

The Mortal Ring of Xaanah'Kanin'Thau'Torrin'Ghaur

Overview:

The Ring of Xaanah'Kanin'Thau'Torrin'Ghaur is an ethereal brotherhood formed in means to protect the world from harm and scarring, their minds forged only to believe deeply in one thing and one thing only, carrying out the legacy of their master. These terribly lost souls wreak unintentional havoc upon the realm of Asulon in attempts to wipe it clean of any and all imperfections, thus in their minds doing a great justice! Sending fear into the hearts of the timid and sending a shock to the system of those stalwart vanquishers these six strive to complete their goals under any means and without morales, disregarding the emotion and pleas of any and all. Their plagued minds dwell in the path of Yythaabaur, they follow this religion with their mind, body and soul and its' teachings are forever encrypted inside their being. Believing they are of a higher force than what Asulon can produce the plan on inciting this new world with knowledge despite whether they believe it is ready or not, creating a monastery for damned children to follow Yythaabaur and learn all of which it can offer them. The Children of Yythaabaur courtesy in following the teachings of Xaanah'Kanin'Thau'Torrin'Ghaur as the six speakers of the ring allow some inner knowledge of his almighty presence. Locked away within the realm of Hyernohk remain the secrets of Yythaabaur protected for the eyes that would make use of its' power in a way that is not meant. One cannot use something to their advantage without first gaining knowledge of it and this is how it is intended to stay. For the safety of Asulon.

The Story Behind it.

Asulon... beautiful. Some say it isn't, some say it is... but who are they to judge, for one's hell may be another's haven. The nether... the beauty that is the everlasting flames, failing to disperse... the magmatic core than never seeks to rest, constantly flowing... always flowing. Other realms... perhaps myths. and perhaps not, the aether... the void? Endless pits of nothing said to be able to host the most powerful of mysteries? It would have come close to one thousand years now when an Alchemist named Dr. Lorath Thayrum; although probably not one of the first people to ever think of such came up with a set theory. Why subject ourselves to only myths and legends, lists and so on. What if there are other realms that simply wish not to be discovered, like an ethereal tomb waiting to be broken into for its' vast riches, treasures and secrets! What if such things were possible... possible through power? Now Dr. Thayrum had this amazing theory in his head! Although... he had no idea how to even go about thinking how to start this adventure for knowledge.

Lorath Thayrum was a man exposed to many myths and legends by his parents and the small village he lived in, constant talk of mythic beings and the power to summon things from the depths of where ever it is these things come from. Thayrum's first bet is that magic was the answer, yes magic although he wasn't sure how to acquire magic and was definitely sure he was no sort of mage. Thayrum spent his time wandering through small towns to colossal kingdoms, underground forts to elven tree houses. His luck in the ancestral home of each race was undoubtedly running slim and he had to rethink his plan of action. It is then when he realised his last four years of travelling had been completely in vain for what almighty wizard would seek to live in such a town with petty common rabble and snobby nobles. Thayrum took to the wilds, equipped with nothing but a embossed leather robe and a stave to guide him. His journeys without paths took him to locations he believed to be uncharted but then again Thayrum was always one to get too excited about something and often jump to conclusions. He came to a stop one day in the middle of a flooded plain, a brick pillar reaching into the sky, peaked with a blue roof. The stereotypical mage tower just happened to be constructed in the swamp but where would you get stereotypes without reference in the first place? His disturbance to the wizard inside wasn't very well enjoyed and in fact the man was rather rude to Thayrum but did get around to explaining that such thing would be impossible with magic. Despite the wizard's bluffing Thayrum believed it, feeling lost now without objective he remained lost in the wilderness.

Thayrum was becoming more depressed by the day, feeling worthless and undermined by the world. He would spend days in his wilderness hut brainstorming, idealising and thinking of methods to complete this transaction. Beginning to believe it was some sort of ritual an idea finally snuck into his mind and plagued him with the idea of mystic tomes, chanting and the like. Seeking a runescribe as he set out to travel once again, a grand inscriptor to aid his wound that was lack of knowledge. Upon the hire of mercenary force to retrieve several random tablets that may or may not have meant anything he collected them, awaiting to find a runescribe. For being in the wilds he was now far from civilisation and had not the clue on how to return to it, even if he wanted to. His random wanderings brought him to a hollowed mountain where dwarves resided and upon hearing of a mythical runesmith instantly reverberated his attention. Thinking this was the man he was looking for he sought out the runesmith, with hope that the runesmith could actually transcribe some of the markings on his tablets. To no avail was he gained when the Runesmith let him down, not artisans in such a train he told Thayrum and recommended he go to a city that was within horse distance where he may find a runescribe. The long awaited runescribe was found only to call Thayrum a complete idiot, travelling to interdimensional worlds through a little song chant and a few lyrics? Nonsense in the Runescribe's eyes. Telling Thayrum to leave his presence he become slightly more daunted, almost aggravated.

Thayrum's sanity was leaving him, like all his other theories and methods it did not want to work

with him. Many would take the same approach for he was slightly getting more cynical and others raised eyebrows at his work. Drowning his sorrows of rejection from the Runescribe he wrote a journal, upon reading it the following morning whilst he was sober he read what seemed to be the concept of Lorath Thayrum being a necromancer, able to summon daemon and undead alike to do his bidding and although if this were true and the power he would be able to summon, his only wish was to travel to another spiritual plane. The book been given a different author by himself caused him to believe this was some sort of fate and that he had been chosen for something that was beyond his understanding although this was the ale talking. Soon he began to read into necrotic practice and the art of summoning and although terrible at it indeed cocked up a few summons of his own, each being a disgusting horrible mess that made him have to mop the floor. He slowly began to speak to himself, believing the voices of the daemons were talking back and that they could hear him. Traversing communication between the two parties Thayrum began appearing like a lunatic and caused others to flee his company. Becoming seriously deeper and deeper into the antisocial world. Disgusted with himself after a while he appeared lost and unknowing of what to do next.

His mind was becoming plagued, full blown insane. He didn't know much of who he was anymore as he felt he was a soul trapped in the wrong universe, belonging somewhere else. Constantly reaching to the sky to grab what was completely to obtain. The sky? That was it, light bulbs flashed in his head as he gained the idea that he was to directly go there through some sort of door in space, writing his own blueprints he designed a door... a portal detailing to take him to an alternate world. Gathering stupid materials such as cacti and mushrooms he finally constructed a circle frame from gravel, carefully melted together to form a solid cobblestone like status. His mad laughter filled the room, believing he had done it and his newly sadistic mind throw rash ideas at him and upon the conclusion that the portal needed to have some sort of power he decided to infuse it with his body. A wooden rack lay there, and with a large slit on his palm he drenched it in blood, lighting it with a flame in hope to create an unholy barrier to pass through. Of course none of this seemed sane at all and his horribly psychopathic methods failed him... his brain was beginning to fall apart and he was not able to handle the stress of failure, it was eating him from the inside.

