

Seth

Every child of Meridies, listen! Sharpen your ears and hear the call to celebrate our Golden Eagle, Sir Seth of Gullin Ari. His hammer falls and his anvil rings, and all of our knives are keener from his work. No jealous smith he, but one who shares his art and learning out to all people wise enough to listen. And so I command you in his honor—listen. The Order of the Laurel and our most august Majesties, Emelyne and Mordan, raise him up in the sight of us all, for Seth is more precious than any metal and his mind sharper than any blade. Illmarinen, the Sampo forger, leads Seth's hands and tools and quickens the flame in his forge. Like Regin, he forges our swords to the most subtle edges and then leads us onward into battle. May the sun itself warm his forge and the west wind be his bellows. Call Sir Seth your Peer of the Realm over and over again and worthy Companion of the Order of the Laurel to bear henceforth all titles and blazons that attend it.