

APPENDIX 6: LORE OF NOTE

This document is meant to provide the highlights of Eras lore, rather than an exhaustive account, and focus on what might be known to the average player character. Special attention is given to Kordi history, due to its relevance to the game’s setting. All contents within are considered common or easily attained, knowledge to anyone living in, or who have recently moved to the game’s setting.

THE CALENDAR

Months, or “moons.” Each year is divided up into twelve “moons,” which correspond exactly to the twelve months of our real-life calendar. The in-game calendar is based on the turning of the seasons, with four special mid-season names. They are listed below. Dates are signified as, for example, “the eighth day of Winterfall” or, in shorthand, “24th Feasting.”

January	<i>Silencing</i>	July	<i>Feasting</i>
February	<i>Winterfall</i>	August	<i>Summerfall</i>
March	<i>Springrise</i>	September	<i>Autumnrise</i>
April	<i>Thawing</i>	October	<i>Reaping</i>
May	<i>Springfall</i>	November	<i>Autumnfall</i>
June	<i>Summerrise</i>	December	<i>Winterrise</i>

PEOPLE OF NOTE

Archos Sihala, the “Selfless.” Born to a weaver family of the now extant Kowi clan, Sihala was the first leader of the Kordi Nation. After Sikon the Binder conquered the Kowi and relocated them to his great city, Sihala’s aptitude for magic drew the attention of the subjugated clan leaders. The girl was rumored to be favored by the Silver God, and at only 17 years of age, became the spearhead of the rebellion that would overthrow Sikon Mase from his position as ruler. After liberating the city from the warlord’s control, she offered freedom to the clans people and opened the city’s gate. While several clans departed for their natal homelands, the majority had come to see the potential in a united city, if they had freedom within it. The vote amongst the remaining clan leaders was unanimous, and though she declined the title of High Chief, Sihala of Kowi became the leader of the united city, and, soon after, led her people to take the surrounding strongholds. The Kordi Nation was formed.

Sihala is remembered by the people as being a constant and comforting presence in the capital city of Dantria, even more so after the start of the Half-Century War. Her mane of cornsilk hair and piercing gray eyes, paired with her gentle demeanor, lead many to believe the Archos may capture the heart of a prince of Ivrea and unite the nations. However, despite several serious consorts, Sihala refused to marry and dedicated her life to the pursuit of magical discoveries and the war that began shortly after the start of her

formal reign as Archos. Amongst her many magical breakthroughs, Sihala honed and developed the modern art of ritualism, including the one to seal the Flaming Gate through to the realm of Prytania. She earned her moniker for her greatest feat: sacrificing herself as the keystone of the ritual and ending the Half-Century War.

- **The Sealing of the Flaming Gate, 4th-6th of Thawing, Year 0.**

As Thawing came to Dantria, the combined forces of the Kordi, Bari, and many displaced Abkhat burst forth from the great city, and, for the first time, they moved towards the Flaming Gate. Their goal was simple in logic but monumental in action: secure the Gate and its immediate environs. The pounding of boots and hooves on the ground shook the earth as the massive force spread out and surrounded it on all fronts. One brave division plunged fearlessly in, stemming the flow of incoming invaders at the source. The battle raged and raged, as each group struggled to amass a front to defend. Countless times it appeared the Prytanis would breakthrough one, but through superior tactical maneuvers and sheer force of will, the fronts fought back and held their lines into the night. The Prytanis were pushed back, and four clear fronts were secured.

Before daybreak on the 5th, the heads of the five Great Houses and their leader, Sihala stood fast and ready, knowing they had but little time once the sun rose. Horns sounded throughout the city, and they knew the time had come. The army had again engaged the Prytanis forces, cleared the area, and was fighting for their lives, it was now or never. The group set off quietly, guarded by small contingents of the most elite warriors. They quickly parted ways en route to their designated locations for the ritual, knowing that they would have to sacrifice one of their precious lifestones for the good of not only the nation but the Known World. What they didn't know at the time, was that one of them would not be returning.