Thayrum sat down, overviewing his life only to make himself feel more terrible. How he went from being a master alchemist to a psychopathic madman trying to construct portals and talk to daemons. Wait... That was it! Alchemy! His long lost love, the thing he was best at. Perhaps it was alchemy! Yes, it had to be, it only made sense now. Having a complete slap in the face to wake him up Tharyum realised most of his life had been spent doing... nothing. Returning to the profound pastime he used to indulge himself in he began thinking of just how he'd be able to achieve his goal through alchemical procedures. The first abounding thought to pierce the mind was a potion of course, the original fundament of alchemy. Surely it seemed like the best to go, but... how would one go to another realm with nothing but a little drink? Was he to construct some sort of key?... a key for what? His mind was taken aback, mortified and confused.

Unloading his metaphorical tool belt he began using his first tool which of course was first hand knowledge as for being an alchemist for twenty three years he had before entailing on his whisking adventures he surely had some sort of knowledge. His horticulture intuition helped him with an understanding of plant matter and their elements, specifically elements of water as this is what he imagined a portal to be. He got to it, allowing pure crystalline water to sit at the bottom of the pot he began holding it above a simmering flame, bubbling and boiling the pure water to a fine peak. Auvrin Weed; chopped bunches of it were thrown in with the watter, allowing it to break down, sizzle and combust in the iron pot. A green liquid sat before him, not looking very satisfying indeed. Sampling some sapphire soul; a water tort plant that played a big part in the symbolism of water and healing. Allowing this to flow into the base liquid he began to stir it with a small obsidian pestle, forming a nice thick seeping liquid, blue and bubbly. He poured it onto the portal frame he had created years ago, the smile igniting on his face! The very same smile that was smacked down again upon revelation that... nothing had happened.

Thayrum took to the shelves! Assorted books and pages lay scattered everywhere as he began to dig through everything the local library could offer him and for months upon months he lurked in those vile pages, entrapping him closer and closer to the brink. But he did not stop, the determination was his strongest factor, his fear had dissipated and his self consciousness had been utterly banished from existence. Three years before he found anything that was a link, his mind only looked for sense... only real sense. A legendary book is what he came across, it contained a myth detailing some sort of ethereal world in the mind, sanctuary. Yes... he'd been so blind for the world was not directly enterable. He would reach his goal with what ever sanity he had left, through the mind. His soul would travel there and steal the secrets, the riches, the lore! The myth detailed about some sort of brewing, a plant he'd not come across since his childhood... blistering stock... yes. He remembered it from his father, they used to have a plantation of it as it made for good firewood. It was like bamboo although it was soft, tender and moist. He used to attack his dad with it when he was a kid, always chasing after the monster as he roared... fun... Thayrum set all of his sanity on to this final goal, retrieving the Blistering Stock.

Wandering back to civilization Thayrum had set up an alchemy store in a small town named Krinvaar, Krinvaar wasn't the most populated city but it was on a busy trade route and never received rest from passersby and merchants seeking to buy and sell things from the stores there. Thayrum named the store The Blistering Stock, hoping it would attract anyone that sold any or knew how to acquire some of the rare stuff. He employed an apprentice alchemist, Davrin. Now Davrin was a small human boy unlike the human master he worked for, Thayrum; whom now was growing rather old. Davrin got the opportunity not just to study his books but also learn first hand as Thayrum took part in a lot of experiments and this gave him a lot of knowledge to use for in future. He had a knack for alchemy and Thayrum could see it from day

one, although he asked many questions and made many mistakes this only made his master ten times happier with him.

The Blistering Rod was having a billboard set up for its' special sale of its' four year anniversary, having survived for that long in such a busy ruckus is beyond anyone but it did. It was on this day Thayrum sat down and realised he wasn't young any more. He had a long, grey beard. Dying flesh and grey hair. He could barely talk and his joints hurt to move. He was one hundred and seven... one hundred and seven years of age. If his hearing hadn't gone bad he'd be able to hear all the whispers about him of how it was amazing he was still alive, especially after such insanity. And if he knew that they'd said that he'd be able to make a witty comeback... for his time was reaching its' limit. Thayrum had finished auctioning off almost all he had ever owned with the exception of his store for that is something he wanted to keep. Knowing of his own demise he wrote a will, instructing that everything be given to Davrin for he wanted Davrin to carry on in his footsteps. Davrin's heart shattered when Thayrum told him this and his cry broke even Thayrum's heart as he took his own life with his golden blade.

Thayrum was a witty old man, even in death his body was as charming as ever, looking as if it were laughing at you. With witty personalities come loudmouths and oh was he one. Davrin possibly had picked up on every bad joke ever in Thayrum's courtesy and every silly song he liked to chant. The things he spoke to the daemons and his mad rantings about portals. His expeditions about books and all his wondrous adventures that meant not too much to Davrin. All the first hand experience and materials he was left on with was enough to supply him a life time. He was definitely not underprepared in fact Davrin told himself he was too prepared, causing him to bring maybe a lack of things on a daily basis. Davrin was a man of his word and the promise he told Thayrum he would keep about finding his alternate world... he would. In fact Thayrum said he'd be waiting there for Davrin! Oddly enough....

Davrin was sitting there one cold morning, the counter almost iced itself with cruel barbed stalagmites and stalactites to crust the counter. A large high elf man strolls in with a beard quite like Thayrum's beard.... asking the man politely what he wanted it seemed he asked about the shop's name in which Davrin replied telling him about the legend. Being fascinated by this the man let on that he had some of the Blistering Stock with him. Davrin raised his eyebrows in disbelief but what the elf said was true, it matched the pictures. This blue-green stock... soft and moist to the touch. Davrin was jumping for joy, excited... overjoyed even. His reaction was unexplainable but it was a positive one no doubt, he had the ability to recreate his master's wishes, fulfil that legacy that he was always blabbering on about. Although suddenly the blabbering seemed much more real...

