

# The Orders

First of all, it is important to note that the Orders are not religions. Nor are they philosophies either. They are something foreign, more akin to a secret society, military pantheon or sect.

Before recorded time, enclaves of people dotted the world. Each enclave was ruled by an extremely powerful being now called Ancients. Some Ancients ruled their people with great care and kindness, while others were cruel and malicious.

As the centuries went on, something started to grow within the heart of the combined people. It was a need for independence. But, this was a foreign concept to them, as they had never been on their own before. Thus, this manifested in different ways and different for each person. In enclaves where the people were not oppressed, this need for independence revealed itself to be very similar to its progenitor; things like freedom and justice. In enclaves where the Ancient crushed free thought, it manifested as things like vengeance and war. In other places, where the people were used as slave labor to build great towers for their masters, the driving need made some focus on the work right in front of them.

In the following generations, the people started to form themselves into groups within each enclave. Always lead by a charismatic individual, they did so in secret. Each person, having their own thoughts of independence kept such groups from truly unifying, and so they remained small and insignificant for many years.

As time went on, the need to be free was felt by more and more, and they clamored for focus. More and more flocked to these secret groups. Their number swelled, and all turned to their leaders for guidance on how they might make their collective thoughts a reality.

And so, it happened that one enclave found the secret to what would eventually be the driving force to the freedom of all people. A particularly strong leader named Eindor took his thoughts, how his underlying desire for independence manifested itself and brought others to feel and think as he did. In his mind, the drive for freedom was connected in every way to justice. He was a caravan master and purposefully well-educated by the Ancient's scribes to perform his function. In secret, he gave great

speeches and focused the people to all align and unify under this one ideal of justice.

The people in this enclave were ecstatic and pushed for revolution. But, their Ancient was exceptionally cruel, and Eindor knew that any underdeveloped insurrection would be crushed not only by their master but by other allied Ancients. So, he started to plot how he might spread this unity.

Enclaves regularly traded with one another. Huge groups of people would make long marches laden with goods from one enclave to the next. Supplies were needed from other regions to support the people and provide things of desire for their masters. Eindor's enclave was a major producer of crops and would make frequent trips to their neighbor of Beri'e-gar that was tucked away in the mountains and could not produce enough food for their people. Eindor's master, Morikar of Kaladash the Ever-Strong, would begrudgingly send these caravans to the needy enclave and trade food for jewels and gold mined from the mountains.

On these trips, Eindor would strengthen the resolve of his people and teach them that freedom would only be won through all the people. Not just the ones from their enclave, but from all enclaves acting in unison. In Beri'e-gar, Eindor spread his thoughts which swiftly. Within a year, the people of Beri'e-gar had formed their groups in secret, led by their own and made the same efforts to spread the word to other enclaves they visited.

Then, something curious happened. Each enclave, who originally took Eindor's ideal, began to morph into something that suited their situation more. Beri'e-gar's master, for instance, was even more cruel than Morikar. Kelz-Alixor the Great was a ruthless master. He brought great pain and sorrow on his subjects as he pushed them day and night to mine the mountains ever further and produce riches. The people both feared and hated Kelz-Alixor and called him Kelz-Alixor the Vicious (a name the Ancient was aware of and took pride in). So, the idea of justice was insufficient and quickly turned into an idea of

vengeance – something all people in Beri'e-gar could rally behind.

For the next 20 years or so, this continued. Each enclave morphed Eindor's concept to suit their needs. Roughly translated from the Ancient tongue as "Chief Effort," this communal drive is called a "Raithagon." It took on forms like war, chaos, peace, and brotherhood, each place slightly different from the next. Many wrote text or manifestos in secret to record the merits of their ideals. They had become well-organized and had a swift system of communications between enclaves.

About 25 years after Eindor started to unify the people, something amazing occurred. One of the leaders of these groups found that he could make things happen through a force of will. He could move objects, push things from afar and even create light in a dark room. The Ancients were the creators of magic. They used it to help them with everyday tasks and ruling the people. Magic was a complex art that only an Ancient could perform. They recorded instructions of how to use magic on stone. Lest they spend all their time writing complex runes, they soon took the smartest and most obedient of their people and made them scribes. The scribes were taught the Ancient's intricate language so they instead could copy the Ancient's spells on stone.

The Ancients' rule remained for so long in part due to their great size, but also in part from their use of magic. They could call into existence great storms, cast huge fireballs, make scores of people forget their names, and even heal themselves. The Ancients were also immortal as far as anyone could tell, with beginnings before the first people entered the world.

People who could recreate the Ancients' power found the more their group (now called "Orders") acted on their Raithagon, the more their own powers grew. Soon, other Orders' leaders found they had the same gifts. In one place, a scribe of the Ancients was part of such an Order. Through years of copying and understanding how the Ancients' magic worked, concluded that what the people could do was not magic. It was all the efforts of a unified people manifested a mystic force that could be tapped into by an Order's leader. They named this force "Ausa."

When the people witnessed what their leaders could do, they saw it as a sign. The Ancients were no longer held in as high regard. They were now seen as mortal, vulnerable and able to be defeated. The leaders encouraged everyone to double their efforts and act out their Raithagon.

Only when a person acted on a Raithagon with the right mindset and in a certain way did the power grow. Even the smallest action in concert with a Raithagon added to the growing Ausa. Texts were hastily modified, and Orders started to make their ideals into doctrines. "Convictions," or convictions that support a Raithagon, were added and members of the Order were made to follow their precepts.

