

*ARKHETARIAS is translating on behalf of the LONG KING during a tense hostage situation. She's cool-headed, haughty, and intimidating - but we might be able to sense that she's nervous underneath it all.*

ARKHETARIAS:

(Calling out)

The Long King says: in the more enlightened time during which he lived and reigned it was understood as the vilest and lowest of crimes to turn a blade against your commanding officer. For such an atrocity he would consider no less a punishment than a thirty-day ritual of flensing and organ removal.

*The LONG KING speaks.*

ARKHETARIAS:

(Calling out)

But the Long King is a modern man, and so this is his modern mercy. You will lower your pistol and kneel before him for a swift death between his fingers.

When you are dead, your spine will adorn his spine, and your treacherous head will be affixed to your right leg, so that you may hop behind your lord begging his apology for your trespass until such time as he sees fit to return you to the soil.

(Pointedly)

Or you can attempt to fight him now.

*ARKHETARIAS is confessing, quietly and intimately. There's a soft sorrow and self-mockery in their voice.*

ARKHETARIAS:

There's another story I've heard about Scorrans. I've heard that they tell so many absurd and exaggerated stories about their homeland because they've forgotten it. That their hope is, in telling a million tall tales about what their nation was, that they might be able to lure it back to themselves. Recover what's been lost.

(A little wretchedly)

Of course people tell all kinds of funny stories, don't they, about foreigners.