

MENEKOD TEMPLE OF LARANI 1

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TEMPLE OF LARANI

The Menekod Temple of Larani is a temple of The Order of Hyvrik. Construction of the Temple began in 697T.R., immediately after the Peace of Selvos. The temple is made from 'white' limestone from a quarry some two leagues west of Menekod. The stone is not the quality as that from the 'Selvos' quarry at Trilby, but was much easier to transport to the site. The erection of a new temple to Larani, in the town that had been the stronghold of the Agrikan Order of the Copper Hook, had great symbolism for both the Order of Hyvrik and the Order of the Checkered Shield. Rapid construction deemed essential.

However, there was a great deal of work for the Masons guild in the years following the war. In Menekod alone, the rebuilding of the southern wall and tower of Caer Menekod was equally urgent. The temple was finally completed late in 699T.R. The Temple was actually consecrated by the Serekela of Kandy on 14 Larane of that year, a few months before it was complete. The Feast of St. Ambrathas was then held in the unfinished Temple.

As soon as work finished in Menekod the masons moved on to Corameth, where they spent the next five years converting a manorial village ruined by the war into the Laranian Abbey of Corameth. Corameth Abbey is less than a league from Menekod and the two Temples work closely together. They form the eyes and ears of the Rekela of Erone in the border area.

The Menekod Temple has surprisingly limited access to the inner workings of the Headquarters of the Order of the Checkered Shield. Although it stands but a few hundred yards from Caer Menekod, the Temple has no official role to play in the spiritual guidance of the Order. That duty is performed by the Chaplain to the Checkered Shield, Leda of Severwen. Matakea Leda answers to Zernil of Alern, of the Menoran of Erone Abbey, and not to the Menekod Temple.

The Temple is, however, responsible for the spiritual well being of many local manors and Chapter Houses. The Menoran is often away from the Temple visiting the Chapter Houses of Antivar, Dinayn, Stedmary, Waldel and Wenery. The other Chapter houses in Damorane Hundred, Andersa and Luryn, are the responsibility of the Menoran at Corameth Abbey.

The Obasaran of Menekod has a difficult job. Reblena and Bailiffs hold all of the manors in his jurisdiction (all manors in Damorane Hundred except Dinord, Jabu, Regedy and Seay, which are the responsibility of the Obasaran at Corameth). The manors are all held from the Order of the Checkered Shield and with few exceptions the holders are veterans of Ezars War. Their first loyalty is to the Checkered Shield, While none fail to meet the church tithe, few provide more than a minimum tithe, donating any additional revenue to the Fighting Order.

The members of the Checkered Shield quartered in Caer Menekod rarely attend daily services at the Temple, but instead attend the Chapel within the Castle. This often means that the daily services are poorly attended, although several of the Guildsmen of Menekod, notably the weaponcrafter and the metalsmith, are devout and regular attendees. However, much to the distress of the Serolan, few regular attendees are ‘true’ nobles. Guildsmen, younger sons of the nobility, and soldiers promoted to bailiffs are not what he regards as an ideal congregation. To make matters worse, on the occasions that the Sheriff, Prince Anafias, visits Menekod he too worships at the Chapel in Caer Menekod.