As the night wore on, the soldiers grew weary, the relentless nature of their opponents on full display. As their strength waned and the fronts began to slowly fail, a great silver light erupted from the center of the gate and suddenly... it was gone. With the disappearance of the Flaming Gate, the enemies were broken and quickly scattered to the sound of cheers and cries from those who had survived the great ordeal. The Ard Tiarnas converged on the very center of the ritual, in the shadow of the former gate, to where Archos Sihala had stood. The Archos had given everything, all her remaining life and the very flesh of her body to channel the powers of the ritual to seal the gate. In her place stood only the circlet that adorned her head, and her staff bearing its distinctive wolf face, which never left her side. The fabled Staff of Sihala was passed amongst them, each taking a turn to say a short eulogy in her honor, after which they emerged and held the staff up to the surviving troops as the symbol of the great sacrifice made to achieve their victory.

Many other heroic names emerged from the battles, tales of valor, and legendary deeds that still live on to this day, but many did not survive, many saw their final days holding back the final onslaught and now look down upon the nation from the stars above, happy to know that the gate is gone and peace can come again.

Archos Etelin janSihala. The younger child of the late Archos Sihala, Etelin was born and raised at the height of the Half-Century War. She was trained in both the physical and magical arts along with her twin brother, Leon, and became increasingly active in her mother's court as she grew. Although Etelin did not share her mother's same aptitude for inventions and discoveries, she did inherit the late Archos's spirit in battle. In her mid-teens, Etelin had already begun to develop her own method of magical combat, combining

her natural talent for magic with her acute sense of battle and honed fighting skills. Etelin quickly became a fixture of the capital city's patrols, and when the Kordi Military was finally founded, Etelin was counted amongst the commanders. Her exploits on the battlefield were well renowned and she became known for serving as the vanguard of many battles, leaving mounds of dead Prytanis and elemental incarnations in her wake.

At the close of the war, Etelin took up the mantle of Archos alongside her brother and stepped into the role of public figurehead and leader. Since then, she has leaned on her connections with the soldiers and Tigues to reach out to the various people of the nation, and used her influence to provide aid and support as the people of Kordi began the laborious rebuilding process. As the more publicly facing of the pair of rulers, she's become well regarded by the people and is widely credited with extending the first call to other cultures, offering them respite from the ravages of the war. Etelin is known for taking a very hands-on approach to her rule and remains active in military operations when called upon.

Archos Leon janSihala. Leon janSihala was born 22 years before the end of the war during a siege from the enemies from Prytania. Born a twin to his sister Etelin, the rallying cry from the capital as a result of their birth drove back the invaders, ending the siege. Over the following 15 years, Leon and his sister were held safe within the capital as they grew in strength and influence next to their mother. Leon quickly displayed an affinity for the magical studies that his mother was so famed for, as such he spent a significant amount of time in the libraries studying and experimenting with magic. By age 16, Leon was already considered one of the foremost experts in magic and ritualism and was used as a consultant for the active Myschos Hathal Wason.

As the war drew on and the outcome began to look bleak, Leon took to his studies in an attempt to better understand the magical forces that were giving the enemies strength. During his studies, Leon made the startling discovery that the Prytanis communicated via a group-like hivemind. This discovery gave the Kordi the understanding they needed to gain a tactical advantage over their enemy as they were able to feed false information and tactics into their collective intelligence, confusing their ranks. Leon was also a key member of the team that developed the ritual to seal the Flaming Gate to effectively end the invasion.

After the conclusion of the war and his ascension to the joint rank of Archos with his sister, Leon took control of the magical research and development across all of Kordi. Leon founded the Hall of AlsoSona, an organization independent of the government composed of elite mages and magic scholars dedicated to progressing magical research.