By now, most Ancients suspected something was afoot. Many of the evil masters dealt with their people harshly. Thousands were slaughtered. People were made examples of by these brutal Ancients, and it is said Eindor met his end this way. But no matter how extreme their retribution, it only served to build the resolve of the people. Stories of these killings and how the remaining people stood stalwart and undaunted behind their ideal spread like wildfire. Soon, a worldwide revolution was about to over boil.

In the distant island nation of Olrv, named for its Ancient, the same thing had happened. But Olrv was a wise and kind soul. Instead of acting, he invited the people to speak with him and make their intentions known. As Olrv had always been even-handed with them, the people took a respectful approach and asked for freedom. Olrv granted it on the condition that they must leave the shores of their home forever. They accepted and all set sail west.

They reached foreign shores and began to set up a new home. A caravan bearing the flag of Morikar passed near them and came over to see who they were. When the caravan's crew found that one of the Ancients had released its people, they told everyone the news and what is now called the War of the Ancients began.

It started in Beri'e-gar, where the people were all-too-ready to fight. Morikar's enclave was second to join. All over the planet, the revolution started. Each group of people unified behind their Raithagon and readied to die for their cause.

Some enclaves met with utter disaster and were exterminated. Others were able to broker a deal and won freedom without bloodshed. Others still fought their masters with all they had and only met with a stalemate and retreated.

It was in the enclave of the Western Moon where the first Ancient was slain. The people there were used as slaves and their master, Zanax the Magnificent, had them erect over the centuries a great castle that fit the size of the great Ancient. A thousand feet tall and miles long, generations of people had suffered and spent their whole life building the giant structure. Here, the people were in the midst of building their master's throne room the first whispers of Eindor reached them. Instead of growing into an overtly militant group, the people instead chose a path of cunning and secrecy – their Raithagon. They designed the throne room to be the demise of their master as soon as they had come together in thought.

Zanax's throne room was an opulent dome, the highest point in the whole castle. The chief mason built into the structure a flaw. One cornerstone bore the entire stability of the room. If damaged, the dome would collapse. Hanging at the very top of Zanax's throne was an inverted spire. A massive iron spike adorned with all manner of jewels and precious metals. It was something Zanax cherished. Knowing it would be his demise, this was to the peoples' great delight.

When word that the revolution had started, the Ordermaster in Western Moon went to the throne room where Zanax slumbered. Using his powers to control AUSA, he crushed the cornerstone. The dome collapsed and the spire, Zanax loved so much, pierced him through the head as he slept. They had slain an ancient through cunning and the work they had been forced into for generations. They renamed themselves Zanax, to spite all other Ancients. The deeds of Zanax, the Order of the Mason, emboldened everyone the world over.

Similar tales of other Orders using their combined ingenuity and power abounded. Some Orders who defeated their Ancient would join with others who were still struggling. Before long, the Ancients were begin slaughtered. Wave after wave of people, formed into these Orders joined with one another and slew their former masters until the last of these great beings was killed, or fled to parts unknown.

Now the people (Elves, Dwarves, Humans, Lyfin, and Dafter) had their freedom. But, they were lost. Since the beginning of time, they had been ruled. Democracy and freedom was a concept they may not have been ready for. Free, most people started to form back into their enclaves, and Orders. They found that each AUSA was distinct and unique as the people that brought it into existence. Those who could tap into AUSA discovered that they had this ability only for their own AUSA. This also drove Ordermasters to reclaim all the people from their enclave to protect their AUSAic power. So, the Orders and their people returned to their lands. They rebuilt what they could and established cities, villages, farming communities and more.

In the immediate years following, most all the Ordermasters remained in power to guide their people and, in most cases, was welcome. However, in a few areas, the people did not want to trade one tyranny for another. Scores of people fled their homelands and established communities on the fringe.

Wyrm'sbane is a dangerous place; full of fel beasts, elementals, monsters and worse. For their whole existence, people had been guarded against these monsters by the Ancients. But now, they were on their own. Succession groups were widely sacked by these beasts and monsters. Many fled back to the protection of the inner cities and the Orders.

Over a few generations, most Orders remained in power. They built whole cultures centered on their Raithagon. Those who did not agree could take their chances in the wilds. Most places became a one-mind state, unaccepting of any thought that was against their doctrine.

Moreover, some Ordermasters began to crave more power. The more their people acted on the Raithagon, the more the AUSA grew. The only way to gain more power was through more people. The Orders encouraged large families. They formed great armies to patrol the land and keep their people safe. They built roads, cities, farms, and great castles called "Order Houses." All their citizens were cared for, with the one condition that they acted on the Order's Raithagon.

Those on the fringes were actively recruited by greedy Orders who wanted more. Eventually, most every inhabitable place was part of an Order's domain. Butting up against these domains were the domains of other Orders. This is where troubles began.

Many Order's Raithagons did not mesh well with other Order's. Some were plainly averse to one another. Through centuries of pushing their Chief Effort, weaving into every fabric of their citizen's lives, fanatics were everywhere. Fanaticism took hold, and common people started taking matters into their own hands.

It started first with those who lived outside the Orders on the fringes. With no one to run to, they were annexed in many cases. Where lands of multiple Orders met, these border states were even more valuable.

Some of these places sent pleas to the Order that they saw as the most sympathetic to aid them and protect their freedom. One such letter remains and serves as a glimpse into the plight of the border states.