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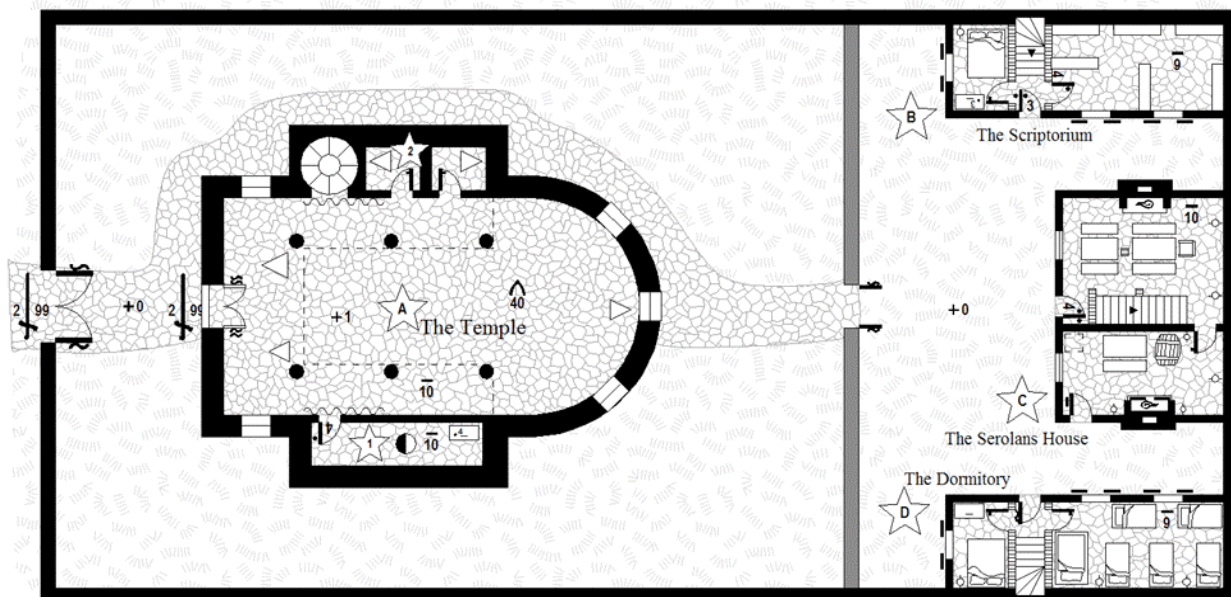
THANKS

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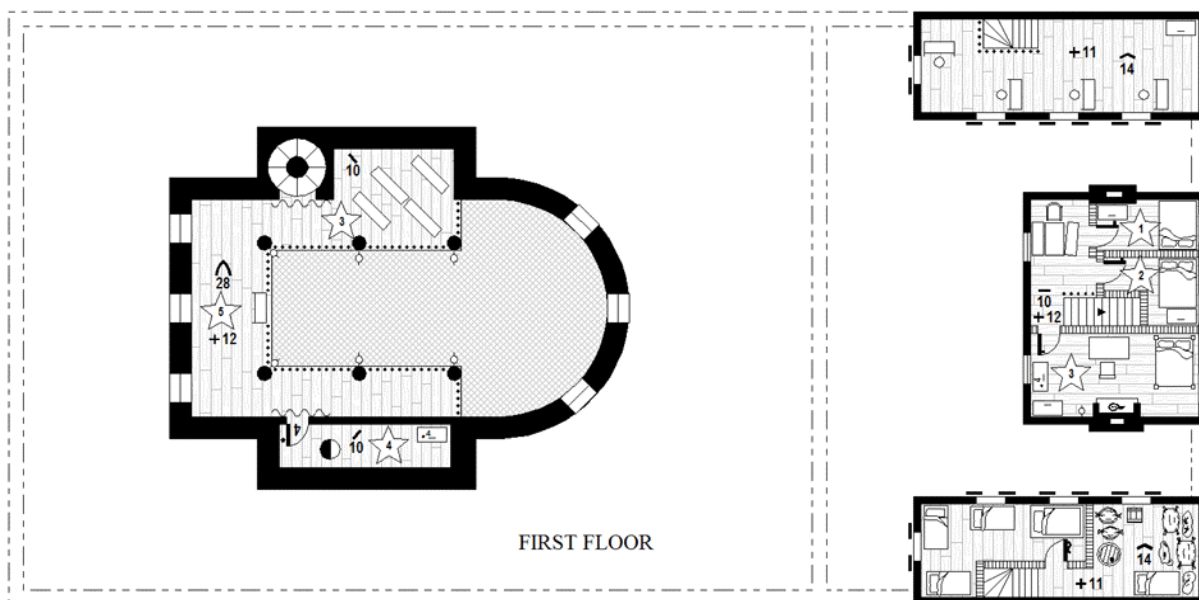
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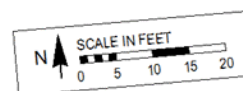
MENEKOD TEMPLE OF LARANI 2



GROUND FLOOR



FIRST FLOOR



MENEKOD TEMPLE OF LARANI 3

TEMPLE RESIDENTS

The Menekod Temple has a relatively small number of residents. In addition to the Council of Five there are eight Matakea and four Ashesa at the temple, giving a total of only seventeen priests and acolytes. These residents are all detailed below.

