

A "secret" organization that once used to be prominent in the days of old when the Sairshi first came to Verthaca, they are a collective of four different sub-groups that spread out across the land, much like the Acolytes of the Church of Diadrek, and the Volur of Reginfell, completing their tasks and generally doing well for the citizens of Verthaca.

Many of its members are members through association. They simply may not know the true extent of the organization in which they have joined, or have joined a group led by a member, not truly being a member themselves. Those that are true members are often identified by the colour of cloak that they wear.

In days of old the organization was held in the highest regards, seen as wardens of the lands. But as time passed and the old ways were abandoned for the new ones, with the protection of Dreki the Caomhnóirí an Maoir Réalta fell out of prominence. Still, through the years they would continue on spreading their good will.

At the height of their prominence, the Caomhnóirí an Maoir Réalta had various strongholds across Verthaca and their numbers were in the hundreds. Now, in the dozens (think like 80 -100 people max,) they hold a solitary stronghold embedded secretly within the Íssberg Mountains, only accessible by its members. As they function in small groups across Verthaca, they have many various safehouses in many of the major cities. Some safehouse sit collecting dust, but they remain in case those that require it happen to pass through.

The Orders

The Red Cloaks

Followers of the guiding star of strength, The Protector, are those that take up the Red Cloak. They strive to protect the realm from its many dangers, whether they act as mercenaries, or healers, the Red Cloaks gather allies and roam the wilds, seeking monsters to slay, both human or creature, and bring aid to those that require it.

The Green Cloaks

The Wanderer guiding star instills in its followers a sense of exploration and journey into the unknown. The Green Cloaks travel the lands in search of adventure and excitement. They seek to make new discoveries and unearth things lost to time. Green Cloaks truly go wherever the wind may take them.

The Blue Cloaks

The Blue Cloaks follow the guiding star of The Scholar, seeking to both uncover ancient secrets lost to time and educate the masses. They believe knowledge and education is a basic right and the world's knowledge should be easily accessible. Often working with the Green Cloaks to uncover such knowledge, many other Blue Cloaks find themselves in positions as scholars at

Dreki Vaults, royal librarians, and even professors of prestigious academies, such as the Reginfell Academy in Fornland.

The Yellow Cloaks

The Yellow Cloaks officially strive to bring joy, hope, and entertainment to the realm, following the principles of The Minstrel. They are a bit of an odd bunch typically as they are often composed of bards and other performers. In their travels, the Yellow Cloaks often seek to bring aid and inspiration to the oppressed, encouraging rebellion to unseat tyranny.

The Grey Cloaks

A secret fifth group, its existence is heavily denied and remains unconfirmed. It is said that while the other four groups spread peace and joy across the land, working to bring light through the darkness, the Grey Cloaks work to undermine all their associates have accomplished and seek to bring chaos and destruction.

The Ethereal Star

While it is common for the various Cloaks to work together, and among the orders of Red, Green, Blue, and Yellow Cloaks is a selective subset of its own that work together. Identified through a small trinket shaped like a long star, members of the Ethereal Star work as a network of eyes-and-ears across the realm that is unparalleled. They gather the information their organization requires to function and pass on what is relevant to those they serve in situations where the orders may not be able to act as much. If a tree falls in the woods, an Ethereal Star is there to hear it.

An Dún Ceilte

The last bastion of the Caomhnóirí an Maoir Réalta, this is the final proper stronghold that they possess, tucked away, hidden within the Íssberg Mountains. The magics of the ancestors used to shroud this stronghold within the mountains allow only for those members of the various Orders to come and go from this fortification.

Much like the city of Carndrum within Tallavcarriga, or parts of Haukrfjall in the lands of Clan Vethfolnir, An Dún Ceilte is built within the mountainside itself. Massive stone doors, ten meters tall and adorned with large stone statues mark the entrance way to this ancient home.

Within the doors themselves, a massive hall that could once house multiple armies, is now home to a few dozen remaining Cloaks that maintain the home and heart of the networks. A large statue is situated in the center of the hall of a particular person.

A large stone man, his hair short along the sides and tied back into a ponytail, holds a sword in one hand pointed downwards and covered by a shield in the other hand. The statue has no description, simply just a name. Deaglán.

With the size, and placement of the statue, for the past few centuries since it's decline, the Orders have come to assume that this Deaglán must be one of the original founders of the Caomhnóirí an Maoir Réalta, and so treat them as such. For in all the ancient books within the sizable library at An Dún Ceilte, there is barely a mention of anyone by that name of importance, with much of the order's initial history lost to the ages.

The keep itself, at the height of its glory, would have been home to many amenities. A library, an astrologer's tower, various caverns in which the sky shines brightly down upon house soil suitable for farming, a variety of different laboratory rooms and much more. Now, with the limited staff, only the kitchen, the library, training grounds and the dorms are predominantly used, with one of the caverns utilized for some basic farming. The sects spread out through Verthaca can make better use of laboratories and astrologer towers are more maintained facilities such as Reginfell, Cashlarsha, and Kiltch.