Aislinn Wisinha, Ard Tiarna. Aislinn of the Wisinha clan succeeded her mother, who had given numerous life stones to guard the clanspeople against the constant attacks of Sikon the Binder's warriors. With the threat of subjugation growing stronger each day, Aislinn raised her voice at the council of the river clans and suggested that they withdraw east past the mountains, to the thick forests. The other chiefs agreed, and just before the first snow fell, the clans followed her lead through the pass on Ton Mohr, leaving Sikon's forces to pursue them into the mountains, where they were halted by a storm. This began a legacy of wise counsel from Aislinn to the people who settled in the Riverlands, and she grew in influence as the proximity of the hiding clans brought the people together.

When the Prytanis eventually found their way past the mountains, and the clans faced a new threat, they turned to Aislinn for guidance. Under the sharp command of their new High Chief, the clans held their ground for several years until the constant onslaught of foes wore down their defenses. It was Aislinn who

rode out from the remaining shelter of the Riverlands, back through the mountain pass, around the south of Lake Capaill, and to the new capital city of the Kordi. There, she met with Archos Sihala and brokered a deal for the protection of the many lives that were in her care. The people of the Riverlands became citizens of the Kordi Nation, with Aislinn appointed as their Ard Tiarna. She served as both a leader to her people and a close friend and confidant to the Archos. She died in battle, helping to bring in refugees from Kair Kolun in -19. Her bloodline runs strong to this day through the Ard Laird House of Wisinha.

Prioms Sane & Kete Lanton. Twins Kete and Sane Lanton are the grandchildren of the prominent Ard Tiarna, Sorcha Lanton, one of the founders of the Kordi Nation, and now act as Prioms of the 1st and 2nd Omada, respectively. After an impressive command of the forces of House Lanton during the Battle of Din Eidin, the pair were appointed the task of unifying the nation's warriors, both Bari and Kordi alike, into one entity. They are responsible for the creation of the Kordi Military and the Order of Tigues and were instrumental in organizing the final battle of the Half-Century War. Former advisors of Archos Sihala, the pair now serve as the Conslos to Archi Etelin and Leon, whom they have known since childhood. They are both a consistent and popular presence in the capital, known for their generosity, but also their bright manes of auburn hair. Many people suspect that Priom Kete Lanton and Archos Etelin janSihala will one day marry, and recountings of their back-to-back fights during the battles of the Half-Century War have inspired many bardic tales.

- **The Battle of Din Eidin, 8th Summerfall to 17th of Winterrise, Year -5.**

The Battle of Din Eidin was more a battle of wits and patience than of outright strength. The Wason stronghold was the last of the four major cities to hold out throughout the Prytanis invasion, crediting their well-fortified walls and wide moats as unbreachable after withstanding multiple attack attempts. When the stronghold fell under siege in early Summerfall, the guards drew up the bridges and reinforced the doors, ready for a long wait. The falcons sent to the capital assured the Archos of stores set to last for months. They did not anticipate the previously impatient Prytanis to hold position, quietly testing the moat and walls, ready to strike. When the first early frost of winter set the water, they began their attack and did not cease. Armed like never previously seen, the Prytanis bombarded the walls, launched flaming debris into the store buildings, and barricaded any means of escape.

When the call for aid finally reached Dantria, the majority of the mobilized forces of the city guard had already been dispatched to a nearby Abkhathi settlement for aid. The Archos turned to the forces of House Lanton, and they rode out just as the first flurry fell on the capital. The Lanton contingent, lead by Sekemi janNeera, took up ranks behind the Prytanis siege camp, harrying them to weaken their fortified position. As the battle wore on, the entrenched Prytanis forces breached the walls and began ransacking everything in their path turning the formerly well-fortified city into nothing more than a cage. The evacuation order was given, and the citizens of Din Eidin were told to escape by any means necessary. With the sound of horns and bells ringing across Din Eidin, the Lanton forces regrouped and launched one concentrated push through the battle lines of the Prytanis.