The Serolan

Melchatt of Norayn is a tall and rather self-important individual who sometimes seems overly fond of the trappings of his position. A tall, thick-set man in his early forties, Serolan Melchatt is the uncle of Sir Lakander, Lord of Leza. Though suspicious by nature, he is easily swayed by flattery. The Serolan assumes a wise and decisive demeanour, though in fact he is neither.

Once a month, usually on the evening of the 24th day Sir Symon of Tolfane visits the Serolan with a gift of cider from the Speckled Band Inn. The Serolan enjoys his cosy fireside chats with the Chabla. He does not realise how much political information the Chabla gleans from these meetings.

The Obasaran

Dowdle of Kell is a jolly, round faced and ruddy-cheeked 48 year old. He is a close friend of the Serolan and the two men spend many evenings together 'discussing the finer points of scripture' over a jug or two of ale. Obasaran Dowdle is, however, a shrewd and competent bargainer, and many merchants often find he gets a better deal than they intended.

Many of the local bailiffs dread the arrival of the Obasaran. He seems to have the uncanny knack of finding the best wine in the cellar, no matter how well it is hidden, and then drinking it, or accepting it as a tithe.

Dowdle keeps a tariff of the livestock in the manors of his 'parish.' He expects, and gets, regular deliveries of freshly slaughtered beasts, grain, eggs and cheese from the local manor lords. The Temple has no demesne farmland, so must rely on these tithes to support the priests. While the tithes are sufficient to feed the Temple residents, the Serolan is aware that he has little, or no, surplus to pass on to the Rekela at Erone.

The Menoran

Ellis of Delreyn is 28 years old. He is one of the many sons of the Lord of Jazo Manor. Ellis lost the use of his right arm fifteen years ago when it was crushed under a cart. He had been a promising squire, but, unable to hold a sword he concluded that Larani had chosen another path for him. He is fiercely competitive and strives to prove that he is as good as any other man.

Ellis' arm hangs lifeless at his side, he usually straps it across his chest in a sling. This is essential when he is riding as otherwise the lifeless limb takes on a life of its own, flapping uncontrollably. Some people are made nervous by his injury, many fail to notice it, or ignore it.

Menoran Ellis entered the church at Selvos, where he was an Ashesa and then a Matakea. He has studied and worked hard since entering the church. Ellis is literate and a fine scribe despite his injury. He is also a remarkably good horseman. Ellis is often absent from the temple, visiting the five chapter houses within his jurisdiction. He has been in his post for less than a year but already many of the Reblena, Knights and Meken of the Checkered Shield hold him in high regard.

The Valaran

Kirkan of Calenas is a pious man of 32. His father was Lord of Wandyn Manor in Urmore Hundred. Kirkan is the youngest of six children, his eldest brother, Narrath, is fifteen years his senior. Narrath inherited the manor five years ago, on the death of their father.

Valaran Kirkan expects all others to be as devoted to the goddess as he is. He is very well read and constantly quotes from the sayings of one Saint or another. When asked for advice or guidance he often uses obscure quotes, such as 'remember the advice of Saint Aedan at the fall of Chendy,' rather than give a simple answer. This is a source of annoyance to the Ashesa, and also sometimes to the Serolan, whose knowledge of some of the more obscure scriptures is a little more rusty than he cares to admit.

The Suloran

Jilyan of Rigney is a short, slender woman of some fifty years. She has a long, thin nose and dark, piercing eyes, which seem to miss nothing. Jilyan is the only one of the Council of Five to have been at the Temple since it was sanctified and completed. She is a quiet, introspective woman. Very devout, she is the only member of the clergy who has corrected the Valaran for misquoting scripture.

Suloran Jilyan was one of several Matakea who were at the siege of Menekod in 695T.R. She refuses to discuss 'the War' with anyone, and has rebuked several Ashesa over the years for asking her impertinent questions. All temple residents are aware that several Checkered Shield veterans of the battle for Menekod (four or five grizzled Reblena aged between 45 and 65 and almost a dozen yeomen of the same age) treat Suloran Jilyan reverentially. She seems an unlikely warrior, but the Ashesa are certain that she gained honours on the battlefield to be so respected. As a consequence, many Matakea and Ashesa are wary of her.