Thayrum had always said to Davrin that if anything like this ever happened to unlock his vault

under his bed with the code three-nine-eight-nine-five which he'd written down several times, not off his own back but because Thayrum wouldn't let him forget, constantly reminding him about the safe on every opportunal occasion. In the safe there was a base mixture, one he'd told him about many years back... it made sense. Reigniting the liquid he began to let it brew, incisioning the stock to let its' juices pour in, along with the stock itself. Soon it was nothing but liquid, nothing but a simple substance waiting to be drank. It was amazing, it was beautiful.... it was perfect. Ready, so ready to remove himself from the world he was, not even thinking about the consequences, could it have been a lie? Nonsense it had to be true, for the master was always right... wasn't he? He sat upon his bed, taking a drink and after a brief pause continued to drink the whole thing, guzzling it down. In his mind he was falling asleep, his body became passive onto the ground, deep... drifting.... away...

Davrin's eyes opened, only to be stabbed by the horrific fumes of the purple mist swirling around him, overthrowing his lungs and taking his mind captive as it tortured him. Rendering him blind, breathless and deaf he could do nothing but run. Running blindly through the horrible haze his legs carried him, unsure what he was doing although determination of knowledge had been driving him. As he plunged out of the mist that drafted his mind like the scorching of sands he fell into a moist grass... Breathless no longer by the mist but by the overwhelming valley he glared down into, although not knowledgeable as to what it was in the slightest his fascinations still grabbed hold of him by the back of the neck. Davrin's mind finally conceived that he was no longer in the alchemy shop, no longer in his little bedroom within The Blistering Rod... Upon great wonder of where he was his first initial thought was to ask someone... but who could he ask?

He'd been here for twelve minutes... twelve... long... minutes. Twelve minutes sat staring into that valley, twelve minutes on the moist... tinged grass. Down in the valley, there were... there were people! Not like people Davrin had ever seen! They looked like... ghosts... sort of and although he was not sure he didn't really plan to find out nor did he plan to actually get down there... at all... Between him and the bottom stood a sixty metre drop of nothing but jagged rocks and spiky parts of the mountainside awaiting to split his gullet into multiple pieces. Without little amount of thinking and decision he decided upon taking a long trek around the summit of this valley, despite the time it may take its' much safer than taking a five star trip to his doom. Walking near the valley however distant and faint he could still hear this sound... the soft, crying echo of something, unsure what. His exhausted legs pulled his weight through the thick clouds of nothingness, breathlessly stumbling through this uncharted mountain ridge quite fearfully. he became quickly tired... finding an ideal place to stop; he did just that. Sitting down at the start of a large rope bridge.

His eyes stretched open, Davrin finally coming to... feeling refreshed, rejuvenated. Taking five causal steps towards the bridge he placed one hand upon the rope looking down. He placed

one foot on the first plank... a severe shock rung in his ears, a ravaging boom in his head. A ferocious noise tackling him and sending him hurtling backwards onto the ground. His chest was both rising and falling seriously heavily, he could feel his own heart thumping and rattling against its' cage for help, to escape the horror. His eyes darted about madly looking for the cause of the noise, shaking severely and hardly able to hold his own knuckles together. The voice boomed again, striking deep into his mind, into his brain. Both hands clutched onto his head as he tried to shake loose from the verbal grip.

"What be you, creature!" The voice struck down. Davrin looked around again, lost for words and panicky.

"Speak! You wretched daemon!" It echoed again. Davrin's throat was met by a large lump sliding down it as he gulped nodding stupidly as he mumbled. "Y-y-y....yes?"

The voice lashed down at his mental wall with another mighty blow. "I said, what be you!?"

Davrin continued to mutters, scared out of his wits end. "A... a human s-sir..."

The voice laughed in mockery at the whelped being that was Davrin. "Sir? SIR? I am no SIR. I am the creator... I am the master... I am Xaanah'Kanin'Thau'Torrin'Ghaur! The Overlord of Hyernohk, KEEPER OF PERFECTION! And you... my child... are a plague upon my land, something I had not seen ever before in all my days dwelling in the ten planes..." The voices continues chuckling to itself in his head. "After all... I... created them! Now... you claim you are human although you are not like any human dwelling... in my realm." Davrin's face almost lit up at this confirmation of being in another realm although with the malicious voice in his head... he knew best not to.

"I be from Asulon..." he mumbled, still unsure which tone to speak with.

"Asulon?!" The voice bellowed down into him. "For I've never heard of... dear.... Asulon.

Though child, in great thanks to yourself I know how to have my... visit there." Davrin continued to nod as the voice spoke, unsure what actions to make rather than passive and submissive ones.

The voice began to play games on Davrin, it began challenging him.

"Creature?!" The voice roared. "Do you fear me?!"

Davrin glared into nothingness and after a long pause he hurriedly mumbled a "Yes..." in fear he was going to ask again.

"Do you think I'm going to kill you?!" It growled once again, feeling the intensity of the tone within his own head Davrin let out a deep breath, exhaling: "Yes!"

The voice lets out a scream, laughing psychotically at Davrin for reasons unknown to him. "DO YOU... WANT TO LIVE?!"

Davrin started to shout back into the nothingness. "Yes, Yes I want to live!"

The voice settled down, he could almost feel it curling comfortably around his brain. "Then go... across my bridge and to my throne... but be careful, for the lifeless reaches are more than unforgiving... child." Davrin's mind was plagued with sick laughter, he even found himself joining in with the laughter. Quickly snapping from it he shook his head.

Grabbing back onto the rope he took one slow step onto the wood, afraid he would be knocked back again and to his surprise didn't. Rushing along as far as his legs could carry him was Davrin, with the idea that speed mattered over accuracy, board by board he pounded until he pounded just a little too hard. Davrin found himself staring up, both feet through the bridge, hanging on with one arm whilst the other dangled down. His scream lulled as he dropped further and further into the reaches below...

Xaanah'Kanin'Thau'Torrin'Ghaur... or... the master sat upon his throne utterly amused, his six agents sat around him. Six sprites to do his bidding of the do-bidders. Each sprite being the lord of its' own private plane upon Hyernohk, each controlling it to the finest detail. Using the power of the six lords of perfection he sought to create life into one who would do his bidding in the overworld. Combine power into one soul that would fulfil the wishes of the ruler. To travel through into Asulon and retrieve his champions, bring them back to be turned, to be perfect. He turned to his council, looking at their shade forms with a grin, tapping two fingers against the table.

The god spoke to them, his voice shattering through the vulnerable winds.