*To the High Rector of the Just Order of Tathun,*

*Good Sirs, I, Perigross, the Common Elector of the village Red River, beseech you for aid. This very morning a rector from Astenberg came and declared Red River is now of the Order of Menothi! We are to submit and follow their edicts under penalty of purification!*

*Red River lies but 20 leagues from the city of Astenberg to the west. As you know, this great and fallen populace is held by the insidious thoughts forced by the Menothi. There are atrocities far too unspeakable to describe that take place daily in that city. My people and I have done all we can to stave off their influence on our good village. But this day, disaster has come to us.*

*We are but a simple farming folk, and Astenberg relies on us for food and supplies. For a generation, we have conducted our trade without issue. But as these dark days grow ever darker, rectors and acolytes now join the caravans, discoursing their twisted thoughts unto my people. We resist, but every day more come.*

*Please, I beg of you good sir, help our people. We all follow the sound doctrine of justice and good. We want nothing to do with these vile people. I do fear if we exodus, we face the wrath of these chaotic fellows. Moreover, this is our home, everything we have is here, and our fathers' graves lie not but a few leagues outside our village.*

*Even now as I write, their acolytes patrol our streets like some mockery of a constable. We cannot face the power of Astenberg alone. Please send help. Free us from this oppression.*

*-Mayton Perigross*

*Common Elector of Red River Village*

This, of course, led to cries for help from these areas to their own Orders. In many cases, a peaceful settlement was agreed to, and things went on without bloodshed. Some Orders, who already in their hearts at odds with the others, took this as all the reason they needed to strike. This was the beginning of the defining war of the current age, War of the Avatars. The first great conflict between what had now become known as the "Civilized People." One that would bring all nations to their knees and nearly extinguish their life.

At the time, there were many Orders. Most are gone now, and no new Orders have been created since. These were the major and minor Orders:

Tathun:	The Order of Justice
Coran:	The Order of Elements
Lanun:	The Order of Vengeance
Swune:	The Order of Peace
Exador:	The Order of Magic
Zerix:	The Order of War
Zanax:	The Order of the Mason
Kajil:	The Order of Fire
Menothi:	The Order of Chaos
Dalik:	The Order of Fear
Salin:	The Order of Forest
Rath:	The Penitent Order
Gaith:	The Order of the Night
Bhid:	The Order of Freedom
Glev:	The Order of Brotherhood
Uoov:	The Order of the Feast
Ibinhorn:	The Order of Stealth
Yulsheb:	The Order of the Hunt
Hevbosch:	The Order of the Traveler
Uvdibn:	The Order of Destruction
Chavleb:	The Order of Leadership
Jolnbech:	The Order of the Sea

Skirmishes broke out on the borders. Not officially supported by the Orders at first, they did nothing to stop it. In many cases, they helped such actions. Mostly led by fanatics, Ausas grew tremendously. People acting out their Raithagon to the extreme brought great power to the inner-circle aristocracy of the Order.

Shortly after these skirmishes on the border cities had started, more and more of the Orders began

to take sides against one another. Tathun, the Order of Justice, tried to form a Council of all Orders where all Orders could settle their differences among peers. Most officially joined this counsel, however very few actually took part, preferring to carry out their own ideals away from prying eyes.

The counsel consequently failed and within a generation, and Orders were openly at war with one another. People in the few remaining border states were forced to choose a side. Some Orders remained neutral, but their ability to stay clean of this war would be short-lived.

In the midst of a particularly bloody decade of war, a large man-like being appeared at the steps of an Orderhouse. Towering in size with golden skin, the being did not speak. It radiated power, power that felt to radiate the same as that Order's Raithagon.

It gestured for the Ordermaster to follow. So, he did with a large guard, and the thing took him to a cliff overlooking a town of a rival Order, one that had been a great opponent in the recent years. The being began to glow brighter drew a sword and gave a great yell. It jumped down from the cliff and charged into the city, destroying it in seconds.

Similar beings showed up at the other Orders, all of them the embodiment of that Raithagon. With these new champions, called "Avatars," the Orders began to move on their enemies. Entire armies were wiped out, cities leveled and people killed.

Avatars seemed to be impervious. They had been struck by spells, shot with cannons, thrown from great heights and more; never with a scratch. Even magical weapons could not cause even the slightest of wounds.

Then, for the first time, two Avatars met on a field with their Order's armies present. Despite their invulnerable to the people's weapons, one of the Avatars was slain by the other. A silence fell on the battlefield, as those who lost their Avatar were in shock. Regaining themselves, they charged in vengeance. The Ordermaster tried to tap into his Ausa that had grown so powerful in the recent years. But, nothing happened. All those who had just lost their Avatar felt it; a change, an emptiness. Their Ausa was gone, the very ideal they had clung to for centuries had been slain in the Avatar. The army swiftly lost their will and routed.

News of this spread and the Avatars became the target of their enemies. Even those Orders who remained neutral saw encroachment. The death of their Avatar meant assimilation and more power to the victor.

Taking down an Avatar was no easy task. More so, it was massively destructive. A tale of how two Avatars fought for weeks on top of a mountain is a common story. When they were done, and one was slain, the mountain was reduced to a level field of broken stone.

After 75 years of fighting, hundreds of thousands of deaths and very little progress, all were grown weary. Entire populations were wiped out, and innocent bystanders were taken into the destruction. Only six Orders remained.

