

The Conquest of Norwinon

I, Robilon, formerly priest of Middlesham and now prisoner, do write this history, so that you may know the truth of what has happened in our land and not give credence to the lies promulgated by those who would tell that our people were easily overcome, anxious to feel the yoke of conquest, and quick to deny our faith. Let the truth of our days be spread throughout the communities loyal to the Druids, that they may know the malice of our enemies and pray for the removal of our burden, and let all of faith be strengthened by our resistance and continue on the path of Light.

As is known to you, following the Death and Resurrection of Our Lord Jarod Druid, his disciples dispersed to spread the True Faith throughout the world, to places near and far, even to those whose ears had never heard tell of the Word of Scriptures. High among these was Saint Hezelus of Tazra, the very same in whose tomb the Druid was placed following the Binding and Bleeding. He it was who travelled farthest to the north and west, finally reaching the shores of the land of Norwinon, which as yet languished in darkness, in the forty-fourth year of Our Lord [621 AF], the blessed victim of a wreck at sea, from which all were miraculously saved. His bark came aground on the island of Therry, and there he built his first church for the benefit of those who accompanied him, naming the place Canticle.

Soon others among the people of that isle came to him, and the Holy Spirit came upon them and they too took up the sceptre of our Lord. And so, the community at Canticle grew, and the Faith spread from the island, and soon men were proclaiming the salvation of mankind on the very streets of Ayle, the capital, and in the fens of Sothron and the vales of Longimad and the rocky coasts of Strattenland, and all in between. There were those who resisted the Truth, as is true in all lands, but the Norwinese are a goodly people by nature, and the seeds of light grew quickly among them, and their harvest was bounteous. And at last, in the two hundred and fifteenth year following the birth of Our Lord [792 AF], Forogland II, King of all Norwinon, declare for the Druids and make his Faith the faith to be preferred above all others. And this was met with great rejoicing as idols to past days were thrown down, for among the people the Faith was strong and few still walked in the old ways of darkness. And Norwinon became first among nations to embrace the Faith, though it was so far from the ground upon which the Druid himself walked and taught.

It was but fourteen years following King Forogland II's proclamation that the High King of Mageony did also proclaim for the Druids, though his people were varied, and many still resist the Light to this day. But still the Light spread across the nations, so that the Word was spread from the Rocky Isles [**The Isles south of Teshwan**] as far as the swamps of Brehmich, and the praises to Our Lord rang clear across the lands. And much of this was the work of apostles from Norwinon, who traveled across the North Sea, spreading the Word from port to port.

Many of the Many of the Selhunic people [of **Teshwan**] were brought to the Light, and it seemed as if the Glory of the Lord would reach to the very ends of the earth within but a few lifetimes of the Resurrection.

But the Lord has seen fit to try His people further. For though the persecutions of His Church within the Empire [**Arcadria**] had ebbed from their height beneath the Devil Vivanassius, the land was torn by the wars between claimants to the Imperial Throne, such that many felt that the world would be torn asunder by the vain glory-mongering of foolish men. And in the wake of such terrors came the famine, which struck the northlands in the two-hundred and ninety-eighth year [**875 AF**], withering fields and drying wells. Though of great hardship in Norwinon, its blow was far worse in Teshwan, so that the fledgling Druids community on the island faltered, and those not in the fold thought to call upon their dark gods for succor. Seeing their plight, Queen Harlonda, filled with the mercy of the Lord, offered them refuge in Longimad, from which many had fled owing to the famine and the inflow of those worshippers of Darkness, the Doudanni, who had poured forth from the mountain vales of their home to add misery to those already overburdened. And so many from Teshwan came, and they settled within the bounds of our land, and only a tiny remnant of the Faithful remained behind, unwilling to leave their ancestral lands. Of their fate nothing is known, for since the Conquest no word has come from them, and they are feared forever lost.