"Khar'tathor, lord of Earth, Regrowth, Foundation... Grant me your power to support this entity!" The green spirit rose from its' seat at the demonic table, both palms reached out towards the master and it released its' energy, the green communicating bindings siphoning its' soul unto the great one. Life began to swirl in a thick cloud of light green smoke, covering the platform in which they sat upon; founding the being in which would then be created, allowing breathe to splutter upon the area. The presence of life slowly showing interdeeming to the master, and gained his slow applause.

"A'thyune, lord of Ice, Strength, Protection... Grant me your power to hold its' cage together, strong sturdy flesh to repel the hostile environments." The blue spirit rose from its' seat among the council, slowly releasing its' energy in a cone of blue chains, wrapping themselves around the previous spirit, entangling it in a bulwarking wall. Flesh began to sprout from the corners, forming around the edges. It began to show itself wearily as it entombed the spirit of life inside it; encasing it in a body that would serve useful. The naked construct lay there idle upon the table, awaiting the next part of its' cruel construction..

Xaanah'Kanin'Thau'Torrin'Ghaur had a tooth-bared grin upon his face, looking at his next child. "Reth'ragorr, lord of Death, Decay and Hatred... Grant me your power to allow it to fight, destroy and obliterate opposition." The black spirit rose slowly, its' face grinning with malice, nodding in confirmation. Its' arms extended as the shadowy consort began to wisp away into the atronach, infusing it with malice, sadness and anger. A blade appeared from within its' flesh, jutting out from the palm of its' hand. The atronach became a weapon for the master to use; although still idle

there were three beams channelling into it with full power... green, blue and black.

The master let out a roar, bellowing through the roofless court upon the descendants.

“Rheezhish’nah, lord of Flame, Courage and Wisdom... Grant me your power to imbue our new child with a fire in its’ heart, allow me to spill your wisdom into its’ mind and ridge it with a spine of fearless remorse that will allow it to carry out its’ mission.” The red flame rose from its’ place, laughing in agreement. Its’ arms began to provide the channel of siphoning flame, wrapping around the flesh, melting it into place, the stitches bound. Deep into its’ heart and into the atronachs mind. The flame ever so slowly forming a mind inside its’ skull, weaving the nerves together around its’ spinal cord. The master joined this child in its’ maniacal laughter as they peered at the developing being.

Two children remained, two sprites that would finish the construction of their fine guardian.

“Thar’suul, lord of Seduction, Secrets and Manipulation... Grant me your power to lock our world away from the wandering souls of others by infusing this dear child to be our gatekeeper, to allow others to envy his creation and seek knowledge upon it... To force them to believe this thing is something amazing... to draw them in.” The purple being rose slowly, nodding as it mouthed a few words of silence. The contrast of the purple beam spilled in with the other four as it tampered with the being’s mind, locking it away tightly. Seeming somewhat more interesting and manipulative as the construct lay still on the table, the resonating becoming much louder.

The master’s voice began to screech at the last child in utter anxiety and momentum.

“Nurantah’Jynx, Child of Creation, Art and Sacrifice... Grant me your power to flourish the mind of the being, to allow it to be artistic in its’ methods, allow it to sacrifice others for the good of its’ own and and to finish its’ creation, to bring it to life before us so that we may see our beautiful child... our Atronach of Perfection.” The final spirit had risen, the white shade began to harness all of its’ power into the gatekeeper. The six beams now struck as one large intertwined multi coloured shadow of perfection, imbued deep into the being as they chanted slowly, in time with their master.

“Thee’run t’amu Omuun, sha’kawr!” They chanted, failing to stop as their power increased.

“Gatekeeper Arise, the time... dawning!” is a roughly translated version of their hymns. The heat grew bigger, the tension tighter... the sound louder. A large cataclysmic eruption took place, blinding light sending them to their knees. Upon awakening they viewed their creation, the Gatekeeper of Hyernohk. Xaanah’Kanin’Thau’Torrin’Ghaur stood above it, his godsword knighting his new child into his realm. He spoke slowly, joined by the council. “My child, my soul, my body. Go now to this overworld and bring me back six children... you will hear our voice to guide you on your path to bliss.” The construct let out a moan, turning from the

exhausted council. Heavy large steps took it from their presence, disappearing into another of the ten planes.

Entering through the rift in which had been created, the atronach had set foot on Asulon. In overhaul it took time to roam the land around it, being ignorant and chaotic to the inhabitants of it. Disregarding the screams of many souls upon their death the construct was set on finding the champions requested from the master. The monstrosity claimed the lives of a sick ratio of that of the six champions and by time all six were claimed the surrounding settlements remained withered. So the Gatekeeper returned, one body nailed to its' right arm, one to its' left. One to one leg and another to the other. One body hung from its' chest and one lay pinned to its' back. The walking wall of flesh entered Hyernohk as requested, placing a smile upon the face of the master.

The Gatekeeper brought the bodies of the future champions to the council table, each spirit took their keepers gift and returned to their realms. One by one they disappeared until it were just the Gatekeeper and Xaanah'Kanin'Thau'Torin'Ghaur. "Leave my gracious guardian." Spoke the overlord softly to its' atronach. "For you must ward the barrier between your home and the overworld." And so it did, travelling back to the rift it stayed static. Guarding it with its' live and hath done so ever since, wreaking death upon any whom wish to sneak into the lords realm uninvited.

Each mortal plane now held a lord and a body, and each body was molded to perfection. Each blessed with a regalia to mark it, every one of the bodies had their tongues and genetalia removed and each scooped out socket fitted with the lord's own eyes. These crystals were infused by the souls of the lords, the resonance of Hyernohk and the mentality of the master. Each child was a replica of its' lord's traits but in human form, one child of earth, one child of ice, one of fire and one of death. A child of creation and a child of secrets now dwelled within the realm, basking in the value of their lord's skill. Locked in their planes, isolated from the rest of the realm they trained, two thousand and seven hundred years without seeing another face but their lords and hearing nothing but the master made them obedient, and broken. The souls were now harnessed to do the bidding they were created for and the barriers dropped, the six children were now in the same location. Getting familiar with their brothers and sisters, feeling a sense of ethereal kinship. These children were named Omuun'Klawr'Thenaarzhis... The hands of reckoning.

