

Chapter 3: On Rhetoric and its Relation to Fact

It is difficult to delve deep into rhetoric and the persuasive arts without first addressing the medium's inexorable detachment from fact -- or, put more simply -- that which is obviously true.

Many of my colleagues in the Basilica Gnostra are quick to dismiss the value of an education based in the study of rhetoric for the simple reason that rhetoric emphasizes the form an argument takes rather than the basis of the argument itself. Any argument not grounded in hard, irrefutable facts is not worth being made, fought for or upheld, according to them.

But there is a world beyond the syllogism, beyond the progressions of postulates and conclusions of discourses. And, perhaps most importantly, there exist people over whom fact holds no meaning. It is in these times that a knowledge of rhetoric -- of stance, elocution and dramatization -- can reign.

Another oft-given reason for the avoidance of studying rhetoric, made by the scribes and aides of the Domus Politica, is the insistence that knowledge of rhetoric might somehow corrupt or otherwise pollute the moral fiber of the one that employs it. Surely, such detractors suggest, that just as martial or financial power stokes the flame of ambition in those who wield it, so could the power of influence wielded by a rhetorician give way to equally rampant ambition. Against such claims I can only stand with mouth agape.

Rhetoric is a product of our enlightened minds -- to compare it with martial authoritarianism or the practice of usury, to present it as merely another avenue for one being to express dominance over another, is wholly absurd. True,

rhetoric is a means to an end. But to achieve mastery over rhetoric, one must open one's mind to a corpus of the finest works these lands have to offer -- "The Missgivings," by Ballarde Oreigh, Decanus Kerine's "Twenty-Five-and-One Supports," -- and internalize them. To excel at rhetoric is to be worldly; to be persuasive, one must examine issues from all sides. (And to those that are easily persuaded by even an amateur, I might argue that they are asking to be taken advantage of!)

In light of such a testament, then -- in the understanding that rhetoric requires such a breadth of knowledge -- how can my opponents presume to know that rhetoric will yield to corruption? How can a mind that has seen so much, studied great works and diversified their perception to such ends, fall to base temptation? Is the pursuit of rhetorical ability not, in its own way, a quest for self-enlightenment? And under such a view, how could we ever assume that such a person could succumb?

Skill Book (Sagecraft)

St. Hadwyn

On Divine Work

I have seen the hand of Mitharu, and it is in the myriad of light and lines in a gem. There is a careful, ordered balance, such that the structure of the light itself is duplicated in the body of the gem. It is most wonderful, and unlike the imperfections of the plants and animals of this world. It is closest to the stars themselves, nay, even more ordered, as the sky, save for the constellations, is free of any pattern. The lines of a gem are the truest shape given form in the world, for they travel from point to point unbroken and without the slightest of deviation. Truly, these shards and gems are the work of Mitharu, and we are wise to seek the divine guidance of Order from them.

My work, then, is also the work of Mitharu, for the purification of the clouded shard is none other than the heralding of the glory and perfection of Order. The transformation of lambent shard to pristine gem is to bask in Mitharu's guidance. Here, at the sagecrafter's table I am one with Mitharu. It is an altar worthy of our communion, and it is written that one must pray to the Great Order of the World daily. For this reason, one must strive day and night to achieve the same perfection found in the harmonious jewels of Mitharu.

The creation of a gem requires diligence and patience. I will follow the seven tenants (sic) of Mitharu's guidance

In Mitharu's name, I bring order unto chaos, and shape the likeness of perfection.

- Hadwyn of Mitharu

Skill Book (Stealth)

Unknown

Crilgarin is watching the birds again. I know this because Grim is watching Crilgarin again. I know that because I'm watching Grim. I don't know if he knows how many days he's spent watching her walk among the ancient trees and shadows of Dalentarth's woods, but I know. I've been there every time, watching him crouch and stare at a woman counting birdsong.

I never held my heart as close as these moments. Breath stopped. Time seemed to be stilled. He might never know that I was here, that I watched him and I felt happier for it, and that makes me ashamed. Does Grim feel jealous of the birds that Crilgarin stalks the woods to find? From them, from her, from him, I've learned how to walk so no one notices. We each have a person we want to see us, more than anything else. But they don't look our way. To them, we are invisible.

Songbook

Unknown

The Widow and Halter Ninepins

By stoney brook did Halter sit to fish himself a luncheon

When Widow walked with spider guard and Halter bared his truncheon

"I'm Halter Ninepins, so I'm called," He cried with shaky voice. "Face me and die, or leave me be," He left her with the choice.

The Widow smiled the spider stayed She raised her hand to Halter.

"I seek a man To make me bride." Her smile did not falter.

Halter knew her legend well But struggled to refuse, Fair was she, but still his heart he could not bear to lose.

"I think you'll find I'm not the man to take you to the altar."

She smiled still. "Make me your bride." Her smile did not falter.

He thought with speed, the cunning lad, And came upon an answer -- "I'll wed you yet," he did begin, "If you can best a dancer."

The Widow laughed with hungry eyes Her grin was all the wider.

"We are agreed. The dancer is?" Halt gestured to the spider.

He drew a flute and played a tune, and both began to dance. But eight legs bear more grace than two -- The Widow stood no chance.

He reached the end, The Widow left Pursuant to the deal,

And Halt resumed his fishing rod Glad to not be the meal.

Spider Memo

Guran

A scroll written by Guran to Fomorous Hugues about the spider infestation.

Regarding the Spiders

Hugues.

Per your request we've finally got the spider problem under control. Claude will try to take credit for an efficient cleansing with his Praetorians, but I feel he overstates his case and fails to recognize the value that my own quick-thinking and scholarly work provided to this successful operation.

While overseeing the spider-purge, I noticed that those guards who were affected by spider venom exhibited stiffness of joints and tightening of skin symptoms which suggest a possible solution for the internal cohesion problems of some of the Well's creations. I would have studied these symptoms in more depth at the time, but the guards willfully and flagrantly disobeyed my orders to delay application of antitoxins.

As such, I request that we capture some of these spiders in order to harvest their venom and for future testing. Furthermore, I trust that these insubordinate guards will be punished immediately. For my steadfast pursuit of knowledge, I require no metal nor promotion. All I would ask is that you PLEASE reassign me off of subject disposal detail.

- Guran

Stone Shadows

Unknown

'Let it be said our Fates are like shadows cast before us in the morning sun. But they are shadows of stone, for they may never change.' - Anathon

The winding stairs cut into stone

As intricate as fine-carved bone

Whose mysteries are never known

But whispered in stone shadows

The ancient words that softly spoken

Something deep below has woken

Potent seals that held were broken

Held within stone shadows

A lovely form descends the stair

In pale white gown and plaited hair

Who moves with sad and mournful air

Down into stone shadows

Knowing not if truth or dream

Things in restless sleep she's seen

Troubles rising from a stream

Rising like stone shadows
But there she finds no thing to fight
And darkness turns to blinding light
And awful wisdom fills her sight
The wisdom of stone shadows.
And now she wanders the spire and quays
A distant look upon her

Stonecandle Log

Unknown

This journal contains detailed reports about the construction of Stonecandle Mine and Allestar Tower.

Stonecandle Mining Log

Among meticulous entries of mining shifts and prismere loads extracted, a handful of personal entries stand out:

3rd Winter, 203: Survey Team Secundus has made a tremendous find - contradictory to our earlier surveys on record, the Stonecandle Caves in Allestar show signs of a rare seam of Prismere. Word and samples have been sent to the Forum in Adessa via secure messenger, and their answer is all but certain - buy the land, start the mines, and tell no one. With everyone focused on the war, nobody'll notice another mine, and we should be able to make a killing.

1st Spring, 204: Templar Octienne not only demanded the establishment of Stonecandle Mine, but has also personally funded construction of a new laboratory in Allestar. This should prevent the nearby town from asking too many questions about the mine, although we still keep a second log, in case of prying eyes. Regrettably, this makes for lax reporting, at best. One can only hope that this will not reflect poorly in our reviews.

2nd Autumn, 207: A new scholar has arrived at Allestar Tower with much fanfare. Word from Octienne is that Fomorous Hugues' research is too important to be interrupted by day-to-day matters - even though he won't tell us what that research is, exactly. Meanwhile, kobolds continue to be a nuisance, ambushing our miners at the mouth of the cavern. We have too few praetorians to handle a pack of the beasts, and there's no way I'm letting them station faer gorta down here. Bad enough chipping away in the dark without one of those crazy bone-men sneaking up on you.

1st Spring, 210: Early tunnels connecting the mines to Allestar Tower are complete. They'll still need shoring up to be stable enough for use, but soon we'll be able to move the prismere straight into the labs, without worrying about kobolds or curious outsiders. Just in time, too - there have been reports of soldiers lurking in the forest nearby. Don't they know the war front is on the other side of the Faelands?

Survey Of Beasts And Creatures

Unknown

This volume details a study of the giant spiders found in Amalur, written in traditional gnomish scientific style.

Volume VIII - Giant Spiders

How curious that there can be in this world a spider no bigger than the head of a pin, and one as large as an aurochs? The giant spider is a well-known creature in the lands of Amalur, and rightfully so -- fast and graceful on eight legs, fangs full of poison, capable of shooting inescapable webs -- for the spider is one of the deadliest predators one can regularly expect to encounter.

It is rather embarrassing, but for as many opportunities we have to study these creatures, we still have no idea why they are so large. Perhaps to avoid predation? The new, and most attractive, theory attributes their prodigious size to the recent growth of magic in Amalur. I am inclined to agree with this -- simply because the weight of its exoskeleton would crush the beast if it left to ordinary physical forces.

The giant spider is also extraordinary because it can exhibit a wide array of predatory behavior, whereas most of its smaller relatives stick to a specific pattern of hunt. They can burrow very quickly underground, in order to ambush enemies by erupting from the soil - a behavior seen previously in the tarantulas of the Bassowin territory -- as well as the typical poison-laced bite. But perhaps the most terrifying tool at their* disposal is actively shooting web silk at their foes. This is a much more developed form of hunting than simply waiting in a web for prey to come along... perhaps the increase in brain size has expanded their capacity to innovate on hunting instincts? I shall endeavor to examine this further....

Survey Of Gallows End

Roparzh Judoc

A survey of Gallows End prepared by surveyors of Motus Mining Interests, in the city of Adessa.

Motus Mining Company Roparzh Judoc, lead excavator.

While the island of Gallows End is obviously imbued with magic, there are no native minerals worth the trouble of mining.

When our expedition first landed on the island, it was immediately obvious that it was filled with an abundance of natural resources. Upon further study however, we found that the trees were rotten and the stone unbreakable. The mission's sorcerer found the root cause to be a cursed magic. We traced it back to the sources, an Erathi altar on top of the mountain, but we were unable to open the door.

The locals were of no help. Most of them have banded together and settled the southern coast, but they all seem to be trapped into some kind of religious zealotry, worshipping a god by the name of Akara. When we get back to Adessa we will have our researcher investigate 'Akara' further.

There was, on the other hand, plenty to salvage. Not only had the Dvergan settled here at one point, but many of their ships have washed ashore. The salvage should at least pay for this expedition, but it's not worth another trip back to collect the rest.

We found a large harbour on the west side of the island, of Dvergan construction. If perhaps one of the other nearby islands proves fruitful, we could perhaps use these docks as a resupply point. There is also a large Dvergan keep in the middle of the island, but it is in too much a state of disrepair to be useful.

As for the tales of Dead Kel, they seem to be false. We didn't run into him or

nay of his Hanged Men. There are quite a few faer gorta however, but they are a little different than the ones we see back home. They seem to be held together by roots, similar to larger ones we've found all over the island.

The wildlife of this island is quite dangerous. What looks like a large rock from a distance ends up being a deadly root golem upon closer inspection. We lost two men to these creatures. Additionally the caves and Dverga tunnels seem to be filled with scavs, which have already cost us one operation.

It is my recommendation that this island be removed from consideration for any new operation.

