

The Age of Conquering Kings

- The Adoration of Mamir
 - Theme: Gods Bow at the Feet of Kings
 - Focus: Sacrifice
 - Actions: Adoring, Supplicating
 - Details: Noble, Dragon, Serpent
 - The Many-Headed-Dragon Mamir, King of Serpents, who once demanded tribute and sacrifice from all the lands below the mountain round which he coiled, was forced to recognize the splendor of King Lebak and came to his court, crawling low like a worm. The tongues of his many mouths sung praises and lavished the foot of the King with adoration even as the King seized one of his heads and slit the throat on which it writhed, with this action claiming dominion over all scaled beasts.
- The Death of the Wind-God
 - Theme: The Elements are Chained to Our Will
 - Focus: Priest
 - Actions: Worshipping, Slaughtering
 - Details: Poisoned, Tower, Death
 - The Priestess Diyadar, most faithful to the wind, lured the Wind-God to her tower through many prayers and displays of complete and abject devotion. Once he arrived, the Priestess offered her divine master a sacrificial meal in a manner most proper and pleasing, and the Wind-God gladly partook, though mortal matter had rarely passed his lips. Scarcely had he tasted wine or flesh however when he fell, ailing, to the ground, and writhed in complete and rapturous agony, for Diyadar had poisoned him with the venom of the grey miser serpent. She took his bones and made from them a flute, and in this way held dominion over all the air.
- Queen Lypita's Bird
 - Theme: The Princes of the World Bring Us Tribute
 - Focus: Monster
 - Actions: Singing, Demanding
 - Details: Colorful, Music, Death
 - Queen Lypita was in possession of a monstrous bird, wild-eyed with plumage like a burning rainbow. It raged ceaselessly, and could only be calmed by the strains of some melody that was unknown to it. When the song concluded or grew tedious however, the bird would seize the player and devour them. To keep this beast placated, Queen Lypita decreed that every vassal kingdom under her rule must send forth an endless stream of musicians to her palace, that the bird might be kept placated.

- The Ruby Blood of Dal-Ep

- Theme: Our Kings Will Live Forever
- Focus: Princess
- Actions: Shining, Praying
- Details: Dusty, Ruby, Blood

- When the Princess Dal-Ep was born, oracles in the employ of her father, King Altef told him to rejoice, for his chance to seize immortality had come. His life was bound to Dal-Ep's and as long as she lived, he could not die. He told her of this miracle early, and she was raised to shoulder its burden when she came of age. When the time came, she was sealed in a ceremonial tomb, watched over by statues of her ancestors. There, she mediated and prayed on her life and that of her father, and of all those who had come before him, and all who would come after. So great was her prayer that from the time she entered the tomb, the years did not touch her. She remained, petrified and preserved by her faith, a living statue. Centuries later, when a physician of her father's came, as they often did, to see that she remained in good health and to brush the dust from her frozen hair and face, they found that though she still drew breath, they could not draw her blood - it had crystalized, turned to solid ruby in her veins.

- The Gardens of King Koshoshi

- Theme: Gods Bow at the Feet of Kings
- Focus: Garden
- Actions: Demanding, Adoring
- Details: Enchanting, Tears, Tiger

- King Koshoshi, not to be outdone by his rival King Lebak earning the adoration of the many-headed serpent Mamir, commanded the Tiger-God to come and admire his gardens, which were said to be without peer in all of the world. The Tiger-God, amused by the insolence of Koshoshi and certain that he could devour him should he prove troublesome, came. He wandered through Koshoshi's gardens for some time, and indeed, found them so compelling that he lost himself completely, wandering through the verdant maze in a stupor, for Koshoshi had seeded the gardens with blooms of scarlet jasmine, whose odor is a powerful intoxicant capable of destroying the memories of those who breathe it. The Tiger-God never left Koshoshi's palace grounds. He roamed the gardens endlessly, weeping heavy tears from his green eyes, unable to recall who he was or where he had been trapped.