MENEKOD TEMPLE OF LARANI 4

Jilyan is fluent in three languages, Hârníc, Emela and Jarinese. Additionally, she is reasonably fluent in Khuzan and has picked up a small amount of Azeryani, this last is though her attempts to translate several books captured at the fall of Menekod. However, while she can pick out a few written words of Azeryani, she has never heard the language and cannot speak it. She knows three scripts, Lakise, Khruni and Zerin.

Brother Chorister

Ned of Seeg is 36 years old. He is a stocky man with thinning dark hair. His voice is a deep and mellifluous bass and he uses it constantly. He is a cheerful man with an eccentric, some would say bizarre, sense of humour.

His choir is small, consisting of himself, all four Ashesa (they have no choice in the matter) and three of the Matakea. Of all the male Matakea, he is the only one completely immune to the charms of Ashesa Krysta; she sings flat.

Brother Illuminator

Tamas of Jorn is a quiet and extremely shy man. He is in his late twenties and is of average height and build. Tamas speaks little, and is panicked by direct questions. He cannot bring himself to keep eye contact when speaking. For this reason many people distrust him. He is actually an honest, conscientious and trustworthy individual.

Brother Cook

Mykel of Floi is 40 years old. Untidy and extrovert, Mykel is a fine cook, though sometimes a little too experimental. Many of the priests still remember his trout, parsnip & dandelion soup. Recently, however, he has begun to seek added inspiration in ale. He is beginning to descend into alcoholism.

Brother Brewer

Mordue of Jarra is 56 years old. He is almost six feet tall and has a shock of white hair and a bushy white beard. Mordue brews a good, strong dark ale. He is the only one of the priests to have noticed Mykel's problem. He is a good friend of the cook and does not wish to get him into trouble, so as yet he has said nothing to anyone. Mordue has a fine voice and is a member of the Temple Choir.

Brother Scribe

Porl of Jonstun is 21 years old and has only recently arrived at the Temple. Clever, vigorous and diligent, he is tall and slim with a mop of curly red hair. Porl was a successful and valued Ashesa at Erone. He is under instructions to report on events at both the temple and the castle to his mentor Zernil of Alern. Unfortunately, since arriving at Menekod, he has spent much of his time writing execrable romantic poetry, in an attempt to impress Ashesa Krysta.

Sister Scribe

Alyne of Bor is in her early forties and is slightly overweight. She has greying brown hair, though still an excellent copyist she has very poor distance vision. This makes her squint when looking at anything more than ten feet away. Alyne is avoided by most of the priests. She is a notorious gossip and has forthright opinions on everything. All of the priests know better than to start a conversation with her. They simply listen & nod when she begins one of her diatribes.

Sister Bookkeeper

Maryam of Margol is a short woman in her early fifties. Her greying hair is an untidy mass of curls. She is an excellent mathematician and often assumes, wrongly, that everyone else is as numerate as she is. Maryam keeps a careful and very accurate record of all gifts, tithes and donations received at the temple. Maryam is a member of the Temple Choir.

Sister Physician

Jenney of Toran is in her late thirties. She is a thin, sallow-faced woman who firmly believes that physical pain is good for the soul; her patients disagree. The Checkered Shield Molarin insist that new recruits be taken to the Matakea Physician after their first combat injury. This is, according to Armolarin Allun of Dob, is to ensure that they try harder to avoid the blow the next time. Few members of the Order of the Checkered Shield return to use her services a second time. Other than attending to the minor ailments of the clergy Jenney has little to do. She has a fine soprano voice and is a mainstay of the choir. Matakea Ned has great respect for her.

The Ashesa

There are four Ashesa (acolytes) in training at the temple, two male and two female.

Kraig of Yrk is the youngest of the Ashesa. Just turned fourteen years old he is keen, cheerful and hopelessly enamoured of Ashesa Krysta of Roh. Kraig is short, about 5¼ feet tall and of average build. He wears his black hair cropped short. Kraig is often in trouble, and it is usually Krysta's fault.