Tales Of Brighthelm

Unknown

The Glorious Deeds of Grian Brighthelm

As Dorian of Ballegar of old, let it here be memoried, scribed, and sung: the heroic youth of Grian Brighthelm. Pledged of Shield and Sworn to War by none other than Delfric, sage of the order, young Grian set forth for the Plains to prove his worth and set right a world of wrongs.

In those first years he uncovered the plot of the spider-wights, defeated Ransevin upon Skycrown's peak in single combat, and rescued the Maid of the Arne from Varani cutthroats. As seen by all, he kissed her hand and bowed before Dolve Arne, and that she gave to him a locket of her hair.

Soon, Grian Brighthelm's fame had spread so far and wide that six notorious brigands made a pact to join arms and do him in. I merchant cart was thieved most brazenly in open day upon the plains when Grian was known to be posted to that route. Just as the six cutthroats had hoped, Brighthelm tracked the trail and came to the secluded spot in Tala-Rane that they had planned. Mitharu smiled on Grian that day, however, for on his way he had crossed a hunting-party come from Rathir, and he bade them encircle the place as he walked in. When the Circle of Six stepped forth to accost Grian Brighthelm, no sooner than they had drawn their swords, than they did find a host of archers, pointing arrows at their backs. All were brought to Justice, and Grian Brighthelm was, within a year's time, made Castellan in honor of his cunning, bravery, and wit.

Tari's Note

Tari Holstig

A shabby note scrawled in the hand of the common born.

Dear Stranger,

Please, show pity. My name is Tari Holstig. I am mute. My tongue was taken by Dverga slavers. If I am discovered wandering alone, or unable to communicate my intentions, please escort me to the Quays in Rathir city. My master is Captain Rast Brattigan. She will know how best to cope with my shortcomings. Thank you.

--Tari Holstig

The Adventure I

Parthalan

The Words of Solen Reingar as Chronicled by Parthalan

"Listen my friends, we have set out to do what no mortals have ever done, find the Armor of Ohn. So, Artess, I know you do not wish to go, but tell me why, because if you say you are afraid, then know that we are all afraid, and that's not a good enough reason to abandon your companions in their moment of truth. The dangers we have faced before, and I love you all as brothers and sisters. I would never imperil your lives, for anything. We will be cautious. I am told there are ways to defeat the Klurikon. And then we have what no mortals have dared to grasp, immortality. Think on it, think of the glory, and excitement that awaits us, and think of how this is your only chance at that glory, perhaps ever. You are only given one fate, accept it, embrace it. If you be so bold, meet me in a week's time at...."

The Adventure II

Parthalan

The Words of Solen Reingar as Chronicled by Parthalan

"Good, you have all made it. Let us go then, and be assured that if anyone is to suffer, it will not be any of you. I said I will not risk your lives, and I'll hold true to that. You have honored me with your trust, and that is a bond I will not break. The details I will explain on our journey, but you know most of the tale already. The Armor of Ohn is guarded, the hazards along the way are numerous. We will pass through the places that have doomed fae and mortal alike, places even demons fear to tread, and we will triumph where others have fallen. Even this dawn is already a success, for you have dared to aspire to glories unknown to human or Alf, and act upon them."

The Adventure III

Parthalan

The Words of Solen Reingar as Chronicled by Parthalan

"See how this house of evils treat us? See its wickedness in every crooked shadow and wending path? So, we are lost amongst it, beguiled by the strangest of lands. We are no lesser for it. We are at least still healthy and hearty. Nay, we are stronger for enduring our hardships thus far. Do not despair, is our glory not the greater for it? When we passed their hideous tree we knew what was in store for us. Onward now...."

The Adventure IV

Parthalan

The Words of Solen Reingar as Chronicled by Parthalan

"We can halt here for the evening, and talk of strategy. Eventually, we will approach the Will O'Wisps. They are fae creatures, and the very sight of them can lead to our doom. It is said they will draw mortals into an unending labyrinth, and there they starve, forever following the blinking lights. They will surely lead us astray, as is most likely their very purpose, placed here to distract us from our goal. So I say we meet this challenge with our wits, rather than our brawn. Blindfold yourself and tie a rope so as not to be separated, I will walk among you fastened to this rope and Attan and Hercold you will keep me from the lure of the Will O'Wisps. May Mitharu grant that I am able to keep my wits about and guide us past. If you feel me pull wantonly upon the rope, know that I am ensorcelled by their magics. Keep to the path as best as you can, and we will prevail."

The Adventure IX

Parthalan

The Words of Solen Reingar as Chronicled by Parthalan

"What, the Fae? 'It watches us, you say, you think it's waiting for us.' 'Shall we try to speak to it?' No, there is no reasoning with these creatures. Would you reason with a wolf? I have heard of this guardian, Callis Dren. It defends this land and is invulnerable. We will have to find a way around, or trickery. What? Fine, go back, leave me like the rest of the cowards. No, I did not lead you astray, they were not strong enough, either in arms to say alive, or in conviction to brave their fears. I will continue, and you should too. You're just as likely to perish trying to make your way back."

The Adventure V

Parthalan

The Words of Solen Reingar as Chronicled by Parthalan

"My brave companions, we have witnessed the horrors of this place. Our fallen friends know it too well. This is why we came, to face these monsters and deal with them as heroes, which is what you are, all of you. Already we have finished more than most have started. We could turn back now and be the greatest mortals the faelands have ever known. These are true legends we are creating, each and every one of you. I hold it against no woman or man, Alf or human, should she or he wish to turn back now. Spinning Tom? I wish the fortunes and health of all the world unto you. For me, it is a disservice to our dead to turn back now, and it is in their name I must continue."

The Adventure VI

Parthalan

The Words of Solen Reingar as Chronicled by Parthalan

Even lost amongst these wretched lands we can still find peace, eh? And we've earned it. Those red brutes were no match for our savagery. What's that? Bolgens? Who cares what they're called, as long as we can kill them. Yes, I know their master still lives, but were you going to face that monstrosity? Easily twice the size of man, and ferocious. Not I, we did well to fall back before him. He's not our quarry, and I'll leave the more foolish to meddle with that thing.

The Adventure VII

Parthalan

The Words of Solen Reingar as Chronicled by Parthalan

"I know, I was visited too, yes, in my sleep, the same vision. She may be wicked, but we might use this to our advantage. Perhaps we can harness her power to aid our journey. We are lost, and surely this magician holds the knowledge and secrets of this place. I know these wizards, they crave power, perhaps we can barter with this sorceress, Maura Chalin."

Acquiring the book in Reddle Mane's office requires stealing it.

The Adventure VIII

Parthalan

The Words of Solen Reingar as Chronicled by Parthalan

She was an enchantress, there was nothing we could do. But you raise a good point, should we go on? We are few in number, and our supplies have dwindled. I say we send half of our party back for reinforcements and supplies, and the rest of us build defenses as best we can and await their return. This way, any who do not wish to return can merely ensure someone comes back in their stead.

The Adventure X

Parthalan

The Words of Solen Reingar as Chronicled by Parthalan

This land ist not evil, it is gorgeous, I should never have tried to wring its heart. I can't bear to look, it is to godly, magnificent. This is the true world, away from those cowards, there are no cowards here. There is only the land, the water, the trees, the animal. I will stay here, I will wear the Armor of Ohn, not as conqueror or conquered but as nothing. I am like them, the mist, the dirt itself. Ah!"

The Barelegs Sisters

Unknown

A tale of the bewitching Barelegs Sisters.

The Barelegs Sisters

For a time, every man of Emberdeep was rapturously in love with one of the "Barelegs Sisters": Astrid, Thora, and Helga. It was hard to argue - and many a dwarf lost life or limb trying - which of the three was the most beautiful and enchanting.

The place whence they came is not known, but it is generally believed that they ran away from home when very young. One can only speculate on the reason and whether they left by their own choice or by consequence of their beguiling effect (even as very young ladies). They thence moved from place to place, never staying long before wearing out their welcome or fleeing from a frothing manly mob and an enraged womanly populace.

Their time amongst the men of Emberdeep began when they were found floating aboard a raft by a Dverga ship. They were not, it is told, on board but a few minutes before their presence triggered something of a donnybrook. Such a ruckus would not be unexpected on a ship full of men long at sea, but this row was without equal. So irresistible were the sisters's beauty and - to the diminutive Dverga - their novel tallness, that the crew took complete leave of their wits.

After a few days, the ship returned unexpectedly to Emberdeep whereupon the sisters were ordered ashore. Before the captain confined them to quarters (specifically, the captain's own quarters) he gave them a choice: "go ashore or off the plank." The sisters, who'd grown bored of their time at sea, gladly obliged.

In Emberdeep, the sisters caused a stir unmatched even by their previous

exploits. Their towering height and preference for shortened dresses offered even the tallest man of Emberdeep an irresistible and heretofore unimagined view of their beauty. And the shorter men amongst them described an even more breathtaking vista.

Not only were the sisters beautiful and exotic, but each was capable of driving a man mad in her own way: Astrid for her blond hair and long legs, Thora for her sweet voice and laugh, and Helga for her way with a sword. The last is curious as it was fact often repeated of the youngest sister, but no one could ever recall seeing her handle a blade.

But, their stay was to be predictably brief. Beautiful women always inflame jealousy in both men and women, and the Barelegs Sisters were no exception. Once they began appearing in bedrooms all over the Obsidian Isle, the women of the great dwarven houses howled for their expulsion. But the Council - its members, to a man, smitten with the sisters - refused.

So it was, until all three sisters were discovered in the bedchambers of a Rathiri envoy. The envoy himself managed to flee, but the sisters were not so fortunate. A quickly staged trial found them guilty of disquieting of the peace and other moral outrages and sentenced them cast into the sea. Their pleas for mercy fell on deaf ears as each surrendered their breath to the deep.

To this day, Dvergan men take to the seas in secret hope of finding the sisters alive, well, and waiting aboard a flimsy raft, and those back home pine for the Barelegs Sisters return, even if for only one night.

The Bashful Peregrine

Unknown

A tale of a young mage apprentice.

The Bashful Peregrine

Hear ye, this tale of young Peregrine, the apprentice, and how ofttimes good things ensue through hard, diligent work, they can likewise come from being at the wrong place at the right time.

Since he was a small boy, Peregrine admired the mages of the Order of Fierol and desired nothing in the world more than to join them. So it was, whence he came of age, that he was apprenticed to Torin Frostbreaker.

After a few lessons, Peregrine's mentor put a box before him and challenged him to open it. Peregrine puzzled over the plain-looking box. Its innocent appearance betrayed no clue of the wards that sealed it, so he he[sic] tried every counter-ward he knew. After a time, Torin Frostbreaker asked "Are you finished?"

"I am," Peregrine said.

"And have you any mana reserve left or did you spent it all on this most tricky box?"

"I have none left, my Master," the Apprentice replied.

"Then I am a barghest, come upon you, and you are dead because you failed to think. Sometimes a box is just a box, and precious magic is better saved for the monster in the darkness. I hope the rest of your training is not as trying as this."

In his second week, Frostbreaker led Peregrine to a nearby cave and bid him enter it. Not wishing to repeat the mistake of the box, Peregrine decided to simply walk into the cave. He was thrown back with great violence, landing

several yards away and coughing blood.

"Foolish boy! I bring you to a warded cave and you stroll into it without even the slightest use of magic. It is as if you grow worse with time rather than better. Now, let's remove whatever curse your haste has given you."

In his third week, Peregrine began to despair of ever becoming a mage, but was obliged to accompany Torin to a nearby healer's cottage. Torin retired to the Master Healer's chambers and Peregrine was left alone with one of her assistants. The assistant was quite beautiful and would smile warmly at Peregrine whenever he dared look upon her. She approached the young apprentice, touched him gently, and slowly brought her face to his as if to deliver a kiss. Peregrine, as bashful as he was young, flushed and fled the healer's cottage.

After a few hours, the young man began to wonder after his master. When he made to return to the cottage, he found the door warded. For this he was prepared and he dispelled it with ease. "If only Master Frostbreaker could have seen that," he thought.

He was less prepared for what lay beyond the door: his master, naked and magically chained to the wall, the healer and her assistant, naked as well and asleep at his feet.