The depredations of the Doudanni, though, knew no bounds, and they slew and burned and plundered and raped wherever they went. They were as demons themselves, unswaying in their worship of the Devil, delighting in their desecrations, with no shred of goodness among them, a people wholly lost. And in this there were those among the Arcadrians who saw opportunity, for they were forever offering aid to neighbors oppressed, but that aid inevitably led to subjugation and enrichment once debts became accrued that could not be paid. And so, they offered friendship to the peoples of Norwinon, while at the same time fueling the evils of the Doudanni with Arcadrian gold and Arcadrian arms. And this was the first stage in the conquest, so that you may see that from the start it was a thing of treachery and wickedness.

But for the time the Arcadrians' gentle-tongued poison went unheeded, for the Selkans [**the Selhunic immigrants**] engaged the Doudanni in battle, and they had the Light of the Lord on their backs, and the Doudanni were scattered, so that they were driven south and for a time much of Longimad was free from their terrors. But the Arcadrians, now that their ambitions had been aroused, would not allow the flames of avarice to die.

And so it was that in the eighty-first year of Our Lord [**953 AF**], King Nigel did pass unexpectedly while on hunt with his court. Some said that he had become suddenly ill, but others saw that only he and his page were taken and claimed poison. He left two sons,

Warrenon and Algernon. Warrenon was the eldest, an ambitious man with more greed than sense. He had spent some years as a youth in Arcadra as guest and hostage of the Empire, and though he had long since returned, the softness of taste and character from the south remained. Algernon was the youngest, raised in the North and unpolluted by the taint of the South. He was an upright man, but one also quick to wrath and unpersuaded by mercy. There was no love between the brothers, and both had many supporters among the nobles, so much so that there was great strife as the election of the new king was held, such that both sides claimed the other had lost and was attempting to destroy the ancient fabric of tradition for their own gain. In the end, Algernon prevailed.

But Warrenon would have none of it. Furious and declaring himself robbed, he sought support from his friends, the Arcadrian merchants and their guards, and sought to contest the ruling before the people. But Algernon, perhaps rightly, saw this as an attempt to forcibly wrest control, and his men fell upon Warrenon's outside Ackeley, promulgating a terrible slaughter of both Arcadrian and Norwinese alike. But Warrenon was not there, and in desperation he fled to Aean, where he hoped to find sympathy among that people, who are tied to Norwinon by blood from days long past, while those loyal to him refused to acknowledge Algernon as king. And so, war enveloped the land, as brother fought against brother from the highest stations to the lowest.

In Aean, Warrenon made the friendship of Junius Pormenthus, a bond that was to prove of terrible consequence for all who lived in the North. For Pormenthus was a devious and conniving man, a distant relative of Gemmanus the Emperor and counselor to Junovian, his son, and one who secretly in his heart craved the Imperial Throne for himself, though he had not yet the power to stake his claim. But to Warrenon he seemed a sympathetic ear and one that understood his plight and offered aid without reservation or demands. And ever he reminded Warrenon of how he had been wronged, and how the kingship was rightfully his as eldest son, as was the case in all civilized lands, and that he must show his true mettle if he wished to win back what was his.

And so Pormenthus did fill the ear of Warrenon with flattery and incitement to ambition, and to him offered aid also, so that those who fought for the elder son within Norwinon did so with arms bought by Pormenthus, though delivered by agents of their rebellious lord. And for four years there was rebellion and battle in the land, until in the three-hundred and eighty-fourth year of Our Lord [961 AF] Warrenon returned to the land of his birth, and with him a force of Arcadrian mercenaries, former soldiers brought from among Pormenthus's own contingent, and beholden to their lord, not Warrenon, though they were tasked to serve him for the present. Doudan mercenaries there were too, for Pormenthus had poisoned Warrenon's mind so foully that he was willing to take upon even that foul brood to further his cause. But though this force was strong, it was not enough, for Pormenthus had spies

throughout Norwinon, and had seen to it that Warrenon rode at the head of a force that would seem great enough to be worthy of Algernon's army but that even with the forces of the rebellious Norwinese lords would not truly be so, and Algernon staved off Warrenon's advance, and drove him back, and Warrenon was hard beset, and he was besieged at Holdfast, and the greater force of his mercenaries scattered.