Larrath of Gat is sixteen. He is a little over six feet tall and slightly overweight with an unruly mop of blond hair. His voice is surprisingly high pitched and, apart from his long, thin nose, his face remains round, smooth and cherubic. His voice and face seem out of place on such a large body. Larrath is well meaning but has little initiative. If given a task he will perform it diligently, but if left to himself he will simply make mischief.

MENEKOD TEMPLE OF LARANI 5

Tarsey of Gat is almost fifteen, and is blossoming into a slim and attractive young woman. She is the younger sister of Larrath, but is in many ways more mature. A head shorter than her brother she is more thin-featured, although her hair is as blonde and her nose as straight as his. Tarsey is keen and helpful and could do well in the priesthood. The Valaran is, however, unsure if she is here because of her devotion to Larani, or simply because of her devotion to her older brother.

Krysta of Roh is the eldest of the Ashesa. She is seventeen years old and some five and a half feet tall. Krysta is attractive, has light brown hair and is of average build. For almost two years she was the youngest woman in the Temple. That has now changed with the arrival of Tarsey. Krysta knows how to use her femininity to the best. She is lazy and rather selfish, when given a task she tries to find someone else to do it for her. She is remarkably successful at this, especially with Kraig. The Valaran is beginning to suspect that she is an agent of Halea, come to tempt the faithful.

THE TEMPLE BUILDINGS

The temple buildings are surrounded by a stone wall ten feet in height. The only entrance into the Temple courtyard is through two large wooden gates. Two meken of the Order of the Checkered Shield are on guard at these gates at all times. The gates are closed and barred after the daily service, the guards, however, must remain at post. The meken are changed every watch. When the gates are open two more meken are stationed at the doors to the temple. The meken regard temple duty as a tedious and thankless task. The only bright spot, so far as they are concerned, is the occasional opportunity to flirt with Ashesa Krysta.

The Temple itself is a plain building lacking the ornamentation found on many Laranian Temples. It stands alone in the outer yard. The exterior walls lack any carving or decoration and the windows are of plain glass. The building has one striking feature, its roof. The roof tiles are made from red Thardic clay. The mason in charge of construction had half of the tiles whitewashed before the building was roofed. The tiles have been laid in large areas of red and white, creating a checkered roof. Some of the tiles are beginning to fade, especially on the southern & western sides, but the roof remains an impressive sight.

The Priests quarters are all within the inner yard. The names given for the buildings in the descriptions below are those commonly used by the temple residents, they are not entirely accurate.

A THE TEMPLE OF LARANI

The Temple interior is almost as plain as the exterior. Although the pillars are painted with red & white checks, the remainder of the temple is unadorned stone. Statues of Larani stand either side of the entrance door. The statue of Larani as 'The Lady of the Flowing Red' is much larger, than its counterpart. It was a gift of the Chabla of the Order of the Checkered Shield. The statue stands eight feet tall and is painted. The shield standing at Larani's feet bears the Checkered Shield blazon, as does the painted surcoat.

The Temple has few valuable artefacts. There are several cups and candlesticks of silver, but the most prized possession is a bastard sword of Kuzan manufacture. The sword has, it is said, killed dozens of Agrikans and it is supposedly blessed by Larani. This item is a relic from the battle for Menekod and is regarded by the priests as a holy relic. (see 'The Solorans' Tale, pages 7 & 8, for further details)

GROUND FLOOR

[1] Store room

This room is used to store candles and incense. The locked chest contains the temple silverware.

[2] Confessionals

These two confessionals are available at all times of the day, except during services. One priest is on temple duty each day, to hear any confessions and give out the appropriate penance.

FIRST FLOOR

[3] Gallery

Important nobles use the northern balcony on those rare occasions when they visit the temple for a service.

[4] Robing room

The formal robes worn by the council of five during services are stored in this room, along with the associated regalia. Several copies of holy scriptures are also kept here. The locked chest contains the Khuzan bastard sword and a copy of 'The Solorans Tale' (see pages 7 & 8). The Serolan and the Soloran are the only two people with a key to this chest.

[5] Lectern/pulpit

The council of five stand on the central part of the balcony during services.

MENEKOD TEMPLE OF LARANI 6

B THE SCRIPTORIUM

The Scriptorium is the domain of the Suloran. She holds the keys to all doors and is the sole resident of this building after candleset.