"Come, help me boy!" barked Torin. "These are not healers at all, but witches. They poisoned me and cast wards to bind me to this wall. As I can tolerate most poisons, I remained alert enough to cast a sleep spell upon them. Now, free me!"

These wards were of a more difficult sort, but Peregrine was able to dispel them as well. His master was pleased.

"Master? How did the witches manage to poison you?"

"Suffice to say, a 'healer's kiss' is likely not what you'd think it to be. We shall never speak of this again." Peregrine was too embarrassed to respond and preceded his master out of the cottage.

Torin eyed his apprentice warily, mistaking the boy's bashfulness for cunning. "I suppose you have passed enough tests. When we get back to Fierol, I will personally see that you are made a mage by fortnight's end."

And thus did the bashful Peregrine become the youngest Fieroli mage any could remember.

The Book Of Gentle Beasts

Unknown

Behold the gentle beasts of field, hill and wood. Unlike we who wear unnatural garments and betake such oddities as war and deceit, those noble beings are at one with all around them. They do not question, hate, or fear.

The Crymbil

Unknown

A book about the mysterious race known as the Crymbil.

The Crymbil

The goblin races we now call Crymbil and Skratta were once a single unified race.

It is widely misapprehended among even our finest scholars that differences between the two were due entirely to the Crymbil's enlightenment at the hands of the gnomes of Marthen Row. This is not so, and betrays an unfortunate gnomish superiority that mars much of our scholarship concerning the lower races.

In fact, the goblin schism occurred a few years prior to the Crymbil arrival in Marthen Row, the result of decades - perhaps centuries - old cultural divergence within the race. Though it cannot be disputed that the Crymbil owe most, if not all, their grasp of the scientific method, literacy, and history to their time in Marthen Row, it was the development of a greater intelligence and civility that had led them to split from their more brutish cousins.

As for the gnomes of Marthen Row, this act of charity was to be their unmaking. It took the less civilized Skratta several decades to find what became of the departed Crymbil, but track them down they did. It is unclear if their tireless search was driven more by vengeance or the desire to reunite the race.

Marten Row was razed in the Skratta attack and no gnome was known to survive. The Crymbil, however, were able to escape in nearly full numbers, taking with them all they'd learned from our gnomish forebears along with, it is believed, a few gnomish relics of great historical value.

The Crymbil then fled to Thousand Eye Gorge, a dank and unwelcoming

swamp, where they founded Marthenshire and lay the foundations for a new realm. There they fostered the skills learned from their benefactors and evolved into the exacting, inquisitive, and (dare I say) learned race we know them to be today.

Despite their race's flowering in Martenshire, the threat of a new Skratta invasion looms large in the Crymbil mind, though it is widely known that the Skratta have since occupied themselves with other pursuits.

The Cyrimbl

Unknown

The goblin races we now call Cyrimbl and Skratta were once a single unified race.

It is widely misapprehended among even our finest scholars that differences between the two were due entirely to the Cyrimbl's enlightenment at the hands of the gnomes of Marthen Row. This is not so, and betrays an unfortunate gnomish superiority that mars much of our scholarship concerning the lower races.

In fact, the goblin schism occurred a few years prior to the Cyrimbl arrival in Marthen Row, the results of decades-perhaps centuries-old cultural divergence within the race. Though it cannot be disputed that the Cyrimbl owe most, if not all, of their grasp of the scientific method, literacy, and history to their time in Marthen Row, it was the development of a greater intelligence and civility that had led them to split from their more brutish cousins.

As for the gnomes of Marthen Row, this act of charity was to be their unmaking. It took the less civilized Skratta several decades to find what became of the departed Cyrimbl, but track them down they did. It is unclear if their tireless search was driven more by vengeance or the desire to reunite the race.

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The Dark Empyrean

Unknown

This book seems similar to other versions you've seen throughout the Scholia Arcana.

The Fall of the Dark Empyrean

And so it came to pass that in the years of strife, when the tyrant Queen Sydanus had sown the fields of Erathell thigh-deep with blood, three unlikely souls found the way out of the dark.

The first was a man named Elodan Bloodgood. A Varani shaper, he came to Erathell from far to the North, searching the world for the knowledge of stone. After refusing to build a temple in Sydanus' name, he was cast into prison.

The second was a Gnome named Marus Torix. A gifted gnosicant, he had long ago left the safety and comfort of his libraries to travel the world, to learn of things with his own eyes. For teaching a doctrine different from the unquestioning worship of Sydanus and her regime, he, too, was cast into prison.

The third was born deep within the dungeons of Rathir, a young Alfar girl named Eleanor Brea who grew to maturity blinded by the darkness that was her only home.

Upon Eleanor Brea's ascendance to adulthood deep within the dark of Sydanus' prisons, the gifts of elemental magics came to her. In fury, the girl burned the dungeon to the ground.

Guided by Master Torix and Bloodgood, she learned to wield her gift and, together, the three of them dared to fight against the tyrant queen.

Word spread quickly of a new group of masters, mages, and artisans who would teach any willing to learn. In time, others courageous enough to

challenge Sydanus' might came forward, and what had started with a resistance of three quickly became ten, then a hundred, then a thousand.

Terrible battles of magic were waged. Thousands perished; entire cities were scoured from the face of the world, and untold horrors were birthed as each side tried desperately to craft the means of their victory.

Ciara Sydanus sought the destruction of their enemies by any method -- no sacrifice was too great, no atrocity too horrid. The darkest and the foulest of arts were pursued, and the cost to the populace was unrivaled by that of anyone's memory.

But the light of the three refused to be extinguished. The strength of Master Bloodgood, the wisdom and his skill, set the form and foundation of their hope. The brilliance of Master Torix, his knowledge and his insight, unlocked the chains of their bondage. And the passion of Mistress Brea, her spirit and her fury, lit the way to freedom.

What none could do alone, these three achieved together. Seven years after earning their freedom, high upon the heights of the spire of Rathir, they battled Sydanus, and the Dark Empyrean was imprisoned. Too powerful to be destroyed, she was contained beneath what would become the grounds of the Scholia Arcana, sealed away by the arcane glyphs and runes of our three founders. Here she will remain and you, Archmage, are the only sentinel of her prison. For on this foundation was the order built: to reach the greatest extents of knowledge, lest the reign of the Dark Empyrean returns again. Guard this wisdom, and find a worthy successor.

Different paths had led each into the chains of slavery. But it was there that each found strength from the other, and together, found their freedom. And so it was that the Scholia Arcana came to be.

The Fall Of Dwynian

Unknown

Listen now you dreamers and you walkers of the spire. Listen now, for I will tell a tale of tears and woe; the tale of Dwynian, a gleaming star, who shone as only stars could shine - and fell as only they could fall.

It was the end of the first age of Rathir, when Anathon ruled from spiretop, and all harkened to his word. Among the fisher-folk below was born a babe, whom they named Dwynian - named after the lace of white that caps the water's waves. At five days she showed the spark of magic; and at five years her powers were so great that she was brought among the pupils who sat at Anathon's feet. Ten years she studied the wisdom of Lyria's gift, there, and from Anathon himself gained mastery of the art. At fifteen years of age no mage atop the spire was alf as cunning, wise, or strong as Dwynian. No girl in Rathir was half as fair.

One day as Dwynian went down the stairs that wind around our Spire, she spied the guards assembled down below. Their helms and swords sparkled in the sun. Once hundred of them stood there. One hundred soldiers bold and proud. But let us speak plainly, for all there could have been a thousand, Dwynian saw only one- His name was Ranu and he was lovely to behold.

That night a sweet, sad song drifted from the Spiretop. And though he did not know it, the song was meant for him - for Ranu - as he paced upon the battlements below. When he retired from his post, he found flowers upon his door. Nor were the flowers cut pinned. The door itself had come to life and green stalks sprouted from its frame. In the morning when he rose, a songbird from some exotic land perched in his window. It sang to him the sweetest song and showed no fear him at all. When he passed a fountain pool, in its depth he saw two haunting eyes. Beautiful eyes. Eyes he had seen somewhere before. And so it went for four days, with flowers, and birds, and other signs. On the fifth day, in the reflection of his sword, he spied her - spied Dwynian - standing far behind him, watching him with eyes that could pierce stone. Eyes

he knew. On the fifth day, Ranu climbed the spire and found her at its top. "It is you" he said. "Yes, she said, it is I." And she knew the love that had struck her heart had smitten his as well.

On the eve of the fifth day, Ailoc came. He was a whisper on the wind, a darkness on the waves, a chill over the golden plains. He blackened the cops and tore the farmers limb from limb, feasting on their bones. Then he stood outside of Rathir, raged upon the bluffs of Tywil, and dared Anathon to come forth and face him. When everyone saw that he'd done, and heard Ailoc's raging words, the guards were summoned to the gates. Every last guard was called and Ranu was among them. As he stood in all his armor he looked back and saw Dwynian, watching him with her gaze.

One hundred guards and more marched out of Rathir. But for every guard, Ailoc called thresh, boggart, and leanashe to his command. One hundred guards and more marched out of Rathir. None returned.

When everyone saw what he had done, a silence fell over Rathir. A grave look fell over Anathon's face, but he spoke no words. At last, Dwynian stood up before them. She wore robes of white, and her hair was plaited in intricate braids. 'I have mastered all the arts of magic,' she said. 'I am strong and swift and I do not know fear. If I cannot stop this scourge, who can?' Awed, no one spoke against her. Anathon's eyes clouded with sadness, then, without a word, he nodded.

Dwynian crossed the bridge and left the gates of Rathir. She strode across the blackened field and then the field of bones. She found her Ranu where he lay dying. She bent and kissed him long and sweet, but once. Then she rose and made her way toward Alioc.

His boggarts she burnt with a flick of her wrist, and his thresh she split in half with bolts of lightning. The leanashe she struck with ice and tore with knots of wind. And then she came to Ailoc. From Rathir, it was said, their fight appeared like a summer storm, with dark clouds and bright forks of lightning and growling thunderous booms. At last, it is said, she called upon the bones of the earth itself, and they sprang from the ground and cut through Ailoc like a

dozen sharpened spears. When Dwynian stepped close to see that he was dead. Ailoc raised his head and freed his arm. He broke the tip from one of the spikes and hurled it at her chest. The effort tore against the spikes and cut the last of life from him. He fell motionless and dead, and never saw the spike he threw hit home, landing fatally in Dwynian's breast.

Twice was Dwynian struck in the heart. Once by love and once by hatred. From deadly hatred she crawled now, with the last of life still in her. She crawled until she reached her love, her Ranu. She kissed him one more time, wrapped her arms around him lay down her head, and died.

The Human Talent

Jubal Caledus

Professor Eiowillyn was sore at me today, because my potion was able to cure the aurochs of cloverbloat and Valyon's wasn't. She said I had relied too much on luck to ensure my balances were correct and that Valyon's reagents had wilted in the summer heat, but I know the real reason she's mad is because her prized student isn't as good as the human. The Alfar seem to have wielded magic since always, and humans have had to make do otherwise - but every day I fell stronger and stronger. The Alfar know I'm not the only human that can use magic to this degree, and they know it. They're afraid that they're going to lose the only thing that's kept them lording over us for decades, and Professor Eiowillyn thinks that I'm the face of the coming change. She's afraid of me. She should be. When I was less than two-and-five I burned my family's woodshed to the ground with a thought. Some of her students had to train for years before they could make as much as a cinder. And even though I'm good at it, I'm not going to spend my life studying potioncraft and writing tomes. The heat from that fire still warms my hand. It's a comfort. The only one I still have left.

The Immortal Fae

Odwald Bynothas

III.

Fae do age, but only subtly, representing what would be the passage from youth to late-middle-age in a Young Race like humans. In exceptional cases, Fae may have life spans long enough to achieve an appearance of old age similar to human old age. The only obvious signs of this aging are in graying and silvering of the hair and tighteing of the skin around the eyes, nose, and mouth.

