

Book one

The Fallen Warrior Kingdom

835 s.c.e

For one to understand the complex geopolitical nature of the Warrior Kingdom Argos one must first study the deeply interwoven historical events that led to its current state. Almost three centuries ago all regional powers of the Grand Peninsula lived united under the highest ruler upon all the lands westward of the Guadiar river. His loyal followers called him King Darius the Uniter. He was known to be masterful in battle and quick-witted for in all his years no man had managed to defeat him in battle, neither through sheer power nor through elaborate battle tactics. It was in particular his sharp negotiations skills and charismatic character which allowed him to build good relations with the tribal chiefs of the outer regions and above all gain their respect, something that his father King Nelion II failed to achieve

“Most men are born Inferior to their Fathers. Some equal. But very few truly surpass them in Greatness.”

-Regional Sayings from Argos, Transcribed by the Elders of Zala

....and so, in his many years as King, Darius of the House Abbas managed to bring peace and prosperity throughout the Lands of Argos. But still, after all he had achieved, there was one thing that haunted the King every night. For his biggest regret in life was to never be able to produce a male heir. His beloved Queen Rila had given him 3 daughters, over the past 20 years, one smarter and prettier than the other. The oldest, Akila, destined rightfully to become Queen. Nyx, the carrying and second born, voice of the people and Zoe, the soundless. The youngest of the three may have lacked experience but could defeat with ease any man in public debate, for she was consumed by the books of her fathers grand library....

“The Heaviest burdens lay on me in these fruitful times for I am the knot that holds these strings together.”

-King Darius the Brave. Year 835 s.c.e, Transcribed by the Elders of Zala

...To secure his legacy and provide his people an equal heir, the King knew he had to find a promising husband for his eldest daughter. He had to be capable of burdening the heaviest role this land had to offer. So after long consideration, the wise King promised Beron, son of Laocon chief of the Northwestern Fire tribe, the hand of his beloved daughter Akila. This choice was well thought out, for Beron was one of the Lands greatest warriors. The King had fought side by side with him and his father in countless battles against Rebel groups of the outer lands defended coastal cities from the invasion of the Unholy Pirate clans of the southern sea and even fought in the brutal expansion wars of the Eastern Border to the Mage Kingdom.

...No expenses were cut for this holy union. The celebrations lasted... the chiefs of all regions gathered ... the grand dining hall was filled... In holding hands the just married walked the castles halls, united...

...But as it is nature's law, Darius knew that sooner or later he had to face, as all, his final unwinnable battle and so in 871 s.c.e. the time came when even he, the brave Ruler of Argos, died of a natural death in his own chambers surrounded by his beloved family. By all, in his Land loyal subjects were he mourned.

It is said that even his sworn enemies paid their respect to him that day for even they realized what mountain of a man the world had lost that day.

“...peace must have lived within him for as the Great unifier left us, the peace left with him...”

-Regional Sayings from Argos, Transcribed by the Elders of Zala

The people of Argos mourned their beloved King for one whole year as tradition demands. It was a time of great endings and hopeful young beginnings for there was no blood shed in the transition of rulers. Now it was time for the young Beron the Handpicked and his precious wife Princess from the House Abbas to take over their rightful place in the Grand Castle in the heart of the Kilades Region. And so on the first day of spring of the year 872 s.c.e. The council of elders called upon all the Warrior leaders from across the land to join and witness the crowning of Beron from the House Sengo.

“... how cruel was woven his fate ... suffered the greatest loss that cursed day but so did all..”

-from the memoirs of chief Aristodemus from the house Singha 898 s.c.e.,
Transcribed by the Elders of Zala

So unfaltering was their trust in the decisions of the Late King Darius the Uniter that as soon as the quick footed messengers arrived to their fortified halls and revealed the major news, they all broke into action and promptly started their journey to the eternal city of Argos. Although for many the road was to be hard and long, none of the six mighty warrior leaders contemplated even for a second to decline the invitation to this most holy of ceremonies which the Elders had called them upon. The Crowning ceremony was to be held the first day the fourth new moon of the year 872 s.c.e. As it was custom of the day to always be reserved for the celebration of new beginnings. So when the preparations to the grand ceremony came close to an end and the grandest castle in all of Argos, birthplace and graveyard of the House Abbas, was decorated for a glorious display, the first of the six warrior leaders arrived in the green Valley.