They all met for battle in a field called Syez. Resting that night before, there were few soldiers left. When the morning came, and the bright sun rose, they set

off for combat. But, the Avatars from each Order was nowhere to be found; vanished, without a word or reason.

Not knowing this about the other, they all initially withdrew. Then, Swune, the Order of Peace, sent their Ordermaster out alone into the battlefield. Soon, the others joined. In what is now known as the great pact, the Orders surrendered to one another, ending the war. They all knew there were too few people left to carry on and even one more day of war might spell the end for them all.

They ordered their armies to put down their arms and instead establish a city on this field. A city where all could live together. The Orders met and convened the Counsel of Syez. Here, each Order was allowed to create a rule that all other would abide by. The result of the council still governs the Orders today.

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- 1. No Order shall ever rule politically, or otherwise, over any group of people.*
  - 2. The civilized people shall forever on rule over themselves. The Order will never act as anything more than advisors.*
  - 3. All Order shall be allowed to keep their Raithagons and practice their efforts as long as it does not encroach on the peoples' will. Raithagons will be used to protect and guard the civilized people, but never control them.*
  - 4. Orders shall be allowed to keep an inner circle of devote members, limited in number. All others who wish to be part of the Order may do so, but shall not be held to any standard or expectation. Resigning from an Order for anyone outside this inner circle shall not be contested.*
  - 5. If any Order breaks any of these edicts, all others shall turn against them and not stop until they are destroyed.*
  - 6. The two suns and four moons shall be renamed after these 6 just Orders who put aside their own desires in the interests of peace and for the protection of others as a symbol or permanence within Wyrmsbane.*
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Peace was certain and ensued. However, a portion of Swune was unsatisfied and sought to gain the victory their ancestors fought for so desperately. Acting outside the will of their Order, they had secretly made a pact with a powerful spellcaster who already had forces in motion. This was Dragonnian. He had, at the request of these Swunites, raised an army of undead beyond counting.

Dragonnian marched on the fledgling city where the field of Syez had been, now called Fanton Keep. The Orders could not oppose him. The Swunites went out to meet Dragonnian, to let him know that this was not of the Order's desire. Dragonnian cared not, and slew the Swunite

Ordermaster. He then attacked the remaining Orders, easily defeating them.

With the Orders shattered, there was little to stop Dragonnian. Few of the other fledgling nations had real armies to speak of. The War of the Avatars had decimated the population. Dragonnian was left unchecked for over 2 years, conquering countless lands. He was eventually defeated in the land of Soga. The Swunites were banished from Fanton Keep and the civilized people. They had not broken any of the edicts of the Counsel of Syez, but could not be allowed to stay.

Time went on in what is called the Age of Rebuilding. Armies that once stood in the tens of thousands are now counted in scores of ten. Main cities support garrisons, but all those away from the main towns lived in peril from the things that roam this world. The Orders wove themselves into the new kingdoms and ruling families, becoming a silent force who act behind the scenes.

Still today, the spread of an Order's AUSA is their focus. Followers of an Order are encouraged to do the same. Fanaticism is still a reality, but far more uncommon now. In general, most people associate themselves with an Order for social standings sake but are halfhearted about its edicts.

The six remaining Orders are powerful geo-social organizations that permeate almost every aspect of society, in almost every location. Based in Acolyte's Hold, Hammer Isle (except for the banished

Swunites), they move mountains from behind the scenes.

Orders have two distinct levels of membership. The inner circle is those who have pledged their loyalty to the Order and are held to its edicts under punishment. Very few ever leave the inner circle. Here you find the Acolytes, Rectors, Ordermasters and normal people who serve as administration, helpers, and scribes. The followers are those who may come and go from the Order as they please. They are not held to any convictions by the Order, as per the Counsel of Syez. Some Character Classes are associated with the Orders, but not part of the inner circle.



# The Order of Tathun

## The Order of Justice

**Chief Effort: Justice**

**Secondary Efforts: Truth, Integrity, Compassion  
& Temperance**

**Member of the Order: Tathunite**

The name given to the brilliant white sun, the Order of Tathun is the most beloved and accepted Order of all. The Tathunites are interwoven into about every Faction and society. Here, they serve as judges, constables, police, mediators, and counselors. Even in the lands of the Elves, who rejects the Orders, Tathunites are tolerated (if not welcomed).

The Order of Justice is as close to benevolent as one can be. They truly care for the peoples of the world and gladly sacrifice their time and efforts to assist wherever they can. Most Orderhouses are refuges for those running from danger, accused without warrant, and the wounded.

Rectors of Tathun are regularly seen in the street with the commoners, taking an interest in normal events. They can be found at inns drinking with friends. Wherever they are, people feel at ease, at least, those who have nothing to hide.

Tathun wields more power than any other order by far. Because they cannot be lied to, they are always sure of their convictions. Most kings consult with Tathunites in almost every undertaking. Some do this for show, however, as it sends a good message to the people they rule.

Acolytes and Rectors walk with a calm saunter, sure of themselves and their purpose. But their lives are far from peaceful. They fight criminal gangs, brigands, thief guilds and all other manner of lawless organizations. Therefore, their focus is chiefly towards the people where they live.

The average follower of Tathun is probably the most lukewarm. The Order demands integrity and justice in all things, something most people choose not

Excerpt from the Opus of Tathun

*- Justice in all things. Do not let one injustice in yourself seed, lest it bloom into inequity. Let not one seed take root around you, lest you be strangled in time.*

to live within every moment of their lives. When entering an Orderhouse, one is commonly greeted by a Rector and asked if they have done anything unjust. This very question can keep people away from Orderhouses unless they are in need.