Fae may suffer death from natural causes like aging or disease, or may suffer violent deaths. The Fae refer to their particular form of death as "passing," because though the Fae loses his body after his demise, his individual magical essence persists, moving on into the powerful flow of magic known as the Great Cycle. After passing into the Great Cycle, the physical body of the Fae returns to nature, just as with the bodies of the young races.

Life spans for the Fae are not determined so much by the passage of years, as for Young Races like humans, but by the Fate of each individual Fae. Fae do not understand the notion of 'free will'. They imagine that the regeneration and subsequent passing of any individual Fae, and the sequence of hours, days, and events in between, are pre-ordained and magically inscribed in the ongoing twists of their collective Telling.

The Journal Of Scribe Pearse, Vol. 1

Pearse

The Wedding Day

It was a glorious day.

Lir took his new bride, Aife, to hand and led her through the Halls to their own chamber in the deep. The runes of the mystical Erathir were her eyes, and the echoes through the hall her laughter. Great is our new queen, Aife. She seems to have endeared herself to us all. And such wonders she makes! Why, I saw her take the grand corridor and set it with enchanted flames, using only a wave or her hand...

The Journal Of Scribe Pearse, Vol. 2

Pearse

Another entry from the journal of Pearse, scribe to Lir.

Times Grow Darker

Times have grown stronger.

The Ever Glen, the beautiful magic wood granted to Lir by the Hironar, has grown corrupt. Where once I saw blossoms and bird I see dark weeds, choking roots and black thorns. It seems to move and shift, like a beast that stalks prey. The servants of Lir's hall grow quiet, but not Aife. She roars and smiles and curses and laughs, talks to those we cannot see. Lir has not left his chambers in some time, but she will not grant us servants passage. Perhaps she is bearing the deaths of her step-children too heavily? One cannot know. But the hall is growing dim for not having seen its master...

The Journal Of Scribe Pearse, Vol. 3

Pearse

The last entry of Pearse, scribe to the ancient king Lir.

Last Entry

There is a little time left.

A Demon! A temptress! Sent from the underworld of Amalur to tear down the great wonder Lir has built, a mortal target for the Niskaru to destroy. She is no human. She is no beauty. She is a liar. Lir is dead, and we are trapped within this palace, by maddening thorns and halls of flame. She hunts us one by one. I do not know why. She is a thing of rage. Some of the guard brought her down, but she simply rises from each death, flames burning brighter with anger. She cannot be killed. She will either hunt us to our deaths, or leave us to wither.

The Journal Of Stellan Reitan

Stellan Reitan

...Motus Mining will be astonished at these findings. So many reagents lie within these woods...the alchemical implications are enormous.

Wild fae pose quite the problem, though. It will take an exorbitant amount of manpower to subdue and control the beasts here. Still, the potency of the plant life here should make it worthwhile.

The Fae themselves might be a problem...assuming the fabled city of Ysa actually exists. Haven't seen anything to indicate it's real. Wouldn't surprise me if the ruins I keep finding are the only vestige of their rule.

Overall, Dalentarth should make quite the profit for the company. Headquarters will be pleased.

The Little Prince Of Rathir

Unknown

The Little Prince of Rathir

Long ago in Rathir, a boy named Aral was born to the great house Kandrian. Though he was beautiful and healthy, Lyria saw fit that he should be blind. His parents, who were proud, declared he would never know of his defect, and he never did, until the day he heard a lovely song. He found the singer, and laid his love before her. She was a serving girl, and she burst into tears. I am as ugly as my voice is beautiful, she cried. When he could not understand, she explained, and his parents pride was angered in his heart. He took his nightingale far to the south of Rathir, and built a stronghold there, a place of deep shadows and beautiful song. To this day, it is said, Kandrian is a place of loveliness, blindness and pride.

The Mantle Passes

Jubal Caledus

He has passed. After but a few weeks upon attaining the level of Savant, I was summoned to the chambers of the Archsage, deep in the cavern beneath our chapter house, and I found him on the floor, struggling for breath but otherwise still. Helped to his senses, he reveals that he was dying. And though Belen had reached out to take Ephraim, he had yet to draw him to death.

It was then that he laid everything bare - no truth was omitted, no lie spoken. The true purpose of our order, the true meaning of our values and studies were after all my life made plainly understood. And with that, he passed, pressing the band of cloth - the ring of the Archsage - into my hand. I was to take the reins, he said. For better or worse, it had to be me.

The Morning Prayer

Unknown

This scroll was written in an immaculate calligraphy.

The Morning Prayer

Blessed be Mitharu, the great Order of the World, for in his presence we are forever. The Light of Peace, guide us. Warm us in the gentle cradle of your great embrace, Keep us from our thoughts of despair and burden. You, who are so mighty in your sovereign house, bless us with your interminable love. Grant us strength and courage in your most holy name to bear the hardships of the world. You who guard us with a mighty arm, hear our prayers.

We are your servants, mighty Lord, who praise none other but your name. We are your loyal flock who follow your guiding hand to sanctuary. Through your grace we are enlightened so we may better do your will. You alone rose to greet us, and free us from the darkness of our ways. As the morning sun sheds its bounty upon the land, so too, Lord, you illuminate our way. Blessed be Mitharu, the great Order of the World, for in his presence we are forever.

The New Assistant

Ventrinio

A rough copy of a letter, apparently written but never sent.

Octienne, you old fiend, I don't know when you found this new assistant but s/he's an absolute godsend. I may have expressed doubts when you said a single helper could take the place of an experienced lab staff, but s/he's proven more than capable in every area. Labwork, resource collection, even repelling any Fae curious enough to come to the tower; in every instance, s/he's met every challenge with a steely-eyed flair.

I've tried asking how s/he got her/his remarkable training, but s/he's loathe to talk about her/his past. In fact, even casual inquiries are rebuffed with no small degree of menace. I know you paid a fortune to hire her/him from whatever sources you use, but are you absolutely certain that s/he can be trusted?.

Still, it's a moot point - I'd hardly be able to continue my work without the help of this marvelous assistant. So much so, in fact, that I've taken the liberty of attuning her/him to the Well's core, so just in case the worst does happen to her/him, there's a chance I could bring her/him back for future work. Even if s/he came back as a simple Laz, s/he'd surely be twice as skilled as the normal man!

The Opponent Discourse

Straton

A discourse on "The Opponent", a play by the Kollossae dramatist Straton.

By Irena, Historian

Bravery is a topic often broached by the Kollossae in both fiction and popular culture: for instance, courage is a favorite topic of Master Onesimos of the Lykeios, Idylla's academy of theology. Onesimos is a feared debater and often utilizes the topic in the discussions where he explains courage as the result of power. As I see it, playwright Straton's "The Opponent" appears to be an examination of courage, as well, through a simple parable.

According to the playwright, courage is not a result of power, but the means to it. He seems to question the usefulness of strength if one lacks the bravery to use it. The protagonist of "The Opponent" is Theron, who wages war against a cunning antagonist called Taruk, a Niskaru Tyrant. As a Mairu, Theron is a savage whose cares begin and end with battle, though he has moments of ingenuity that connect him to the Kollossae of today.

At the climax of "The Opponent", we see Theron's village in flames, decimated by Taruk, though not without a price: the Mairu appear to have beaten their aggressor. Taruk is surrounded, and apparently, defeated, as the village leader stands over the Niskaru with a club leveled at the Tyrant's skull.

Unfortunately, Taruk has a final spell to cast, and with a click of his mandibles his form dissolves as he possesses one of the villagers the wife of the village leader. In that moment, it seems the Mairu are utterly defeated. No one dares attack the wife of the village leader, and the night air fills with the shrill laughter of the possessed woman -- laughter that turns into a cry of pain and terror as Theron strikes her down with a club of his own.

Instantly the Niskaru leaps into the body of a new host, and instantly Theron

strikes him down. The vicious cycle continues until Theron is finally possessed, when he is the last Mairu standing. "I have you now," Taruk gloats, speaking with Theron's voice. But in reply, Theron raises his club, and readies to smash his own face. Taruk flees from the Mairu's body in terror, taking corporeal form once more, and runs for a nearby river. Theron gives chase, and drowns the demon in the very river he sought to escape by.

In the epilogue, we learn that only two of the villagers are fatally wounded by Theron's hand, and the rest will recover. It is obvious that Theron's Mairu tendencies have saved the village. The play closes with an unspoken question: could a Kollossae do the same?

The Possession Begins

Jubal Caledus

It has come. What Ephraim has warned me of, the fear that has plagued the mind of every Archsage of our order, has come to pass. She has awoken. She has found a way from her cell.

I thought when such a time came, it would prove to be a more marked event, that we would notice as the harbinger of her freedom. And though I had reports of an Initiate whose Trial killed some Savants and drove others to madness, she did not appear immediately.

And that was her greatest triumph. For all that we knew of her, we expected her appearance to be marked by cataclysm and chaos. The raging storm has no need of subtlety and cleverness, for with a whim its winds can rip flesh from bones and burn all in its path. But she knew we would gird ourselves for such assaults, and connived to overwhelm the strongest of our orders from the shadows. And now, there are two left: myself and the mind of the initiate who was present at her summoning.

Even now, I feel my mind beginning to falter. Aethan Engar must have fallen, and with him, there is but one left whom I can support in earnest to assume the mantle of Archsage. But I cannot falter yet. I will summon the once-was Initiate here, and with aid, wrest control of my mind free from the dark sorceress.

To have my mind be walked upon is... troubling. There are many things in here I wish no one to face or learn, for they are the things I had to rid myself of the Scholia Arcana. But if she is to be felled, I must be rid of her.

The Primer Of Fire

Unknown

This religious text bears strange runes and markings on the cover.

The Primer of Fire

It begins as it ends...in flame.

This is the primary tenet; that which burns, must burn. From fire all things came, and to fire all things must return. This is what it means to serve the Sun

He has gifted all of us with the spark. To incandesce, to be consumed... to be irretrievably bound within the present passion... to know, without equivocation. the clarity of hatred. To be lost, without salvation, to the ecstasy of grief.

From fire all things came, and to fire all things must return. Jubilate with me, my brothers, that the end is nigh.

The Princess

Unknown

The Princess and the Grain-cook

Once upon a time, there lived a beautiful princess who was betrothed to a man from a distant land. Her evil stepmother had put a wicked spell on her father and forced him to give away his daughter's hand, for her stepmother only desired the fortune the family would gain from the wedding. But our princess desired the attention of another man...

The man the princess' heart belonged to was but the local grain-cook, a man of simple upbringing who wooed the princess during her daily trips to the local market. He was entranced by her beauty from the first time they met. Both the princess and the lowly grain-cook knew their stations would preclude any thought of marriage, so they kept their love a secret. They promised each other that, no matter what happened, they would always love and trust each other. But a year before the wedding the evil stepmother discovered the lovers and locked the princess away...

Furious, the grain-cook stormed the castle and confronted the stepmother. Knowing he had to be cordial, he pleaded with her to let him see his imprisoned love. After hours of listening the pleas of the depressed grain-cook, the stepmother agreed to allow them to meet. Under guarded watch the beautiful princess and the upset grain-cook were allowed to see each other one last time. At twenty paces, allowed neither to touch nor speak, they could only stare into each other's eyes wishing there was something they could do. The grain-cook was permitted to give the princess a bowl of his sumptuous food, in exchange for agreeing to never come again.

The princess began to starve herself, refusing all food unless it was cooked grain - like the kind her lover left. Knowing that the wedding fortune would be lost if the princess were to die, the stepmother begrudgingly agreed to the demands. To infuriate the grain-cook more, the stepmother decided that she

herself would pick up the grain and deliver them to the princess. The stepmother ordered that no one be allowed to talk to the princess, save for her. Every day, she would descend to the dungeon where the princess waited, and said to her, "For the rest of your life may you think about what you have done."

After a year the wedding the princess had dreaded had finally arrived. Her betrothed waited anxiously at the altar for his first glimpse at his gorgeous princess that he had bought. The musicians began their songs, the guests rose to their feet and a shadow was seen at the back of the cathedral. The princess stepped into the room slowly. First only her little toes, followed by her leg, and then walked into the room to the sound of gasps. The once petite princess had quadrupled in size...