“...Historians argue to this day about the exact millenium the city Argos was founded. But one thing we know for certain, it is one of the oldest standing cities on this continent and predates all currently existing civilisations. Geological findings indicate that multiple cultures

Scrolls, memoirs and Regional sayings from Argos.

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had flourished and died off, totally independent from each other in and around the eternal city of Argos. ... It is from this eternal city that the current Land of the warrior kingdom is named after..."

-from the collective historical Archives of Zala

First and proudestest, arrived lord Laocon of the Fire Tribe, father of the to be Crowned Berus the Handpicked. He arrived in the great castle halls with an enormous seventy people entourage. On his left stood his wife the honorable lady Mira who is said to have stood only second in wisdom to the elders of Zala. On his right stood their two sons, Simos and Lafkos and in their midst the young Iris Lord Laocons only daughter. Following behind them was a large tumult of celebrating people, which consisted mostly of close friends and relatives of the house Senfo. Singing and drinking the black wine from their skin sacks they danced openly in the grand halls of the house of Abbas. Lastly, a group of servants bearing the plentiful chests filled with gifts for the new King Beron. Some with gold others with gems or precious garments. But most prominent were the Platinum encrusted chests carefully filled with the purest crystals from the holy Vulcano Meliades, the ash bringer. In the following hours one after the other the Mighty Warrior Chiefs arrived. Some in larger groups others in more modest assemblage. But all bearing plentiful gifts for the new King Beron and proudly were these placed immediately in the Throne room for all the honorable guests to see.

They all entered ceremoniously through the Golden Entrance of the castle. They walked through the grand halls, where they were welcomed by the soon to be King Beron and his wife Akila in person. As the welcoming greetings were concluded, they were all served the finest meals and black wine in abundance. When night was at its darkest each chief was escorted to their seats near the throne embodying their blessed unity...

Lord	Region	House	Amount of Crystals
Laocon	Valos	Senfo	1566 L5.A.
Saharis	Denero	Brimon	556 L5.A.
Dinias	Julifa	Semele	876 L5.A.
Als	Simindro	Larkas	1106 L5.A.
Giston	Magna	Singha	956 L5.A.

L5= Biggest size of stable crystals A=Quality of the Astral class (standardized system)

-Surviving Scroll documenting the quantity and Quality of crystals gifted on the day of the Crowning ceremony to the house of Abbas in 872 s.c.e. Archived by the Elders of Zala

... Known, was his shameful face, too well to the chiefs when he and his servants passed through the long halls. A crossbreed, the commoners called him. His mother

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a peasant woman from the village Traton near the dividing river Guadiar in the land of house Abbas and his Father a high ranking Caster from the neighboring land Circos. Long and of malnourished statute he stood before them the uninvited. His gray old eyes glared solely at Beron the Handpicked, ignoring the unwelcoming shouts of the honorable guests. Even the otherwise so unfazed wise elders of Argos seemed disturbed by his mere presence. But Beron, with calm demeanor, raised his hand in reason and the crowd muted.

