

# A Treatise on the Founding of Padash in Quentari

We call ourselves Sarr, and we are feline. In the days before the founding of Myrr, our ancestors lived in the Tarik Jangal, or Dark Forest, in the common tongue. This place is known to the Quentari as the Taursiloriel. Our ancestors settled just north of the kingdom of Quentari, near the Rintir Marsh, which was known to our people as the Ab'Zende, or living waters.

The Gorbe of that time had very little to do with the elves, and this would probably have continued for many generations if not for the invasion of Gurthaiya and her undead hordes. This was the beginning of the Dark Wars. The Gorbe were prepared to fight, but had been mostly left out of the early parts of the War. At this point in time they wished to remain neutral, as they had reasons for mistrusting both sides of this war. Gurthaiya created undead, Galavier and the elves used celestial magic: both of these alternatives were distasteful. Events of the year 5085 QC, thirty-five before the death of Galavier and the reign of Elenaro, were to force the Gorbe to make a choice.

In this year, there came a desperate plea from Elwarien Tellamith, a Telcontari commander who was trying to hold the eastern edge of the Rintir Marshes against an assault by elementals and trolls. The Tirioldor (Lady Warden) herself led a small delegation to meet personally with Nemborah Shazmar, the Grand Matriarch of her people. Elwarien had brought her several injured Gorbe. The elves had lost so many healers that they could barely keep the Nimeshab injuries from setting permanently, and had even lost one of their own in the process of saving the young Gorbe. They had done their best for these brave warriors.

Elwarien pleaded with Nemborah to help the elves deal with the threat that promised to engulf all of the Ab'Zende, and everyone that lived around it. Nemborah thanked Elwarien and promised her answer as soon as the council could consider it. They would meet during the night, and the elves would have their answer in the morning. Healed, fed, and restocked with potions the grateful elves departed to continue their vigil. The Council of Sandajs was called and deliberations were about to begin. At that moment, another presence announced itself. Into the village strode a great figure aglow with chaos, followed by a dozen of the biggest trolls the Nimeshab had ever seen. Warriors moved to defend the Sandajs and were frozen into immobility. The creature moved into the council circle oblivious of the weapons bared around it.

An owl hooted twice in the distance.

"I am Wurzza, greatest of the generals of Gurthaiya!" it proclaimed. "We have seen your people in battle, and you have found favor with our Great Leader. Join Us! Together we will cleanse this forest of the Elven blight upon it, and you shall be numbered among the chosen of Gurthaiya!" The elemental lord leered at Nemborah, who did not so much as blink an eye. After a long pause, the Matriarch spoke.

"I can see that you are a mighty servant of the Invader," she said. "We have called a council to discuss a decision. We will hold our Council. We will make our decision in our own time, according to our custom. You will have your answer at sunset tomorrow." Wurzza leered at the Council of Sandajs, its fangs glowing.

"Choose wisely," it cautioned, "and choose well, or else our invitation may take another form, and so will each of you, like these Quentari spies that we encountered just outside your village." The creature turned and beckoned.

From out of the forest a small thin shadow approached, leading a group of shuffling figures. It was the Telcontari party who had enjoyed the Nimeshab hospitality, now a bedraggled line of zombies under the control of a human necromancer.

Again, the owl hooted.

Nemborah stared at the elves, at the human, and at Wurzza. She looked around the Council Circle. Not a single Sandaj moved. She turned back, and raised her staff. The decision had been made. Four hundred Gorbe throats sounded their battle cry. Three hundred expert warriors poured out of the forest, where they had been hiding, and the attack began.

The necromancer was the first to die, obliterated by the High Healer. Wurzza was next. When the killing ended, a dozen Nimeshab needed resurrection along with the elves, but there were no final deaths among them. The Nimeshab had sided with the Quentari.

This was how the partnership between the Nimeshab and the Quentari elves began. For the next twenty-five years, the Telcontari of the Rintir, and the Nimeshab Gorbe forged a deadly alliance against Gurthaiya. More than once, the Gorbe gift for tracking and their sheer determination spelled the difference between success and failure in the defense of the northern border. Partly because they were fighting alongside the Elves, and partly because of the nature of the enemy, the practice of necromancy fell into disuse. Some of the younger males even began to learn the once forbidden art of celestial magic.

In the tenth year of their exile from their original settlement, Nemborah took an obliterate spell meant for Elwarien. Her daughter Rimaz became the Grand Matriarch. In honor of Nemborah's sacrifice and the ongoing heroism of the nimeshab, they were made full members of the Din-en-Faroth, or Silent Hunt, the telcontari patrol which had been theirs in all but name during the past decade.

After the fighting was over, the Gorbe returned to their homes, to find that they no longer had homes. At this dark hour, Elwarien returned. With her came the young Prince Elenaro. He was concerned that the Gorbe no longer had a home, and offered them a deal. If they would reject necromancy, and follow the laws of Quentari, and defend that kingdom in time of need, they would be given a home within its borders. With this home would come a measure of autonomy. After a great deal of negotiating, an agreement was reached. The Gorbe moved to their new

homes. The Nimeshab decided to call their new village, "Padash," which means "Reward" in the common tongue. It is called "Manthulemar," in the tongue of Qentari.

As written by

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