The princess, known for her subtle beauty had become lumpy and smelled of stale chaff. Her fiancé no longer had the desire to marry her. He raised his hand to quiet the bewildered congregation and sent both the stepmother and princess back to their kingdom. The stepmother furious that the princess had ruined the marriage, ordered all fields of grain to be burned and all stockpiled grain to be sold, regardless of cost.

Her heart swollen with the loss of such wealth, the stepmother began calculating new ways to earn her vaunted fortune. She eventually decreed that whomever could pay the price of one thousand gold bars could not only have the princess as his wife, but would their family's rank lifted to the level of royalty. With word of the princess' loss of beauty there was only one suitor that requested her hand - but he had sent a courier to deliver the news. He requested that neither the queen nor the bride must see him before the wedding. One hundred gold bars were to be delivered daily to the castle until the day of their marriage. A carriage arrived carrying the suitor for morning of the wedding and from it a familiar-looking man emerge. It was the grain-cook.

Due to the sudden loss of the grain fields, grain had skyrocketed to be worth its weight in gold. And no one has more grain than a grain cooker. "Do you still love me?" asked the princess, "Even with my misshapen figure?" "Of course" replied the savvy grain-cook. The princess, ecstatic to see her true love once more, tore the bottom of her dress. Out poured a mixture of old cook grain and

the crumpled messages of longing the cook had hidden in each bag of grain sent to the princess. She was once again as beautiful as the day they first met. As they embraced for the first time in years her father realized the error of his ways. The sight of seeing his daughter truly happy had released him from the torturous spell. The angered king ordered the stepmother be sent to the guillotine. As they dragged her away the princess looked at her and said "For the rest of your life may you think about what you have done." That day the lovers were married and lived happily ever after... The End.

For M and J.

The Proud Warsworn

Unknown

The Warsworn is so proud,
They tell everyone about it very loud,
The Warsworn is so honorable,
Yet they're very disagreeable
Well let me say something treasonous,
The Warsworn is a sham,
When you really need help they scam.

The Ring Maker

Unknown

A tale of a ring maker and the perils of magic.

The Ring Maker

There was once a ring maker of Glimwood skilled at the making of fine jewelry, he lacked knowledge of the art of spellbinding. Men from around the world had always come to Toal's shop to buy the prettiest rings to please their wives and lovers, but business had been poor of late. Jeweled rings had come into fashion and his clients went elsewhere for their trinkets of love. Ulliam knew little of spellbinding, but decided he had little choice but follow fashion wherever it led.

He began with small red and blue gems, which, as any spellbinding novice knows, are the most benign of jewels. Flush with success, he sought more exotic gems and, one day, found himself in possession of a stock of green jewels. Ignorant to their ill effect on the wearer, Ulliam mounted them into rings. The effect, however, was small; a few were sickened, fewer still seriously.

When, however, he chose to add striking purple shards to his designs, the wearers were not stricken ill, they died. It took little time to guess at the cause of these deaths and an armed party soon arrived to confront the ring maker. Ulliam fell to his knees and swore that his rings were not to blame, so the leaders of his own village had him locked away for safekeeping until the charges could be proven.

A mage arrived to inspect the ring and there was no doubt in his learned mind. The town warden condemned the ring maker to death by the means of his victim's choosing, as was custom. The husbands of the dead women selected one of Ulliam's own rings as the instrument of execution and he died, painfully and loudly, within days.

Let the folly of Ulliam and his desire for glory and profit serve as lesson to those who would trifle with the magic of gems.

The Scholia Arcana

Unknown

The history of the Scholia Arcana.

On the Founding of the Scholia Arcana

And so it came to pass that in the years of strife, when the tyrant Queen Sydanus had sown the fields of Erathell thigh deep with blood, three unlikely souls found the way out of the dark.

The first was a man named Elodan Bloodgood. A Varani shaper, he came to Erathell from far to the north, searching the world for the knowledge of stone. After refusing to build a temple in Sydanus' name, he was cast into prison.

The second was a Gnome named Marus Torix. A gifted gnosticant, he had long ago left the safety and comfort of his libraries to travel the world, to learn of things with his own eyes. For teaching a doctrine different from the unquestioning worship of Sydanus and her regime, he, too, was cast into prison.

The third was born deep within the dungeons of Rathir, a young Alfar girl named Eleanor Brea who grew to maturity blinded by the darkness that was her only home.

Upon Eleanor Brea's ascendance to adulthood deep within the dark Sydanus' prisons, the gifts of elemental magics came to her. In fury, the girl burned the dungeon to the ground.

Guided by Masters Torix and Bloodgood, she learned to wield her gift and, together, the three of them dared to fight against the tyrant queen.

Word spread quickly of a new group of masters, mages, and artisans who would teach any willing to learn. In time, others courageous enough to challenge Sydanus' might came forward, and what had started with a resistance

of three quickly became ten, then a hundred, then a thousand.

Terrible battles of magic were waged. Thousands perished; entire cities were scoured from the face of the world, and untold horrors were birthed as each side tried desperately to craft the means of their victory.

Clara Sydanus sought the destruction of their enemies by any method -- no sacrifice was too great, no atrocity too horrid. The darkest and the foulest of arts were pursued, and the cost to the populace was unrivaled by that of anyone's memory.

But the light of the three refused to be extinguished. The strength of Master Bloodgood, his wisdom and his skill, set the form and foundation of their hope. The brilliance of Master Toris, his knowledge and his insight, unlocked the chains of their bondage. And the passion of Mistress Brea, her spirit and her fury, lit the way to freedom.

What none could do alone, these three achieved together. After seven years of rebellion, they defeated Sydanus high upon the heights of the spire of Rathir.

Different paths had led each into the chains of slavery. But it was there that each found strength from the other, and together, found their freedom. And so it was that the Scholia Arcana came to be.

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The Seasteel Golems

Unknown

A telling of the tale of the seasteel golems.

The Seasteel Golems

Searching for a new home for the Dverga, King Maht sailed the Frostbreak Sea until he found the Obsidian Isle. Following the death of Prince Kaleva and the loss of his ship the Barufakir, the King decided that the dwarfs would permanently settle upon Obsidian Isle. To protect his own ship, the Naglfar, the king planned to transport it to the caldera at the top of Obsidian Isle. King Maht commissioned a group of Dvergan smiths and runebinders to create a host of golems that could carry the Naglfar to its chosen resting place. Once the ship was moved, the golems would protect it and keep it safe should it ever be needed again.

Using the newly discovered seasteel, the smiths and runebinders created thirteen golems. Once assembled, the golems were commanded to carry the great ship to the top of Obsidian Isle. Over time, the golems became covered in snow and were eventually completely encased in ice. All that remains of them now are twelve great columns of dark ice beneath the ship. Only the guardian key-golem, dubbed Heimdallyr by the King, was spared his fate. Instead, the greatest of the golems stood guard on the deck of the Naglfar to defend it against any incursion.

The Virtues Of Seasteel

Unknown

A book about a Dvergan precious mineral.

The Virtues of Seasteel

Seasteel is an enchanted metal that is prized for its utilitarian qualities, high tensile strength, and light weight. Obsidian Isle is the one place where seasteel is known to be found. Even then, seasteel can only be found in limited quantities, and only appears once a year upon the Obsidian Isle's shores. Storms from a neighboring atoll precede the tide of seasteel's arrival, which washes up in nuggets on the Isle's beaches and is collected by hand.

In its natural state, seasteel appears as dull grey blobs, much like molten wax that has been dropped in cold water. Seasteel's buoyancy is one of its most interesting qualities. While the buoyancy of the metal diminishes once it has been refined, it remains strong and very light. It is also resistant to corrosion, polishes to a mirror shine, and never tarnishes, making it desirable for nautical uses.

The first Dverga to settle on Obsidian Isle marveled at seasteel and learned to craft weapons and other tools from it. They saw it as one of the sea's gifts to their race, and would rarely export it beyond the Isle's shores. So valued was seasteel that it was prized more than gold, and greedily hoarded by the Foundry Guild in Emberdeep. The Dverga never speak of seasteel to outsiders, for fear that the other kingdoms would try to steal it from them.

The White At War

Unknown

The White At War

An account of the life of Nil "The White" Kern

Young Nil Kern was a callow youth when war came to the Plains. War called to him and he stood and answered the only way honor would allow. He had not heard Lyria in his heart yet. Nor had he seen the ugly truth of war.

So he donned his armor and a robe of white. He took his sword and shield. Before the gates of Rathir he joined Varlaine's ranks. Under Varlaine he bravely fought. The conditions were grueling. Five days they marched east, then five days south, then five north again. Though he thought of slaying the foe night and day, battle came upon him like a swift and deadly blow. The field was empty, and then it was full of Tuatha, charging, screaming, waving swords. His side charged as well. Nil saw good men cut down. Some slayed one, or a dozen foes. Some cried and soiled themselves and died like dogs. When the battle was done, Nil stood yet. Nil stood and looked upon the carrion of the day. War is an evil thing, he thought, yet fight we must.

He washed his cape, brown with earth and red with blood, in the stream and girded himself for war. In the War of Parries, young Nil learned the true art of war. Of knowing when and when not to sit still. Of staring the maddened enemy in the eye. Of killing without hesitation.

When the day came we would show the foe our might, he woke as he always did, at dawn. He rose, stood outside his tent, and looked out upon the ranks and ranks of troops. This would be known as Oriator's Lance. And though he did not know it, the most proud and hard day of his innocent life. It would bring Lyria into his life and a pain that in the small of his back that runs down the side of his left leg whenever storms threaten or he steps too heavily on that foot, like a spark traveling the length of him, and leaving him weak. It would

be the last day he would fight, and the first he earned the color white. White on his inside, and not just on his cape.

The Wild Flame

Jubal Caledus

Mommy isn't crying the funny men with pointed ears are taking me, and mommy isn't crying, but she looks like she will isn't she sad? Why isn't she being sad? she might be mad at me still for what I did to the woodshed but it wasn't my fault I didn't mean to I just got so scared when that dog got near me that I threw my hands up and then there was fire and heat and the woodshed was on fire and I didn't know I didn't want to make it but the dog caught fire too and I couldn't stop it I could only stare and watch as everything started to burn around me and I was sorry I was so sorry but it wasn't enough daddy found me and hit me hard once in the eye and once in the back and I told him I said daddy I didn't mean to and he did it anyways I was so sorry and he kept hitting me until I stopped crying but mommy just stood there and she was crying but it was quiet and it was to herself and its like watching her now as they're taking me away they have me by my hand and they're leading me away and no one's saying goodbye and no one's saying I'll miss you and no one's saying they love me I am put in the care of strangers and I'm going away forever to learn how I made things burn and I'm sorry mommy and I'm so very sorry.

The World I Left

Jubal Caledus

and if she thought that leaving those flowers pressed in the tome would work, she was right. By the gods, I thought that years of books and tutelage and learning would be enough to prepare me for anything, for the world of troubles and problems that I might eventually have to solve, and they did not. Nothing could have prepared me for her, sitting on a hill and waiting for me as the sun came down, the wind teasing out the red-brown hair that flowed like wine and water, so long for it had never touched a blade in its life. She laughed and it smelled like apples smell, she smiled and it sounded like birds in spring. I only came to test her aptitude to spellcraft, and in those scant seconds before we spoke to one another I nearly fell so far into her eyes that I could not hope to escape. How could a force as strong as this exist? Am I just a fool, in a line of fools that spans the centuries? Disarmed though I was, I carried out my duty appointed task. She laughed and told me that she had no desire to lead a life of craft and books, and study, to forsake life as it is lived for life as it might be. And looking into her eyes, I could not come to find her at fault. There is a world out there that is different from one that we of the Scholia lead. I walked away from that world some time ago. And only once, when I met her, have I ever had cause to regret that decision.

Thieves And Balladeers

Unknown

The Queen of Bath

Moed was a comely queen,

A Dokkalfar, par none.

Her lips, like rubies

with their sheen,

Her hair up in a bun.

Was known for many things,

such as her laughter and her wrath.

But she did not rule from a throne.