The children were afflicted with something humans call immortality, the ability to cease existing. Although Omuun'Klawr'Thenaarzhis named this something else, they spoke it as Omuun'Yythak or The Re-Embodiment. For if their souls were infused into the crystal were released and the child were killed, they would divine their souls into the air, allowing it to guide another being into

Hyernohk so that that may undergo the change and receive the soul of the previous child, a long with all of its' knowledge and training prior to the moment. The Klawr'Thenaarzhis commune internally from these crystals, the part of Hyernohk that lingers to them allows them to traverse from long distances, as if their minds were side by side. Although they were everliving they were not invincible, they could be slain with a rather modern capacity and the Omuun'Yythak could take some time to take place, leaving the ring of Klawr'Thenaarzhis vulnerable and open. When a Klawr'Thenaarzhis dies it will dissapear back into its' realm, dropping the identitive part of its' wellbeing into its' home plane, becoming the new lord. The old lord ascending to Omuun'Phoreth'Vahkaur, the valley of pass. Resting eternally in an afterlife that was deemed perfect.

Through the abyssal barrier move the Klawr'Thenaarzhis, into the overworld of Asulon to bring back the perfections and remove the stains from their world, their ability to send others into the demtetrid dimension was rather horrifying but would not take place unless the victim was perfect or worthy of entry. For at least fifty years they have roamed Asulon in the most recent of days, doing their work and rather unnoticed. Manipulating the very flesh and aspects of the puppets around them they use them to their advantage as they strip every impurity from the lands. Their attempts to remove kings, castles and entire cities may rarely succeed but their motives are true and they will try to fulfil what the master intended. Each self being replaced by a new upon dismissal as their futid bodies are disposed of, carrying on their legacy in the overworld.

Having been at their work for a long time now, to humans anyway. They seek to provide knowledge of Yythyaabaur to the puppets of Asulon, teaching them how to perfect others like the Klawr'Thenaarzhis do. The brutal and sadistic torture they witness and learn from is all in the name of Xaanah'Kanin'Thau'Torin'Ghaur, ritualistic and indivine. Whilst there are many types of people out there, there are the sick twisted types that find this appealing and although do not know the full scale of things and are not let on to too much by the children, the apprentices remain unweary and continue to respect these forlorn beings as they carry out the will of their higher form, obeying by the Code of Perfection, Omuun'Nohkxyrm.

Omuun'Nohkxyrm

Omuun'Nohkxyrm also know as the Code of Perfection was established and imprinted into the minds of the Klawr'Thenaarzhis so that they may never forget it and always follow it, it goes as follows.

One: The master above all else.

Two: Silence is perfect, tongues are vile tools of disgust and must be removed.

Three: Aiding another imperfection is impossible.

Four: Defense of your siblings and your Gatekeeper is vital.

Five: Emotion is imperfect, mercy is weak and love is non-existent.

Six: Pain is imperfect, it is not there and it cannot hinder your actions.

Seven: Trust in the ability of the Klawr'Thenaarzhis and only them.

Eight: The secrets of Hyernohk remains secret, if they are worthy enough to enter it, they shall see.

Nine: None are to reach the valley of pass until they are ready.

Ten: The Lifeless Reaches make their own verdict, they keep whom they choose and aren't open to argument.

The Ten Planes of Hyernohk

Hyernohk is the realm mentioned several times throughout the biography, it is an ethereal world of perfection that exists only mentally. It transcribes as literally "Sanctuary" providing shelter from the hatred of other worlds for those that in their own minds deem worthy and deservant of it. Hyernohk is a large landmass that consists of ten immortal planes, each having discrete and different characteristics that make them completely irrational and unique among themselves and show no similarities towards each other. There are six out of the ten planes of Hyernohk that are classed as the elemental planes, home to the sprites and the Klawr'Thenaarzhis of each respected plane. Considering that these sprites exist within only the realm there is no possible way they may ever escape to release their power upon Asulon, unfortunately.

Omuun'Hrothwryyn'Kharwhep

The Abyssal Barrier

The Abyssal Barrier plays an important part in the construct that is Hyernohk for it is the vale that holds multiple rifts connecting the sanctuary and Asulon, this plane is the vulnerable to attack from any unwanted entities. The land is clouded with a thick purple mist that causes a blighted blinding to almost any and all, causing them to wander around aimlessly in attempts to find their way out. Coated with beautiful trees and dark moist grass along with the small rhythmic chants that can be heard, this land sways with mystery and is one of the few places within Hyernohk that barely receives light. The Flesh Atronach known as the Gatekeeper Zolun'drugg is the guardian to this plane and is responsible for keeping the imperfections out of

his master's realm, this big bloody beast is imbued with physical power and strikes fear into the hearts of most. This is the front line of Hyernohk's defence and one of the most vicious realms in terms of contact for there are always shadic patrols of the plane to ensure nothing has slipped under the noses of Zolun'drugg. Xaanah'Kanin'Thau'Torrin'Ghaur has a really strong connection to this plane and can channel his thoughts into the minds of its' visitors, spiking their mind with a full on mental assault. Each of the six elemental plane have some sort of connection with this plane and can weave it to do their bidding with their respective traits, ensuing literal hell upon any trespassers.

Omuun'Phoreth'Vahkaur The Valley of Pass

The Valley of Pass is the heart of Hyernohk, its' rocky mountains act as spiked teeth to ward of the infiltrators that would wish to steal its' secrets. The stone wastelandic summit is home to derelict and corrupt nothingness and barren plains, for in the valley lie the perfect beings that have finished their lives and earned their place in everlasting bliss. The Valley of Pass is the plane that the six planes of the Klawr'Thenaarzhis revolve around, for in each corner lies one of the lord's homes. The drop to the bottom of the valley is so blunt that it would take the lives of any without the bone structure to survive it and its' mere amazing geographical features are key for its' safety and survival. The Valley contains great halls filled with the souls of all the past warriors and spirits that have served in the master's name to take up his offer for ethereal slumber. One of the inaccessible areas of Hyernohk it still remains a mystery even to some of its' inhabitants whom are nowhere near ready to breach its' presence right now.

Omuun'Muunt'Khuum The Flamespire

The Flamespire is the plane of flamebinding, home to the Klawr'Thenaarzhis of fire and fury. It is one of the most hostile of all the flames for its' lands blister with a searing heat and scorching stones. Magnificent yet mind-bleeding gouts of magma spew from the crevices as the black smokey sky comes down to choke its' victims. The Flamespire is one of the tallest objects in Hyernohk for it is a colossal volcano that juts out of the sky, constantly erupting and spewing magma over the sides. It is made from the ground up of volcanic rock and obsidian and its' flattened peak hosts a large altar where the lord may commune with the flame, fires and lakes of lava that stretch throughout the plane. The Flamespire pulses with a massive beacon of direct temperature and heat in its' purest form, nothing but a blazing rod of molten power that besieges the sky and parts the ash drowned clouds of this plane, The Flamespire is that which produces and empire of magmatic energy into the Navii'Taun of the Rheelzhis'nah and channels its' energy into the sprite's child to aid in its' work.