And then, urged most vehemently by those who rode with him, did Warrenon do what had been Pormenthus's stratagem all along and called upon the Empire for support. And Pormenthus was only too glad to accede, and before even the Emperor's consent was given, and truly, before even word of the request reached his ears, Pormenthus marched upon Norwinon with a force greater than any in the kingdom, and he swept in from the east, into Longimad and Exeter, while Algernon was entangled with his brother, and none could waylay him.

When news reached the king, he was greatly disturbed, and he quickly sent forth his general, the Selkan Kr'Jontijn, east to delay the invader while he focused his main strength against his brother, deeming that should Warrenon be taken or killed the Arcadrians would have no just cause for further action. And for a time his counsel seemed good, for Kr'Jontijn, though he met not Pormenthus in pitched battle, so delayed the Arcadrians that they were forced to encamp along the Stuart and could not enter into Ayland by the time winter set, while in the west Algernon so entrapped Warrenon that he was forced to give himself up, and on the Eve of St. Bonificus's Day, less than a full year after his return, he was captured and brought to Ayle as captive. And then di Algernon ride east with the greater part of his army, and I among them, and by God's grace we made our way unmarked and in the dead of winter fell upon the Arcadrian forces and beat them back.

But though they retreated, they did not flee, and for a year and more we fought the Arcadrians, and many brave deeds were done, too many to mention, by the men of Norwinon, and women too, for when the Arcadrians fell upon a village that had supported Algernon they showed no mercy, and many of our brave maids chose death on the sword while fighting for their land than to fall to the unkind mercies of the southern soldiers or the savage devilry of their Doudan allies. And all the while, the Arcadrians marched toward Ayle, and though they could be delayed, their path could not be stayed.

By the spring of the year three-hundred and eighty-six [963 AF], Pormenthus had split his forces, the northern under his command tasked with taking Ayle, while the southern under his general, Justivus Antiquanus, fended off the attacks by Kr'Jontijn, who though in command of a much smaller force was proving more than a match for the Arcadrians. But there were some in Kr'Jontijn's camp who had been seduced by promises of wealth and clemency, and they gave news of the Selkan general's whereabouts and plans to Antiquanus, and the general

caught Kr'Jontijn's men unaware, and Kr'Jontijn was entrapped outside Feligand, with his back against the Agive and the Arcadrian army and its Doudan auxiliaries arrayed against them. In the battle that ensued, no quarter was given and there was great slaughter, but being so badly outnumbered and undersupplied the Norwinese had the worst of it, and almost to a man they were slaughtered or captured, or else washed away by the river, swollen as it was by the melted snow from the mountains, in their desperation to flee once Kr'Jontijn fell and it was clear the battle was lost. Only a small handful of us escaped, and then only by fortunate chance, or by being passed over for dead when the carrion pickers came through after the battle was over. But let it not be said that there was any lack of courage among the Norwinese on that day, even among those few of us who lived, and also let it be known that those who had betrayed us died along with the others, for I heard one among the prisoners call out for mercy to his captors on account of his loyalty to Antiquanus, but none came, and the man was dragged off just as the others.

Though he suffered much loss, most was among the Doudanni who accompanied him, for the Arcadrians reckon them as poorly as we do and see them as but tools for their ambitions, and so Antiquanus sped north with his army, leaving their Doudan allies to hold Longimad and abandoning its people to their awful whims. Already, Pormenthus had pursued Algernon to the Norbrook, and Antiquanus came upon the king's position from the southwest, catching him between the two forces. The king made his stand at Nettlesfield, upriver from Dinham. There the flower of Norwinese knighthood faced the Arcadrian hordes in a terrible battle that lasted for a full day and through the night, but morning rose to the sight of the king fallen, pierced through the eye by an enemy spear, and the troops scattered.