GROUND FLOOR

The library

Shelves along the walls contain books and scrolls. The majority are religious in nature, although a few relate to heraldry, anatomy and herblore.

The Suloran's chamber

The chest contains spare robes and, at the bottom, a huge ream of vellum. These sheets form a private and personal diary. Suloran Jilyan began a daily account of her life after the siege of Menekod. The closely written sheets contain a wealth of personal information and her thoughts on the nature of Laranism. They also contain frank assessments of her fellow priests. Despite its size, no-one but Jilyan knows of the existence of the diary.

FIRST FLOOR

The scriptorium

This room is poorly lit and consequently the scribes often must use candles. The chests contain, vellum, an assortment of different coloured inks, goose-feathers for quills, a short, but extremely sharp, quill-knife, and a whetstone.

C THE SEROLANS' HOUSE

The Serolans' house contains the sleeping accommodation for three of the Temple Masters as well as the kitchen and refectory.

GROUND FLOOR

The kitchen

If Brother Cook and Brother Brewer are not in this room, it is unlikely that they will be far away. The two men take turns at rising early and stoking the oven for the first batch of bread. Every day one of the Ashesa is assigned to kitchen duties, acting as scullion for the day. Krysta especially hates this duty, as she cannot escape it.

The refectory

Three meals are eaten in this room, breakfast, lunch, and supper. Lunch is the main meal of the day. Brother Cook and the Ashesa on Kitchen duty serve all meals.

FIRST FLOOR

The council area

This small open area at the top of the stairs is used by the council for their infrequent meetings. As the Obasaran always sides with the Serolan, the meetings are often short.

[1] The menorans' chamber

This chamber is scrupulously clean and tidy. The chest contains travelling robes and riding boots, unless the Menoran is away from the temple.

[2] The obasarans' chamber

This chamber is the antithesis of the Menorans. It is untidy with crumpled robes likely to be lying on the floor. The chest contains maps and papers together with an engraved silver goblet and a pewter tankard.

[3] The serolans' chamber

The Serolans chamber contains many papers: correspondence from the Rekela to the Serolan; reports from the Menoran and the Obasaran; and a number of religious tomes and scrolls.

D THE DORMITORY

The Dormitory is the building in which those priests not quartered elsewhere sleep.

GROUND FLOOR

The male dormitory

The Mataka and Ashesa share this room. The Ashesa have the bunk beds.

The valorans' chamber

This chamber is very spartan. It contains several carefully folded robes, religious tomes, and a small statue of the goddess.

FIRST FLOOR

The female dormitory

The Mataka and Ashesa share this room. The Ashesa have the bunk beds.

Store room/work room/hospital

This room is, in theory, the hospital. Due to a lack of patients, it has become a general store room.

MENEKOD TEMPLE OF LARANI 7

THE SULORANS' TALE

The information below can be found in the locked chest in the Temple. A copy is also held at the Perinore Archives, in Erone Abbey. The statements are a small bundle of three sheets of vellum, all neatly written and tied into a roll. The roll is marked 'Menekod Mystery.' Each sheet has scribbled notes in a different hand. These notes are shown in parentheses and italicised in the text below. The texts are dated Nuzrael 701 T.R.

THE STATEMENTS

Matakea Jilyan of Rigney

I had been assigned to be chaplain to the forces of Sir Grolis of Chahryn. I travelled with his forces to Selvos and then to Menekod. We met the Checkered Shield rearguard at a ruined manor named Hycora, (*Hycora is currently being rebuilt and will soon become Corameth Abbey*) less than a league from Caer Menekod. The Chabla asked that we set up a field hospital at Hycora, as there were already several casualties. Sir Grolis took his men forward to Menekod. The Chabla assured us that Hycora was a safe distance from the fighting. He was wrong.

After the troops left, there were no more than two dozen of us at Hycora. Myself and two other Matakea were tending seven, I think, knights and perhaps twice that many meken. (*It seems that the exact number was 19: a Reblena, five chalasir, a molarin, three arkalin and nine molak. The three Matakea made 22*) Most were seriously injured.

