

I am Charta de Calamitas, the scroll that does defy Loss.

In all of Tyrra, is there a force as eternal as loss? Behold, for in time all things, all men; all ages of the world will end. Death is another beginning, but the void left within ourselves when something goes, this is more powerful than death if we allow it to be, and this is loss. Loss endures far longer than all else, and the will of the Lords of Sorrows echoes within my voice.

Embrace now this truth, and hold it close to your heart. Loss will weather down mountains and memories, reducing both to dust and in time the dust to nothing. Loss is the heart of desire, for only in desiring can we feel the loss of absence. Loss drives us, leading us to fight against it, but no mortal may stand before such a force unaided. This is the key element, the central point of mortal existence. In a world of loss, with the Void itself drawing in and rendering unmade our desires and dreams we must seek a way to overcome loss and to grow into higher purpose. To defeat loss, face yourself with the aid and shared might of those you love.

Squander not this truth.

Patere nunc haec portalis

Probare meus voluntas insignis huc intro locus sollemnis

Nunc probo Calamitas conferi aeternus

Nunc probo Calamitas exsulatus a hoc locus apsccondita

Calamitas universum, sed meus coarquere com meus canticum atque sanguis mortalis

Probare Calamitas insigne huc numquam iterum

I am Charta de Castius, the scroll that does exalt Purity.

What is there in all of Tyrra that is not at root an extension of Purity? Behold, for a pure heart can walk through a fire unmarked and a pure will is a thing more potent than any finely hued sword. Yet Purity is also present in word and deed, and without just cause any endeavor will in time fall in onto itself. Purity and mortal flesh are one in this place, and the will of the Lords of Virtue echoes within my voice.

Embrace now this truth, and hold it close to your heart. Without the purity of purpose to drive it, no deed is worth doing, no song is worth singing. A pure heart, one strong and resolute of purpose, can survive in any place, can overcome any challenge. Without a pure conscience the workings of mortal hands are crude and meager. Effort is squandered in the petty and the low, and constant fighting and backstabbing holds all down.

Squander not this truth.

Patere nunc haec portalis.

Probare meus voluntas insignis huc intro locus sollemnis.

Nunc probo Castius venio ad haec locus apscoudita.

Castius universum, meus vocare production com meus canticum atque sanguis mortalis.

Probare Castius insigne en tranquillitas majestosa.

I am Charta de Chaos, the scroll that does exalt Chaos.

What is there in all of Tyrra that is not of Chaos? Behold, for the ever-changing truth of Chaos is now before you. Chaos is both creation and creator of mortal action, for as it exists in the unchecked growth of the wild and the unbound thoughts of man. Chaos is an eternal force, one no words can hold definition of, and the will of those others would name the Lords of Anarchy echoes within my voice.

Embrace now this truth, and hold it close to your heart. Chaos is no evil, just as it is no good. A wildfire consumes field and farmer alike, but does not hate as it does so. A wildflower can force its way through the flagstones of the mightiest castle, but of intent in this it has none. To label actions of forces beyond our keening is a mortal habit, but to expunge this and to refuse to give intent where there is none is to make ourselves stronger, unbound. Only by embracing the faultless nature of the Chaos of the planes can we see ourselves with the light of truth.

Squander not this truth.

Patere nunc haec portalis

Probare meus voluntas insignis huc intro locus sollemnis

Nunc probo Chaos existere sublimes

Nunc probo Chaos venio ad haec locus apscōdita

*Chaus universum, meus vocare production com meus canticum atque sanguis
mortalis*

Probare Chaos insigne en commutare immensa

I am Charta de Eversio, the scroll that does exalt Destruction.

What is there in all of Tyrra that cannot be destroyed?
Behold, for by hand of man, by passage of time, by fire and
by blade and by claw and nail all things will fall. Destruction
and mortal flesh are one in this place, and the will of the
Lords of Ruin echoes within my voice.

Embrace now this truth, and hold it close to your heart.
Destruction is the force by which change does come, and with
change life. Without the blessings of destruction stagnation holds
sway, and the world grows heavy with the weight of too
many mouths to feed, too many feet trample the ground to
uselessness, and without the fallow season the field does not
produce ripe crop. Without the blessings of destruction the old
ages will become all that is, and the future is lost.

Squander not this truth.