She ruled from in her bath.

A copper-tub, of Dverga-make

the queen did occupy.

Ten baths a day the queen did take,

without one reason why.

Her legs, polished to shine,

Her bosom, scrubbed to glow,

Her hands, her lips, all fine,

If ever they were shown.

If there was war,

She'd meet the foe

just sitting in the tub.

At meeting's end,

a peace we'd know

that was the basic rub.

A body such as hers

would need constant maintenance,

and those that saw her bathe took heed,

as lust o'ertook their sense.

In truth, it was a tactic sound,

as is the story told.

But success was somewhat less, we found,

Once she had grown too old.

Thursday

Father Etair

Journal of Father Etair

Thursday

The strange crystal sits atop my desk. I cannot take my eyes from it. It is not out of adoration, or even fascination, but out of a tense, foreboding dread that never escapes me, not even as I lay in my bunk at night hoping that I have not doomed my young charges by bringing this cursed thing up from the underground.

Perhaps the most troubling development is how the crystal affects young Brother Wulf. This person sitting across the chamber from me is no longer my bright, friendly apprentice, but a heavy-eyed fanatic. The strange allure of the crystal has touched him on some spiritual level. He has not been to chapel in days. He has not bathed or eaten. He does not respond to his name, and when he does take notice of the others around him, he does so with a gruff sneer. I grieve for him as one mourns the deceased. All day long he stares at the crystal, or plays to it with his whistle, making the swirling red surface flash. My prayers do nothing.

All my research, all of my training, none of it has provided the answers I seek. What is this strange substance and from where does it derive its magic? What created it and how did it come to be beneath our mission? Better yet, how can I get rid of it without hurting my dear friend? So many questions, but no answers come.

Perhaps tomorrow Mitharu will provide. He has yet to disappoint me.

Til's Collection I

Brother Til

Dusk in a Basawin Harem

It was the end, then. NO longer would she linger in her lewd indulgences. The war had come, and taken the men and the women from the city. So suddenly was her life empty of interest, that there was no life, no joy. Her lovers were gone, or buried. No foreigners offered their dalliances, no moans accompanied her lonely dusks.

And so, like so many others before her, she fled the the city and traveled to the famed Harem of Fogun Hral, where every second was sheer bliss.

Til's Collection II

Brother Til

My Grandmother's Pearl

It was a fantasy, but satisfying nonetheless. No one would gossip in her dreams, no one would reject her advances. She could be with any and all she desired, man or woman, Alfar or Gnome.

There was always a hit of guilt to accompany her wishes, but the fulfillment of them washed away any distaste. Thereby pleased, she could cope with her loneliness, and make bearable the days until she could enjoy her nights.

Slowly, however, her depravity deepened, and her previous imagination could not satiate her new lusts. The thoughts from before were now trite. She was no longer content with a passionate embrace, and a confided in herself new, unspeakable acts of pleasure - and pain.

If she felt guilty before, she was now wholeheartedly ashamed. The impurity of thought sullied her every hour, and drifted through her thoughts in the most inappropriate places at the most scandalous times. No one was free from her uncontrolled thoughts, and she feared they would consume her in a sinful wallowing of hedonism for the rest of her life.

It was to her shock and horror, then, to find that not only did she give utterance to her throes of passion on a nightly basis whilst asleep, but that her manservant had heard every word while standing by her bedroom door.

Til's Collection III

Brother Til

Osa's Art Of Love, Part I

"First, you must hold him firmly, but gently. Show tenderness in your approach, and you will receive it in kind as well. Do not hesitate, but let your passion for him guide you. He will be quick to answer you in kind, as you know that he is eager to finally be with you. He is a handsome lad, and should you wish, I could show you what I teach, demonstrate on his body as I have done on yours."

She hesitated momentarily. A flush of wanton craving flooded her thoughts, and before she could consider otherwise, she consented.

"Very well. Let us go then. And should you wish to participate, remember that this is first and foremost for your instruction."

Til's Collection IV

Brother Til

Knights of Pleasure

It was carnal, unabashed revelry. The streets teemed with sweat and alleys rang with laughter. Sighs escaped from every corner of the festive celebration. It was there that Darven first saw him.

Broad and swarthy, with a shining smile and an impish glint, he enchanted his onlookers with a grace that belied his muscular frame. The supple movement of his walk, the booming, husky voice, and the natural warmth of youth exuded a pure, unadulterated sensuality. Darven could not look away. His gaze was arrested by this godlike man, and as if his body moved of its own accord, Darven approached the handsome stranger directly. The stranger looked upon Darven with his vivacious mien, and suddenly the two embraced. It was at first combative: an overwhelming strength enveloping both of them. Darven struggled with him in a lascivious grapple, but soon the sounds of the street resumed their sounds of debauchery.

Til's Collection V

Brother Til

Youthful Darlings of Depravity

Chapter IV

The girl faithfully obeyed her mistress's instructions, and her Alfar master was so delighted that he hastened at once to impart this good news to his friend, who begged that, since he had been concerned in the bargain, he should partake of the pleasure. This being agreed to, and the hour being come, the Alfar master went to bed, as he supposed, with the servant; but the mistress had taken her place, and received him, not as a wife, but as a bashful and frightened Almain maid; and she played her part so well that he never suspected anything. I cannot tell you which of the two felt the greater satisfaction, he in belief that he was cheating his wife, or she in belief that she was cheating her husband.

Til's Collection VI

Brother Til

The Thigh Diaries

...where he could hold her under the starlit sky, there, under the eaves of whispering trees, the soft loam beneath them, he could be hers, and she could be his. And for one night of a passionate embrace, they where together.

She would always remember his arms holding her gently, but with the strength of his desire for her; his firm, calloused fingers so lustfully gripping her waist, his sweat dripping onto hers and mingling in the rhythmic crush of their bodies. His breath falling on her shoulder carrying the heat of a devotion, his devotion for her.

The straps to her dress had long been torn asunder and discarded to the surrounding grass. When they first embraced, she thought only for a moment of her belongings. They were shed slowly with anticipation gripping her stomach like another one of his fingers.

Four hours, only the panting and sighs of love broke the silence of the dew-filled field. As they lay with each-other he caressed the contours of her body, and she felt every moment of his touch as a lifetime of ecstasy...

Til's Collection VII

Brother Til

This lascivious text appears to have been read many times and by many different people, as evidenced by its worn cover and tattered pages.

The Lustful Elf

Soon a bell sounded, a tin ring, and through the threshold paraded an ensemble of the most fabulous young varani maidens Amalur could produce. Their effect on me was quite magical, so much beauty in fellowship together I could not begin to fantasize. So magnificently graceful did they appear as they gleefully pranced into the chamber, heels flying, exhibiting the most lascivious inclinations. So ripe their forms, so pure was the sky blossom whiteness of their necks and faces, shaded by avalanche of brown and blonde hair, which waved in the light like chains of woven embereyes, falling in many ringlets over their beautifully curved shoulders, whilst their eyes, half hid in the nest of flowery lashes, glowed with a hot, blatant immorality, made them look like Helois descended from the sund throne, rather than anything of our weak human creation.

Til's Collection VIII

Brother Til

This lascivious text appears to have been read many times and by many different people, as evidenced by its worn cover and tattered pages.

Quintessence of Debauchery

Oh Lucinde, how you danced before, resting all my endeavours to further my cause, claiming that you, who I knew to be an adventurous little thing, would not consent to such naughtiness with the lords of the court about, and if we did not behave better they would certainly catch sight of our playthings and drag us from the Lunar Gardens.

I then set forth that we should prepare the bath so as we might clean ourselves, dirty as we were. "First my tunic and my trousers, and then yours." You simply smiled, dear Lucinde. "Then, at my word, we shall throw them from the balcony together." You giggled, your sweet shame overshadowing your hunger for such a joyful tryst. But I overruled your objections and stripped to my undergarments, crossing the balcony to commence unlacing your gown till nothing was left on you but the sweet covering that Lyria gave you, my lovely Lucinde.

Then, together, we let our vestments fly.

Til's Collection IX

Brother Til

The Petals of Susanrus

GALT.- "Why have you come? I was quite clear in my intentions. Another flies the flag of my affections. You are too late."

SUSNARUS.- "I will never be too late. You are heat of the sun as it withers the leaf. I shiver alone."

GALT.- "Then what are we to do?"

SUSNARUS.- "What choice is left to us, but to give our passions agency?"

GALT, seizing her by the shoulders and piercing her lips with the sharp blade of his flickering tongue.- "You do not know of what I am capable. This awakening, this magical fire, it has cracked me open as the volcano ruptures. I am aflame."

SUSNARUS, falling before him.- "Then burn!"

Susnarus had no choice but to struggle beneath his hulking form, writhing as he held her close to his chest and passed his warmth between them.

Til's Collection X

Brother Til

Della and Her Desire

Going that morning to my brother Aedwald's chamber to rouse him for the evening prayer, on opening the door, I was perfectly amazed at the sight before me. There lay Aed on his bedroll, in the arms of the dokkalfar dancing girl, Della, a most dark and gingerly lass. When I entered the room my brother was lying beside Della, clasping her tightly in his arms and moaning, and from the motions of their bodies, I perceived that they were taking part in an activity that was altogether satisfactor; and so focused, and engrossed were they, with this licentious affair, that they did not even notice my presence.

I cleared me throat in the small of the room, but the noises of employment drowned out my timid attempt at engagement. Who was this swarthy, zestful lad, and what had he done with my brother?

South of the mountain path connecting the lower part of the Caeled Coast, Book 10 is inside Castle Ansilla.

Timos Discourse

Straton

A discourse on "Timos", a play by the Kollossae dramatist Straton.

By Irena, Historian

It is a common saying that quantity does not necessarily mean quality. Such is the case with Playwright Straton's newest production, which tells the tale of a wretched man, a Kollossae by the name of Timos, in a play that lasts for over eleven hours. Timos, the eponymous character, struggles with mental illness -- a madness that burdens his family, destroys his profession, and eventually claims his life.

I struggled to discern the message of the twelve-hour epic: was Timos's sickness a metaphor for the coddling of the modern Kollossae in the midst of current conveniences? Was it commentary that the natural savagery of the Mairu still exists within us, to be battled on a daily basis? In the end, I could come to no conclusion. The message was lost in too many details.

The play is written in a moment-to-moment telling of the events, and takes place over the course of twelve hours, where we learn of Timos' past as he expounds it in the present, about to be executed for crimes he committed under his derangement.

Inscrutable moments in the production were many. There was an instance when the narrative itself seemed to suffer a psychotic episode. Timos, whose madness has driven him to believe that he has become a Pteryx, removes all of his clothing, and proceeds to assault the town guards, the executioners, claiming that his majestic beak shall rip apart their entrails. At that moment, the torches dim, and the tragedian portraying Timos is replaced by an actual Pteryx, obviously captured from the Teeth of Naros itself. The fowl tragedian proceeded to attack his fellow actors along with members of the crowd who stood to close. In the end, the cast, with members of the audience and Straton

himself, managed to slay the Pteryx. It way a rousing end to a rather drab experience, but again, it was completely devoid of meaningful narrative.

Of course, most of the audience enjoyed the performance, anyway. They were given the opportunity to participate in Pteryx slaying. But I fear Straton is losing his touch. It is clear now that he lacks the bold, confident direction that Andronikos provided his works.

Tirin's Rest Hymnal

Unknown

A church hymnal from Tirin's Rest.

Supplementary to the Llyferion's Hymns

Who Lyria Loves

She who Lyria loves, Lyria protects

He who is pure of heart and mind she guards

She who stands among the proud is blessed

But he who's not worthy from Galafor is banned

A Mighty Time

Remember when it was, when the Fae marched on our lands

Remember how they marched in war, marched with bloody hands

And know though they are wicked, and know though they are vile

That they were tools of Lyria's wrath, and destined all the while

Blessed Galafor

Galafor

Good and pure

Fae no more

No vagrant and no poor

Not since the war

In Galafor

To All Civilians

Unknown

Dear Sir or Madam

The free poeple of the Dokkalfar naion, aling with their valiant allies, fight the Tuatah in order for all to enjoy a safe and happy peace. As the war rages on, the call goes out to all courageous folk to jouin the ranks of the Dokkalfar army, wether you be willing to wield a blade, tend to the wounded, or otherwise support the cause.