Undeterred, Tathunites are all-too-aware of this, but welcome all into their home anyway. Their edicts of temperance and compassion demand them to be hospitable, and their edicts of justice disallow them from turning a blind eye.





# Order of Corax

## The Order of the Elements

**Chief Effort: Balance of the Elements**

**Secondary Efforts: Evenhandedness, Exploration, Calmness & Contemplation**

**Member of the Order: Coraxian**

The name given to the 2nd sun, Corax is a silent Order. Many commoners don't even know what they stand for and are confused by their Chief Effort. Within the Orderhouse, Coraxians constantly toil and debate how to further their cause.

The very root of their cause is to sustain continued life as all people know it. This is done through the care and balancing of the elements.

Each continent has the 4 Prime Elementals. These Elementals are charged to oversee all things concerning that element under them. The Prime Water Elemental is tasked with the tides, the rain, lakes, rivers and so on. To administrate each function, the Prime Elemental has a few Greater Elementals under it, and they have their own under them. The lowest elemental is charged with the most menial of tasks. One may ask, charged by whom to perform these tasks. To that question, no one knows who.

From time to time, an Elemental stops fulfilling their purpose. When this happens, all they were tasked to do ceases – soil becomes infertile, the rain stops, rivers dry up, and so on. The Coraxian Order then dispatches a team to investigate and correct the problem.

They keep this a great secret from the populace, lest a panic strike the land.

Because of their full-time efforts, Corax rarely takes an interest in the goings-on of normal life. They do, however, take great interest in politics. They believe that rulers can upset the balance they seek with one stroke of the pen. They, therefore, encourage

Excerpt from the Tome of Earth

*- All true Coraxians will seek balance – in themselves and in any aspect of life that can influence. More than anything, it is the balance of the elements that must be controlled. The simple man knows not that each day is but one step from catastrophe.*

monarchies to take a Coraxian chancellor. This has proven to be effective only some of the time, as Corax can be seen as an annoyance. The Coraxians know that more than anything, it is the civilized peoples that can upset the elements through their wonton subjugation of the elemental forces. Building a dam may upset the local elemental in charge of that lake.

All this unknown to the people who make the decisions, farmers who plow the land, and the miners that scar the earth, the Coraxians must find a balance. However, the Order is completely on the side of the people. They support the rule of the people over the world. In fact, when a dam is to be built, the Order sends out emissaries to the Elemental and see if a problem arises. If so, they depose the elemental and place another there, one that acquiesces.

Keeping balance within a society is a secondary effort, one that only the largest Orderhouses can afford.

Corax, more so than any other Order, employs many adventurers to assist them on their task to deal with elemental forces. If one is ever looking for work, Corax most likely has a high-paying (and deadly) quest.





# The Order of Lanun

## The Order of Vengeance

**Chief Effort: Vengeance**

**Secondary Efforts: Retaliation, Protecting the Weak, Guardianship & Watchfulness**

**Member of the Order: Lanunite**

The name given to the 1st Moon, the great Order of Vengeance can make even the most powerful quake in fear. No king is immune to their touch, and no commoner forgets their ever-watchful eye. They act as the arm of justice when wrong has been found. Murderers and worse are handed over to them from Tathun after a trial. The Order then makes an example of them.

Lanunites are focused and unbending. They hunt down evil and always intervein when they see a need for vengeance. Thieves who steal would be far better off being caught by a Tathunite then falling into the hands of Lanun.

They do not commonly play in political realms, seeing it as an unwieldy machine that is far too slow and kind to injustice. They detest forgiving laws and unpunished individuals. That said, they don't act against the laws of the land or the ruling judgment of Tathun openly, unopenly only when a High Rector allows it, which rarely happens.

Lanun can be too harsh at times, as seen by most. They often enact reprisals inconsistent with a wrongdoing. While they share a strong alliance with Tathun, they are somewhat "tolerated" and seen as a loose cannon. Lanun acts without permission from Tathun and do not place as much stock in their ability to divine justice as they do themselves.

The mere presence of a Lanunite Rector can make most anyone uncomfortable, wondering if they have done anything wrong lately. Lanun uses their intimidating status to their advantage, in fact, the relish in it.

Charge of the Lanunite, from the 1st Ordermaster Gerik Helmsten

*- Never again will we let evil flourish. Not for a moment! By any means necessary, we will rid this world of malevolence. The wicked that infest our cities, the beasts that prowl the wilds, the lost who hold to the fallen... all will cower at our brilliant reckoning. We are the sword of retribution!*

They are only half focused on the populace. Lanun knows there is far greater evil outside the bounds of a city or kingdom. They regularly send groups of Lanunites called "Reckonenances" out into the wilds, with the sole purpose to sniff-out and track down pockets of Cultists, bands of monsters and even more base beings.

The average follower is the most fanatical by far and adheres to the Raithagon and Cov'Raithagons vehemently. Often taking matters into their own hands, they can be the cause of great troubles. While Lanun does not officially condone such behavior, their edicts demand it.