Patere nunc haec portalis

Probare meus voluntas insignis huc intro locus sollemnis

Nunc probo Eversio existere sublimes

Nunc probo Eversio venio ad haec locus apscoudita

*Eversio universum, meus vocare production com meus canticum atque sanguis
mortalis*

Probare Eversio insigne en ruo infinitum

I am Charta de Impero, the scroll that does exalt Order.

What is there in all of Tyrra that is not of Order? Behold, for the perfect truth of Order is now before you. Order defines life, as a foundation defines the building that stands over it, as a skeleton defines the flesh wrought around it. Order is a solid and true thing, and the will of the Lords of Perfection echoes within my voice.

Embrace now this truth, and hold it close to your heart.

Order is the core of all. Without order there is nothing, the building will not stand, the river will not run, the law is rendered useless. Order alone stands against the wildness of the world, and defies it to rise against established justice.

Order holds all in its hands, and the perfect structure encompasses and protects all who would accept it. Only by embracing the perfect nature of the order of all can we see ourselves with the light of truth

Squander not this truth.

Patere nunc haec portalis

Probare meus voluntas insignis huc intro locus sollemnis

Nunc proba Impero existere sublimes

Nunc proba Impero venio ad haec locus apscodita

*Impero universum, meus vocare production com meus
canticum atque sanguis mortalis*

Probare Impero insigne en unitas absolutus

I am Charta de Luminis, the scroll that does exhalt light.

What is there in all of Tyrra that is not of Light? Light illuminates the world, scattering before it ignorance and fear like chaff on the wind. Light is the glory of the sun, the growing of the harvest, the blessings of civilization and law against the rule of darkness. Light and mortal flesh are one in this place, and the will of the Lords of Illumination echoes within my voice.

Embrace now this truth, and hold it close to your heart. Light is the measure by which we define our world. From the earliest of times light was used to create and develop minds worthy of intelligence. The first races were born of it, and used light's blessings to create works of beauty and power by day and at night to hold back the darkness. Light sets us apart from the beasts, and light banishes fear and ignorance by exposing truth and enlightenment within corporeal form.

Squander not this truth.

Patere nunc haec portalis

Probare meus voluntas insignis huc intro locus sollemnis

Nunc probo Luminis existere sublimes

Nunc probo Luminis venio ad haec locus apscoudita

*Luminis universum, meus vocare production com meus canticum atque
sanguis mortalis*

Probare Luminis insigne en decoris candidus

I am Charta de Mortis, the scroll that does exalt Death.

What is there in all of Tyrra that is not of Death? Behold, for the quiet truth of Death is now before you. Death is an eternal companion to mortals, a shadow that does hang over our days and watches as we slumber at night. Death is always one with mortal flesh, and the will of the Lords of the Graveyards echoes within my voice.

Embrace now this truth, and hold it close to your heart. Death is not an end, but a transition. To be mortal is to be bound by Death, but Death is never an ending. Death is change, as new forests grow from the ashes of the old, as new generations climb upon the achievements of the past to reach new heights. Without Death there is stagnation, without Death there is no new, only a sad and mocking dance of the old upon the old. Only by embracing the nature of our own mortality can we see ourselves within the light of truth.

Squander not this truth.

Patere nunc haec portalis

Probare meus voluntas insignis huc intro locus sollemnis

Nunc probo Mortis existere sublimis

Nunc probo Mortis venio ad haec locus apscōdita

*Mortis universum, meus vocare production com meus canticum atque sanguis
mortalis*

Probare Mortis insigne en majestas serenus

I am Charta de Natura, the scroll that does exalt Nature.

What is there in all of Tyrra that is not of Nature? Behold, for the visceral truth of Nature is now before you. Nature is the call of the newborn fawn, bleating for its mother, and as the web of all extends from this moment it is the mighty stag it shall grow into, it is the pack of wolves that will tear the young beast apart, it is the tree that will grow, nourished by the dead flesh of either the young or the old. Nature is always one with mortal flesh, and the will of the Lords of the Wild echoes within my voice.

Embrace now this truth, and hold it close to your heart. Nature is, and that is all. To be mortal is to be bound by Nature, by its inescapable hold. As the buck runs so do we, as the hunter tracks the hunted so are we tracked and tracker. Mortal flesh and Nature are one, and no amount of guile, no facade of civilization, can hide the beast within man for any length of time. Only by embracing our own natures can we see ourselves with the light of truth.

