

Here is shown the Red Eye

Who is called also Rafandimathur and Routhauger.

Who turns things awry.

Who is not what it is seen to be.

Who is the harbinger of fate and chaos.

Who is the guardian of Fate.

Who is the symbol of the unknown.

Whose place cannot be marked: only the signs of  
their passing.

The Red Eye alone goes where it will.

It cannot be gainsaid.

It does not ask permission.

It tangles even the plans of the Dragons.

It rules the sky and is without rules.

Where it pauses, it changes the shape of the world.

It rebels, and cannot be tamed.

It alone of all stars is single-natured.

It stands alone yet not alone.

It is part of all things.

All things at their core are unknown.

It is the outcast who rules.

It is the star of ill omen.

Yet it is the star of opportunity.

The hunter shuns the red star.

It is inconstant: it is not to be followed.

The red star will lead you to the abode of horrors.

The red star will show you the path to doom.

The red star rules over the place of wings.

The red star fills the mammoths with rage.

When the red star rises the rusalka sing.

The warlock does not shun the red eye.

The warlock does not embrace the red eye.

Where it walks walks opportunity.

It lead the Dragons to the mountain.

It surmounts the great thrones.

It watches over the people of the north.

It is both gift star and plague star.



On that night the red star rose and beside it rose another star. The eye could not see the star, only the dark eye of the Abyss could mark its presence yet mark it it did. The bright orb saw the secret light in the sky, and spoke of the danger and the opportunity. The Dragons upon their throne conferred. The great record was consulted, the memory of the mountain was read by the blind scholars.

The blind scholars spoke of what the memory contained.

Once before the red eye had opened and a tear fallen. Long, long ago in the time before the southern city builders came to the plains and the forests, in the time before the tribes of the ores were as they are and have always been, the Red Eye shed a Tear.

The tear was of fire and earth and fell from the upper air through the lower air and into the water.

Where it struck it was as the ember that falls into the puddle, as the hot iron thrust into the quenching pool. For a year and a day, the sky was hidden. A year of Winter that the ones who were here before the tribes that are today thought would never end. The beasts died and the plants that can be eaten withered beneath the unending twilight and in the cold.

The southern tribe say that the first Tear of the Red Eye made the great Bay, and broke the shores. They say that the ones who were there before they were there carved it into the walls. They say that the great bounty of the Bay fell with the Tear that fell.

The Winter ended, but much was thereby changed.

The ancestor who spoke to Shekual remembers that time. The voice of Shekual is distant and strange, but when it speaks the shaman listen. The voice of Shekual spoke to the shaman when the new star was seen. It whispered a warning.

The shaman say that the Tear of the time of Shekual was as to this tear as the boulder is to the pebble. That the crimson tear is a threat, but an opportunity. It is the child of the Red Eye, as the tear is the child of the ore eye. It will fall, and in falling will destroy and create.

This star is beyond our reach as the moon is beyond our reach, as the sun and the stars are beyond our reach. Yet before the consummation that is to come it will pass within our grasp.

We cannot hold it - no hand could hold a star even a lesser star such as this. But it may be deflected, if the hand of the Dragons but grazes its finger along the edge. Deflected, perhaps aimed.

The Dragons have spoken. The burning tear shall fall in Skuld, in honour of Shekual who lead their people to the forests of the south-east. As the great tear of the time before the tribes were as they are, so shall it bring fire when it touches the earth but so also shall it bring water as the air cools it. Those who can have left Skuld. Those who cannot must endure beneath the sign of the Dragon Throne.



Here is shown the Dragon Throne

Who is called also Vithvarandir

Who endures all things.

Who resists the change from without.

Who is the warden of strength.

Who survives the Long Winter.

Who rises from the barren lands.

Who stands against the blizzard.

The Dragon Throne does not wither.

It gains strength as it endures.

It is the wall against the foe.

It stands guard over the ways of the people.

It is the shield of tradition.

It is the will to continue against the Night.

It is the fire that burns in the mountain.

Look to the Dragon Throne for it preserves.

The guardian looks to the Dragon Throne

To grant strength to fight the vermin of the south.

The warlock looks to the Dragon Throne

To grant surety of purpose.

The Hunter looks to the Dragon Throne

To show the way to travel.

The Five Dragons rest enthroned.

They are the heart and the soul of the people.

They are the anchor of the past.

They are the beacon of the future.

They are the mountain and the sun.

They are like the stars.

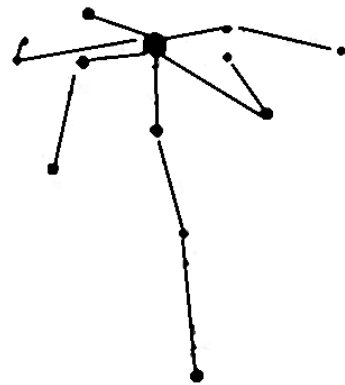
The Five Dragons endure.

It tangles even the plans of the Dragons.

It rules the sky and is without rules.

Where it pauses, it changes the shape of the world.

It rebels, and cannot be tamed.



Time is the enemy of us all, the Fire in which we burn, the rushing river glutted with snowmelt that bears away all before it - save the Dragon Throne. There was little time for Finesse, little time for excellence. The great Warlocks made conclave among themselves, with the guidance of the Dragons Enthroned.

The work was long and the thread of disaster burned.

The hills of XXXXX were chosen. There was insufficient time for the rite to be tested, and little to set it against. On that night when the Tear fell within the reach of the people, the rite was enacted. A dozen of the Great Warlocks bound by chains and oaths, empowered by the will of the Dragons, wielding staves and those gifts granted them by the Father of Bats, stood upon the hill of URDA and spoke the words. Blood was spilled and used to draw the great runes upon the map of the North that had been prepared.

The Tear fell, and as it fell the hand of the Dragons guided it. Louder than thunder it screamed across the sky east to Skuld, to the hills of XXXXX.

The earth shook where it struck, and a great pillar of fire and smoke rose, yea almost to the bounds of the lower air. Fire and stone rained like water upon Skuld, upon the plains and the forests. The earth was split where the Tear rested. The people were afraid, but the Dragons calmed their fear. The Chosen of the Dragons were among them saying "Be not afraid - our magic has harnessed the Crimson Tear and its fall is part of our design, now. We shall protect you."

And in time, no more than a week, the smoke and the fire quieted. The rains came, and when the people returned to where the hills of XXXXX had been there was instead a lake of stars, and the people marvelled at how the water had come from fire and from stone.