

Humak Myths & Legends

Chapter 1

Birth of a Pantheon

So the legend goes..... War was rife across Draconsmere, ambitious warlords drove the people to the battle grounds by the thousands to further their own ends; men, women and children all stood together and fell in battle, at home, work and play.. such that it was, something was seriously wrong but no one would dare speak of it, it would have been the ultimate blasphemy not only to mean certain death but everlasting torment to follow. The people were disillusioned for it had been their entire lives that they had served him, maintained the rituals, made their sacrifices in blood, sweat and tears. Their master, a being, god, deity whatever you want to call it was commonly known as; Eternal Sky, a large spindly figure clad in a brown Cowell brandishing a claymore that was as long as he was tall. He was their master in life and death, he had been rumoured to have visited a few mortal men all of whom were soon struck by a strange fever of the mind and passed on soon after. The wars continued.

Years passed and the masses suffered and people died, good men and women who toiled hard for their masters whilst trying to eak out a living for themselves and their families were slaughtered in droves. The many ambitious warlords had their numbers whittled down to a lowly four; the self styled “Burning Ember”, “Biting Storm”, a large beast of a man who lived in obscene luxury whilst his tribe starved, A man simply known as “Crescent Moon” who was never seen by his followers and ruled from a giant mountain through his Shaman, and finally Stone Hammer who hunted and worked with and amongst his people although this made him no less cruel or tyrannical.

Eternal Sky was pleased although still ambitious, thousands of souls were feeding him each day, but he wanted *more*. He decided to take an army of his own and decimate the rest of Draconsmere. He surveyed his domain and decided that the people who followed Stone Hammer were the most worthy and most devout of all of the tribes, which of course made them more readily manipulated and easily lead. It was an ordinary afternoon when he chose his time, Stone Hammer was wandering amongst his tribesmen when the skies turned red and the earth shook with such ferocity that all thought that it was the end of time itself, then as if from nowhere but at the same time as if he had always been there Eternal Sky appeared to his people, all fell to their knees, save Stone Hammer who stood and stared in sheer disbelief. With a wave of his hand and a piercing glare from beneath his hood the warlord stood completely transfixed as Eternal Sky thrust his claymore through his rib-cage and red wisps of energy flowed down the blade and became absorbed through his arms. The people remained bowed down in awe, their god had come to them, the suffering was over, what must have been a challenge sent in the form of an evil ruler was at an end, or so they thought. Although amongst all of this there was one man a warrior by the name of Humak, the most fundamentalist and devout man that anyone ever remembered knowing had an uneasy feeling that he was totally unable to explain.

A short time later after a day of heavy storms during which Eternal Sky had driven his forces hard against the forces of Burning Ember and Biting Storm who had in a short period of time joined together to combat the now inspired armies under Eternal Sky’s control when it was announced to the people that the forces of Crescent Moon had been destroyed utterly. This troubled Humak as his religion had always taught that death should not be given prematurely or to further others, the differences in his teachings and the reality was starting to seem strange to

him. That night he dreamt, he had a vivid vision of himself taking to the mountains alone and happening across a deep cavern originating at the peak of the highest mountains that few had ever dared to climb, he saw himself climbing deep into those caverns and entering a black carved stone chamber which contained many treasures weapons, armour, ornaments and the like, in the centre of the room was an alter atop which was a three pronged chalice-like stand that bore a large red stone the likes of which he had only seen in this, his wildest dream. At which point he awoke with a start, there was a battle brewing; but this was one battle that he had no intention of fighting in, in the hubbub of the preparations and general confusion that precedes any battle he slipped away, counting on people not noticing his absence or assuming that he had fallen and headed east towards the mountain range.

The days and weeks passed, Humak fought long and hard, after much toil; dwarves, adraldi, runes, the elements of nature were but a few of the trials that were placed before him, but at long last he found the caverns of which he dreamt. He made his way down into the darkness, he eventually tumbled battered and bruised into the chamber and as he found his feet and looked around in awe at the suits of armour, weapons and ancient artefacts that lay around him, each one seemed to call out to him, but as he moved closer he saw the red stone on the alter, as he stepped towards it he heard a faint voice tell him to touch it, he did as it bade him, he reached out and lifted the magnificent red jewel. In a second a vision flashed before his eyes; he saw what he could only describe to himself as a being of great power who was channelling energies at the alter at which he stood, with a flash he disappeared and two figures large spindly figures each clad in a brown cowl, brandishing a claymore that was as long as they are tall. Both stood taking their first look upon the world with their deitic eyes, two brothers cast from the same die, one pure of heart, one rotten to the soul, both nameless and both with a violent hatred for the other, but in the hallowed grounds on which they stood neither would confront his sibling, they both departed and went their separate ways. Over the following decades and centuries the people worshipped the good but the other brother bided his time and slowly encroached on the worshippers of his brother, his patients served him well as Humak saw the present day with his true god having but one follower who still served his master, himself, Humak collapsed to his knees and wept, when he heard the same voice again telling him to take a weapon, although not any weapon that calls out, and put things right. He picked up a sword and left.

