

Unto the Mouth

From the Right Foot – with input from lobes of the Brain

Honoured Mouth – we have word from the South that I believed you should hear immediately.

Yesterday night the Horde of the Ripping Tusk's scouts came into contact with the scouts of the Field Army of Brightspan, marching to the south. They will be in regular communication now, though they will not actually physically join for several more days.

One of my toes happens to be an orcish warrior who once was part of a faction within the Horde of the Cut Gut that favored diplomacy with and connection to the human kingdoms, including Canberry. This toe saw the destruction of his horde beneath the boots of elements of the Horde of the Ripping Tusk – when amnesty was offered, he took it, thus preserving himself and a couple of females that he had gathered to himself. He has collaborated successfully with Ripping Tusk, actually rising to officer status within that horde – but he has retained personal loyalty to the ideals which his faction once embraced and has been of considerable help to us regarding orcish movements.

That toe is presently with the Horde of the Ripping Tusk as it progresses southward. The Horde has generally but not consistently followed Lord Brightspan (the younger)'s command to pay for what is taken from locals, and this has minimized damage to the property through which the force is passing, and left less resentment than the passing of orcish hordes usually leaves.

Starting day before yesterday, unusual circumstances have occurred, circumstances which finally prompted my toe to take the unusual step of using a communication stone that is provided to the most loyal of the toes to appraise me of the situation.

The Horde was waylaid.

The attacking force was, by all accounts small. About three dozen mixed human and Rakasta knight/archers under the command of a Rakshasa Noble. The report in the words of my informant:

“First warning we had was bow-fire, then a cloud o glass and crystal bits, none bigger than your thumb nail slammed the forward ranks, shredding dozens and injuring scores, becoming a further hazard to the advance. The commanding chieftain ordered a charge, cause the archery fire was doing some damage, I'm telling ye. About 100 men (he means orcs honoured mouth) obeyed at once, for the archery fire, while withering like the sun, wasn't thick like it is at midsummer, but thin as it is at winter's heart.

'As the men charged, the Rakasta and the humans of the enemy dropped their bows and stood forth with double bladed swords, twas then that I saw the Lord of the enemy, floating on a carpet of magic above and to the rear of his scant men. He was giving directions, but even as I watched he made some gestures in the air and it got solid as rock around our forward men. The chief was apoplectic then, and

ordered everyone to charge, which we did. We were lucky that a small force of the biguns had been assigned with us – cause it was them that brunted the magic and reached the knights finally. Several of them knights fell before the flying Lord ordered his men to break off, which they did, prompt like. The bodies were ravaged.”

After this honoured mouth, our toe listened to the counsel of his commanders, where it was decided that the Rakshasa was too powerful to be left behind. A force of nearly two thousand was broken off from the horde with several dozen engineers, and a scattering of witchdoctors, to pursue and destroy the Rakshasa and his servants. Again to the toe.

“We pursued the tracks his men left, for bleeding as some of them were, it wan’t possible for them to go trackless. We found a fortified manor/tower complex, not as big as a good sized castle, but bigger than the average fort and a deal more Lgant than any I’ve seen. A nice village was there too – but it was abandoned recent like. The chief encircled the keep then, and waited for full night. In the evening I slipped away with my ring (he speaks of a “ring of invisibility” mighty mouth) and spoke to the sentry at the tower gate. He summoned the catlord (he means Rakshasa, ever glorious mouth) and I told him he hadn’t any chance. We have a lot of advanced men, and though his magic was mighty it wouldn’t stop us, nor would a few dozen knights. He knew it already, but was gonna fight to the death. I told him if he had whelps and a she he ought to at least get them out first, cause our men - they’d kill everyone they found. He said yeah. He’s sending them to you.”

Analysis (provided by the Lobes): In the area where the Brightspan and allied forces are traveling, there are dozens of long established and hundreds of fairly new minor keeps, castles, towers, holdfasts, fortified vales, and so forth. Some are better, some are worse. This is clearly a small Rakshasa holding. It’s Lord is equally clearly a translucent mage – though perhaps not a very powerful one, as such things go. The “storm of glass” is well known, and never seen outside of its use by followers of the translucent adept.

Followers of the Translucent Adept are generally – according to our records – followers of the Light – most often our Lord Glor’diadel – though some are known to favor Sytry and a small handful Gunnora. Translucent is a tertiary color – and grants its mages less power than the primary and secondary color pools– nevertheless, it is not without power, as the Rakshasa adept demonstrated.

It is probable that the adept sent his villagers – mostly humans I would guess – into the wilderness where he did not think (rightly I suspect) that the Horde/army would spend the time to dig them out. His sending to Canberry of his wife and kittens, should they arrive, has interesting implications diplomatically, which only our Grace can address.

At this time a scrying of the area shows only a still burning shell of a castle of crystal and marble, other than those that escaped at the suggestion of the toe – there were no survivors.

Respectfully,

*The Right Foot*