With no more opposition to speak of, Pormenthus marched to Ayle, where he freed Warrenon from prison and installed him as King of Norwinon, albeit on greatly indebted to the Empire, a debt left unspecified but which must one day be paid. And Warrenon did take the throne, and he took also his brother's wife, Amelian, as his own, though she was still pregnant with her husband's child. Some say that this was done out of spite against his brother, and that he forced great indignities upon her, but others say that he pitied her, and did it to protect her and her children, for he had always been friendly with her, despite his brother, and some say he loved her true. Certainly, it is true that he never wed, and was often seen in her company, before the rift with his brother. And she ever claimed that he had not ever forced her to his bed, and that she had remained faithful to her former husband, even though he had made her his queen.

The people of Norwinon were not pleased with their new king, nor did they have any trust of his Arcadrian friends, and at the first there was much protest. But Pormenthus would have no open dissent, for he counseled that to do so could easily lead to another war, and soon the dungeons of the king were filled, and even to look askance at the palace was to be courting

disaster. And though Pormenthus did remain in Ayle for but a short while, Antiquanus remained, as ambassador and advisor, though all knew that he, with the backing of his troops, held more of the reins of power than the king.

Pormenthus, for his part, continued his conquests with the blessings of the Emperor himself. He turned east, marching against the Perrians under the justification that they had been preying on the supplies brought north from PolyaeGIS. In three months, the lowlands fell to his armies, and the highlands were paying tribute. There was no word of protest from Ayle when the Arcadrians directly annexed Perrinath the following year, though many in Norwinon murmured, rightly fearing that a similar fate might befall them.

Their fears were partly realized the following year, in three-hundred and eighty-eight [965 AF]. In that year, the Selkans revolted in Longimad, after many months of starvation occasioned by the seizure of crops for the maintenance of the Doudanni, who had been settled in their lands but farmed not for themselves, and on account of the deprivations of the Doudanni themselves, who acted as if they knew of no laws and took what and who they wished, without thought or remorse. In response, and without Warrenon's consent, Pormenthus marched on Longimad and also on Strattenland, which had not been in revolt, and quickly declared these lands too to be under the direct protection of the Empire rather than of the king. He founded there the city of Ovalcum, which quickly became a hub of the sort of filth and licentious behavior beloved by soldiers and the Enemy, and brought in veterans from the Empire to settle in these lands, granting them estates throughout the region, especially on lands formerly belonging to those deemed "rebels", though such a label was applied to any who had what the Imperials wanted, whether they voiced opposition or no.

All the land was furious. Warrenon, too, saw what his actions had wrought, for he knew that Pormenthus had no intention of renewing his territory to him, and also judged that the man hoped to add to his dominion the lands of Norwinon also, and whether such would be done after Warrenon's death, for the king had no heir but his brother's children, or before was entirely dependent on the man's patience. And so in the three-hundred and ninety third year of Our Lord [970 AF], after years of doing what he could to stave off the inevitable, he finally announced to his wife and most trusted advisors that he would confront the man himself, and deal with him as one would deal with any traitor, should it come to that.

But time was not given to him to act. Ere he could do so, he was found dead in his rooms. Many believe that it was Antiquanus who had the king killed, likely by some foul poison, but proof was never produced, though only witnesses known to be personally loyal to Antiquanus were forthcoming, and many of those who might have spoken were mysteriously attacked and killed on the way to the funeral, ostensibly by bandits. As the flower of the nation mourned the passing of the king, Pormenthus announced that Antiquanus would be the new Governor

of the land, by order of the Empire, a supposedly temporary measure until order had been restored, though history has shown time and again that such temporary measures are but a pleasing-sounding fiction when the Arcadians are involved. For his part, Pormenthus returned to the Empire in triumph with great booty stolen from Perrinath and the newly-named province of Gyaria, to be received as a hero by the pagan fools of his homeland while other generals pushed the conquest of the Northlands ever eastward.

