

Falerjan's Tale

Summer, 731 BGE

This is to remember how we, the faithful upholders of law, destroyed the tyrant of Karros, Yenejg Togan, thus ending the abominable Rule of the Seventh Arm.

At daybreak, we moved to free the Karros with an army led by the loyal knights who had gathered outside the walls of Bard's Gate days before marching on Karros. A great uprising of the population of Karros supported our challenge when we arrived at the city's walls. This was good, as it is fair and just to rebel against chaos.

The citizens opened the main gate for us, and we swept like a righteous storm into the streets of Karros, bringing doom to the soldiers of evil. After half a week, the entire city was free, and Yenejg Togan, his entire army routed, took refuge in his palace. We broken inside before dusk on the seventh day, with the light of Arn shining in the sky, but every chamber was shrouded in magical darkness and filled with the howling of demons. Only the bravest could follow me all the way to the great hall, where the tyrant was waiting for his enemies.

"Who are you, fool?" he asked pointing his finger at me.

"Vanittthu has decreed that chaos shall not rule here!" was my answer.

Then, the wizard's horrible ally came slithering out from the darkness - a six-armed virago with a serpentine tail. The demoness, Penfavasta, attacked us at once, her six hands clutching diverse weapons. The fight was glorious and terrible. All of my companions fell before Penfavasta was finally destroyed by the power of Vanittthu. Finally engulfed by holy fire, the writhing and screaming demon was blasted out of existence.

Drained of his power, Yenejg Togan now little more than a madman, slipped down from his seat like an empty sack, clutching a small object near his chest. He made as if to run but was swiftly crushed by my mace. The hour of retribution had come.

Between his fingers, I found what was probably Yenejg's most prized possession - an item deeply steeped in the same chaotic sway of the creature depicted on it: Penfavasta. With the wizard's death, the cloak of fear and darkness that hung over the palace was lifted and a mob of furious citizens rushed in to loot and destroy everything they could reach.

Exhausted and grieving for the death of my companions, I could do little more than watch how much the reign of the evil wizard had filled every heart with hate and unruly vengeance. The next morning, the body of Yenejg Togan was burned in the same place where his minions had executed many innocents in the past ten years.

Now, the time has come to restore a lawful government in Karros, with the hope that the tragic days of the Rule of the Seventh Arm are gone forever.

Honor and glory to Vanittthu.

Falerjan