Caomhnóirí an Maoir Réalta and Magic in a Post-Quake Verthaca

Ever the vigilant ward standing between the Sairshi of Verthaca and unknowable disaster, the Cloaks of the Caomhnóirí an Maoir Réalta have assigned themselves many a duty to safeguard those that cannot defend themselves against those that misuse their power. Such duties often included safeguarding the less magically inclined from those that sought to abuse the arcane arts, whether it meant distributing the means of learning magic, bringing those who had grown far too powerful to heel, or keeping the collateral effects of magic 'incidents' to a minimum. Every order of Cloaks contributed to this cause in their own way, each effective in keeping the society on a productive course.

The Quake changed all of that, however. With magic as Verthaca knew it essentially wiped from existence, everyone scrambled to fill the void that the absence of the arcane had left. Academies changed entire curricula. Healers turned to traditional remedies and balms made through ancient methods brought back to the forefront. Militia turned to reforming their ranks, desperate not to be outpaced by their longtime rivals. The Cloaks were no exception to this. Some found themselves unable to perform the duties they had spent their lives fulfilling, yet others found that their duties simply did not exist anymore in the post-Quake world.

However, no organization lasts long without being able to change. Though painful as it may have been, the Cloaks saw a reorganization amongst its ranks. Such an organization could ill afford to be complacent given how far it had fallen into the shadows. True members guided their unaware cohorts that found themselves without a purpose to new aims. For a short time, triaging the damage done to their personnel was the best option available.

That was until 426 PD. Ethereal Stars reported the use of what seemed to be magic to combat the corruption at Gawaji. Eager to assist in the effort of relocating the displaced survivors and dealing with any remaining corruption, Cloaks of every color make the journey to Gawaji. While their journey proved fruitless in discovering the true cause of the disaster that befell Gawaji, they did discover that witnesses provided a consistent story.

Their savior, whomever they may have been, had used magic resembling the staff magic that had since vanished from Verthaca.

Having the investigative prowess to get to the bottom of the incident, the Blue Cloaks spread what personnel they had left across the land of Verthaca, aiding any academic institutions and courts they could in looking into the incident.

Their enthusiasm and drive came with a cost however. Following up a lead about the ancestral magics performed by druids of the Ainvi People living on the Great Plains, the Blue Cloaks that had become integrated within the Carndrum court used their influence to encourage more interactions with the Ainvi of the plains in an effort to one day learn the secrets of ancestral magicks. This proved too slow for some members of the court and plans to steal the secrets from the Ainvi lands by force were developed. Feeling shame as a result of the failed incursion and massacre that followed, the Blue Cloaks involved withdrew themselves from the court, having failed the spirit of the organization they held dear.

For a time, the Blue Cloaks kept to themselves, humbled by their failures in Carndrum. That is, until almost a year later when rumors surfaced that more familiar magics had returned. At first, information proved difficult for even the Stars to glimpse, but in time, it had become clear. The Acolytes in Portashan had discovered a way to do the impossible. Magicks capable of manipulating the elements returned to Verthaca.

For the next six months, any effort from the Blue Cloaks to infiltrate the ranks of the Acolytes to discover their secrets ended in complete failure. Fortune comes to those who persevere, however. Almost six months later, a rare Dreki tome, ancient in its appearance and writings arrived mysteriously within donations made to the Volur based in Reginfell. Sensing an opportunity, the Blue Cloaks spared no effort, no expense, and no time in aiding in whatever way they could to decipher the text. With the sweat on their brow, and quills in their hand, a breakthrough was made, ending the suppression of what would come to be known as Traditional Magic.

In the years that followed, the revived study of the old arts led to many deviant magicks being roused from their slumber. In response, the cloaks once again assumed the mantle as the shepherds protecting their flock from the wolves that would abuse the newfound magic. For where there is tyranny and excess, the Caomhnóirí an Maoir Réalta would stand against it.

Important Figures

Aengus MacGowan

Aengus MacGowan is a large red-headed warrior in his late 50's who oversees the operation of An Dún Ceilte as the Master of the Keep. He is considered the de facto leader of the present day Caomhnóirí an Maoir Réalta. He has long curly red hair and a beard to match. In his former days of glory as a Red Cloak traversing the lands and slaying vile beasts, Aengus was quite the adventurer, enjoying it's unique aspects of life. As the years take their toll, and knees start to ache, backs start to hurt, as a natural leader, Aengus transitioned into a more administrative role rather than one out in the field. For a brief period of time he was the leader of the Red Cloaks

before eventually taking on responsibility for the organization as a whole. In tradition of the Caomhnóirí an Maoir Réalta, Aengus now wears a golden cloak to signify his importance.

Running the Caomhnóirí an Maoir Réalta is a lonely job for Aengus, he lives in a massive keep home to only a handful of people at a time, and dearly misses his time in the field as a Red Cloak. Any opportunity he gets to leave the keep and explore the world once more he takes. But those are few and far between.

Teagan Kewish

A strange individual roams the halls of An Dún Ceilte during all hours of the night clad in long flowing dark blue robes. The Master of Knowledge, otherwise known as Teagan Kewish, is a tall, skinny bald individual that gives off a bit of a strange and creepy aura. They seem to always be present right when you least expect it, as if gliding over the stone floors silently underneath the robes.

Teagan is a person of few words, as Master of Knowledge, they spend a majority of their time within the library, glossing over the massive collection of tomes. When they do speak of their own volition, and not answering to someone else, they often have a historical anecdote relevant to the current situation. Teagan values structure and order to society, and enjoys having power over others, over information. As the Master of Knowledge, Teagan will work closely with the Ethereal Stars in helping pass along information through the network.