Under Antiquanus, many from throughout the Empire, seeking fortunes at the expense of the conquered, flooded into Norwinon. They were given trading contracts and lands, wrested from the inheritance of those deemed dissenters. In turn, pagan that he was and despising them for their very holiness, Antiquanus turned his sights against us, the clergy, taxing us greatly and forbidding public displays under the guise of preventing the seeds of revolt from being sown. And he built a new city as his capital, Forodium [**Forodham**], some miles upriver from Ayle upon the new road that was being built to foster the movement of troops into the land, and he relocated the government to there and filled it with Arcadians, as well as poor fools who think more of their own station than of what is right.

Amelian, rightly incensed by the cruel mistreatment of her people, came to Antiquanus with her full retinue for to protest his misdeeds. But he would not hear her. Instead, he set his guards upon her, and they seized her and those with her, and they raped her with horrible violence, and her daughter and heir Marian too, who was then murdered before her eyes, along with many others of her supporters, while the men watched with foul merriment. And then was Amelian thrown into the dungeons, and publicly named rebel and enemy of the people, though all thoughts she had was of them. And the rest of her family too was seized, save the youngest, Faith, whom they could not find, and who in truth had been secreted away upon the death of King Warrenon.

It was the intent of Antiquanus to have Amelian publicly tried and executed, as example for all who would place themselves in opposition to him, but such was not to be. For on the fourteenth of Winter-Month, in the year following the king's death, Amelian walked free from Ayle with her four living children save one, and none could be found who had made note of their passing, nor could say how they had removed themselves from the dungeons. Some say that it was through God's grace that she escaped, a miracle as befell Cephales in the dungeon, while others place the deed upon an unknown guard of Antiquanus who was secretly a Druist and felt pity upon the queen, though no such was found.

Amelian did not let her time pass unused. She made for Gorset, the seat of her father and wherein there were but few supporters of the governor. There, led by secret communication and signs, many of the best men and women of the realm flocked to her, Selkan and Norwinese alike, and soon she had amassed a force to be reckoned with, and with it she struck at the

Arcadrians, assailing them from the forests and hills, doing great damage to the enemy and yet never giving them the open battle they craved, for still their forces were too great. And with her at her side fought Gillian Raven-Hair, her daughter and commander, under whose banner I myself fought, and great recompense we made upon the devils for their cruelties in those days.

For three years we fought, years filled with deeds brave and true, as well as terrible and dark. Many a good man and woman met their Maker before the appointed time in the fierceness of those days, and many an innocent too, for the Arcadrians thought to break our spirit by taking their wrath out upon the defenseless, putting many to the sword and holding the families of others under threat and imprisonment in hopes they might betray us or by this means break our spirits. We, for our parts, had little to lose, and despite our horror at such deeds, we continued to fight so such sufferings could never again be had. In that time was Forodium itself sacked and burned when Gillian fell upon it. And ever did more flock to her banners, but also more became persuaded by the governor, and, seeking protection for their own families, offered to act against us.

So it was that on the frigid eve of the twenty-first of Mud-Month, in the three-hundred and ninety-sixth year of our Lord [973 AF], that Geoffred of Grassfield, counselor to the Queen, led the Arcadrians to her when she was in conference with her advisors in a hidden camp above Arrow Lake, and there they fell upon us unawares, their forces striking at us out of the darkness so that we could not see. And there were the Queen and Gillian captured, and many others of us too, and we were all brought before Antiquanus. And with none to lead, the rebellion crumbled, and some among the Norwinese captains sold their companions to the Arcadrians for their own freedom, though none among the Selkans would do so, despite terrible threats upon them, so loyal are that people. The two sons Amelian and her middle daughter too were found at that time, and handed over also to the Arcadrians, but Faith they could not find, and many said she was lost. But I know it not to be so, and that she has been hidden, a hope for all our people, though I shall not say where, not even here, for I had been told by one who had brought her to where she is, before he was slain at Arrow Lake. For the captains who betrayed their people, though, there was no reward, for Antiquanus had them slain as well, for he said that traitors to their own people make untrustworthy allies, and could at a moment's notice choose betrayal also of the Empire.