The warriors fought valiantly and were successful in breaking through the siege lines, at the cost of their commander's life. With their commander gone, the Lanton forces fell into disarray as the cities gates flew open and evacuees came streaming out by the hundreds. Amongst the confusion, the young warrior twins of the Lanton family, Kete and Sane, rallied the troops to their banner, stabilizing the mayhem, and began moving into the city to retrieve as many survivors as possible. The Lanton forces maintained the

escape path and secured large portions of the city to provide safe escape paths for residents trapped by the invaders.

In the end, the city fell to the invaders, but thousands of evacuees were saved due to the combined heroics of Din Eidin residents and the warriors of House Lanton. In recognition of their accomplishments, Kete and Sane Lanton were appointed as leaders of the army upon its official founding and went on to command the Kordi forces through to the end of the war. The late commander has since become known as Sekemi "Spearhead" janNeera, and is celebrated for his sacrifice to break the siege.

PLACES OF NOTE

Dantria, Kordi. Located along the southern border, on an island in the middle of the Kordiso River, Dantria is the capital city of Kordi. Originally designed to protect a warlord as he sought to conquer the clans of the region, the city was expanded to accommodate the ever-growing number of inhabitants as each successive clan was brought within. Dantria is often called the "Ever-Growing City" as, except for times of siege during the Half-Century War, construction and expansion have never ceased. The city was built on and into a large hill and was thus laid out in a series of three tiers from the hill's crest, downwards. The tiers are separated by large retaining walls ranging from 30 to 40 feet, topped by battlements and the occasional guard tower. Five grand, stone staircases, each topped by a guardhouse, allow for passage between the middle and bottom tiers. From the middle to the top tier, there is only one, north-facing staircase.

Within the top tier of Dantria sits the castle. The Outer Ward is home to the headquarters of the Kordi Military on the right and the offices of the four major branches of the government on the left, separated by a cobbled path. Beyond is the Main Ward, and within it, the Silver Spire, thusly named for the iridescent hue of the stones in the sunlight, and the five wings that diverge from its base. The middle tier of the city is known for its wide causeways, lush gardens, and beautifully engineered manor houses. It serves as a second home for the sovereign landed houses, as well as several of the more wealthy, landed families from the surrounding cities. Its broad central plaza, which leads to the ascending staircase, is lined with many of the finer crafter's shops, trading halls, and the offices of lower-ranking government officials. The bottom tier is by far the most expansive, serving as the home and place of work for most of the city's inhabitants. The streets are narrower, and buildings more condensed to maximize usage of space, but great care is taken to maintain a well-manicured and comfortable environment. The bustle of the city gives way to several miles of farmlands, and a final wall to mark the edge of the city limits.

Hafahra, Abkhat. The city of Hafahra is located towards the center of the Akbhat lands. It sits along the northern edge of the uninhabited plains that border Mt. Cyris. Lava has never reached the settlement, as the land south of the city has been carefully graded to redirect flow with minimal changes to the environment. Due to its convenient location, trade from all corners of Abkhat runs through Hafahra, and so citizens can find almost any kind of produce at the large market in the center of the city. The Raval family has managed the city for 11 generations now and reorganized the settlement and fields to spur a new era of growth. The Raval has recently torn down the family's oldest homes and constructed public hanging gardens. A fountain shaped like Mt. Cyris sits at the city center, commissioned from a group of Cavachian sculptors. Every spring, the Raval organizes a competition; contestants compete to collect the most goldbloom that grows on the side of the volcano and celebrate the next day with food and drink prepared with the flower. The winner is rewarded with a supply of food or plants not found in Abkhat.

Kotè Onè, Kotè Onè. The circular, walled city-state of Kotè Onè sits along the sea cliffs in the southeastern coast of the Known World. Alabaster stone quarried from the cliffs comprises the majority of architecture, although the centermost district is distinct in its use of a smooth, orange-hued stone that no builder alive can identify the origin of. The five outer districts hold the majority of the populace. The city is constructed in six different districts, each with its own unique style of architecture, and designed around a center square used for socialization and festivals. Each outer district is dedicated to a different God, and within the main square in each is a carved monument to the God. The singular central district holds the All-Chosen, as well as a temple dedicated to recording the tales and philosophies of the Gods, a large school in which the city's children are reared and educated, and a massive amphitheater used during proceedings of the city's government. People will move about freely between the districts, no matter their creed, and members of all five of the major districts can be found at the bottom of the longest staircase in the Known World, hewn into the very sea cliffs, at the bustling docks. With its strong walls and strategic advantage, Kotè Onè has managed to repel most invaders over the years and continues to be a valuable source of trade for nearly every neighboring culture.