After a long and arduous journey he arrived back at his settlement, only to discover that all of the enemies of Eternal Sky had been all but wiped out, one final battle the following day would seal their victory. He went around the priestens, shamans and respected elders of his people and showed them the stone in turn which gifted them all with the same vision, all of whom vowed to pass the word to the people. The next day they marched on Burning Ember and destroyed his remaining stronghold. Eternal Sky appeared on the ruins of his final enemy and proclaimed his victory, his entire army then squared up to face him with Humak at it's head and then declared their intention to slay him once and for all, at this point the stooping body of their true god appeared beside Eternal Sky like an old broken man barely able to stand. Eternal Sky had a look of hatred and disgust that radiated from under his hood, he was strong, fed by the souls of the fallen in battle he would kill these infidels and then finally slay his brother, he shook with rage and a thousand shadows of himself flew forward and all that faltered, all those with fear in their hearts fell, slain. These were many as a deity is a powerful entity to behold and few were without fear. Less than a few dozen men stood facing the evil brother, as the souls of their comrades flew past them, their true god cracked a faint smile for these were his followers now. He felt the energy of thousands of devotes surge through him and his stature grew to that of his brother and with a mighty rage they clashed, a titanic battle lasting for what

seemed like days, but in the end the evil brother had been empowered by many souls over the course of the war and he was stronger for it. The true god collapsed and his brother laughed, Humak ran forward to help his master whose eyes spoke of a thousand apologies as he plunged his fingers into his eyes and amongst the tormented screams of agony drained his life essence leaving a drained shell of the former warrior. With his last ounce of strength gained from his most devoted follower he plunged his claymore through the heart of his brother who's spirit was torn from his body with a tortured scream, the essence of what remained vowed there and then to spend eternity tormenting his brother by stealing the spirits of the dead, then the spirit departed from the physical world, leaving the few remaining followers to tend the dying body of their god. His strength was all but departed but instead of falling dead his body started to shake and the shimmering visage of dozens of human forms split apart and stood in a circle surrounding the body, when all life had departed the body of Humak started to twitch and his spirit stood upright and joined the remaining space in the circle at which point the spirits departed skywards, the Lords of Death had been born.

From that day onwards the people who remained were known as the cult of Humak, honouring their dead comrade. Their warriors were known as Humaktaye and all served their true master in his new form as the Lords of Death.

The Two Tribes

It is perhaps one of the most curious facts about the Cult of Humak is the way in which it grew up over time in isolation in two separate places. Both in Draconsmere and in Caerleon two groups of people separated by hundreds of years and miles both evolved the same culture, the same religion and the same way of life. The only significant difference between the two is that the Caerleon Humak are more focussed on religious teaching and training, whereas the Draconsmerians are all berserkers at heart and find that their strength lies in pure religious fanaticism and battle rage.

During the exodus from Evermore the Caerleon tribe was unfortunately unable to reach the evacuation fleet and were overrun by the forces of Sonnats Gil and destroyed. All of the Humaktaye within the Archipelago are from the Draconsmerian tribe.

The Lords of Death

The Realm of the Dead; the home of the Lords of Death and the final resting place for all living things. At the heart of the realm is the 'Inner Sanctum' a large arena like chamber surrounded by 14 pillars, between each pair stands a Lord. It is a tradition to construct an effigy of the Inner Sanctum where ever the cult of Humak is situated which is held as sacrosanct and must be defended at all costs.

The Greater Lords of Death

Drelock

Holds claim to all deaths incurred by those engaged in an act of cowardice.

Appears in the form of a young soldier boy standing proud in his shining new armour and heraldry.

Jape

Is responsible for all death that occurs by accident.
Resembles a peasant man who casts a skeletal shadow.

Briark

The lord of those who fall in battle.
Stands over seven feet tall and takes the form of a green dragon in humanoid form.

Loatazhall

Claims all who die of disease.
A short oriental man with a long flowing beard on moustache, wearing yellow robes and tall pointed yellow crown.

Keralis

Is responsible for all who die of hunger.
A large laughing fat man dressed in friars robes.

Lady El

Lord of all those murdered.
Appears as a small crying human girl child, standing in tattered rags holding a straw doll.

Blizzard

His domain is those who take their own lives.
An old stooping man with a long grey beard. Traditionally sits at the crossroads through the Realm of the Dead.

Paragon

Presides over the duel.
Stands as a man in an eighteenth century tweed suit & deer stalker hat, holding a pocket watch.