First spoke Beron: *Anaforignos! You messenger of death. I welcome you to the eternal City of Argos. Long must have been your journey from the Land of Circos. Please, be my honorable guest on this most Glorious of Nights and sit with me and all the chiefs of Argos. You and your servants shall receive food and as much wine as your hearts desire because tonight is a night of celebration. For with the first golden rays of the morning sun, I will be crowned King of Argos! But first, tell me Anaforignos. What brings you to the House of Abbas on this of all days? Have you been sent to express Circoses well wished blessing, or do you bear another message from the Kingdom of the Mages? Perhaps one of death and war, as you so often have been sent to deliver? If so it is, do not fear nor hesitate and your message deliver loudly for all my guests to hear as the news of impending calamity regards us all.*

Unmoving. Glaring. In the midst of the festive halls standing. The old messenger responded: *Beron from the Land of Senfo you who sits on the Throne of King Darius the Brave, I hail you. It pleases me to see that the Spirit of hospitality has been passed on to you by the Late King. Gratefully, I and my servants will receive your hospitable grace.*

Then slowly he turned and looked at the chiefs, the Elders and the cluttered crowd. *Never have I feared to speak my message! Not under the rulings of King Nelion II nor under King Darius. As I am protected by holy oath from the House of Abbas close to a century now, or have you forgotten that young Beron? People of Argos! The message I bring you is not that of impending calamity. So with peaceful mind stay rested in your comfortable seats... On this of all nights, I was sent by my Masters demand. Highest of Ruler East of the Guadiar River and his message reads as follows: Coming dawn of the first new moon of spring a new era will commence. A beginning to be remembered for Milenia to come. And for you young Beron it is prophesied by the Royal Oracle of Malifos, that your name will echo throughout this Continent and all mortals will hold your legacy by heart. You, the most instrumental, from the eternal city Argos ruling, will experience the meaning of true power the way only a mere hand of men have ever, in all the history of mankind. These are my words to you. So it is prophesied, so it is written. These are my Masters words. Spoke Anaforignos and with his bony hands handed over the scroll to Beron.*

As you can see Honorable Beron, my master sends you a message of good intent. Few are the privileged to receive such high praise from him, and even fewer a reading of fate by the Oracle of Milafos the highest Oracle in the land of Circos....

...and as they did, the celebrations commenced, expanding outside of the castle and even beyond the walls of Argos. Long was the night and heavy was the drinking, as such grand occasions come only once in a lifetime. Music played all night and people of all social classes danced together in unity in the name of Beron.

Slowly the time had come. In the black sky the faintest light announced the rising sun underneath the horizon. The old castle bells were rung, ending the festivities and signaling the initiation of the crowning ceremony. Calling the chiefs, Elders and honorable Guests to the throne room and of course Beron and his wife Akila of the house Abbas. All gathered and the final step of the ceremony began. There he proudly stood, surrounded by friends and allies, in the dawn of his rebirth. And as the wise elders the procedure began and the mighty tribe chiefs bowed to kneel before him. The uninvited... Under his black cloak, carefully slithered through the masses... Reaching the front... Only the length of two carrying wagons left of the to be king Beron. Positioned behind the openly displayed gifts, he closed in over the Platinum encrusted Chests filled with the crystals from the holy volcano Meliades, as it was the biggest under the Crystal filled chests. And as the torches were dimmed to receive the first ray of Morning light and the crown to be lowered upon Berons Head. The corrupted Messenger Anafornos slipped from his cloak sleeve pocket a small, purple shining, active crystal and placed it gently into the chest. Then he drew a tiny vessel from his other pocket and tar like substance on the crystals he poured. ...whilst the wise elder Dismion saw the golden beams passing the eastern window signaling the lowering of the Crown. Anafornos whispered the enchanted words. Darkest of magic spells he manifested upon that purple shimmering crystal. And where he had poured the voidish liquid on the gifts, they began glowing with purple shimmer, too. Activating the Units of Astral quality and before the Golden crown of Argos had touched Berons head, the corrupted Crystals now engulfed in Black flames, sparked.

Within the blink of an eye the power of a thousand suns erupted into an all consuming plasma wave. Bursting in all directions. Hotter than molten Iron it annihilated everything it passed instantly. Reducing the grand halls to a smear of ash while sending the outer walls flying high into the sky and soon raining down in giant blocks of Rock on to the surrounding city. Not a single scream was heard, just the sound of the torn atmosphere collapsing upon itself again which dispersed in an all deafening roar far over the city of Argos and throughout the land of Kilades....

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