Squander not this truth.

Patere nunc haec portalis

Probare meus voluntas insignis huc intro locus sollemnis

Nunc probo Natura existere sublimes

Nunc probo Natura venio ad haec locus apscoudita

*Natura universum, meus vocare production com meus canticum atque sanguis
mortalis*

Probare Natura insigne en circumitus grandis

I am Charta de Obscuritas, the scroll that does exalt Darkness.

What is there in all of Tyrra that does not contain a measure of Darkness? The night has existed since time began, and even in the day the passing of the sun brings the darkness of shadow across the land. In darkness there is both secrecy and hidden knowledge, in darkness there is both safety and danger, in darkness there is both security and fear. Darkness is the natural state of life, and the will of the Lords of Shadow echoes within my voice.

Embrace now this truth, and hold it close to your heart. Darkness exists, but is not a force of evil. While vile deeds are enacted below the cover of night this alone comes from the actions of those who are there, not an innate quality of the darkness itself. Under the shadow of night slaves escape from their masters, the unjust are brought low, and men do gather in great number. Without darkness there would be suffering of art and civilization, for darkness causes gatherings and the sharing of tales and legends.

Squander not this truth.

Patere nunc haec portalis

Probare meus voluntas insignis huc intro locus sollemnis

Nunc probo Obscuritas existere sublimes

Nunc probo Obscuritas venio ad haec locus apscōndita

*Obscuritas universum, meus vocare production com meus canticum atque
sanguis mortalis*

Probare Obscuritas insigne en alcedonii abs nocturnum

I am Charta de Speravi, the scroll that does exalt hope

What is there in all of Tyrra that does not bow to hope?

The capacity for hope separates the gifted races from the beasts in a way no other can, and for good reason. Hope can overcome any challenge, hope can undo any evil, and hope can allow anyone to survive any challenge, no matter how great the odds. Hope and mortal flesh are one in this place, and the will of the Lords of Promise echoes within my voice.

Embrace now this truth, and hold it close to your heart. Hope is the keystone of freedom, and the last bastion of any who are oppressed. Hope allows the body to withstand any number of injuries and pains; hope allows the mind to triumph over all who would suppress it. Without hope there is not but fear and despair, but with hope there is promise and future. Hope allows flesh and spirit to endure, and the endurance of flesh and spirit allows mortals to transcend their place and grow to the promise written for them in the pages of the Book of All.

Squander not this truth.

Patere nunc haec portalis

Probare meus voluntas insignis huc intro locus sollemnis

Nunc probo Speravi existere sublimes

Nunc probo Speravi venio ad haec locus apscoudita

*Venefictum universum, meus vocare production com meus canticum atque
sanguis mortalis*

Probare Speravi insigne en cordis castus

I am Charta de Temporis, the scroll that does exalt Time.

What is there in all of Tyrra that is not of Time? Behold, for the timestream is mighty and eternal. It does ebb and flow, it does rush and crawl, it does oversee and protect! I am here in this time, but this time is also here within me. Time and mortal flesh are one in this place, and the will of the Lords of the Aeons echoes within my voice.

Embrace now this truth, and hold it close to your heart. Time is all, and all is Time. To be mortal is to follow Time's call, to heed its words and orders. Time does not choose sides, it does not distinguish friend from foe, it does not chide or exalt.

Time is the great neutral, a gift for all who would walk Tyrra, but also a heavy toll. For Time calls all into account and the hourglass that is our life will not be refilled with sand as it nears end, but not a grain of the sand will Time remove.

In this Time exists, and as it does so do we.

Squander not this truth.

Patere nunc haec portalis

Probare meus voluntas insignis huc intro locus sollemnis

Nunc probo Temporis existere sublimes

Nunc probo Temporis venio ad haec locus apscoudita

*Temporis universum, meus vocare production com meus
canticum atque sanguis mortalis*

Probare Temporis insigne en aevum aeternus

I am Charta de Veneficum, the scroll that does exalt Magic

What is there in all of Tyrra that is not of Magic? Behold, for the ebb and flow of the arcane is a force as mighty as a raging river and as important to the life as breathing and eating. The mightiest of the kingdoms in the early ages of the planes were built of pure magic, but the magic had existed long before the old ones were aware of it. Magic and mortal flesh are one in this place, and the will of the Lords of the Arcane echoes within my voice.