The Lord of Omuun'Muunt'Khuum is Rheelzhish'nah, a sprite of flame that hosts ability to summon entire barriers of magma in his aid. He is essentially a large ball of heat that soars the

ash filled skies as he calls and chants for he is a massive burning phoenix, holding wings of fury to send gusts of combustion through the screaming winds. The Phoenix siphoned his soul into the creation known as The Searing One, the Klawr'Thenaarzhis of Flamebinding. The dark rubies implanted within it boast a strong connection to Rheezhish'nah as he named his creation after himself, to go forth into the overworld and spill the burning passion for perfection they both share. Rheezhish'nah wants nothing more for it's child than to see it smother the world in an ever kindling blaze of ashes and to see the imperfections smolder in it's magnificence, smiting the world with the molten glory that this Klawr'Thenaarzhis is capable of committing is something that would please the sprite greatly.

Omuun'Herax'Grauh The Glacial Summit

The Glacial Summit is the second of the planes of the Klawr'Thenaarzhis and is the plane of Icewarding, this giant bastion provides sanctuary to many wild arctic fauna that dwell there that can easily adapt to its' hostile arctic wastes, mountains of ice and rock peak high throughout its' valleys, each summit lined with a glistening coat of glacial frosting, softly crunching underfoot. This is one of the most beautiful planes in the realm in contrast to how dangerous it is too. This is not a place to tread lightly upon for the glaciers and glass-like stalagmites and stalactites growl in the faces of those that dare approach, menacingly and ferociously. The arctic winds swoop down to gnaw at your skin, scratching roughly as it howls through the air, the clear frosted skies home to several showers of hail and glacial meteors that crash upon the floors of this cold, majestic hell. The spine splicing winds of the Glacial Summit is what wraps itself around the Navii'Taun of this realm's Klawr'Thenaarzhis and allows it to explore it's own arctic power. The shattering winds and the binding ice of this realm is essential to keep the Klawr'Thenaarzhis of icewarding upon it's feet and fulfilling A'thyune's wish.

Omuun'Herax'Grauh is ruled by the lord of Ice whom name is A'thyune, the spirit of winter that symbolically portrays beauty and danger contrasting. A'thyune takes on the form of a large ice wolf, stalwart and protective over its' own. Vicious and a survivalist; this aspect is the shield of the other plains. Boasting the ability to conjure tearing snow storms and tear up boulders of ice from the ground, A'thyune also uses his power to protect his kin, compacting walls of ice together to form a barrier symbolically much like a pack of wolves come together to provide strength united. The wolf imbursed his energy to the Klawr'Thenaarzhis of Icewarding so that it may carry out the same motives to protect its' fellow siblings. Embossed with large glistening sapphires, it can be seen from a range... The Glacial One, the shattering bulwark of ice to guard the fellow champions. A'thyune over all wishes to see the realm of Asulon still in motion and believes that it's child can fulfil this by coating the residents in ice and having them in frozen, beautiful stillness. Stopping the flow of blood in every last one of them, freezing their minds and having them enter a perfect silence in perfect unmoving.

Omuun'Ghaurim'Rhazs'Rith The Kraul of Wild Growth

The Kraul of Wild Growth is yet another of the marvellous planes in which the Klawr'Thenaarzhis make their home, overruled by the shadowing lords and creators. Home to the lord of Regrowth this plane consists of primarily fauna, flora and water sources. Savage animals stalk through the shrubs and burrows that lay hidden throughout the large jungle-driven forest awaiting an well timed ambush. Four large pillars to dot the landscape and provide a feeling of landmarking to the realm being a source of power for controlling the lands flora. The large trees cast shadows over the forest floor, leaving shade for many of the beasts and critters to relax in and whilst the location in itself sounds soothing it is also very aggressive. Being unwary you could easily have yourself eaten whole by the beasts if not the savage plants to dwell there, cultivated and controlled by large pillars that boast a theme of magic. The crater in the middle is home to several waterfalls that dive down deep to form this exotic oasis. Within the center of the pillars of the Kraul there is a basin of pure spring water in extravagantly perfect state, the cleanliness peak of nature and the fountain of all the plane's power that is transferred into the Navii'Taun and in sequence; the Klawr'Thenaarzhis allowing it to bestow health upon it's allies and manipulate the very grounds of nature to entomb themselves upon an unsuspecting soul. It is this purity that nurses all the wounds of the entire realm of Hyernohk to full recovery.

Kar'Tathor is the lord of Omuun'Ghaurim'Rhazs'Rith, taking the form of a large golem constructed primarily of roots, earth and rock. This earthen aspect represents natural strength in the earth and the ability to heal its' own wounds with time, this spirit is the healer of the realm; closing wounds in the land and nursing its' rocky and soily sores. Kar'Tathor has been said to mold the earth around him to his view of natural perfection, holding magic within him he can channel rebirth into the roots of the realm to repair and make amends to it. Kar'Tathor expended most of himself to create The Rejuvenating One, his own Klawr'Thenaarzhis of Regrowth beset with dazzling emeralds, that may mend the imperfect world through its' efforts to bring great satisfaction to its' lord. In symbolism this Klawr'Thenaarzhis also remains the uplift of the six as it strives to amend the wounds of its' falling siblings battle-hardened or not. Whilst Kar'Tathor may seem the most peaceful of all the elemental aspects of Hyernohk he intends for his child to walk upon Asulon and cause the flora and the earth itself to rise up, swallowing any and all imperfection until it ends up being under the nature itself. After all, the nature of the earth should always be on top.

Omuun'Thoruuk'Thylene The Hallowed Hollow

The Hallowed Hollow is home to many dark underlings that would take refuge there, being literally a black forest; rarely seeing daylight. This is the realm of Death and Decay and the few types of creatures that live here are the ones that have adapted to its' fetid environments, many that would seek to dwell in this distraught land would wither quickly, catching disease and

plague from the disgusting overhauled land that remains locked within the twisting entombments of the trees of the Hollow. Being almost as dark as the Lifeless Reaches, the Hallowed Hollow remains one of the most unwelcoming planes and is only open to its' own kind. Death coats the charred and rotting landscapes to fend off any invading forces that seek to disgrace its' lands. Disgusting pools of ashen muck and poison bogwater send unbearable stench through the black mists that coats the air, making the faint of heart almost eager to throw up, for the stench would be much better. One of the most confusing planes, t'is easy to be shot down by the skeletal hunters that roam the forest floors. The rotting decay of this putrid realm manifests into a facade of marvel and wondrous power, siphoning itself into the Navii'Taun of decay and infusing the Klawr'Thenaarzhis with a devastating and corroding touch that may wither the imperfect cell by cell.