I was there when they tried the Queen, after she was beaten and humiliated, made into a shadow of herself though still defiant to the end, when they opened her still-living chest and splayed her ribs in a spectacle worthy of the Devil himself, and left above the gates for all to see. And Gillian and her brothers too were executed, burnt alive in the public square. And I can attest that none pleaded for mercy, not even up to the very end when they screamed in agony at the tortures inflicted upon them, and that they gave us all strength with which to bear

what needs to be borne. And the populace of Ayle was forced to watch the executions in all their horror, and those who could not do so were counted as traitors and added to the pyre. Of the other daughter, naught is known, for she was in merely her tenth year and deemed unready for the fire, and so was sold to the Doudanni for a profit in the southern flesh markets, and whether she yet lives as slave in some southern estate none know.

Many felt that the spirit of Norwinon had been broken on that single day, the fourteenth of Resurrection-Month, when the Queen's spirit ascended to heaven on wings of gold, leaving the grotesque spectacle of her mistreated and abused body behind her. And at that time, all organized resistance to Arcadrian rule was in effect crushed, at least for a time, and in appreciation the Emperor proclaimed Justivus Antiquanus a Senator as well as confirming him Governor of the new province of Eordia, with sole leadership of the province and answering only to the Emperor himself. And Antiquanus, now unfettered by any fear of the Emperor's displeasure, did allow his most base cruelty to rule him. He levied crushing, unbearable taxes upon the land to support the soldiers and Doudan mercenaries who oppressed them and to support his devilish pleasures, in which the lives of many young men and women were cut short for the amusement of the Governor. And in consequence, entire villages were deserted, with whole families and communities fleeing to the hills and forests to live as bandits rather than suffer beneath his rule. And word of this came to those of us who still languished in prison, and we were ready to abandon all hope.

And at first these desperate men and women were without guidance and hope, and some even preyed upon their fellow Druists who had stayed at their farms and pastures to eke out what life they could. But after a time, their raids took on a more organized mien, and they struck only the Arcadrians and those who allied themselves to them, and they lived from the support of those who stayed loyal to the old kingdom. And leaders rose from among them, claiming to fight in the name of Queen Faith. And though some among these were captured and slain, Queen Faith remained elusive, and many thought her but a legend, a fantasy for desperate men to follow, but there were many others who upheld the hope that the Queen would return, and that she would drive the Arcadrians from Norwinon forever.

It was in these communities of rebels that the Church too survived, for Antiquanus quickly seized all he could of lands belonging to the Church and placed heavy penalties on the training and investiture of new priests. He burned every copy of the Scriptures and the writings of the Fathers he could find, claiming them as tools of revolution, and in many other ways besides tried to destroy the Druist Faith in Norwinon. But such was not to be, for as has often been shown before, it is in times of the greatest duress that the strength of the Faithful shines brightest, and one cannot consign the true words written on the hearts of believers to the flames, no matter the efforts taken. And Antiquanus had little reach in the hills, and there,

new priests were taught and copies of the Scriptures were preserved and copied for the benefit of those communities that had been deprived of spiritual leadership.

Of even greater import, the Island Monastery [St. Hessaed's] built upon Ecliftiand in the midst of the Longwash and seat of Druist learning in the North, remained still free, a continual thorn in the side of the Governor. Antiquanus had placed it under siege for four years, but with no success, for his engineers could not overcome the cliffs that lined its shores, nor could they overcome the depths of the lake which surrounded it. And so it remains, a beacon of Light and Hope in the midst of dark waters, unassailable and unbroken, from whence the golden beam of the Faith still shines.