Under Lyrias's grace, we will prevail!

To Brother Fallon I

Luminitsa

My Dear Brother Fallon,

I hope the autumn weather finds you well. You will be glad to know I have tried the combinations of herbs and treesap as you suggested. The result was better by far.

I do sometimes stop to wonder, how alike you and I are. Yet you are the trusted saint, and I the suspicioned witch. Your skills as a herbalist aside, I suppose that you give them order and assurance. I give truth of things to come, often a bitter drink even in the smallest doses.

Yours,

Luminitsa

To Brother Fallon II

Luminita

A small neat, letter penned in a small, neat hand.

My Dear Brother Fallon,

I would never deny you the right to truth. But the fact remains, I am not trusted as you are, even though who we are and what we do is not so very different.

Speaking of our work, there is troubling news from town. Boggarts are out in numbers, which of course means Blood Plague. If Astrid does not send for you in several days, you might make the trip yourself. The town will need the medicine. Every day, there are more of them right at our doors!

Yours,

Luminita

To Ewa

Jubal Caledus

Regarding Your Letter

Dearest Ewa,

Thank you for your concern. I am well aware of the lack of learning in the newest members of our order. If nothing else, this should lend some credence to Rasp's concerns, as it seems that more people are becoming attuned to magic, including those who have never had formal tutelage.

- Archsage Jubal Caledus

To Her

Einar Abergast

An old, battered journal. The ink has bled through many pages.

To Coriana

I love you, I will always love you. I write this now not in happiness, but knowing that I will never have your love in return. You chose your family over me, and while they may grow old and die, I know they will always be a part of you. I wish that it could be me instead.

I am writing this letter to you. It will be my letter, my gift, the thoughts and emotions of a man wholly devoted to you, once. I don't know what I am now. But if I live to be as old as this desk, this chair, these halls, I will every day write to you. I will every day commit my thoughts to this page. Until my well runs dry, until my pen crumbles to dust, until either you are finally in my arms again, or I have died alone. I promise, I will write to you. I promise. I promise. I promise. I promise.

If I could talk to you now, or maybe if I could bear to approach you, I would ask you why. Not angrily. I'm not hateful. I simply want to know why. Why did you do it? Why did you leave me alone? Why? When did I harm you? I would expect the truth. Did you really think it was for the best? Do you not remember the time we spent together, and the happiness we shared? Were those not real to you? They seem as a dream to me, but I know you felt the same as I. I know you were scared. I was too, but not because I didn't think it was right. It was right. It was our greatest chance at happiness in the world. The war, disease, poverty, slavery, torture would be bearable if I had you. I could endure all of that, if I had your love. Was it not the same for you? If it wasn't, did you lie to me? Was it all a lie?

LOOK AT WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO ME. I HAVE DONE THIS TO MYSELF. I DON'T CARE ANYMORE. I DON'T CARE. THIS IS THEIR

FAULT AND THEY WILL PAY. YOUR FAMILY YES YOUR FAMILY
THOSE PEOPLE THAT YOU PRETEND TO LOVE AND WHY? BECAUSE
THEY GAVE BIRTH TO YOU? I WILL KILL THEM.

I will, in my sorrowful robes, bring Death.

This book explains how Einar Abergast turned from a lover into a priest of
Belen, the god of death.

To Lady Ansilla 1

Lord Erran Gastyr

Letter to Ansilla

Lady Ansilla,

You think you had the best of me with that little maneuver yesterday, but you are sadly mistaken. I offer my condolences to your family for producing such a miserable failure as yourself. It is in their best interests that you maintain what little dignity you have left and allow your almost as incompetent son succeed you.

Lord Gastyr

To Lady Ansilla 2

Lord Erran Gastyr

A hastily written note is crossed out with strong pen strokes.

To Lady Ansilla

If you weren't such a disgraceful and pathetic ruler of your own hearth, you wouldn't have so much lawlessness amongst your property and have to accuse your betters of it. Just because you would stoop to such a level doesn't mean that anyone else would.

Lord Gastyr

To Lady Ansilla 3

Lord Erran Gastyr

A smiling face and flowery patterns illustrate this letter

To Foolish Ansilla

Once again you prove the endless depths of your stupidity. You will pay for this trespass, I promise. There is nothing you should fear more than my reprisal. You have roused my ire for the last time, and now you and your damned family will pay. I would curse your house were it not so obviously doomed from your wretched misguidance.

The True Lord of Caeled Coast,

Gastyr

To Lord Gastyr 1

Lady Ansilla

In Response Your Letter

Thank you for your concern regarding my family, but I strongly suggest you save it for your own, lest your wife gives birth to another man's child again. The first three times were scandalous enough, now it borders to triteness. As for what you say happened two days ago, I have no idea what you are referring to--I had business in Rathir, at the time.

Lady Ansilla

To Lord Gastyr 2

Lady Ansilla

To Lord Gastyr

I assume in your juvenile sense of honour you found that comedic. Let me educate you on the subtleties of warfare: what you did today is the equivalent of topping your wife; that is, easily accomplished. The next time you try such a feat, you should aspire to something noteworthy, a first for you, I'm sure.

Lady Ansilla

To Lord Gastyr 3

Lady Ansilla

To the late Lord Gastyr,

As the 'almost as incompetent son,' I will make sure my first order of business will be to repay you in kind for what you did to my mother. I hope one of your many bastard children can retain the tenuous grasp of control you have on your land. It would be so boring otherwise.

Lord Ansilla

To Luminitsa I

Brother Fallon

Good Luminitsa,

I am so glad my advice about the sap was of use. You flatter me, though. The idea for the poultice was yours to begin with. I hope you have not waited to share it with Astrid.

You may be right, that I bring order, but I hope I do not lie in my reassurance. Death itself is part of Mitharu's order, and Fate is His plan yet unrealized.

Blessings in Mitharu,

Brother Fallon

Tome Of Artifacts I

Unknown

Introduction

The Fae, as creatures of magic, have created a host of artifacts imbued with their essences. We provide this book as an index of these magical items, both for those interested in pursuing these treasures as well as those wishing to be entertained. This book is divided into three parts; covering trinkets of relatively minor magical power, relics of powerful magic, and finally cursed items. Where knowledge of the item is scant or limited, we try our best to direct the reader to other works on the subject. This book serves as the foundation for Encyclopedia Magicka, wherein we list the entirety of magical items known to all peoples of Amalur.

One observation that could be made upon reading this text is that there are only superficial differences between some of the items we categorize as of a lesser nature, and those of a greater one. The differences may appear slight to the layman's eye, however, in our experiences the actual use of the item is closer to the broader category it resides in than not. There is a specific aspect of greater or lesser magical nature that separates these items. Where the effects of the item are unknown, we have estimated the nature of the item to the best of our abilities. In all cases, the magic of the Fae is an unpredictable force. We encourage those who would seek this magic to do so with the utmost caution.

Finally, we highly recommend avoiding the cursed artifacts at all cost. Usually, a curse placed upon an item will go into effect immediately upon receiving it. Most of them will imperil the very lives of any non-Fae victim, and almost all of them involve an intricate and complicated manner of removing the curse. Some of the fabled items found within the lesser or greater sections may in fact be cursed. Where possible, we have recorded the method of purifying the item or purging the curse from oneself.

Tome Of Artifacts IV

Unknown

Chapter IV: The Eye of Amman

The Eye of Amman is a cursed Fae artifact, said to bring an affliction of the elements upon its owner. It is a bright red jewel, and shines even in the darkest of places. It is approximately the size of an eye, hence its name. It exudes a slight warmth, and those in possession of the jewel have claimed they were irresistibly drawn to it. Indeed, some of the magic in this artifact may be enchanting the wearer, as is custom with many cursed items. According to popular myth, the Eye of Amman was placed in the Fae Hollow known as Syl by Amman as a cruel trick. Knowing that mortals would be drawn to the promise of riches, he crafted the gem to be remarkably brilliant. Then, he cursed the gem so that one could never get rid of it unless it was willingly taken from its owner. Finally, he set upon it a curse of elemental magic, such that fire, ice, and lightning would bring indescribable pain to any who wear the Eye. Or so the rumors proclaim. It is said that there is a way to cleanse the gem of its curse by bringing it back to the altar found in Syl. It is a dangerous journey, but we imagine it is one well worth the risk if the effects of the gem's curse are real.

Town Charter

Priestess Aurela Corlon

The legal charter for the village of Tirin's Rest.

Tirin's Rest: Village Charter

Priestess Aurela Corelon

It being one year since the War has left the Plains of Erathell, and our village during all the storm and fever having been spared entirely of harm, let it be hereby resolved:

We who dwell here so solemnly swear that it was Lyria and Lyria alone, Goddess of Fate, who spared our lives and livelihoods, and it is SHE we thank that we live and thrive today.

And I, Priestess Aurela Corelon, having heard the voice of my Goddess, Lady Lyria, call me unto service, shall serve this place as mayor and as guide. It is the wish of all and my humble duty to do so.

In honor of the blessings bestowed upon us, this village, once known as Ljosavik, shall now be known as Tirin's Rest, for it was here that the Priestess Bayala Tirin made camp, on her way to Rathir, spreading word of Lyria's greatness where she went.

We, the new people of new-named Tirin's Rest, declare this Valley of Galafor to be the Valley of the Blessed. For those who Lyria did not love were cast out. While those who loved her dearly and wholly, she favored with safety and respite in times of war. From hence onward, none shall dwell in our valley who have not been similarly blessed. For it is a sacred place, and not be profaned by the common lot.

Travelers Tales

Unknown

Harrol, How Your Wounds are Small

Harrol was a saucy lad,

Of grins and jeers and gropes.

The coin he gave to the common lass

He won from common dopes.

But the local girls knew Harrol well

In daytime and the dark,

And though he had their fun, all told,

His actions left their mark.

No girl for evening fun was found

When Harrol had his ale.

But what about Harrol's small wounds?

In here you'll find the tale.

He took his drink and stumbled out

Into the darkened wood.

For a Fae wench he gave a shout.

Though it did him no good

Until he tripped, and fell, and cursed -
So blinded by the dark.
And though his luck had seemed the worst
He soon sang like a lark
"This is the fur of a Fae maid!"
He said in slurred voice!
"She's huge and limp, and fair for play!"
He made the only choice.
His trousers down, his passions flared
He groped with drunken hand.
And when his love did not respond,
He began as he dared.
But it was not a Fae, you know
That Harrol laid with then.
The bear did not wake to tell him so.
'Til Harrol tried again.
He got a scratch, a bite, a paw.
Not strange for Harrol's deeds.
But in the moonlight, when he saw
He should have taken heed.

He stumbled back to town,
strength spent,
And no pants to his name.
And knew that he must soon repent.
Before the teasing came.
Harrol said he fought a bear,
And stretched his tale so tall
But many seemed to take it true.
But though his wounds were small.

Tuesday

Father Etair

Journal of Father Etair

Tuesday

We broke through this morning. It was a grand adventure. I led the way, dangling from a series of cords and timbers, a puppet on a string. Exciting! I must confess that such breathtaking risks are not the usual labors of a mission father. Of course, what is but prayer? I would do it again in an instant. Exciting!

The old well was in better condition than we'd anticipated. Brother Wulf and I were able to penetrate the collapsed stone within several hours of digging, and soon reached the lake beneath. Water levels were low, likely because of the endless heat we've been experiencing in Haxhi this spring. Not a day passes that I don't pray for the health of my Sky Blossom and Cohosh. May the Authority protect them from this oppressive blaze!

As we prepared the pulley lines and removed debris, the oddest thing happened. Beneath the earth, far in the depths of the well, Wulf made an interesting discovery. It was a crystal. I've seen a great many gems and stones, but I've never seen anything like this in all of my days.

It is quite obvious to me that the crystal possesses magical properties, for its surface moves with a rippling aura, like light wavering over the water, but that is all I can gather without performing more experiments. My next few days will be spent in close observation.

