

Tuesday, February 7, 2017

## **Chapter 1 (Part 1)**

The Chentish people live a hard, bitter life; Chental is a barren rock in the middle of the Qorlean Sea, and its people have struggled to find their path in this modern world of qaa-powered streetlamps and steam-driven turbines. Once a band of proud conquerors, sending out regular raids against the Shorefolk, the Chent have in recent years turned to mercenarism. Their skills as sell-swords are highly prized, and their courage and determination in the face of overwhelming odds can be best summarized in one of their beloved folks songs, "Bid Me Not." Sung as a call/response between the Chentish men and women, this song is traditionally performed before any warband leaves the isle; it speaks of their belief in an afterlife, and demonstrates how death in valorous battle is the highest possible virtue for a Chentish man-at-arms.

MenWomen  
Bid me not go down my dear  
Into the Summerlands I will bid you go my dear  
If the Summerland doth call  
Bid me instead to stay my dear  
To stay and hold your hand  
But I will sing your life my dear  
As you join that storied hall  
Bid me not embark my dear  
Towards those misty shores I will bid you sail my dear  
Through mists, 'cross oceans blue  
Bid me instead to stay my dear  
And I shall die no more  
But I will sing your life my dear  
So that your course bears true  
Bid me not depart my dear  
Into the deepening night I'll bid you not to stay my dear  
For such is not our way  
Bid me instead to stay my dear  
By your side, and in the light  
But I will sing your life my dear  
To light you on the way

Posted by Ancient of Days in The Gift of the Golden Blade at 12:56

Sunday, January 1. 2017

## **Prologue: The Form and The Void**

Patience

The glowing form sat in the Void, focused on keeping itself imperforate. Would its time ever come?

It will come - wait for it

It had been so long. The form couldn't remember where it had come from before, or what it was waiting for. It knew, vaguely, that there was a concept called "time" - there had been a before, and there would eventually be an after - but here in the Void, the interminable now stretched out in front of it.

You'll know it when it comes - if there had been a before, the form reasoned to itself, then I came from somewhere. It tried to focus on that moment, but with the distraction, it felt itself slipping away - a slight thinning of its sense of self, so it went back to focusing on remaining corporeal.

Do you remember the signal?

The form gathered itself in anticipation. So long.

It's nearly time!

THERE!

Noise, and pain; and light - so much light.

That fluid everywhere.

Blood, the form reminded itself.

Yes, this was it - the signal it had waited for. It was time to return.

Posted by Ancient of Days in The Gift of the Golden Blade at 15:58