# Order of Swune

## The Order of Peace – The Dark Order

**Chief Effort: Reclamation/Peace**

**Secondary Efforts: Lamentation/Atonement,  
Encroachment/Rebuilding,  
Pacification/Humbleness &  
Requite/Counsellorship**

**Member of the Order: Swunite**

Writ of Agron 51st Ordermaster of Swune

*- Our sole purpose now is to reclaim our rightful place in Wyrmsbane. Cast out unjustly, betrayed from within, betrayed from without, and scorn through lies. No Swunite shall rest until our Orderhouses stand proud next to our wayward brothers, in every corner of this world.*

The name given to the 2nd black moon, the Swunite Order is a dichotomy. Originally the Order of Peace, many within its ranks have forgotten their calling and have even started to forge a new Raithagon. They see what happened so many centuries ago as the act of a splinter cell who damned the entire Order and the decision to cast them out as unjust and based on a lie. The Swunites hold great contempt towards the other Orders for what they did (and are doing) to them. They oddly at the same time, strive to re-enter their ranks and once against stand proudly beside the other Orders.

The Order is divided at its core. Some of the inner circle hold onto the old ways; others accept the new Raithagon of reclamation of their rightful place amongst the people. There are also those who accept both Raithagons in any varying level of importance.

To date, no one has been able to fully unify the Order to bring the Swunites together. Most feel until that happens, the Order remains cast out and recluse from society. This has created a bitter culture of politicking and scheming within its ranks.

The Swunite hold no Orderhouses in any city within the world, not amongst its people. While there are scattered houses being rebuilt, they are away from civilization. Swunites spend a great deal of time setting up new Orderhouses hidden from the people,

Reclaimed text from the original Codex of Peace

*- In this broken world, where sorrow and worry reign, we will bring peace. It may be through words, it may be through compromise, and it may be through the sword. To all those under our charge, bring peace to their days and guard that peace with vigor.*

but close enough, so when Swune is finally accepted back into the fold, they are ready.

Their collective home is a place called Deathheim. A massive structure built into a cliff wall along the Dragonnian Gap. A powerful enchantment keeps the Order obscured for all forms of detection. Outside of this, they only exist in very rural areas, only marginally supported by the Order, who still in fight and disagree on their Raithagon.

The other Orders will not help Swune in any way, still holding them responsible for the great betrayal at Syez. Lanun, in particular, actively hunt the Swunites and attack on sight. In fact, an entire portion of their efforts are devoted to tracking down and exterminating Swune. Many within the general population feel the same and Swunites are shunned from almost every society.

Swunites have some very unscrupulous methods of gaining new members into their Order, and commonly recruit the outcast, criminal and lost, promising them a new life with meaning. Due to its nature, very few ever leave the Order. Even if they run, they find no refuge from others and may even be persecuted by Lanun.





# The Order of Exador

## The Order of Magic

**Chief Effort: Magic**

**Secondary Efforts: Insight, Wisdom, Discovery & Rhetoric**

**Member of the Order: Exadorian**

The name given to the 3rd moon, The Order of Magic is the most disconnected from society. While the common man is well-aware of what they do, it is not understood why. Exador constantly seeks to unlock the secrets of the Ancients and their magic. They feel magic can solve most problems. From wars to famine, to unrest, magic can help. The issue they face is that only a mere fraction of the Ancients' knowledge has been found. Spells to cure any ailment or problem probably exist but are yet to be discovered.

Many of the other Orders see Exador as a hopeful and lost bunch. Not wanting to deal with the here-and-now, their effort is focused on some future time when their knowledge and power is complete.

They do not, however, have any aspiration to rule. They honestly think they can bring about a lasting peace and safety with the assistance of magic. "Assistance" is key. While somewhat flighty, Exadorians are very intelligent and wise. They know that problems are only solved through people. They believe there is simply not the means to carry out such actions.

Anyone who is a magic user can be accepted into Exador. The average follower spends at least one evening a week at an Orderhouse. Here they participate in classes, debates, and train in the mystical arts. Youth are often brought to Exador to gauge their ability to wield magic.

Exador shares a very strong relationship and alliance within all the Magic Scholastica. They are the only binding element between the magical community at large. Ordermasters are often requested to translate ancient texts, review new-found scrolls of magic, and teach at magic collages.

Excerpt from the 2nd Tome of the Ancients

*- The Ancients understood this world and its workings far better than we. It is a noble effort to unlock their secrets and wisdom. We must master these things and form them for the good of all the civilized peoples.*

Exador makes great efforts to seek and find new sources of the Ancients' lost knowledge. They can be found at inns and taverns, talking to adventurers in hopes of a lead. When found, they hire adventurers to guard their precious Ordermasters and set off on dangerous and long quests to the furthest corners of Wyrmsbane for new-found runes and texts.





# Order of Zerix

## The Order of War

**Chief Effort: Honor in Battle**

**Secondary Efforts: Stalwartness, Courage,  
Betterment of the Body & Candor**

**Member of the Order: Zerixian**

The name given to the 4th moon, and by far the most understood of the Orders to the common man, Zerix is quite relaxed in their general demeanor. During times of peace, they train and seek combat where they can. Never cruel or criminal, they search the land for skirmishes, border wars amongst tribes and minor kingdoms, and any “sanctioned” battle they can enter.

Revered by all for their abilities, Zerix boasts probably the largest pool of followers of all the Orders, save maybe Tathun. The difference is that all followers of Zerix are committed. No one would dare enter the Order if they were not sure of their convictions towards battle.