Reth'Ragorr is the lord of Death, Decay and Destruction, taking on the form of a dead angel he keeps to the sky, watching over his plane and making sure balance is kept within it. Being the lord of Omuun'Thoruuk'Thyne, this aspect seeks to keep balance within the realm; killing off what has no longer a place in Hyernohk and causing destruction into the forces in which disobey the morals of the world. Ironically known as the peacekeeper he seeks to keep everything in its' place, being swift, cunning and perplex this spirit remains agile and holds its' place as the hunter of death. This angel of darkness created the darkest Onyxes and bound them into the eyes of its' champion, The Ashen One; Klawr'Thenaarzhis of Decay. Acting as the Peacekeeper of the pack it seeks to maintain balance within the ring, this Klawr'Thenaarzhis is the least magically atoned of all of them although it is the most agile by far. Reth'Ragorr will stop at nothing to see that balance is restored to Asulon through methods of its' own preference, having its' own child step upon the alien soils of Asulon to send a revolutionary shockwave upon its' landscapes. Having nature itself revolt as it spreads death and decay among the imperfections of the land to rid their presence from it, cleansing the land per say of imperfection.

Omuun'Rhethator'Dorauth The Citadel of Seduction

The Citadel of Seduction is an astounding, jaw dropping bastion that stretches for miles, literally a giant castle uprooted from the ground and encased in slabs of underliving rock. This is the plane of secrets and holds much of the knowledge of Xaanah'Kanin'Thau'Torin'Ghaur locked away within the binding vaults of its' presence. Home to Valkyrie and Succubus alike this realm remains dangerous and hypnotic, with the ability to turn the tide of things within moments. The realm is home to many mirages and illusions, the most knowldegable and concentrated planes of the realm leaves it remaining the most trickful. Messing with the mind is an art of this lands natural structure, leading the unwary and gullible to believe things are not what they seem, trapped in the mental labyrinth to destroy them from the inside out, also holding its' title as one of the most sadistic planes it contrastedly holds mutuality within the realm, refusing to let any in its' path remove such an embrace. The Citadel is a castle packed with seducing and hooking beings, grappling the mind to sway it in their own favour and make it perform like a blind stag. It

is this swaying power of the mind that invokes the force into the Navii'Taun of seduction and releases the maiden energy of the succubus upon the Klawr'Thenaarzhis so it may 'woo' any being with enticement that it sees fit to remove it's imperfection through mental efforts.

Thar'Suul is the lady of seduction, secrets and manipulation is the only female creators and realm barers within Hyernohk, taking the form of a great red succubus it provides a sense of physical malice and intrigue from many. Being host to many and all secrets of the realm she acts as the mental guardian and keeper of mutuality between the rest of the planes, combatting any mental force that would seek to wreak havoc upon them. Controlling large masses within her mind she remains severely intelligent and all-knowing, being masochistic in her mental efforts. Creating a wonderful child, The Alluring one; Klawr'Thenaarzhis of Secrets and Seduction it had diamonds planted into the eyes of this construct, glistening white gems. For this child was to act as a mental barrier for the ring and to uphold mutuality within it. Being the most intelligent of the group it is also the physically weakest and is the prime priority of defense for the rest of the ring. Thar'Suul wishes to have the mental energy of Asulon for herself and would have her child take upon that very task to retrieve it for her, manipulating the minds of every imperfection in order to corrupt their willpower and bring them forth to their knees in submission so that the mistress may take her share.

Omuun'Yythanuul'Tahporr
The Painter's Palace

The Painter's Palace is a colossal cathedral that sits upon a large cataliffing mound, being a monastery of worship it holds home to many worshippers. Being the last of the lord-driven planes, the plane of creation, art and sacrifice held home to many jesters and demonic artists and mimes that seeked to take sanctuary there. A realm of catastrophic angst and confusion and rather mad-hattery occurring events it has always been, being the home of decision and ritual it was responsible for making the choices of what to keep and what to sacrifice within Hyernohk through daunting necrotic ritualistic methods. This plane appears to be the calmest of them all but is infact the most deadly for it will drive the average person bluntly; insane. Forming psychopathic illnesses within its' very winds and rains the striving maniacal status of the plane remains in tact, warding of the intelligent invaders of the realm that fear for the loss of their own sanity over their striving curiosity. The sheer creativity and insanity, hysteria and commotivity that resides within the Painter's Palace is what derives the energy that flows into the Navii'Taun of creation, allowing the Klawr'Thenaarzhis such vivid thoughts and incoming streams of ideas that never cease to envision themselves upon it's mind and allow it to bring it's puppets to life so it may converse with them and task them.

Nurantah'Jynx is the lord of Omuun'Yythamuul'Tahporr, taking on the form of a large graceful gryphon it shows symbolism in creation for the gryphon is merely the creative mind put together to form a successful hybrid of fauna, the lion and eagle. This black beast soars the winds and

stalks the lands to keep eye on most of the realm for it is the ringleader of the ring and bears great responsibility as a caretaker of decisions and sacrifice. This aspect remains the most mad of them all but infact is one of the most clever albeit rather weak. Nurantah'Jynx forged ever-watching amethysts into the sockets of the last Klawr'Thenaarzhis; The Adjudicating One... Thenaarzhis of Creation, Sacrifice and Decision being in charge for most of the endeavours undertaken by the champions and is responsible for guiding them on the path to perfection the so greatly strive for. Naruntah'Jynx wishes to make the whole realm of Asulon falter with uncontrollable madness and insanity, painting everything to it's liking and having each and every imperfection hop about like a puppet on strings. It wishes the whole world to dance for it so it may marvel in their completeness.

Omuun'Voluundaur'Pauzh The Lifeless Reaches

The Lifeless Reaches are bluntly known as the point of no return, a valley of death and eternal slumber. This dark infinite drop is a hostile descent into nothingness and it is where the unworthy dwell after their passing. Home to the dead and the imperfect it remains unwelcoming and desolate in terms of structure. Standing between the valley of pass and the master's terrace it acts as a wall for those that seek to breach the master's peace and violate his very sinning self. This is the hell of the realm and the all-feared plane of Hyernohk. This is by far the most dangerous of all of the planes, the darkest in continuation as it never witnesses the life of day within its' entire existence. Those that never make it to the valley of pass will then go on to delve deep into the darkness of the reaches, never to return and never to cease their fall into the black, infinite abyss.