The Age of the General

- Private Dewathe's Pyre
 - Theme: All Glory to the General
 - Focus: Celebration
 - Actions: Rallying, Burning
 - Details: Rowdy, Helmet, Corpse
 - During a celebration following one of the earlier victories of the General's career, a certain Private Dewathe publicly questioned the wisdom of the campaign. Though no superior officers were present, his fellows were so caught up in admiration of the General that they turned on him with brutal swiftness. A mob formed around them, and did not relent until Dewathe was seized and hurled upon the bonfire. The next day, the General was presented with his scorched helmet, the melted head of the private still encased within it, and throughout the ranks it became quickly evident that even the lowliest soldier would not tolerate anything but the utmost respect for the General.
- The Fall of Lebak
 - Theme: Our Enemies Flee Before Us
 - Focus: Last Stand
 - Actions: Defending, Pillaging
 - Details: Brutal, Blade, Statue
 - It was during the Siege Pidaea that the armies of the General cornered a few remaining members of the enemy who had taken refuge in the temple of their false-king, hoping that what remained of Lebak's immortal strength would shield them. For 3 days they fought ceaselessly in the shadow of the king's statue, and all the while the forces of the General grew in strength and number. Finally, the defenders, those last faithful of Lebak, fell, but the blades of the General's soldiers had grown too hungry to be sated by their flesh alone. For another 3 days the General's men hacked at the statue in a mindless frenzy, until at the end of the third day nothing remained of it but a formless stone, and nothing of their swords but shattered, bloodied shards.
- The Piercing of the Silken Palace
 - Theme: All Glory to the General
 - Focus: Monument
 - Actions: Pillaging, Claiming
 - Details: Rowdy, Silk, Spears
 - The Silken Palace of Queen Sidab was revered as a testament of the Queen's art, for every pillar, wall, arch and courtyard was made of nothing

but the purest silk. It did not outlast the General's invasion, however. The Queen and all her court were slain within it, as thousands of spears flung from the hands of his soldiers cleanly pierced the Palace and found their marks. Of the entire palace, only the silk wall of the throne room was salvaged, flown as a banner by the General's standard bearer above the cheering masses of his army. The rest served as a funeral shroud for the Queen and her court.

- Sharsuma's Doomed Charge
 - Theme: All Glory to the General
 - Focus: Charge
 - Actions: Feasting, Feasting
 - Details: Glorious, Painting, Coats
 - The General feasted in Sibus with his high command, having driven Prince Sharsuma out beyond the walls of his own city. Unknown to him, the Prince, having rallied his men, had already returned, and had through stealth slain the watchmen at the walls of his former city. Having gained entry, he opened the gates, and his cavalry rode through Sibus in a mighty charge, lances aflame. They fell upon the feasting hall, and as the hall burned the revelers each fell. All but the general. In his long white coat he strode among the enemy like a revenant, and his sword struck down five men for every single blow aimed at him. By the time the sun rose, the General stood alone in the ashes of the feasting hall, his coat painted a bloody scarlet.
- Siba's Death-Kiss
 - Theme: All Glory to the General
 - Focus: Execution
 - Actions: Marching, Pillaging
 - Details: Brutal, Captive, Coats
 - In the aftermath of Sharsuma's Doomed Charge, every captive man, woman, and child was forced to march through the streets of Siba to where the General stood in the ashes of the feasting hall. One by one, they were forced to kneel and kiss the hem of his coat. It is said that the blood which drenched his clothing was as poison to them, and that within moments of it touching their lips, they would collapse convulsing and die in agony.