Zerix is very unforgiving towards weakness and cowardice and never allow it within their ranks. The entry into the Order is a fistfight against someone of similar abilities. If both fight true, they are both welcomed. If one shows a fear they cannot overcome or balks at the opportunity, they are cast out, never to be reconsidered.

Zerix welcomes anyone who is in the business of fighting. Adventurers, soldiers, police and especially military officers are common within an Orderhouse. Generals are normally looked after personally by a seasoned War Teller (the Zerixian Ordermaster) to appease political expectations. However, all are equal within the Order and rank is determined solely by one's achievements in the field of battle.

In times of peace, War Tellers only pass through political realms to keep abreast of any possible future conflict. In times of war, they are the primary ministers to kings and emperors. Even the Elves take in a War Tellers.

Litany of the Zerixian

*- Battle is my companion; it is my friend. It greets me with a smile. It shows no dishonesty. It knows no weakness. It is pure, unrefined and true. It can never be mastered, but I will endeavor until the day it masters me.*

The issue for the Order is what side to take during a conflict. If against a force that holds no allegiance to Zerix, the choice is easy. But when two nations who both support Zerix go to war, things become complicated in the minds of those nations. For Zerix, however, it is simple. A council is held from both Lead Orderhouses of both Nations. They make their nation's position known and then one War Teller is elected from each side. They act as the chief advisor (if asked) to their patron nation. No Zerixian (meaning, no War Teller) takes part in the battle, and they only act as that advisor.

Most Zerixians love this though, as a competition between two Orderhouses. There is usually merry-making and betting that happens. But, because they are not allowed to fight, they'd much prefer a conflict where they can go into battle.

All true Zerixians look forward to death in battle, their ultimate ideal of honor. They see battle as an unbiased entity, fair in all ways and only conquered through skill and perseverance. Old age is normally looked down upon as true warriors should have died long before old age. It is their thought that if you truly seek battle, one day it will master you. If one lives to be old, then they probably strayed away from their calling and started to show some cowardice.

War Tellers who start to age commonly throw a huge party. The next day, they leave the Orderhouse where they wander the land looking for a fight until they are beaten and killed. For commoners who join the Order, this extreme path is not expected - only the War Tellers are meant for this end.



# Fallen Orders

## The Cults

Cults are groups that have formed originally to reform fallen Orders after the War of the Avatars. Just after the Counsel of Syez, these small groups were considered heretical by the remaining Orders and society. They were cast out to the east.

Over a generation, they did their best to build their Order back up. Without the original texts and direction from seasoned Ordermasters, they could not reproduce AUSA. Most gave up and scattered. A few of them, who followed the most aggressive of the fallen Orders (like Chaos and Destruction), took to raiding nearby villages and attacking people. Through this, they started to find a new AUSA forming, one of malevolence and hunger.

Over time, they had new Ordermasters who could tap into this AUSA. They were powerful and ravaged the civilized people around them. In a land that had rejected the other Orders, these groups were left unchecked for many years.

One day, a being appeared on the steps of the groups' House. Unlike the Avatars that were brilliant and majestic, this being was twisted and veiled. Seeing it as a sign, just like in centuries past, the group rallied behind this being. The more of their Raithagon they spread, the more powerful the being became – and more aware.

This happened all over the area, with dozens of groups forming and receiving their own twisted avatar. These beings started to take over their groups. They could now speak and held their followers under an iron grip, pressing them to push their Raithagon far past even what they thought was acceptable. They infiltrated the local nation's monarchy and corrupted their government. They had them make war against their northern neighbors. The resulting carnage fed these beings and brought more and more power to the groups.

In desperation, the broken nation called to Lanun and Tathun for aid. A Lanunite Reckonance scouted and found one of these groups hiding in a cave. They attacked, but could not defeat the being. Those from the nation who were not corrupted were

told by the Lanunites that only a full force of all the Orders into their lands could exterminate these Cults.

This nation of Elves had for centuries rebuked the Orders, but still thought that a large force on their shores might help. However, they also thought the aftermath would be the Orders settling into their lands influencing all aspects of the Elish culture and monarchy. The Elves still blamed the Orders for all the destruction the War of the Avatars brought and would not allow it to happen again. They sent the Lanunites away.

Instead, they opted to deal with the Cults themselves. They assassinated all the corrupted members of the monarchy and rallied all they could to eradicate the Cults. With great warriors, many of whom were still alive during the War of the Avatars, they invaded the forests and tracked down the Cults. In a time known as the Great Purge, the Elves slew many. Only those Cults that ran and hid survived. Some left for foreign shores.

Today, the Cults endure. Their AUSA does not need a group of people acting on a Raithagon to spawn. They act out their base nature, and the being grows in power. Most people part of the group lives in fear of their masters but are powerless to resist and do as they're told. In turn, more come until they have created a large enough group that it draws the attention of the Orders. Normally, they are then exterminated.

However, some of these Cults have taken a different route. They see themselves as new Orders and have written doctrines and texts mimicking the old ways. This collective approach has produced beings, and while still hungry for power, take a far more metered effort to spread their AUSA. They tend to move often, evading Lanunite Reckonances and are not nearly as destructive as some of their brethren. Some have even managed to build a reputation good enough that people may seek them out to join.

No matter how benevolent they think themselves, they are all shunned by society. There are four types of Cults known to exist today.

## The Cult of Fire

The wildest of the bunch, fire is an uncontrollable element that brings destruction and is too easily spread. Because of this, Cults of Fire are plentiful and can be found almost everywhere.