Dabalah

Takes the souls of all of those sacrificed and holds them in cage of burning magma.
Appears as a hunched pile of rags with two piercing red eyes peering from under a tattered cowl, as she moves forward an eerie scraping sound can be heard as she scrapes her curved dagger backwards and forwards on the floor.

Humak

Is the lord of those slain in the act of cleansing the world of the Undead.
A huge bare chested Draconsmerian berserker with long mousy brown hair, who wears a necklace of precious stones, feathers and charms. He wields a bastard sword that is almost as large as he is.

Nayul

Lord of self sacrifice - giving ones life for another.
A Draconsmerian shaman - with a brown bear headdress waving wand adorned by many totems.

Loar

Death by childbirth.

A Shire Horse

Tyme

Lord of those who die of old age.

A Large oak tree

The Piper

Is unique amongst the greater Lords of Death he does not rule over the deaths of any living creature, but the sound of his playing determines the time and method of their demise.

Appears as a tall spindly man, wearing a black hooded cloak, his head is held in a bow, nothing of his face can be seen save the reed pipe that protrudes and lets fourth an eerie melancholy tunes that guides all living things to their graves.

The Lesser Lords

The Lesser Lords of Death are those who's lore is either lost or was never known. Those who rule over death that is not within the control of one of the greater lords or who's circumstances are very obscure so very rarely happen. It has been theorised that some of the lesser lord are resided over by one of the greater lords. For example where this theory to be correct there may well be a lesser lord who presides over decapitation, who would be subservient to Briark, Paragon and potentially others.

The Damnation of Dabalah

All those who are killed by sacrifice are taken to the realm of the dead by Dabalah, who may choose to cast them down in to the wailing cage (a torturous chamber fashioned from burning magma). The wailing cage is a truly evil contraption if ever there were one, though it has one flaw...

Each year on All Hallows Eve the cage cracks and all of the spirits within escape into the mortal realm. Their desires drag them to those that they loved and held dear during life. Once there they are tortured further by their the presence of all that they once loved whilst not being able to reach out and touch them, it breaks their heart but before the stroke of midnight they must return to the wailing cage lest they remain and be forced to take physical form and lay waste to all they once held dear. He would then walk ever on and slay all in his path in the form as a 'Hate Finder'.

The Legend of the Doom Bringer cult

In years past a cult existed, just as devout as the Humaktaye and just as devoted to the Lords of Death. They despised the Undead just as much as the Humaktaye but their focus was different.

An artefact once existed, a dagger known as the 'Blade of Sorrow', with this blade the high priests or in fact any of standing with the knowledge of the ritual were able to aid another to take the Doom Bringer oath. Once performed the novice wound then be sworn forever to die in battle at the hands of the most worthy opponent. Never again would they accept aid in combat, nor allow their wounds to be tended. The Doom Bringer warriors were once the most

fierce the cult of Humak and indeed all of Evermore has ever seen.

The Sharman

A traditional legend that is passed down through the cult of Humak is of the cult Shaman. When the cult is at it's strongest the shaman may be sent in the form of a mortal man, he is the link to the realm of the dead. He may wield many magiks, but that is just the beginning of his power, he is the mouthpiece of the Lords of Death, they speak to him in his trance like visions, and guide his actions. It is even legend that once at a time of great need that Briark did channel his essence and energies through the shaman who wielded them in his name on the battlefield. These powers take a heavy tole on the body of the man who's mind and frame become lost to him. The shaman is revered by all.

Defence of Death

Legendarily, those buried on consecrated ground may in moments of peril temporarily have their spirits returned to their bodies buy the Lord of Death who owns their soul, in order that they may defend their final resting place from those who would defile it.

Paths of Humak

In all religions there are different factions and groups; activities considered more or less acceptable depending on your point of view. One such common example within the cult of Humak regards robbing the dead. Some consider that the dead should be buried with their possessions, some believe that it they should be buried with everything present on their person at the point of death and so on..... There are however more controversial differences.

The vast majority of the cult of Humak express their devotion to the Lords of Death by cleansing the world of the Undead, such individuals follow paths such as; Humaktaye, Acolyte, Templar or Priest, to name a few. Though there are others who worship the Lords of Death in other ways - though the study of the magiks of death or deaths art it's self, such individuals may follow paths such as Reaver, Necromancer, Necraladin, Assassin or Mocka, amongst others. Such individuals loath and despise the undead as much as the next Humak and are every bit a member of the cult, but they worship their gods in a different way. How the Lords of Death are to be worshipped will always be a matter of controversy throughout the cult. However the Undead cleansers are in the *vast* majority.

It is perhaps worth a mention however that such individuals may have learnt the art of such a 'dubious' profession they do not necessarily follow their stereotypical coda. For example those trained as a Reaver may or may not be a mass murdering psychopath - that would depend on the individual, the arts in which they are proficient would be the same however.