It was just before noon. I had been changing the bandages for Reblena Jassyff when a meken gave a warning shout. A squadron of Rethemi knights had seen our position. They stood on the edge of the village, watching as the meken shouted out a warning. A Company of spearmen appeared alongside the knights. The Reblena was on his feet immediately, shouting orders, getting everyone to arm themselves. He stood despite his injuries. He had lost his right hand to a Rethemi axe the day before.

The men, my patients, armed themselves and waited for the attack. Matakea Torris armed himself. Matakea Alyana, well, I'm not sure what happened to her, I lost her in the confusion. I, well, I have little skill at arms, I took up a dagger, and began to pray. The Reblena was shouting orders. "Protect the Lady" he said, "Protect our Lady." (*At this time Matakea Jilyan began weeping*) The men surrounded me, as the only woman, Alyana was gone.

The Rethemi knights watched as the spearmen charged, I continued my prayers, I hoped that my words would lift the spirits of my protectors. One of the wounded molak was an archer. He still had his bow and a few arrows. Another lifted him upright, as our archer had lost a leg below the knee. His first shot hit one of the charging spearmen, he fell. Our lone archer fired again

and again. Every arrow hit its mark, four or five fell before they reached our position. As the spearmen reached us, the Rethemi knights began a charge. The Reblena moved forward, using his sword in his left hand he struck the leading spearman. Battle was joined.

Then all was confusion, I continued praying for Our Ladys' aid. The men all fought bravely, I remember they kept looking at me, making sure that I was unharmed.

When the Rethemi knights reached us, three of them surrounded Reblena Jassyff. He struck down two of them, but the third caught him from behind. As he fell he looked straight at me, smiled, and threw his sword towards me.

I caught it, I don't know how, it was nearly as tall as I am, at the time it seemed light as a feather, though now I find that I can hardly lift it, even less wield it. Our lady must have given me strength. I raised the sword, I do not know what happened next.

The next thing I remember was having water poured into my mouth by Chalasir Radak. The Rethemi were gone. I looked around and saw two of the meken dragging the bodies away. It seems that we won, all were killed. I asked Chalasir Radak what had happened and he told me that I had killed six, all knights. You had best speak to him, for I do not know. (*At this point the Matakea began to weep once again.*)

Chalasir Radak of Margon

I'll tell you what I saw. When the meken shouted the alarm the Reblena took charge immediately. He ordered everyone to arms. I remember looking round, counting our numbers and counting our injuries. Of the knights: one without a right hand, one with a wicked belly wound, one with a face burned and blind in one eye and three, like me, walking wounded. The meken were little better: two had head injuries, one had lost an arm another had lost a leg, and he was our only archer, I remember he said to me 'so long as I've both hands I can still shoot them, sir.' The Matakea Harald, he looked pale, but he stood tall. The Matakea Alyana, I'm afraid panicked, she ran, one of the meken went to follow after her but the Reblena called him back, 'don't get caught in the open lad,' he shouted. The Matakea Jilyan stood still, at first I thought she was panicking, too frightened to move, but then I realised she was praying for our safe deliverance. The Reblena looked at her too 'we have Our Lady,' he said, 'we must defend her.' He was a fine warrior, I was proud to stand at his side that fateful day (*at this point Chalasir Radak called for a drink, claiming his throat was parched*).

The Agrikans sent their spearmen forward first. Almost a full company, but they were inexperienced militia, not regular soldiers. But twenty men against twenty men we were. They were fresh and we were wounded, all but Matakea Harald. As the spearmen charged, Matakea Jilyan began to sing the praises of Our Lady and I felt my

MENEKOD TEMPLE OF LARANI 8

heart soar. Our one legged archer shot five arrows, and each arrow felled one of the militia. It was the finest marksmanship I have ever seen. I could see the fear on the faces of the spearmen. They looked at us and looked back at the Agrikan knights, they knew, I'm sure that death lay in front and, if they broke, death lay behind. The Agrikans appeared to sense that victory would not be easy. The squadron put their horses to the spurs and closed, timing their charge to arrive at the same time as the spearmen.

Matakea Jilyan continued her prayers, I glanced towards her and realised that she was Our Lady. I felt honoured. I remembered the tale of Saint Ambrathas and was filled with a desire to protect our lady as he had protected his. Then battle was joined. Reblena Jassyff shouted orders above the noise of battle. We defended well, the spearmen fell quickly, but not before eight of our number fell, including our brave archer.

