

**Appendix III: Player Handout 1**

Selected entries translated from a journal.

*...and Geraand continued to scout the way for several miles north of the Lake. When he returned, he told us of the large mountain ahead, and the barbarians that were moving north of our position.*

*... another attempt to try and break through. Luckily, Fulmian and his men were on duty and stopped the attack. Such dedicated soldiers. Nothing happened to it.*

*... barbarians have surrounded us. 'Kar has ordered us to assume defensive positions. He is going to lead us in battle. He is able to wield it, so we have no fear.*

### **Appendix III: Player Handout 2**

Selected lines from the “Legend of Silver Light,” an old tale on manuscript common to northern Pekal:

**... and so it was  
He brought forth the Blade  
Cutting his foes as  
The farmer’s tall wheat  
Rage cries silenced...**

**...Fulman’s duty  
protected his men...**

**...Pain erupts as  
lances pierce brave Kar...**

**...one still warring  
stabbed into the Lord  
surprise on his face  
the battle now still  
as all looked on...**

**...as the Lord’s foes  
stared down as they knew  
his fall was gained not  
a true Warrior’s death  
with valor wrought...**

**...into the cave  
the Lord was interred  
inside Luba’s Mount  
to rest forever  
honor restored...**

### **Appendix III: Player Handout 3**

From an old journal found in the bottom of a sarcophagus. This is written in Low Kalamaran using very even and measured strokes.

*“ . . . as Bala Kar hit the ground, a hush fell over the warriors of both sides and all stared in wonder. The raging monster stared at the hilt of the sundered sword still in his hand. Looking at the wooden tip buried deep in Kar’s throat, the large man knelt beside the dead Prince and began to cry out in harsh words, screaming to the sky and gesturing as a man possessed. Not one Imperial or savage dared interrupt what was happening. Slowly, the barbarian regained his composure and slowly retrieved the magnificent sheath from Kar’s back. As we watched in awe, this man grasped That Which Could Not Be Held safely and placed it in the scabbard. Rising to look over the field, all of us recognized a noble bearing upon his face that was not before. . . . ”*