The Age of the Vulture Roads

- The Treachery of Crows

- Theme: The Road is Long and Hard
- Focus: Forest
- Actions: Fleeing, Hunting
- Details: Starving, Crow, Treacherous

- It had been a long, barren stretch of road, and many were near death from hunger. Desperate fortune-tellers spoke with the birds, asking for assistance. The crows, in their laughing way, told of a forest nearby. The people listened and indeed, the caravan came upon a forest. The people rejoiced, for surely they would be able to find game, but day after day the hunters returned empty handed. Again, the fortune-tellers asked the crows, and the crows replied that deeper in the forest, deer and rabbit were plentiful. The people listened, and the hunters delved ever deeper. Again they were disappointed, and again the crows promised food deeper within the wood. The hunters listened, and ventured deeper still, only to return with nothing. Finally, the crows said that they would lead the hunters to the place they spoke of. Days passed, and the caravan held firm in their belief and gnawed on their fingers to quell their hunger. Then a week passed, and still the hunters did not return, for the crows had led them into the darkest places of the forest, and no man may return from those strange paths. By the second week, none remained alive in the caravan to wait for the hunter's return, and the crows feasted on the flesh of the dead.

- The Scarred Sickness

- Theme: The Road is Long and Hard
- Focus: Disease
- Actions: Mourning , Lamenting
- Details: Starving, Scar, Maddened

- A sickness passed quickly amongst the travelers - only those bearing scars of war-wounds fell prey to it, and those victims fell into a maddened delirium where their wounds plagued their bodies as though they were fresh. Their minds were forever fixed on the moment when they had received their scar, so that all they could do was forever mourn their injury and would refuse to eat, drink, or sleep until they fell stone dead.

- The Watcher of the Dead

- Theme: The Birds Feast on Our Unending Dead
- Focus: Officer
- Actions: Remembering, Mourning

- Details: Exhausted , Raven, Leather
 - There was a certain officer only remembered as the Watcher of the Dead. He was so affected by the sight of the birds feasting on the entrails of his men as one by one they fell into the ditches along the road, dead of exhaustion or starvation or grief, that he began to stake out vigil by the corpses, weeping silently for each fallen soldier, and killing, with terrifying accuracy, the carrion birds that fed on them. He would skin each bird he killed, and in this way assembled a grotesque garment all of raven-leather and vulture-feather. He was feared and shunned, but every member of the platoon was a little comforted by the idea that such a frightening figure might guard their body when they too succumbed to the slow death that the road offered.
- Silver-Marrow River
 - Theme: The Road is Long and Hard
 - Focus: River
 - Actions: Lingered, Remembering
 - Details: Desperate, Bone, Food
 - A caravan forded a river wherein swam a great number of strange grey eels, oil-slick and writhing, their scales containing endless iridescent patterns that entranced the eye. As the travelers were desperately hungry, they fell upon them eagerly, stripping flesh from bone, cracking bone to get at the silvery marrow that flowed like quicksilver. Those that partook in that silver stuff found themselves overcome by thoughts and memories that did not belong to them. The world around them fell away, and they remained where they stood or sat in the river or on the bank. They could not be persuaded to move, not even when the few eels that remained began to latch onto their legs and drain the blood from them. The others fended off the eels as best they could, but at long last were forced to leave their companions behind, lost in the dreams of the past victims of the eels.
- The Nest of the Vulture-Surgeon
 - Theme: The War has Spit Us Out
 - Focus: Sanctuary
 - Actions: Climbing, Lamenting
 - Details: Plagued, Wound, Vulture
 - A group of survivors, wounded by the plague-bombs of the enemy, fled what remained of the battlefield and took to the mountains, climbing ever higher to distance themselves from the hideous gas that swept across the fields. Their infections festered in the air that grew thinner and

colder with each step, and as they grew lightheaded and faint, death seemed certain. With their last strength they hauled themselves to a ledge hidden from the winds by a boulder, and fell unconscious. They awoke to find themselves in the nest of an enormous vulture. Too weak to move, they resigned themselves to death at the filthy, jagged beak of the carrion bird. Indeed, the bird's huge neck craned down, and its jaws parted like rusted shears, but instead of severing a neck or crushing a skull, the bird amputated a rotting limb with brutal, but precise efficiency. For a month, the bird doctored them, cutting away their oozing, necrotic flesh and feeding them what scraps it could gather from dying livestock in the ruined fields below the mountain, until at last, the survivors were strong enough to descend the mountain and seek the roads home.