Reblena Jassyff fought remarkably well, swinging his sword one-handed, and wrong-handed at that. But three of the Agrikan knights surrounded him, one the leader, allowed his men to distract the Reblena as he worked his way behind him, isolating him from our group. The tactic worked, though not as he intended. The Reblena had cut down two of his attackers before being slain. But as he was struck, Reblena Jassyff turned and faced Matakea Jilyan. He threw his sword to her, saying 'I'll not need this in Dolithor, carry it well.' The Matakea stopped her chanting and caught the sword in both hands.

I swear by all that is holy, her robes turned red before my eyes, the sword itself seemed to sing, and we were all filled with a fury at the loss of our brave commander. In but a moment, Matakea Jilyan was fighting alongside me. She fought like a seasoned warrior, striking left and right. Eight more fell on our side, but more Agrikans fell. Soon there was only one left standing. He turned and fled, but one of the meken threw a spear and struck him in the back.

At that moment Matakea Jilyan fell to the ground, at first I thought she was dead, but she had simply swooned. We carried her to a bed, though this was made difficult by the fact that her hands could not be loosened from the sword.

I left one of the meken to tend to her and began checking our fallen comrades. Only six dead, including the Reblena, Matakea Harald and our archer. I thought we would lose at least three more, but Our Lady continued to smile on us. Then Matakea Jilyan opened her eyes and spoke 'this sword is mine a gift from a brave man. It must remain with me to defend my temple when need arises.' She then lapsed back into a swoon. It was several hours before she woke again and she claimed no knowledge of the battle, nor of her words.

Molak Dyruth of Malyaney

Yes sir, I admit that I struck the Chalasir and I'll take my punishment. That's not what you want to talk about? Matakea Jilyan, and what happened at Hycora, well sir, then that is what you want to talk about after all. The young Chalasir, new recruit here sir, laughed at me when I showed respect to the Lady Jilyan. 'That's Matakea hatchet-nose, he said, not the Serekela.' Hatchet-nose sir, well, that's disrespectful, ain't it? The lad, I mean the lord deserved it, and I'll tell you why.

She's an angel, that one, and no mistake I'd rather have her at my side than anyone else, come the final reckoning. You know about the attack, of that I'm sure, so I don't know what you want me to say. When the Agrikans charged us, t'other Matakea, I forget her name, ran away. No, went for help I mean sir. Yes, went for help, that's what she did. But the Lady Jilyan she stayed and prayed, sang to the glory of Larani. Fired the blood she did sir. 'Defend the lady' cried the Reblena, and that we did. The spearmen came first and Tamm shot about six or seven of them. Yes sir, he was the archer.

Then the knights came at us, the Reblena went to meet them & was struck down, but as he fell his sword flew out of his hand and into the hands of Lady Jilyan, yes sir, flew it did, like it had wings.

Then sir, she was possessed by Larani herself, I swear it, her robes turned red and she struck and struck at the Agrikans she must have killed at least a dozen, probably more. I don't remember exactly, I was all fired up myself, righteous wrath I think they call it. I cut more'n one down myself. Then when the last one fell, so did Lady Jilyan. I thought she was dead, but she weren't. She wouldn't let go of the sword though. So that's it. True hero she is. Speak? Didn't hear her say anything, course the Chalasir had me shifting corpses so maybe I wouldn't.

THE KHUZAN SWORD

Thanks to the devotion and bravery of the Suloran, the Khuzan bastard sword has been blessed by Larani. The sword is a heavy (wt. 6.25) and extremely well made (WQ 17) bastard sword of plain appearance. There is a rune marking on both hilt and blade which will identify the smith as a member of Clan Krazma. The sword has been permanently blessed with three ritual invocations:

Herald of the End of Life, which gives the sword +3 IMP and +4 IMP vs. Agrikans, Oathbinder, which gives Laranians +10 EML when wielding the sword, and Red Robes Flowing, which causes all adherents within a 30 foot radius of the sword to go berserk (unless they make a Will x 3 roll). This power can only be invoked if the wielder is in combat against Agrikans. It requires a roll of less than the wielders piety to succeed. This is a 'secret' power and cannot be actively invoked. The GM must determine Laranis' will in any particular combat situation.