Wasserrand, Cavachs. Located directly on the banks of the Kordiso River, Wasserrand is the largest, and most northern, of the Cavachian cities. The first thing many people notice when arriving, especially if by boat, is the elegant architecture and designs on the buildings along the western edge of the river, where the most talented craftsmen and builders live. This is also where the most successful shops and traders are set up, their shops and docks the most ostentatious and adorned, to display their wares. Most notable is the stark contrast with the eastern bank of the river, where the bulk of the larger warehouses, unskilled workers, and very minor craftsmen reside in buildings that are sturdy and well-built, but unadorned and utilitarian. There are very few bridges that cross the river, and those that exist are mostly temporary and are removed when large shipments come through. The majority of travel and transportation of goods between the two banks takes place on either small transport boats or large barges. As the city tapers out to the west, the houses tend to be less elegant and include more wood in their design, especially those that approach the forests. To the east, few buildings spread too far from the river, with the threat of Waso attacks making safety in numbers a core concern. South of the city on the Western bank is a large grassy area that is sometimes used for Storage but is mostly known as the "Festival Grounds", where Wasserrand hosts the Festival when it's their turn every three years.

FOLKLORE & LEGENDS

Creation. "A very long, long time ago, before the existence of the Allos and the humans and the Prytanis and all of the creatures that walk or swim or fly, there was only a massive, empty space and the five forces that inhabited it. The empty space is known as the Eternal Realm, and the forces that inhabited it are the Gods..."

Full of mischief, the Gold God shoved the White God into the Silver God; from their collision were formed the Allos. As they bounced off of one another, the Silver God collided with the Black God once, then twice, forming the Skōti and Zidar. This knocked the Black God into the White God, and the Psari took form from spirit. On and on the gods rebounded off of one another, and every time they collided a new race was formed. Finally, three gods collided—the White God, the Silver God, and the Black God—and thus it was that humans were formed, a race unlike any other.

When the gods were finally able to look around at their many curious creations, they knew they could not all stay in the expanse of the Eternal Realm. So it was that the Brown God poured its might into The Ephemeral Realm, relinquishing its claim on its Eternal home to forge a realm built of the elements. Of weather and tides, days and seasons. And in this realm, the White God placed the humans, quickly followed by the Psari. One by one, the other realms formed, and the Silver God and Black God helped distribute the races to their new homes. Finally, when the work was done, the Black God created its own realm in which to reside, for who else would attend to the beings of spirit when they passed? They were, after all, mere mortals, and would all come to it in time.”

Dragons. Dragons are often referred to as the “most mysterious creatures on Eras.” Their origin is uncertain, although their presence within the human cultures of eras dates back to the very beginnings of time, in artwork, sculpture, songs, and tales. Some people claim that dragons taught humans to speak, but this theory is as yet unsubstantiated, and the dragons themselves are encountered so rarely that it seems scholars will never receive an irrefutable answer on the subject.

Within the different cultures of Éras, dragons have traditionally symbolized potent and auspicious powers, as well as strength, benevolence, and good luck. They are most commonly associated with the Gods, due to their coloration; white-, black-, golden-, and silver-colored dragons have all been reported over the centuries. The noticeable lack of a brown-colored dragon, however, has puzzled those who focus their studies on dragon lore, and there is a somewhat large contingency of scholars who dismiss the color-based association as mere coincidence. Whatever the case, dragons are revered as “old spirits” of great wisdom by peoples across Eras, and it is widely considered taboo to deface a depiction of a dragon.