Antiquanus's plans to crush the Norwinese spirit so completely had been ill-conceived, and because of his overreach vast areas were plagued by revolt. That is always the way of the pagan, to reach too quickly for an end, with too much destruction and evil, tempering the forces of the Light rather than weakening them. Antiquanus was killed in his bath by parties unknown in the year three-hundred and ninety-nine [976 AF], and his successor, Miletus Dorascus, has continued many of his policies, albeit with less severity in the hopes that the people might be appeased. Though thus far they have not.

Under Dorascus's milder hand, the cities have regained some measure of peace, and some prosperity too, as the completion of the great Arcadrian highway [**The Northway, completed in 979 AF**] has brought much trade to the land and is heavily patrolled, but in the countryside there is still much resistance to the harsh hand of the Empire, and one who would ally with that wicked nation would do well to avoid such places without great strength of arms at their backs. For as recently as the four-hundredth year [977 AF] a force of two hundred and more of Arcadrian cavalry was lost in route from Iveston to Dinham, with no trace of them to be found. And in pacification of the lands the Governor has relied greatly on the Doudanni, and though they have quelled some rebel actions, their foul presence in the land has done more to raise the Norwinese against the oppressor than the imposition of Arcadrian laws and taxes ever could, and those who would fight for our nation's freedom gain more in strength with every passing day. I believe in the depths of my soul that, though I shall not live to see it, the day will come when the Arcadrian boot is thrown off from our people's necks, and the light of God's Faith shall shine once more from our blessed land, as a beacon of hope to those around us.

Some last words must be said of Pormenthus, that great architect of the evils which we have endured. Upon his return to Arcadra, he was met with praise and glory by the people, for he had brought great wealth to the city and spent lavishly on their entertainments, so that even the Emperor felt bound to honor him. And he, having no bounds to his ambitions, made use of that honor to bring many powerful men into his circle, winning both senators and generals

to his camp, and going so far as to convince the Emperor to betroth his middle son to Pormenthus's daughter. But the Emperor Docletus was not as Junovian his brother had been, and he bore no love for Pormenthus, though he had no reason to doubt his loyalty. And so, he framed charges against the man, that he was aiming to have the Emperor murdered and replaced by himself, and many believed it of Pormenthus, for such ruthlessness was consistent with his character. And so Pormenthus was seized while still unaware of the charges brought against him, and he was brought forth and tried, and his cries of innocence were as naught for his wealth had been taken by the Emperor with promise of distribution to those who were judge upon him on the occasion of his execution. And so was he found guilty, and his head and hands removed and nailed upon the gates. His wife too was seized, and his daughters as well, innocent as they were. And in the depths of their depravity, the latter were raped by the soldiers before they were slain, for it is against Arcadian law for a virgin to be executed, though the youngest was well shy of the first blossoming of womanhood. And so was the wickedness of Pormenthus rewarded, for the Devil directs the pagans against one another as surely as against the Faithful, for he hates all men.

I relay this history to you not that you should be of despair, though it may seem that God has abandoned us, especially during the persecutions of the devil-spawn Docletus, at whose command Druist blood flowed freely in Norwinon and Arcadia alike. For there are still many who fight to return the Light to its proper place, and their numbers ever grow. God's Holy Struggle is not yet at an end. We the Faithful must persist in resisting those who would oppress His people. I write this account so that the bravery and honor of those who fought for God's glory, though outnumbered and overwhelmed by a foe as numerous as the stars in the sky, might not be forgotten as long as this world remains, and that their legacy live on in you and give you strength. May God's Mercy be upon you in all things. Farewell.

A final note: This scroll was written by Father Robilon in the four-hundred and thirty-second year of Our Lord, or 979 by the reckoning of the Empire, while Robilon was interred within the dungeons of Forodium, awaiting the will of the Governor. The document was given into the care of Hildred, a man placed into the prison as a debtor, whose release came soon thereafter, by which the scroll was able to make it to our Island, where we shall now intern it among our records. Some weeks after Hildred's release, on the feast of St. Callum of that year, Robilon was finally led to the gallows and executed in the public square, among the last of those who stood with Queen Amelian to be so dispatched. Now only his words survive. Let them not be forgotten.