Tyr's Journal I

Tyr Magnus

Journal of Tyr Magnus

Word from the Gambling den has it that Jokull has been buying up valuables off the deceased gladiators. He's working some scheme, I can feel it. What does he want with Arda's Greaves? They're finely crafted, but he's not going to turn a profit by selling them to another gladiator. Jokull bears watching.

Tyr's Journal II

Tyr Magnus

Journal of Tyr Magnus

Father's greatsword, the Gentleman's Favor, has been stolen. Presumably when the retainers brought his body back to the Gladiator Pit- I should feed them to the Fae in Alserund for this. No doubt the sword will surface in the black market at some point, to be bought by some grubby Gambling Den patron.

Tyr's Journal III

Tyr Magnus

Journal of Tyr Magnus

The beast tamers deliver yet another Fae beast from the Hollows of Alserund; the afternoon exhibition will be splendid - and I am reminded once again of my ingenuity in establishing Valor Arena as a place of business. It was a battle to bribe the vendors into moving their enterprises and their families to the desert; and it was a long and arduous task to carve the road through Alserund, but now my Arena is the jewel of Detyre. The resulting revenue is reaching staggering heights.

Tyr's Journal IV

Tyr Magnus

Journal of Tyr Magnus

I've sold Hroth Magnus' breastplate to Thora Woolstring, who will undoubtedly re-sell it for some degree of profit. With that, I have digested myself of father's possessions, save for this grand Arena, which will soon become as unfamiliar to him as the concept of financial stability.

Vernis' Report

Vernis

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Village Of Canneroc

Unknown

A book about the founding of the village of Canneroc.

Prologue

The villages of Dalentarth have a relatively common theme amongst them -- they are usually a haven for mortals that are unsure (or afraid of) the magical woods that surround them. Indeed, the forest has never offered much in the way of safe haven for those that wander through them -- but, perhaps there is none quite as ominous or foreboding as Webwood. All the same, one can find a village here, like any other -- the village of Canneroc.

The village name is allegedly a corruption of some fae term for the forest -- a word which has long since been forgotten. Formed by the intrepid (if not deranged) settlers that saw profit in harvesting the silk from the nests of giant spiders, Canneroc is relatively safe because it sits on an island. It is rare for the giant spiders to actively seek out prey, so the village does manage to eke out a peaceful, if not gloomy, existence. Its size has fluctuated like any town whose entire purpose is structured on a single resource -- in times when Canneroc gossamer is valuable, the amount of workers increase, and in time of poverty, they wane.

But there are those whose ancestors have been there since the town was founded. The Aidehs, as my research shows, came to the town not as silkfarmers, but to provide housing for the once-constant influx of visitors. The inn, though decrepit, still stands to this day. The Vernts are another family reputed in the village, and are among the oldest of the silkfarmers. Lastly, the Vauner family has been known to provide protections against the spiders for years, in the form of anti-venom.

In truth, it is a curious burg, but it is oddly impressive to visit the village and see that, though incredibly out of place, that it has stood and continues to stand.

Visit The Craft Hall

Unknown

The large, simple lettering on this sheet of paper suggests it was made to be tacked to a tree or tavern wall.

The Famed Craft Hall Of the Artisans of Didenhil

Where in all Dalentarth can such a panoply of fine crafted goods be found beneath one roof? Fine metalwork of Inga Risberg, the exquisite potions of Oleander Sinclair, quilts and headwraps of the most stunning needlework!

Our goods are known and sold from Odarath to Emaire!

Voyage Of The Barufakir

Unknown

A book about the royal Dvergan ship Barufakir and its captain, Prince Kaleva.

Voyage of the Barufakir

The Barufakir was one of the two royal ships of the Dverga fleet, captained by Prince Kaleva Maht. Its counterpart was the Naglfar, captained by Kaleva's father, King Maht. While the King's ship was blessed with the ability to safely navigate any seas, the Prince's ship was imbued with great speed. They sailed together at the head of the fleet, searching for a new home for the Dverga in the lands called Grundholm.

One day, the fleet came across an island that looked to be suitable for settlement. The Naglfar, closer to shore, skirted the coast to determine the best place to land. The Barufakir, meanwhile, proceeded to scout the surrounding waters. In the sea east of the island, Kaleva and his crew encountered a violent tempest. Beyond the tempest, the Prince glimpsed what appeared to be an island. Undeterred by the storm, the reckless prince sailed onwards, believing the Barufakir's speed would protect him.

As soon as the ship entered the periphery of the tempest, it was pulled fully into the swirling storm. The Dvergan crew of the Barufakir swept into the deadly waters by mighty waves, and the ship was dashed against the jagged reef surrounding the hidden island. Though he held on with all his strength, Kaleva was washed overboard as the Barufakir splintered beneath his feet. Knocked unconscious and nearly drowned, the Prince would not awaken for several days.

Prince Kaleva awoke famished and thirsty on the hidden island's sandy beach. Beyond the shore lay the roiling tempest which churned endlessly and obscured the seas beyond it. The remains of the Barufakir, impaled upon the reefs and shoals within the storm, were slowly slipping beneath the water.

Though he combed the sands for survivors, Kaleva only found the broken bodies of his crew. No one else had survived. After foraging for food, he consigned his dead crewmen to the depths and built himself a small shelter.

By the end of the first week, Prince Kaleva realized that he was not alone on the island.

War Giving Pamphlet

Unknown

Doing Your Part

Though Fae have been driven from the Plains of Erathell, do not think the war is won! Even now, we have sons and daughters huddling in the gloom of Klurikon. There, in the Winter Lands, it is cold, and our darling children need socks, blankets, new swords, and fine confections.

Give what you can to send all these things and other Necessaries to the Front. Collections are taken by Meyra at the Reedsong Inn, or directly at the box in the Sanctuary.

Warsworn In The War

Unknown

War Dispatch Record

All figures recorded from summer of 248 to summer of 249:

Hirelings recruited: 412

Pledgeshield promotions: 83

Pledgeshields war-readied: 75

Pledgeshields to Klurikon: 74

Pledgeshields in Klurikon (at start): 846

Pledgeshields in Klurikon (at end): 802

Casualties during this time: 119

Warsworn Ledger

Unknown

An old item used to record missions of the Warsworn's mercenaries.

Shieldring Keep: Mission Brief

We've been asked by concerned citizens in Gorhart and Didenhill to suppress a potential ettin War party from forming. Seems the two-headed brutes can become a sizeable threat when organized.

As best we can tell, the ettin are flocking to four prominent Shaman who are calling for a war: they go by Duxtir, Ansir, Merog, and Sul. Taking out all of them should stop this movement before it truly starts.

Killing four ettin is a hard enough task. Having an army of the bastards between you and them is worse. But times are hard and we need the coin. There's a good chance that you won't all make it back. But that was the oath you took, and this is the job we have.

May the gods help you.

Warsworn Ranks

Unknown

An official-looking Warsworn document.

Ranks and Stations of the Warsworn Order

Tine Delfric: Ancient-of-War, Castellan of Shieldring Keep

Grian Shane: Castellan of Helmgard Keep

Oda Celfred: Castellan of Ironfast Keep

Sverri Kura: Amaldor (Mel Senshir)

Gwyn Anwy: Keeper of Monuments

Lirin Cynric: Keeper of the Documents

Idwold Freyward: Curate of Shieldring Keep

Hanrik Aulde: Curate of Helmgard Keep

Adrith Deofrit: Curate of Ironfast Keep

Warsworn Record

Unknown

Record Of Jottun Incursions

In the time of Castellan Hostrum Krell, four major Jottun conflicts took place. The first marked the rise and fall of Ragnarr Vokvekk. It is thought this was the moment the Warsworn first earned the respect of the highland clans. The second incursion did not directly involve the Warsworn or any other civilized race. Two Ragnarr had arisen and bloody in-fighting among the clans spilled onto the sands below. The third incursion took place when Castellan Hostrum attempted to intervene, resulting in a crippling wound that eventually killed him. The final conflict arose from a drought, followed by a famine, in the southern mountains.

Two incursions are recorded in Castellan Oda Celfred's time. First, during the lawless time between Ragnarrs near the start of her term as Castellan, and second, shortly after the collapse of Tearscotter Mine, after the Praetorian Guard had withdrawn and chaos overran Menetyre.

Warsworn Recruitment Letter

Warsworn

This letter was sent out by the Warsworn in an effort to bolster their ranks. They have taken heavy losses from the war.

Are you Sworn to War?

For all those skilled in the weapons of war, or adept in the strategy of warfare, there is a place for you. Bring this letter to the nearest Warsworn Keep, and find the honor, glory, fame, and riches known only to the members of this mighty company. Become sworn to war, and discover your true greatness.

The Warsworn Order

Well Progress Log

Fomorous Hugues

Experiments are now successfully recreating bodies 97.5% of the time - any missing limbs or extra fingers are now probably how the original subject looked, rather than a magical flux on our end. However, full revivification still eludes us. Even with increased testing, products are nothing more than inert lumps of skin and bone - although the occasional spasm or twitch does allow hope of full success in the future.

I know some of you complain that we should use cadavers and skip the corpse recreation altogether, but you must know we'd never be allowed to experiment with a subject's actual body. We may be working to recreate life, but that hardly allows us to desecrate the dead. Any further complaints can be brought to me directly.

-Fomorous Hugues

Weniret's Journal

Weniret Soll

Didn't find much on my last venture through Tala-Rane. People have been calling it a barren ruin for years, and I'm starting to wonder if they're finally right. With each visit, more and more beasts have infested the ruins, and fewer treasures can be found in its recesses. Soon, the whole area might be sucked dry of its hidden riches.

I'm taking a short rest in Ayten before I take another excursion into the ruins. Still had no sign of the Aster inheritance. I'm beginning to think that it's already been recovered. Perhaps it was a myth all along. I have hope that my next visit to Tala-Rane will bring me fortune; if it does not, then it may be my last. To hell with the sodding place.

Wildfroid's Notes

Wildfroid

The Talisman of Fate

Later, the body of Lord Ohn was discovered, dead, naked, stripped of his potent enchanted armor and weapons. Lord Ysa survived the battle, only to die a few days later after declaring victory in the Gardens of the Seelie, which were later named the Garden of Ysa. Before his death, Lord Ysa ordered the plains searched for the page and the Talisman of Fate, but neither were ever found.

Zefwyn's Log

Zefwyn Lan

An account of various shipwrecks found on the island of Gallows End.

Zefwyn's Log

Alfar Warship III

This wreck was in pieces, hard to tell it was even a ship once. The captain was still alive, at least for a bit. Apparently they were on leave from Mel Senshir, headed back to Rathir. They never made it back, but at least they won't have to fight anymore.

Red Legion Sloop II

The Red Legion aren't the feared pirates they once were, but they still frequent the Frostbreak Sea. It appears this one had been attacked by a Dvergan Raider, as the wood was scorched by dwarven fire. There were no survivors.

Marsariol Circus Ship I

I'd only seen these ships in person as a boy, but for some reason this circus ship wandered this far north. The bright colors painted onto its wood gave it away. There were no survivors, but there was a case of wine, which I've hidden safely away for future use.

Gnomish Trireme II

Another scholar ship washed ashore. Whatever they were hoping to research will just have to remain a mystery a little bit longer. I found piles upon piles of notes and books, but nothing valuable. I've been using the paper to keep my fire going these last few nights.

Almain Sojourner I

When i found the wreck there were a dozen survivors, but Dead Kel got the jump on me. I narrowly escaped with my life, but can't say the same for the settlers.

Arcane Carrack I

It's always a bit dangerous sifting through the wreck of a mage ship. Magical traps abound. Fortunately I didn't lose any fingers, and I did manage to find a nice wand. I think I'll see if I can't trade it to someone in Cape Solace for something more useful.

Dvergan Raider III

This wreck had actually been here quite awhile. Might even have been around from the time the Dverga settled the island. Plenty of seasteel aboard, which I can give to Paddy in case he ever does manage to reclaim that keep.