Human and dragon interaction has been extremely limited over the years, but the scant recorded encounters thus far have indicated harmless or even benevolent relations, with the dragons in question deigning to engage in conversation and possibly even granting a boon to the lucky mortals. One historical recounting of such a meeting from a scribe of Kotè Onè describes a white-colored dragon as a “graceful and gentle creature despite its enormous stature and intimidating visage.” More recently, a silver-colored dragon was allegedly spotted in the skies over the Kordi city of Dantria shortly before the end of the Half-Century war and was heralded as an omen that the war would soon cease.

Dragons are said to be able to shape-shift, thus opening up the possibility for interbreeding between humans and dragons. This belief, of course, comes from passed down tales that have been warped by the ages, and are considered largely unreliable. Dragon-children, referenced in these tales as “dragon-blooded,” are rumored to exist, although very infrequently. No dragon-blooded have ever been confirmed, as such certainty would require an elaborate ritual, and none have yet to be designed.

Psari. The Psari are a “mysterious race” of people created by the collision of the White and Black Gods, rumored to inhabit the oceans and rivers of the Ephemeral Realm. Stories surrounding this race describe their homes as beautiful underwater palaces carved of coral and pearl and lit by the glowing of tiny sea creatures. Because the Psari are fashioned only of Body and Spirit, they are said to covet Human spouses, who will introduce innate magic into their bloodlines. Instead of courting prospective spouses, however, they allegedly abduct young men and women by disguising themselves as fishermen, lovely black-haired performers, or healers who do not charge money for their services—to accept free healing from these individuals is considered an agreement to come along with them to the sea! According to legend, they have a weakness for silver or things made of silver metal, and so one way to avoid abduction is to cast silver coins or objects away from yourself if you suspect that you are in danger. Another rumor has it that giving a Psari

a “treat” of three drops of blood will cause the creature to gift you with an enchanting song for no further toll. Methods of identification vary from tale to tale; some describe them as having shining green eyes, others say that they have very pale skin with green or golden hair, often perpetually wet. Still, others claim that they are dark-haired and inhumanly beautiful, or that they can be recognized by the wet hems of their clothing. Whatever the case may be, each version of the legend agrees on one thing: the Psari cannot live long on dry land. Numerous ballads have been written on them. (*“Come Away to the Water”* by Maroon 5, *“Loreley”* by Blackmore’s Night, and *“Tir na Nog”* by Celtic Woman, with appropriate substitutions)

The Lady of the River. Once, a young maiden of Ivrea was pushed into a river by her eldest sister, Ane, who was jealous and wanted to marry the maid’s true love, a prince by the name of Wilin. The maiden drowned, but the latent power within the river transformed her into a swan; and, in that form, she was discovered far downstream by a miller’s daughter. As the miller and his child admired the swan, a passing harper shot it with bow and arrow so that he could make a harp of the feathers and bones. When he finished building the harp, however, it began to play by itself, and so the astonished harper brought it to Court. There, the high prince, his wife, and son—one of whom was Wilin—listened as the harp told the tale of the young maiden’s murder at the hands of her sister, Ane. This tale has been captured in a folkloric ballad, entitled “The Bonny Swans,” which has begun to circulate from the Wisinha cities. (*“The Bonny Swans”* by the Decembrists, with appropriate substitutions)

The White Fox. Sightings of a white fox with pale eyes have appeared in local lore from the southern tip of the Bari herdlands, up to the Cavachian settlement of Wasserand, since well before the modern age. Most tales follow a similar vein: the fox appears before weary hunters and beckons a chase, a game of seeking, or another similar pursuit. Often, the stories claim that the fox leads the party to a worthy quarry, or, in one tale, a bounty of mushrooms. One such story cites that the fox, after being chased for hours by a hunting party wishing for sport, shifted into the form of a white-haired lad, giving rise to beliefs that the fox was no mere creature, but a form of the White God. This account has been converted into a ballad, “The White Fox”, which has spread through much of the Known World. (*“The Black Fox”* by Heather Dale, with appropriate substitutions)