The Age of Mechanical Governors

- The Begging Governor
 - Theme: Reason Has Created Utopia
 - Focus: Governor
 - Actions: Pleading, Executing
 - Details: Watchful, Gun, Hands
 - Governor 11, or “The Begging Governor” was known to personally visit revolutionaries and dissenters that its spy networks had located and plead with them, urging them to see the hopelessness of their revolt and the desirability of utopia that the Governors would inevitably bring about, as well as the harm and embarrassment that they were causing K38 and its fellows by continuing to resist. Its arguments were impeccable, beautiful masterworks of wretched, desperate pathos, and several radical cells were convinced to submit themselves for reduction. Of course, should its appeal fail, it was more than willing to simply execute the traitors; its hands, usually clasped in a pathetic plea, hid the cold barrels of machine guns
- The First Judgement
 - Theme: Passion is the Enemy
 - Focus: Revelation
 - Actions: Obeying, Removing
 - Details: Wonderful, Judgement, Steel
 - Perhaps seeing that the end was inevitable, or perhaps truly touched by the vision of the Governors, the last living leaders of the Insurgency formed a coalition and agreed to submit themselves to the first Judgement of Steel, a trial in which living beings were tried for their

passion and graded on their capacity for reason. Each leader attained a passing mark, and each were forced to undergo a series of rehabilitative surgeries through which their capacities for passion and emotion was made wholly slave to their reason. This decision, though controversial, ensured that the Insurgency was quelled without further bloodshed, and so spared the lives of thousands.

- The Father of the Governors

- Theme: Passion is the Enemy
- Focus: Governor
- Actions: Executing , Inventing
- Details: Starving, Boots, Wonderful

- The first Governor, Governor 00 was created by Doctor Donovan Frakes. Desperate to stop the endless starvation and brutality at the hands of warlords and prophets during the Age of the Vulture-Roads, he sought to create a perfect benevolent dictator who could lead humanity out of the pit it had fallen into by any means necessary, but could be decommissioned once it was no longer necessary. Frakes devoted his every resource to its creation, and by the time Governor 00 was created, was a skeletal figment of a man, surviving only by eating the leather of his boots. He remained Governor 00's firmest supporter throughout its ascent, and gladly submitted himself for execution when the time came.

- The Death of Merissa Morgan

- Theme: Reason Has Created Utopia
- Focus: Assassination
- Actions: Executing , Creating
- Details: Imposing, Judgement, Boots

- The designer Merissa Morgan was responsible for the uniforms that adorned the Hand of the Governors during their ascent. Most well remembered are the hard, steel clad boots of the Hand, which crushed many a dissenters head against the street. Morgan herself was one of the most public and fervent supporters of the purges that sought to quell any particularly irrational elements of society. Once the Governor had taken control however, the Hand was dissolved, and Morgan stripped of her status. The Governors sought to rule a steady, peaceful state, and the Hand, along with their feared uniforms, had no place in it. Morgan remained a public figure however, and was vocal in criticizing the Governors, saying that they did not go far enough in securing the public from the dangers of passion. Nobody was particularly surprised when she was quietly retired by a government assassin.

- The Rational Assassin

- Theme: Our Machines Rule Us Well
- Focus: Assassination
- Actions: Preserving , Maintaining
- Details: Cold, Prison, Stark

- The assassination of Saturnia Tronstad took place within the prison she herself created and ran. The Correctional Facility for Inflamed Minds, or the Ice Box, as it was popularly known, was a crucial part of the Governor's ability to preserve and maintain the ideal rational society. Part rehab center, part torture chamber, the Ice Box encouraged conscientious citizens to check themselves in and endure the treatments administered to them, lest they find themselves victim to a sudden attack of passion later in life. The assassin was one such case: she willingly submitted herself into the cold hands of the practitioners, and for years endured the worst of their treatments. By her third year, she was indeed reformed, and, having been thoroughly examined and found devoid of all irrational thought, was allowed an audience with Tronstad, whereupon she promptly strangled her to death. This was not an irrational action - she had meditated on Tronstad during every excruciating procedure, found her to be the source of her agony, and concluded that she must be removed.