Their members are usually arsonists, but anyone who has a fascination with the flame can be drawn in. It is the most unthinking of all the Cults, preferring set anything aflame at every opportunity. They don't fear the Orders, as fire will always exist and cannot be stopped in the ways the other Cults can.

Fire Cultists ritualistically scar themselves with hot daggers to commemorate each blaze they birth. When enough have grouped and created enough fires, a being called a Jinn forms. Insentient, Jinns do not lead their followers like other Cults. They instead grow in power and share the same love of fire as their followers. Together, they seek to burn the world.

## The Cult of Fear

The most detested of the Cults, Fear Cults form wherever there is widespread angst and uncertainty. It is normally formed from a base of people who are, in essence, terrorists. If the people do not find the courage and stand against whatever unsettles them, a horrible creature manifests.

This thing is a horrifying beast that resembles a huge bear, with piercing red eyes, a ferocious maw, and groans that causes dread at all those who hear it. It quickly takes over the group and maintains control through fear and intimidation. It then sends its followers out to bring about more fear.

The beast stalks and terrorizes small villages. Often coming at night, it prowls, roars and peeks into

windows. The more horror it brings, the more potent it becomes. While fear itself cannot harm anyone, this thing can tear a person to shreds.

Unlike the other Cults, it can be directly countered by the common person. Communities who stand together in courage hurt the beast. It dwindles in size and strength the longer this happens. Thus, Fear Cults seek to root out the brave and often openly attacks and slaughter villages which show signs of banding together. But, without people to fear them, the Cult disappears unless they find a new target.

## The Cult of Chaos

In lands stricken by war, famine, unrest, and revolution, Chaos Cults usually form. Groups of people such as rebels, freedom fighters, political protestors, and fanatics are normally the unwitting cause of these Cults. If chaos and unrest rule for long enough, a being that closely resembles a human man manifests, called an Indra.

Extremely cunning and intelligent, the Indra meets one of these groups of people (the rebels or fanatics), normally in dark places to keep its identity secret. It lies and disguises itself as a supporting noble or military officer who offers assistance to further their cause. In truth, the Indra only seeks to keep the conflict going thereby growing an AUSA of chaos. As long as the group of people believe in what they're doing, and those actions cause general chaos, the Indra continues to assist. As a powerful spellcaster, the Indra makes things happen from the shadows. It assassinates key opponents of those who it aids. It makes deals with merchants to provide weapons and supplies, only to murder the merchants in a field just before others arrive to collect the goods.

Once that group is within grasp on their goal, and it looks as if one side will win the conflict, causing things to settle and calm, the Indra switches sides. Again disguising itself, and knowing much about the people it was helping, it offers information to the opposition. This allows the opposition to strike and regain some leverage in the conflict. The Indra no longer needs to carry out assassinations and murders itself, it now provides names and locations to one of the sides and watch, only assisting where needed. The Indra keeps playing one side off the next, continuing the chaos.

Over time, it seeks to find those who simply revel in the chaos and recruit them into its inner circle. The Indra reveals itself and offers the power the growing AUSA provides. Those who refuse are killed and those who accept become the Cultists of Chaos.

The Cult then seeks to cloud the minds and thoughts of those groups of people in the conflict, so they forget their initial purpose, and instead act erratically and further nothing but chaos itself.

These Cults are particularly hard to recognize. Orders tend to stay out of civil unrest, which allows such Cults to grow and mature. Only when the unrest is known to be the work of a Cult, normally by someone who refused an Indra and got away, do the Orders respond.

## The Cult of Death

Not really a Cult at all, it is never-the-less treated with the same contempt as the others. Normally only made up of a dozen individuals, no one really knows how they form or how someone becomes one of them. There are no general followers here, only those who are utterly devoted to their task.

That task is to find those who have evaded death and bring them “home.” Cultists of Death are solemn, solitary and unyielding. They come from the wilds into towns in search of a single person. They slay the person and then leave, many say with their soul.

They all are in league with a mysterious being that calls itself the “Emissary.” The Cult

does not seem to have any drive for power, to spread an Ausa or even grow in size. When one of their Cultists are slain, another one fills the ranks. Even the Cultist themselves, those that have been captured, don’t know why they do what they do. Nor can they point out a place they come from or the name of their master. Even the Tathunites cannot find a lie in them. It seems they wander the land until they are told to hunt down someone.

With no place they seem to come from and no way to find a nest or group, the Orders have somewhat given up on dealing with them on a large scale. Only the individual Cultist, when identified, are hunted.

## The Fallen Orders

A scant few still hold to the edits of the fallen Orders and have not gone the way of a Cult.

The Clevinsol, which means “revivalist” in the Ancient tongue, seek to reinstate their fallen Order. However, the true nature of the fallen Orders has been lost to time, and what was once known is now myth. Still, these people do their best to reclaim what they know.

The fallen have no Ausa and their rally to regain lost glory has yet to have an effect. They cast spells as normal casters and have no power gained from a Rathigon, no matter how many follow it.

Some places still hold onto a fallen Order. The Torsak Province is one such example. The whole of their people are descendant of the main body of one of the Orders during the War of the Avatars. They lost and were driven south into norther Dafteria. However, a large number of people still held to the statutes of that Order, and do still to this day.

To the other Orders, the Clevinsols seem sad and pathetic. Their Orders are lost, their Avatars slain and their Ausa gone – they are no threat to the last six Orders... at least, not at the moment.