Omuun Xanaah'Kanin'Thau'Torrin'Ghaur Ithraun The Master's Terrace

The Master's Terrace is the home of the god, Xanaah'Kanin'Thau'Torrin'Ghaur this is the home of the majority of the realm's power, all focused into the signet that is himself. He is the almighty overlord of Hyernohk and the prophet of Ythyabaur, the god of the Klawr'Thenaarzhis and lord of the lords. The god's envisionment is a visual smite to one's eyes and his voice is one to split ears and minds for he is the sole soul power of all of the realm and has direct commune with all of his children including the mighty gatekeeper. Reaching this plane is almost impossible and it is the hardest to reach for the confusing labyrinths and life threatening puzzles in the way take the life of most and for when they finally reach the altar of Xanaah; the spirits of the planes would destroy it limb from limb, tether from tether. The Master's Terrace is home to the altar of Sa'Yizith, the pillar of power that holds all the mental influx of the realm. This includes the great efficiency of the relics, the masks, the Navii'Taun and the very souls of the Klawr'Thenaarzhis, it is to this peak of energy that all the power of Hyernohk and even the elemental avatars of the six planes manifest into and it is from this reverberating spire of power that said power is taken

from and transduced into the souls of the Master's children.

Relics of the Klawr'Thenaarzhis

Upon creation each of the Klawr'Thenaarzhis were given a tool, a relic... a symbol of perfection to aid them in their duties of saving the world. Each themed to its' own self and differentiated between one another. Some of them contained magical power and some did not although each were equally effective. Not trusted with too much power the relics were toned down to be less destructive as to only alter the overworlds of Asulon rather than completely obliterate it. The Klawr'Thenaarzhis are bound to their relics and always can sense the whereabouts of them, like the eyes there is a matching gemstone embroidered into the relic for communion with the home realm. Upon destruction these relics release the soul back into the ethereal planes to be restored and recreated.

Xyrthaal

Xyrthaal is the relic of flamebinding, the tool bound to The Searing One. Xyrthaal is the staff of Rheezhish'nah, heart of the phoenix. It is structured with a large black shaft made of obsidian, one of the hottest and most magically atoned rock to exist designed specifically to channel scorching flames spiralling upward and out of the other end. At the top the shaft sits a beautiful red rose... made of crystalline forged ruby deep within the earth, glass like it sits on top, glistening. The ruby core of the staff has a soul connection to the rubies within its' eyes and allows for the harnessing of the flames of Hyernohk to aid it in its' incantations. The two parts of the staff are bound together with a long molten rope, a whip made from magmatic rock to choke the shaft and rose together in binding. This whip remains detachable and is often used in the endeavours of bringing an imperfection to its' knees in blistering agony. Forming Xyrthaal, the relic of flamebinding.

Venah'Kaur

Venah'Kaur is the relic of icewarding, the tool bound to The Glacial One. Ara'veere are the claws of A'thyune, snarl of the wolf mother. The casing is constructed from ice taken from the core of Herax'Grauh and is insusceptible to none but some of the strongest flame, being glacial barded rock even the touch may bring cold and screeching pain amongst flesh. The tip of each claw is encrusted with a razor sharp sapphire tip, providing the ethereal link between the claws and the realm of Hyernohk and giving the ability to extract the edge of ice and the unbreaking protection of ice bulwarking from its' homeland. This is one of the most vicious of relics for it engages in savage physical conduct that would otherwise be non-bloody. These hands of ice portray strength and protection; Venah'Kaur... relic of icewarding.

Awr'Icaaris

Awr'Icaaris is the relic of regrowth, the tool bound to The Rejuvenating One. Awr'Icaaris is the spear of Kar'Tathor, the beacon of the earth golem. The spear is held by a large earthen shaft made of thick stoneroot, almost as hard as the rock of the earth but with the texture of its' uprooting flora. The spear is tipped with a spike of jutting emerald, carved finely to perfection. The emerald tip provides the link between itself and Hyernohk so that the plane of regrowth may aid it in its' healing of the land. The relic acts as both a weapon and a conduct of earth to channel the manipulation of flora in Asulon, one of the most natural of all of the relics it remains docile in its' efforts. This spear is symbolic to natural resistance and strength in the earth. Awr'Icaaris; the relic of Regrowth.

Nath'Tirith

Nath'Tirith is the relic of decay, the tool bound to The Ashen One. Nath Tirith is the bow of Reth'Ragorr, the plague of the dark angel. The bow is shaped finely into a reboudt stature, molded with the withering branches of ironbark from the very trunk of the great tree of the hallowed hollow. This withering wood is strong for those whom can adapt to it and in The Ashen One's case; it can. Those whom aren't accustomed to it will become irritated upon touch, for it portrays a vile acidic coating on the wooden boughs of the bow. The string of the bow is lined with the soft sinew of flesh, extracted finally from the body of a being so perfect. Each arrow head tipped with a deep dark onyx, channelling decay to the victim as it soars through the air. The relic is rather agile and withering but is masterful in the right hands, portraying swiftness and death. Nath'Tirith, relic of decay.

Treya'Chronos

Treya'Chronos is the relic of secrets, the tool bound to The Alluring One. Treya'Chronos is the staff of Thar'Suul, the lash of the succubus. The fine shaft of Treya'Chronos is constructed from black shards of the citadel in Hyernohk, thick, sturdy and pure. Allowing the mysteries of the mind to wrap around and through the transparent structure of it. On top sits a small hourglass, the 'glass' made of transparent diamond to provide a link into the seducing wilds of Hyernohk and to bring forth the power to sway disposition and convert minds through manipulation. The hourglass is interlaced with fine grains of dust taken from the very ashes of the air from within the Citadel of Seduction, this finely tuned device portraying symbolism of mentality and hypnotism. Treya'Chronos, relic of secrets.

Sma'Dyyth

Sma'Dyyth is the relic of creation, the tool bound to The Adjudicating One. Sma'Dyyth is the blade of Sma'Dyyth, the scalpel of creation. The handle is made from dark-rot bleached willow wood, holding the rest of the blade finely in place. The rest of the blade constructed with a dark black steel bent through adaptation to heat. At the tip of the blade is a large curved claw serving as a hook to the user, constructed of faint amethyst it provides the link within Hyernohk to sacrifice and recreate what it must even if it means rather brutally. This relic acts as the molding tool of perfection and creation, changing beings how it must through mutilation, symbolically bringing through artistry. The relic of creation; Sma'Dyyth.

Navii'Taun