

Ikuunan Fables: Klavigar Orok

"Power is made from the pain of the fragile. Here weakness dies. Here strength is born. I exert myself, a pale reflection of Ion's sacrifice of flesh to the intolerable force, and shed frailty's husk. I commune with my akuloth core – my sacred metamorphosis complete."

- Klavigar Orok



Before the fall of Ion's empire, I commanded a great army in his name. I led a monstrous *horde* that wielded fangs and claws sharper than the foulest of metals, and I controlled a mighty *fortress* that bore my name. This was my ***Choir of Silence***, and the song they preached was the sound of war.

I wasn't with the Sorcerer-King when he vanished, I was in the midst of defending our territory, but I could tell someone had shifted in our warriors at that moment. It was as if our warrior's spirit was drained, we became weaker. I felt I was no longer a horned beast, instead, I was a *glass cannon*, ready to fall apart from an unexpected attack. Despite this setback, I refused to give our enemies quarter, and I fought until I drew my last breath, and then, all went dark.

My eyes opened to crimson red clouding my vision and my body encased in some sort of mass, I could hear the familiar sound of an audience watching gladiators fighting. Wails of pain, blades clashing, bones cracking, sounds of war. I then heard the sound of cheering, and suddenly felt as if adrenaline was flowing through me, my warrior's spirit had been reinvigorated.

I let out a scream, trying to break whatever was restraining me, and eventually, the mass opened like a boil being squeezed. As I broke free from my fleshy tomb, blood and viscera exploded around me, and I could see people around me, astonished at the sight. Many of these individuals appeared similar to those who were in my army. Before I could speak, someone wielding a spear approached:

“The Pale Hunter has awoken!” they said, turning to the others, who let out a war cry in response. I was confused, what happened after my final stand? I examined my surroundings, and found that we were inside some sort of subterranean temple, but not a Kiraak. I had no time to dawdle with these people, I needed to get my bearings. I wandered the mysterious temple, seeing more of these warrior-like people, but they were different. Some appeared to be in trance or euphoric states, others seemed to be messing with colored paper or strange metal objects that fired projectiles. This wasn’t the same army I commanded.

I went back to the one who originally mentioned my awakening, demanding an explanation for this desecration. He told me that he was my “*Immortal Guardian*”, and I learned that I had been in a cocoon-like state of countless centuries, and that the world had been advancing. The remains of my army’s last stand were discovered by criminals and they used the location as a base of operations, while also learning about the history of the Kalmaktama, calling themselves the Hunter’s Black Lodge. I was then told that they had an interaction with Lovataar and Nadox about a “plan”, and that they were going to do pit fights and let blood spill for me so that I may awaken.

This information was a lot to take in, but more than anything, I was furious at how they took our teachings, I demanded change, if Ion really told the others that we were going to return, we needed a new army. The *Choir of Silence* was a relic of the past, and it wouldn’t be able to withstand the evolving world. I needed an *apex predator* who could lead a better *Horde*, warriors who could call themselves *Pale Trackers*. Because the world was evolving, I needed someone

who could command people with newer weapons, and use more modern strategies, someone with the logic of the *All Seeing* himself, I will declare this warrior “*Jumayorok*”. The *Immortal Guardian* whom I spoke to proved himself to be loyal until the very end, and that was the purpose of our *Halkost*, and they shall lead them in our name.