

- It is a Herald of Surat
- Most challengers that meet it go alone
- Most challengers that meet it fail
- It shows up in places of devastation - where there has been fire or ice or withering or poison on the land
- It has many blades - it is not clear how it carries so many
- It has many minions but it is known that they do not fight its foe for it
- One of those rumoured to have challenged it and won was a battle mage
- One of those rumoured to have challenged it and won travelled to meet it and bargained such that their companions could also fight
- It is known that Barien in times past used to send challengers to fight it
- It is rumoured that if it finds itself without a sword it will concede defeat
- **It was most often seen in Varushkan Forests**
- **The place it appears is known as The Sharpest Place or Sharpest Glade**
- **Some songs say it was in Suvretz**

Jade's version:

Heed the voice in the flames my child Let all burn, let the fire grow wild Surat's blades are unconcealed Lo' The Burnt Knight (is) revealed. (Refrain 2) Heed the voice in the ice my child Let all freeze, over wastlands wild Surat's blades are unconcealed Lo' The Burnt Knight (is) revealed. To champion them now is a tragic deed For all have tried and now they bleed Are you the one who can keep their head? Or do you sow again, that ancient bed? The challengers of Barien were once sent forth To fight the Herald, to lose Surat's sword The only way it'll concede defeat Is if the sword and ground do meet The blades are ceaseless, infinity, no end Hoards of minions to Herald attend But never fight it's marching foe Devotion tho' they always show. There's stories once of a victorious Mage. Weary battle worn, they still engaged. Triumphant in their demanding quest. They found away to beat, to best. Another champion brought allies to fight. With much convincing, sent to their plight. Side by side they vanquished the blades. So now they live out their remaining days. Now heed a warning here, I tell To silence Surat's Herald, be still, don't quell For ice and flames and blood will meet And the ground will wither below your feet Poison seeps in this forgotten land Where once grew trees there now lies sand A lingering kiss of biting regret Has the earth accepted the Herald's threat?