Embrace now this truth, and hold it close to your heart. Magic hold all together, binding creation with its invisible bonds, but will alone holds magic together. Magic is a force that was born alongside life, and the two cannot exist without each other. Life gives the power of belief and temporal permanence to magic, and magic gives of its power and existence to life. Without one the other falls and where both flow as one there is true might.

Squander not this truth.

Patere nunc haec portalis

Probare meus voluntas insignis huc intro locus sollemnis

Nunc probo Veneficum existere sublimes

Nunc probo Veneficum venio ad haec locus apscoudita

*Venefictum universum, meus vocare production com meus canticum atque
sanguis mortalis*

Probare Veneficum insigne en praestigia transcendentalis

I am Charta de Venerari, the scroll that does exhalt honor.

In all of Tyrra, is there a force as powerful or as mighty as Honor? Behold, for honor is a force stronger than stone and steel. The bonds of honor can hold longer and with more force than any chain, and will only grow stronger with time. Honor is a mantle we may have by birth or by virtue, but it is a heavy duty to uphold in either case. Honor binds all, and the will of the Lords of Solemnity echoes within my voice.

Embrace now this truth, and hold it close to your heart. Honor is eternal and indestructible, but also the most fragile of things.

Only one who holds honor may break it, but any callous act can shatter honor like it were of glass. Honor is a thing of the moment, for while one may have held honor in their spirit for a hundred years it is the honor that is held in the passing breath of the present that determines its worth. Honor may be lost or broken, and none but the breaker will know, but that is enough to destroy it forever; this most precious and rare of things.

Squander not this truth.

Patere nunc haec portalis

Probare meus voluntas insignis huc intro locus sollelnis

Nunc probo Venerari existere sublimes

Nunc probo Venerari venio ad haec locus apscodita

*Venerari universum, meus vocare production com meus canticum atque
sanguis mortalis*

Probare Venerari insigne en incensus spiritalis

I am Charta de Veritas, the scroll that does exalt Truth.

What is there in all of Tyrra that does not bow to Truth?
Since before the beginning of civilization there was truth, of the
rivers running to the sea, of the cycle of life and death, of the
raging nature of fire. Such truths will never be unmade, for
they are true, and no force can undo a truth. Truth is the
foundation upon which civilization, law, and life do rest, and the
will of the Lords of Law echoes within my voice.

Embrace now this truth, and hold it close to your heart.
Truth is not the sole answer to the questions of life, but it is
the sole answer to life's purpose. Without truth we clamor in
a cave at shadows cast upon a wall, and only by walking in
the light of truth can such a state of self absorption be cast
off. Truth enlightens and ennobles. Truth is the core, around
which there is all else.

Squander not this truth.

Patere nunc haec portalis

Probare meus voluntas insignis huc intro locus sollemnis

Nunc probo Veritas existere sublimes

Nunc probo Veritas venio ad haec locus apscoudita

*Veritas universum, meus vocare production com meus canticum atque sanguis
mortalis*

Probare Veritas insigne en decoris universum

I am Charta de Vitae, the scroll that does exalt Life

What is there in all of Tyrra that is not of life? What exists that cannot be in part of parcel tied into the great web, what is that does not listen to the last refrains of the Saga of All Creation sung from on high in the Frozen Mountains of Darakul in the early days of the world? I am the secret writings in the grand book that does record and remember the lives of the great and the meek, and the will of the Lords of Eternity echoes within my voice.

Embrace now this truth, and hold it close to your heart. Life is all, and all is life. To be mortal is to live, and to truly live is to embrace every day, every hour, every moment as if it were all that is in the world, for in truth it is that simple. Every moment that passes is gone, but to live in that moment is to hold the greatest blessing life can give to you.

Squander not this truth.

Patere nunc haec portalis

Probare meus voluntas insignis huc intro locus sollemnis

Nunc probo Vitae existere sublimes

Nunc probo Vitae venio ad haec locus apscoudita

*Venefictum universum, meus vocare production com meus canticum atque
sanguis mortalis*

Probare Vitae insigne en almitatis messis